



**The Angels**  
**Face to Face**  
**Albert Productions**

In Australia, 1979 has been dubbed The Year Of The Angels. This five-piece band, relatively unknown here, like many Aussie groups, swept the board in a readers' poll conducted by *RAM* Magazine, topping The Stones and Dire Straits.

Formed in Adelaide in 1974, from the remnants of the Moonshine Jug and String Band, The Angels command a large and fanatical following among Ozkids. No fancy stuff here. The Angels have cottoned on to a very lucrative market, providing hard, driving pop music to drink and rage to.

Vocalist Doc Neeson has the mean, hungry looks of Lee Brilleaux, and is a better-than-average, though no exceptional, singer. The rest of the band, John Brewster, Rick Brewster, Chris Bailey and Graham Bldstrup, have plenty of flair and energy, that suggests on a good night they could strip the paint from the walls.

Each song is tight and tuneful, aimed at maximum effect on the dancefloor, since live is obviously where The Angels shine. Harry Vanda and George Young oversee the production, which is crisp and solid, and with volume and bass turned up, it shakes the foundations very successfully.

*Face to Face* was voted Album Of 1978 by *RAM* readers, and The Angels supported Bowie on his Australian tour, (they nearly came here as well). Though New Zealand audiences are not normally quick to respond to this type of sound, definitely a band to watch for.

**Duncan Campbell**

### **Dwight Twilley** **Twilley** **Arista**

Dwight Twilley has a very clear, personal vision of what soulful white pop music sounds like and he doesn't just go around talking about it like you and me and most of these other mugs, he makes records out of it, and he hasn't made a bad one yet.

*Twilley* is essentially a Dwight Twilley solo album with his former partner Phil Seymour taking a back seat, in fact he only sits there long enough to sing some backup on "Darlin'". And nothing much has changed to tell the truth, in fact some of the vocal and instrumental devices which sounded so fresh on the Dwight Twilley debut have begun to take on the appearance of a relatively limited pool of stylistic mannerisms. But that's nothing new in rock & roll and giants built their whole careers on such limited foundations (e.g. Chuck Berry). A talent of real strength can overcome such flaws and Twilley still does it although the edges are starting to fray and a fourth album might prove too much.

But a stylist Twilley is, echoed vocals, lots of hooks, lots of space, everything in its place, a breezy unreality. His songs aren't about first-hand feelings but are the distillation of the emotions of a teen heart through a man's head and crystallized in the melodrama of a pop music that can't go back. Back home that is. "I Wanna Make Love To You" is sensational and I'll listen to it forever, or the rest of this week anyway. It's about looking at girls and wanting to cry, but what it's really about is Twilley's beautiful vocal entry, the kick in the chorus and those few seconds later in the song which suggest a possible memory of a dream about the Velvet Underground jamming with Badfinger on some Abba hit. "Standing In The Shadows Of Love" is a Twilley composition like the others and despite it's title owes nothing to the Four Tops and quite a lot to The Left Banke.

More of the same, that's about the size of it. If you like the size wear it.

**Terence Hogan**

### **Hank Williams** **24 of Hank Williams' Greatest Hits** **MGM**

Although he was dead before rock and roll hit, Hiram 'Hank' Williams epitomises the myth of the music. Born of poor Southern stock, Williams was elevated to national, and international, fame through a series of recordings which touched a public far wider than their country origins.

Williams lived life as intensely as he sang of it. He boozed and took pills, coughed up blood as he sang. On New Year's Day 1953, while driving to a show in Ohio, he died - in the back seat of one of his five Cadillacs. He was 29.

Hank Williams left behind a musical legacy that is still being tapped. Songs such as "Your Cheatin' Heart", "Hey, Good Lookin'", and "Jambalaya (On the Bayou)" have been recorded over and over again. Recent recordings of Williams' material have been made by such rock-oriented performers as the Grateful Dead, Emmylou Harris, Dave Edmunds, Elvin Bishop and George Thorogood.

Don't be put off by the unsubtle album title. There's a wealth of fine music here, the best of a truly major artist. At the list price of \$5.99 it's not to be missed.

**Ken Williams**



The Angels Dwight Twilley

## **Lowell finds his feet**

### **Lowell George** **Thanks, I'll Eat It here** **Warner Bros**

Little Feat has not produced an album of new material for well on two years now. Going by the credits on a number of Californian-born record albums, one might imagine they had been too busy helping out in other people's studios. The notes on Lowell George's solo album seem to indicate otherwise; this album took a total of two and a half years to complete.

*Thanks I'll Eat It Here*, is a good record. Whether or not it was worth 30 months of labour is merely academic. Anyway, with all that time, it enabled George to gather together the mandatory star-studded session team which provides an excellent service to George's rough'n'ready vocals.

Strangely enough, I can only profess to being wholeheartedly sold on Side One of this album. Kicking off with Alain Toussaint's "What Do You Want The Girl To Do" is lovely. It's a very easy version, eclipsing that of Boz Scaggs with its casual build-up and extra length. "Honest Man" is rather predictable and ploddy, but next up is George's only cover of a Little Feat number, "Two Trains". Perhaps, for some, it loses some finesse in the transition, but the spontaneity gained is infectious. That looseness (here, used positively) is maintained in the final track, "Can't Stand The Rain", originally recorded by Ann Peebles, then butchered by the disco group Eruption. It's good to hear the song given its due again.

Side Two fails to grip, although "Find A River" and "20 Million Things" are quietly pleasant tunes. In general, however, it's a one-side album. But don't fee hard-done-by. Lowell George at his own controls is worth twice the price.

**Louise Chunn**

### **Devadip Carlos Santana** **Oneness: Silver Dreams Golden Reality** **CBS**

This is a solo project by Santana. An album of essentially devotional music, it burns with an emotional inner fire lacking in recent manifestations of the Santana Band. The Santana Band's re-treads of past rock hits have proved a formula for commercial success, but they're not very interesting.

*Oneness*, however, stands with the limited edition *Lotus* set as a peak in Santana's development. This album is cast from the same mould as *Lotus*: largely instrumental, with strong jazz-influences, and with a wide range of musical textures and colours.

In an interview in *Guitar Player* magazine, Santana said: "It's going to be a very interesting album, because it covers such a range of music just with people who are very close to me."

These people include his wife (recitation of a poem by Santana's guru, Sri Chinmoy), his father-in-law, (guitarist-singer Saunders King), Greg Walker (former Santana Band vocalist), Tom Coster (keyboards) and Narada Michael



Walden, whose piano playing on "Guru's Song" is as refreshing as Santana's soaring, singing guitar is throughout the album.

One doesn't have to adhere to Santana's faith to enjoy *Oneness*. It is sheer music.

**Ken Williams**

### **Supertramp** **Breakfast In America** **A&M**

After two unsuccessful albums Supertramp, or rather Rick Davies and Roger Hodgson, hit on a winning formula with *Crime Of The Century*, a masterpiece as it turned out with a brilliant production, incisive lyrics and strong melodies. The following two albums have been mere variations on that success and though both had some fine moments they were rather samey and unimpressive. Nevertheless, Supertramp have firmly established themselves as one of the best-selling groups of the Seventies.

And so to *Breakfast In America*. Davies and Hodgson still dominate, contributing all the songs and vocals while the tunes are still built around their keyboards. The tunes are all vaguely familiar; "Child Of Vision" for instance is culled straight from the "Dreamer"/"Lady" arrangement. Davies' compositions have a more humorous approach this time 'around while Hodgson seem intent on continuing the spiritual exercises that dominated *Even In The Quietest Moments*. Despite the big PR build-up this is just another Supertramp album loaded with singles material (it must be admitted that several of the tracks cling to the memory cells, defiantly clinging for days after only one listening).

Supertramp, it seems, are wary of attempting any new formulas and as such could be dismissed as an innovative force.

**John Dix**

### **Poet and the Roots** **Dread Beat an' Blood** **Virgin**

Poet is a guy called Linton Kwesi Johnson and the Roots are a bunch of London reggae musicians. This collection is the first time to my knowledge that sociopolitics, poetry and reggae have got together. And it seems to work, unlikely as it sounds.

Linton Johnson may be Jamaican, but his roots are in Brixton, home of the London Jamaican community, and his politics are those of an angry radical. He is concerned with race and violence.

Poet's poems are all in Jamaican patois, chanted in his deep resonant voice, and are good to listen to. Phrases stick in your head, like hook lines of a good rock tune. He takes it one step further than even Burning Spear, whose songs are poetry that is sung. Here the band is actually synchronised with the poet, emphasising the rhythm of the poetry, while he savours the sounds of the words.

Like a lot of dub, the album is sometimes heavy on echo, but mostly it's kept at a level that's acceptable to mainstream ears. The major problem that crops up is the lack of variety of theme. Like the Rastas, Poet is obsessed with violence.

"It Dread Inna Ingran" contains the only production defect on the album, with the inclusion of LKJ leading the crowd in chanting at a demonstration. It may lend authenticity but it sounds half-assed.

Right. If you haven't heard the patois yet go listen to it at least. If you're a reggae freak you'll buy it anyway.

**John Malloy**

*Live*

## **Here Comes the Weekend (Punks)**

### **The Clean** **The Heavenly Bodies** **Toy Love** **Beneficiaries Hall**

The Clean had their debut here over a year ago, and back then it was good to see young guys getting up on stage and playing something other than disco and trite cover versions. They were bad, but they were serious which meant their hearts were in the right place, and they have improved. But not enough. Vocalist Hamish Kilgour has style, granted, and his brother, David's guitar technique is better, but the band's overall industrial thrash and incompetency cuts no ice this year. A change in attitude would help coz the punk revolution's over, so let's see ya smile, eh boys?

The Heavenly Bodies know they won't change the world, so they entertain instead. Old Enemy bassist, Mick Dawson, fronts the band consisting of Kim Barron (vocals), Miles White (guitar) and Neil Dodia (drums). They've taken good local rock back to the pubs and their performance at the Beneficiaries Hall was a surefire balance between sixties rock and Dawson's own stuff written with the Enemy. They stole the show.

Toy Love have everything going for them: a batch of great original songs, a fluid tight fast-moving band and a natural character up-front, Chris Knox. Why then, don't they leave the stage to screams for more from an ecstatic audience. Simple, even though the P.A. was bad there was still no apparent structure or deliberate pacing to their double set; it came across as a mindless and unrelenting attack resulting in terminal boredom. Potential classics like "Squeeze" and old Enemy standards like "Don't Catch Fire" and "Swimming Pool" are buried in flat non-arrangements. There's no contrast, no colour, the songs are stifled by a two year old aggression which now sounds incongruous.

With a record contract on hand Toy Love could brush up and become truly lethal without any danger to their original uncompromising stand. They deserve it.

**George Kay and Keith Tannock**

### **Cockroach** **Mainstreet, Auckland.**

I was attracted to Mainstreet to catch Cockroach because of their word-of-mouth reputation stemming from an apparently superlative gig at Nambassa. That in itself sums it up — Nambassa was something of an anachronism and cockroach at Mainstreet trying to recreate a festival-type atmosphere had a touch of the absurd about it.

Most of Cockroach's repertoire is culled from the Sixties. Nothing wrong with that, you may say. A lot of the young bands around town play Kinks, Stones and Who material. But Cockroach lack the pure energy of, say, Johnny and the Hookers.

The band perform only occasionally so you can't expect a really tight sound. They were formed, apparently, to raise funds for a Maori Land dispute and no-one, least of all myself, would question the noble intentions behind such a birth. But although they may very well come alive at such occasions they miss the mark when a degree of professionalism is desired.

There's some good talent in the band but the line-up needs to be stabilised and more care exercised in arrangements and choice of material. Their loose carefree sound may be infectious at a festival but in a regular rock venue it just doesn't cut.

**John Dix**

### **Electrabeat** **Zwines**

Giving credit where credit is due, Zwines deserves an honourable mention for its liberal policy towards new bands. Many of Auckland's top new outfits have debuted there and though the New Wave boom is clearly over, exciting new bands still come through the club. This Friday was a case in point when newcomers Electrabeat turned in a couple of impressive sets.

Comprised of two guitars (Ben Michael and John Harper), bass (Jules Maldney) and drums (Torey Leggett), the band was formed by Maloney and Michael from the promising new wave combo Get Smart which unfortunately split last year. Though maintaining the emphasis on live action the band appreciates the increased scope given by two guitars. Thus besides their dance favourites some more demanding material has been added, both original and covers of the likes of Devo, Magazine and XTC.

Their wealth of original material is an apparent asset. Almost all of it is fast paced and some of it is very catchy indeed. However some of it should definitely be steered back to the drawing board. Also on the negative side there were too many mumbled song titles and too much shagging about between numbers.

Nevertheless the final impression has got to be favourable. Electrabeat have an exciting repertoire and firepower to spare. They are definitely contenders.

**Dominic Free**

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