



**The Rezillos**  
**Mission Accomplished...But The Beat Goes On.**  
*Sire*

This Rezillos' live package has been coolly received by the British critics. Could be that this has little to do with the quality of the album. The real reason being that the Rezillos did not want it released. Behind this reluctance on the band's part was the inevitable friction following their split from Sire and subsequent break up.

The Rezillos were the sort of trash pop band which sounds best live. Rough though the set maybe in parts it is fine testament to the band's live appeal. The hectic joint vocals of Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds combined with the raucous guitar dominated sound, make for fun all the way.

Highlights include a powerhouse version of "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonite", a number which Terrorways popularised in Auckland. "I Need You" and "Destination Venus" are also standouts.

As the band has split we will never see them live but this album is almost adequate compensation. Of prime interest to the fan but also to any one who likes energetic disposable pop. After all it's the best kind.

**Dominic Free**

**Greg Kihn Band**  
**With the Naked Eye**  
*Beserkley*

Kihn is one of rock's unsung small-time heroes capable of trotting out tasty and unassuming albums that are either overlooked in the rush or are just plain dismissed as slight and unimportant. Not fair.

Signed to Beserkley three or so years back, Kihn's first two albums established his slightly laid back penchant for rockin' out via mostly his own song output and a lean picking of non-originals be they Springsteen or Holly.

*With the Naked Eye* follows the same pattern and like its predecessors its worst moments are never bad but merely forgettable, and the best are worth hanging on to. "In the Naked Eye" is in the latter class — politely up-tempo, it plots a neat, catchy melody with Dave Carpenter's guitar not far behind. Elsewhere "Fallen Idol" is a fine attempt at an epic finish and "Beside Myself" is compact and punchy rock'n'roll. Springsteen figures in the cover versions (again) in the crisp "Rendezvous" and Richman's road anthem "Roadrunner" is effectively honed to a streamlined three minutes as Kihn wisely doesn't try to compete with the two originals laid down by his label mate.

Greg Kihn, then, is Mr Dependable destined, it seems, to be regarded as inessential in the great scheme of things, just tagging along until he quietly disappears. On the strength of his albums so far he deserves a better fate.

**George Kay**

**Dragon**  
**Powerplay**  
*CBS*

On this, their final album, there's some good Dragon tunes. They've not changed their approach; it's still catchy pop tunes over solid bass and drum bash. The standout is "Motor City Connection", which opens the first side. It may not be another "April Sun" or "Get That Jive", but it definitely has AM single qualities.

New member Billy Rogers acquires himself well on vocals and sax, but his singing lacks the arrogance and intensity that distinguished Marc Hunter. Richard Lee's electric violin adds very little to an already full line-up. The band plays with their usual finesse, the rhythm section staying simple but tight, with Taylor's



guitar and Hewson's piano filling the gaps with taste. Peter Dawkin's production is as clean as ever.

My real beef is with the lyrics. Dragon write good tunes and arrange them well, but the words range from dire to mediocre. I could have stood it, but they printed them on the liner sleeve. At their age, they should know better.

**John Malloy**

**John Cooper Clarke**  
**Disguise In Love**  
*CBS*

A rum one, this.

Rock and poetry have never been entirely comfortable bedfellows. Patti Smith, for one, found it easier to integrate rather than to differentiate. By the same terms, lyrics don't always function well in isolation from the music.

John Cooper Clarke adopts a compromise, using music to back up his vicious, seamy little couplets. The backing tracks, penned by Martin Hannett and Steve Hopkins, complement the verse without overwhelming it.

Once you get used to Cooper Clarke's thick Manchester accent and machinegun delivery, the reason for his rising cult status in Britain becomes apparent. His poetry is witty and incisive, full of little barbs, and pulls no punches.

Some of his topics may be a little too British for local comprehension, but character such as the jogger seeking eternal youth ("Health Fanatic") and the goose-fleshed page three Sunday paper dolly ("Reader's Wives") are universal.

The two best tracks, however, are unaccompanied. "Psyche Sluts 1&2" portrays the leather girls with "pillion piles", while "Salome Maloney" is the tragic tale of a palais de dance queen who breaks her neck falling from her high heels. Yer can't 'elp laffin'.

Not an album you'd play every day, but definitely worth having when you feel like the change that's as good as a rest.

John Cooper Clarke is no Byron, but he does give you your wordsworth.

**Duncan Campbell**

**Flamin' Groovies**  
**Jumpin' In The Night**  
*Sire*

Originally a 60's band, the Flamin' Groovies have been caught in a time-war for the last couple of years. Though their basic sound hasn't changed much since early days, their biggest hit — a true pop classic — "Shake Some Action", featured on an early new wave compilation alongside the likes of the Ramones and Dead Boys.

*Jumpin' In The Night* is a solidly 60's album. Right from the twanging guitar breaks to the fish-eye cover style used on the Stones' *High Tide & Green Grass*. But the Groovies' rather sparse sound doesn't do much for pop milestones like "19th Nervous Breakdown", "Please Please Me" or "Boys". The album rocks and bops along, but lacks the punch and even the finesse of some of the other newer acts around these days.

With all the resurgence of interest in 60's pop, *Jumpin' In The Night* should provide nostalgia for some. After all, the Flamin' Groovies are the genuine article. They were there when it was all happening, man.

**Paul McGowan**

**Rod Stewart**  
**Greatest Hits**  
*Warner Bros.*

This is the fourth (maybe even fifth) hits compilation from Stewart, although it is the first to deal with the Warners' product that begins with *Atlantic Crossing*. Stewart fans will doubtless already possess most of these 10 tracks, but as a package of the man's most popular material it would take some beating.

The tracks are divided by album thusly — two from *Atlantic Crossing*, three from *A Night On The Town*, three from *Foot Loose and Fancy Free*, and one ("Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?") from *Blondes Have More Fun*. From an earlier time comes "Maggie May" (courtesy of the previous record company, and not re-recorded as had been suggested). The simplicity, even crudity, of arrangement and production of "Maggie May" sits a little oddly among the bright lushness of the later American recordings, but it has a strutting bravado, a quality that made Stewart such a loveable rogue but which was eroded by advancing success.

It may have been malice that wiped the murmurings of Britt Ekland from the closing bars of "Tonight's the Night" but it also erases an unforgivable piece of kitsch, for which I suppose one should be grateful.

One might be more grateful for the inclusion of some of Stewart's less remunerative but equally satisfying performances. While this album paints a picture of Rod Stewart successful pop singer, to complete the portrait one needs such heartfelt songs as "This Old Heart of Mine", "Fool For You", or "(If Loving You is Wrong) I Don't Want to be Right."

Still, the album spine says what the label doesn't — this is Volume One.

**Ken Williams**

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