

Syl Sylvain

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Somewhat surprisingly, former New York Dolls guitarist Sylvain has couched his solo debut in teenage terms, deceptively simple and very welcome.

Sylvain Sylvain is an album with a New York accent, reminiscent of the alley beat of Mink De Ville, but minus Willy De Ville's posture of De Ville, but minus Willy De Ville's posture of menace. The sound is very up, straight-ahead adolescent rocking, street corner harmonising, and greasy saxophone (good work by Jon Gerber). The opening, and best track, "Teenage News", has that rare surge of elation that distinguishes the best rock. The rest of the album almost equals this rush.

Sylvain poses on the album cover like a sexually ambivalent Elvis, a manifestation of the dreams of millions of kids who clutched imaginary guitars as they stared down the mirrors behind their millions of locked bedroom doors. Fanciful perhaps, but it is an album to conjure

Fanciful perhaps, but it is an album to conjure up that kind of affectionate self-mockery. I like it very much and I find it remarkable in these times that Sylvain can make a record rooted in the past but, pulsing with a freshness that augurs well for the future.

Teenage rock, yes, but pleasingly devoid of the self-conscious "dumbness" that makes one so mistrustful of such as the Knack.

Ken Williams

CURE BOYS DON'T CRY STUNN

With the band on hand the time is conducive to back-track a little to ascertain the Cure's for-

mative position in the scheme of things.

Boys Don't Cry is the Australian-American release of their first album Three Imaginary Boys with a few track changes. Unfortunately out goes their version of Hendrix's "Foxy Lady", their "Sunny Afternoon" steal "Meat

You". A pity about those but "So What" is no loss and you gain their first three singles "Killing An Arab", "Boys Don't Cry" and "Jumping Someone Else's Train" and I presume, two flip sides, "Plastic Passion" and "World War",

both, lyrically, sombre and dejected.

The best of *Three Imaginary Boys* remains, namely "'Accuracy'', "Object", "Grinding namely "Accuracy", "Object, Gills, Halt", "Fire In Cairo" and the title track, the



latter two being signposts to the chilly sparseness of Seventeen Seconds.
On balance Boys Don't Cry is a slightly superior proposition to the original Three Imaginary Boys, but if you have the Cure's Stunn EP (and you should) then you've covered the odds.

George Kay

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS

CBS

Britain's Psychedelic Furs have drawn attention in the last few months for their planned, enigmatic music which, they would like to think. places them in the same category as the real heavyweights like Joy Division and Gang of Four. But the Furs, who can trace their ancestry as far back as 1977, the year of their first line-up, are little more than charlatans playing with concepts that they haven't the skill

Butler Rep, vocalist and lyricist, is a man

with a penchant for lyrical 'subtleties' and wordplays and as a vocalist he's a by-product of the Reed/Bowie academy as evidenced on one of the album's few successes, "Sister Europe". Another plus is "We Love You" their first ever single, a sneering cynical song, the sort of thing the Adverts used to do so well.

Elsewhere the album's dense obvious textures, especially on "Fall" and "Pulse" where Rep is barely audible (small blessings), smother any potential the songs may have possessed. The guitars of John Ashton and R. Morris and saxophonist Duncan Kilburn fail to establish anything other than a heavy handed empathy on most of the songs and this creates a barren atmosphere on the album.

The message then is that the Furs will have to improve on the dodgy material on this their first album, and as a band they should aim to be more imaginative and sympathetic to the needs of the songs.

George Kay



