

Hairspray heaven

Unharnessed, haystack-haired heaviness from Vain, as the last great glam-rock album hits the shelves once again.

VAIN

No Respect

Gott Discs

With San Franciscan cock-rock roaches Vain set to scuttle into the UK in May, this is a timely reissue of their first album, originally released in 1989.

No Respect is glam rock's last gleaming; it was the last great lipstick-killer of a record to go on sale before grunge barged in and upset the cosmetics cart.

Having sad that, Vain were far from namby-pamby or limp-wristed. These guys weren't employed by a model agency on 5th Avenue. Their bruises came direct from a whore house on the wrong side of the tracks.

No Respect is a Maybelline-metalised debut par excellence - no 'perhaps' about it. It's unharnessed,



haystack-haired heaviness from beginning to end; it's the Crue at their most coarse and corrupted; it's a catfight with Krueger talons instead of claws; it's shaggier than a woolly mammoth - but not half as dated.

It's also got an attitude so snotty that it'd take a nasal spray the size of a bazooka to shift the phlegm. For that, thank

frontman Davy Vain, who delivers his vocals in the style of a coked-up Casanova inviting Jordan to partake in a little light bondage. Or, as he whines in *Aces*: 'I'm a bad motherfucker tonight'. Indeed.

No Respect contains one truly wonderful knockout moment. You'll have to hear it to really appreciate it, but it goes something like this: at the beginning of *Beat The Bullet* there's a weird squeak, like a satanic parrot uttering a backwards message, and then a basic bump thump thymth kicks in. That's followed by a high-pitched, falling-all-over-the-place- guitar lick, as if played by Ace Frehley while burning up on re-entry after tripping over his platforms. Then Davy spits out a single word, 'HEAH!', before the main riff cuts in, sleazier than a ladyboy reclining on the top shelf of a Thai newsagent's stand. Breathtaking stuff.

Those are just the highlights. Buy *No Respect* and glory in its total magnitude for yourself. Because as Davy says, again in *Aces*: 'Got me a mission and my mission is just to rock'n'roll. I thought I'd let you know.' Message received and understood.



Geoff Barton

