THE THE Marquee

Almond arrived to give an impromptu Mamba rendition.

Straining through a PA that sounded like a sweaty sock, Matt sang along to tapes of his two most recent singles and ‘Red Cinders In The Sand’ from the underrated ‘Burning Blue Soul’ LP. With two drummers, a rhythmic holocaust was set up and the next minute, with the stage empty, Matt and a single companion beat hell out of a kitchen sink. Very contemporary but so classic, the misplaced and mislead R’n’R experience.

It was years of living with Rock ‘n’ Roll all poured out in the space of a couple of hours; inevitably, it ended in trouble as all edge music does. The guitar hero display was interrupted when someone took exception to Marc Almond. Marc responded by crowning him with a guitar, the gig collapsed, the band left the stage.

It was provocative and at times unlistenable but it was Rock ‘n’ Roll, it was a spectacle.

DAVE HENDERSON