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**MEATLOAF·SKIDS·CONFLICT**  
**5 PAGES of GUITARS**

# sounds



**THE NEW  
PSYCHEDELIA**

*Mood Six, p10*

Photo: Michael Ochs; Hair: Jeff; Makeup: Michael



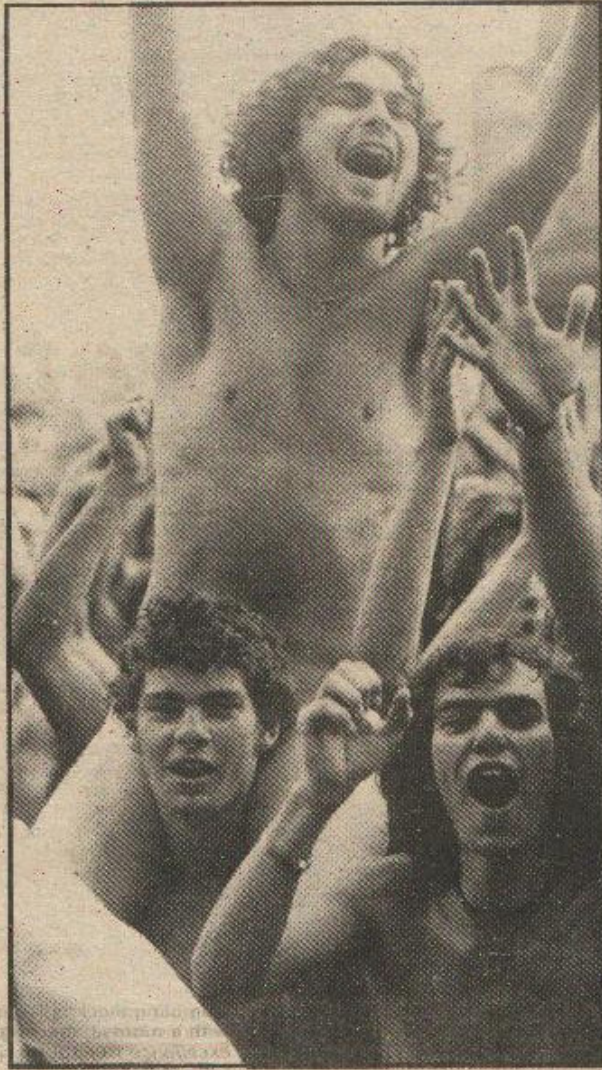


Photo: Greg Moulgoste

Without mincing words, I'd say that most of their new found vitality is due to the (long overdue?) replacement of Thunderstick by drummer Mel Gaynor whose combination of personal power and versatility is stunning to behold as it injects brave fire into songs such as 'Riding With The Angels' and the splendid 'Bright Lights', defying the rest of the band to let down the pace.

Samson were like a band re-born. With the rhythm machine in fine running order and vocalist Bruce Bruce in excellent, driving form, there can be no doubts that the substitution of solid style for tacky gimmicks was a worthy one.

Not that this made the going very easy for the three run-up-to-Gillan bands. Neither **Rose Tattoo**, **Billy Squier** nor **Trust** were particularly uplifting. They did their best but their best wasn't good enough and left the impression that there are just too many ordinary rock groups vying for attention on this overcrowded isle.

Rose Tattoo's approach is, er basic. Though they ran head-long through their set like a bear at a bun factory, none of their bravado could conceal the fact that they are, after all, an ordinary combo who rely on crude insults and cheap anti-establishment exhibitionism in order to be 'different'.

At least Billy Squier didn't attempt to force the issue. But he and his clean-cut, all American back-up band were so thoroughly, utterly, miserably dull that one rather wishes he had. Squier's polite US (soft) rock was totally lost between the coarse berating voices of Rose Tattoo and Trust and he left much as he had arrived. Unnoticed.



**CROWD STORMS** the stages



Pic: Greg Houlgate

**ROBERT OF** the Enid



Pic: Justin Thomas

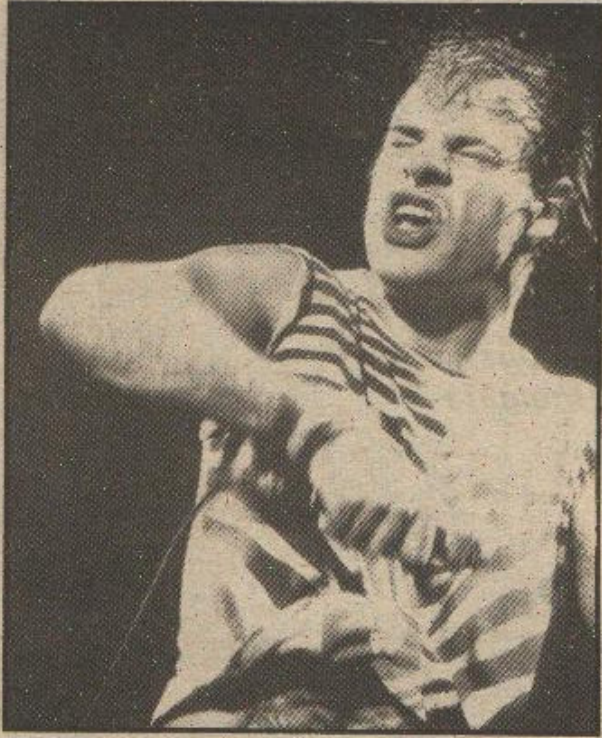
**BIG DEN** of Lionheart

Of course, no-one could avoid noticing Trust. Apparently, the loud grating vocals of Bernard Bonvoison were already loosening windscreens in the Reading car park minutes after the band had appeared on stage and they continued to bear as little relation to music as Pot Noodles do to Mr Chow's exclusive Chinese cuisine for what appeared to be a fortnight.

For myself, I would dearly like to enjoy Trust: They have

some good, adventurous ideas. But, until they discover the fine line between delivering rowdy slogans and performing relevant agit-rock, I'll keep my antisocial distance.

Possibly Ian Gillan felt the same way about Trust. He spent much of his time gleefully announcing songs "in French" while peering over to the by-then vacated Trust stage with a wind-up light in his eyes. Mind you, Gillan has suffered similarly in his time — though the weight baits will have to be



Pic: Justin Thomas

*TRUST: pardon my French*