



TRUST 'Savage' (Epic EPC 85546)**½

BERNARD BONVOISIN is a very angry young man. The evils and injustices of this can of worms spinning in space cause him a lot of sleepless nights, it would seem, and our Bernie is determined to do something positive about them.

Unfortunately, for all his Gallic fire and passion, our hero has no hotline to the White House, no influential sway with the Kremlin's Politburo. He isn't even the leader of a freedom fighting cell of urban guerrillas. No, Bernie's a singer, of course, but even if his voice is the only weapon he has with which to combat the Forces of Darkness, you can rest assured that he is wielding it with all the power he can muster from his short, muscular frame.

Indeed, it was this pointedly political content in Trust's lyrics, as opposed to the more usual "On the road again, gonna love you all night long, you long-legged woman in black you" rock writers' repertoire, that first fascinated me. That and the venomous bite of Bernie's voice over the band's chung-a-chunga AC/DC-style riff-rocking. And their debut UK album, 'Repression', was an exciting and explosive balance of sharp social comment and hot-shot headbanging hysteria (even though the dreaded Jimmy Pursey lent a hand with the lyrical translation).

But, sadly, the delicate juggling trick of polemics and party-time has proved impossible for Bernie to keep up and, while the political diatribes are even more strident and barbed on this album, the musical back-up is sorely lacking. It's not that I don't agree with Bernie's egalitarian outrage or the need to make rock lyrics more meaningful and relevant, but his soapbox is sited at singer's not speaker's corner and no amount of verbalising the villains can compensate for weak and lacklustre music.



TRUST: a blustering tirade

Dead earnest

Trust have found themselves a new translator this time, too, in the shape of CBS pressperson Suzy Glespen and the lyrics undoubtedly hit home harder at their chosen targets, like the terror of living under corrupt and dictatorial regimes in 'The Junta': "The junta in power struck cold and hard/The junta purged ruthlessly, no hesitation/Right hands held high, iron fists on poverty/On little people living in misery/ Elections are fixed, peasants tricked/ Opponents arrested, hidden and tortured in jails underground."

Or the hypocrisy and dishonesty of unscrupulous politicians in 'The Big Illusion': "You who speak of new-found liberty/Proud of the money that grows on your family tree/ Spitting hatred on the lowly working man/Building ghettos that you call new housing plans."

Or the self-reflective, truth-time of 'Work Or Die': "The friends you leave behind and those who seek you out/Those who only come because of your advance/... Ask for your opinions, they couldn't care much less/People you could

kick at like a dog out on the street/Only want to know you now you're the big news/Criticise you 'cause you've got the guts to choose."

But it's virtually impossible to grapple with such complex concepts like these adequately in the restrictive confines of a song structure and the end result is Bernie blustering and struggling to blurt out his lengthy harangues while the alien English ties his French tongue in granny knots, and the more important musical content is largely overlooked to give him sufficient room for his

sermonising.

I admire Trust for their determination to say what they feel and for the honesty and firebrand integrity that shines through the occasional awkwardness of the lyrics and Bernie's accent (and even though I know he feels very strongly for the late Bon Scott, I still think the requiem track on this album was a rather icky mistake). But this is supposed to be an album, not a political manifesto and, above all, it's still the music that's the message.

DAVID LEWIS

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Clown prince

SPIZZ 'Spizz History' (Rough Trade Rough SOII)***

IT WOULD appear more than coincidence that by about a mile the best things on this tracing of the Spizz repertoire are the first and last tracks, from the manic, Fall-gone-crazy goonery of '8000 Crazy' to the current, and of the year's best singles, 'Work' and its flip 'Megacity:3'.

In that ugly, unenticing centre of years (to be read in Alan Whicker voice) we have... a lack of identity and a lack of love. Was Spizz sucked into a... scene? A scene only too ready to welcome the clown, the punk Norman Wisdom, the little fella who could mix intellect with a constant wacky wit that had 'em rolling in the aisles circa 'Soldier' and 'Where's Captain Kirk? Perhaps we'll... never know (Whicker voice dropped now).

In Spizzles, on this history wisely neglected but like a shadow lurking in the workiness of 'Kirk' et al, the humour finally dribbled itself dry. On 'Amnesia' and 'No Room', both included here, there was that complete lack of focus and, more to the point, a complete lack of one Peter Petrol, ably now re-recruited to the Spizz cause and actually beginning to give Spizz, what he's long since been lacking, some half decent music.

The place of the clown in rock with ref to Spizz? I think he can still do it, as long as he keeps away from nasty large record companies and holds on to the hirsute Mr Petrol like a good un. The humour (otherwise) of a 'Spock's Missing' is a sure fire bellyflop. Who knows (Whicker voice retained), they may even go on