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KERP AMG

THE RESIDENCE



TRUST 'Savage' (Epic EPC 85546)

TRUST - HUH! I don't trust this lot further than I can throw them Reviewing 'Savage' is a difficult task because there are two facets of these Parisian Powermetallers. I'll lay my cards on the table right at the beginning - I am a huge (make that double hugel) fan of Trust music. brimming as it does on all of the band's three albums with vitality, originality, melody and power (the four key words to hard rock success). 'Savage' will delight all with its relentlessly original boogie dynamics. This is the first facet of Trust.

Facet two. However hard you try to be impartial when reviewing, if you happen to know the individuals involved you are bound to have your verdict moulded (unwittingly perhaps) by their characters. I've met Trust and they are extremely nasty people — apparently uninterested in any fan of the band (bassist Vivi excepted), and this unfortate experience has marred my taste for their music.

I can handle this (just) by succumbing to the sheer brilliance of 'Savage' — the English version of 'Marche Du Creve', containing an infinitely more palatable translation of Bernard Bonvoisin's original French texts than the first UK release. From the opening rhythms of 'The Big Illusion' through to the final blues strumming of 'Your Final Gig', the best of the numerous musical tributes to Bon Scott, 'Savage' displays absolute excellence in controlled mayhem — not a riff or a solo wasted anywhere and those famous heartfelt lyrics with so much more meaning than typical macho crap.

Yet wait one moment. Monsieur Bernard Bonvoisin has set himself on a sloganeering platform of no compromises. When I tell you that the original French album has an extra number, 'Misery', castigating England politically and socially, and this track is omitted from the English version solely to enhance Trust's chances of making it here, then Bonvoisin's stance is rendered null and void. Trust have given in to what they claim to stand against and 'Savage' is about as ferocious as a dog with no teeth.

The music's incredible, the morals stink, Can we still talk about

morals in music?

HOWARD JOHNSON