

# The Six Pistols

## The Sex Pistols The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle Virgin

In rock'n'roll there's nothing so gratifying as a great band living up to its own legend. Trust The Pistols to do both on one album. This is the sound track from their movie of the same name and what I'm saying is that it's a real mixed bag. As such the only way to tackle it is in terms of individual tracks.

The first side kicks off with cover versions of "Johnny B Goode" and "Roadrunner" from the early (1976 vintage) but previously unrecorded Pistols' repertoire. Already evident is the blockbuster power of the young band and though Rotten has forgotten the words on these two they are still good value. Better things are to come though, in the form of a ram-paging version of "Anarchy In The U.K." where Rotten's vocal is positively laden with menace. This is preceded by a disco medley of "God Save The Queen", "Anarchy" and "Pretty Vacant". What to make of this you had better decide for yourself, my opinion is pretty clear from the opening paragraph.

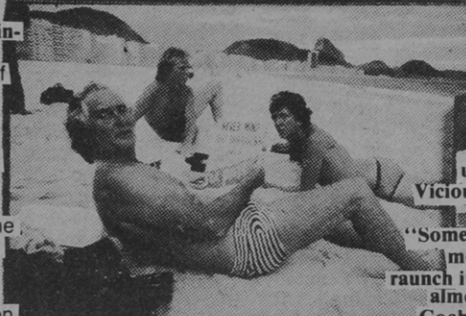
More early Pistols' material opens side two. First up is a truly classic reading of "Substitute"

propelled by Steve Jones' guitar firepower and featuring a raucous attempt at the chorus harmonies. Following this are covers of "No Lip" and "Stepping Stone" displaying all the raw menace of the band. The side also contains that matchless exploit in bad taste "Belsen Was A Gas". Now this is the sort of thing which makes the album worth buying. Never mind the ballad pace french version of "Anarchie Pour Le U.K."

But its side three that really makes the album a big event. Among the seven tracks there is scarcely a dud but more significantly still, the best cut, "Lonely Boy", is a new composition by the Steve Jones/Paul Cook writing team. Whatever you think about John Lydon and Public Image it is clear that they are not another Sex Pistols. From the showing given here it is equally clear that Jones who masterminded the Pistols' sound is quite capable of repeating the feat. "Lonely Boy" and "Silly Thing", another Jones/Cook newie should warm the hearts of Pistols' buffs.

The side also boasts a couple of curios in Sid Vicious' cover of "My Way" and Ronald Biggs' vocal on "No One Is Innocent". Good for a laugh to be sure but it's a bit worrying to see Steve Jones wasting his incendiary guitar on this sort of throwaway. No one has got enough talent to afford to squander it the way he does. An unexpected success is Sid Vicious' sympathetic treatment of Eddie Cochran's "Something Else". Paired with more of Jones' guitar hero raunch it's a real winner. Sid does almost as well with another Cochran standard "C'mon Everybody" on side four. As for the rest of that side the less said the better.

Whether you decide to purchase the album will depend on your interest in the tracks which only have value as collectors' items. Nevertheless the inclusion of the early Sex Pistols material and the new Jones/Cook compositions make this an important release. Important for what it provides from the past but more important for what it promises for the future.  
Dominic Free



## The Allman Brothers Band



## The Allman Brothers Band Enlightened Rogues Capricorn

The break-up of the Allman Brothers Band was an acrimonious affair. Gregg Allman turned state's evidence over the drug bust of his personal road manager. The incident was the final straw in a tired group tottering on the camel's back. Guitarist Dickey Betts, since the death of Gregg's brother, Duane, the other leader of the band, swore never to work with Gregg again.

All in all, it left a nasty taste. It was the end of an era. The Allmans represented something more than their music. They were the personification of the Southern 'family' music that was to play a large role in the emergence of the so-called New South of Jimmy Carter.

Rumours of their impending re-union were as rife—and as wishful—as those surrounding the defunct Beatles.

Now, after three years, the wish is realised. The Allman Brothers Band rides again. And rides high. *Enlightened Rogues* is good Allmans, a far cry from their patchy final studio album; *Win, Lose or Draw*, where Allman and Betts seemed to have no interest in the work of the other.

Past differences seem to be settled, both Gregg and Dickey are singing better than ever (especially Betts, whose playing is also as sublime as it can be) and the new songs rival their best.

"Crazy Love", delivered with the vocal assistance of Bonnie Bramlett, is as good a piece of high-stepping Southern good-time as you're likely to hear. "Pegasus" is another of those high-flying instrumentals that are Bett's forte, and Gregg delivers Little Willie John's pleading "Need Your Love So Bad" with a rasping dignity. "Sail Away" finds Betts in mellow mood, his simple message given eloquence by his other-worldly slide guitar.

From the old Allmans comes the twin drum combination of Jaimoe and Butch Trucks, from the remnants of Bett's Great Southern band guitarist Dan Toler and bassist David Goldflies. With the revitalised Gregg and Dickey they make one mother of a band.

Ken Williams

## Plastic Bertrand



## Plastic Bertrand An 1 Elton Motello Victim of Time RCA

One doesn't really associate RCA with new wave music. Village People, Arthur Rubenstein, Leontyne Price....all the company's contemporary sound seems to be tied up in Iggy Pop and David Bowie.

Now two more out-of-the-way albums show RCA's nouvelle vague ambitions, and when Plastic Bertrand's opus is all sung in French, the nouvelle vague bit is quite justified. The Gallic version of "Sha La La La Lee" is a shriek (in more ways than one) and there are plenty of spunky little numbers to provide a corrective to all the Edith Piaf and Francoise Hardy we endure in local French restaurants.

As for Elton Motello (sic) his record is really all much the same thing in our own mother tongue. This was a fairly strong album with a lovely ditty called "Artificial Insemination" (Do the spurt) and lots of other delightfully cat-chpenny apocalypics.

All great fun, not adding much to the music scene but gives you a reason for persevering with School Cert French, duckies.

William Dart

# Record Warehouse speaks for itself