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Pop beat

The Clash scores with varied approaches

By ERIC SIEGEL

During the Clash's first North American tour last winter, Joe Strummer, sing-ergularist-soungwiret-pokensam for the angry young band from Britain, issued a few words of caution to those who would stereotype the group's sound. "Punk is not a limitation," Strummer said backstage after a show at Washing-mos Ontario Theatre. "It's merely a convenient word. When we go in the studio, anything goes, even if it comes from 30 trumpets."

Trumpets."

The Clash doesn't employ 30 trumpets on its new two-record album, "London Calling." But the group does employ a brass section, the Irish Horns, and keyboards to supplement its basic lineup of lead and rhythm guitars, bass and drums. The result is the best of the three American albums the group has released to date.

On the basis of its first two American LPa-"Give Em Enough Rope," released in the fall of 1978, and "The Clash," released here last year but actually recorded and released in England three years ago—the Clash was halled by many critics as not only the best band in rock, but also the savior of the entire genre.

Symbols

Symbols

Such accolades seemed to be inspired at least as much by what the Clash symbolized as what it sang. The Clash came across as the quintessential political rock group. The very titles of many of the group's songs—"White Riot," "Tommy on," "London's Burning"—were a reaf-firmation of the notion of rock and roll as a call to arms, the notion was reinforced by the clatter of guitars that punctuated by the clatter of guitars that punctuated mearly every song, like bursts of gunfire from a machine gun nest.

It was high voltage material, so much

nearly every song, the ourses of guintre-from a machine gun nest.

It was high voltage material, so much so that it tended to overwhelm some of the Clash's subtler compositions, notably 'Julie's in the Drug Squad,' an uptempo-cut about betrayal off the "Give Em Brough Rope!".

But the principal problem with the group's lyrical and musical bombast was that it was too often unintelligible. A lis-formation of the substantial was a series couldn't be urue just what It was, during last year's tour, mimeographed lyric sheets were handed out so the audience could follow the songs.

That face, and not, as the Clash and many of its admirers implied, any intria-mensage in the substantial substantial substantial sub-timited popular appeal in the United States.

But that problem has been solved, or

limited popular appear in States. But that problem has been solved, or done away with, on "London Calling." From the opening title cut to "Train in Vain," a last-minute addition that closes the two-record set, the production is clean, crisp—and clear.

Class conscious

Class conscious

Even more important is the fact that
the Clash manages to keep from being
hemmed in by the bounds of its image on
the LP. Instead of nothing but frontal assaults, the group tries, and succeeds, at a
number of end runs, without ever straying
too far from the political and class consciousness that gives it a sense of purpose.

Takes for exemple, the title nor thicks.

Take, for example, the title cut, which portends a doomed civilization. Amid bleak images of a coming nuclear holo-



easy out: "London calling, now don't look us All that phoney Beatlemanh also bitten the dust."

The song is immediately followed by two that represent significant departural for the group. "Brand New Calliact," a remake of a 1859 classic featuring asoning, and the state of the group. "Brand New Calliact," a remake of a 1859 classic featuring asoning, and the state of the state of

IRA.
Something different
"Wrong 'Em Boys," which opens side
three of the two-record set, is as different
from "Spanish Bombs" as it is from any-

Al Pacino is Cruising

for a killer.

AL PACINO CRUISING

to cheat?/And trample people under your feet/Don't you know it is wrong?"
The Clash even manages to have some fun along the way, while still scoring points. Typical here is the mockingly deri-stive "Kota Kola," in which the group lacks aim—with a barh, not a bludgeon—at corporate America, declaring, "It's the young the property of the clash you before the happy hour."
For all the diversity displayed throughout the album, elements of the Clash's publicized raw style exist in abundance—but with a subtlety only suggested, but never completely fulfilled, on the group's previous albums.
"Waiting for the Clampdown," for ex-

previous albums. "Waiting for the Clampdown," for example, lashes out at the drudgery of working-class life against the backrop of a furious guitar-and-drum attack. "Hateful" is a bitter lament against a drug pusher; the scorn is most obvious in the couplet, "Oh, anything I want he gives it to me/-Anything I want he gives it but not for free."

thing

is

watching..

and

'Silent Partner' a cut above the usual bank-caper thriller

By R. H. GARDNER

Aside from a bit of gratuitous brutality (thrown in toward the end as a sop for the saddist-minded), "The Slient Partner," at the Charles, is an unsually statisfying the Charles, is an unsually statisfying the Charles, it is an unsually statisfying the Charles, it is an unsually statisfying the Charles, and the Charles, it is an unsually statisfying the control of the Charles of the Charles

It is his first realization that things at the bank—and perhaps even in the world itself—are not quite what he has imagined them to be.

them to be.

The feeling of strangeness arising from this discovery is deepened by something that occurred at the bank earlier in the day. While fidding around with one of the deposit slips put out for the convenience of customers, Miles discovers an inscription inadvertently left on the carbon by some in the deposit slips put out for the convenience of customers, Miles discovers an inscription inadvertently left on the carbon by some individual to the carbo

pated hold-up as a means of robbing the bank himself.

And he does—with uncharacteristic brillance. Unfortunately, the robber—who manages to escape with only a portion of the loot—is a psychopath. Thus when he learns he is being credited with making off with more than \$44,000 he didn't get, being the solid property of the solid property of the solid property of a little man who, having decided that all people are crooked in one way or another, takes a calculated gamble, only to find himself in a struggle to the death with a maniac, played here with impressive ferocity by Christopher Plummer.

The film is scheduled to run at the





"If you're the type who reaches cloud nine with a good scare, this is one FOG that shouldn't be 'mist'." — Rona Barrett, ABC TV

"A supernatural scarey that has spectators gasping, shrieking and clutching one another in delicious fright."

- Richard Grenier Cosmonolitar



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