

Clash makes music that matters

THE CLASH — London Calling (Epic E2 36328):

The sticker on this brand new double album hypes the Clash as the only rock band that really matters.

Like any good hype it's an obvious exaggeration based on a sufficiently large grain of truth to be oddly fitting.

The Clash is about the only genuine punk band left and though *London Calling* may be their most accessible, easiest-to-listen-to release yet, the punk connotation remains important, especially while other survivors have hidden behind less intimidating labels like new wave.

A lot of new wave and power pop bands are using early '60s British-invasion rock and roll as their base, especially the spirit if not always the exact sound. But the Clash says "phoney Beatlemania has bitten the dust" and gets away with it because the Clash remains one of the few, if not the only, band to strike out boldly in genuinely new directions.

And the Clash don't merely charge ahead where few bands dare to go, they do it with great power, presence and persuasion.

They continue to evolve and improve while the Sex Pistols, in one of the most fitting gestures of our time, simply self destructed because of the Clash's delightful determination to have its music and play it too.

Less rough and raucous than its predecessors, *London Calling* is a great rock and roll album, an instant classic.

The Clash is calling and if you want to be where the real musical action is, you'd be well advised to listen up.

LINDA RONSTADT — Mad Love (Asylum XSE-510)

Disco's defunct, *Tusk* turned out to be a white elephant and the Eagles are wisely worried about surviving in the long run.

Once again the old order is rapidly fading. The mellow haze is giving way to black and white intensity—just check out the stark, pseudo-new wave cover of the new Linda Ronstadt album.

It's also reflected in this professional vocalist's choice of material—the California cool of the L.A. school of songwriters has given way to the testy tauntness of Elvis Costello.

Yes, the album has its two pop chestnuts—the old Hollies hit *Can't Let Go* and a classic tearjerker *Hurt So Bad*—and they're



REVOLUTIONS

by Bill Provick



Ronstadt's new style

both done up extremely well but as forcast, it also represents a tougher rock stance—sort of Linda Ronstadt sings new wave.

The obvious about face hurts the album's credibility a bit but Ronstadt started out as a bit of a screamer and has always been a technician who turns in mostly fine jobs on whatever she handles. Thus I eventually found myself falling in like with the album, but no mad love.

As for Ronstadt's soft-core following, if they feel suddenly alienated it's of little concern, Ronstadt certainly has built up a large enough catalogue for them to fall back on.

HEART — Bébé le strange (Epic FE 36371):

Behold a slightly-above-average effort from a would-be heavy metal Fleetwood Mac.

However the same question as above haunts the album: is there a place for such rock traditionalists as Heart in the future? Heart is polishing old laurels rather than breaking any new ground and anyway, even if they moved with the times, do we want new music from old groups?

Brothers Three Dining Lounge
FULLY LICENSED
• STEAKS • SEAFOOD • ITALIAN DISHES
Great Food Served In A Charming Atmosphere
480 BANK ST. 236-1254
FREE PARKING ACROSS STREET

THE KNACK — ... but the little girls understand (Capitol SOO-12045):

Perhaps they do. Last year The Knack surprised the music business by showing that commercial (bubble gum?) new wave rock and roll can sell.

However, the genuine new wave has begun to sell as the middle-ground listening audience begins to catch up with the more adventurous rock souls.

This follow-up album, which naturally enough opens with a reprise of last year's big hit *My Sharona*, now called *Baby Talks Dirty*, reaffirms the band's weaknesses as much as confirming its strengths.

I still think the Knack are overrated and this album tends to confirm that view.

GARFIELD — Reason To Be (Polydor 2424183):

Chapter three in the musical diary of a modern bandleader called Garfield

French is a logical companion piece to *Strange Streets* and *Out There Tonight*.

The subject and style is little changed so that Gar-

field fans and foes alike will have little reason to alter their opinions.

It's still not likely to break this rock-figure-in-waiting but I like it.

Upstairs. Traditional English fare and refreshment for lunch and dinner. A convivial meeting place with ultrafashionable decor.

Christopher's
201 Queen Street at Bank

BAR • RESTAURANT • DISCO
IF YOU HAVE A SMOKE PROBLEM
Try a **HONEYWELL AIR PURIFIER**
You can save up to **40%** on heating or cooling cost
CAPITAL AIR RECYCLING 837-1384

ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF
MANOTICK TRAVEL SERVICES
LOCATED IN THE MANOTICK MEWS SHOPPING CENTRE JOHN ST., MANOTICK

Leslie Coates, C.T.C.
President and Owner

Candace Burpee
Manager

Leslie, a certified travel counsellor has had 14 years' experience in the travel industry with two major airlines and has managed two large Ottawa area travel agency outlets. She is a cruise specialist and has taught travel for several years at Algonquin College.

Candace, with 8 years' experience, was formerly manager of a large travel agency specializing in commercial and holiday travel.

Both Leslie and Candace invite all their former customers to visit them at

Manotick Travel Services
SUMMER HOLIDAYS TO MAKE DREAMS COME TRUE

SkyLark Holidays
Spain — Portugal — Greece
Our service is free! Call or drop in to visit; We love to talk about travel!

692-2521

Sure I can dance. As long as they play something slow.

If this all sounds too familiar, pick up a phone and call us at Arthur Murray's.

We can teach you to dance fast. Slow. And everything in between. It's easy. And it's fun.

And next time you find the music beat picking up, you won't have to look for an excuse to sit down.

Arthur Murray
FRANCHISED DANCE STUDIO
236-9179
111 Third Ave.

Phone NOW for your demonstration lesson. No Charge.
No charge for your sample lesson. Phone NOW for appointment.