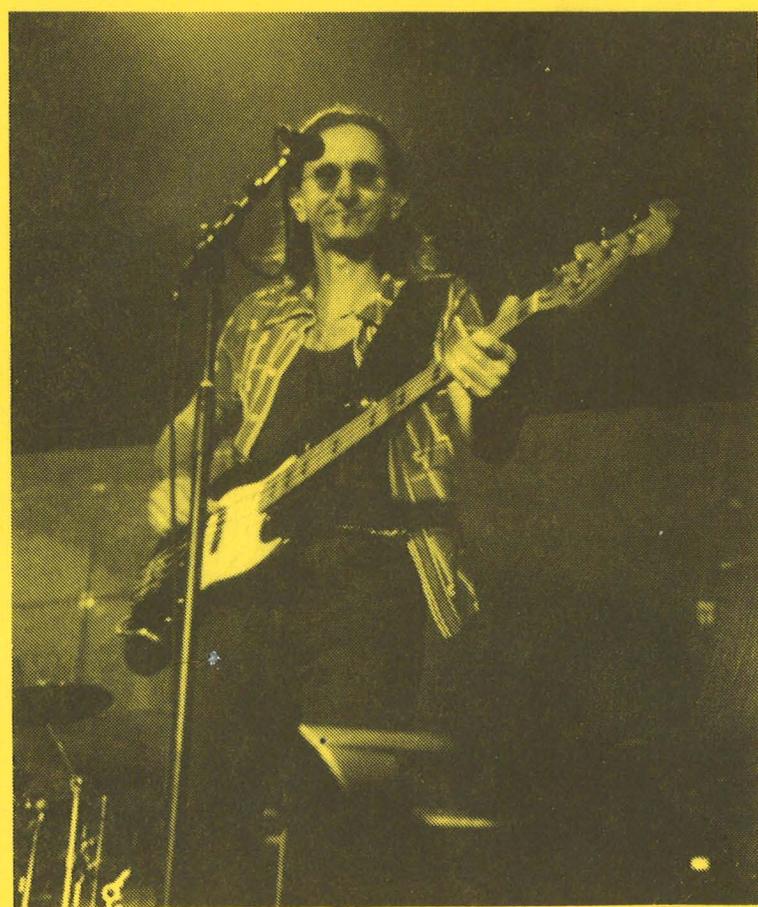
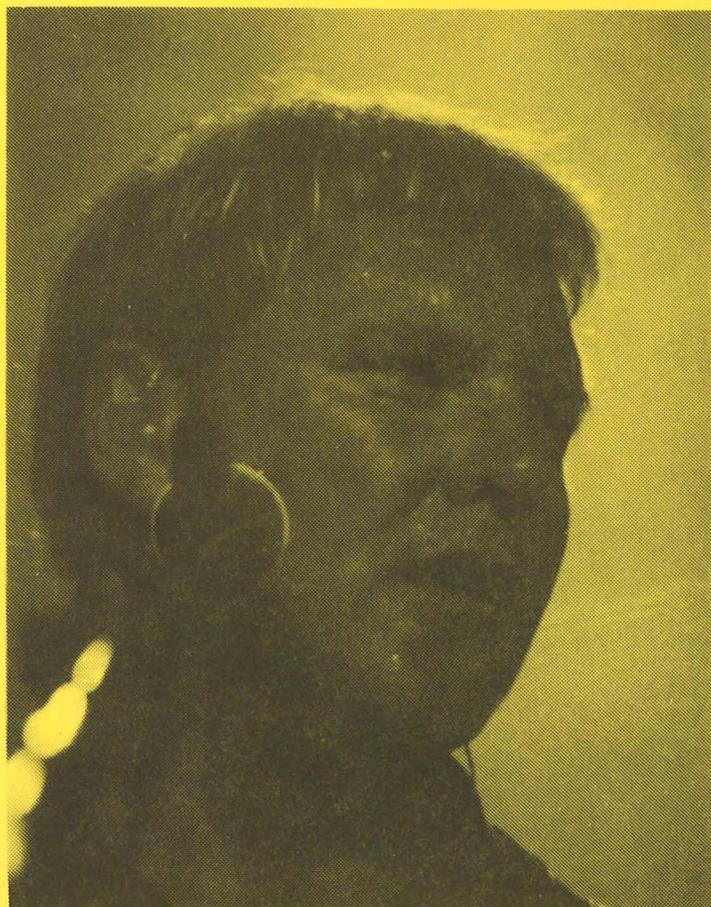


the spirit of

July '97

Rush

Issue 39.



Spirit of Rush

Editorial

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO JANET AND ANDREW.

Welcome one and all to the last "spirit" before the convention. I do hope you have your tickets already because it's shaping up to be a fantastic day. If you do not already have yours order NOW! Using the enclosed order form. Only £12.00 (same as last year) for a four hour longer, 12 hour Rush fest for all. Two cover bands this time, The Jack Secret Show will end the evening with a 3 hour show, before TJSS "Tom Sawyer" will hit the stage for an hour. NOT downstairs as last year but upstairs in a proper concert hall with a huge 10,000 watt PA and lighting rig. 4 or 5 memorabilia stalls selling all sorts of Rush related items, the famous giant video screen with a full stereo sound system showing Rush video (Music & interviews) including new concert/interview footage from the t4e tour all day. Bar open all day 2pm to 2am selling food as well as what you ALL want drinky poos. Only four weeks to go, so order your tickets now! For a day to remember and tell the grand children all about when you're old and grey. Worth it alone for the t4e tour items which Anthem have provided for the raffle. See you all on August 30th or else!

Last issue I asked for people to send in details if you need/can offer a lift to anyone, to/from Leicester. I'm afraid no one

responded to this request at all, sorry.

This issue is an end of tour special report about our (Janet, Andrew and myself) trip to Canada for the last 4 shows of the t4e tour. We met many people from all over the globe (who I'm sure Andrew has name checked) had a wonderful week site seeing and of course at the shows. I would personally like to thank Anna at SRO/Anthem for her graciousness and Tim at the Orbit Room for his patience, in the face of so many drunken Rush fans (although I'm sure he's used to it by now). It was a real pleasure to finally meet both of you at last.

Tom the mad Jock from Edinburgh was at the Montreal show before we arrived for the final 4, he has written a piece about his experiences and it will see print next issue. (no room this time I'm afraid Tom) it's worth the wait though believe me.

Yet another mention of Tiles. Chris Herin informs me that Fence the Clear (mentioned last issue) will be available here in Europe in September, on the inside out label (Germany) distributed by SPV. As I said last issue give it a try/chance, after a couple of plays you will love it as well.

Hello and Goodbye to: Ray, Monica, Jimmy, Brad, 'B' Man (Go for that book mate), Chris & Cheryl (I look forward to the wedding), Keith Nixon & friends, Tom (Mad Jock) Cornell, Andy (Where's the CD pal!?) Faulkner, The elusive Dawn (one day we'll meet), congratulations to Stewart and Rebecca on their engagement (looking forward to Oct 4th already), Sean McCabe. All the Dutch, German, French, Brazilian, American & Canadian people we met who made the trip a memorable one. If I somehow managed to forget you I'm sorry.... I did not do it on purpose, it's just the age I guess.

This issue was brought to you by the \$dollar\$ signs. See you on the 30th of August.

Next issue is our 40th issue, which happens to be our 10th anniversary issue as well. Please send in reviews of the

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convention and anything else you want. Let's make it an issue to remember.

Mick.

Rush Convention

Leicester University

Saturday 30th August '97

2pm - 2am

The Jack Secret Show

+ Support

Tickets £12.00 from editorial address.

DISTANT EARLY WARNINGS

2 studio or not 2 studio.

Guess what, it's happened, there are going to be another 2 studio albums before the next live album. Our friendly Canadian musicians intend to complete writing the new studio album by the end of this year, to enter the studio in January of '98.

"We're just so pumped up right now, it makes sense for us to do another studio album as soon as we can." Geddy Lee.

Video Vertigo.

The first of the two Toronto shows was filmed properly so it looks like we may get a live video instead of a live album first. I'm currently waiting on confirmation on this from SRO/Anthem, but let's keep our fingers crossed.

If it is to be released then expect it before Christmas.

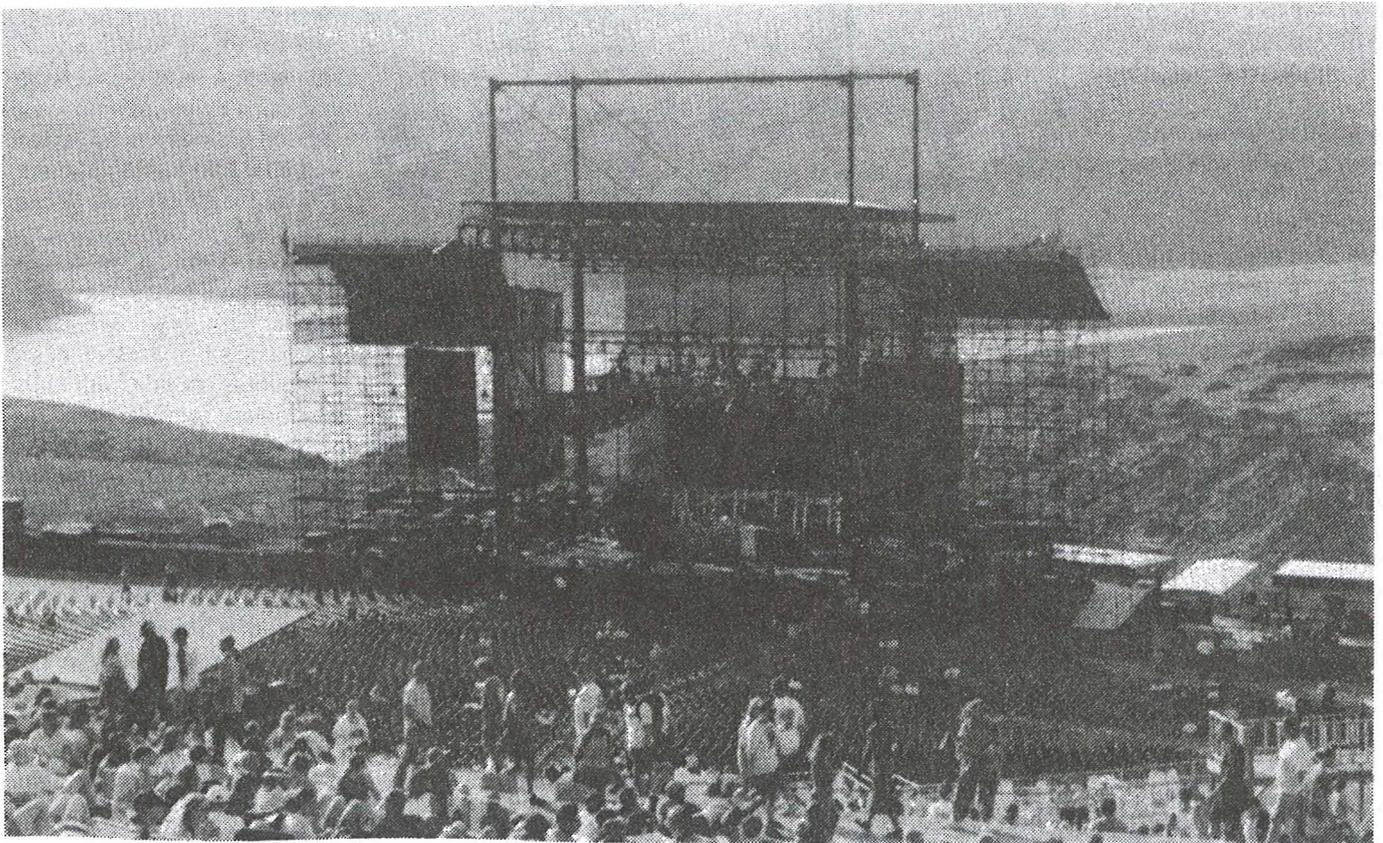
Re-Re-Masters.

Yeah they're back again, all the re-mastered albums, including the first 3 live albums have just been released by Mercury on July 14th. This also includes the 2 Retrospective CDs. All CD's cost £9.99 apart from the Retros which I believe are £12.99

TJSS THE JACK SECRET SHOW A TRIBUTE TO RUSH

Gigs glorious gigs, yes that's right TJSS will actually have some gigs other than the Convention. In issue 40 there will be a list of dates. At the moment all the dates are based in Oxfordshire, but further afield shows will follow soon.

The first confirmed date is November 5th at the Marlborough club in Didcot. This is not a TJSS gig but a special for local music shop Broadway Music, who have just become PRS main dealers in the South West. Other bands will be playing, Special guest will be the American guitarist Michael Angelo + others TBA.



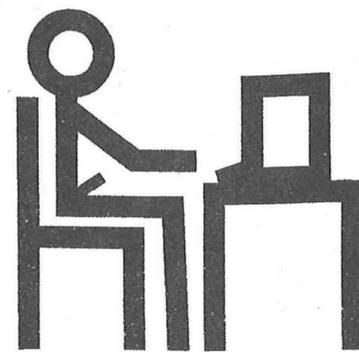
The Gorge - Washington State.

RETURN OF THE

TRIV

* copyright N.Peart

www.trainspotter.com



World Wide Wank*

A band as (a) popular with the geeks, and (b) apparently technology-friendly as Rush was always bound to have a shed load of accompanying internet/web site/information superhighway stuff. And the fact that Neil Peart refers to it all using the above phrase is refreshing in extremis. I'm no technophobe (well, not much), but the internet still seems to me like a pretty sad way for people to spend their time - whether they're creating it, browsing through it or downloading ancient porno pictures of Sam Fox.

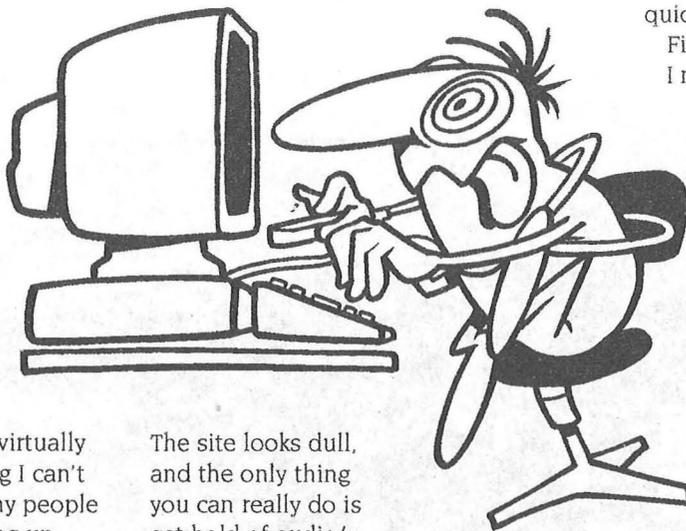
E-mail is one thing... a great thing; a cheap, simple, easy (quick) way to keep in touch with friends across the globe without the pressure of having to write a lengthy letter to seemingly make it all worthwhile. But this web site stuff... where will it all end?

As a journalist by trade I fully appreciate the information-providing benefits of the Web (call up Yahoo! and you can gen up on virtually anything), but as a human being I can't for the life of me fathom out why people would want to waste time setting up web sites to simply show a world that couldn't give a flying f*** what they think of Gillian Anderson's tattoo, Hanson's haircuts, how well endowed the cast of *Friends* is, or what they think of the place they were born... and all in bright pretty colours.

So where am I going with this diatribe against travellers on this technological wonder? Rush web sites that's where. I took a browse (with the help of the aforementioned Yahoo!, though I get no plaudits or cash for mentioning them again) through a few sites recently to see what was going on. Sorry if I missed yours and it was great, but there you go. Maybe someone (Stewart?) will be kind enough to provide a listing of all the

various addresses at some point, sometime, somewhere in this hallowed publication. For now you have to simply put up with a quick summary of the ones I looked at.

For starters I checked out what I figured were the most important ones; the Atlantic Records official site (<http://feature.atlantic-records.com/rush/>), and the NMS home page (<http://syrinx.umd.edu/rush.html>). Atlantic's was crap, particularly since I don't have a 'javascript facility', whatever that might be.



The site looks dull, and the only thing you can really do is get hold of audio/video soundbites of *Test For Echo* (still "just released" according to this obviously regularly updated site). On the other hand, the NMS site is the Lord and Master. Nice graphics, easy to get around, and choc full of regularly-updated information. By providing a service it pays homage to the band just by being there, rather than fawning over them, like the majority of the sites still to come...

Next up I tried a couple of 'new' sites. "Between Sun & Web" (<http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/stage/4709/>), has some nice spider's web artwork on the opening page, but is pretty much a standard homage site, and repeats much of the information you can find elsewhere (but

don't they all). There are links to other sites, which is fine, but the fact that the bulk of the material is there as well only serves to beg the question: *Why do it in the first place?*

The "Wall Of Sound" (<http://www.wallofsound.com/artists/rush/index.html>) site is also new, and obviously part of a bigger venture. Much like a (decent) record company site (or one of Carling or Sky's club sites for premier league footy lovers), it concentrates purely on information, and is of some use. I also found it very easy to get around and quick to respond to the mouse click.

Finally on to the few OTT homage sites I managed to get through before giving up. "By-Tor's Rush World" (<http://pages.prodigy.com/by-tors/world.htm>),

compiled by 16-year-old Joseph 'By-Tor' Elswick has no images and little information of merit and is thus simply dull; "Boszo's Rush Page" (<http://davinci.jpte.hu/katonak/boszo/gene/rush/rush.htm>) is (I think) in Scandinavian; "Deep Rush Thoughts" (<http://www.netexpress.net/rpak/drt.html>) is just a bunch of sad fan quotes (mostly from Ruth Goodman) compiled from the NMS following an idea by Chuck Wolff; "Rush.YYZ" (<http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Palms/2663/>)

sadly isn't the SOR home page but the work of another homage-paying member of the public (18-year-old guitarist Ben something), and "A Show.Of Fans" (<http://www.asof.com>) continues where the fanzine leaves off, with lots of great images, artwork and effects to make up for the largely trite content, though there's actually a good proportion of information in there too.

Once again sorry if I missed your (favourite) site out, but nine sites really was enough for one lunchtime. My advice if you want Rush information? Call co-editor Stewart or plug into the NMS site. Otherwise, as the good man once said, get a life.

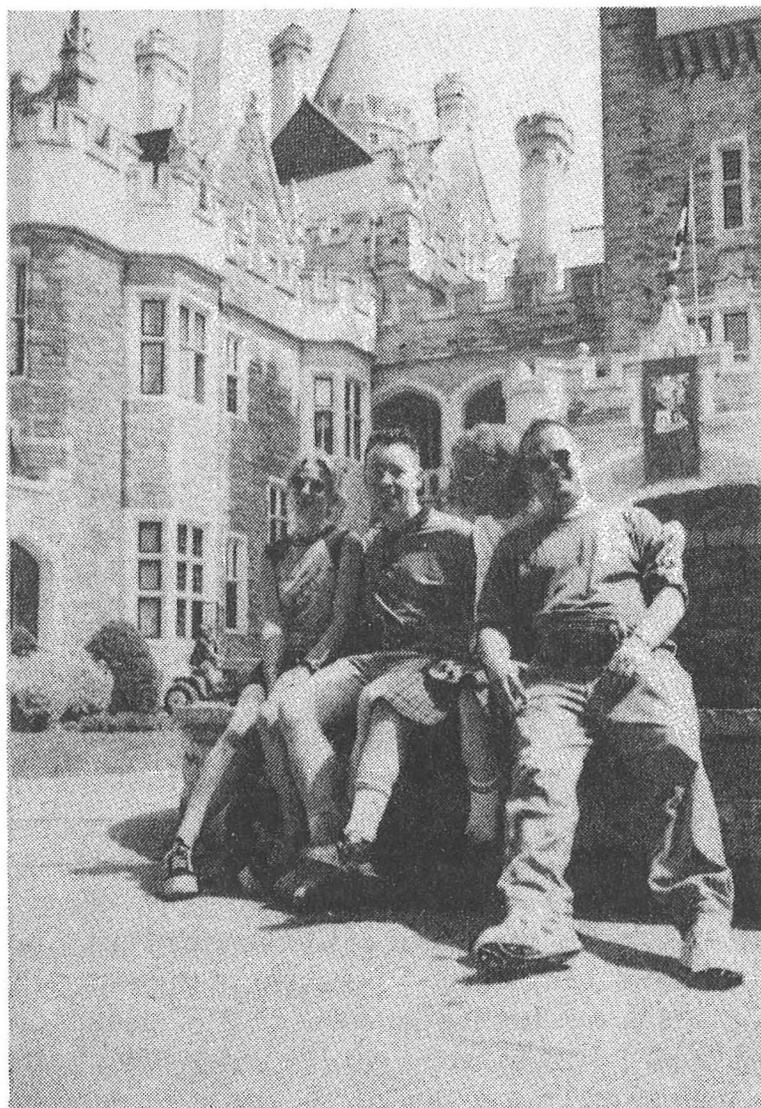
THE BEST WEEK OF OUR LIVES

**(Incorporating 'The Presto Debate' and
'Moaning Mick On Tour')**

by

Andrew Field

The UK Rush Collective "do" Canada



JANET, MICK, TOM AND ANDREW.

CHAPTER ONE: Making Memories - An Introduction

Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine it would be that enormous. Eight days spent making memories, realising dreams and drowning ourselves in fantasy. The UK Rush Collective's invasion of Canada to witness the closing shows of the Test for Echo tour has left many who participated drained, drunk on life, and even more fiercely loyal to a trio of musicians who took us to the heights of pleasure over four hot and sweaty nights. Better than sex? Oh god, yes.

When I was originally approached to document our trip I saw the opportunity to write a critical and masterly account untainted by my love of Rush. Sadly that article will have to wait, because what we experienced can only be described in gushing words and strong emotions. Sure, most of us had seen the band abroad before, but none of us had witnessed something this utterly thrilling. To attempt a constructive diary would be to deny you a part of that experience we badly want to share. So if it gets a bit over the top, please remember the context.

For those who shared in the Canadian experience, I hope this diary rekindles those feelings we all relished in. For the rest of you, I trust the importance of the 'occasion' will soar through my words.

As Neil would have it, lets "Cut to the chase.....".

CHAPTER TWO: The Time Is Now and There's No Stopping Us - Saturday 28th June

The weeks leading up to our Canadian adventure had been fraught with problems. I had spent several weeks laying in bed with a bad back, and had wondered whether or not I would recover in time. Mick, our beloved editor, damaged his back as well - but he dramatically had to wait for the all-clear until the day before the flight. Heroically he shuffled onto the plane at Gatwick, clearly in some pain and looking very ill indeed. Remarkably, his back would mend well during the week and cause him no major problems.

Other moments of panic had ensued from the possibility of concert dates being shuffled around, flight details being changed, and (for me) sudden realisations that bank accounts were straining to cover the outlay for the trip. Somehow it all came together, and on Saturday 28th June, myself, Mick and our stoic companion Janet Balmer, boarded Air Transat flight TS267 to Toronto.

As I checked in at Manchester airport I felt my pulse rise when confronted with the YYZ sticker placed on my luggage, winging its way with me to Toronto's Pearson International airport. My pulse soon dropped on hearing that the flight would be delayed by something like three hours.

For those of you who don't know Mick too well, he is never happier than when he's moaning. Sources close to the no-longer-fat-one reported major whinges at Gatwick with respect to the delay, and the first sight of the inside of the aircraft apparently provoked him into having his first Tourette's session of the tour. His mardiness was not without reason: Transat are the Skoda of the charter flight world. Our plane wasn't actually a Lockheed, it was in fact a cattle carrier. The food they served up was rubber, the heat inside the craft whilst on the tarmac was akin to the Sahara on midsummer's day, and the French-Canadian company clearly couldn't organise a

piss-up in a brewery. By the time we soared into Toronto we were all wound up tighter than a string on a Wahl bass.

All feelings of hatred towards the airline were soon forgotten amidst our amazement at Toronto's beauty as we entered the city in a cab for the first time. The town was bang in the middle of a heatwave, making a refreshing change from the persistent rain which had clobbered Britain throughout most of June. As we trundled along the expressway the Toronto skyline came into view and took our breath away.

Canada's second city is one huge and sprawling suburb, covering over 200 square kilometres. The downtown area houses towering skyscrapers, lush hotels and some of the biggest shops you'll ever visit. The residential areas are largely clean, quiet and exceptionally safe. Throughout the tour we would marvel at the almost over-politeness and helpfulness of the Torontonians: in a world filled with rudeness and violence, Toronto is an oasis of conservative values resulting in a strong bond of mutual respect and understanding. Suffice to say, as tourists, we were treated beyond well by our Cannuck cousins.



Our base for the next five days would be Butternut House, a privately owned four bedroom detached maison in Greenwood. It took us a while to find, but gave us a chance to take in the homely nature of the area: where the only sounds were the rattling of air conditioners, the distant rumble of the nearby subway and the gentle birdsong as the sun set. Our hosts Liz and Diane were just too nice to us, Diane going so far as to wash our clothes before leaving for our next hotel. If Diane was a sweetheart, then Liz was a lunatic with a good heart: you had to tell her what you wanted for breakfast 5 or 6 times before it sunk in.

After a brief unpacking session and Mick's first of 20 dumps that week, we hit the Danforth to make merry. As the sun set on our first day we drank too much Molson Canadian, ate tongue-burning pizza and watched Eastside Toronto bustle right into the early hours. Like New York, Toronto doesn't sleep - with cafés and bars feeding people throughout the night. In the night heat Mick shared with us stories from 20 years of seeing Rush, and of course moaned about anything that he could get the hump about. It was round about this time that an argument started which would rage for the length of the tour. The Presto Debate had begun. We crashed to bed at 2am with the many sides of the argument running through our heads.

It's a widely known fact that Presto is a god of an album. At least, that's how I see it. During the tour I met several fans who shared the same opinion.

It's a widely known fact that Presto is a dog of an album - poorly produced and full of misfired songs. During the tour I met several fans who shared the same opinion. In the red corner was Mick - inflexible and staunch in his belief that Presto is second rate. His main argument remains that if it was a good album, Rush would have played at least one song from it on the Test For Echo tour. I, naturally, rose to the bait.

In the blue corner I set out my stall. The production is wonderful - the sound is clear, the recording tight and the tone brisk and trebly. The Pass, Red Tide, Available Light.... I mean, come on.

The more beer we consumed, the more people who became involved in the Debate, the more time we spent arguing - this was one which would rage on and on.....

CHAPTER THREE: "Grim Faced And Forbidding" - Mick in Toronto, Sunday 29th June 1997

If you don't like getting up early in the morning, don't go on tour with Mick Burnett. Seven thirty a.m. and he's having yet another dump, reading another chapter in his awesome book 'The Encyclopaedia Of Unusual Sexual Practices'. He awakens me shortly after, with detailed descriptions of stretched penises, bee stings and the size of what he's left in the loo. It's also, apparently, "bleeding ridiculous" that I don't want to get out of bed.

After breakfast we made our way into town, passing the crossing at Danforth & Pape (Hemispheres fans) on the Toronto metro. With the first gig not until tomorrow, we nominated Sunday 'Rush Landmark Day'. Henceforth, many rolls of film were shot at Massey Hall (where All The World's A Stage was recorded), Maple Leaf Gardens (site of the Grace Under Pressure video shoot) and the old parliament building which graces the cover of Moving Pictures. We went up the CN tower to the highest viewing area in the world - capturing the most magnificent views of the Toronto urban sprawl. We couldn't find Lakeside Park, but we did walk along the side of Lake Ontario where a cool breeze took the edge off a blazing sun and temperatures in the high 80°Fs.

Off then to take our first look at the Molson Amphitheatre, the venue for the two hometown shows. Purpose-built in recent years for summer concerts, it's essentially a modern version of the Hollywood Bowl - with the impressive bonus of having a delayed quad sound system (in layman's terms, the sound at the back of the bowl is

as good as it is at the front). Rush would become the first sell-out of the summer season, with gigs by Aerosmith, Amanda Marshall, Moist and The Tragically Hip to follow. The Amphitheatre holds 16,000 people; one of the great ironies of the tour was seeing the neighbouring (larger) exhibition stadium advertising gigs by Hall & Oates, Ziggy Marley and ...ahem... The Village People. Whoever said Canadians have good taste in music!



Returning to town we watched the Queen leaving the Royal York Hotel - causing traffic chaos on her first trip to Toronto this decade. As the police stopped the traffic, her limo passed us and we were convinced she waved at Mick (whom she obviously knows well). This caused Mick's second Tourette's fit, leaving us in no doubts as to his views on our royal family.

Our evening meal was accompanied by round two of the Presto Debate. Mick's input today was "Listen to Red Barchetta, then listen to Scars. If you're telling me Presto's better you need your ears seeing to. It took a lot of beer to cool him down. As we ate by the sidewalk in Greek Town, Janet was ripped into for losing her credit cards and for eating rabbit food (another repeat feature of this trip). As the hangover set in and Mick's fourth dump of the day started to 'touch the cloth', we hit the sack thinking about tomorrow's gig, where our story would really begin.

CHAPTER FOUR: "Excitement Goes To My Head" - the first show. Monday 30th June.

For so long now my entire focus had been on this day, which would end five long years without seeing Rush in concert. Up early, we spent most of the day a bag of nerves. Mick pretended not to be bothered but his beer consumption surely betrayed

that. Janet started to suffer from a knot of tension in her stomach, and I watched my hands shake as I tried to eat another burger. 40 cigarettes today just to calm my nerves.

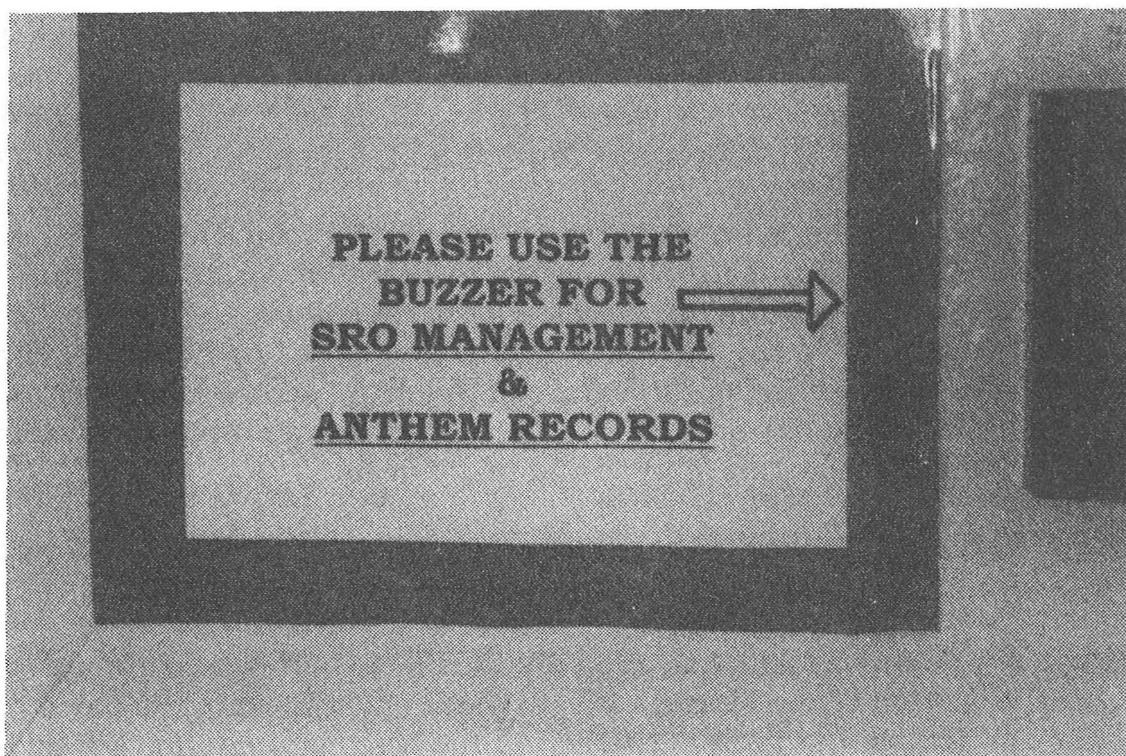
We spent the early part of the day meeting up with compadres, most of whom would become essential ingredients in our tour melange. Sean from Crawley, like me, was seeing the band live for the first time since Bones; whereas Andy Faulkner and "mad" Tom Cornell (Scottish through and through) had been lucky enough to catch the Montreal show a few days earlier. Tom proved to be a real character - striding around the bars of Toronto, soaking up the sun's rays whilst wearing a kilt and sporran (I jest not).

With the UK sextet in place, much beer was consumed and barmaids flirted with. What Toronto thought of Tom is anyone's guess: We overheard several comments along the line of "hey man, that guy's totally wearing a dress"

Later that afternoon the six became ten as we hooked up with our American friends - Ray (plus brother and girl) from Buffalo and Monica from Seattle. We were able to fill this quartet in on our trip that morning to Anthem/SRO's office on Carlton Street.

An unassuming house on a residential street, we were pleasantly surprised to meet Anna, one of Rush's press team, who allowed us to photograph the platinum discs and Juno awards on display in the reception areas. SRO now manage Van Halen, Kings X and Nuno, with each artist represented on the walls. Particularly impressive was Van Halen's award for 60 million album sales.

Anna had arranged a photopass for us and reserved tickets for both Toronto shows (don't worry, we paid for them) which was nice. We were never going to get an interview with the band, but we tried anyhow. Anna seemed to think the surely-due live album wouldn't be out until 1999, a story confirmed AND refuted by other primary sources whilst we were in Canada.



We caught the train to the Molson Amphitheatre and spent five anxious minutes queuing to pick up our tickets. Oh mother of God - FIFTH ROW!! The heat was on. Standing outside the venue we soaked up the atmosphere. The venue, much like the Gorge in America, affords incredible views of the Toronto skyline and is boundaried on three sides by Toronto place, the Cannuck version of Alton Towers. With the sun beginning to set on the lake, we observed one of the unique fan bases in the world. It soon became clear that this was a multi-national audience: we met and talked to other lunatics who had travelled thousands of miles to pay homage. There were Californians carrying copious amounts of "jazz cigarettes", Floridians, New Yorkers, Brazilians and Frenchies too. The latter arrivals were the least expected and the most excited. We would later observe the Brazilians acting like children in a candy store whilst clearing record shops of their Rush stock. The French fans would end up in our bed and breakfast, hogging the bathroom and causing Mick's 3rd Tourette's attack of the trip.

Every class and kind of person was represented - young and old, black and white, straight and gay (the Lifeson fan club being particularly prevalent), poodle-permed and with bikes, even a few fans in suits. The vibe was everywhere: partly created by the appearance of local radio station Q107 to interview fans, hand out badges, and pump Rush tunes out of a PA all over the car park.

Taking our seats in the venue, trousers began to fill. From the fifth row we were able to observe the new drumkit, freshly adorned with the T4E logo, now consisting of the old red shading but with new DW hardware and Zildjian cymbals. Gone was the faithful Slingerland snare, replaced with a piccolo on the electric kit and another rib-cracking DW on the acoustic side. Alex had stayed faithful to Marshall amps, whilst Geddy's Trace Elliots were joined by a fridge (!) plastered with magnets collected from each town the tour had passed through. The lighting rig promised great things, as did the allegedly \$3M video screen purchased from Van Halen. Props from the 1/2 THE WORLD video completed a starker stage. For boffins who need to know, the stage front was monitor-less - Geddy & Alex both using earpieces this time out.

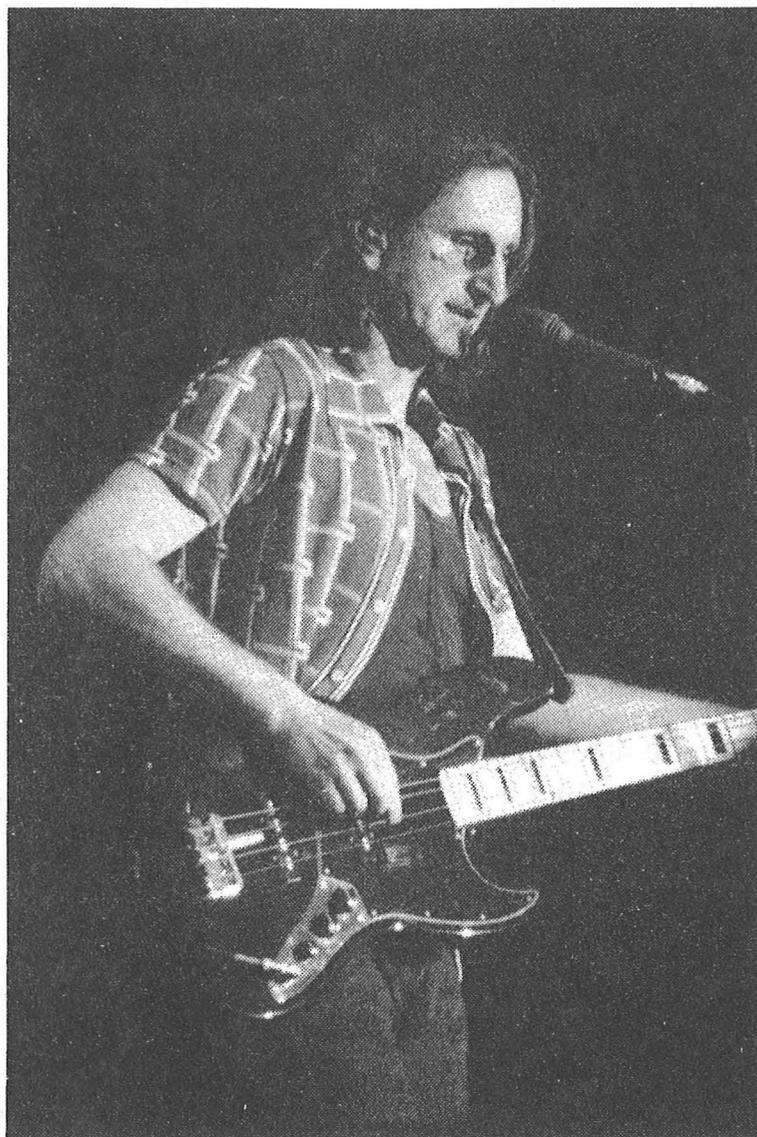
Ray was a few rows behind us when he noticed this elderly couple finding their seats. Like you do, he walked over and commented on their age vis-à-vis the show they were about to see. The reply? "Oh yes, young man, we've come to see our son perform. He's the one playing the guitar". Gulp. Oh, so that must be Alex's parents.....and his sister??

Fifteen minutes later than advertised, at 8.15pm, the lighting team clambered into the gantry, the camera crew took their places (recording, according to one cameraman, "footage for the archives"), and the lights dropped. Here we go

GIG 1: Molson Amphitheatre

The roar of the crowd was impressive, as was the cloud of sweet smelling hash smoke, as Rush hit the stage with Dreamline. The effect of being so close to the trio in their hometown was overwhelming. It took a few songs for Robert Scovill to get the sound sorted, but it soon became clear that tonight was going to be very loud and full of clarity. You know they've got it right when you can hear the ride cymbal and a Lifeson lead line in tandem. By the time they got to Limelight, the machine was really raging.

That lighting rig, courtesy of Howard Ungerleider, set the stage awash with brilliant whites and pastel colours. When matched with John Popowycz's searing lasers, particularly on Red Sector A, the amphitheatre became a Technicolor heaven. Never has a Rush concert been so perfectly served by the back screen projections.



Created by Norman Stangl of Spin Productions, it covered the width of the stage and proffered the audience with crystal-clear images of videos and the band in action. Particularly effective were the videos for Driven, Nobody's Hero and Test For Echo; although the real stunner was the liquid psychedelics of Natural Science (yes!) With an entire camera crew out on tour, most of the show featured up-close-and-personal shots of the band grimacing and grinding through the set on the video screen. As usual Alex was awash with sweat, not helped by wearing skin tight leather trousers and black silk shirt. Geddy looked a lot cooler in his summer sleeveless shirt, which Mick thought was "blinding". The real smart duck of the tour (fashion fans) was Neil - dapper in hat, waistcoat and shorts, with his fearsome goatee back in place. Would it surprise you to hear that he didn't smile once during this show?

In terms of movement, Geddy amazed us all - running around the stage, swivelling around during tricky bass runs. Alex, now pretty bald on top, was a little more static - the back-runs and manic riffing of Grace Under Pressure now a distant memory. Still mad as a coot AND the band's comedian however. Neil looked old - cheeks sagged, eyelids a little baggy; but the sparkle was still in his eyes and his playing was better than ever before (more of that later).

Most of you will have heard that on the T4E tour the band have played 3 hour shows with a twenty minute interval. The gigs felt nice and long and built to a climax at a steady pace. Highlights of the first set tonight included a widescreen Nobody's Hero and a particularly dirty Animate. Limbo was pretty lifeless however, and the only dull number, a situation which would reverse in later shows.

Then, at about 9.20pm, up came the starman on the screen and we were given 2112 IN ITS ENTIRETY. The crowd shot their collective load. It sounded better than the album, with Geddy once again piercing 90% of the top notes, and giving the likes of Oracle and Discovery a whole new soul. Soliloquy was breathtaking, Finale was astounding. As the trio hit the final climbing chords and "Attention all planets of the Solar Federation.....we have assumed control" belted out of the rear speakers, I broke down in tears. After a few minutes of audience lunacy Geddy announced the band would break for some "brain surgery" and up came the lights - leaving my tearful face exposed to 16000 other equally shocked fans.

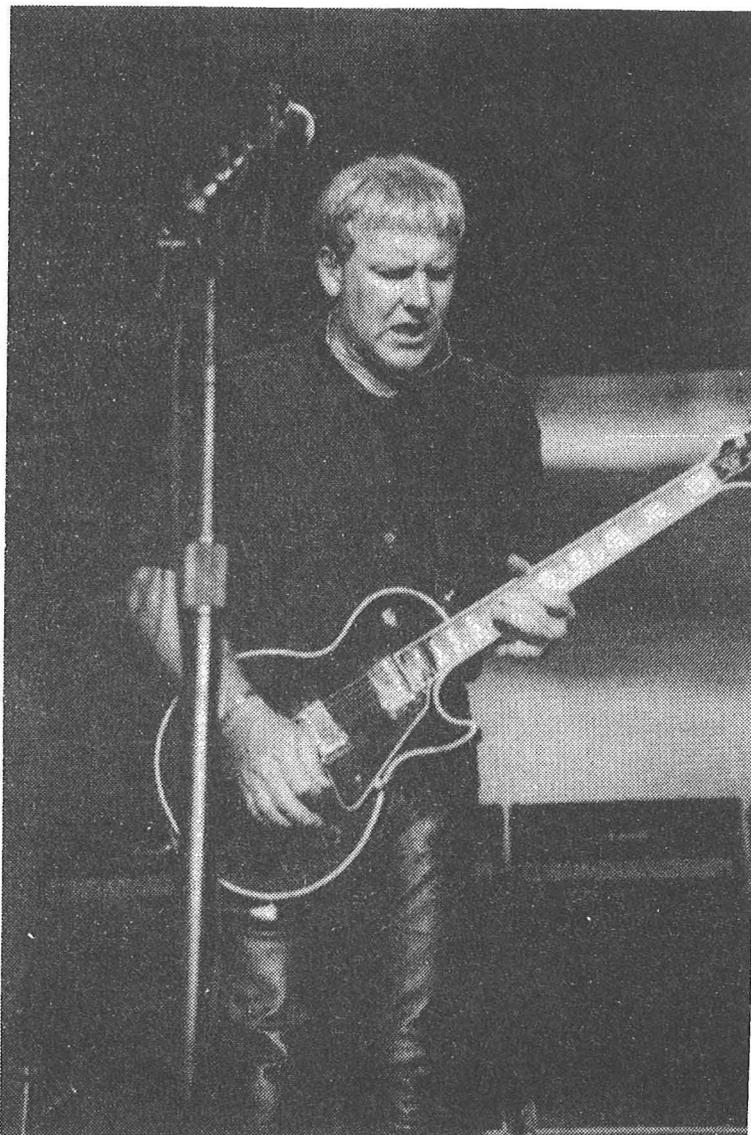
During the break we talked of a snarling Red Barchetta (which had been "f?***ing unbelievable" according to Mick), a sonically superb The Trees (Mick : f?***ing unbelievable) and Closer To The Heart, with its all new funk workout ending (guess what he said about that?). Stick It Out had resembled a 747 at take-off, whilst Driven had featured (to my knowledge) Geddy's first bass solo. We didn't think it could get better.

How wrong can you be. Set two caned us with the aforementioned Natural Science, featuring the strongest grooving stomp in the instrumental just before "the most endangered species.." in Part III. T4E itself was stunning but paled into insignificance next to the double whammy of Resist and Leave That Thing Alone. The guitar lead line in the former was the highlight of the show for me. The sound by now was the best I've heard in over 10 years of gig-going. Virtuality was so heavy, Roll The Bones brought skeleton-man back onto our video screens and Red Sector A slayed the thick night air.

Nothing could have prepared us for the Rhythm Method, slipped onto the fade out of "Leave That...". The French guys described the effect as "n'en croyait pas ses yeux et ses oreilles" and "un solo de batterie spectaculaire". We couldn't believe our ears or eyes either. The solo has developed from the marvel it once was into a polyrhythmic orgy. Accompanied by footage of silly dancers, you got the cross-handed playing, the frantic snare work, triple flams like they'd gone out of fashion, and an electric floor tom trigger which shook the venue to it's foundations. At points in the solo, as a drummer myself, I noticed three different cross rhythms piled on top of each other. How on earth you focus your mind on three different parts is beyond me. Words fail me here to summarise our feelings at witnessing the 'professor' on this sort of form.

With Spirit Of Radio and Tom Sawyer rounding off the set, Rush returned for a dash through YYZ - full of stick chuck, frantic running around and a surprise full stop

jump mid-riff. During the final riff-out, a teasing line of Cygnus X-1 reared its head before the de-da-da-dum close. Thank you, good night, you may now change your underwear.



Reflection, post-gig amongst the group led many to claim this the best gig they'd ever seen. I stand by that. Mick and Janet who saw the tour in Albany, claimed this was a different band. Tom was over the moon following Geddy's on-stage proclamation that Resist was inspired by Scotland. Andy and Tom both agreed that Montreal had been the business but that Toronto had eclipsed it. We all laughed at the recollection of the dinosaurs dancing on Alex's Marshalls during Tom Sawyer (you had to be there), clothed in Blue Jays shirts playing along to the song. The video screen had caught them grooving, then showed us a placard claiming "we aren't the only dinosaurs around here". It appeared that already this would become the week of our lives - three more shows like this and we could die happy. After the show we spent almost two hours talking outside the venue. Our growing contingent was joined by Chris Kaye and his girlfriend Cheryl - two of the most enthusiastic people you will ever meet. Based in Boston, this was Chris' 20th show

of the Test For Echo tour. If we ever felt down, Cheryl would cheer us up - in her world everything is "cool". We were also joined by Bill "B-Man" Banasiewicz, author of Visions and attending his 216th Rush show since Permanent Waves. The American Jonathan King, with all the attendant qualities, the B-Man is an acquired taste. This is a man who quits jobs if he can't get time off to go on tour, and who has compiled a fact list on Rush featuring the date when Geddy had his tonsils removed. Friendly enough, he left us in little doubt as to his commitment to the band. Physically and mentally drained by the gig, we returned to Downtown, had iced coffee shakes on Yonge Street, got accosted by a drunk with cleaning fluid in a beer container ("Hey, I'm not a bad guy, I'm a good guy, but I'm a f*?*ing scrapper, man"), and finally went to sleep after three, dreaming of three hours spent in heaven.

CHAPTER FIVE: "It's Psychotica - Chaotica" : The Orbit Room, Tuesday 1st July

Mick let us have a lie-in. Miracles do happen. Today the sexual perversion featured animals, enough said. We didn't get a fry-up for breakfast (Tourette's no.4). Today was essentially all about buying records and being tourists. Neil's Burning For Buddy Vol.2 was snapped up, as were Mick's beloved Triumph and Montrose (he is nearly 40 y'know). Tom frightened the Canadians on the underground, Mick nearly bought a \$90 eighteen inch long dildo for Janet, whilst I naturally behaved sane and normal (beer, burgers, cigarettes). We also trekked up to Casa Loma, to take photos of Mick in the shower (ahem) and dunk our heads in the fountain. Today the sun burned us all as it hit 90°F in the midday sky.

We spent the evening in the Orbit Room, Alex's club/restaurant on College Street, which had opted to serve drinks only tonight, for the benefit of Rush fans. There were no memorabilia to speak of, the only sign that Lifeson is the landlord being an ancient Rutsy-era photo behind the bar, and the houseband's (The Dexters) drumkit sat on a tiny stage. We met and talked with Tim Notter, Alex's business partner, who was generous in the time he spent with us. With the bar filling up with Rush fans, he passed around a notebook for us to write messages to Alex in, promising to pass it on to the guitarist the next day. He told us Alex had performed with The Dexters over 200 times here, whilst Neil and Geddy had visited just the once. He said John Rutsey was still around in Toronto and would be at the following night's show. He also told us about some Hemispheres-era tape which the band had located and would possibly incorporate into a future live release.

As the evening wore on, the beer began to take effect. Mick was treated like a god because the American fans in attendance thought he could gain them access to the band. We bumped into Mike and Kerry from Harow for the first time: they had come over for the Toronto shows and jumped at the chance to join us for the Quebec and Ottawa jaunt.

At the risk of offending certain individuals not so far mentioned, our trip to the Orbit Room turned into a bit of a nightmare. Other fans from across Canada and the USA turned up and immediately frightened us to death, being at once fanatically obsessive, rowdy and unable to talk about anything other than Rush. We lost Tom to the dreaded karaoke, the rest of us beat a retreat from the lunatics for whom Rush is their entire and only reason for living. The Upper Canadian Lager Company

had me paralysed drunk - I went to bed dreading what I knew would be the mother of all hangovers.



CHAPTER SIX: "I Hear Their Passionate Music" - The Second Show, Wednesday 2nd July

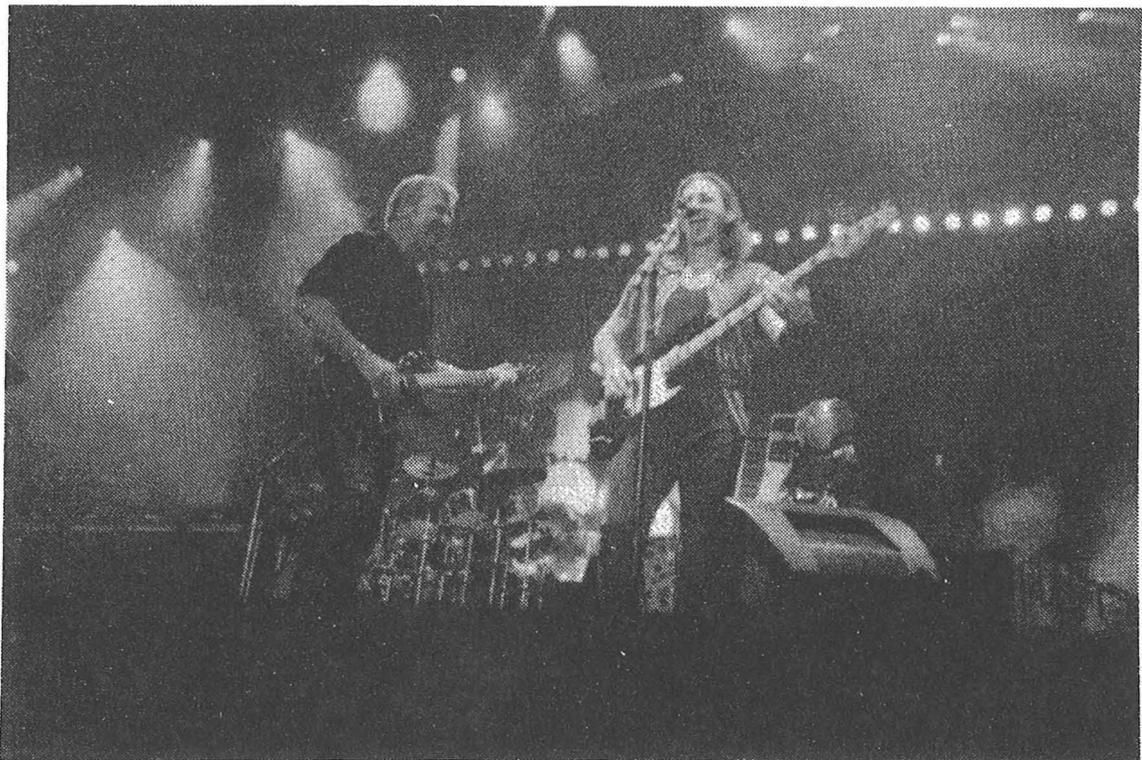
Hangover doesn't even begin to describe it. Following Mick into the toilet probably does. Janet forgot to get up, earning her the nickname "bitch" (a term of endearment from Moaning Mick) to go along with "Skippy". Having lost her credit cards on Monday and her marbles on Tuesday we dreaded to think what she'd mislay today. A belting shopping trip dealt with my head whilst a good meal (burger!) dealt with my stomach. Good job too because during the afternoon I had to hire a car for the next leg of the tour. We arranged to meet Tom at 5.30pm, but he hadn't recovered from his hangover(!). Mike and Kerry showed, both looking like they'd just died. We ate another meal around six, where the true toll of the previous night made itself aware. Here Mick was in full-on moaning mood following our criticism of his driving around Toronto.

Mick had commanded that he would drive today, as the song says "he's old enough to know what's right and he's a driving instructor". That would explain why he

nearly killed us several times (Monica: "Mick, they're sounding their horns because you're driving in two lanes") as well as many pedestrians (Mick: "Get out of the f**ing way. Oh, they're allowed to cross here? That's bloody outrageous"). I therefore insisted on driving to the gig. On arrival, Janet had to persuade the over-zealous security people that her photopass was genuine, nearly losing it later during the gig, to two very drunk Torontonians who seemed to think it was some kind of backstage pass. Our tickets tonight were crap, so we made our way to the lawn at the back of the Molson Ampitheatre. We were worried about the view and the sound quality, but needn't have. It blew us away. Again.

GIG2: Molson Ampitheatre

One of the joys of the Molson Ampitheatre is that it was designed and built for live music. Mick, myself and Andy Faulker may have been at the back of the venue but we were able to fully realise the awesome nature of the visuals. Additionally, the architects had built in an anti-delay system, with PA speakers pointing down from the back of the covering roof. This meant we could enjoy sound clarity bettered only slightly by the previous gig.



Janet, with her photopass, watched the show from the front - where she saw Tim Notter, Ray Daniells, Andrew MacNaughton and Alex's son Justin (who was also taking photographs).

Maybe it was the absence of filming (which must surely make the band nervous) that made tonight's show so fluid. Limbo, staid the last time, shone like a beacon tonight. Once again the extended ending to Closer To The Heart was a highlight. From our position, the lights and lasers were particularly beautiful, the latter lighting up a mass of black cloud which was riddled with lightning during (spooky this)

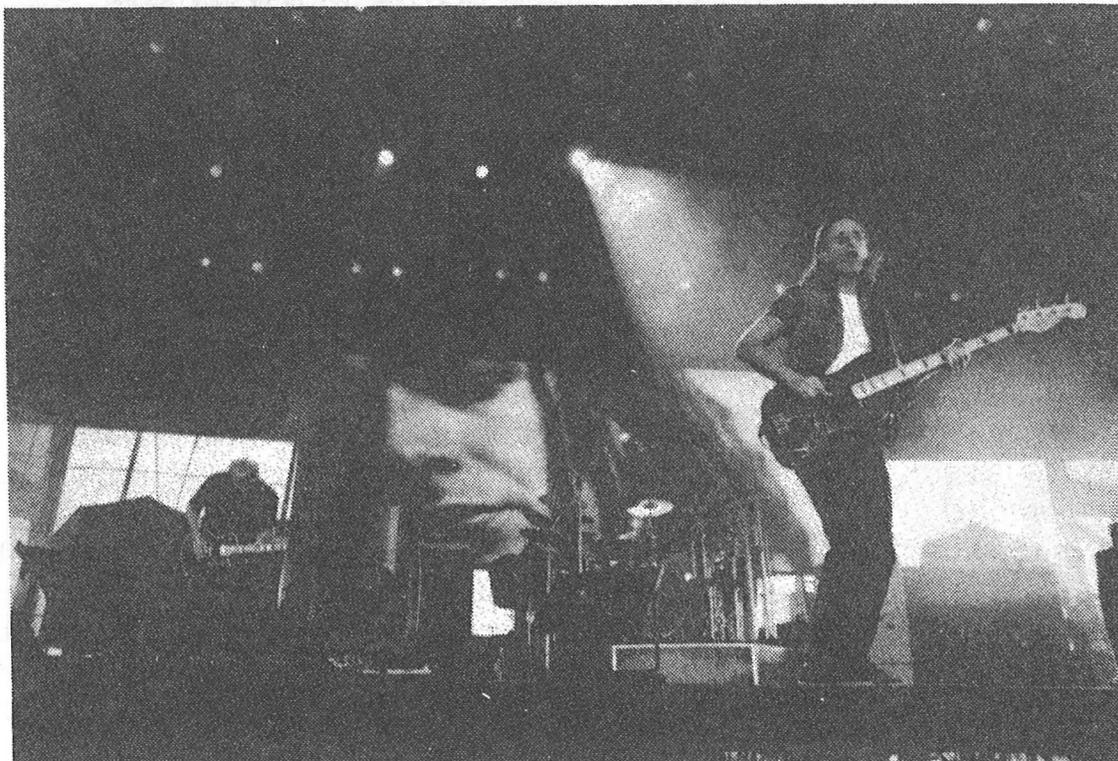
Force Ten. I had been forewarned that the new songs made much more sense live, and this was confirmed by simply stunning versions of Resist, Virtuality, Leave That Thing Alone, Driven and Half The World.

The drum solo tonight could have floored an angry buffalo - Neil's style of playing has changed so much since he took up lessons with Freddie Gruber. He now holds his left hand Promark stick in the jazz position, and plays behind the beat as opposed to on top of it. In laymans's terms, the grip gives him more control over his kit, whilst the playing style lends each song a groove/funk/shuffle entirely missing before. For the first time Rush songs are powered along as opposed to nailed down, giving a new and soulful dimension - reflected in Alex's fluid playing and Geddy's very harmonic singing. A whole new band indeed. Nowhere was this more obvious than on the stomp in Natural Science - more akin to classic Zeppelin in terms of its dynamic.

Around the middle of the second set I stopped making notes, put my camera away, and allowed myself to be totally unburdened by the music. I became lost in the performance, at one with the music. It really was like being high. All the expense, the worry, the effort and planning around this trip became utterly unimportant. It was a defining moment in the tour.

During Tom Sawyer the dinosaurs came out to play again, greeted by a photo of the Queen superimposed onto a shapely woman inviting us to "Meet me at the castle Doubtfire". Moaning Mick didn't grumble once during this show - yes, it was that good. Neil even smiled at Alex - and his face didn't crack.....

Post gig saw tearful goodbyes as Sean and Tom had seen their shows and were flying home. The last we heard, Tom spent the hours after the gig in the Orbit Room, being chucked out at 3am drunk as a skunk. A pissed sweaty sock in a kilt wandering around Toronto in the middle of the night dribbling. Very apt.



If I had lost myself in the show then Janet had had a religious experience. We had seen her head bob up and down centre stage as she shot the pictures which accompany this piece. She had watched the rest of the show from near the front at Alex's side of the stage - a welcome change from her Buffalo experience at the beginning of the tour when security had ejected her from the arena and confiscated her camera. So thrilled was she, that was unable to tell us about her experience until much later in the week.

At this stage of the game I said temporary goodbye's to Mick and Janet:: they would fly to our next port of call, Quebec, whilst I would manfully drive the nine hour trip. Mick and Janet would have to be up at 5.30 the next morning ("you are f?#!ing joking" responded Mick on hearing the news) to get to the airport for their 7am flight. The remaining convoy of 3 cars (Monica, Chris & Cheryl, myself, Mike and Kerry) set off for Quebec straight after the show, stopping halfway at Brockville where we collapsed in a heap to dream.

CHAPTER SEVEN: "A World Of Difference, A World So Out Of Touch" - The Quebec Experience, Thursday 3rd July

Brockville to Quebec was a nightmare drive of 5 hours on top of the 4 hours the night before. We arrived at the Hotel Normandin at 5pm tired and grumpy. Mick and Janet had been in Quebec since about nine a.m. - apparantly Mick had moaned for Britain. His personal nightmare must have been being surrounded by French speakers.

How Quebec ever got a reputation for being a capital for tourism is beyond me. Yes, it's pretty, but it's inhabited by some of the most obnoxious people I've ever encountered. As soon as they hear that you're not French-Canadian you are f?#!ed. They will only take your order in a restaurant in French, using English when you pay in the hope of a tip. If you open a greeting with "bonjour" they will reluctantly talk to you - if you can't speak a word of Frèch, forget it. We weren't made to feel welcome in the bars, restarants, the venue or the hotel. On top of that it pissed down with rain for the whole time we were there.

My mind was temporarily diverted from thoughts of violence by a new twist in the Presto Debate. With the campaign halfway done, Mike came out on my side - claiming Presto to be his favourite 90's Rush album. To make Mick even more livid, Mike rallied against Bones, our editor's fave later period LP. "You're having a bleeding laugh" was the elicited response. We loved it. I told Cheryl I loved the Presto record: "That's cool" she replied. I told her Mick didn't like it, "Oh that's cool to" she responded.

Quebec saw Mick at the height of his wingefest. It didn't help that the "bitches" avoided him. Elsewhere on the tour he had been lovingly approached and asked if he was the drummer from Rush by everyone from tourists to barmaids (much to his chagrin and our amusement). He was also wooed in Toronto by another barmaid, a waitress, a policewoman and a customs official. They fell for his diamond wit. Allegedly.

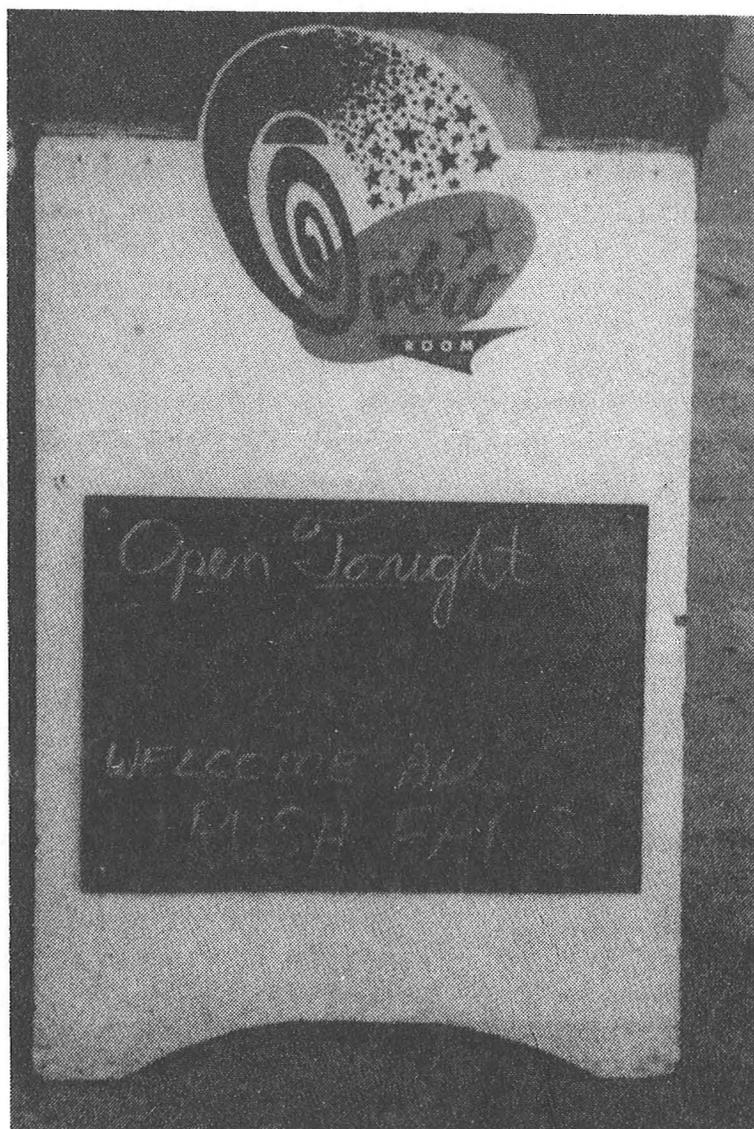
This being Quebec, the venue (La Colisée) was served by one 'A-road'. Seven thousand fans in cars converged on the sports arena, causing traffic chaos and a long queue to get our tickets. During this gig I would be told to sit down, and Janet

and I would have beer chucked over us by drunken French-Cannuck fans. I began to be relieved that my total stay in this hostile outpost would be a mere sixteen hours.

GIG 3: QUEBEC LA COLISÉE

Fortunately the gig allowed 3 hours respite from hell. Our seats were at the rear of the venue (which was geographically OK) but meant that we had to remain seated for most of the show (to avoid any further confrontation with the locals). From these seats we had a great view of the mixing desk - a 96 track mix controlled by Scovill and two assistants. We got to see Howard at work on the lights, his fingers running over mountains of buttons in time with Neil's groove. Probably the strangest sight was a bar plonked bang in the middle of the floor - only in Quebec.

For their first Quebec show in seven years the boys put in a strong performance, Geddy attempting to cross the language battlefront with "bonjour Quebec, mes amies". Moving inside for their first show since Montreal, the sound was slightly less clear but by far the loudest of the tour. Limelight in particular benefited from a grinding Lifeson attack of real ferocity. The crowd were average, until something caught them on the hop. When they did show their appreciation, the roar was deafening: they liked Geddy's bass runs on Driven and went wild every time the lasers hit the side of the arena.



Tonight Bones was funkier than Kool And The Gang, Leave That Thing Alone and Resist were highlights once again, and Half The World benefited from a slight repacing.

During the break Mick went and terrorised the locals. He returned to announce "I've got the hump". Janet nearly pulled her hair out.

Second set and opener Test For Echo set a mean pace. The static-transistor opening led nicely into the Lifeson lead and the crowd were off. The backscreen really shone in total darkness (in Toronto it was still light at this stage). If the French had gone mad at recognising 2112, they lost their loads during Neil's solo. It would appear that Peart actually heard them and responded - putting in what we all agreed was the "solo de batterie" of the tour: manic, powerful, driving and totally deafening. With the last gong the crowd shook the foundations. We Brits could barely pull our chins off the floor.

The other highlight of the set was Natural Science. My notes simply say "oh my god". By the time the boys hit Tom Sawyer the crowd was on top from, drowning Geddy out with a tonsil attack the Glaswegians would have been proud of. YYZ was the icing on the cake and the perfect end to another brilliant show.

Walking out to the venue car park, Mike was high on the show - pissed and dribbling, for him it had been a real highlight. For the rest of us it was one step nearer to leaving this godforsaken place - the gig being the one highlight.

To compound things we dashed to a restaurant to be greeted by a waitress who refused to help us order. We wanted a nine piece pizza for three, we got a 9 inch pizza. I didn't tip her when she asked in perfect English if I'd enjoyed my meal.

All credit to Mick and Janet, they cheered me up once we had returned to the sanctity of our hotel. Mick had me in stitches, about what, I cannot remember, just before he did his asleep-in-five-seconds trick.

Janet and I talked until dawn, waking Mick up at one point. He graced us with "any chance of some f*?*ing SILENCE in here?". We had stayed awake because of his infernal snoring. Janet and I burst into hysterics, he fell back asleep whilst we shared our experience of the tour together.

CHAPTER EIGHT: "That's Entertainment" - Ottawa, Friday 4th July

We left Quebec at 9am. Not a minute too soon.

The Quebec press gave the shows a very firm thumbs up: words like 'spectaculaire' and 'triumphal' gracing the headlines. Our five hour sprint to Ottawa was accompanied by further reflection of the tour plus music by Mansun and Radiohead. The soundtrack to the tour was undoubtedly Faith No More's 'Album Of The Year' closely followed by the new Queensryche LP. On this leg of the tour Monica and Mick travelled in her car, whilst the smokers piled into mine. This would be our last puffing journey - Mick would join us tomorrow and we'd been warned "you're not bloody smoking when I'm in the car". An ex-smoker, he layed into me every time I lit up and should really be working for an anti-smoking pressure group.

Ottawa was like a breath of fresh air - the nation's capital and a beautiful city. We got lost, but at least here people were queuing up to give us directions. Our guest-house was like a palace. Mick found the toilet in record speed and used it before we'd even unpacked our bags. I think he might even have photographed it.

The nightmare traffic before the Quebec show prompted us to leave for Ottawa's Corel Centre two hours before showtime. The centre is nearly new and some way outside of town. Well served by a multi-lane approach road (thank god). On our approach the local station played *Virtuality* and the anticipation levels rose.



Suddenly Monica's car veered off the highway and onto a sliproad. Janet and myself in the following car thought something must have gone wrong - a blown tyre or an oil leak. We followed Mick and Monica to a halt, only to observe Mick run out of the car with his camera and a sparkle in his eyes. Mick had found a Denny's restaurant, his especial favourite. We waited for a full five minutes while he took photos of it, then ran inside to get a menu and a mug. Unbelievable.

At the venue, the tribes gathered again - Mick, Janet, myself, Mike, Kerry, Ray (back after missing Quebec due to food poisoning), Monica, Andy Faulkner, Chris, Cheryl, the B-Man, plus a host of people we'd met at earlier shows. We were all overjoyed to see that Jimmy Lang, administrator of the *National Midnight Star*, had flown in from San Diego for this show. He proceeded to buy five tickets in prime locations and hand them out to fans with shit seats. What a guy.

For this show we would be scattered all over the arena. This was to be the last show of the tour, so it needed to be good.

GIG 4: Ottawa Corel Centre

Five minutes before showtime Jimmy gave Janet and I tickets in the ninth row for the first set. We joined Andy and Mike down the front for the hour and a half of our tour. The sound was awesome, the band was relaxed, the classics came thick and fast: *Stick It Out* pummelled, *Driven* did just that, *Barchetta* was finer than

anywhere else on the Canadian leg. Animate resembled a freight train crashing into my head.

Once upon a time Rush would burn on the third night of consecutive shows, but for these mid-40s gents the pace had obviously got the better of them. Geddy screwed the intro to Limbo, then Alex missed his keyboard trigger leaving the song ruined. How they made it to The Trees is anyone's guess. Closer To The Heart saw them hit their stride and Freewill/2112 burned with a renewed intensity.

Sadly we had to give Jimmy his seats back, although we were beyond grateful. From our new seats at the back of the floor the show lost a lot of impact (although those down the front said this was the set of the tour). Even the master Scovill couldn't prevent Alex's guitar sound rattling round the ceiling of this aircraft hanger.

The sound couldn't dull the onslaught: Virtuality, Red Sector A, Bones, Leave That..., Natural Science - all perfect. Geddy preceded Resist with "Keep resisting, someone in the audience knows what I mean". The delivery was perfect again.

Around now the trio could see the end of the tour in sight and a raggedness crept in - albeit an endearing one. Out of nowhere Spirit Of Radio was upon us, the roadies were invading the stage. Some of them topless. Tom Sawyer saw Neil smile ALL THE WAY THROUGH, with crew members caught on camera and flashed onto the backscreen. Chaos ensued.

Encore YYZ saw all three Rushies give up any hope of getting the song technically correct, revelling instead in the end of tour vibe. It was too fast, full of mistakes, a great laugh and a spectacle for band and fans alike.

And then it was over. "Thankyou very much. I hope we'll see you again some time". Exit stage left. Tour over.

The insanity in the venue after the show was unbelievable. Chris Kaye just lost it completely - gibbering away at one hundred words a minute about Geddy being allegedly lap-danced backstage during the drum solo. Cheryl kept saying "Chris, you're confused, but that's cool". Janet and I looked on amazed as his stream of words rumbled on and on.

One group photo later and we reconvened at Denny's for our after-show blow out. The B-Man was depressed, his reason for living dormant for another two years. Chris, Cheryl and Ray decided what the set list would be for the next tour. The volume rose, our fellow restaurant visitors craned their necks to see what the disturbance was.

Well into the early hours we left Denny's, said our final goodbyes, and slept in Canada for the last time. All that was left was the drive to Toronto, present shopping, a final alcohol-soaked meal for myself, Mick and Janet:, a trek to the airport and the flight home.

Test For Echo Canada '97 was over. The Presto Debate was declared a draw.

CHAPTER NINE: *Finale*

The journey home made the one out seem like the height of luxury. We all suffered in some way, be it from jet lag or (in my case) dehydration and exhaustion (no shit!).

Looking back on Canada 1997 we share the same feelings: it was the best week of our lives, the band performed some of the best (and in my case, THE best) shows of their career, none of us wanted to return to reality.

We really did make memories: of great gigs, friendships made and strengthened, bonds created that will last and grow with time. We had high expectations of this tour, all of which were easily surpassed.

For those who went, see you sometime. For those who didn't I hope one day you can afford/make time to do it with us again.

Hallo-o-o-o!

Is there anybody out there?

Oh, yes.

Thanks

To those who made my week: especially the British contingent. Also Liz & Diane at Butternut House, the doorman in the Toronto hotel, Molson Canadian, Anna at Anthem, Simon at Seven Wonders Travel, Tim at the Orbit Room, The Encyclopaedia Of Unusual Sexual Perversions, Denny's, Casey's Diner and Haydon House, Ottawa. My special thanks to my two companions: Mick the moaning, snoring, dumping bag of fun; and Janet, for good times and a bit of sense and sanity.

If they ever get to see this: thank you Alex, Geddy and Neil for one mutha of an experience.

No thanks to Air Transat and the City of Quebec. You suck.

Andy BLOODY SLANDER! ME A MOANER NEVER! BE WARNED, I'M CONSULTING A LAWYER.....



Dear Stewart, Mick and all at SOR,

Please find enclosed a cheque for £21 to cover my subscription and a ticket for the convention. I've photocopied some flyers and put them in local record and music shops so hopefully you'll get some feedback.

In reading through the recent editorials I am surprised that there hasn't been more support for the tribute album. I think Stewart is the only person whose written in favour.

To me, the album was very good and the arrangements were generally true to the originals. Some of the songs certainly had an extra edge to them, but lost something of their fluidity and structure.

E.G. The Analog Kid has a new lead break after the guitar solo which, while very clever spoiled the flow of the song and was well out of context.

La Villa Strangiato; While Steve Morse has a wonderful right hand technique this detracted from the dynamics of Alex's playing and made it sound too mechanical. Lastly the solo in YYZ, just didn't cut it there is only one way to do it...

But that said all the songs were played with enthusiasm and appreciation which, with a little artistic license is all you can ask for.

Nice one, to get a mention in this months Guitarist Magazine with the brief bio of Alex.

I hope the few addresses I gave you were of help Mick, (*Thanks Robin they were - Ed.*)

Can we have some T-shirts printed up for the convention £10 doesn't seem too much to pay. (*We've been tossing the idea around, let's wait and see what happens in the next 4 weeks -Ed*)

Many thanks for your hard work.

Robin Roberts.
Wellingborough.

Dear Mick,

First of all I wish to purchase two tickets for the Rush Convention, if it is half as good as last year I will enjoy it (Many thanx for your efforts).

Lets hope a few more people are encouraged to attend this year.

I would also like to say, how much of a great job you and the rest of the SOR crew do. I always look forward to the next issue, I think I'll frame the one that informs me of a U.K. tour (keep believing) it will happen.

Look forward to seeing you at Leicester.

Graham Young.
Peterlee.

Hello Mick,

Well, so much for a tour! World tour my arse!! Why are we treated like second class citizens. Even their old record label seem to be ignoring us with the re-masters and retrospectives only being released over there,

any possible UK release? no, I thought not. (*Wrong actually they're out on the 24th of July. All on the same day, unlike the US where the release was staggered - Ed.*)

My brother visited the States recently (in a tour-break, unfortunately) and he was able to obtain a couple of copies of Retrospective 1. It's pretty good, don't you think?

Anyway, I'm looking forward to the convention. If it's anywhere as good as last year then we're in for a good time hopefully it will be better.

I look forward to seeing you at the convention in august.

Yours truly,

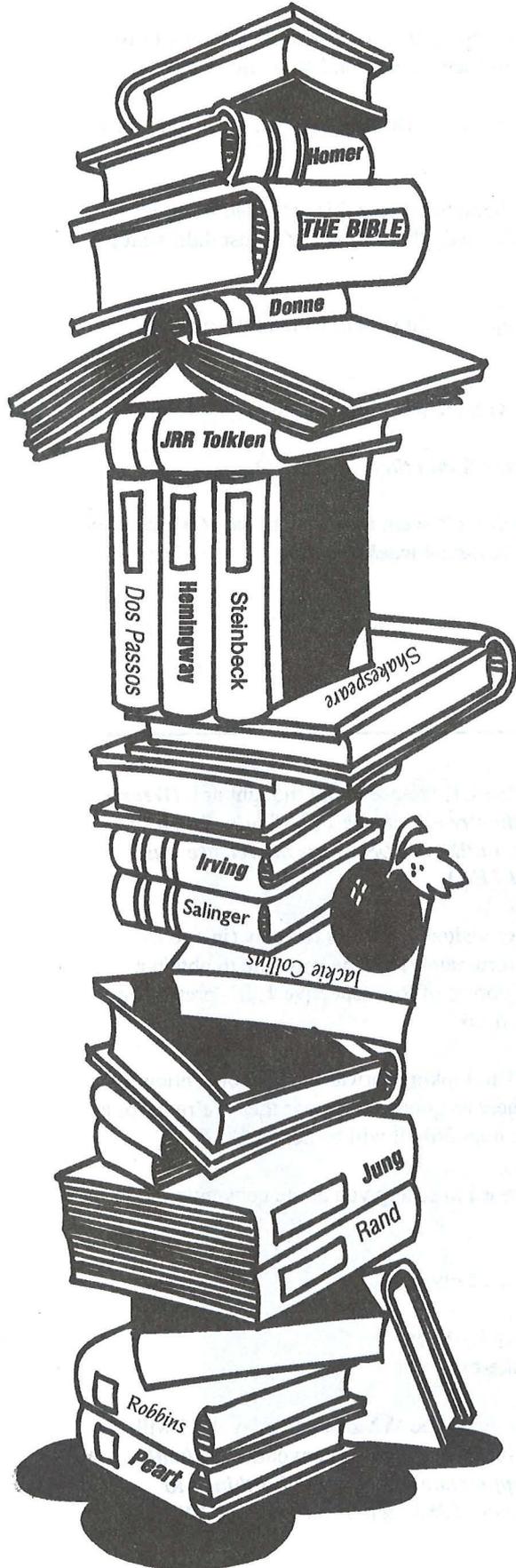
Dave Lythgoe.
Stoke-on-Trent

P.S. I'm going to see 'YYZ' on Sunday. So I will hand out some flyers for the convention. (*Thanks, Dave we appreciate that, although I think our bands, namely TJSS, will be better than YYZ.*)

THE BOOK STARTS HERE

MORE
RUSH 'N'
READING

I know we've covered this area before, and in various places, but here's an even more exhaustive list of literary Rush references, as compiled (and posted to the NMS) by Corey Harbaugh. A great starting point if you're looking for something other than Jackie Collins or John Grisham to take to the beach this summer, and as Corey points out, while many allusions are direct (eg. *Xanadu*) and a reading of the primary text often provides a clear connection to the song, most allusions are indirect, subtle, or not central to the message of the song. For example, there's no need to read *The Old Testament* and Faulkner to "get" the Absalom reference in *Distant Early Warning*. As Corey says: "The most important thing that resources like this list can provide is to help illuminate the path. The walking is still up to each one of us."



■ The story told on 2112 closely parallels the themes and narrative of "Anthem" by Ayn Rand. And of course the song *Anthem* shares the title of the same novel.

■ The line "That's not what I meant at all" from *Open Secrets* is also a line in the poem "The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock" by T.S. Eliot.

■ The line "The heart of a lonely hunter" (*Lock and Key*) is the title of a work by Carson McCullers.

■ *Entre Nous* is a phrase used many times in the novel "The Fountainhead" by Ayn Rand.

■ *Bastille Day* alludes to the events of the French Revolution, fictionalized in the novel "A Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens.

■ The line "Let us not go gently..." (*Red Tide*) refers to the Dylan Thomas poem "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night."

■ *Hemispheres* mentions the pantheon of Greek mythology and also reuses myths in ways similar to Friedrich Nietzsche in "Birth of Tragedy".

■ Rocinante (spaceship in *Hemispheres* and *Cygnus X-1*) is the horse of Zeus from Greek mythology, the horse of the title character in "Don Quixote" by Miguel Cervantes and the motorhome in "Travels with Charley" by John Steinbeck.

■ The line "We will pay the price but we will not count the cost" (*Bravado*) comes from John Barth's novel "The Tidewater Tales".

■ "Wilderness of mirrors" (*Double Agent*) is a line from the poem "Gerontion" by T.S. Eliot.

■ *Xanadu* is based on the poem "Kubla Khan" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

■ *Tom Sawyer* is the name of a character and novel created by Mark Twain.

■ *Jacob's Ladder* alludes to the Old Testament story of Jacob and his vision of a heavenly ladder. Genesis 27:12.

■ Rivendell is the name of a safe haven in J.R.R. Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" fantasy series.

■ *All The World's A Stage* (the album and the line from *Limelight*, are from William Shakespeare's play "As You Like It."

■ *The Big Money* is the title of a novel by John Dos Passos.

■ *Grand Designs* is also the title of a novel by John Dos Passos.

■ *The Camera Eye* is the title of a section from the John Dos Passos USA series.

■ *Losing It* refers to author Ernest Hemingway and two of his novels "The

Sun Also Rises" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls". (The image of the ballerina was inspired by the movie "The Turning Point" starring Shirley Maclaine.)

■ *Cold Fire* is an image introduced by Tom Robbins in his novel "Jitterbug Perfume".

■ The motif of women archetypes in *Animate* is a motif explored by Tom Robbins in his novel "Skinny Legs and All". Carl Jung also talks about male and female animas in his writings. (Incidentally, Neil Peart is quoted praising "Skinny Legs and All" in the book's opening page testimonials.)

■ *Between Sun & Moon* was inspired by a Pye Dubois poem, which itself is reminiscent of the poem "The Hollow Men" by T.S. Eliot.

■ *Red Barchetta* was inspired by the short story "A Nice Morning Drive" by Richard Foster.

■ The line "Nothing to fear but fear itself" (*The Weapon*) is a line from an inaugural address by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

■ The line "Thy will be done" (*The Weapon*) is a line from The Lord's Prayer in the New Testament.

■ *The Necromancer* alludes to Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" series.

■ *Panacea* is the name of a mythological cure-all.

■ Lotus Land (*Freewill*) is a land described in "The Odyssey" by Homer.

■ Absalom (*Distant Early Warning*) is a name from the Old Testament story of King David. "Absalom, Absalom" is the title of a novel by William Faulkner.

■ *Tai Shan* is the name of a mountain in China. In Chinese legend, Tai Shan is a holy mountain.

■ *Cinderella Man* parallels the movie "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

■ *Twilight Zone* refers specifically to two episodes from the television show of the same name.

■ The line "If we burn our wings flying too close to the sun" (*Bravado*) refers to the Icarus myth from Greek mythology.

■ The line "Rise from the ashes and blaze" (*Everyday Glory*) refers to the mythological death and rebirth of the Phoenix.

■ Section titles of *By-Tor and the Snow Dog* include references to the underworld of Greek mythology.

■ The line "Another lost generation" (*Between the Wheels*) is from a quote by Gertrude Stein used by Ernest Hemingway at the beginning of "The Sun Also Rises".



