

T H E

MARCH/APRIL

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U.S.

\$4.00 Canada

Recreant

FOR ALL PERFORMERS AND PORTRAYERS

Rush

Rush
HEMISPHERES



Written by the members of Rush.

RUSH LIVE

...A show of ears, eyes, heart and mind. A Show Of Hands.

It is time. Through the sudden darkness we run to the stage, the intro drowned in a roaring wave of welcome. Our tension is fed by the audience's anticipation for the long-overdue return to Britain, and by the presence of another, silent audience--the microphone ears and camera eyes which will focus on our performance.

For a band with high standards, a perfect show is impossible, and an excellent show is rare. You hope that the norm is "good." To deliver a really exceptional, comfortable performance before a recording truck or film crew has been our unfulfilled dream of many years. Always it seemed that as soon as the machines started rolling, we forgot how to play and our equipment forgot how to work.

Any tiny inaccuracy seemed magnified to staggering immensity by an internal vision of spinning tape-reels, malevolent machinery capturing that damned millisecond forever.

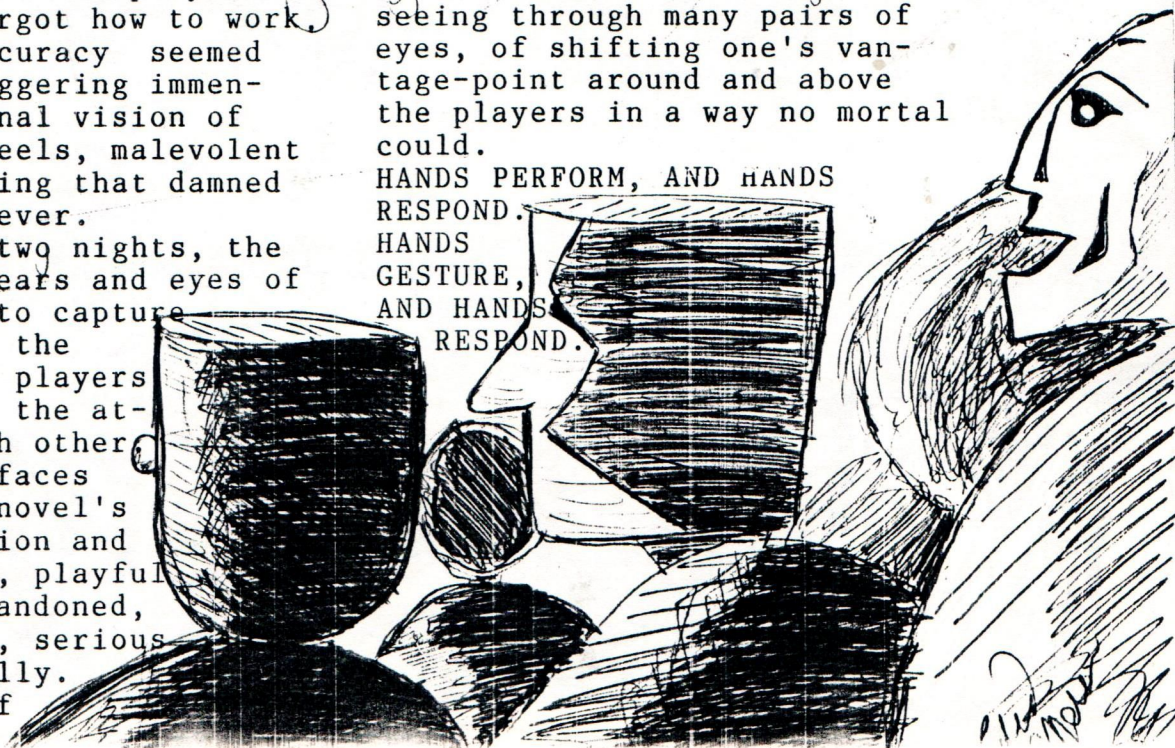
But for these two nights, the gods smile. The ears and eyes of technology open to capture the responses of the audience and the players to the music, to the atmosphere, to each other. The panorama of faces alone mirrors a novel's worth of expression and emotion; intense, playful, concentrated, abandoned, pained, laughing, serious and downright silly. Shifting beams of colored light

stage and follow the players every move, while the audience is picked out in tinted pools a sea of shining faces. Cartoon backdrops spring to life behind the band, then leap out to fill the screen. Lasers slash and stab into the darkness. A filament of shared tension and release connects the musicians, the audience, the music.

And the film becomes not just a concert, but a symbol--for the band a scrapbook, an autobiography, an era frozen in glacial clarity. For the audience, it can be an enduring souvenir, and if it can't quite capture what it was like to be there, it is a way of seeing through many pairs of eyes, of shifting one's vantage-point around and above the players in a way no mortal could.

HANDS PERFORM, AND HANDS RESPOND.

HANDS GESTURE, AND HANDS RESPOND.



The Drummer Sounds Off

The Making Of "A Show Of Hands"

by Neil Peart

Yes, it's that time once again. A new live album "A Show Of Hands."

Choosing the material was difficult. We didn't want to use anything that has appeared on any previous albums, with the exception of 'Closer To The Heart', as it has that snappy "improv" bit at the end that we liked, so we decided to put it on. Other than that all the material is from Signals on, except for 'Witch Hunt', which had not been recorded for a live album previously.

Most of the performances came from the "Hold Your Fire" album tour, many of them recorded in Birmingham England during our European tour in April, with others recorded in New Orleans, Phoenix and San Diego. "Mystic Rhythms" and "Witch Hunt" were recorded at the Meadowlands in New Jersey, during the "Power Windows" tour.

The CD giveth and the CD take away.

While the growing popularity of CDs and cassettes allowed us to make "Hold Your Fire" a little longer than a record likes to be, this time we were in the quandary of making a double-record set that we wanted to fit on one CD, so you, the hard-pressed consumer, wouldn't be obliged to shell out for two CDs. So we had to keep the time down around 74 minutes, and had to be fairly selective about the songs we included. There are some songs we had to leave off which we would have liked to

included, no doubt some of you were disappointed not to find one or two you would liked to, but we had to be ruthless. (And now we have no more ruths.)

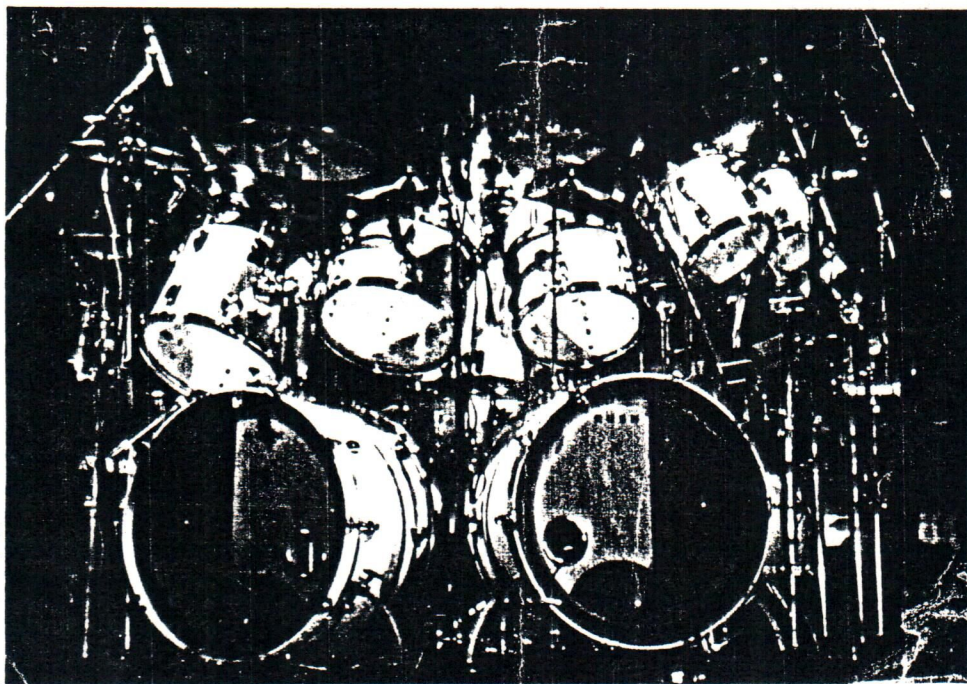
The approach to sound was difficult balance too. In retrospect we always felt that "All The World's A Stage" was a little too raw, and that "Exit Stage Left" was a little too refined, so we were trying to find all the right balances somewhere in between. We're pleased with what we've got, and hope you are too. We wanted it to sound 'good', but we wanted it to sound live too, and it's difficult to find the right meeting point sometimes.

There will be-or there is a live video to accompany the album, which Geddy did all the work (I weaseled out of that job!). It was filmed during the two of the Birmingham UK shows and by all reports is turning out very well. Of course, that is another aspect of the live show that's very hard to capture and reproduce; the visual performance.. Really it's impossible to record or film a live show in the form that either the musicians or the individual members of the audience experienced it, but again it requires a subtle blending of those varying, and sometimes diametrical, points of view. We can only try.

Here and now, we have finished the Hold Your Fire tour, "A Show Of Hands" is out (video and audio). We

will start recording the next studio album, and each of us have finished writing that project. But at the same time we've enjoyed the luxury of a little more time than we usually take, time to become reacquainted with life, and explore some of its other interesting avenues. In our fourteen years together we have never lived second without a deadline hanging over us, whether five minutes, a month, or six months away, and for once we haven't got any external pressure on us, so we're going to enjoy it for a while.

-----We deserve it!---(And yes, so do you).



THE BODY ELECTRIC

Applause, show your hands.

Fourteen years ago, Alex Lifeson, Geddy Lee and Neil Peart began a climb to the pinnacle of rock superstardom.

Now, as RUSH, they've become the ultimate Canadian music success story.

The air is rare at the top but the trio remains vibrant.

On Boxing Day, RUSH released *A Show Of Hands* — its instant success is proof the magic remains.

Drummer Neil Peart reveals the band had a couple of problems to deal with on their third live LP.

"In establishing the parameters, the CD came into play as a limitation," he explains.

"Because of the obvious economic reasons involved, we didn't want it to become a double CD, so 74 minutes became the technological limit."

The other problem involved song selection.

"There are certain songs that you have a special thought for — but length was a consideration," he recalls.

"When we got down to titles, it was a matter of listening to as many as 12 versions of a song to find one you're satisfied with from both performance and sound points of view."

Peart reveals that the very idea of recording a show interferes with the actual playing.

"It's a different mentality. You become hyper-critical of the performance, technique and mechanics," he says.

Their '88 appearance in Birmingham, England, makes up a large body of the LP.

"The irony is the Birmingham segment exists because we were filming for the video and less self-conscious of the recording."

"It was a special show. There was an outward feel with the intangible sensation that this was a unified RUSH concert."

He insists the video goes places the LP does not.

"The video is not supposed to represent a particular period of time. It manages to encompass all the dynamics of our show."

Live albums usually indicate career stagnation or record company squabbles — neither is true with RUSH.

"We're always hearing rumors of our imminent demise," he laughs. "This LP reaffirms our continuation, as well as allowing a certain part of our creative energies to re-charge."

"All three of us are keeping in touch through that magical modern convenience called the courier — the ideas are flowing already because we're starting a new studio LP in a few days," he says.

With all their million sellers, RUSH never takes the fans for granted.

"With every album release, we're always a little nervous."

"From looking at so many rising and falling careers around you, it's obvious that fans are very fickle," he says, adding that with *Show*, "results have been encouraging."

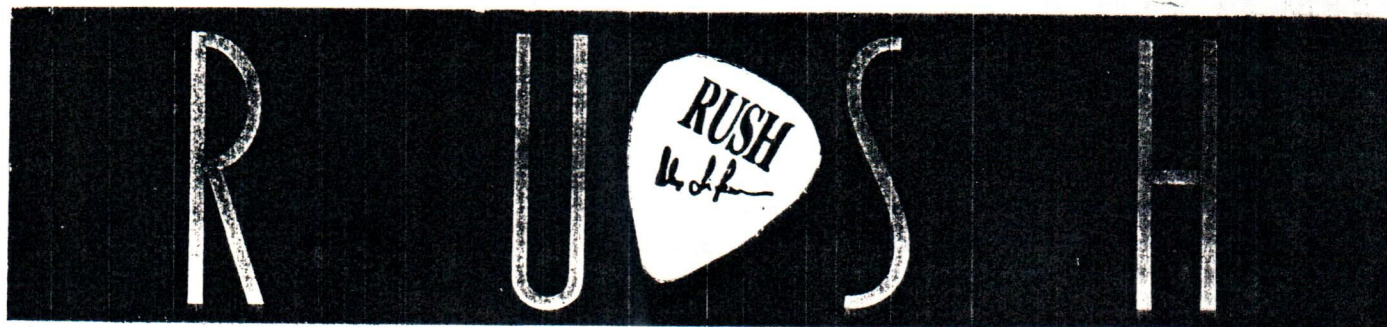
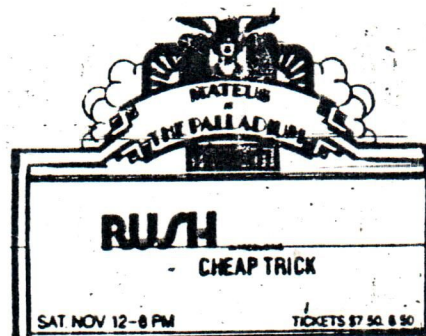
The success of RUSH has been an uncompromising assertion of their own musical reality.

"It's almost a biological metaphor that, as a successful organism, we have to adapt — we've been open to influence and therefore it's easy to adapt," Peart explains.

What's past is past and they're ready for the future.

"In the sense of being grateful rather than smug, I would say I am really satisfied with how things have turned out for us — it's been fun."

Judging from the show of hands they've received for this new LP, that satisfaction could be a real rush.



T'AI SHAN: A SACRED CHINESE MOUNTAIN

FAR EAST: CHINA

The temples and shrines built on a mountain in eastern China have long been places of pilgrimage. Why do the Chinese venerate this mountain? What gods have their sanctuaries there? Why is T'ai Shan important to the Taoist faith?

The revered mountain of T'ai Shan watches over the wide flood plain of the Yellow River, the birthplace of Chinese civilization. At the dawn of the Chinese Empire, the mountain stood at the boundary between the known and the unknown, between the world of taxes, flood control works, labour and death, and the wild world of Shantung to the east. In Shantung lived magicians who studied the secrets of eternal life and who visited the Immortals dwelling on the islands of the eastern sea.

The early Han peoples worshipped nature, honouring rivers and mountains among their many gods. T'ai Shan has been venerated since those times. The legendary Emperor Shun is traditionally believed to have made the great sacrifices to Heaven and Earth at T'ai Shan 2,000 years before the birth of Christ. The first Ch'in Emperor, who conquered and then united the Warring States, came to worship at T'ai Shan in 219 BC. Emperor Wu Ti made the pilgrimage to the mountain for the great sacrifices in 110 BC. And through the centuries, imperial patronage continued: T'ai Shan was honoured as Equal of Heaven by an 11th-century Sung Emperor and presented with a magnificent and magical slab of jade by the Emperor Chien Lung in 1736.

But T'ai Shan has never been linked with the faith of official China, the teachings of Confucius. It is, in fact, the most sacred of the five mountains of Taoism, faith of the magician and the alchemist, the outsider and the rebel.

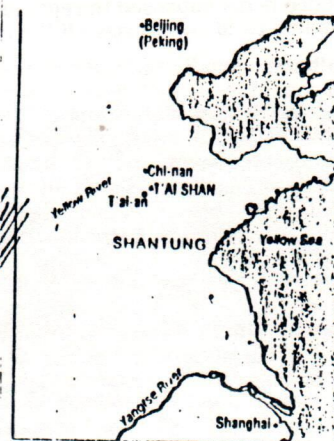
Rudiments of the Taoist faith

Taoism is at once the most austere and the most earthy of religions. In the 4th century BC, the lands of the Han peoples were torn by bitter warfare. Peace, thought the first Taoists, could be found only by abandoning material ambitions and seeking instead to observe and understand the inner and outer worlds. Of the Way taught by Lao Tzu, the father of Taoism, it is said: 'Those who know do not speak, those who speak do not know.'

The Taoist ethic was individualist and democratic, based on the return to the small, self-governing communities of free individuals which Taoists believed existed in former times. They regarded strife as the result of failing to act in accordance with the true nature of reality, the Tao.

Taoism stresses the receptive, passive and observing aspect of human nature. In Chinese philosophy, this is the *yin* or feminine force. The early Taoists refused to distinguish between 'higher' and 'lower' in the human and animal worlds, but chose instead to observe and seek the essential unity and harmony in all things. As a result they became skilled in alchemy and divination. As time passed, Taoism became increasingly identified with magical and mysterious popular cults. Indeed, in the minds of most people, the Taoist pantheon was confused with the gods and demons associated with the new Buddhist faith.

Since ancient times, pilgrims have made their way up the thousands of steps leading to the temple of the Jade Emperor at the summit of T'ai Shan, China's most sacred mountain. It has been revered for centuries by followers of both the Buddhist and the Taoist faiths, and the many deities that inhabit its stony slopes have been credited with controlling man's fate on earth. Pilgrims start the 6- or 7-hour ascent in the evening and, passing through the South Gate of Heaven in the early hours of the morning, witness the special aim of their journey - the spectacular rising of the sun over the surrounding mountains.



Located in the homeland of Confucius, the sacred Taoist mountain of T'ai Shan rises to a height of 1,524m (5,067ft) above the plain of the Yellow River in China's eastern province of Shantung. Time and again, Taoist rebels have swept out of Shantung's hills; it was at the foot of T'ai Shan that the Boxers killed a foreign missionary in 1899 and so began an uprising that shook the world.

continued

Rush

HEMISPHERES

Written by Geoff Barton "Sounds Magazine" London, England

In the beginning, in 1974, there was an album called "Rush" and a fresh-faced, youthful threesome from Toronto, Canada pounding out heavy rock rhythms in Zep-pelin-type style.

Four years and another five discs later, in 1978, there is an album called "Hemispheres" and a more mature, more experienced band creating music of a personal, highly developed and inarguably unique nature.

First taste of what was to come occurred shortly before the release of Rush's second album, "fly By Night," when original drummer John Rutsey left the band and new skins-beater Neil Peart arrived. Immediately Peart took a hold of the lyric writing reins and Rush's music, with the full consent of the two remaining founder members Alex Lifeson (guitar) and Geddy Lee (bass, vocals), began to take on a less straight-ahead more, more mystical flavor. A third platter, "Caress Of Steel," saw this development taking further shape, with a whole side being devoted to the tale of a sole-searing quest for "The Fountain Of Lamneth." But it wasn't until their forth album that Rush truly defined their role as epic music storytellers, scions of sci-fi and sword and sorcery as well as a rock band.

Entitled "2112," once again an entire side of the album was taken up with the musical relating of a titanic tale. This time around it was a case

of future shock, a story of a society in the 22nd century living under the so-called "Temples Of Syrinx"...a race of priests who regarded music as a corrupt force and who reckoned that a guitar was 'a toy that helped destroy the elder race of man!' When such an instrument was played in one of their temples, and it's joyous music filled its barren halls, the priests reacted with predictable venom. "2112" lovingly crafted, stunning and stimulating, marking a turning point in Rush's career, becoming a hugely successful album. In an attempt to acquaint new-found fans with their past recorded work, the next Rush release was a double retrospective style live album called "All The World's A Stage." And later, in 1977, the band again broke new ground to Britain, encasing themselves in rural Rockfield Studios in Wale and recording an album by the name of "A Farewell To Kings."

Away from the bustle of city life Rush came up with a pastoral yet powerful album, its by now traditional 'epic track' present in the form of the space opera "Cygnus X-1 a story about a spaceship pilot plunging through a black hole in space. And if you thought that Rush might have exhausted all areas of inspiration, the lend an ear to this, their latest album, "Hemispheres." In which - to borrow a phrase - they boldly go where no band has gone before.

Again recorded at Rockfield, the album contains just four

Rush

Hemispheres

AN INCREDIBLE EXPERIENCE

Rush
ON STAGE

AMPHITHEATRE DECEMBER 14th · 15th · 16th

Rush
ON MERCURY RECORDS & TAPES



ROSE RECORDS

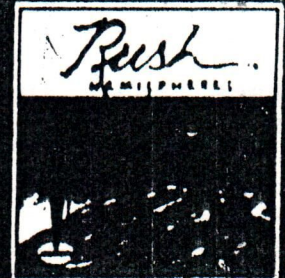
CHICAGO
214 S. Wabash
165 W. Madison

SOUNDS GOOD
RECORDS and TAPES

1401 N. LaSalle
1711 N. Dearborn
1718 N. Dearborn
3215 N. Ashland
3421 N. Dearborn
5740 N. Dearborn
5825 Schiller Ave. (Hwy. 41)
NORTHBROOK
S. Robert Grant
Hwy. 41 & Schiller Ave.

\$4⁸⁹

LP TAPE



tracks, two short, straight-forward and sensitivity rendered ("The Trees" and "Circumstances"), the other couple high-powered, hot-blooded and often mind-blowing in their complexities ("La Villa Strangiato" and "Hemispheres"). It is these latter two numbers that show just how greatly Rush have developed over the years. The band call "La Villa Strangiato" a 'musical reconstruction of some of Alex's dreams (apparently the guitarist is often plagued by the most vividly strange dreams) and appropriately it's totally unlike anything they've ever attempted before. It's many parted, multi-faceted and definitely deserving of careful scrutiny and many plays. Meanwhile "Hemispheres" itself brings an end to the story of "Cygnus X-1," which had its beginnings on the previous album, "A Farewell To Kings." It had, if you remember, a cliff hanger ending when our hero disappeared through a

gaping black hole...never to be seen again? The "2112"-length "Hemispheres" number concludes the tale in an unexpected, unorthodox fashion - if you expected Rush to cop out and go for usual science fiction stand-by explanations of 'other dimensions' or 'matter transportation,' think again. Hemispheres, through hard-hitting music and dynamic, evocative lyrics, tells the tale of a battle between the gods Apollo and Dionysus, of the intervention of the deity Cygnus and of the 'balance' he eventually manages to achieve.

All this, plus no small amount of rock and roll as well. What more could you wish for? **

Rush THE PRACTICAL SIDE

Rush receives Juno Award, the Canadian Grammy, as Best Group of the Year for 1978

Rush has received six gold and three platinum LP's in their native Canada.

Over 21,000 at Alpine Valley Music Theater in Wisconsin. Total gross \$180,000, a new house record.

Three LP's certified gold in the U.S. "2112," "All The World's A Stage," and the most recent, "A Farewell To Kings."

Turns down \$100,000 for show in England during the fall of 1978.

Draw 16,800 to Aragon Ballroom in Chicago for three shows. A new house record is set.

A 16-date English tour sells out in advance, February of 1978.

Rush turns down \$200,000 for one show at the Canada Jam in August of 1978.

Two shows in Toronto gross \$220,000 with over 32,000 attending.

Rush draws over one million people during their tour of 1977-78.



Hemispheres is a familiar word. In common usage, it means a division of our own planet earth. But recently the word has assumed a new meaning: the left and right sides of the human brain.

The distinction is simple: the left hemisphere of the brain is the practical side, which worries about food, shelter, etc.; the right hemisphere is the creative or emotional side, which handles love, music, etc. And as we all know, it is sometimes a battle to keep one side from dominating our lives.

So it is with Rush. Their practical side says they must tour at least nine months a year and turn out one album to keep building upon their ever-expanding number of fans. But their creative and emotional sides say they shouldn't push the music, which is why the new album, "Hemispheres," took nearly one year to write and three months to record.

ERIC MEYER

Rush THE CREATIVE SIDE

The side-long track from "Hemispheres" is actually the continuation of "Cygnus X-1" from the last LP, "A Farewell To Kings." It is split into six segments.

"Hemispheres" is the story of a battle of the practical and creative sides which uses the analogy of human beings in conflict with each other.

I Prelude
The long-standing conflict of each man's fight between love and reason is introduced.

II Apollo
An examination of Apollo's calm approach (food, shelter and how the people rebel that philosophy).

IV Armageddon
The factions of Apollo and Dionysus are at war with each other. Our voyage here leaves for the center of Cygnus.

III Dionysus
Dionysus brings love, music, and joy which the people accept. But soon the stock of worldly goods gathered under Apollo disappears.

V Cygnus
Cygnus mediates the battle. Both Apollo and Dionysus realize Cygnus is a greater force. He is crowned God of Balance.

VI The Sphere
An epilogue showing that love and mind can work together with a common goal.

We Can walk our road together, If our goals are all the same, We can run alone and free, If we pursue a different aim.

Let the truth of love be lighted, Let the love of truth shine clear

Sensibility

Armed with sense and liberty

With heart and mind

united, In a single, perfect sphere.

Lyrics by Neil Peart

TEARS

by Brian Siskind


"Tears" is known as a very indulgent song among Rush fans as the band sways from the exploration of sci-fi hard rock to a very moody yet downcast profession of love and its different intensities. The song, I believe, deals with the pain that always accompanies a great love for someone. Geddy makes nothing but sense when he recognizes that the "tears that from eyes that know why" are much more full of feeling than from the "eyes that only cry". A neverending love is a hard thing to come by but when it's there you can definitely feel it. Whether it's a love holding bonds of friendship together or if it's a love holding relationship together, tears will fall at one time or another. You may not be able to be near the person that you love (maybe they move out of your state). You may encounter a very rough time period in the spaced relationship where communication comes to a standstill. You begin to feel the tears that are explained in the song but you have to remember that things have a way of working out in the best way. Love can be painful at times but it should be enjoyed while it's still able to be shared. continued next month-

Alpine Valley Music Theatre
ON SALE AT ALL TICKETRON'S

JULY 4th WEEKEND SPECTACULAR

Rush

SAT. JULY 4 & SUN. JULY 5
\$9 Lawn
TICKETS STILL AVAILABLE



T'AI SHAN: A SACRED CHINESE MOUNTAIN

Worshipping a multitude of gods

When climbing the 7,000 steps of T'ai Shan, from the town of T'ai-an to the Temple of the Jade Emperor at its peak, the visitor encounters temples, groves of cypress and pine, waterfalls and cascades. In the 1930s, a Western traveller reported that at the time of the annual pilgrimage between February and May, 10,000 people climbed T'ai Shan daily, some making the six-hour ascent on their knees.

At the foot of T'ai Shan is the Temple of the Peak, dedicated to the God of the Mountain, where a magnificently painted Main Hall depicts a procession in his honour. After the coming of Buddhism in the 4th century AD, this god came to be identified with the 'Judge of the Dead'.

Two temples passed on the ascent are dedicated to female deities: the Empress of the West, Wang Mu Chi, and the Goddess of the North Star, Tai Mu. Tai Mu has a third eye, many arms and perhaps originated in India. Her palace is the constellation, Ursa Major, which eternally circles the Pole Star. Further evidence of the strong link with Buddhism of this essentially Taoist holy place is the huge flat rock upon which is carved the Diamond Sutra. Most honoured among the Chinese of all the Buddhist scriptures, this sutra teaches that everything is illusion.

The last steep ascent to the summit brings the pilgrim through the South Gate of Heaven to the temple dedicated to the Daughter of the Mountain, Pi Hsia Yuan Chun, the Goddess of the Dawn. She is said to be the lady to whom T'ai Shan first belonged. The most important temple on the summit is dedicated to the Jade Emperor, Yu Huang, who was honoured as the supreme deity by the Sung Emperor Chen Tsung about 1,000 years ago. The Jade Emperor has maintained first place in the Taoist pantheon ever since and is Lord of Time Present.

A centre of living energy

From the summit of T'ai Shan the view is spectacular, encompassing to the north the course of the Yellow River and to the south the province where the great philosopher Confucius was born in 551 BC. Together with his disciple Mencius, who was also born in the province, Confucius taught the philosophy that was to guide the government of China for 2,000 years.

The ethics of Taoism may not have been needed to help with government, but the services of Taoist experts were required to fulfil correct obligations to people's ancestors. *Feng-Shui*, the understanding of 'wind and water', was needed to determine the most favourable location for ancestral graves. The Taoists, recognizing the earth as a living organism filled with living energy, were skilled in such matters.

The sacred places of Taoism were all chosen as centres of living energy, and T'ai Shan, the most exceptional and mysterious of such centres, draws all powers to itself. Dozens of other temples, where prayers may be offered for fertility, good fortune in business, long life or knowledge of the future, line the path up T'ai Shan. The deities honoured in the temples represent every traditional religion in China, even back to the mountain god of earliest times. But to the Taoist, this is not strange, merely natural. No single answer to the deepest questions will be true, for truth must be found in the variety of nature and human experience. No one god will suffice for all petitions.

Today, in Communist China, the gods have departed from T'ai Shan. There are few pilgrims. Tourists come to marvel at the great ascent, the gates, temples, carvings, murals and the jade and bronze, the wood, water and stone, the winds themselves bent to the mysterious purposes of men and women.

The ancient ritual of burning special paper 'money' is still observed by some pilgrims today, in wayside shrines on the slopes of T'ai Shan. The Qing Ming festival in spring is traditionally the best time for such sacrifices, made to 'placate', or bribe, the officials believed to manage the underworld. Since China has been (and still is) much concerned with bureaucracy, it was thought wise to make such offerings in order to gain a smoother final journey.



According to legend, Lao Tzu was the mystical founder of Taoism and traditionally credited with the writing of the sacred text of *Tao Te Ching*, meaning 'The Way and Its Power'. Historically, not much is known of this sage: it is thought he was born in c 604 BC as Li Erh and became librarian to the Chou court. A contemporary of Confucius, he taught the acquiring of effortless action through following the path of natural events with no striving. By the 5th century, Taoism was a fully developed religion, with many of its features adopted from Mahayana Buddhism.

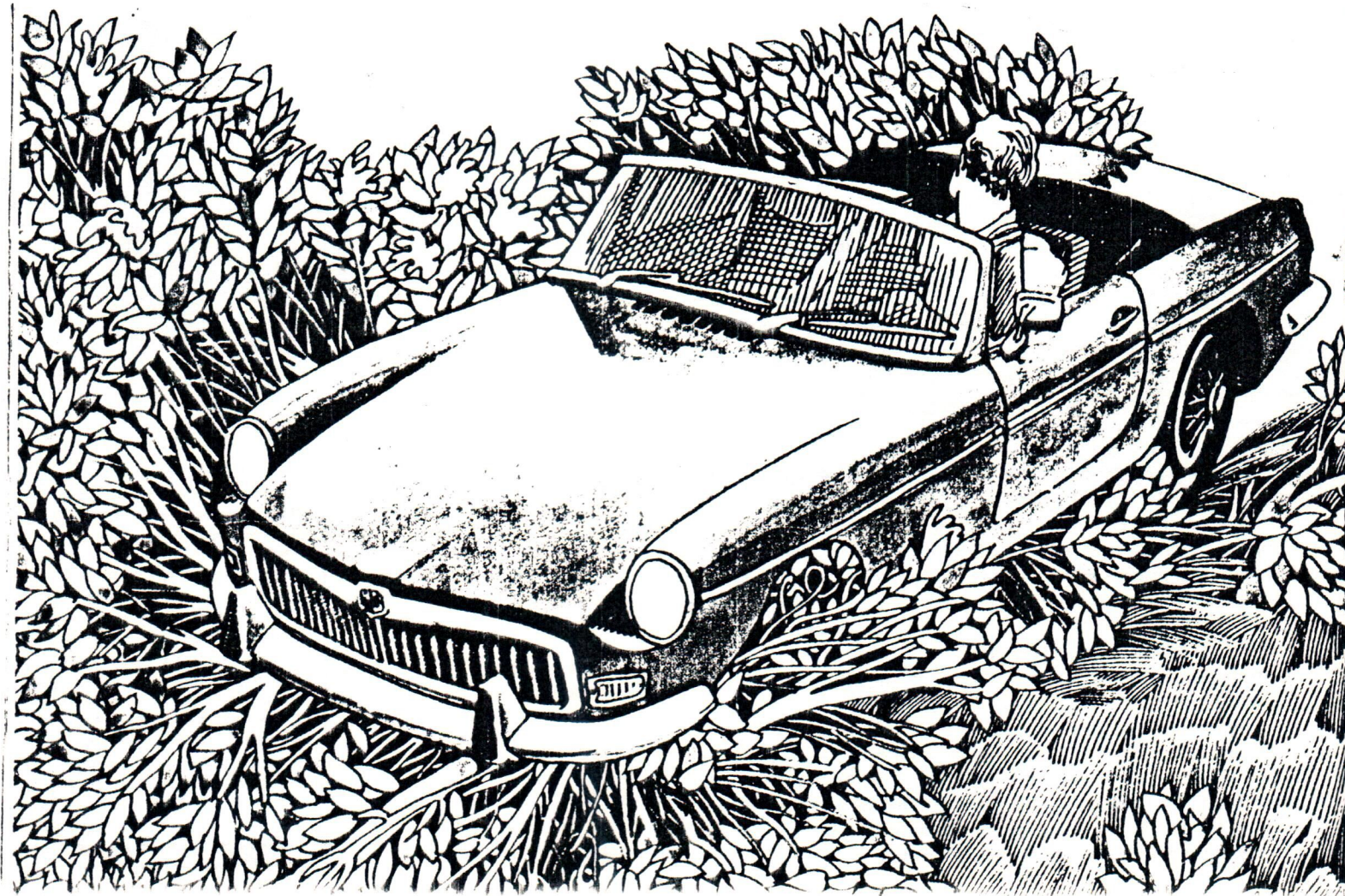


A Nice Morning Drive

BY RICHARD S. FOSTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL ALDANA

A SONG ABOUT A CAR



IT WAS A fine morning in March 1982. The warm weather and clear sky gave promise of an early spring. Buzz had arisen early that morning, impatiently eaten breakfast and gone to the garage. Opening the door, he saw the sunshine bounce off the gleaming hood of his 15-year-old MGB roadster. After carefully checking the fluid levels, tire pressures and ignition wires, Buzz slid behind the wheel and cranked the engine, which immediately fired to life. He thought happily of the next few hours he would spend with the car, but his happiness was clouded—it was not as easy as it used to be.

A dozen years ago things had begun changing. First there were a few modest safety and emission improvements required on new cars; gradually these became more comprehensive. The governmental requirements reached an adequate level, but they didn't stop; they continued and became more and more stringent. Now there were very few of the older models left, through natural deterioration and . . . other reasons.

The MG was warmed up now and Buzz left the garage, hoping that this early in the morning there would be no trouble. He kept an eye on the instruments as he made his way down into the valley. The valley roads were no longer used very much; the small farms were all owned by doctors and the roads were somewhat narrow for the MSVs (Modern Safety Vehicles).

The safety crusade had been well done at first. The few harebrained schemes were quickly ruled out and a sense of rationality developed. But in the late Seventies, with no major wars, cancer cured and social welfare straightened out, the politicians needed a new cause and once again they turned toward the automobile. The regulations concerning safety became tougher. Cars became larger, heavier, less efficient. They consumed gasoline so voraciously that the United States had had to become a major ally with the Arabian countries. The new cars were hard to stop or maneuver quickly, but they would save your life (usually) in a 50-mph crash. With 200 million cars on the road, however, few people ever drove that fast anymore.

Buzz zipped quickly to the valley floor, dodging the frequent potholes which had developed from neglect of the seldom-used roads. The engine sounded spot-on and the entire car had a tight, good feeling about it. He negotiated several quick S-curves and reached 6000 in third gear before backing off for the next turn. He didn't worry about the police down here. No, not the cops . . .

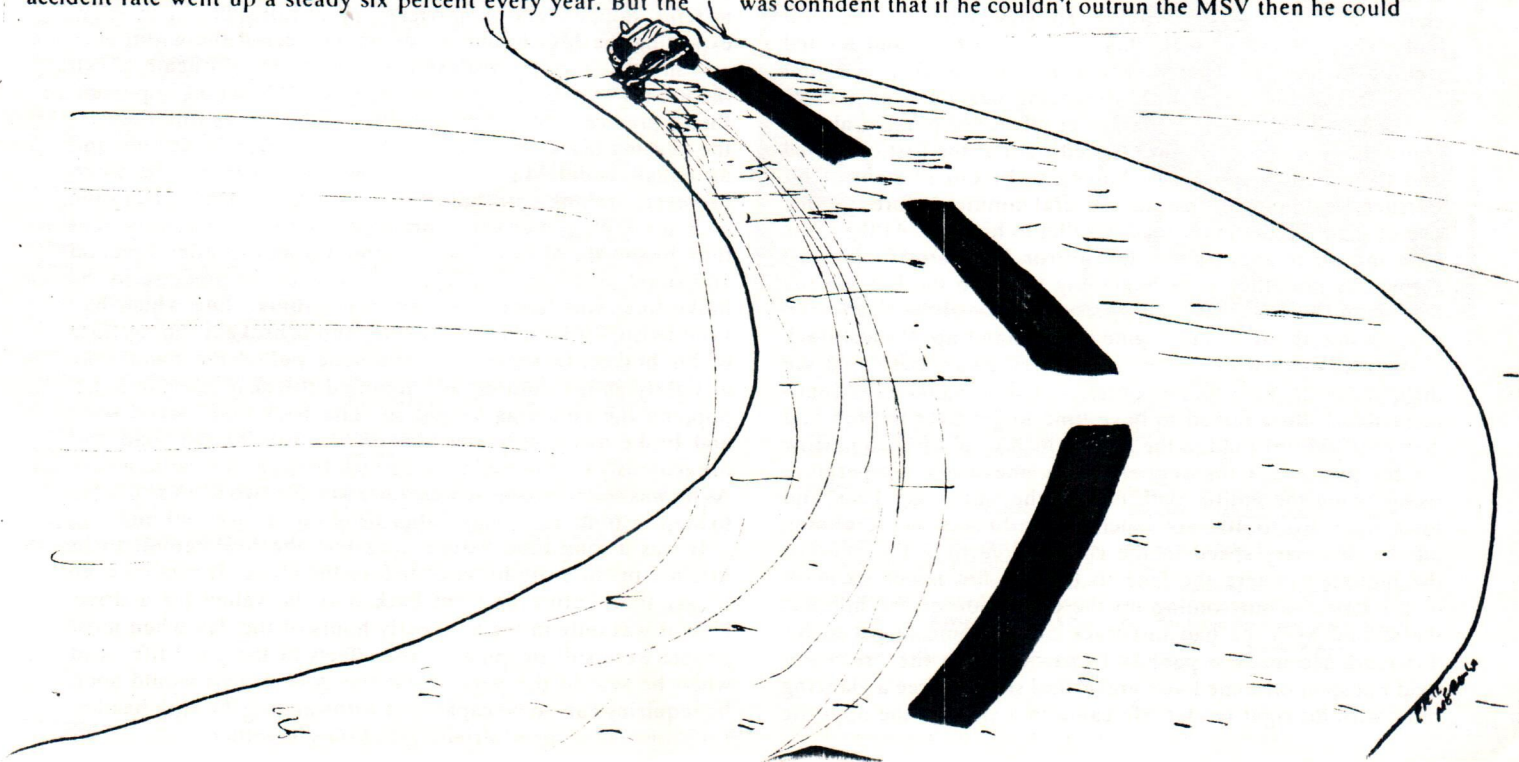
Despite the extent of the safety program, it was essentially a good idea. But unforeseen complications had arisen. People became accustomed to cars which went undamaged in 10-mph collisions. They gave even less thought than before to the possibility of being injured in a crash. As a result, they tended to worry less about clearances and rights-of-way, so that the accident rate went up a steady six percent every year. But the

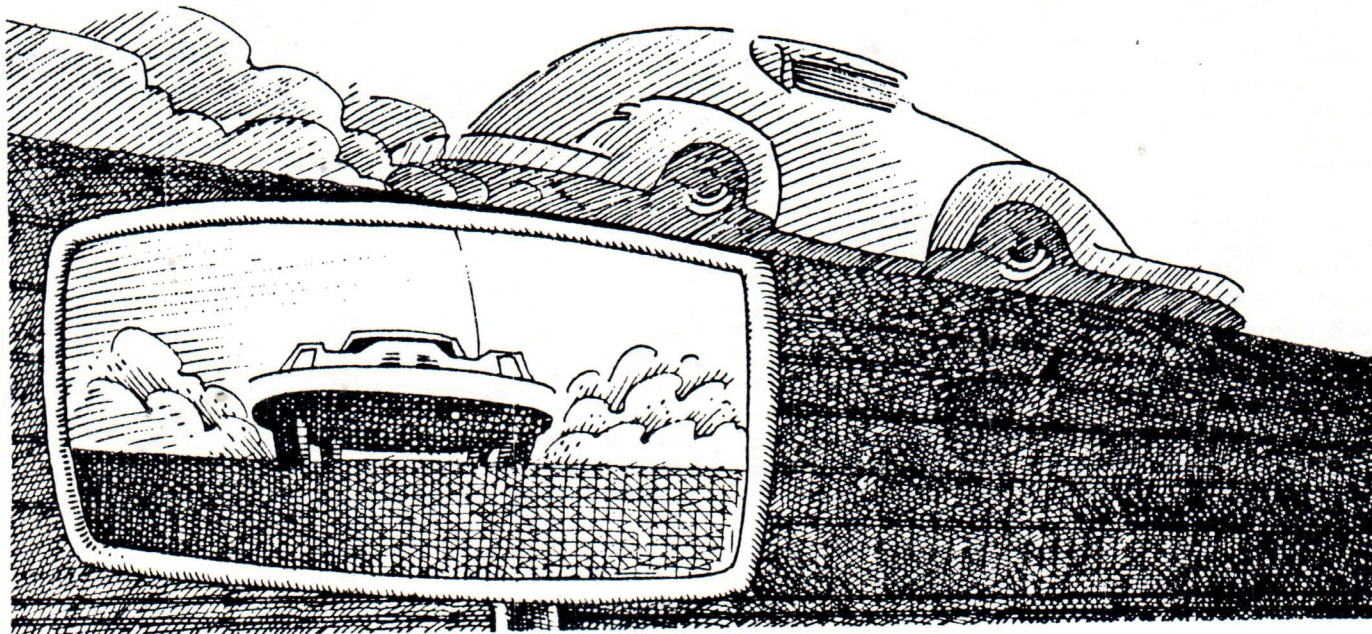
damages and injuries actually decreased, so the government was happy, the insurance industry was happy and most of the car owners were happy. Most of the car owners—the owners of the non-MSV cars were kept busy dodging the less careful MSV drivers, and the result of this mismatch left very few of the older cars in existence. If they weren't crushed between two 6000-pound sleds on the highway they were quietly priced into the junkyard by the insurance peddlers. And worst of all, they became targets . . .

Buzz was well into his act now, speeding through the twisting valley roads with all the skill he could muster, to the extent that he had forgotten his earlier worries. Where the road was unbroken he would power around the turns in well controlled oversteer, and where the sections were potholed he saw them as devious chicanes to be mastered. He left the ground briefly going over one of the old wooden bridges and later ascertained that the MG would still hit 110 on the long stretch between the old Hanlin and Grove farms. He was just beginning to wind down when he saw it, there in his mirror, a late-model MSV with hand-painted designs covering most of its body (one of the few modifications allowed on post-1980 cars). Buzz hoped it was a tourist or a wayward driver who got lost looking for a gas station. But now the MSV driver had spotted the MG, and with a whoosh of a well muffled, well cleansed exhaust he started the chase . . .

It hadn't taken long for the less responsible element among drivers to discover that their new MSVs could inflict great damage on an older car and go unscathed themselves. As a result some drivers would go looking for the older cars in secluded areas, bounce them off the road or into a bridge abutment, and then speed off undamaged, relieved of whatever frustrations cause this kind of behavior. Police seldom patrolled these out-of-the-way places, their attentions being required more urgently elsewhere, and so it became a great sport for some drivers.

Buzz wasn't too worried yet. This had happened a few times before, and unless the MSV driver was an exceptionally good one, the MG could be called upon to elude the other driver without too much difficulty. Yet something bothered him about this gaudy MSV in his mirror, but what was it? Planning carefully, Buzz let the other driver catch up to within a dozen yards or so, and then suddenly shot off down a road to the right. The MSV driver stood on his brakes, skidding 400 feet down the road, made a lumbering U-turn and set off once again after the roadster. The MG had gained a quarter mile in this manner and Buzz was thankful for the radial tires and front and rear anti-roll bars he had put on the car a few years back. He was flying along the twisting road—downshifting, cornering, accelerating and all the while planning his route ahead. He was confident that if he couldn't outrun the MSV then he could





at least hold it off for another hour or more, at which time the MSV would be quite low on gas. But what was it that kept bothering him about the other car?

They reached a straight section of the road and Buzz opened it up all the way and held it. The MSV was quite a way back but not so far that Buzz couldn't distinguish the tall antenna standing up from the back bumper. Antenna! Not police, but perhaps a Citizen's Band radio in the MSV? He quaked slightly and hoped it was not. The straight stretch was coming to an end now and Buzz put off braking to the last fraction of a second and then sped through a 75-mph right-hander, gaining ten more yards on the MSV. But less than a quarter mile ahead another huge MSV was slowly pulling across the road and to a stop. It was a CB set. The other driver had a cohort in the chase. Now Buzz was in trouble. He stayed on the gas until within a few hundred feet when he banked hard and feinted passing to the left. The MSV crawled in that direction and Buzz slipped by on the right, bouncing heavily over a stone on the shoulder. The two MSVs set off in hot pursuit, almost colliding in the process. Buzz turned right at the first crossroad and then made a quick left, hoping to be out of sight of his pursuers, and in fact he traveled several minutes before spotting one of them on the main road parallel to his lane. At the same time the other appeared in the mirror from around the last corner. By now they were beginning to climb the hills on the far side of the valley and Buzz pressed on for all he was worth, praying that the straining engine would stand up. He lost track of one MSV when the main road turned away, but could see the other one behind him on occasion. Climbing the old Monument Road, Buzz hoped to have time to get over the top and down the old dirt road to the right, which would be too narrow for his pursuers. Climbing, straining, the water temperature rising, using the entire road, flailing the shift lever back and forth from 3rd to 4th, not touching the brakes but scrubbing off the necessary speed in the corners, reaching the peak of the mountain where the lane to the old fire tower went off to the left . . . but coming up the other side of the hill was the second MSV he had lost track of! No time to get to his dirt road. He made a panicked turn left onto the fire tower road but spun on some loose gravel and struck a tree a glancing blow with his right fender. He came to a stop on the opposite

starter while the overheated engine slowly came back into life. He engaged 1st gear and sped off up the road, just as the first MSV turned the corner. Dazed though he was, Buzz had the advantage of a very narrow road lined on both sides with trees, and he made the most of it. The road twisted constantly and he stayed in 2nd with the engine between 5000 and 5500. The crash hadn't seemed to hurt anything and he was pulling away from the MSV. But to where? It hit him suddenly that the road dead-ended at the fire tower, no place to go but back . . .

Still he pushed on and at the top of the hill drove quickly to the far end of the clearing, turned the MG around and waited. The first MSV came flying into the clearing and aimed itself at the sitting MG. Buzz grabbed reverse gear, backed up slightly to feint, stopped, and then backed up at full speed. The MSV, expecting the MG to change direction, veered the wrong way and slid to a stop up against a tree. Buzz was off again, down the fire tower road, and the undamaged MSV set off in pursuit. Buzz's predicament was unenviable. He was going full tilt down the twisting blacktop with a solid MSV coming up at him, and an equally solid MSV coming down after him. On he went, however, braking hard before each turn and then accelerating back up to 45 in between. Coming down to a particularly tight turn, he saw the MSV coming around it from the other direction and stood on the brakes. The sudden extreme pressure in the brake lines was too much for the rear brake line which had been twisted somewhat in his spin, and it broke, robbing Buzz of his brakes. In sheer desperation he pulled the handbrake as tightly as it would go and rammed the gear lever into 1st, popping the clutch as he did so. The back end locked solid and broke away, spinning him off the side of the road and miraculously into some bushes, which brought the car to a halt. As he was collecting his senses, Buzz saw the two MSVs, unable to stop in time, ram each other head on at over 40 mph.

It was a long time before Buzz had the MG rebuilt to its original pristine condition of before the chase. It was an even longer time before he went back into the valley for a drive. Now it was only in the very early hours of the day when most people were still sleeping the effects of the good life. And when he saw in the paper that the government would soon be requiring cars to be capable of withstanding 75-mph head-on collisions, he stopped driving his MG altogether.

Around The World

TECHNICAL ECSTASY

RUSH

TECHNICAL ECSTASY

RUSH

di Giancarlo Trombetti

STAFF COLLABORATORI TUTTI E TUTTE

Foto P. Mazè e Arch. PolyGram

Quanto il termine Heavy Metal sia stato strapazzato ed inflazionato negli ultimi anni è addirittura lampante se consideriamo l'abbinamento che ne è stato fatto con i tre canadesi Rush! A nessun buon intenditore, infatti, verrebbe mai in mente di definire così a sproposito una delle band più contorte e "premeditate" che il R & R abbia partorito! Se infatti l'Hard è soprattutto immediatezza e fisicità e può anche non necessitare di eccelsa tecnica per essere suonato, beh, Rush è la classica eccezione che conferma la regola: si può affermare, senza timore di essere eccessivi, che i tre compongono il gruppo più articolato ed esteticamente a memoria di critico. Ma vediamo di risalire alle fonti: nel 1974 "Rush", l'esordio, non lascia vedere nel trio qualcosa di particolarmente nuovo: la nota tendenza dei gruppi — o artisti — canadesi per la melodia non viene meno neppure in questo caso, e Rush si getta sulle orme dei connazionali predecessori; con un occhio di rispetto, però, per un tipo di Rock pomposo e diluito che trovava le sue radici nei giganti albanici. La voce nasale ed in falsetto del mostruoso — fisicamente — Geddy Lee fu forse la più grossa novità per gli estimatori del secondo, più diffuso lp, "Fly By Night", e per tutti quelli che non si erano accorti di una voce contemporanea proveniente da New York, ed a mio

parere ben più affascinante, forse anche perché meno inflazionata: la voce di David Surkamp, dei mitici Pavlov's Dog. Ma Rush non si mette in evidenza solo per i timbri asipici di Lee, ma anche per il buon lavoro di solista del chitarrista Alex Lifeson, un discorso a parte merita Neil Peart, descritto da biografie americane come uomo totalmente privo di humour e di autoironia, che inizia proprio da quei primi, lontani album un sforzo per assimilare le tecniche più complesse di drumming; il che farà vincere ripetutamente, in rock-polls indette da giornali di tutto il mondo, nella categoria di batterista più tecnico del globo!

Mr. Peart, si sobbarca anche l'onere di comporre i testi, che diventeranno poi, col tempo, forse l'elemento di maggior spicco della band.

L'attenzione per il lavoro della scrittrice Ayn Rand ha molto influenzato il modo di scrivere di Peart, e forse anche il suo pensiero, indirizzandolo verso temi di fantascienza e situazione, in cui emerge sempre vincente l'individualismo del singolo nei confronti della collettività. I testi del batterista divergono, negli anni, in elemento che rende di ancora più facile identificazione la matrice del gruppo: "Bythor and the snow-dog" è forse il vertice della prima produzione, che vede in "Bastille day" e "Lakeside Park" — del terzo lp, "Cross of steel" — altre ottime composizioni. E'



però con il 1976 e con il leggendario "2112" che Rush comprende improvvisamente che il suo pubblico è pronto per accettare qualcosa di decisamente più sofisticato e complesso. "2112" (la canzone) è una lunga, articolata e coinvolgente suite che taglia nettamente i ponti con un passato influenzato dai maestri inglesi.

L'album "2112" è senz'altro — a mio avviso — il vertice del trio: calcolo e spontaneità vanno ancora a braccetto, e le liriche sognanti e pretenziose di Peart ben si accoppiano con le raffinatezze stilistiche delle musiche di Lee e Lifeson. "All the world's a stage", nella sua lussuosa confezione, è il logico monumento live che i tre immettono sul mercato

lo stesso anno, consoci dell'eccezionale momento magico, e vuole essere, nelle stesse parole dei Rush, "... la fine dell'inizio, una pietra miliare per indicare la chiusura della prima fase, negli annali dei Rush". Se "2112" era stato il tramite per la consacrazione USA, "A farewell to kings" lo è per l'Inghilterra: l'album vende milioni di copie, anche se mutano sostanzialmente non solo la musica, sempre più impreziosita e studiata, ma anche l'aspetto del gruppo stesso.

Due parole andrebbero spese, a questo punto, sul particolare pubblico che sostiene il trio del Great White North, l'unico, forse, in grado di accettare con entusiasmo cambiamenti pressoché to-

Classifieds

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--Written and produced by Eric Merola and Brian Siskind--

