NEIL PEART
Dynamic Drumming RUSH-
Artist of

is
GIVING AWAY HIS
DRUMS...

and YOU Could Be The Winner!

See opposite page for the details on this exciting MD Contest!
WIN

NEIL PEART'S
DRUMS

Here's what you'll win!!

THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE:

A Tama Superstar Drumset with a custom Rosewood finish and brass plated hardware. All drumshells are vibrafied by The Percussion Center of Fort Wayne, Indiana. The drumset includes: Four concert toms: 6", 8", 10", 12". Three tom-toms: 12", 13", 15". One floor tom: 18". Two bass drums: 24". Two gong bass drums: 20" and 22". Two timbales: 13" and 14". One Tama snare drum: 14". All mounting and attaching hardware will be included. Also included: A Zildjian hi-hats: 13". Ride Cymbal: 22". Medium Crash cymbals: 16", 18", 20". Splash cymbal: 10". Two Camco footpedals. Cases will be included.

CONTEST RULES: Contestants are to write an essay of one hundred (100) words or less entitled: Why I Would Like To Win Neil Peart's Drums. Essays must be typed or printed and mailed to: Neil Peart's Drums Giveaway, c/o Modern Drummer Magazine, 1000 Clinton Ave., Clifton, NJ 07011. Contributions will be considered for the contest. Essays must be received no later than June 21, 1982. IMPORTANT: Neatness will be the deciding factor. The winner will be selected on or about June 21, 1982. The winner will be announced in the October 1982 issue of Modern Drummer Magazine. Be sure to include your name, address, telephone number, and telephone number so that you can be contacted if you are the winner. The winner will receive all the drumset components as described in this advertisement.
Hear Rush’s Permanent Wave or better yet see Rush live and experience the power of Neil Peart and his Tama drums. Then see your authorized Tama dealer and feel what it’s like to be Tama powered yourself.

“TAMA

“The Strongest Name In Drums”

Send $2.00 for a full-color Tama drum catalog to: TAMA Dept. M.D.
P.O. Box 469, Bensalem, PA 19020
327 Broadway, Idaho Falls, ID 83401
In Canada: 6355 Park Ave., Montreal, P.Q. H2V 5H5
Dear Readers,

Sept. 15, 1982

Whose idea was this anyway? Why didn’t somebody tell me how long it takes to read 4,625 letters, not to mention choosing one winner? I’m sure I’ll never be the same.

From the Desk of Neil Pearl

I am very happy to announce that the U.S., Alaska and Hawaii, every province of Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Sweden, Norway, Finland, France, Germany, Australia, Hong Kong, Singapore, Indonesia, Puerto Rico, Mexico, and even a girl from Borneo! I mean, a lot of people wanted my drums!

There were all kinds of entries: some of them very funny, some sad, some poetic, some very proasic, some beautifully presented like a college thesis, and some illegibly scrwilled in pencil. About halfway through, I started to feel very bad and a bit guilty. There were so many deserving entries that I could have given away five hundred drum kits, but—alas—there was only one. You’re right, it’s not fair!

Many asked why I was giving them away at all, and cast aspersions on my sanity. Perhaps they were right. I’ve just acquired a brand new, bright red set of Tamas, and I didn’t feel right about keeping the rosewood ones at home in a lowly practice kit. They deserve a better fate. I still have my black Slingerland kit at home for practice, and I can’t imagine a person needing to have more than two sets. So . . . I got this bright idea. I’ll find some deserving individual and give them away. Truly, that was easier said than done.

I called the folks at MD and told them what I proposed to do. They thought it would be good, and we put the contest in motion. But a contest of drumming skill didn’t seem right. There are plenty of jerks with talent, and all the talent in the world won’t get someone out of their basement if no one can stand to deal with them. I knew I wanted it based on personality as much as anything, so the essay idea seemed the only way to go.

I thought it best not to print the winning ones, as it could only cause sour grapes with people thinking, “Mine was better than that.” And really, it’s a personal thing between the winner and myself. There were some brilliantly hilarious entries; also some imaginative and beautiful artistic ones. They came printed on drumheads, or scrolled around Pro-Mark 747’s, with beautiful designs and sketches. And my personal favorite for beauty and originality: on a glass framed thermometer with elegant calligraphy painted on the back. That one I’m keeping!

I’m sorry there was no way I could respond to all the requests for personal replies, photos, autographs, drum sticks, etc. for the contest of drumming skill. I really meant to answer them all.

I know there were some entries from students, some from the world of music, and some from rockers. I know there were some from people who really wanted to play drums, but thought about it, and then decided to enter the contest.

There were many letters from devoted wives and girlfriends of struggling musicians, which was the kind of thing I thought I would look for—but there were just too many. There were also many supportive mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, uncles, friends and fellow musicians who wrote on behalf of their favorite drumming person.

I can understand those who sent in two entries in case one was lost, but some people felt obliged to send in six, eight, and even twenty-four entries, thinking to attract my attention through sheer repetition. All this accomplished was to make my fingers sore from opening and reading all those extra entries.

So what was I looking for? Well, let me tell you what I wasn’t looking for: People who didn’t play drums, but “thought they’d like to try”; people looking for a Rush souvenir; people who couldn’t afford new drums because they were busy paying for a van, a house, or other secondary interest; loads of embarrassing praise and flattery, people who would rather have something else, but would take them because they were free.

Quotes from the Bible and other mystical higher purposes: people who wanted to play my drums in church; people who said they couldn’t get in a band because their set was too small—jeez!—I joined Rush with an old, six-piece Rogers set finished in silver wallpaper, and two small cymbals. I wasn’t born with this drum kit, ya know.

Another thing that figured into my judgement was spelling, literacy and neatness. What does that have to do with drumming? Well, it tells me a lot about the attention to detail, and communication skills that will be reflected in a musician’s attitude towards his music and his instrument.

Another interesting thing I learned from reading these essays was the number of sincere and intelligent female drummers out there. Some were driven by dreams of drumming fame and music that included everything else from my life. A quiet, religious girl who didn’t have to shout about it, brag about it, apologize for it, or even think about it—it just is.

One who doesn’t need discipline or will power to practice, simply because there’s nothing else they’d rather do. Some wanted my drums to make them more interested, to practice more, or to make them more popular with their friends. My winner couldn’t be chosen in this group, couldn’t practice more, and cares nothing about being more popular. Nor is he one of the thousands who claim the crown of, “your biggest fan.” He’s just a dedicated young drummer who cares about nothing else. His name is Adam Roderick and he lives in California. He’s not one of the many unsuccessful with little or no drums, but he has agreed to pass his present set along to his second choice, who is one of the above. He shares the same hopeful dedication on only three mismatched old drums. So young Tom Wolf from Pennsylvania will also be improving his equipment through the generosity of Mr. Roderick. Maybe we’ll start a chain reaction here. Somebody is going to end up with some coffee cans and pot lids though.

In closing, I would like to thank everyone who entered. I hate to disappoint anyone, but what can I do? There were many, many great entries, but there could only be one winner. Congratulations to him. My thanks also to Scott Fish at MD who coordinated everything, and the staff at Modern Drummer who had to handle all of the mail; 4,625 letters.

Excuse me, I’ve got to go see my eye doctor!
RUSH...
Powered by Neil Peart and Tama.

Hear Rush’s Permanent Wave or better yet see Rush live and experience the power of Neil Peart and his Tama drums. Then see your authorized Tama dealer and feel what it’s like to be Tama powered yourself.

TAMA
“The Strongest Name in Drums”

Send $200 for a Limited Edition Tama drum catalog to Tama Dept. W.P.

(215) 692-7830
855 Creative Ave., Horsham, PA 19044

© 1979 Rush Music, Inc
NEIL PEART

Q. What is the significance of the logo on the front of your bass drums?

K.L.
Anaheim, California

A. The logo itself goes back to our 2112 album. The red star symbolizes the autocratic society that was projected into the future, where the giant computers controlled the whole society. The star was the symbol of their authority. In a way, it's an abstract symbol for all kinds of authoritarian governments of any kind, whether they be democratic, dictatorial, or whatever.

The man against it, of course, is the individual against this organized state, or anything that's larger than life, whether it be religion, government, or a creed of any kind that's supposed to be more important than a human life. In other words, the individual's life is important.

Q. I recently added a second bass drum to my kit. I need to move the bass drums closer together but that's impossible because my mounted toms are in the way. You have an odd-looking single tom holder mounted to the side of your left bass drum. What makes this tom holder and where can I obtain it?

A.G.
Brooklyn, NY

A. The mysterious piece of plumbing is an old Rogers Swivomatic tom mount. It has been retired by that company and I think I've bought up the remaining inventory in the U.S. It is one of only two designs which permit mounting a tom holder anywhere but top center. It's really not a very solid arrangement by today's standards, but I haven't been able to find a modern substitute. Truly, they don't make 'em like they used to!