RUSH

A SHOW OF HANDS

Phonogram

THE removal of Rush from society, as with the eradication of tuberculosis, was greeted with the establishment of internationally agreed public holidays: on subsequent Out-Uglies-Out days you will recall that Supertramp and Yes were also banished, to the limbo where a good hair stylist proves impossible to find. Rush were a trio then as they are now, singing of improbable, banal, mythically entwined past and future lands, leaving their listeners breathless and penniless. Double albums, of which this is one, were the ordure of the day. Front-thing, bass-playing vocalist Geddy Lee looked roughly like anyone would, had they been fed face-first through the world's largest pencel sharpener.

Oh, rapture! Nothing's changed! Wearing Miami Vice cast-offs, as a desperate talisman against further ridicule, Geddy, Alex and Neil tinker and twinkle through gourmet technosludge workouts that will easily satisfy a new generation's woeful willingness to be impressed

by ridiculous tales, badly told.

MICK MERCER

