

RUSH

THE NEW ALBUM

P R E S T O



REKORDZ

K: Kakk! KK: Khronik! KKK: Kapable! KKKK: Kerrackin'!
KKKKK: Kataklysmik!

SUPERMARKET MUSIC

**GEDDY LEE: the Richard
Briers of Heavy Metal**

RUSH
'Presto'
(Atlantic WX327)

KKK

RUSH ARE too bloody clever for their own good. After extending their hilarious early mythic anthems ('By-Tor And The Snow Dog' (!)) and satin-clad splendour through '2112's murky political awakenings, to arrive at a series of smooth if quirky late '80s techno-rock albums, they've never descended into predictable rifferama. The most terrible thing they've become is comfortably familiar, the Richard Briers of Heavy Metal, and as frighteningly unfashionable as electric blue Spandex trousers.

Rush are horribly sensible swots. They won't make a bad album. The worst they'll do is merely make another one.

'Presto' is somewhere between the two. 'Rushies', like 'Trekkies' are a breed apart, and will find no fault with Geddy Lee's sanitised whelp and thrusting bass, Alex Lifeson's rasping bludgeon, Neil Peart's crisp, award-winning percussion or Rupert Hines' smoothie production.

Indeed, 'War Paint's convincing exposure of vanity and failing relationships, or 'Show Don't Tell's wicked riff, or 'The Pass's low-key melancholy, almost convince that 'Presto' will be mentioned in reverential whispers along with 'Moving Pictures' or the lush 'Signals'.

But they're negated by 'Superconductor' or 'Chain Lightning's alarming tendency towards blandness.

Peart's wordy, worldly concerns often overwhelm Lee's ability to imbue them with any emotion, his tongue busy tripping Stanley Unwin-like over thesaurus inspired multi-syllables.

'Presto' belies its pun-inducing title. It will not shock, stun or amaze. Rush are not prepared to settle for less, and are too limited, too old and cushy to try for more. The taming of the shrewd.

After all, who do they expect to get excited about a song called 'Anagram'? JON HOTTEN

