

IN PRINCIPAL ROLES - Robert Haftman, left, portrays the Artful

Dodger and Rick Hasselbach plays Oliver in the Capital production.

Fans Jam Floor Of Rush Concer

By Jeannine Lauber Special To The Dispatch

The show was awful. The show was great. Depending on where your seats were, Thursday night's Rush concert at St. John Arena was one of the above.

As soon as the three-man hard rock team took the stage, a tidal wave composed of human bodies came crashing toward them. Nearly all of the fans seated on the floor of the arena in folding chairs stampeded forward about 10 yards.

This resulted in a messy pileup of a few hundred angry, pushy people in the first 10 rows.

IN ORDER TO SEE the show, the fans, most of whom were in their late teens, had to stand on chairs for the entire two-hour performance.

This, coupled with ticket prices and the fact that a large portion of the crowd was obviously high, caused some fighting and a lot of shoving and badmouthing.

Security was a drastically ineffective group of teens.

From the bleachers it must have looked like a human snake pit crammed with writhing bodies. But, from the bleachers, it must have been a super show.

RUSH WAS AT its finest. Rush's brand of rock-'n'-roll is distinctive, especially when combined with the piercing vocals of Geddy Lee. The Rush style has remained pure and unadulterated even in an era where disco and C&W strains have infiltrated in an attempt to please all of the people all of the time.

Sometimes that formula works, but when Lee, drummer Neil Peart and guitarist Alex Lifeson jam it's obvious they intend to continuously breathe life into rock-'n'-roll.

Lee is getting older, and the struggle of road life is apparent on his thin, shallow face, yet his voice has remained as powerful and clear as a

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CAN BE RECOMMENDED
WITHOUT QUALIFICATION!" — PLAYBOY

"V-The Hot One" _Plus Sarah Nicholson in-PEIDEMUDIC MOMYH.

Adult Theatre 1320 S. HIGH • 444-7086 DAILY FROM 11 A.M. • SUN. 1 P.M. siren in the night. One of the evening's best examples was his high-powered belting out of Closer to the Heart, one of Rush's biggest hits.

Many of the other selections came from their most recent LP. Hemispheres, including Circumstances, Cygnus X-1 Book II and the title cut.

RECAUSE THE decibel level was so high, most of the lyrics were unintelligible. That may have resulted in some confusion regarding Rush's visual space show of astral images projected on a giant screen behind the stage.

Half of their latest album recounts the adventures of a spaceship pilot plunging through a black hole in outer space.

The Trees, also from Hemispheres, is a beautiful song about the complexities of discrimination/desegretion which surely went unappreciated for lack of audible lyrics.

Peart writes all of Rush's lyrics.

OPENING ACT, April Wine, appeared to be a fairly good band of rock and rollers who, unlike Rush, inject C&W into their music. That familiar country twang and an occasional harmonica chorus or two will restrict them from being classified as a true rock band, but the audience didn't seem to care.

They were busy clappin' their hands and stompin' their feet in a most "country hoedown" way.

April Wine was even called back to perform an encore - rare among opening acts.

The show could have gone a lot smoother had there been better planning and production. But then again, rock concerts are notorious for eliciting such behavior. Comparatively speaking, Thursday night's show was probably "mild."

In any event, it doesn't pay to get trampled when you can see the show in relative comfort for half the price

from the bleachers.

Capital University wouldn't be begging for more of the same; they would be asking for more quality, more life.

THE story of a London as Vanessa Schul urchin who meets up with Long As He Need his grandfather through a such minuses as set of circumstances only Hickman's My Ni Charles Dickens could' devise becomes a mish- Oliver doesn't ei mash of mediocrity on the drops off. Capital stage.

Parts of the play seem Oliver Twist is as to be in need of a couple as a college stud more rehearsals, while other scenes are too busy to work as they should.

Still other touches that should have been cute initially expect. failed, and the sound system is partly to blame.

THE opening scene set as mischievou the pace for a show in which about 50 percent of the dialogue was unintelligible for most of the vorite among O audience. About a third of the lyrics suffered the the villian with same problem.

The youthful chorus pretty harml that sang the opening there's little wi number, Food, Glorious that Even the Food can rest assured they won't be discovered man) seems a if they botch the lyrics.

Time marches on; presenting the crowd with oversized crate Linda White who had one ring true. It's jus of the clearest, strongest it does little for voices in the cast. Too bad she is paired with Steve nents of the pro Mohler, who as Mr. Bum- the musical ense ble bumbles through his ducted by Ray lines with an accent and speed that makes them totally incomprehensible.

FORTUNATELY, the effective expres musical picks up with

would have noth with Fagin's way

From that poir bitter end, Olive ven, bringing suc

And when it's

RICK Hassel ing a 13-year-old Of course, he la innocence, but h better than or

Robert Haftm ful Dodger does should be and seems kind of di

Fagin is usual and Bob Jones aj attitude. Jone Sikes (played ble.

THE SET of

One of the be Eubanks gets right level of vol his ensemble a

On the whol



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