Systems of resonance

grace and comfort: In the world that you transform."
("Cygnois X-1 Book II Hemispheres"). And
meanwhile our moral sensibility is "armed with sense
and liberty / With the Heart and Mind
united / In a single
perfect sphere." ("The Sphere
A Kind Of Dream").

Rush hold up a mirror to the
world, and it shows Rush
holding up a mirror to the

world. They are radiant, their
capes wondrous to behold,
their wisdom satisfies the
common appetite, their album
cover points toward their
lyrics, their lyrics point toward
Rush, Rush hold up a mirror to
the world.

"So the Maples formed a
Union / and demanded equal
rights / The Oaks are just too
greedy / We will make them
give us light / Now there's no

more Oak oppression / For
they passed a noble law / And
the trees are all kept equal /
By hatchet / Axe / And saw
... "("The Trees").

And do their audiences see
themselves in it? Rush
achieve the alignment
through a trite use of allegory
and aggressive musical
resonance. They use pictures of
brass, People who use
to pictures of brains are

Civilised. They have pictures
everything. Their brains are
full of pretty pictures.

Pictures of marching men
and you. Right-wing
paranoia — it's in the white of
the egg... or the heart of the
beast? Art Bears are either the
step after or the step which
terminated Henry Cow.
"Hopes And Fears" features
Lindsay Cooper, Tim
Hodgkinson and Georgie

Born, but only Fred Frith,
Dagmar Krause and Chris
Cutler are Art Bears.
If it is true, as Foucault has
said, that "It is only in the
blank spaces... that order
manifests itself in depth,
then Art Bears are probably
the missing link between
Peter Hammill and Jillette John
— between a naive and
tortured Brechtian portrayal of
involuntary and loveless
solipsism, and a naive and
tortured Brechtian portrayal of
involuntary and loveless
solipsism. A public lineage?
"Hopes And Fears" is, very
simply stated, a marriage of
ideals — the 'humanity of
Slapp Happy' with the heretic
utopianism of Henry Cow.
Mirthful Marxism? Um.
There is a hang-over of
academic over-purposefulness,
but the balance between
precision and celebration is
graphic and
immediately grasped. The
settings and stylings here
express a freer, clearer
improvisation, only toppling
into a feeling of laborious
application when
the language overtaxes the
idea it is supposed to
illustrate.

Po-faced.

Then, and only then, the line
between art and artifice thins,
and the ceremonies and order
of all things Rush seems only
a little way removed. As, of
course, is often the case with
polar opposites: on the one
hand, the capitalist-feigned
attitude, gregarious, rejoicing
in large numbers and
participation in a superior race
or nation, which corresponds
to the clinical picture of
paranoia; on the other, the
revolutionary attitude, which
is that of an isolated,
outspoken individual, with a
withdrawal which might
represent schizophrenia.

If the revolutionary
develops his aggression and
attacks people who look like
others, then schizophrenia
has itself become paranoia,
and the revolutionary attitude
is merely the reverse side of the medal which has fascism as its obverse.

"Hopes And Fears" is a maze, and an analysis of the different approaches and inroads it offers: how far ideas and ideals can go within a given framework. There is little or no 'self-indulgence' — and although the album has a playing time of 48 minutes plus, many of the 13 (two instrumental) pieces are brief.

It's a mostly cheering example of a music with a clear and refreshed perspective, coming to terms with the terms from which it set out this or that message or messages: 'hopes and fears'.

Ironic that such an unfashionable (huh!) set-up should be working on in this way, a very very much promoted but seldom practiced by those presently enjoying favour (bar laudable exceptions such as ATV).

And it's just occurred to me that Dagmar's rendering of Brecht's "On Suicide" puts me very much in mind of Siouxsie. Do you refuse to recognize such a thing? Are you afraid of understanding? "The fear", as George Clinton has it, "of being eaten by a sandwich"?

Perhaps not. Um. If anything, Funkadelic exemplify the profound identity of all political attitudes based on the primacy of emotion over reason and their inevitable resort to violently existential action, in direct opposition to, as Clinton has it, "psychologically speaking ... a state of verbal diarrhea talkin' shit a mile a minute ...".

Or, put another way: "Fried ice-cream is a reality!". The Funkadelic maze is no less complex, or 'political' than that of the Art Bears, no more 'accessible', but a bit easier to dance to.

Characters, character-clones,