



THE SPIRIT OF RUSH

Issue No. **1**

Summer '87'



EDITORIAL

Hello and welcome to the first issue of 'The Spirit Of Rush,' this fanzine you now hold in your hands, is the culmination of 4 year's frustration waiting for the band to tour Europe again. I just had to do something in the meantime, or go mad!!!

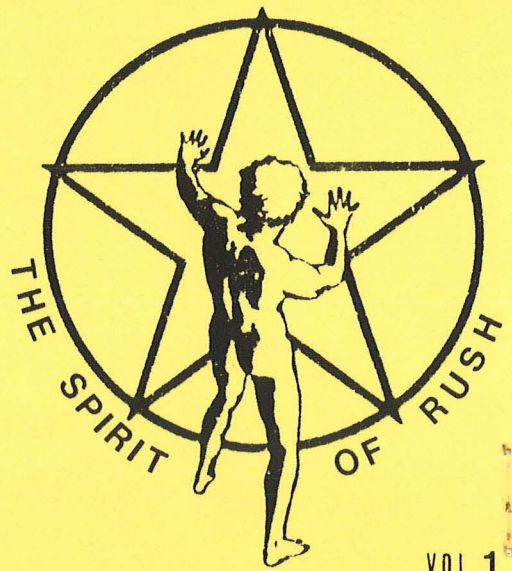
As you might already have noticed, (if like me, you read the interesting item's before the editorials.) Because of a lack of original material, i've had to resort to reprinting a number of article's from the past 12 year's or so. I've tried to be as selective as possible, and include item's that many reader's may not have seen before (especially european fan's, in the case of Neil's introduction's to the Grace Under Pressure, and Power Window's tour programme's are concerned). For this reason, i'm appealing to you to contribute to the fanzine in anyway you feel able to. I need your contributions to keep the Zine interesting, so if your artistic why not try your hand at putting pictures to Neil's lyrics. (A'LA Dave Hornsby and Floyd Hughes) if you can't manage a whole song, how about a single drawing instead. On the other hand, you may feel you have a writer inside you trying to get out, don't worry i have a mission for you as well, anybody willing to write comprehensive features on the following subjects-Radio Station Promo's (Innerview, Westwood One, King Biscuit, BBC Rock Hour etc.) Bootlegs (Discs, Tapes and Video's) Promo 7" and 12" singles, albums etc. Picture sleeve singles, posters, even the just released compact discs. Would you please contact me as soon as possible, obviously these and many more subjects could be covered in depth in future issues, including of course the new album due for release in the near future, (July/August maybe) The balls in your court.

From issue 2 i hope to start a letters page called 'SIGNALS' What Else! so if you can't manage a drawing or a long written piece, why not write a letter instead? long or short it's not important, what is important is your opinion so, do please use the letters column to express it. Remember it's your fanzine please use it as such!

One last request for help, please send in complete lists of your entire Rush collections (including catalogue numbers etc). So a list can be compiled of Rush collectables, to help fellow fans in their search for elusive items.

A piece of news before i sign off, in this month's issue of 'Modern Drummer' magazine (May 87 no 90) available on import for £2.25, at most large record stores and selected newsagents, you will find a free flexi disc, containing a new Neil Peart drum solo called 'Pieces of Eight', hunt down a copy, i know you wont be disappointed.

Spread the word about 'The Spirit of Rush', there are 1000's of Rush fans out there, lets make sure they all get a copy! Thanks for your support.



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THE ONE THAT STARTED IT ALL !!

GEOFF BARTON'S REVIEW OF 'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE' FROM 'SOUND'S' NOV 1976 ISSUE

So the saga of the live double album continues. And in the true tradition of the Cult's 'On Your Feet Or On Your Knees', Kiss' 'Alive!' and Bob Seger's 'Live Bullet', Rush are up there with the best of them.

A three man Canadian band, 'All The World's A Stage' is Rush's fifth album, said to signify 'the end of the beginning, a milestone to mark the close of chapter one, in the annals of Rush'.

And 'Milestone' is right. Recorded over three nights at Toronto's Massey Hall, the LP literally seethes with mature heavy rock power, a live album to end all live albums.

Already Rush's biggest-selling record so far in America, 'All The World's A Stage' contains some of the best tracks from past band LPs, all performed immaculately, energetically and aggressively.

Rush have taken the traditional three man heavy metal line up and made it into something infinitely interesting. Musicianship is of a high standard although sometimes a little mechanical-the sound is at once brutal and then supremely subtle. But what really raises the band above the ordinary is the fact that they pursue themes usually left untouched by all but the most pretentious of outfits approaching them from fresh, highly original and exciting angles.

I'm talking about Tolkienesque fantasy, Moorcock-like sword and sorcery and historical and science-fiction tales, all handled, on one form or another, by the group.

Take this album's opening track, 'Bastille Day', The music is 'metal riffarama, but the lyrics are rather less basic-

'And we're marching to Bastille Day La guillotine will claim her bloody prize sing o' choirs of cacophony The king has kneeled, to let his kingdom rise.'

Makes a change from 'oooh babe, I'm gonna leave you' doesn't it?

Side one continues with 'Anthem'-

'Anthem of the heart and mind A funeral dirge for eyes gone blind We marvel after those who sought New wonders in the world they wrought'

-and concludes with the impeccable 'Fly By Night', the head-shaking 'In The Mood' and the rousing 'Something For Nothing'.

Side two opens with the relatively peaceful 'Lakeside Park', which acts as a low-key introduction to '2112', a 15 minute tour de force.

'2112' is the title of the band's last studio album. A conceptual effort, the extended rock extravaganza tells the tale of life in the 22nd century, when the world is under the thumb of a group of harsh rulers called the Priests Of The Temple Of Syrinx. The song itself, via several powerful passages, chronicles one man's fight against the Priest's evil domination.

On 'All The World's A Stage', the band construct and perform the many-faceted story supremely well, considering their inherent limitations as a three piece outfit. The use of tapes heightens '2112's' dramatic quality especially at the end when a voice booms, 'Attention all planets of the solar federation'-we have assumed control', and then echoes away into the distance while the crowd cheers.

Side three is even better, detailing the bloody battle between 'By-Tor And The Snow Dog'. This, another epic Rush tale, has come on by leaps and bounds since it first appeared on the 'Fly By Night' album.

Guitarist Alex Lifeson plays the Snow Dog. He has to defend the 'Overworld' against the might of By-Tor ('Knight of darkness, centurion of evil, the Devil's price') whose part is taken by bassist and vocalist Geddy Lee. After a frenetic introduction there ensues a guitar-bass battle - and after much howling and growling, Snow Dog emerges the victor, By-Tor being banished back to his shadowy domain. Great.

Side four is straight ahead rock 'n' roll, which balances things out quite nicely, Three tracks only, all from the band's first album- 'Working Man', leading into 'Finding My Way' and the encore 'What You're Doing'. Less structured than the other three sides, here we have room for some reeling guitar improvisation and soaring, spontaneous plant-like screams from Geddy Lee. Direct, hard-hitting and powerful to the Nth degree. Rush are probably the best undiscovered band in Britain at the moment I strongly recommend you to check them out, now!

(GEOFF BARTON)

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

mercury press kit 1976

It is only natural that Rush's supreme album is the new double live LP, "All The World's A Stage" on Mercury. Since the release of their debut album two years ago Rush has spent nearly all its time touring, either in the U.S. or Canada, except for time out to record their first four LP's.

In fact, it was four days after release of the debut album, "Rush," that the group started its first U.S. trek. A mere six days before, Neil Peart (drums) had joined Geddy Lee (bass and vocals) and Alex Lifeson (guitar) after the previous drummer left because of ill health.

The first tour lasted from August 19, 1974 through December 20, with Rush working as an opening act to Uriah Heep and later Rory Gallagher. At nearly all the gigs, the group got at least one encore, a good sign that Rush was to become a band to be reckoned with. Another sign was record sales -- which jumped from 10,000 to 70,000 during the tour.

In January of 1975, the trio recorded "Fly By Night," which solidified the U.S. market and broke them wide open in their native Canada, enabling Rush to win the 1975 Juno Award (the Canadian Grammy) as most promising new group.

A four-month U.S. tour with Aerosmith and Kiss followed, with Rush usually receiving two encores per show. The band then returned to the north country for its first headlining tour, including a sellout at the prestigious Massey Hall in their hometown of Toronto, where they eventually recorded "All The World's A Stage."

In mid-July, Rush recorded its third LP, "Caress Of Steel," soon afterwards departing for yet another four-month U.S. trek, but this time appearing as special guest stars in certain markets and headlining in other cities. Meanwhile sales in areas such as Sweden, Germany and Holland put them in the star category, and fan clubs popped up in Japan.

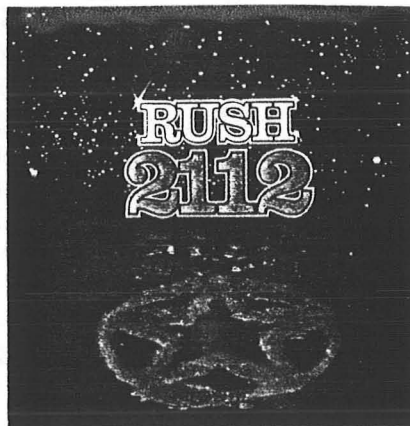
During March of this year came the album that was to take Rush beyond the cult status it had acquired in the U.S. -- "2112." One side was a futuristic tale of life on another planet where individuality and creativity have been stamped out with computers controlling everything. The other side was conventional songs. Both sides carried the Rush trademark of hard rock.

The album exploded soon after release and became their biggest LP to date, more than doubling the sales of any previous effort.

In Canada, the group is even bigger than in the States, as witnessed by three of its first four albums qualifying for gold awards. The strength of Rush in its native country is best shown in the three dates the group did at Massey Hall in Toronto for the "All The World's A Stage" recording. The three shows were sold out in advance setting a house attendance record.

The double LP from those shows is a testament as well as proof (if anyone still needs it) that Rush is at its best in concert setting. The album is sequenced exactly like a Rush concert: The opening excitement of "Bastille Day," the astonishing recreation of the concept side of "2112," through the stunning "Working Man/Finding My Way" medley, plus the encore.

The constant touring has begun to pay off big for Rush this year. More than ever, people are recognizing the group for what it is: The finest hard rock outfit in North America.

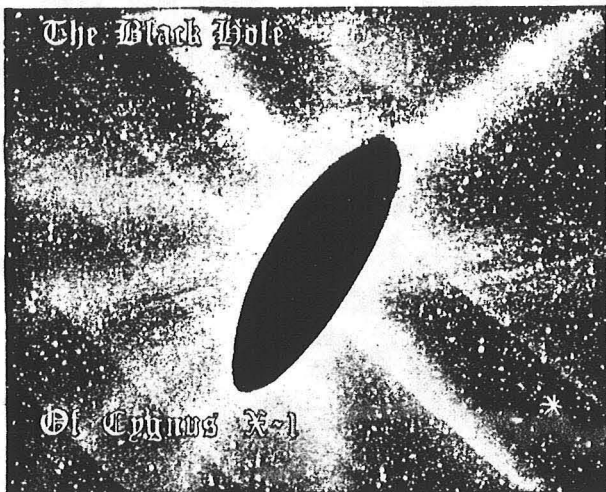




PROLOGUE

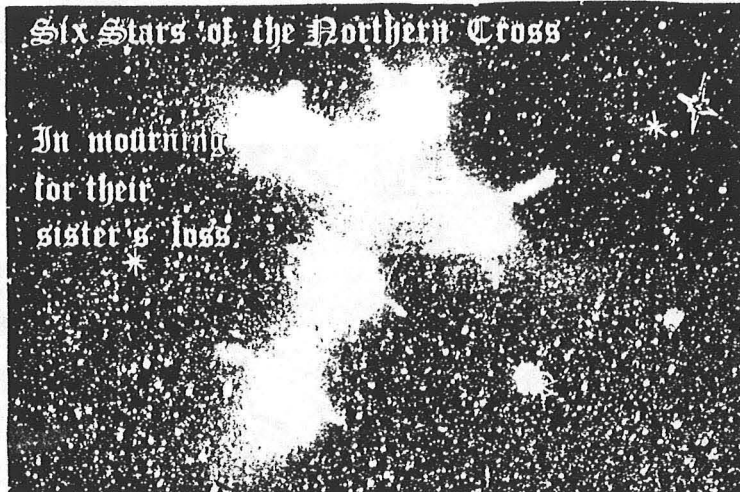
In the constellation of Cygnus

There lurks a mysterious, invisible force



The Black Hole

Of Cygnus X-1



Six Stars of the Northern Cross

In mourning
for their
sister's loss



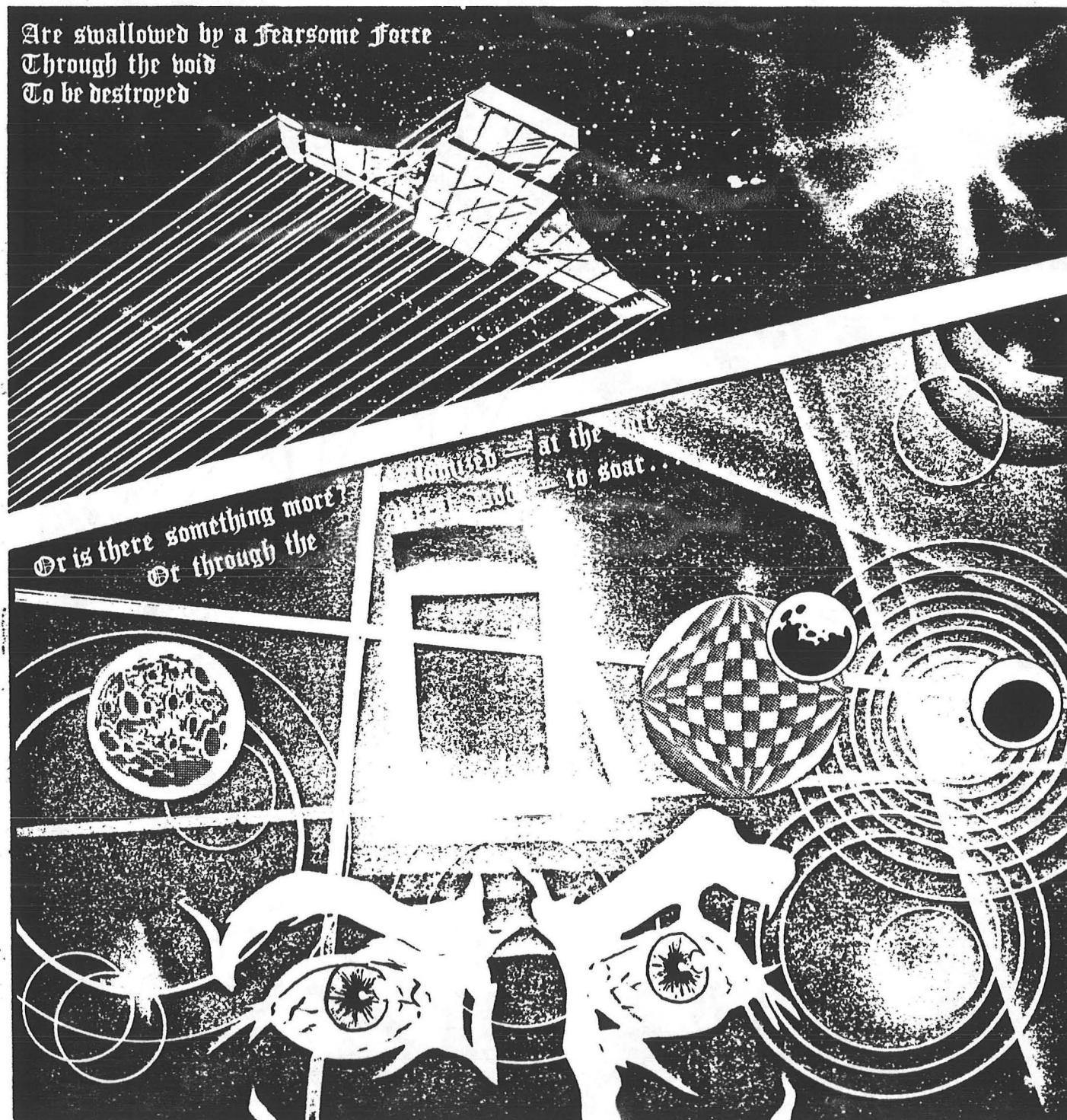
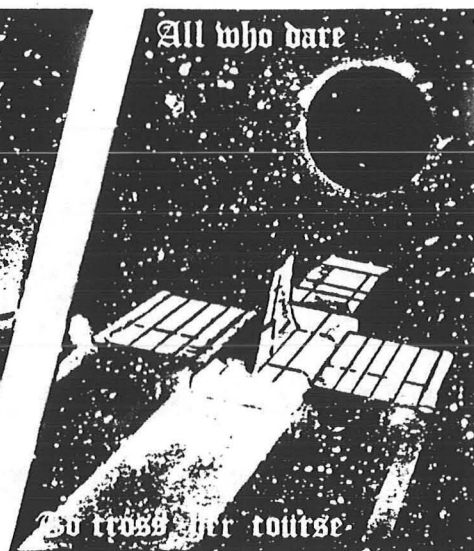
In a final flash of glory

Forevermore in grace the night

DI 79

words : NEIL PEART (RUSH) pictures : DAVE HORNSBY

Dedicated to RUSH





I set a course just east of Lyra
And northwest of Pegasus

Flew into the light of Deneb

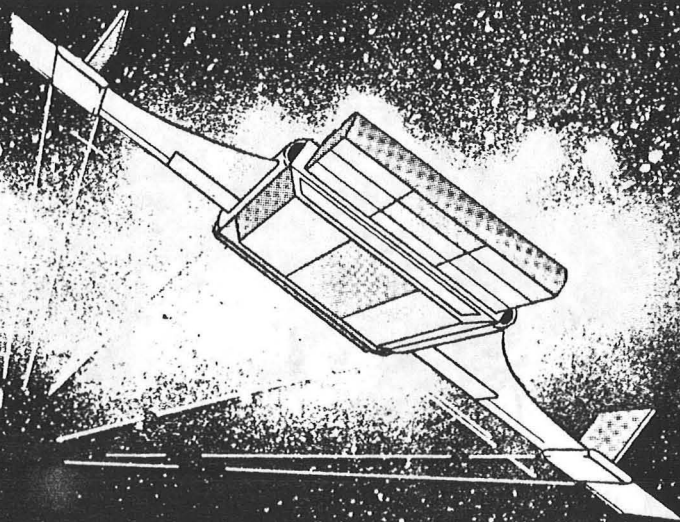
Sailed across the Milky Way

On my ship, the 'Rocinante'

Wheeling through
the galaxies

Heading for the heart of
Cygnus

Headlong into mystery



My ship cannot resist her long



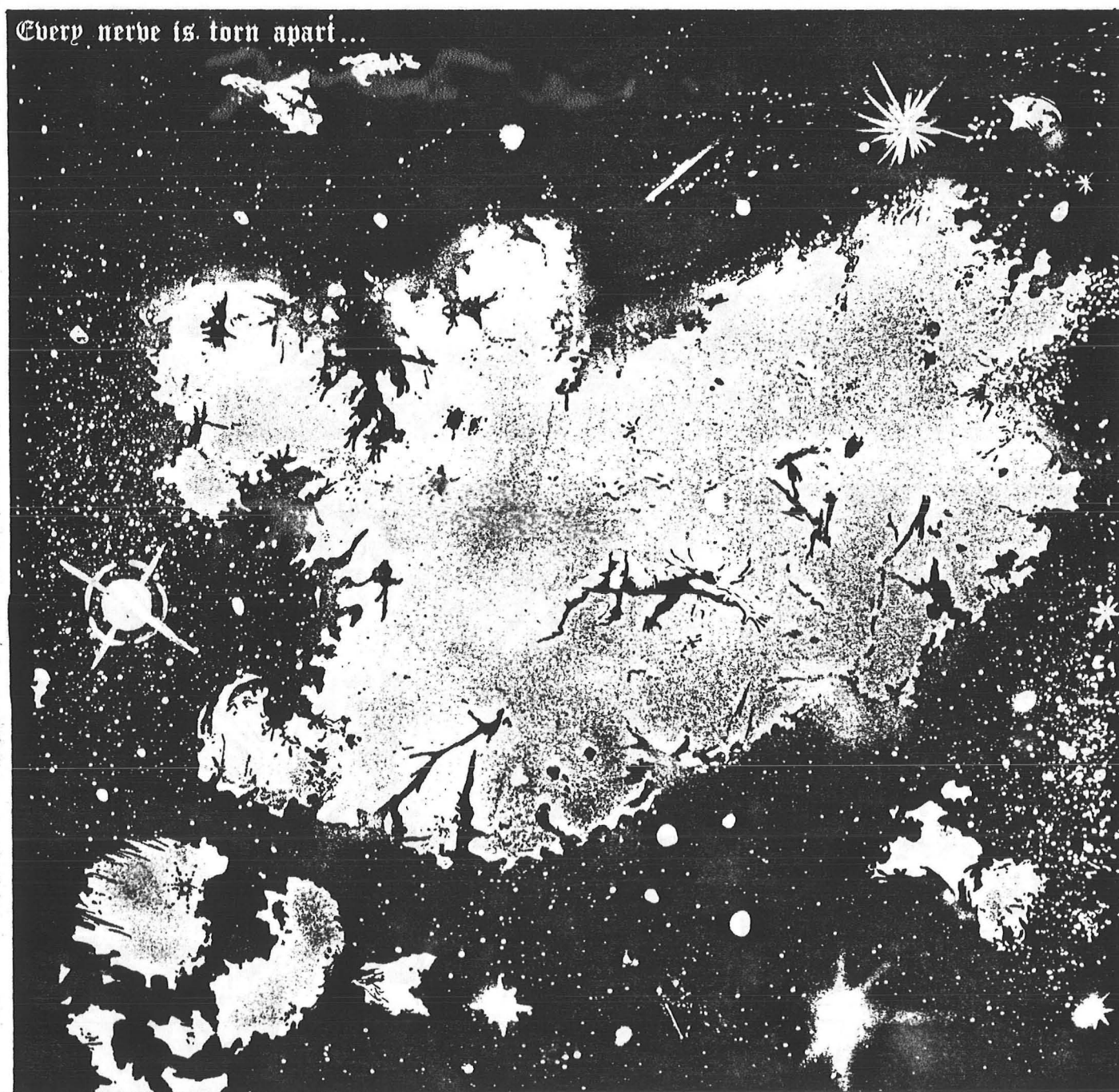
Nearer to my deadly goal

Until
the Black Hole —
Gains control...

Spinning, whirling Still descending
Like a spiral sea,
Unending



Every nerve is torn apart...



to be continued

PRESSURE RELEASE

By Neil Peart

from the
1984

10
4

tour
book

Grace Note... Now let me just think about this. I guess shortly after the release of our "Signals" album we began to think and talk of the future. In the early part of the tour, our long-time friend and co-producer, Terry Brown, flew down to meet with us in Miami. After the show, riding on our bus through the dark and steamy Florida night, we sat back, drinks in hand, to discuss our future course.

Alex, Geddy and I had been discussing these things for a while now, and had decided that it was time for us to strike out on our own, and try working with someone else. We wanted, no needed to find out if someone, perhaps from a different background, might have different approaches and different techniques to offer to both our music and our sound.

Under Line... It was important (and difficult) for us to express to Terry that this in no way signified a dissatisfaction or lack of confidence in him. It was just that after almost ten years and eleven albums together, we had evolved into a comfortable and efficient recording team, the four of us, and could even pretty well predict each others' opinions and reactions to different ideas. As positive as this situation may sound, this was exactly what we were worried about.

Pressure Point... Still, it is no easy thing to tell someone that after all this time you want to work with someone else for a change-and still harder to be told it. It was tough for us, and it was tough for Terry. We had been through so much together, and he has contributed so much to our development and refinement-both as people and musicians. It was awkward, difficult, and even a bit painful, but we had to do it or always wonder "what if we had?" While objectively one may recognize the right thing to do, subjectively it's sometimes too easy to rationalize the easy way out. We had to cut the umbilical cord.

Grace Note... At first, "The Great Producer Hunt" was a lot of fun. We searched through the credits of albums we liked, and we made lists. Tried to figure out "who did what to whom." Was the producer or the artist more responsible for the ideas and textures that we were responding to? Would so-and-so be of more benefit to us in a creative, musical sense, than would so-and-so in an interpretive, production sense? This kind of stuff is fun.

Under Line... But it was time to get serious. People were contacted. Who is available? During our European tour in the spring of '83, we met with a number of producers and engineers of the English persuasion. "Well, so-and-so has a really nice manner, but so-and-so really seems to know a lot!" We talked and talked with them about sound, about music, about other people they had worked with, about Method, about Technique, about studios and effects. If nothing else we learned a lot just from all that talking. Then we talked among ourselves, wondering. We made a decision- We would pick Mr. So-and-so!

Pressure Point... And everything seemed pretty nice for a while there. We met again with the illustrious Mr. So-and-so, discussed our mutual ideas, criticisms, habits, and tastes, and we came to a seeming understanding.

Then, only two weeks before we were to start working on new material, we got The Call. "Mr. So-and-so has decided that he's not the right person for the job." Right. Great.

Grace Note... Naturally, we were a bit shaken at first-wind out of the sails etc-but it turned out to be a very positive time for us. Another list was made, more people contacted. Who is available? Who is interested? Time was growing shorter, but we were determined to find someone. Some people urged us to go ahead and do it on our own, as we certainly could have done, but our intention had been to work with someone new-and we were going to! All of our unemployed friends began to volunteer.

Under Line... The important thing was, we were suddenly totally on our own, responsible to make the decisions and set the wheels in motion. Of course, there were people behind us to help with the organizing and contacting, but the rest was up to us. This really drew us ~~together~~ and gave us a strong resolve and a mutual determination to make a really ~~great~~ record. Doing well is the best revenge.

So, we contacted Mr. Whosis, yet another English producer of great musical and technical ability. We met with him up at our rehearsal place, and he had much to contribute in terms of arrangement and interpretive ideas. He seemed to be very interested in working with us as well, and just had to sort out "a few complex little problems" in order to free himself to do the project. Great!

Pressure Point... Not so great. These "complex little problems" are somehow insurmountable, and Mr Whosis cannot make himself available. For crying out loud!! Now, this began to shake our confidence a little. "What are we-chopped liver?"

Back to the list again. Who is available? Who is interested? Of course by now we are getting closer and closer to the time booked for the studio, and week by week we are postponing it. And, naturally enough, a lot of the people with whom we would have been interested in working, are already committed to other things by now Yikes!

Grace Note... All was not doom and gloom, however, in mid-August we had begun to work on new material, and we poured our determination and angst into that. On the first night, while we were just "banging around," we put together the three parts of what would become "Between the Wheels." Within a few days we had written "Kid Gloves" and "Afterimage", and we, at least, began to feel more confident with ourselves. By the end of three weeks we had written and made rough "demos" of those three, plus "Red Sector A" and "The Body Electric." We had that to be happy for!

Under Line... The fact that we had already booked studio time wasn't the only deadline hanging over our heads. Anticipating that we would have everything sorted out by then, we had agreed to play a series of shows at Radio City Music Hall in New York in mid-September. Not having played live since early summer meant that we would need a week of rehearsals to get toned up for that.

Our usual habit after writing new songs was to go out and play a few small shows, a few big shows, and then go right into the studio. This time we had felt it would be suitably dangerous to come right out of hibernation and on to one of the most prestigious stages in the world. (Weren't we brave!) Since we were definitely not ready for the studio as yet, we returned from New York to the rehearsal place and continued working on material while we were looking for Mr Good-ear.

Pressure Point... And the hunt continued. Phone calls, telegrams and telexes flew around the world. Anyone we could think of whose work we liked, we contacted, no matter how unlikely they seemed. More people were brought in to see us. Messrs. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Epsilon came over, and we went through a quadruple *deja-vu* repeating the same conversations about what we wanted from a producer, what we wanted from our music, what they had done, what they could do, what was important, what wasn't, - etc, etc, etc, "Just two things we're looking for in a producer: ideas and enthusiasm."

Grace Note... We adopted "Roger Kneebend" as our mascot producer-a ten inch tall action-doll (formerly owned by Geddy's son Julian), replete with flippers and wet suit. He was placed prominently atop Alex's tape machine-so he could stay on top of the recording! (Groan)

Then it became four things we required in a producer: ideas, enthusiasm, flippers- and a wet suit so we can spit at him! Yep, we were losing it!

Under Line... It was a tough thing we were putting these guys through. By this time we had written and recorded "Distant Early Warning," and "The Enemy Within," and had begun work on "red lenses," Our method was to talk in general ways to each of the "candidates" until we began to feel a bit comfortable with each other, and then at some point play them all of these songs-and expect them to offer intelligent criticism and suggestions. Then, on the second day we would choose a song for which they had some ideas, and work on it together. No questions. They were on the spot in a big way-but so were we!

Pressure Point... Peter Henderson was a bit of an unknown quantity to us at the time, but perhaps because of that we had high hopes for him. He arrived from England one sunny afternoon, and we greeted each other a bit nervously. We sat on the floor of the rehearsal room amid all of our gear, and, like dogs meeting in the road, we sort of metaphorically sniffed 'round each other. As so often happens, friendship and mutual respect began to grow out of a discussion of other peoples' music. Shared likes and dislikes on such a personal subject can be so important. One of the things that most impressed us about Peter immediately was that he was obviously-like-ourselves-a tremendous fan of music. If we spoke of a group or a song that we liked, it was in terms of the second song on side two, or the third track, side one-knowing the titles and the order-the way a fan does. Not as if we were "talking shop," but just talking about a subject that interested us all. This we liked.

Grace Note... After dinner that night we played him the songs, and went through that same rap again about the flaws in the songs, what we really wanted it to be like, our feelings about perspectives and possible improvements, and what did he think about this or that idea?

Well, he thought the kind of things that we hoped he would, and expressed them in a very intelligent and confident way. When he had left the room that night, the three of us turned to look at each other-smiling and nodding. Eureka!

But, we were still pretty insecure from our previous disappointments. Would he feel he was "the right man for the job"? Would he have some "complex little problems" which he had to sort out? Would he disappear and never be heard from again? Probably

We determined to ask him first thing in the morning if he would like to commit himself to the project. After breakfast, we told him that we felt he was the man, and asked him if he were interested.

"Well," he replied with a dry English smile, "I wouldn't have come all the way over here if I wasn't interested, would I?"

"Alright!" "Great!", we chorused. Then someone thought to add: "Oh, by the way-do you have a wet suit?"

Under Line... So away we went, off to Le Studio to finally begin recording. We could hardly believe it! These songs had been demoed, rearranged, and demoed again so many times-we thought it would be easy. (Ha!) Of course, we had to get to know each other, to develop a working relationship-and start to have some fun with each other. It was around this time that the title "Grace Under Pressure" was suggested. Not only was it relevant to many of the songs, but it was also rather fitting to the way this album was going. The fact that we didn't always exhibit this quality made it none the less a desirable one! It seemed appropriate.

Pressure Point... I have mentioned that we had worked with the same co-producer for a long time now, so we had to (and were determined to) start right from the ground up in making things as different as we could. For myself it was a welcome opportunity to try some new approaches. It would be easy to just do what we had had good results from in the past.

So; I am hitting different things out in the studio, Peter is twiddling different things in the control room, both of us a bit wary of the other. Suggestions and opinions are exchanged, we try some more different things, and a good basic sound is finally achieved. We move on to the bass, then the guitar sounds, and soon we are working away at "Distant Early Warning."

Grace Note... 1983 was a tough year for many people, no question about it-but wasn't the weather nice? I can't remember a more glorious summer, nor-and some may disagree-a more glorious winter. Our time off before the writing, and the August and September of the writing period, were so hot and incessantly sunny that it was almost tropical. (And as much of a struggle sometimes as in the tropics to get any work done!) Then while we were in the studio from November into March, it was bitter cold and we had tons of snow, Five or six feet of it must have fallen through the winter-heaven for the cross-country skier. (Me)

The crew arrived to load in at the studio with the first big storm of winter, ill-prepared in running shoes and light jackets. Early that first morning, they were all off to "Mickey's" in Morin Heights, to return resplendently clad in giant green hunting boots and very attractive ski jackets.

Our crew also are very "graceful under pressure."

Under Line... Yes, it was a year of crisis and tragedy-both globally and on the home front. While we were at "Writing camp", the Toronto Globe & Mail was delivered to our doors each morning. Since it was there, I found myself reading it over breakfast every day, before I would start working on lyrics. The topics of the day, especially as expressed in the editorials and letters to the editor, were necessarily on my mind, and this circumstance affected the lyrics to certain songs profoundly. This was the time of the Korean 747 murders, the on-going cruise missile controversies, acid rain (one of my pet projects) was large in the Canadian news, wars raged everywhere-and we, our families, and our friends were trying to cope with economics, death, illness, stress, romantic problems, unemployment, and depression. (Well, not all at once!) Songs like "Distant Early Warning," "red Lenses," and "Between the Wheels" were definately interwoven with these thoughts and feelings. Like the newsman Peter Trueman says: "That's not news, but that too is reality."

Pressure Point... There is a certain state of mind, not exclusive to musicians, which is called (in medical terms) "The Black Ass." Things in your life may be whirling just a little beyond your control, it may be "one of those days" when humanity and fate conspire to throw obstacles in your way- or maybe you're just "too tired." Everybody gets their share of dark clouds.

You're working away at a song that you know can be good, but it just won't be. You sit in the studio with aching hands and heavy heart, unable to deliver the performance that the song demands, after grinding it out for too long. You listen to a playback of something, and when it's over, no-one says anything. Pregnant silences. Avoiding eyes. (Anyone know a good joke?)

A certain tension descends at these times. The room is silent. Everyone knows something is wrong, but no-one really wants to be the one to say "it ain't right." To criticize is to presuppose an alternative, to suggest an idea is to put your own pride on the line, to expose your vulnerability to possible rejection and disagreement. To listen to someone else's idea, with which you perhaps do not agree, is a challenge to your objectivity and self-control. It's hard to say what's right about it before you say what's wrong about it.

Handle with kid gloves, handle with kid gloves, indeed.

Grace Note... Oh well, of course we had some fun too! The "Commons" hotel was sometimes a welcome watering-hole at the end of the day (or night, really). We played volleyball until the snow got too deep, tried to drive the rental car across the lawn after the snow got too deep. (Alex's idea, naturally) We practised our "snow-diving" off of the porch into two or three feet of fresh snow. Skip and Larry decorated the little guest cottage, (The Little House on the Driveway), with Christmas lights and a wreath. Peter, Alex, Geddy and Larry got up early to play tennis, I got up early to go skiing, Skip got up early to come home from the "Commons," and Jack got up early to roll over.

And yes, from time to time we had visitors from "The Outside"-a brief interlude with families or friends made a terrific change from looking at each other all the time. The great people at the studio, Andre's wonderful food, and the fantastic library of movies ("The Man With Two Brains" was a big hit this time) helped to provide diversion and make us as comfortable as we could be (considering our condition!).

We enjoyed a pleasant day in Ottawa, having ourselves immortalized by the famous portrait photographer, Yousuf Karsh. It was an inspiring and elevating experience to sit before the lens of the portrayer of kings, queens, presidents, popes, astronauts, authors, scientists, and film stars. And there he was taking an album cover photo for bums like us! It was wonderful to see, at his seventy-five years of age, his tremendous energy, creativity and swift changes of mood. He provided us with a memorable and broadly applicable quote when told that the lights in the room were not independently adjustable: "That is not an answer that I can accept. That is not an answer that I can accept!" I wish I had said that! (I will, I will!)

Under Line... By this time we had completed the basic tracks, a couple of months of keyboard, guitar, percussion and vocal overdubs, and were beginning the mixing stage. It was all taking a lot of time, but at least things were always progressing

Throughout this period I was in daily (or twice, or thrice daily) communication with our art director Hugh Syme back in Toronto. He was "herniating" (his own word) over the cover painting, and I tried to offer what help I could over the phone,

without actually seeing it. (Difficult, you may imagine!) Detail after detail of the artwork was ironed out, the credits painstakingly compiled, the lyrics corrected and typed up for the typesetters, the photograph and the typeface chosen, inner sleeve and label desinged-until one day a transparency of the painting hangs on the window at the studio, beautifully lit by the sun on the snow behind it-and Hugh can get some sleep.

Pressure Point... But not us. By this time we were most decidedly late, as our record company and the advancing year were more than eager to remind us (as if we needed reminding!). The pressure was on, Fourteen hour days became the norm, with dinner hastily eaten right in the studio lounge. But why, after all, shouldn't the mixing be just as stubborn as everything else? (You expect a break, or what?)

Admittedly, in these few weeks things began to drag on a bit too long. It became more and more difficult to concentrate on a life outside the studio, life becomes so cloistered, like some weird monastery. One drifts farther and farther away from the everyday affairs of your family and friends. Mail piles up, neglected business rises higher, but everything seems somehow remote in the grip of this crazy obsession. Time to go away now!

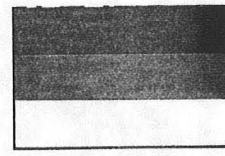
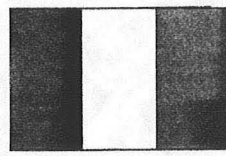
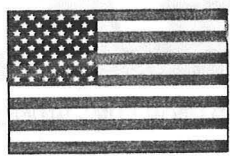
At this point we had another series of meetings, this time with video people. We had decided to try and get moving on that end of things as soon as we could. We knew we wanted to use several different directors, and do quite a few songs in different styles, but what songs?-and which directors? All of these songs would make good videos, but we only had so much time-actually so little time.

Saving Grace... But yes, finally it is done. Fans and critics have yet to pass their judgement, but we are well pleased. Our records tend to follow in cycles, some of them exploratory and experimental, others more cohesive and definitive. I think that this one, like "Moving Pictures," "Hemisphere," or "2112" before it, is a definitive one of its type. Really it defines its type. An indefinable thread, both musical and conceptual, emerges in a natural way, and links the diverse influences and approaches into an overall integrity.

Of course, to arrive at this happy station, all of the experimentation and exploration is shown to be worthwhile. We are glad that most of our fans understand, appreciate, and support this fact. As we approach our ten year milestone, it is more than ever important to remain true to our youthful ideas; to resist the urgings and demands of the shortsighted, the narrow-minded, and all those who are fearful of change.

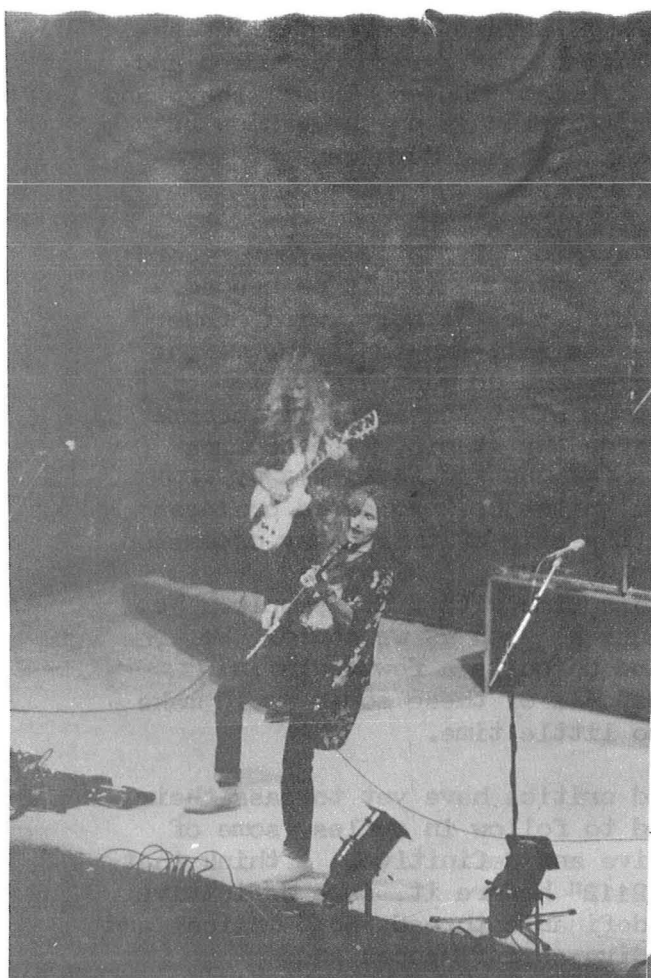
We like to think that we can adapt! We are determined to remain -as far as ever we can-graceful under pressure.

Or at least try not to scream out loud.

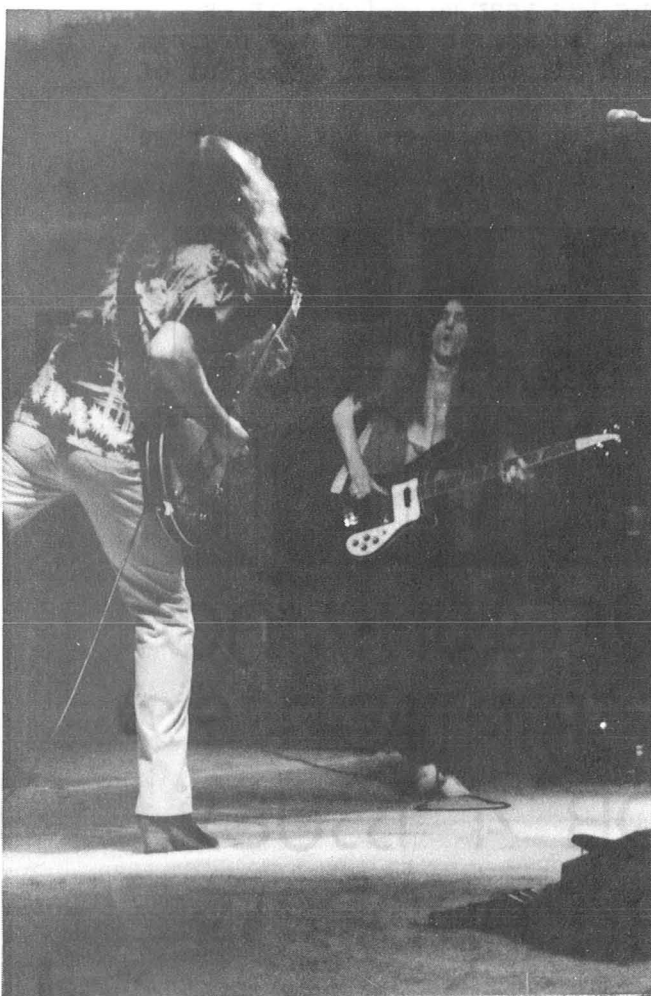


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HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON 1978



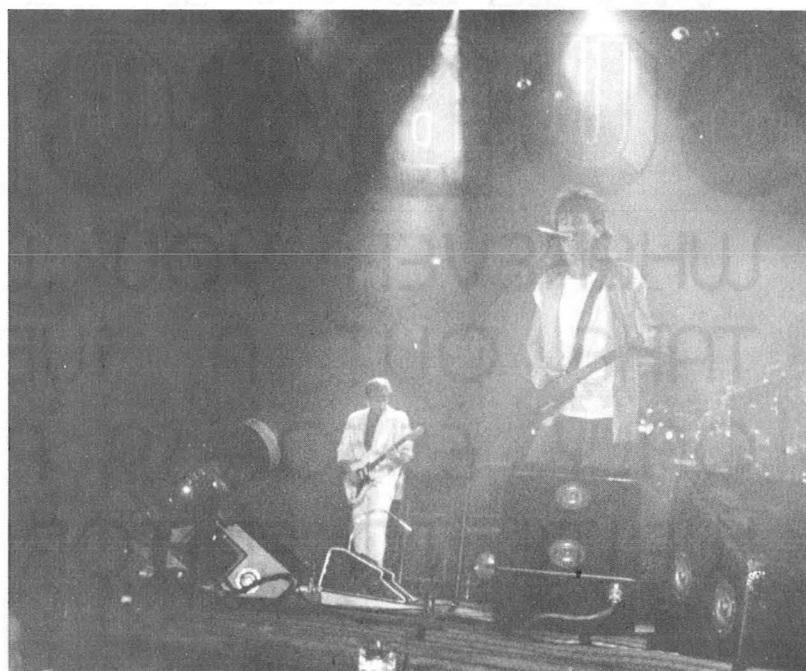
HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON 1979



MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM, BUFFALO, NEW YORK 1984



MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM, BUFFALO, NEW YORK 1984



MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM, BUFFALO, N.Y. 1984

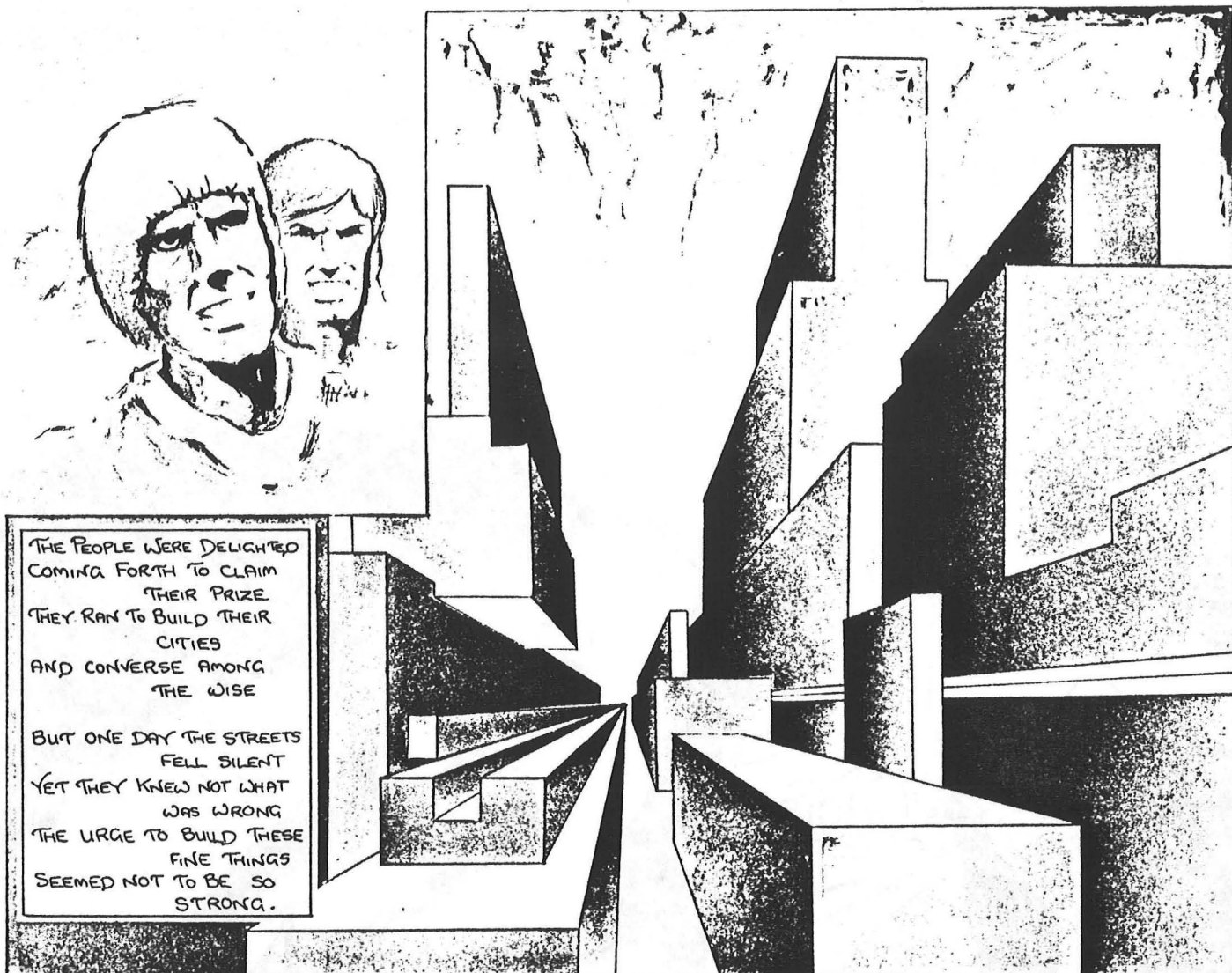


APOLLO ~ BRINGER OF WISDOM..

"I BRING TRUTH, AND UNDERSTANDING
I BRING WIT, AND WISDOM FAIR
PRECIOUS GIFTS BEYOND COMPARE
WE CAN BUILD A WORLD OF WONDER
I CAN MAKE YOU ALL AWARE"

"I WILL FIND YOU FOOD AND SHELTER
SHOW YOU FIRE TO KEEP YOU WARM
THROUGH THE ENDLESS WINTER STORM
YOU CAN LIVE IN GRACE AND COMFORT
IN THE WORLD THAT YOU TRANSFORM"






DIONYSUS ~ BRINGER OF LOVE.

"I BRING LAUGHTER, I BRING MUSIC
I BRING JOY, AND I BRING TEARS
I WILL SOOTHE YOUR PRIMAL FEARS
THROW OFF THOSE CHAINS OF REASON
AND YOUR PRISON DISAPPEARS."

"I BRING LOVE TO GIVE YOU
SOLACE
IN THE DARKNESS OF THE
NIGHT
IN THE HEART'S ETERNAL
LIGHT
YOU NEED ONLY TRUST YOUR
FEELINGS
ONLY LOVE CAN STEER YOU
RIGHT."





THE CITIES WERE ABANDONED
AND THE FORESTS ECHOED
SONG
THEY DANCED AND LIVED AS
BROTHERS
THEY KNEW LOVE COULD NOT
BE WRONG

FOOD AND WINE THEY HAD
A PLenty
AND THEY SLEPT BENEATH
THE STARS
THE PEOPLE WERE CONTENTED
AND THE GODS WATCHED
FROM AFAR.



BUT THE WINTER FELL UPON
THEM
AND IT CAUGHT THEM
UNPREPARED
BRINGING WOLVES AND COLD
STARVATION
AND THE HEARTS OF MEN
DESPAIRED...

ARMAGEDDON ~ THE BATTLE OF HEART AND MIND

THE UNIVERSE DIVIDED
AS THE HEART AND MIND
COLLIDED
WITH OUR PEOPLE LEFT
UNGUIDED
FOR SO MANY TROUBLED
YEARS



IN A CLOUD OF DOUBTS
AND FEARS
OUR WORLD WAS TORN
ASUNDER
INTO HOLLOW HEMISPHERES

SOME FOUGHT THEMSELVES, SOME FOUGHT
EACH OTHER
MOST JUST FOLLOWED ONE ANOTHER
LOST AND AIMLESS LIKE THEIR BROTHERS
FOR THEIR HEARTS WERE SO UNCLEAR
AND THE TRUTH COULD NOT APPEAR
THEIR SPIRITS WERE DIVIDED
INTO BLINDED HEMISPHERES.



SOME WHO DID NOT FIGHT
BROUGHT TALES OF OLD
TO LIGHT
MY 'ROCINANTE' SAILED
BY NIGHT
ON HER FINAL FLIGHT

TO THE HEART OF CYGNUS'
FEARSOME FORCE
WE SET OUR COURSE
SPARALLED THROUGH THAT
TIMELESS SPACE
TO THIS IMMORTAL PLACE

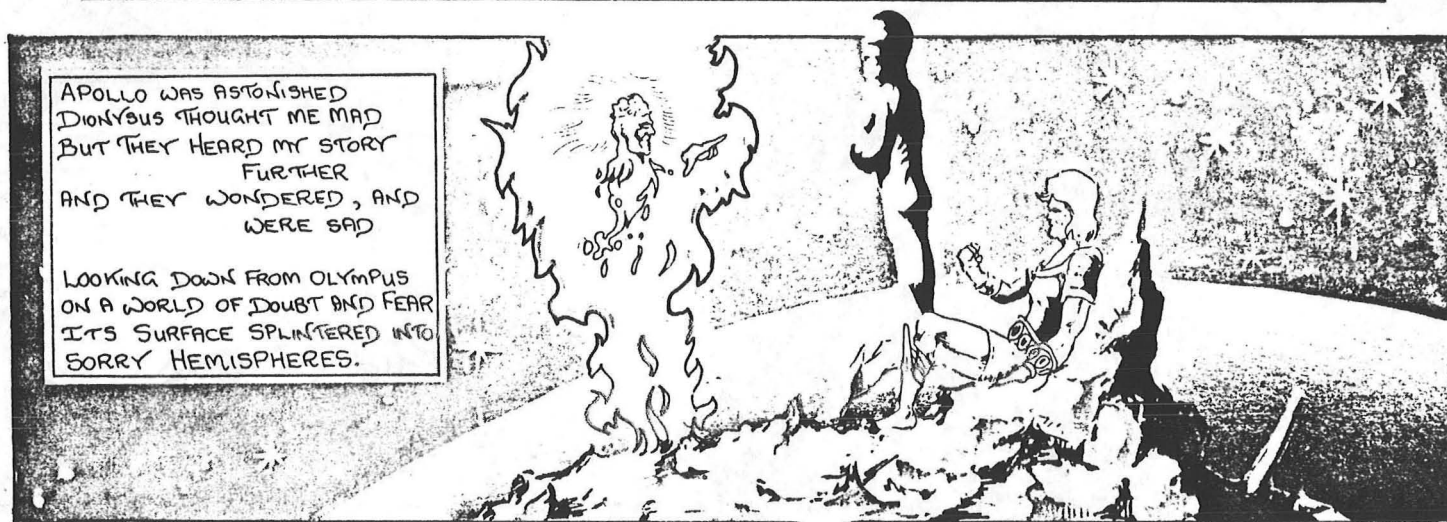
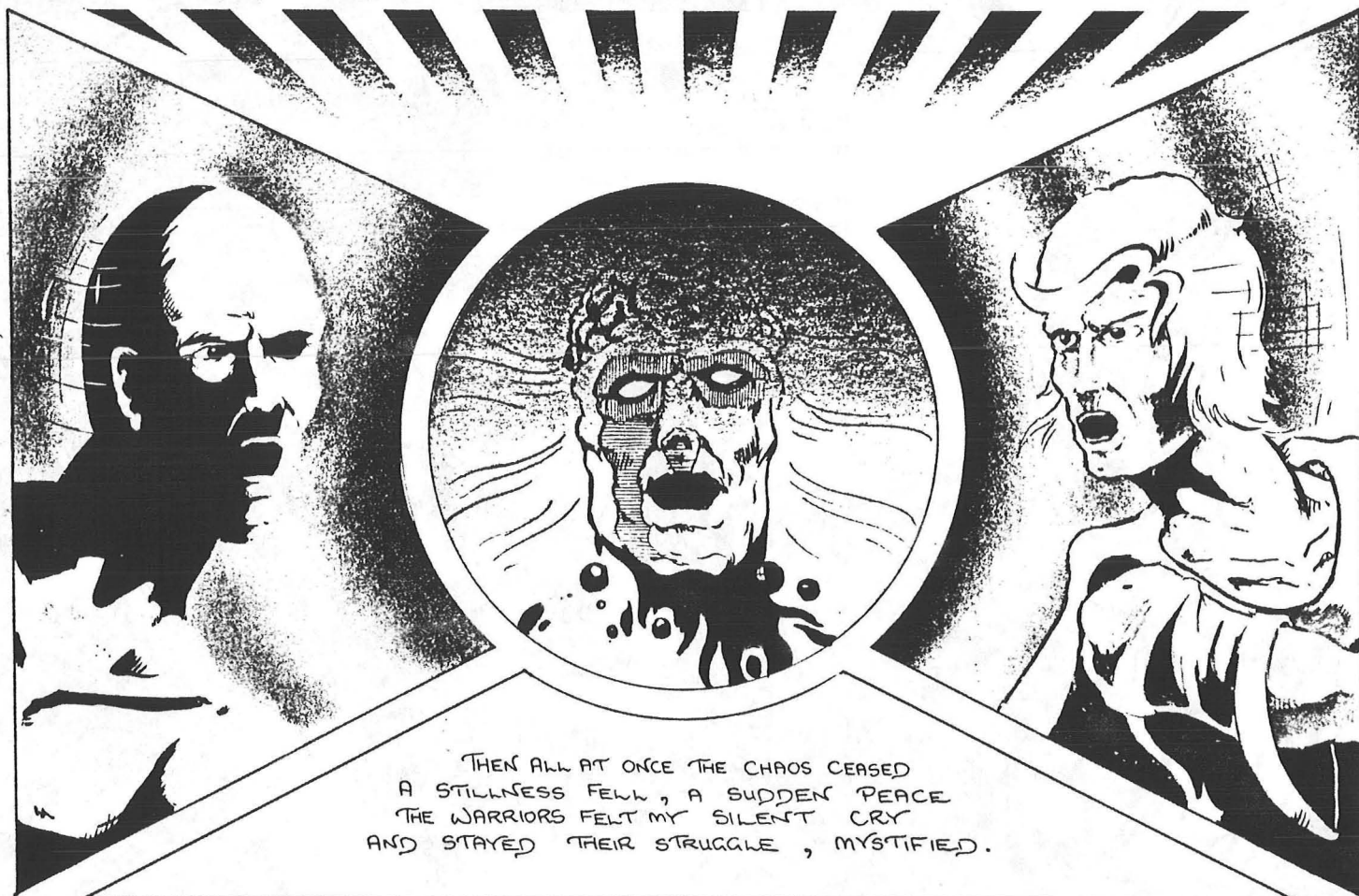


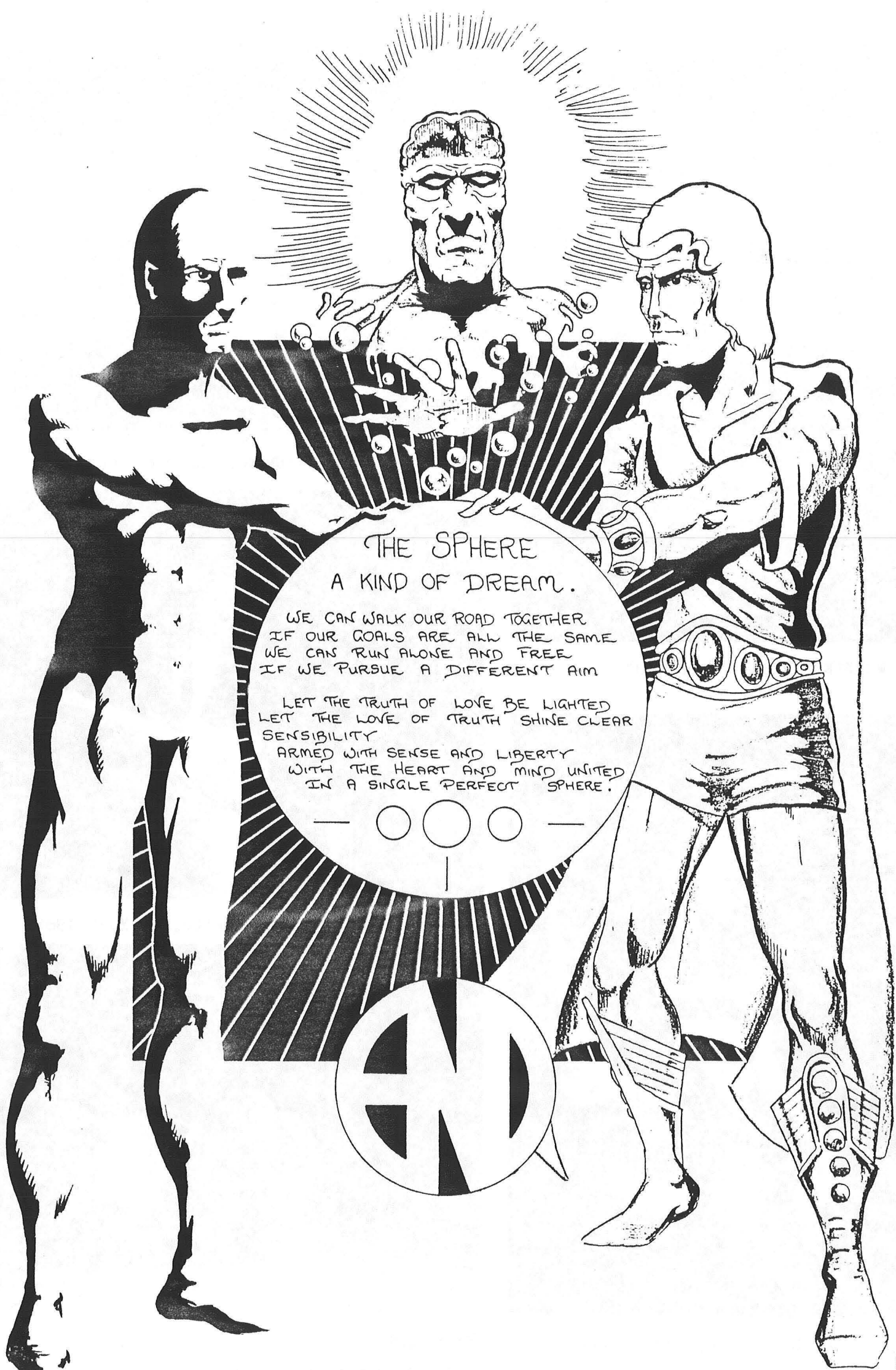
CYGNUS ~ BRINGER OF BALANCE

I HAVE MEMORY AND AWARENESS
BUT I HAVE NO SHAPE OR
FORM
AS A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT
I AM DEAD AND YET UNBORN.

I HAVE PASSED INTO OLYMPUS
AS WAS TOLD IN TALES OF OLD
TO THE CITY OF IMMORTALS
MARBLE WHITE AND PUREST
GOLD.

I SEE THE GODS IN BATTLE RAGE
ON HIGH
THUNDERBOLTS ACROSS THE SKY
I CANNOT MOVE, I CANNOT HIDE
I FEEL A SILENT SCREAM BEGIN
INSIDE.

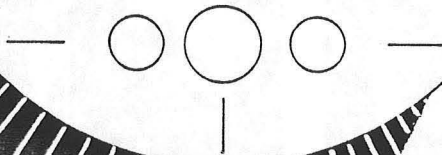


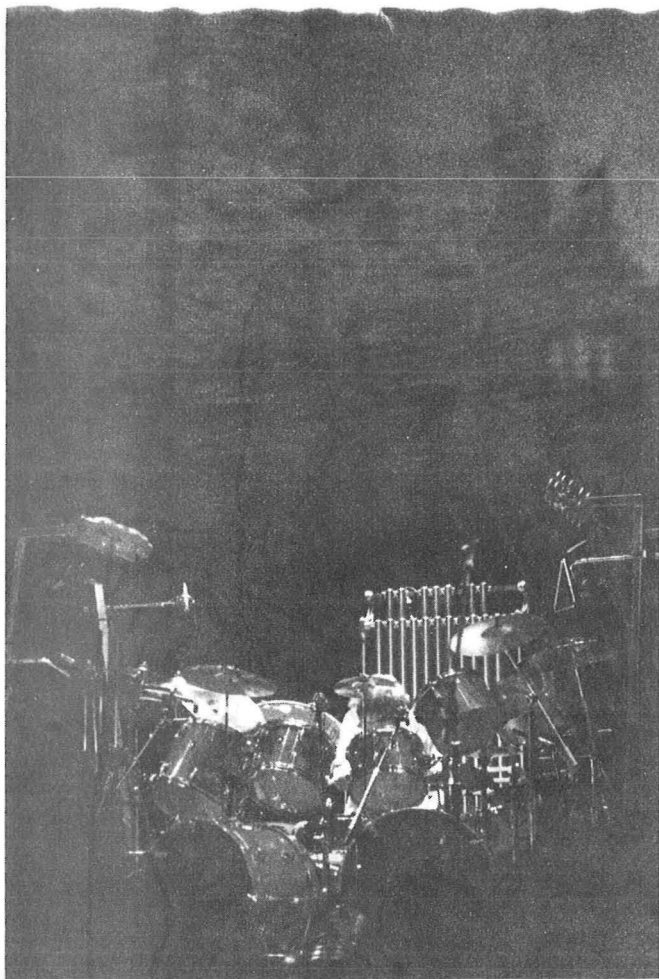


THE SPHERE A KIND OF DREAM.

WE CAN WALK OUR ROAD TOGETHER
IF OUR GOALS ARE ALL THE SAME
WE CAN RUN ALONE AND FREE
IF WE PURSUE A DIFFERENT AIM

LET THE TRUTH OF LOVE BE LIGHTED
LET THE LOVE OF TRUTH SHINE CLEAR
SENSIBILITY
ARMED WITH SENSE AND LIBERTY
WITH THE HEART AND MIND UNITED
IN A SINGLE PERFECT SPHERE.

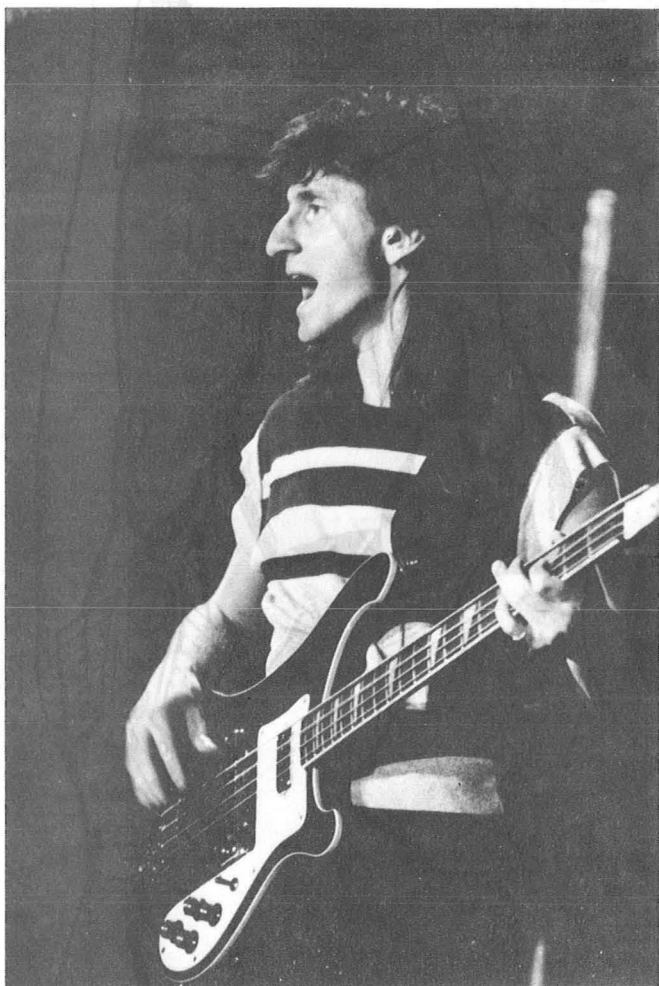




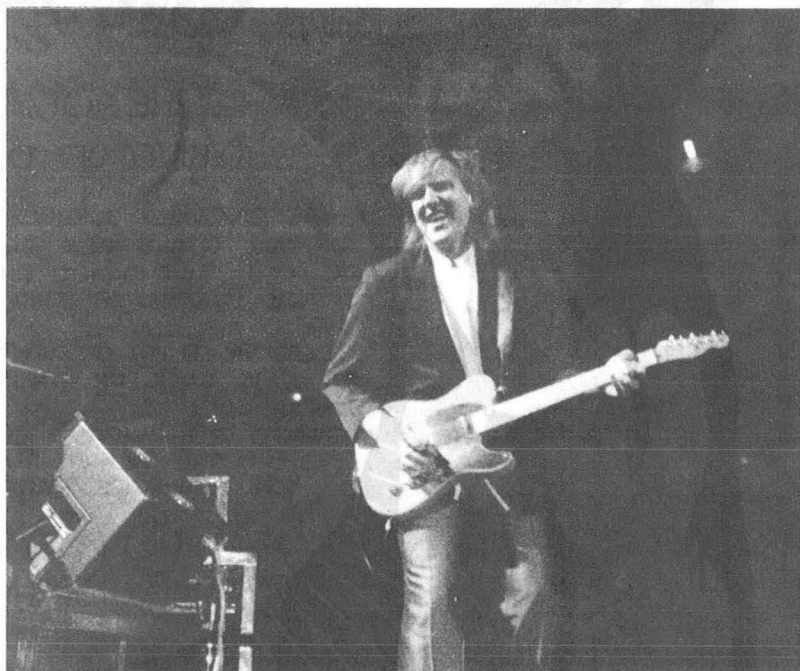
WEMBLEY ARENA, LONDON 1983



MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM, BUFFALO, NEW YORK 1986



WEMBLEY ARENA, LONDON 1983



MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM, BUFFALO, NEW YORK 1986



MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM, BUFFALO, NEW YORK 1986



ARTICLE FROM AN UNKNOWN CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF 1978



Across from the dressing-room door she stands, a single red rose keeping time against her plum-blushed cheek. Lips of Iced Espresso, rippled hair, soft silk winking down to tight jeans and high-lace boots- she stands apart from all others gathered this night for the Rush concert in Detroit's Cobo Hall. She has nothing in common with the actual crowd, mostly pimpled, totally ruffled with a solid month's anxiety that began when the Detroit police-as familiar with the rumors of riot as with the crack of wood on skullbone-forced the ticket offices to open early or else. There is no air of abandonment about this girl. She will not be like the one with the kung fu grip in San Diego who stormed the stage and tried to tear out the lead singer's throat. Nor will she be like the top-heavy girl in Atlanta who came up onto the stage to show the band her instruments. No: this one will wait. And see.

Behind the door opposite the girl is a table weighted down by caviar, shrimp, Courvoisier and Dom Perignon. And around the table sit the three members of Rush: Neil Peart, the cat-eyed drummer with the musketeer's moustache. Alex Lifeson, the blond guitarist with the prince valiant features, and Geddy Lee, the bass player and singer who is composed to a great extent of nose tissue and thick black hair. They neither eat nor drink. They read-a history of the Russian Revolution, a philosophy primer, the autobiography of Agatha Christie. Time measures faintly in turning pages.

But the silence is broken by a girl out-flanking the security guards and pushing through the door. She is not the one with the twirling rose, much younger, but is herself in full bloom, as evidenced by some careless buttoning. She must, absolutely must, speak to Neil Peart about the song he has written on black holes in outer space. "I read all about them in Reader's Digest, Neil," she says in a cranked-up cadence. "I saved the article for you ... they're so weird, I mean, aren't they? ... like there's nothing out there ..."

Nor up there, judging from Peart's total disinterest. He knows that this walking-talking blow-up doll who got lost in Reader's Digest could never comprehend, say, scientist Carl Sagan's theory on Cygnus X-1-the black hole of Peart's song that what is really out there is a binary star, two stars revolving about one another with only one being visible. The other, the black hole, exerts no light, but because it does have gravity it possesses a tremendous amount of pull.

If she could understand that, then perhaps she could also understand the odd phenomenon of Rush. All that light, all that is visible in Rush comes from the three members of the group. The pull, however, comes from a yellow spaniel of a man named Ray Danniels. Not so many months ago Danniels sat in his North Toronto office surrounded by depressing dry-walling, tile floors and two \$14 chairs, all of which have been replaced these days with huge plants, plush carpeting, brown corduroy chesterfields and pecan paneling. Over his expensive desk is nailed a wood-carved sign of one word: RESULTS! Back then, however, hanging over his head was a minus sign in front of the \$325,000 his company has sunk into Rush, a heavy third mortgage on his home and a lawsuit demanding a minimum of \$1.3 million in damages. Below all that an ulcer hissed.

But these days the stomach purrs. Six gold albums in Canada and three in the United States in less than two years, sales of roughly 4.5 million record albums worldwide, perhaps the best recording contract in the business (a \$250,000 advance on each new album and a remarkably high 16% royalty rate)... Today no one drives rusted-out Camaros. Counting Danniels and his business partner, Vic Wilson, Rush now travels by Rolls Royce, several Mercedes, a Jaguar, a Porsche and a Dinky display full of other play cars. And there are brand-new luxury homes to park them in front of. As for the big lawsuit brought against them by an American for breach of contract (he was supposed to be a full partner, but the deal went sour)-it has been erased efficiently by a \$250,000 out of court settlement.

A single red rose costs only a half dollar and in some ways seems a proper symbol for a far more exquisite time, a time long lost and kidded these days by lyrics such as the ones Rush has written: "Once we loved the flowers/Now we ask the price of land." But in the world of pop music the rose's message persists: do with me what you will.

Unfortunately for the girl with the rippled hair, the band doesn't even see it as they

charge out of the dressing room and up onto the stage, hurrying to deliver their own word.

The first chord from Alex Lifeson's guitar bulldozes up through \$100,000 of electrical connections and Geddy Lee's high falsetto cuts like a dentist's drill through what may well be the loudest sound in rock music. He stands front stage left, without his glasses, and his vision ends where the sheer night of smoke begins, meaning he can see into the heavy slugging and pushing of the front few rows, where the hall security guards are taking out life's small disappointments on 16-year-old heads, but he cannot see the Frisbee that darts out of the dark into his shin, or the marijuana roach that sparks against his face. "You can't," he has said just before the show, "tell whether they do it because they like you or hate you." About performing he has also said: "You stand there and you shut your eyes, you lean back and whhoooshh, there's this great roar, this wave of applause. And it grows and grows, and you feel it wash all over you, and you say "Wow! I did that! ..."

And the cheering grows. Lee launches into the title song to their latest album, *A Farewell To Kings*, the words rising out of the smoke like steam under pressure:

"When they turn the pages of history when these days have passed long ago Will they read of us with sadness for the seeds that we let grow?..."

Ah, but rock music used to be so simple, concerned as it was with hand-held fantasies. Rush will have none of that; the group even has its own literary mentor, Ayn Rand, the aging American author (*Atlas Shrugged*) and philosopher (*The Virtue Of Selfishness*) who has vehemently argued for decades that capitalism is "the only system geared to the life of a rational being." Rush reads her passionately and passes her philosophy on to a massive, young audience that otherwise would never hear of her. For Rand, who was sometimes seen as the Enemy Incarnate by the campus radicals of the Sixties, it is a surprising and triumphant comeback.

The Rand philosophy came to the group through 25-year-old Neil Peart, who writes most of the band's lyrics and who read *The Fountainhead* when he was growing up in St. Catharines, Ontario, and decided "For me it was a confirmation of all the things I, d felt as a teen-ager. I had thought I was a socialist like everyone else seemed to- you know, why should anyone have more than anyone else?-but now I think socialism is entirely wrong by virtue of man himself. It cannot work. It is simply impossible to say all men are brothers or that all men are created equal-they are not. Your basic responsibility is to yourself."

"For us, capitalism is a way of life," adds Lee. "It's an economic system built on those who can, do, and succeed at it. For us it's a very material way of life. Your material things should give you pleasure."

Alex Lifeson, of the three easily the least concerned with the Rand ideas, possibly puts the group's thinking in its best context when he talks about their sudden surge of spending money. "It feels good," he says. "It's our just reward for all the hard work."

Ten years ago Lee and Lifeson were 14-year-olds trying to find a meaning to their lives in Willowdale, Ont., shopping plazas. Lee was, in the words of a close friend at the time, "the ugliest-looking kid I ever saw," courtesy of a merciless brushcut that only accentuated his large ears. Lifeson had his own troubles: too much weight and a 12-letter last name no one could pronounce. They were a perfect contrast to their close friend, Steve Shutt, who was then a promising young hockey player with a cash-register future and fame obviously waiting for him. Trouble was, they wanted the same things out of life.

"You could tell even then," says Shutt, now the star left-winger with the Montreal Canadiens, "even before they were doing anything, that they were looking for something to pour their energies into. Then they started their band-and nothing else mattered after that."

They began in their parents' suburban basement, with another Willowdale friend, John Rutsey, as drummer. The name "Rush" they took from a Sixties drug term referring to the small piledriver that races up stoned spines and hammers out hair an inch or so at a time. And they were terrible: one of their big numbers in the early days was *Jailhouse Rock* sung Yugoslavian, the language of Lifeson's parents. Yet they had something so many other basement bands did not have: un-dying, relentless ambition.

Rush's first job was in *The Coffin*, a youth centre in the basement of the local Anglican church, and it was here that they met Ray Danniels, who was then 16, a school dropout since 15. The son of a dyecasting executive who'd worked his way up from the bottom, Danniels possessed ambition that went even beyond the others'. He

hustled them into the competing United Church youth centre with a better deal and from there into any high-school gym that would take them. It was a hard sell—Rush was already writing its own material and refusing to cover the Rolling Stones and Beatles hits of the day—but Danniels, thanks to a friendly and charming manner that masks his obsessive drive, soon had them piling into rented trucks to drive to such places as Sudbury for a \$35 concert (a far, far cry from the roughly \$100,000 they picked up for filling Maple Leaf Gardens two nights straight in late December). And soon they, had quit school.

In some ways that turned out to be an essential element in their success. Their hockey-playing friend, Steve Shutt, had already seen the darkness at the far end of the entertainment tunnel, and they often talked about it. "You soon realize you can't bale out because there's nothing else you can do," says Shutt. "You've got to hang in."

"I always knew if I didn't succeed with this I didn't even have the education to be a postman," says Ray Danniels. "The key to our success is very simple: the number of hours we put in."

At the first it was most fortunate for Danniels that he also booked the likes of Lighthouse and Edward Bear—and, at 22, had an income of \$60,000 a year—for Rush couldn't be given away. "Without a doubt they were the hardest act I had to sell," says Danniels, "sometimes nobody came to see them, sometimes the gyms were packed. And that's what convinced me they were the ones who could happen if anybody could."

It was a conviction he had no one to share with. The critics laughed aloud at the group. They once went nearly four months with only three engagements, and all on the same weekend. A girl friend was pregnant. Alex Lifeson was, in his own words, "pretty screwed up." There was little money and no record company interest. But it was then that Danniels and his partner Wilson took their big gamble: they booked a Toronto studio and cut their own record, and \$9,000 later they had an album, something to take with them while they went knocking on the doors to the rock'n'roll dream.

"Every record company in Canada turned us down, every last one of them," says Danniels, so he created his own label and discovered he'd been right, the sullen-faced kids hanging around the gyms wanted to buy Rush. Sales in Canada were somewhat promising, and the early response in the States prompted the Chicago-based Mercury Records to offer Rush a \$100,000 recording contract and backing for a tour of America.

Danniels could barely believe his luck. He moved quickly. The drummer, apparently ill and not as overtly ambitious as the other two, was replaced with Neil Peart, the son of a mechanic who had risen to own his own farm machinery business. Peart was every bit as ambitious as Danniels, Lifeson and Lee, and Rush soon became probably the hardest-working band in North America, performing in excess of 200 days a year. But there was no hit record and few kind reviews, and after the band released their third album, *Caress Of Steel*, to savage reviews they came close to packing it all in. Lifeson hadn't been paid in five weeks, had a wife and child, and was getting by only on the money from his wedding. Peart's car was sitting in a garage, waiting for him to raise enough to cover the repair bill. To make matters worse, the record company was exerting great pressure on them to become more commercial. But they decided to stick with it, to not give in. After all, as Danniels says: "They couldn't quit any more than I could. What would we do—get a job?" He was now \$325,000 in the hole with Rush and had only an ulcer to show for it.

But then suddenly, and seemingly with out explanation, the tide turned dramatically. Their next album, *2112*, came out "with acknowledgement to the genius of Ayn Rand," as the jacket claimed.

What had happened was the times were simply catching up to Rush, rather than being trapped in the past—by paying mediocre and unnecessary homage to the louder British bands of the late Sixties (Cream, Led Zeppelin), Rush was, in fact, a whole new generation of rock music. Unlike their British predecessors, Rush had no musical roots in the blues traditions, and hence had little empathy for the common folk. And their ages alone meant that they held no kindred love for the social conscience of a Bob Dylan or Phil Ochs, for that matter not even the street justice of a Mick Jagger. Rush was, on the average, a full decade younger than the ruling class of modern pop music. They found themselves speaking for a large group of young rockers without spokesmen—a group who, despite their love of loud, violent music, were themselves non-revolutionary, highly conservative and certainly self-centred. It was precisely as Ray Danniels had always known: "Rush isn't meant for people our age."

In fact, the members are a total enigma to those used to the hard-won traditions of rock and roll. Their music may be punishing to some ears, but the members themselves are quiet-spoken, polite and considerate. Two years ago Lee had a traditional

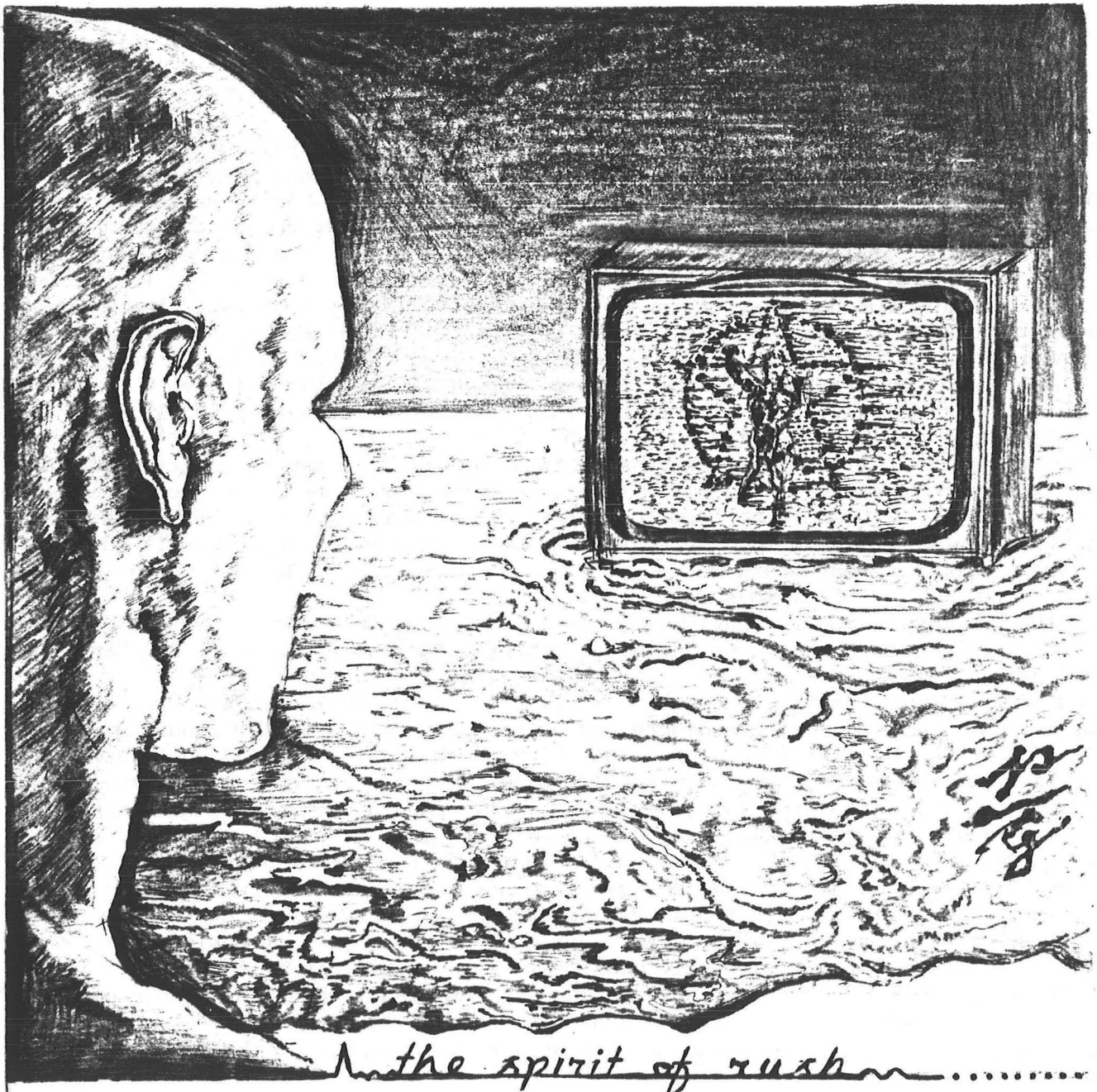
Jewish wedding; he and his wife honeymooned in Hawaii. Peart invests money in his father's business. Lifeson listens to classical music, not rock, in his spare time and dreams one day of performing with the Toronto Symphony. As their own manager says about the band's lifestyle, "These guys are pure boring to most music people."

Why they survived and became so successful has little to do with instantly-obvious talent and a lot to do with hard, hard work. "It's like when I phone up an electrician and he comes and gives me good service," says Neil Peart. "I'll call him back again and maybe recommend him to someone else." The road show is superb in visual terms and two hours in length, and their vast audience is ample evidence that there are many who love their music. Nobody can ignore them anymore.

It is a satisfaction that translates into such things as the full house at Detroit's Cobo Hall, where on this cold December night the halls still echo with the broken fanbelt sound of Geddy Lee's voice in Rush's encore, Cinderella Man.

In the hotel room back from the hall Neil Peart sits along the window ledge, a late freighter moving down St. Clair River and into his left shoulder. On the desk beside him his briefcase sits open, a hand-printed sign asking WHO IS JOHN GALT? in bright red lettering. Galt was Ayn Rand's main character in Atlas Shrugged and it is worth noting that at the end of the book John Galt raised his hand over the earth and traced out the sign of the dollar.

Peart smiles, turns, and looks down over the hall, the river, the Windsor waterfront, looks down on Canada where they used to laugh at him. Below, out of sight behind the hall, a rose lies wilting in the snow.



LOOKING THROUGH POWER WINDOWS

By Neil Peart, From the 1985/86 tour programme

February 1985: Looking out through the upstairs window of an old Ontario farmhouse you can see a violent blizzard is blowing. The wind howls at the corners of the house and tears at the bare trees. The flying snow whips sideways past the window, across the open fields, and into mighty drifts.

We have been here at Elora Sound for about three weeks now, working on a crop of new songs. Out in the barn there is a 24 track studio where my co-workers Alex and Geddy spend their afternoons, working on musical ideas or fitting music to one another of the lyrics I have been working on here at my little desk. And I mean little. It's about the right size for a five-year-old. It keeps me humble.

Occasionally I might have a listen to a piece of music that the other two have given me to work on, or sheaf through the notes I have collected over the past year or so. See if anything connects. I have been trying to work on Manhattan Project, but it's strange working on a historical piece-you end up having to do so much research to get the facts straight.

Fortunately I came here with some rough outlines for The Big Money, Mystic Rhythms, and Marathan, and had a head start. While Geddy was at home, he sifted through a big pile of sound check jams, looking for worthwhile ideas, and Alex has brought in a tape of his homemade guitar symphonies, so we've all done our homework.

We put together those first three songs in a week or so, spending our afternoons separately and getting together in the evenings to play. Then we moved onto Middletown Dreams and tonight we'll probably continue working on Marathan. This bit of music that i'm trying to put words to will eventually become Grand Designs,

March: Looking down from a hotel room window in Miami you see hundreds of shiny bodies baking in the Florida sun. The heat feels good after the long Canadian winter, but with another show tonight you're not really relaxed. Putting the coffee cup down, you put on your headphones and have a listen to the five new songs. The pool looks inviting down there and white sails drift across the blue sea.

As ever we are out doing a few shows before going into the studio, to sharpen up our playing skills and give us a chance to play some of the new songs live and at sound checks.

At Lakeland we met up with "Jimbo" Barton for the first time, the irrepressible Australian who will be our engineer on this album. He has been recommended by our new producer, Peter Collins, and is full of high spirits and confidence. He's sure he can make my drums sound "a hundred percent bettah!" We'll see. He's a nice dresser though.

Later in March: Back behind my little desk in Elora, looking out at the beginnings of spring. Patches of brown grass and plowed earth show through the snow, and that special smell is in the air. Manure.

When we first started here I used to get up from my desk late in the day and go for a ski, but these days I go for a bike ride.

A strange thing happened on our first day back. We had spoken about working on a ballad for the album, so I started working on some lyrics. When I went over to show them to the other guys, they were working on a really nice piece of music. Though it wasn't exactly the ballad we had in mind, Geddy started singing the lyrics to it, and the words and music married perfectly. Et voia! Emotion Detector was born.

It had been good for us to get away from it for a couple of weeks. I had been struggling with the lyrics for Territories and Manhattan Project for weeks, but now they just fell together. The music for Emotion Detector and Territories was soon written and arranged, and we had some pretty good tapes of our seven songs to play for Peter when he arrived.

This left only Manhattan Project to be our trouble child. Every album seems to have one, a song that doesn't want to get written, or doesn't want to be recorded, or sometimes mixed. This being the last song we worked on, we were probably a bit burned out, but Peter was able to contribute quite a few helpful ideas, to this and to some of

the other songs as well.

It was good that he didn't try to change our songs, or the way we played them, but just liked to add little touches - "events" he called them-that we would not otherwise have thought of. And that is just what we were looking for.

April: Out from a tall old window overlooking the mossy gardens and ancient churchyard at the Manor, in Oxfordshire England. Patches of cloud race across a blue sky, as you settle into yet another room, putting up some pictures on the mirror. Make it home.

Somehow you can just feel how old this place is. Ian the gardener tells us that it is mentioned in the Domesday Book-back in would you believe 1086! Now that's old! We have heard stories about a ghost called "The Grey Lady", but didn't get to meet her. Maybe next time.

The method of recording which Peter and Jimbo use allows us to record the basic tracks very quickly, and capture a lot of early, more spontaneous performances. We have the basic tracks finished in a couple of weeks, and are ready for a world of overdubs.

At this point we bring on our special guest star for this album, the flamboyant Andy Richards, who will be helping us with synthesizer programming, as well as adding some exciting keyboard moments and textures throughout the album. We enjoyed the chance to sit back and suggest things for someone else to do!

Alex became a little bored during all of this, and decided to take up a new hobby - oil painting! Soon he was turning out a string of creditable masterpieces from his upstairs salon. The Tate Gallery and the Museum of Modern Art are engaged in a bidding war over them as we speak.

One morning Larry, who looks after my drums, and I drove into London and loaded up the station wagon with African and Indian drums. We would use these to create sounds for Mystic Rhythms, and I was thrilled to make my bango drum debut in Territories. New horizons.

During one late night session at the kitchen table (The launching pad) the similarity of stature and air of authority is noted between Peter and Edward G. Robinson, and from now on he becomes "Mr. Big". "Okay, see...." He even smokes cigars!

May: A big tinted picture window looks out from the control room across the swimming pool and down a wide green valley. On over the stately royal palms down to the hot black volcanic sand, and out to the tropical sun glaring on the blue Caribbean. If you can't live in a place like this, couldn't you at least get a nerve transplant with someone who does?

Ah Montserrat! We have talked and dreamed of working in this place for years-we finally made it. Air Studios; a hilltop retreat on the small friendly "Emerald Isle of the Caribbean". A real live volcano, real live iguanas, real live cows and goats on the roads, and some of the friendliest people you'll meet.

Poor Alex. The whole three weeks we are on the island, we work on nothing but guitar overdubs, leaving the rest of us in purely critical roles while he slaves away all day every day. Oh well, we tell him, remember those days of boredom you had at The Manor, and just think-you'll have some days off when we're back in the rain and cold of London! I think he felt better then.

During the one day off we allowed ourselves, the staff gave us a barbecue at a deserted beach on the north side of the island. There it was decided that Alex should become His Royal Highness King Leroxst, whereupon he changed the name of the island (by Royal Decree) to "Shmengland". He further proclaimed that the second Monday of each month would be "King Leroxst Day", with no work and free drinks for everyone.

As we drive back, he stands up in the back of our open jeep, wearing a motorcycle helmet (?), flanked by two other maniacs, led by a motorcycle escort (Jimbo and Peter's rented motorbikes), and chauffeured by Your Correspondent (specially schooled in terrorist-evasion tactics). As we pass through the small sleepy villages, he waves to his loyal subjects and shouts out his proclamations to the bemused citizenry.

"You don't have to work tomorrow!", he announces to a woman. "I haven't got a jog!", she returns. Oh. Nothing's perfect in paradise. He also survived two assassination attempts.

June: A bay window looks down on the bustling streets of Mayfair in London. It's the start of the tourist season, and a convention of American lawyers is in town, so the streets are thronged. After Elora, The Manor and Montserrat it's actually kind of

nice to be back in a big city. The energy and activity are contagious.

I'd like to talk about the windows at the studio-but there weren't any! SARM East studio is located in a basement in the east end of London, so even when there was a nice day, we wouldn't know anything about it!

With almost everything recorded now, we start in on the guitar solo's, and then the vocals. We had dared to dream of being home for most of the summer, but we begin to realize that it is not to be. As Jimbo would say: "Dream about it!"

Instead of a hotel we had rented a flat to live in this time, which was a little less impersonal. It contained the view described above, but we usually only saw it late at night, when the streets were dark and deserted. London sleeps early.

It was mildly depressing to watch June and July go by-or not watch them-from a basement in London. After the other studios, and a string of previous albums at Le Studio in Quebec, we were used to more natural surroundings!

July: The glassed-in sunroom of a townhouse in Chelsea. A summer thunderstorm approaches over the Thames. The tide is going out, and the water flows black beneath an angry sky. The rain starts to pelt the window in gusts, like gravel, and you can smell the lightening.

Well, we're still in London, but to counter our restlessness we have moved to a new home to start our second month here. Geddy has been receiving regular infusions of baseball on video tape, and we have been importing some of our favourite junk foods from home.

We're about to start the mixing after taking a week away from it. It gets hard to be objective about anything at this point, so it's good to try and step back from it a bit.

We go through daily changes about the running order of the album, and there are decisions to make about the artwork, the credits, photos, and of course-the sonas!

August: Looking through the control room window into the vast Studio 1 at Abbey Road Studios. Rock history has been made here, and history (of a sort) will be made here today. Yet another drenching thunderstorm has flooded the city, and a damp bunch of string players are assembling for a session. A thirty piece string section to on a Rush album. Imagine!

It was very exciting to stand out in the studio itself and listen to the majestic sound of all those live strings. Especially playing one of our songs! Ha!

We had another excursion out to Angel Studios, this time to record a twenty-five piece choir for the end of Marathon. At these sessions the three of us keep looking at each other and laughing out loud. It's so weird!

But Mr. Big wanted us to pull out all the stops on this album-really make it something different and special. Well it's certainly different!

And now it rains every day for two weeks. Summertime, and the living is-wet.

September: Through my very own upstairs window looking out at the dark rooftops and backyards of my neighbourhood. Through the trees in the distance you can just see the winking strobe of the CN Tower.

Well at last it's truly finished. Six months this odyssey has taken us, but it seemed to pass pretty rapidly (except for the last bit). Geddy has been in New York to oversee the mastering (and catch a ball game or two), we've seen and approved the proofs of the cover, and planned out the video.

Now we just kind of wait around and see what everybody else has to say about it. For myself, I'm already starting to think about the next one. Do you suppose that's good or bad? Oh well, it's over!

Like Mr. Big says at the end of the day, "That's a wrap boys!"

Or as H.R.H. King Lerxst proclaimed: "Free drinks for everybody!!!"

READER'S

POLL

Favourite Songs

Favourite Albums

Suggestions for improvement

- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1) | 1) | 1) |
| 2) | 2) | 2) |
| 3) | 3) | 3) |

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BEST I CAN



HOW TO CLICK WITHOUT AIR PLAY

'Closer To The Heart' Will Be The Group's Sixth LP

Three years of incessant touring have made the winners of 1974's Juno Award (The Canadian Grammy) for "Most Promising New Group" this year's nominee for "Best Band," and Rush isn't about to stop now.

Although virtually ignored by "the rock critic establishment" and conventional radio programmers, Rush's latest release, the live double LP, "All The World's A Stage" (Mercury), has sold over 400,000 copies at last count, and "2112," their previous work, hovers just beneath the gold mark.

"We've never been a critics' band, we've never been a DJ's band," states Geddy Lee resolutely. "We're not interested in writing AM hits, we're writing things that please us. And we've proved to ourselves that even if we don't get any airplay, there are still plenty of people out there who want to hear us!"

CIRCUS

THE RUSH CONQUESTS

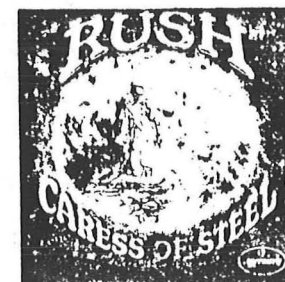
Canadian Rock Trio, Rush, Brushed Off By Radio Station But Sell Records

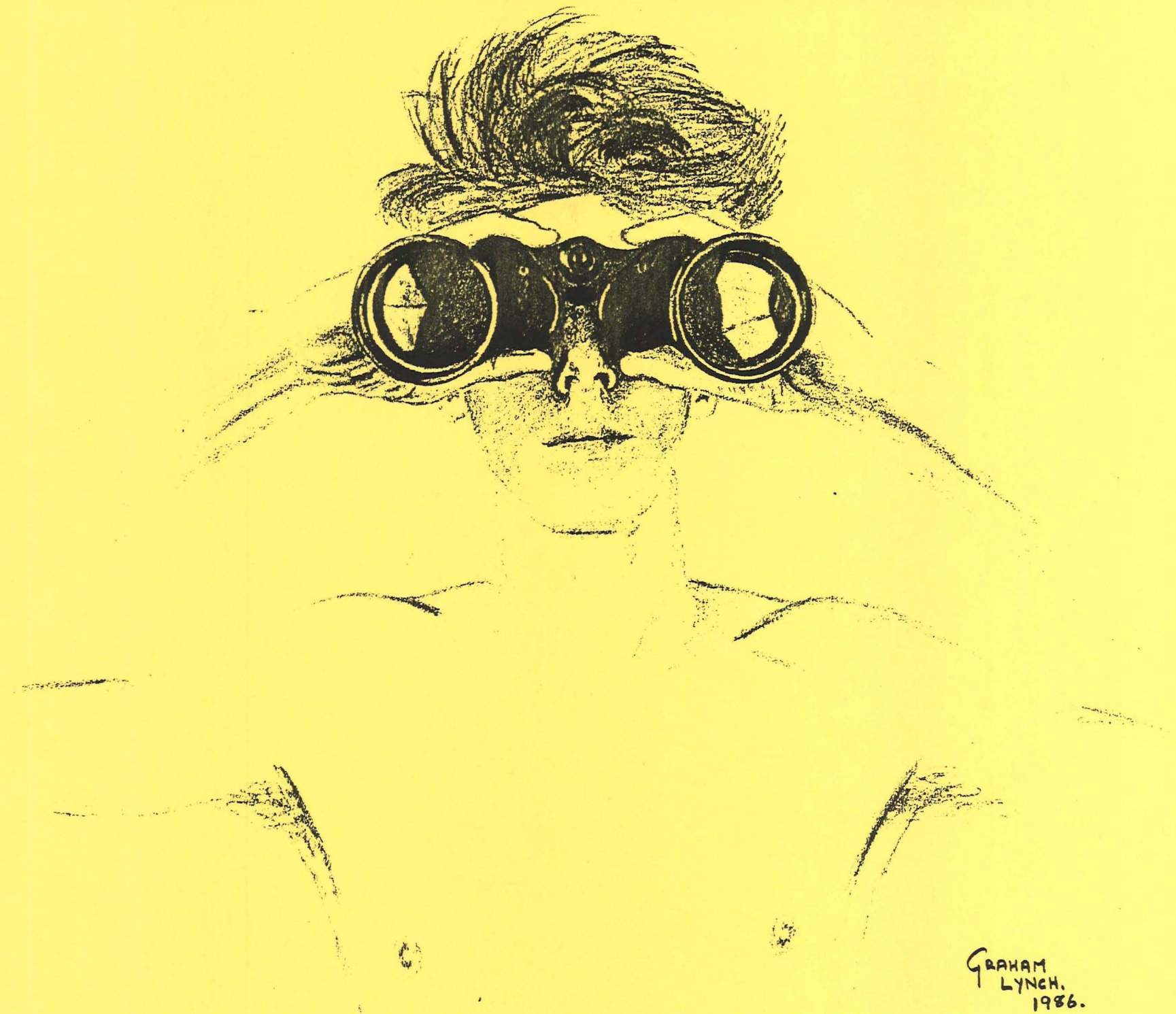
Canadian rock trio, Rush, is proving once again that big record sales and concert sellouts can come without help, or even acknowledgement, from radio program directors.

It's an old story for rock groups in the "heavy metal" or "power rock" category. Traditionally, practitioners of this overly amplified sound, including Grand Funk Railroad, Aerosmith, Uriah Heep, Kiss, and others, have met nothing more friendly than a stone wall when it comes to the powers who control airplay.

Still, nationwide sales for Rush Mercury albums have become progressively stronger with each new disk. Their fifth and latest record, "All The World's A Stage," a live double LP, was released in late November and is approaching U.S. sales of 400,000. Mercury expects the disk to go gold (500,000 plus sales) by late January. The group's previous LP, "2112," released in February, has topped the 300,000 mark. In the group's native Canada, even with limited airplay, all five of their albums have gone gold for that country (sales of more than 50,000).

VARIETY





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**"EVERYTHING YOUR LISTENERS EVER WANTED TO HEAR BY RUSH ...
BUT YOU WERE AFRAID TO PLAY"**



RUSH

NOT FOR SALE 33 1/3 RPM

SIDE 1

1. "Fly By Night" — 3:20*
2. "Making Memories" — 2:56*
3. "Bastille Day" — 4:36**
4. "Something For Nothing" — 3:56+
5. "Lakeside Park" — 4:07**
6. "Anthem" — 4:10*

SIDE 2

1. "Overture/Temples Of Syrinx" — 6:45+
2. "The Twilight Zone" — 3:14+
3. "Best I Can" — 3:24*
4. "Bacchus Plateau" — 3:12**
5. "In The End" — 6:51*

Produced by Rush and Terry Brown

* From Mercury's album SRM 1-1023 "Fly By Night" ** From Mercury's album SRM 1-1046 "Caress Of Steel"

+ From Mercury's album SRM 1-1079 "2112"

MK - 32

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