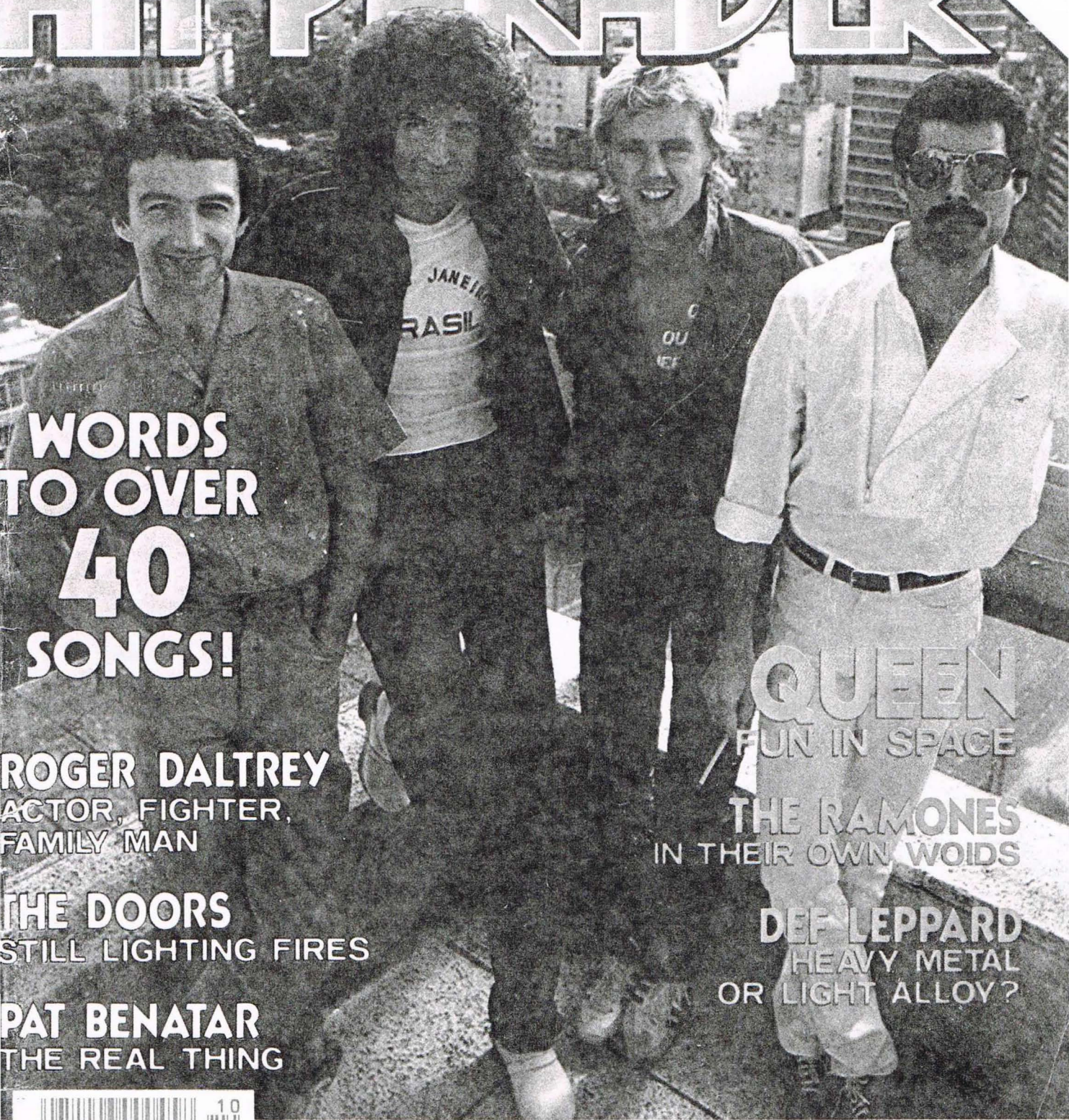


HIT PARADER

CDC 00045

SCORPIONS
CENTERFOLD



**WORDS
TO OVER
40
SONGS!**

ROGER DALTRY
ACTOR, FIGHTER,
FAMILY MAN

THE DOORS
STILL LIGHTING FIRES

PAT BENATAR
THE REAL THING

QUEEN
FUN IN SPACE

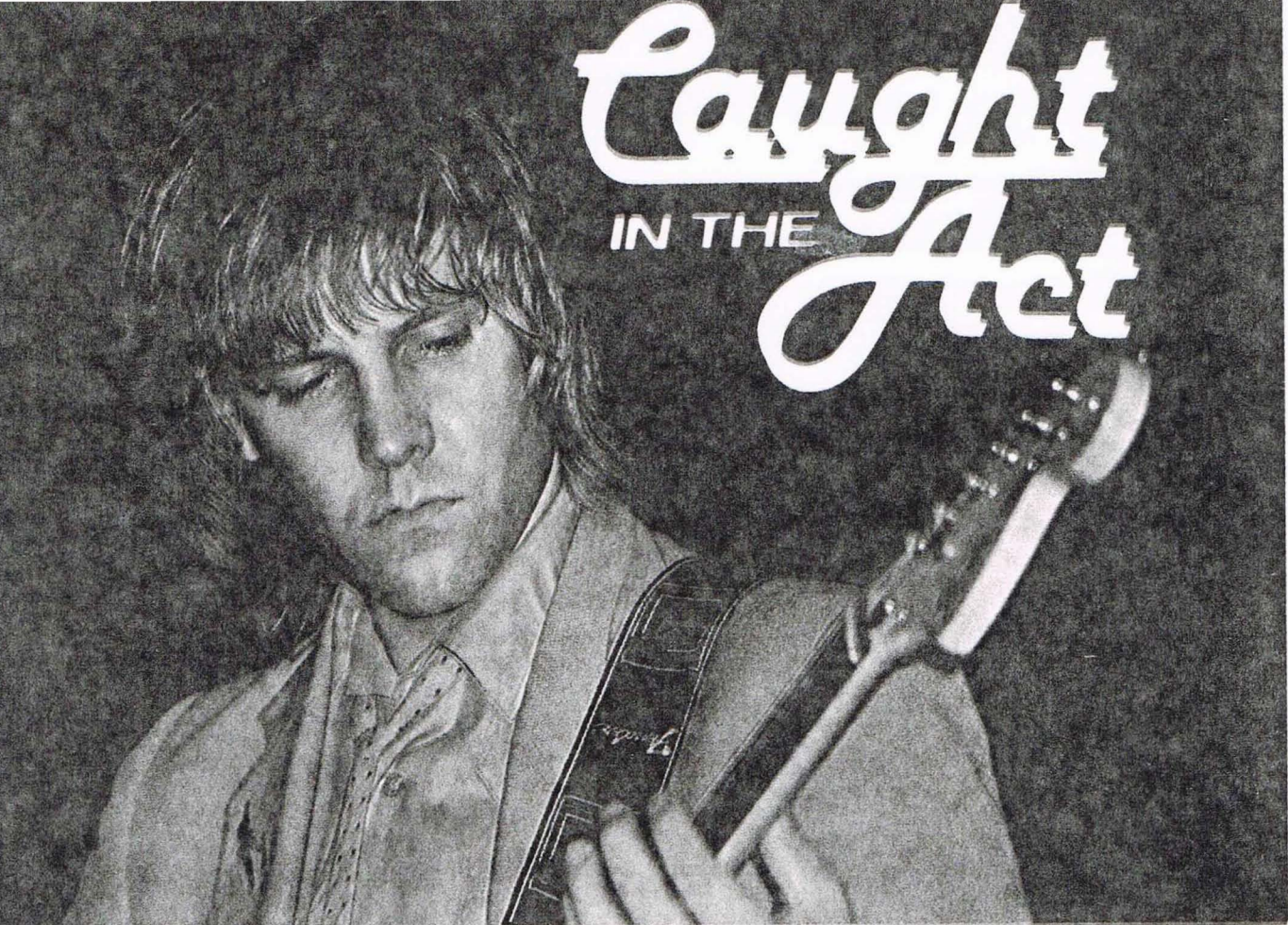
THE RAMONES
IN THEIR OWN WOODS

DEF LEPPARD
HEAVY METAL
OR LIGHT ALLOY?

PLUS: VAN HALEN • REO SPEEDWAGON • MICK FLEETWOOD • ELLEN FOLEY • TUBES • FRANK MARINO & MAHOGANY RUSH • IRON MAIDEN • SISTER SLEDGE • RUSH • JIM STEINMAN • BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY • JOAN JETT • DAN McCAFFERTY



Caught IN THE Act



Alex Lifeson, Rush guitarist, sporting new, short haircut.

©Gary Gerstloff

by Patty Romanowski

Rush

It's easy not to be overly enthusiastic about, but hard to fault, a band as widely popular and seemingly devoted to pleasing their fans as Rush. The Canadian heavy-metal power trio has been knocking around (and has been pretty much knocked around by critics) since their debut over six years ago. Undaunted, Rush went on and continued to put out and their legions of fans seemed to increase with the release of each new album.

For the most part, the evening seemed a rather lengthy tribute to good will and good intentions. Although the 20,000 seat Garden wasn't exactly sold out, it was close enough. A noisy but amiable crowd, the Rushoids were really listening to the band, even

though a good number of them were compelled to stand on their seats, smoke lots of dope and shake their denim-clad butts in other people's faces to do so.

But, no surprise in that: Rush is not only a "people's band," but one worth listening to. Of all the current heavy-metal outfits, Rush is by far the most literate, despite the insipidness of much they write. Songs like *Freewill* and *Natural Science* consist of little more than empty slogans, so if music with a message beyond "let's get stoned and ball" is uncool, Rush is doomed. One of the bizarre things about this band is that they're absolutely sexless to anyone but a confused duck who might have interpreted Geddy Lee's singing as some kind of mating call. In terms of presentation, the animated film visuals were often more distracting

than engaging, and occasionally embarrassing in their simplicity. But, again, it all seemed like so much good intention.

The only part of the show that was both well intentioned and well executed was the band's performance. Tight, precise, faithful, but still very much alive, the songs maintained their recorded versions' clarity and perfection—pleasant if loud reminders that concerts are for listening to. Drummer Neil Peart and lead guitarist Alex Lifeson (both sporting short, neo-metal haircuts) seemed to interweave effortlessly while keyboardist/bassist/lead singer Geddy Lee sang with an enthusiasm that lent a few tunes more credibility (I mean they didn't sound so stupid) than one expected. He even joked with the crowd, once cutting be-

tween songs with a snippet from *Wipeout*.

But the best part was what was missing: the ho-hum histrionics, patient hard-rocker-as dinosaur moves and those aimless (merciless) solos. Nope, everything here, and especially Lifeson's solos, seemed right. Featuring songs from their latest **Moving Pictures**, Rush moved from the newer *Limelight* and *Tom Sawyer* to such earlier faves as *Freewill*, *Natural Science*, *The Spirit of Radio*, *Xanadu*, *Closer to the Heart* and *Hemispheres*.

As surely as the newer heavy-metal kids and rock's pseudo-intellectuals continue to blast Rush, the band will continue to hone a style that, although distasteful to some, is fairly unique and, within their own sphere of influence—their fans—just fine. □