

*Albert Einstein once said that he had always believed that the invention of scientific concepts and the building of theories upon them was one of great creative properties of the human mind... I would add that it is not only inventions that are of a scientific nature that sprout ideas and conception, but that it is those of an inner visionary nature as well. Both produce the foundations that uphold the properties of an artistic concept... It is as intricate in its details as the timepiece is to the watchmaker, in that every piece has its proper place and each detail is established within its mechanism for the sole purpose of achieving its desired end, and it is with this thought in mind that we say once again from the idealistic corridors of the Human Substance...*

*Welcome Angels and Gentle Beasts to this Edition of:*

# *The Dragon Line*

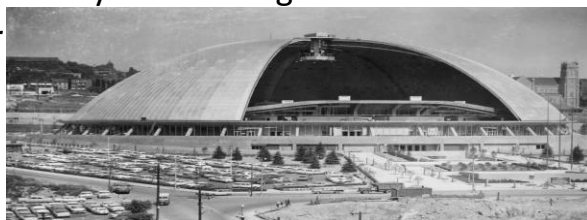
## *Clockwork Angels*

**B 1 2 B U**

The decision for an early arrival time at the Consol Energy Center in Pittsburgh on the Eleventh day of September in the year of our Lord 2012, was made by our Executive Board here at *Dragon Line Central* for three reasons...One: We felt that it was necessary in order to facilitate the pickup of our V I P tickets...Two: We wanted ample time to find our seats and to acquire some much desired beverages for consumption, and Three: We had a mission to accomplish...and although our particular part to play in this mission was only recently revealed to us a little over a year ago, it is in fact a mission that had been in the making for a little over a half a century... The planning stages of this Operation began On December 1, 1946, when a locally based department store Magnate by the name of Edgar Kaufmann in conjunction with a Pittsburgh City Councilman named Abe Wolk declared that the city of Pittsburgh was in need of a new Amphitheater.



*Kaufmann's Store Owner*  
< **Edgar Kaufmann Sr.**



*Pittsburgh Civic Arena: Under Construction-Circa: 1959-1960*

*Pittsburgh City Councilman:*  
**Abraham Wolk >**



A little over two years later, on February 4, 1949, Kaufmann and the city each pledged \$500,000 for construction and the search for a site began.





However, it was a little over a year prior to this appearance of The King, that The Pittsburgh Civic Arena hosted one show in particular that would forever solidify it as The Reigning Queen of The Arena Rock scene. On August 14, 1974, it un-expectantly went into labor, and by the time the night was over it had given birth to a Canadian Rock Band and a shit-load of Loyal Fans. Ah Yes...Underneath that Dome of Stainless Steel conceived by Edgar Kaufmann and Abe Wolk 28 years earlier, two young Chaps from Canada along with “The New Guy” played their first American Concert, and **RUSH** was born.

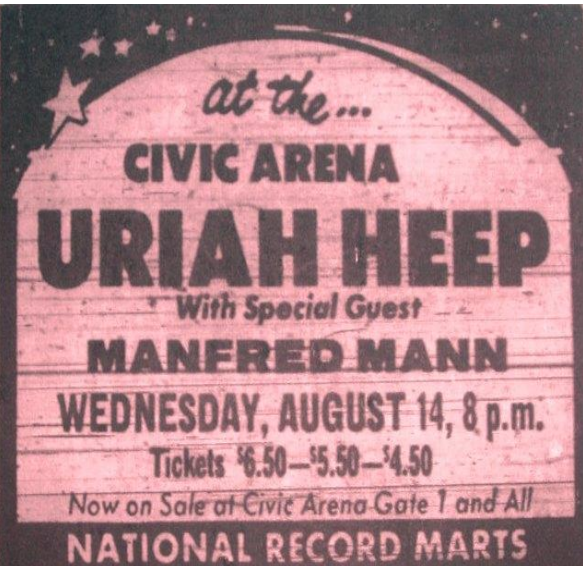
Slated to be the opening act for the band Uriah Heep and Special Guest Manfred Mann, **RUSH** did not even get a mention in the Pittsburgh Press Announcement... *{Isn't that an ironic kick in the ass, neither Uriah Heep nor Manfred Mann play a show to sold out crowds today...and our little Promising Canadian Trio is still Rockin' stronger than ever...That, Dear Reader is the true definition of Justice}*, and Check out those ticket prices...How Cool was that, the best seats were \$ 6.50.

*Original Pittsburgh Press Review from:  
8/15/74 "RUSH offered the kind of music*

*Pittsburgh likes best Heavy, Slam Bang Rock">*

*Original Concert announcement from  
<....Pittsburgh Press-August-1974*

kind of music Pittsburgh likes best—heavy, slam-bang rock—for last night's Civic arena concert and showed about 12,000 fans a mighty good time in the process. Somebody must have wised up the opening acts, too, because that's all Rush, a promising Canadian trio, offered ("Workingman" was its best song), and that's what earned Manfred Mann (remember "Doo-Wah-Diddy") and his Earth Band their biggest applause.



The Pittsburgh Civic Arena-Circa: 1974

Let us now transcend forward through the decades, into our own active participation in history in regards to The Pittsburgh Civic Arena, and reveal our part in the mission at hand, which as stated earlier, was revealed to us a little over a year ago. In 2010 the announcement was made to the people of this fair city that the city itself and the Pittsburgh Penguins organization, would demolish the Pittsburgh Civic Arena. In 2011 it was announced that Special Edition Ornaments were to be created by a local artist named Wendell August from the Stainless Steel roof material. These ornaments would depict the beautiful Pittsburgh City

Skyline with The Arena in the foreground. When we here at *Dragon Line Central* caught wind of this announcement, we immediately proceeded with a plan to procure three of these Ornaments. Our intention: To honor that Promising Canadian Trio that became legend by giving them a piece of their own personal history.

After arriving at The Consol Energy Center we spoke to Jack, a Consol Energy employee who directed us to the Head of Security, a man named Jason. We showed Jason the Ornaments and expressed our desire to present them to Geddy, Neil and Alex, and we asked him if he would help us to get these historic Ornaments into their hands. He led us to the side of the stage and asked us to wait there as he took the ornaments back to the band's Green Room. When he returned a few moments later he stated that they all received their individual ornaments and accompanying letters... *{Houston: Mission Accomplished}*. The band had received these special ornaments, and as you will soon see, we received a confirmation of this later on in the show.

So let it be stated, Here and Now, that we here at *Dragon Line Central* were honored to play our little part in history, as characters in a story that began a little over 50 years ago in a board room in the Kaufmann building overlooking the city of Pittsburgh. The history of the Pittsburgh Civic Arena lives on, not only in the development of these ornaments, but in the memories of those of us who were privileged enough to experience it in its day. Its ground breaking architectural design gave birth to the Arena Rock Scene in America, and in 1974 the Pittsburgh Civic Arena solidified itself in the Hearts and Minds of Rock fans from all over the country...and later the world, When three Guys from Canada brought not only a new style of Rock music to America, but an entirely new way of experiencing Concerts around the world that continues to set the standard to this day.



*The Ornament pictured is based  
On a design by Wendell August,  
And three such Ornaments were  
Presented to RUSH Band members  
Geddy Lee, Alex Lifeson and Neil  
Peart on September 11<sup>th</sup> at the  
<Consol Energy Center in Pittsburgh*



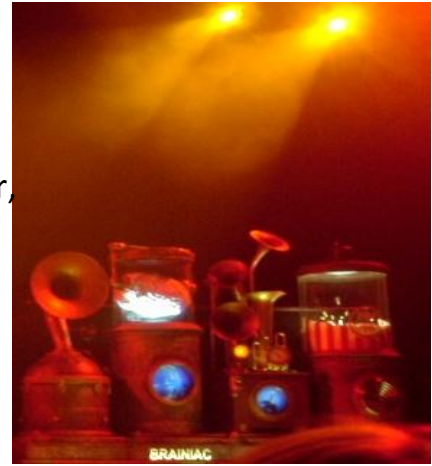
If you *are* an avid reader of *The Dragon Line* then you have an understanding of our writing and review style, and you are fully aware of our perspective take on current events and their connection with performance in regards to the music and lyrics of our time... If however, you are a first time Reader, let us first welcome you to our pages and say that we appreciate the fact that **you** have sought **us** out...and let it be stated that I know that some of you out there are of the type who just wanna read or hear a review that simply tells you how good the show was and what songs the band played, but here at *The Dragon Line*, we do things a little different. However we desire not to disappoint, so this next part is just for you, {WOW-THE-SHOW-WAS-GREAT-GEDDY-JAMMED-OUT-ON-THE-BASE-AND-ALEX-WAS-MELTIN-FACES-MAN-AND-NEIL-WAS-EVEN-MORE-AWSOME-THAN-USUAL... OVER-ALL-THE-SHOW-WAS-ASS'KICKIN'...IT-WAS-COOL}, And now that that is that, if you wish to stay for the duration, we must insist that you make sure that your seat back's and tray tables are indeed in their proper position, {*down*}, and we must maintain that you keep your Mind inside of the ride at all times, while keeping a firm grip on the bar in front of you...and in answer to your question; Yes...This is a Dinner flight.

In previous reviews, we have attempted to define the connections that exist between those occurrences, and/or events, that are common to the world around us and their relation to the Music and Lyrics that define the writings of our time. On these pages, in the past, we have sought to bring Light into the ever increasing darkness of a not too stable world. Today, we will once again attempt to do this. It is our fondest desire that in the end, we will have succeeded in laying a basis for a foundational understanding that opens the door to the processes of Creative thought and shines a light on their direct effect on our observation and Revelation of the human condition. Remember, My Little Raptors, a Show is only as good as its performers, but an Outstanding Performance can only occur when all of the participants and elements line up in "Synchronistic Order".

As always is the case, The encounters that we had with the fans while waiting for the show to begin were most enjoyable, and I know that I have said it before, but let me tell Yinz Guys again...because it remains true...Of all of the Events that I have witnessed in my travels throughout the centuries, there is no doubt what-so-ever in My Millennia Old Mind that *Steelers* fans and *Rush* fans are the best fans anywhere. {See Fan Page at end of review}.

It was after much anticipation that the covers were finally removed from the Drums and the surrounding equipment, and the set was revealed as being sort of a steampunk fantasy showcase. The microphones, instruments and Stage gear had just been checked by the Band's best kept Secret and All appeared to be in full working order. Antique brass Horns, an old fashioned Popcorn machine, and A brain floating in a solution of some sort, all set up behind our Friendly Neighborhood Bass player, made us a bit unsure of where it was that Our Beloved Trio was going to lead us. So...the seats that Mom, Dad, and I were graced with, {*And Trust me, they cost a HELL of a lot more than \$ 6.50*}, were 3<sup>rd</sup> Row Center...Fantastic... *Up-Close, Personal, and Camera ready...*

*We were set for the Journey to begin... ..Are you..?*



*The Clock is ticking My Hungry Minions...*



*Tick...Tock... Tick... Let's Rock!!!*

With the Clock spinning on the big screen, the first Stage of our Journey was now in motion, and when *Rush* took the stage to open with “*Subdivisions*” it seemed, for a moment or so, that this would be another night of a show that consisted of the Classics for substance, spiced with a little of the salt of the new stuff and peppered over with a dust of Vintage...But, as is so common with *Rush*, we soon realize that this opening is nothing more than an appetizer, and we had no idea what was even on the menu, let alone what the main course would be.

Now in order to understand this in a way that transcends the barrier between an all out enjoyable concert, and a mind blowing learning experience, we must dissect the context of this opening song. “*Sub-Divisions*” is representative of the frustrated Feelings associated with growing up with dreams that at times seem as if they are being squashed, Not only by the weight of peer pressure, but by The weight of what’s expected of us as well. The Lyrics, first voiced in 1982, force us to ask the Question: Will we eventually succumb and simply become one of the some, who: “sell our dreams for small desires?”

They further compel us to ask the following: Are we now even more reliant then we were then on the outside forces that beckon us to “Conform or be Cast out”, after all, at that time when these lyrics were first penned, we were facing all sorts of issues, such as, an unnaturally high rate of unemployment, increasing prices on food and gas, and other basic necessities of life...Chaos and uprising in the Middle East, and a possible war with a Tyrannical Oppressive Enemy that held a philosophy that was in complete contradiction to our founding principles and way of life. Just as then, we today, face these same issues, and just as then, the same effect will be the result of the same cause.

So there it was, the appetizer, set out on its own Little saucer shaped Dish and decorated by lush green trimmings of question that surrounded it like garnish, ready to be taken, Eaten, and digested by those of us in attendance, who were hungry for the feast...And...



...As we bite down to savor this appetizers bitter sweetness, the three Canadian Chef's introduce the Next course: A healthy portion of *"The Big Money"*...

A Mainline *I.V.* injection straight into the heart, an offensive poke at the underlying currents of economic corruption that are cause to the effect of all that money can do. It is not *"The Big Money"* itself, but the *"Love"* of *"The Big Money"* that is the root of all evil. Yes, it has saved many a man, but it has Corrupted many a man as well, and just as it has Lifted up many a man it has proven to be the main root cause in the demise and destruction of many a man's life...*"For we brought Nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry*



*Nothing out...and Having food and raiment let us be therewith content, But they that will be rich Fall into temptation and a snare, and into many Foolish and hurtful lusts, which Drown Men in destruction and perdition; For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted*

*After, they have been seduced from the Faith, and pierced themselves ... Through with many sorrows... [1<sup>st</sup> Timothy 6: 9-10]*



It is at this point that our optimistically half full chalices are topped off with a strong and generous share of 25 year old Vintage Wine from the *"Hold your Fire"* Vineyards of Northern Canada, and we are introduced to the Trio's power song entitled: *"Force Ten: in which Rush tells us that, "Tough times demand tough talk demand tough hearts demand tough songs...Demand..."* It is a widespread conception of reality in this day and age to most people that we are not as adept as we used to be when: Looking in...*"to the eye of the storm"*...and if that is so, how do we even know what to search for when we are asked to *"Look out...for the force without form"*...Are we all just refusing to *"Look around...at the sight and the sound"*...secure in our little boxes, never venturing out to *"Look in, look out"*, or even...*" look around"*...that thought in and of itself is an intimidating one to say the least, but at the end of the song, when Neil adds the hard hitting element to his percussion, we discover in it a strength, and a new found sense of authority over the tough times, and we feel a sort of connotation that sustains us and assures us that in the end, we are not alone, for we are of those who can choose to take control of any *undesirable* situation and turn it around for a *favorable* outcome.



We are not instinctual beings...We are in fact reasoning souls...and yes My Little Seedlings, We believe in something other than self...and when we are firmly assured in that which we believe, the storms that we encounter throughout our journey feed into our lives, instead of destroying them from within.

With this point of their message now in position, Our Friendly Neighborhood Bass player stepped up to the mic to greet the Thousands in attendance.; "Hello Pittsburgh, it's good to be Back...We have played more shows in this city than we have in Any other city in America, as a matter of fact, the very first Gig That we ever played in The States was at the Pittsburgh Civic Arena"... and with that, the crowd exploded with applause and I ascended high in the air to acknowledge the mention. With the energy level now climbing, the band lightens the mood a bit as Red Streamers fly across the screen behind our Executive Administrator of **RLG**... {Rhythm/Lead Guitar}, with the positive opening notes of "Grand Designs" ...

Now as *Rush* fans, or, {as reasoning souls}, Most of us are, as this song states, "*against the Run of the mill*" ideology that comes with the Treading of water... We choose instead to "*swim Against the stream*", but today, in this tide of Communal conformity, are we strong enough to Continue to "*swim against the stream*". "*With so Much poison in power*, it is easy to see that "*the principles get left out*" ...but are our minds "*So much on the matter*", that "*the spirit gets forgotten about*" ...Are we able to "*break the surface tension with our wild kinetic dreams*," as we did when we first sang this anthem. By the end of this night, these questions were asked by, I would bet, just about all of those in attendance, at least by those who have participated in, and been a part of, prior journeys. This band has always driven us to look within ourselves. Through their writings over the last thirty eight years they have not only encouraged us to think outside the box, but they have continually revealed to us the secret revelations that are needed in order for one to get hold of the truth of all three dimensions, and to go beyond them, through the fires of



that which is born of a “*Mass Production Scheme*”, so that we too may develop in these “*Grand Designs*.”

In the next few moments the shadows returned to our dinner table with the serving up of “The Body Electric”, {a song inspired by an episode of *The Twilight Zone* entitled: “I Sing the Body Electric}.” It confronts the fear that surfaces in the mind of one who is being controlled by a computerized robotic environment...Can anyone out there not relate to this sentiment...even more so than when this song *first* came out... I mean all you gotta do is look around at the world...Every day we are bombarded with the latest new technology, and as more advanced cellular phones, laptops, Televisions, cameras, communication satellites, and yes even robots and androids continue to flood our markets, we are being pulled by the non-existent cords of our machinery into a place where soon, we ourselves will be even more plugged in than ever before, and we will come to find that it is not only our privacy, but our freedom as well, along with our the rights to the both of them, that has completely evaporated without so much as a whisper of objection.



“The Acoustic Body Electric”



“The Solid Body Electric”

Make no mistake, dear reader, those things; Privacy...Freedom...they are precious, and they are without a doubt slowly diminishing. So Let us take care to retain our Freedoms as well as our privacy, after all, as Our Constitution states, it is our God Given Right. Now...In regards to the next course on tonight’s menu, I must remind you, once more Dear Reader that this concert took place in Pittsburgh on Tuesday the 11<sup>th</sup> of September...and I know that this day/date is embedded in each of our hearts and minds for the same as well as for different reasons, but it has also been embedded once again into our hearts and minds with the recent turn of events in the middle east, so let it be said that I remind you of this day and date at this point in order to put into perspective the consistency of our next portion of Wisdom and understanding: With the opening lines of the next song, we find the Chef’s offering up a bit of Stir-Fry in the form of

a song called "Territories" ... *"I see the Middle Kingdom between Heaven and Earth, Like the Chinese call the country of their birth"* ... with this song The band delves into the processes that are involved in the gaining of control and the results that come of it from the deriving of energy from other people...Further on in these lyrics we find this one detail to be true: "We can obtain and derive positive energy from above and from those around us, and we should not derive just anybody's energy unless it is positive energy. We should always, instead of delivering negative energy to others in order to facilitate control...maintain control over our energy source, making sure that we are positive that it is itself positive. We, who are reading this here today, can now in retrospect, look back over the days and weeks since this night, and when we do so we see what was transpiring on this night in other parts of the world.

The terrorist attack on Our U.S. Embassy in Benghazi Libya was happening as our Beloved Trio was wrapping up and heading for another city, and in recent weeks we have also learned more about the terroristic activity in countries such as Egypt, Syria, and Yemen...it's as if *"The whole wide world... is... An endless universe... Yet we keep looking through the eyeglass in reverse... claiming that we are...In different circles, we keep holding our ground... and by remaining ...In different circles, we keep spinning round and round... and as "We see so many tribes overrun and undermined... While their invaders dream of lands they've left behind... we ourselves are left to wonder what form of negative intellect is in the driver's seat. Are those that committed this atrocity worse than those who kill in regards to gang pride or separatist ideology? Are we wrong to call them or consider them to be terrorists? They are after all the living epitome of those represented in the closing lines of this song... "They shoot without shame In the name of a piece of dirt... For a change of accent Or the color of your shirt... Better the pride that resides In a citizen of the world... Than the pride that divides when a colorful rag is unfurled"*...**Let us for a moment pause at this point in remembrance of those lost in Benghazi Libya: Chris Stevens: U.S. Ambassador to Libya, Glen Doherty: U.S. Navy SEAL-Retired...Tyrone Woods: U.S. Navy-Retired...Sean Smith: Computer Expert...**

*{"The Spirit itself bear-eth witness with our Spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon, that the*





Also In 1982, Major Record Companies, like Capitol and Columbia were on the fast track to a takeover of the entire music industry, as almost every major label in the world was owned by a select few multinational companies. The success of Michael Jackson's Thriller album, released by the Columbia subsidiary Epic Records, ultimately sold 40million copies worldwide, the most successful product in the history of recorded sound. Of course this was also due to the help of its elaborately choreographed music video, and its success on MTV. Once this occurred *The Record Producers within the music industry* were poised to begin their mission to phase out Vinyl Albums and Cassette Tapes in Preparation for the up and coming CD Market, and in the years following, they initiated the necessary changes for the transition from Analog to digital sound recording...The Compact Disc (CD) hardware and software was introduced and launched in Japan in October of this same year...and oh yes...we must make mention of *8-Track Tape players*, now I know, that some of us who remember these things Are Feeling Really, Really, Really Old right now, But Man, the fact is...These things were the shit...they had a tremendous sound quality...



Mom says this song, "*The Analog Kid*", has a dreamlike Chorus: "*You move me, you move me, with your buildings and your eyes, autumn winds and winter skies, you move me, you move, open sea and cities lights, dizzy streets and busy heights, you call me, you call me...*" and she likes how it opens with that rhythmic guitar riff and in the end reaches the summit of what she calls, one of Alex Lifeson's best intricate solos. For Dad the song is in a sense a reflection on all of the memories of young love and the struggles that come with it, He says that all you guys out there know exactly what He's talkin' about... He says, that somewhere in every Guys past... they knew: "*The fawn-eyed girl with sun-browned legs...who "danced on the edge of his dream...He further states that when a guy thinks of her...and her voice rings in his ears" ...if he wants it to remain...Like the music of the spheres"*, He better make damn sure that he stays with the claim that she is the one that he is with now.



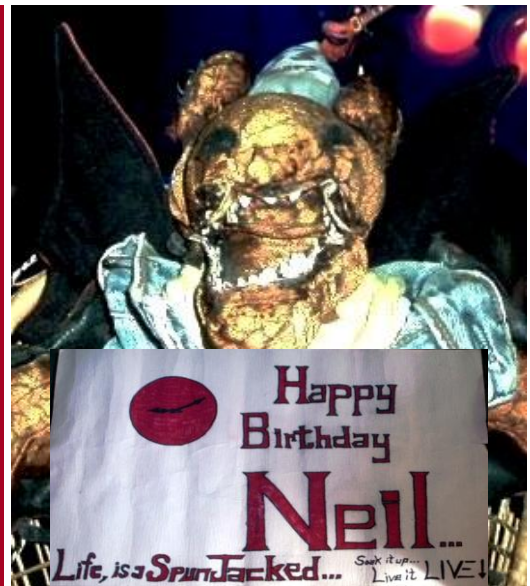
At the end of "*Analog*", Our Bassist extraordinaire, in somber voice stepped up to the mic and gave recognition to all those who lost their lives to the terrorist attacks on this day eleven years ago. With the song "*Bravado*", written in 1991, he paid a fitting tribute to all those precious souls who lost their lives at the World



Trade Center on that horrific day, and we in attendance could see the emotion on all of their faces as they performed this one, and it was as if we could see pressure being lifted from the concert hall when the guys got a chance to step away from the microphones and showcase their energy and instrumental talents with the next song: "Where's My Thing?" This song was nominated for Best Rock Instrumental in 1992, but at the Grammy's it lost out to Eric Johnson and his song: "Cliffs of Dover."



At this point our favorite Professor of Rhythmic Liveliness, who by the way had an upcoming birthday, decided that it was time to serve up a little Solo action... No, I'm not referring to Han Solo, although I must admit, I'm actually a little curious as to what that might look like...



Obviously, what I am Referring to is a Drum Solo... Our Beloved Professor decided to take a different approach to this one... "Deviating from the norm", He gave us the first of three intensely mixed shots, driven by a rhythm and meter signature and enhanced by an overhead shot on the big screen of Neil on a 1950's style television set.







As the strobe lights slowed and their reflective properties reflected off of his drums, giving a visual representation of the beat, Neil and the boys ended the set with the powerful riffs of "Far Cry" ...an appropriate ending to the vision laid out thus far, which showed all in attendance that it is indeed "A Far Cry from the World we thought we'd inherit". At the end, the house lights came up and the band retreated for a short break, pictures of Rod Serling were displayed on the circular video screens behind Alex's mic. Rod Serling is among the greatest of The Founding Fathers of Sci-Fi, his successful reign as the host of **The Twilight Zone** from 1959 to 1964 which will be forever etched in history as one of the most creative series ever aired on television, was only one of his many achievements in the world of television and film, {Check out the original Planet of the Apes with Charlton Heston}. Mom has seen all 156 episodes of the Twilight Zone multiple times and says she always gains something new whenever she watches them. I myself feel that **The Twilight Zone** is among the greatest of the Science Fiction genre...but how come they never told any stories about a Dragon who writes articles for humans...I'd Watch that one over and over...Let's give it up for Rod Serling for his peaking of the curiosity of our favorite band and giving them inspiration. Also on these screens during this intermission we were treated to some very Cool photos of some very memorable Icons of Classic Horror...



Speaking of Classics...This next set is destined to become one, and now that our appetites have been satisfied and the hunger pains have been squeezed, on the screen we are shown the Vessel which will set sail with us aboard.



However, before our Beloved Canadian Trio returns from their well deserved break, and the Journey begins to take off from the groundswell that has been served up so far... We are introduced to a persistent Tax Collector, *{played by a young Actor named Jay Baruchel, From the Sorcerer's Apprentice}*. He approaches a huge door and proceeds to knock, in response three little people answer, and the Tax Collector says, Oh you're Dwarves. Outraged at his comment, the three little Gentlemen tell him that they are not Dwarves but Gnomes. The Tax Collector apologizes and one of the Gnomes Says, "State your Business; "We ain't got all day ya know". The Tax Collector replies that he is there to see Mr. Watchmaker and that it is urgent that he speak to him at once. The Gnomes have no intentions

of allowing, Mr. Tax collector to see Mr. Watchmaker, and so they inform him that the Master is Busy at the moment and they direct him to a door with the Word "Receipts " written above it.



*{Pardon me, but I Need to take a Moment-Terry Lapsoreason}...*





*Maybe it's just me, but it seems that the writer of this scene could be hinting to a sort of battle that exists between the representative of government; The Tax Collector...and the so-called "Little Guy" {or Gnome}... that resides within its jurisdiction. The Tax Collector appears as an envoy for those in positions of power who, at an ever escalating pace today, under the guise of collective impartiality, or some deranged form of what they call social justice, are becoming increasingly involved with the practice of "Nebbing" {He-he-he}...into the business of the little Guy, and one cannot deny that in our day and age, when the so-called "Little Guy" looks to God, {or in this case to Mr. Watchmaker}, for support and guidance, he is often times ridiculed by those in positions of power.*



This is not the case however in regards to Tonight's Performance My Young Padawans, for this time it is the Little Guy, The Gnomes, who have the advantage. They will attempt to get the best of the tax collector by tapping in to his carnal desires and indulging his most intimate thoughts, and they will maintain the upper hand. As the door slowly swings open one of the Gnomes says, "Come inside and wait here, we'll see if He is available", and there on the other side of the door is a small band of young voluptuously tempting women who are more than willing to help the Little Guys with their plan.





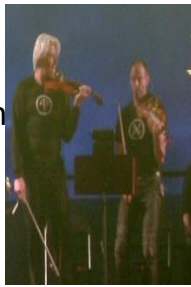
Upon entering through the door marked Receipts, the Tax Man walks up to a window where a sign suggests that he take a number and wait his turn... Our eager Tax Collectors eyes focus on a sign that reads now serving Number 105...

He pulls the next available number and is a little more than P-sst off...at what he receives...You guessed it...his number is 2112... Deciding to take it in stride, he sits down on a bench and is soon joined By Our favorite Feathered Fowl... The Giant Chicken... The Taxman then Begins his long wait to audit Mr. Watchmaker.

*{After a while we find that he has been the target of a sneaky little}  
{Practical joke at the hands of the mischievous gnomes, courtesy of}  
{Their inked-upped binoculars}.*



As the short ends and Rush returns to the stage, we find that a new element has been added to the Dinner show in the form of an eight piece string orchestra ensemble that we soon discover to be a Rockin' addition to Our Favorite Northern Earth Trio... *{The Canadian-American composer David Campbell wrote and arranged the strings, and for the tour, the concert master violinist was Joel Derouin}.* We hear those all too familiar tones of the train whistle...and soon...Our "Caravan" is under way...

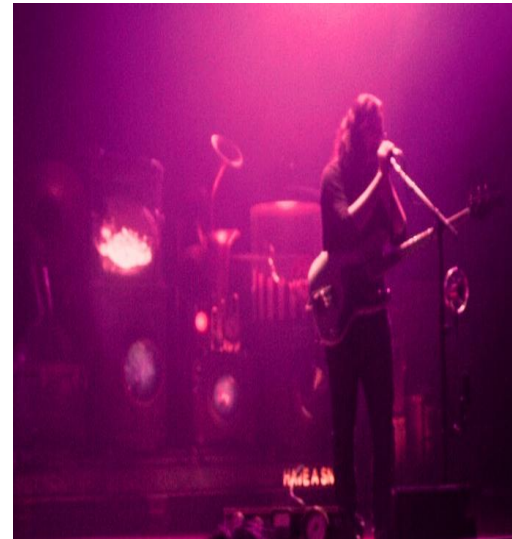


To a "world lit only by fire"...where A young Man, with big dreams watches the Steamliners that pass in the night, and prays to get away...

Transitioning into the title track, “Clockwork Angels” Showcases the versatility of our Trio as The Boyz, with an upbeat jazz feel; introduce an intricate musical arrangement that sets the mood for the story...



With a sweet smelling fog wafting through the air and out over the audience, most in attendance begin to wave their arms and we experience the sensation of being lifted into that spiritual realm, where The radiant glory of the Angels...Land, Sea, Sky, and Light are bathed in the brilliant glow. Geddy introduces the band’s eight piece string orchestra and the stage is washed in red...

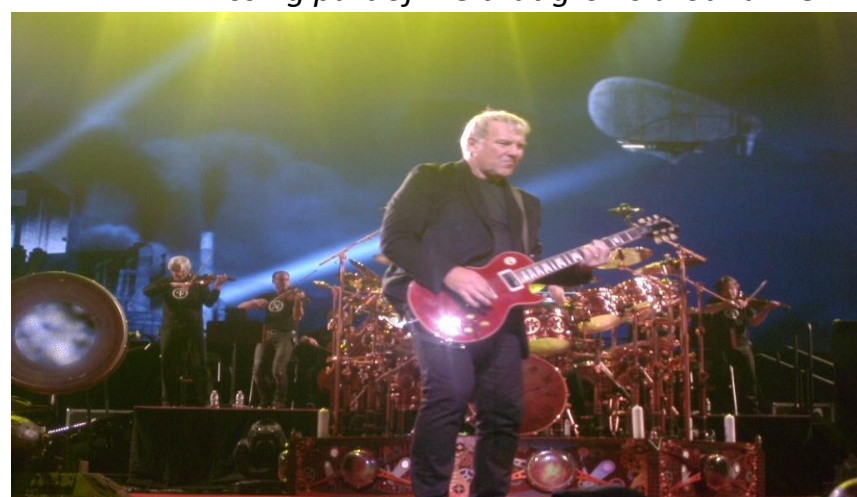


From there, we take off from our own physical world to explore the idealistic corridors of Human Substance that live within...

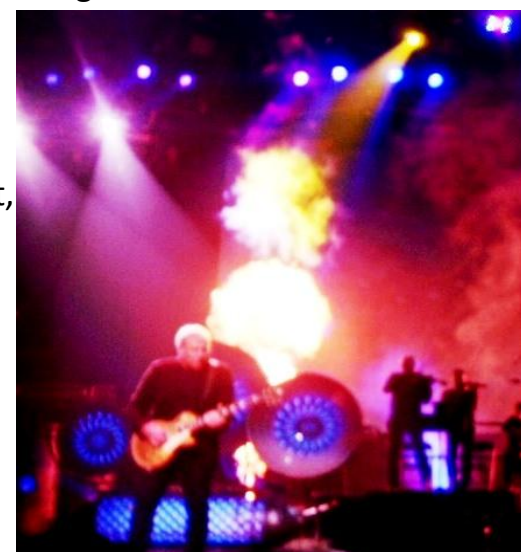




“The Anarchist...” He is decreeing his frustration... While, “walking among The People who are content...and so Blind”, he hears the peddlers call and sneers derisively, saying, “What do I lack”, and with realization he exclaims, “Ah... vengeance”...We soon discover with the hearing of the second verse that he feels he is being locked into a cage of internal conflict: *“The lenses inside of me that paint the world black...The pools of poison, the scarlet mist that spill over into rage... The things I’ve always been denied, an early promise that somehow died...A missing part of me that grows around me like a cage”*...



Then, images of merry go-rounds and roller coasters appear on the big screen as “Carnies” is played and we discover that the main character of the journey has found work in a traveling carnival. With this universal metaphor our band of three *{plus eight}*, had brought their creative process into our reality in a very personal and vivid fashion; A man told me once about how he went on the road with A Carnival for a season so that he could get away from it all, He says, he too came face to face with the face of naked evil...It to ended with a deadly confrontation... and just as then, A myriad of explosions depicted the fullness of this discovery. He tells me now as we write this review, that as he watched the song unfold to an explosive end that it was to him a symbolic reminder of that fateful year of his life, in that, as that season had come to an end, he had felt that there was a storm brewing just over the horizon, and he says that he knew, in that moment, that his world would never be the same again.





At the end of his carnival tour he returned home...and he says now, that that for him was the beginning of the next phase of the Journey...it led him back to and through, his once forgotten past and put him on the road towards his future...



In the next serving of conceptual nourishment we are introduced to a song called "The Wreckers", A tune that is a true test of the human spirit, as is evident in the lines; *"All I know is that sometimes you have to be wary, of a miracle to good to be true...All I know is that sometimes the truth is contrary everything in life you thought you knew...All I know is that sometimes you have to be wary, cause, sometimes the target is you"...*

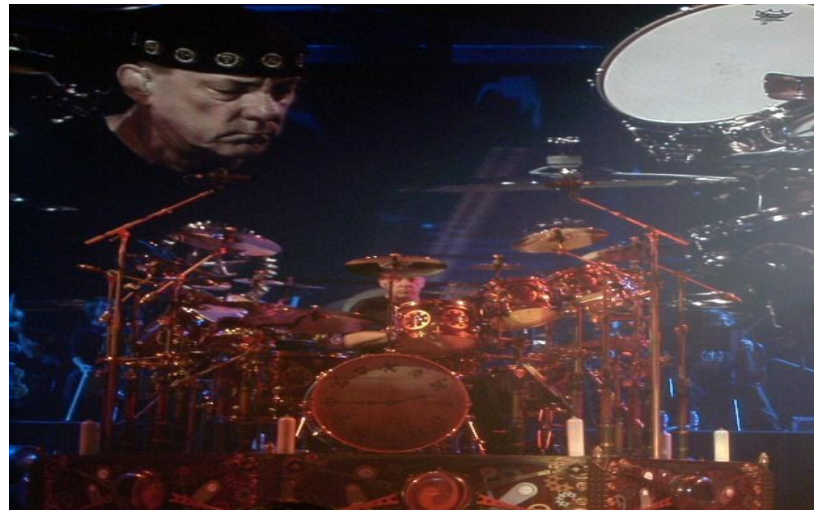


About two thousand years ago there was a man whom I met who warned that we must be wary of those claiming to be “Anointed,” who perform miracles that seem too good to be true:

*“And as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, tell us, when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the Age, and Jesus answered and said unto them, “Take heed that no man deceive you for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many”.* *{Matthew-24:3-5- King James Version}*

Dad said that after he had heard this song for the first time, he felt that what was being stated here was the fact that just as it is with a distressed ship caught up in a storm, A Man can be looking for relief from the same, and most often times men are directed towards one of two choices, either they will choose the path of selfless motivation and choose to give of themselves to the benefit of others, or they will choose the darker of the two roads and turn toward the more selfish motives of men.

As we proceed along this traveling, we are now even more aware of the character of the main Character in the story of **Clockwork Angels**. We see that as he has developed a true spiritual understanding he has also found the strength that will enable him to endure to the end. At this point the stage goes dark for about a minute, and then a spotlight beams to life to find its place shining on Geddy as he begins pounding out those spacey signature bass notes to the album’s first big hit: “Headlong Flight.”



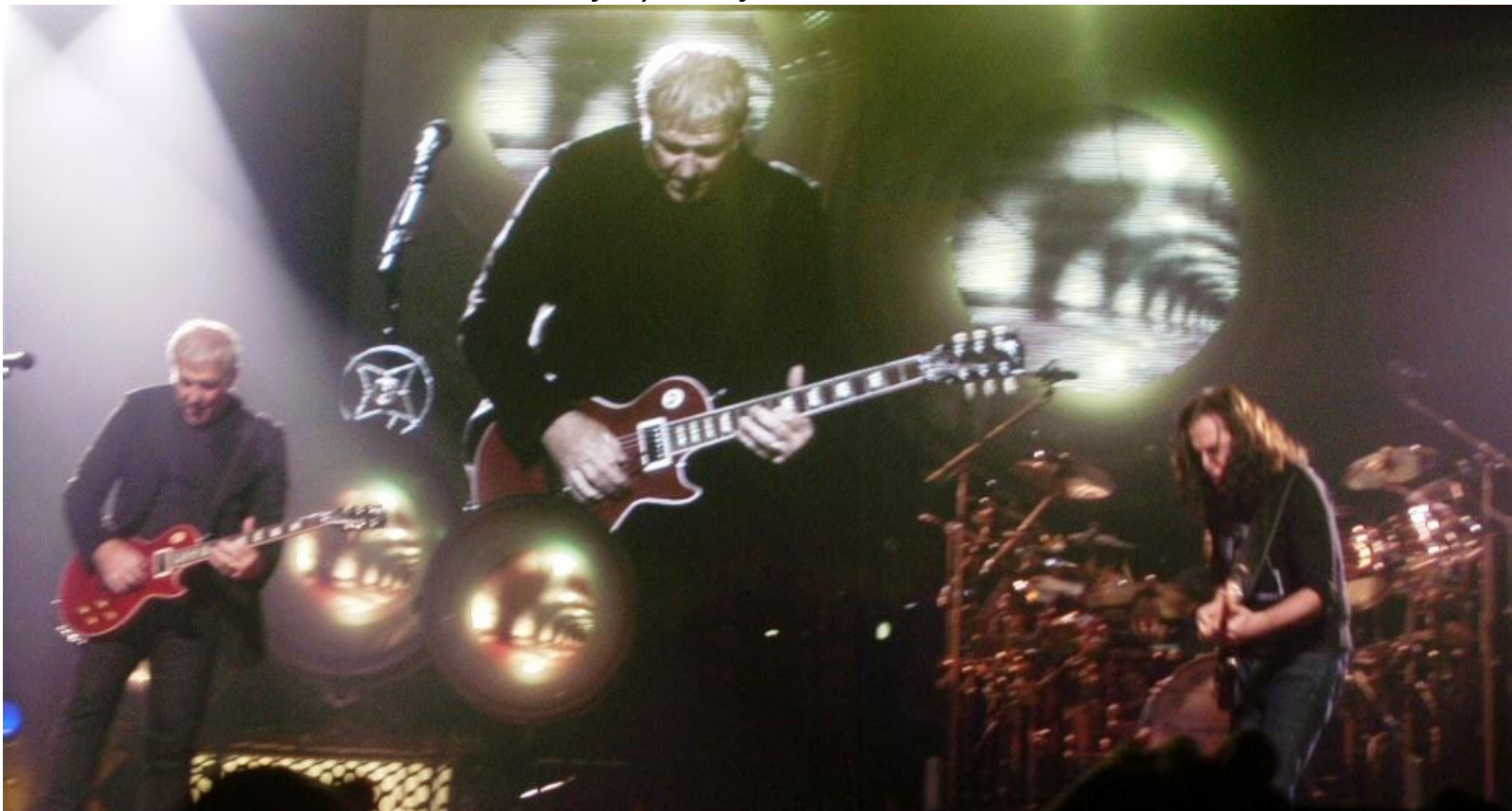
In this song we find that the reflection over his life that has been acted upon by our main character has, despite all of the tragedies, brought him to a point where he learns that life is all about the experience, and it is indeed fitting that in the climax of this spiritual revelation, our beloved Professor pounds the skins for his second Solo in an intense display of passionate emotional release...



The spotlight shifts to stage left; and we are treated to a lesson in Arpeggiatics 101 as Alex Lifeson's displays the intimate knowledge of his chosen instrument. These beautiful arpeggios lead us into Halo Effect which tells us of "the goddess with wings on her heels...so different from the girl he left behind"...



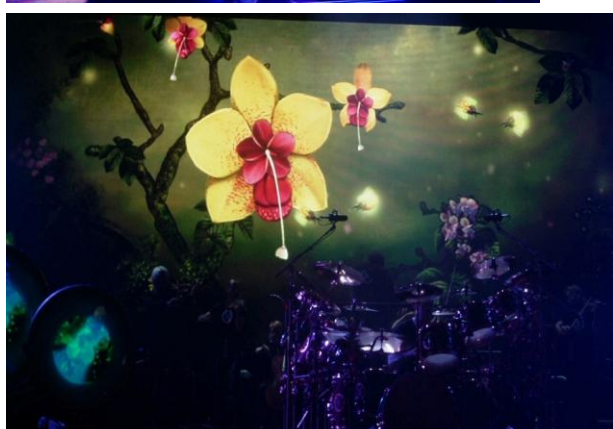
The next song: "Seven Cities of Gold" continues in the spirit of this angelic search, it is an adventure into the wilderness to explore the wonderment of childhood dreams in melodic alliteration, and of those who choose to partake of it most come to find that the quest for beauty and adventure often comes at a very dear price...*"The nights grow longer the farther I go...Wake to aching cold, and a deep Sahara snow...The gleam in the distance could be Heaven's gate...A long awaited treasure at the end of my cruel fate"...*







So now we, along with our main character find ourselves at the end of the saga of the Clockwork Angels...and it is at this point that the orchestra has their most defining moment, as the string section is given an even more than equal volume with the band in **"The Garden"**:





“There is a metaphorical garden in the acts and attitudes of a person’s life, and the treasure of that garden is Love and Respect”. Our Character has come to realize this fact...and he gives this realization voice with this in mind as he states, **“The gathering of love and respect,-from others, and, for my-self-has been the real quest of my life”**... {The *physical* rewards of his journey were only temporary, “Love and Respect” ...these were the substratum of his foundation and they are lasting spiritual gifts which he now realizes he has obtained. **“Now we must tend our Garden”**.

The song ends...The Stage darkens...and we hear the opening of RUSH’s 1986 tribute to “The Manhattan Project”... and on the screen we set our eyes on the vivid images of our own Worlds dark history...and with that...



*We are brought back to our own reality...for the second time tonight...*





...and with all that is reported from around the world to the rest of the world on a daily basis...with all that is highlighted by choosing media sides and differences of opinion...With all that is force fed to the masses in populace that breathe it all in with every breath they struggle to take...We are being positioned as pieces on a chess board awaiting the gamers next move...and until all of us eventually are forced to come face to face with our own dark mortality...we will never break free from our dark and troubling past...The principalities and powers in high places are preparing us to except what they say is inevitable...however we shall conquer and overcome when we grasp what we have learned:

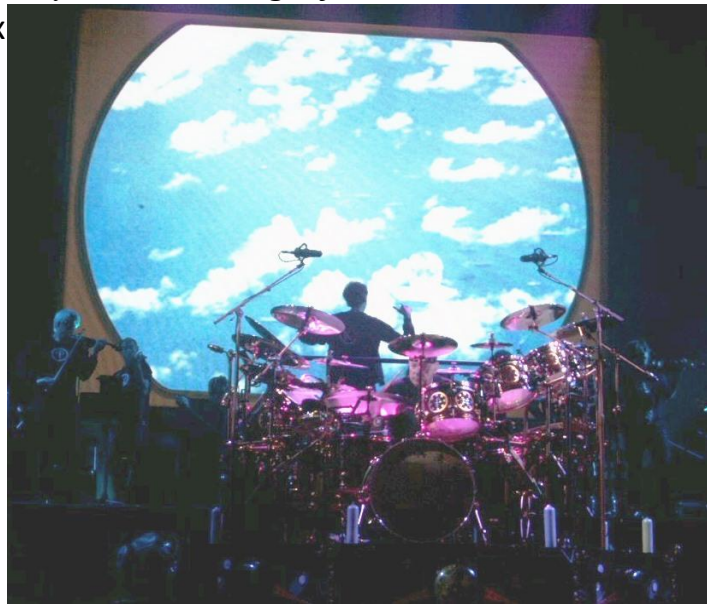
*For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.*  
{2 Corinthians 10:4}

With an understanding of this fact we can now tend our Garden...

*For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds...casting off every imagination and every high thing that exalts itself against the knowledge of God and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.*  
{Ephesians 6-12}

If we do...*“All the powers that be and the course of history would be changed for evermore.”*

Following along that moment of heaviness, Alex and Geddy exit the stage, and Neil serves up a lighter version of his electric drum solo with an uplifting background jazz.





Mom said it reminded her of being in a water garden in the Orient, {which by the way I have seen many times while visiting my Far-East Dragon cousins}.

As our two 20<sup>th</sup> century Harp aficionados re-enter the stage, Neil drives on with a steady drum beat...as Alex lets loose the well placed guitar chords and Geddy hammers out the haunting melody on keyboards for track number 3 of the album "Grace under Pressure". "Red Sector A" is a blend of true creative vision and historical fact that is brought forth in a techno style of Rock and emotion. Red and purple lights dominate the stage to again remind us of the horrors of war and oppression while Geddy sings about the holocaust experience that his family went through in Nazi Germany.



From there we transition into the epic "YYZ" which showcases the band's individual talents in a display of call and response that is enhanced by the orchestra behind them. Geddy thanked the orchestra and they took a bow and exited the stage. The strings of the orchestra were a welcome addition to our favorite Trio and they gave an enhancement to the show that was spectacularly received.



For the final song of the second set, we are treated to a bit of levity with a reggae version of the song: "Working Man." The guys always have fun with this one, and this time was no exception. Alex was making with the trademark silly faces and Geddy was jumping around on the stage. It was a fitting ending to the second set, after all, "Working Man" was the radio song that launched Rush's career .



As Rush walks off the stage, a moment of dramatic pause overtakes the crowd as red and yellow curtains are projected on the screen. The band returns and in an all out act of appreciation, they throw a number of T-shirts out to the crowd. With their heads in the clouds the guys introduce the song that gave them wide spread recognition in 1981. It's about a Modern Day Warrior with a Mean stride... named... "Tom Sawyer." The crowd joyfully sang every word with the band as we all were in total agreement with the fact that "His mind is not for rent, to any god or government, always hopeful yet discontent, he knows changes aren't permanent, but change is"!!!



That philosophy is one that we all need to adhere to if we are ever to think for ourselves... Never be complacent... Always keep a positive attitude... Adapt to the changing world around you... This premise was never truer as it was this night, and as our Dinner and Desert have now been served we are treated to a extra special after dinner mint in the form of a **"2112" Triple play**, and the night is ultimately capped off with "The Overture", "Temples of Syrinx", and "The Grand Finale."





“2112” is a masterpiece. Written in 1976 it was all about a totalitarian government that takes the liberty away from its populace. It is the embodiment of what we are facing today with governments around the world enslaving their people through economic and political restraints, with their irresponsible printing of money, bailing out of companies and banks that are “too big to fail” and delivering entitlements that create a state of utter dependency to which the people cannot live without. Ancient Rome fell by this very same practice, as did Nazi Germany, and the former Soviet Union, just to name a few. I believe, and I think most would agree with me, that we are all better served and better protected when we inherit a sense of self responsibility, and there-by empower ourselves to make individual choices based on our needs and the needs of those around us, be they Family, Friends, Neighbors, or even strangers, who may at one time or another require help in their time of need, and I further state that I believe that this was the point of this performance.



As stated earlier, Mr. Watchmaker is representative of God {in all of us}... {Notice that we never see the Watchmaker, we only see the Gnomes}, and the Taxman is an agent of Big Government, as the Gnomes are the average citizen...In this we see a clear line that has been drawn for us throughout the evening. Just as the Gnomes were able to get underneath the Taxman’s skin and overcome against the threat of an audit through their ingenuity and creativity, we too can think outside of the box and devise a means by which the proper ends can be

justified. If we look to God for our inspiration and sustenance, and creatively take hold of that raging Spirit that dwells within us we can take the power back from that darker side of ourselves and use it wisely and efficiently with the knowledge that it belongs to us as individuals. Isn't it a wonderful thing that we, {those of us who are here, not only in this present place, but in this present condition and state of mind as well}, can go out for an enjoyable evening and walk away with the revelation that we were born and designed to be participants in such a Creative Force as Life...The lessons that were revealed to us will become the promises of Revelation to our Spirit, as they enter in to the mind at its core and transform us through a renewal of understanding that enforces the inner strength that all humans have and allows even the littlest of the little guys to stand tall.

Now you must understand and ascertain that all of this is viewpoint from one perspective, and is, in discussion, purely speculation in regards to an overall comprehension as to what the band was trying to convey in its message...after all one cannot deny that an underlying message does exist and it is up to us...the participants in the teaching to determine what is or is not plausible in the general sense of the lesson, and, as stated earlier...Some may have found the set lists to be primarily dark, however we all must agree that it was a most powerful message... One for which we would like to say Thank Alex, Geddy, and Neil, as well as all of their cast and crew. This night...You not only gave us what will prove to be, {as Rock history unfolds}, one of the greatest Album Tours in History, but you also woke us all to the reality of our own immortality.





And so...My Dear Reptilians...Have we learned anything from the experience, Did we gain knowledge while on this expedition...Did we study as we journeyed, Did we discover Something from the voyage...Did we gain what we needed to know in order to continue through the maze and achieve the desired outcomes, ..Or did we simply take an enjoyable ride and leave with the attitude that says, "Tomorrow its back to the same old grind" ...

***I for one say, "I whole heartedly agree with The Thinking Man's Band"...***

*Get wisdom, get understanding: Forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth...Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: Love her and she shall keep thee...Wisdom is the principle thing; therefore get Wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding...*

{Proverbs-4: 5-7}

*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding... In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths...*

{Proverbs-3:5-6}

***"Now We Must...Tend Our Garden"!!!***



*God Bless You All...  
We'll see ya on the next Go-Round...*

**PEACE**

