

Pearl Jam is one hot – and sweaty – band

By James Muretich

Calgary Herald

The sweat hung from the rafters of the Max Bell Arena Wednesday night. It flew from the hair of Pearl Jam singer Eddie Vedder whenever he shot his head forward in his spasmodic, hypnotic fashion.

Sweat drenched the bodies of those in the mosh pit. Even those who had tossed their pants in the air. And it soaked the clothes of each and everyone in line at the water fountains, seeking relief from the stifling arena heat.

And yet, through it all, Seattle's Pearl Jam blasted its way through the architectural furnace, fought its way through the muggy sound system that made bass lines and bass drum often indistinguishable, unleashed a torrent of electric guitar riffs from both new songs and ones off its mega-selling album *Ten*, songs such as *Even Flow* and *Jeremy* that seemed to transport Vedder to heights of inner passion and

PEARL JAM, with Cadillac Tramps opening, at the Max Bell Arena Wednesday night. Sold out attendance: about 4,700.

turn thousands of fans on the arena floor into a bobbing, rock 'n' roll beatific mass.

It was confusion, some wanting only to slam their bodies against others, some wanting to stand and watch the intensity of Pearl Jam, Vedder's facial contortions, the musicians racing about the stage, the drummer flailing away. And yet there was nothing to do but sink into the sea of sweat. Dancing. Standing still. It won out.

In the end, even Pearl Jam faltered somewhat under its weight but not without letting you know that this band is taking the so-called Seattle sound and setting it, and rock, upon its collective behind. And all this with only one album out.



SHANNON OATWAY, Calgary Herald

PEARL JAM: Playing to a bobbing, rock 'n' roll beatific mass Wednesday