


RUSH

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Does he see the city of Megadon as a parallel of the tedious fear-fridge of 1976? "Well, things aren't all that bad now, but it's a logical progression from some of the things that are going on. All of the best science fiction is a warning. We want to let people know what's going on so they at least have a chance to change it."

But does he really think they can change anyone? After all, the "Eve Of Destruction" school of pop propaganda sounded OK on the radio but didn't exactly alter the course of Western civilization. "Well, it's not going to change anybody's life or anything, but if you just put the germ of an idea in someone's head, then you've done your job."

Grim-globed hippies of the future or not, Rush's music is still very loudly in the present. Unlike some concept pieces that get bogged down in their own stray dogma, *2112* is still going to come under the Rush stage hammer on their next tour.

"Believe me, we'd never short-change the music for lyrics," promised Geddy. "It still rocks." And Pebbles and Bam-Bam too, no doubt. 

PETER FRAMPTON

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with David between classes). His father, also a musician, immersed Peter in jazz records. His first record was a Django Reinhardt. Peter was so obsessed with his piece of electrified wood that he banged away at it from the moment he got home from school until his parents literally pulled the plug out on him at midnight. At the age of fifteen he quit grammar school (in England, the breeding ground for college material. John Lennon went to grammar school. So did Paul. Ringo did not) to move to London and play rhythm guitar for a group called the Herd.

Happenings, acid, Eric Clapton with an afro, pills, the Marquee Club, marijuana busts, screaming girls, flowered Rolls Royces... "Their Satanic Majesties Request" indeed. Free-flowing liquor... all with the Yardbirds' screaming guitars in the background. What can being a pubescent Sixties rock star do to a sixteen-year-old's head, you ask?

"I was an alcoholic by the age of 18." Peter tells me. "I used to get absolutely smashed before I went onstage. And then I gave it up. So when you asked me about my favorite drink for the booze article [October CREEM] I had nothing to say because I hadn't drunk

in such a long time. That was serious drinking, *every night...*"

Funny, there's no evidence of teenage depravity in this guy's face (unless he's got a picture in the attic that's taking all the abuse...).

At any rate, it wasn't long before Peter tired of this Mini-Mod existence—walking alligators along Carnaby Street is all right, but even that can get to be a bore. Enter at this point in time a slight young man (you may call him elfin, but I won't), late of the *premier* Mini-Mod group, the Small Faces. Steve Marriott and Peter Frampton — a marriage charted in heaven. The Small Faces' forte had been reflective, whimsical lyrics packed into lilting little melodies. Frampton also is/was no slouch at the catchy melody line and — although it's a matter of taste — he can turn a shapely phrase upon demand. For a time Humble Pie steered a "progressive Small Faces" course, but when Marriott started pushing a harder, soul-flavored rock 'n' roll line, Frampton wanted out. Strange, too, because he wrote some of the Pie's better workingman's blues type of riffs.

Which reminds me to ask him who his musical faves were as a kid.

"Oh, Eddie Cochran, Buddy Holly, the Everly Brothers —"

Hey, back up. Is this 25-year-old trying to pull a scam? *How old* was he then?

"Eight. I was *into* it! Buddy Holly — I'd never seen anything like it. And the Shadows — Cliff Richard's group — they were my *idols*. Then I got into American jazz for a long time, which was refreshing for me because it's far more melodic than rock 'n' roll or blues. Trio jazz.

"I never got into blues. When everybody else was listening to blues and Eric Clapton I was listening to jazz. It's not that I don't find his style attractive — he's a beautiful player. But nobody came off like Clapton, because he was the originator of that style. He did so much for guitar, and then Hendrix came along and took it a step further."

Facts, facts, facts... Here's one more. Peter Frampton is a resident of these States. An *alien* in our midst. Some time after splitting Humble Pie, he chose to break off from the isle of his birth. New home (upstate New York), new lady, new solo career — you can bet he probably threw out all of his old underwear, too.

"I don't want to say anything against my country. Just say that I feel sorry for England and the economic state she's in.

"I love America because there's so much music. Radio, TV —" he motions as if he's being bombarded with transmissions from the surrounding ozone. "Especially radio, it's unbelievable. In