RUSH
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Does he see the city of Megadon as a parallel of the tedious fear-fringe 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 propa-
ganda sounded OK on the radio but
didn't exactly alter the course of West-
er 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 shorten
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 mate-
rial. John Lennon went to grammar
school. So did Paul. Ringo did not) to
move to London and play rhythm gui-
tar 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. Fre-
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 CREEEM] 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 teen-
age 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 — 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 every-
body 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 trans-
missions from the surrounding ozone.
"Especially radio, it's unbelievable. In