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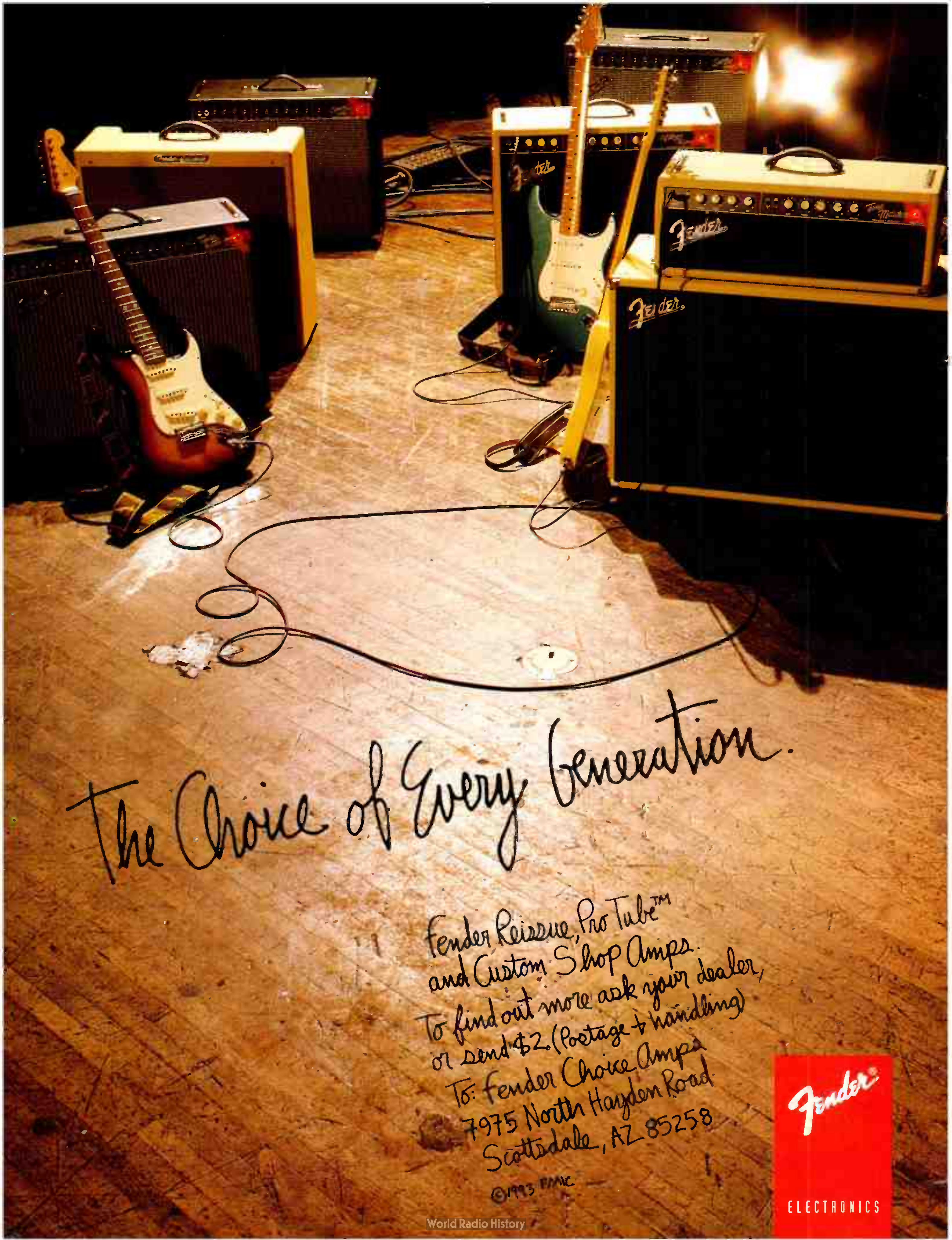

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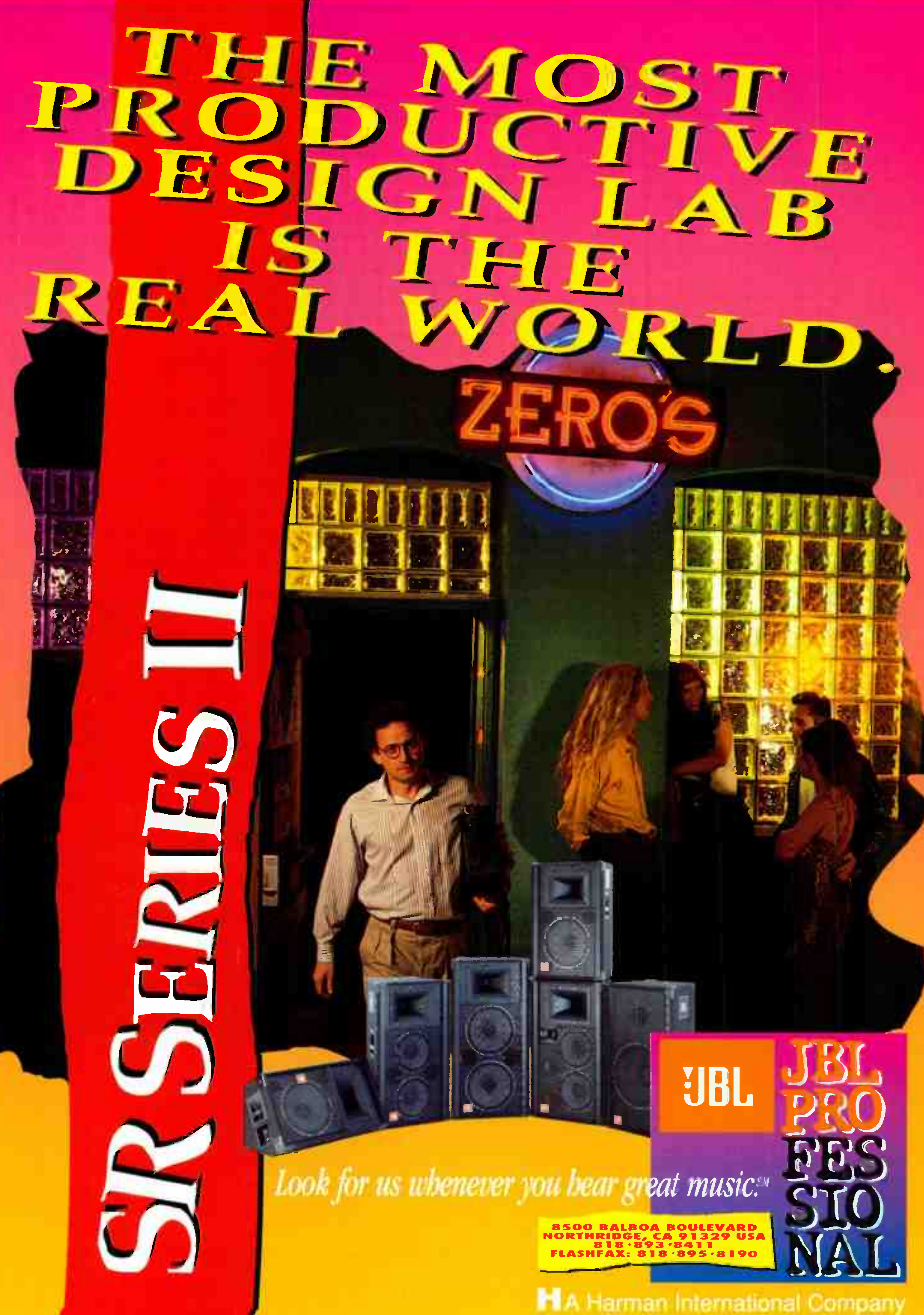

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JIMMY PAGE

FRONT MAN

Is it a holdover of your Led Zeppelin days that most of the songs on Coverdale/Page *start off with acoustic guitar and progress to heavier stuff?*

Well, when we were writing the songs—actually, this is not a direct answer—but a lot of the songs were written on acoustic guitar, in a very intimate atmosphere. I mean, we bounced ideas off each other all the way through. So I said to David, "Come on, you play acoustic guitar on this and we'll just do it the way we wrote it." We had to—certainly with things like "Pride and Joy."

This is a wonderful partnership between the two of us, and there is no doubt about the fact that we've brought the best out of each other. I haven't played this well since the days of Led Zeppelin, and David's singing is absolutely great. So what can you say?

Are you impressed by any contemporary guitarists?

There are many young guitarists I can relate to, because they play six strings. It's very difficult to play six strings, to get real interpretation from them and get your own spirit flying.

The guitar sounds on this record are pretty diverse.

Well, I had about 50 guitars. I'm not kidding, 50 guitars! And as the song would progress, I would almost be in a trance. I'd be looking at the guitars and thinking about the amplifiers that should go with them, to get the sound together.

There's no given formula for any of this. I used Gibson guitars, Gretsch guitars, Fender guitars and Fender bass, Marshall amps, Peavey amps—everything and anything, old and new. Every guitar is a different piece of wood, and when it's strung up they all sound different. You have to know the specific character of all those guitars, and I suppose I got to know the guitars even better than before.

How did you divide your attention between your guitar contributions and your overall production?

Well, you have to know which guitars to use at the right time; we try and mix the guitars so it'll work out best for the song. The solos come at the end of the day, but as far as the tapestry of things, it's best as it goes.

Did you use any open tunings?

Yes, on "Older Now," there's an open-G tuning. "Waiting on You" is another open-G, and then on "Pride and Joy" we dropped the two E strings down to D. That's it.

When you and Coverdale came together, did you feel the pressure of your audiences' expectations? Is it likely that fans of Led Zeppelin or Whitesnake will readily accept the material on Coverdale/Page?

Listen, I'll tell you what. The very first day of writing, we'd agreed to take everything one step at a time. And we got on incredibly socially the first time we met, but that very first day of writing said it all, really. There were incredible nerves, certainly, on my behalf, because I didn't want to let the side down, you know. That day we came up with "Absolution Blues," which was pretty astounding.

"IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO PLAY SIX STRINGS, TO GET REAL INTERPRETATION FROM THEM."

When you've got two heavyweight people together, both with very high standards of what they want to do individually and collectively, they're not necessarily going to produce very good music. When we met up for the first time, we were very nervous.

It was rumored that Robert Plant didn't think too highly of David Coverdale at one time.

Well, Robert didn't have a liking of either of us. When I was on tour four or five years ago, I had this same thing: The press kept confronting me with "'Robert said this,' 'Robert said that,'" and I got fed up with what Robert had to say. But then he really hasn't got a lot to say. We've got more to say.

MAURO SALVATORI

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LETTERS

INTERACTIVE SCORES

Tell me how someone with Joe Jackson's talent and professionalism can sound like an inexperienced dweeb (Mar. '93).

Come on, Joe, this is the '90s. The horny-for-hip attitude should be beneath you. Talking down a product of the type you were involved with is folly. It's a poor carpenter who blames his tools.

If you had done your homework, you would have found that scoring an interactive project is like scoring a film or TV show, but instead of writing 45 minutes of music for an hour program or 110-minute film, you write as much as three hours of music, plus hundreds of sound effects. Once this is done on your main platform (for example, a Roland Sound Canvas or E-mu Proteus), you must thin down the music to work on a PC sound card. It's a ton of work! There are talented, hard-working musician/composers daily producing tremendous soundtracks for interactive game software from companies like Sierra-On-Line, Electronic Arts, Virgin, Dynamix, Coktel and educational game companies like Brite-Star, Broderbund and the Learning Company. These products are more than exciting—they're innovative and fresh.

The music is only as good as the guy who sequenced it. Those who can, do. Those who can't will bitch about the tools and pretend to be too hip. Wake up and smell the coffee, Joe Jackson.

Neal Grandstaff
Staff Composer/Guitarist
Sierra-On-Line
Oakhurst, CA

SOUL FOOD

I swear I'll lose my lunch if I have to read about one more "three chords and the truth" band who wish they could be as honest dealing with life as they are in their songs. Soul Asylum (June '93) is a mercilessly hyped band of painfully average songwriting and musicianship. Their "us against the world" attitude, holey jeans and flannel shirts are every bit as contrived and clichéd as heavy metal or corporate rock. How about a little more ink for artists like Los Lobos or XTC, who are truly contributing to pop/rock history.

Rob Hanzlik
San Diego, CA

Soul Asylum the next Nirvana? I don't think so. Soul Asylum is too brilliant to be compared to Nirvana. They are three things that Nirvana isn't—polite, intelligent and talented. Do you really think Nirvana would ever feature pictures of missing children in their videos? Soul Asylum has got to be the best alternative band around.

Carey Trounson
Virginia Beach, VA

THEY LOVE US

Since subscribing in November '92, *Musician* has opened my eyes to a lot of new music. I used to be into thrash and death metal, some progressive and some alternative. Now I have a much greater appreciation for these styles and more. Among my favorites discovered in your pages: Arrested Development, Manu Katché and Billy Cobham, Nine Inch Nails, Gruntruck and Raymond Scott. The articles and interviews are usually very enjoyable. Thanks for the wake-up call to the world of music.

Tony Hicks
Hudson, FL

I've been an avid reader of *Musician* since your second issue (Eno, Art Ensemble) and have never read a more positive and uplifting article than the interview with Curtis Mayfield and Speech (June '93). I've never met either one of these gentlemen, but since I live in Speech's hometown there might be a possibility. With an attitude like his, no wonder his name is Speech.

Bob Dublon
Milwaukee, WI

LETTERS

Thank you for your always entertaining, nondiscriminating and, at times, self-deprecating *Letters* section. This candor and concern for your readers is indicative of the integrity of *Musician*. A special thanks is due for whoever included the March '93 letter where a reader wrote that Roger Waters' *Amused to Death* "represents what Bob Dylan *ought* to be saying instead of prattling on about Jesus." That was a hilarious letter! First, what spurred this knucklehead's attack on Bob Dylan? We're talking *beyond* left field. Secondly, if Dylan has ever *prattled* on about anything, I doubt the topic was religion. I hope you gave this reader Dylan's phone number; I'm sure Bob is just dying to know what he *ought* to be saying. It just keeps getting funnier the more I think about it!

Peter Kassab
Chicago, IL

JUST DON'T GET IT

Freddie Mercury's passing overlooked. Brian May left off the list of the 100 Greatest Guitarists. *Musician* just doesn't understand Queen. Freddie Mercury and Queen sold 100 million albums, 80 million singles and 13 million concert tickets. Queen stole the show at Live Aid and were huge in every corner of the world. Most importantly, they were artists. Yet *Musician* doesn't find Mercury worthy of even *a paragraph* on his passing! Why?

If your editors honestly believe that other guitarists have changed music or influenced more guitarists than Brian May, they are woefully ignorant. Then again, they felt that Freddie Mercury wasn't worth a mention in *Musician* upon his passing. Everyone has personal biases, but these two deletions are embarrassing for such a fine magazine.

Shawn Stevens
Toronto, Canada

It really saddens me to see such hate for Queen expressed in a letter to this magazine (*Letters*, Mar. '93). I have yet to see a band with the same extraordinary ability to connect with a live audience that Queen had. For those who don't know, Queen did not like to use the word "fans" to describe their following, but called us "friends," and through the magic of music, that's just what we had become. When Freddie Mercury died I couldn't help but feel that I had lost part of my family.

Catherine Zielin
Santa Monica, CA

I found it ironic reading the congratulatory letter in your March issue on *not* paying any tribute to Freddie Mercury of Queen. The letter was so strongly worded that it reminded me of a story of Johannes Brahms in which he writes, and I paraphrase: "I am sitting in the smallest room in my house, using your letter for the purpose for which I believe it was intended." Someone didn't like his music.

To hate something implies that the thing is in some way threatening. I wonder what would threaten someone about a rock group that nobody is forcing him to listen to?

Pamela B. Foard
Brookfield, WI

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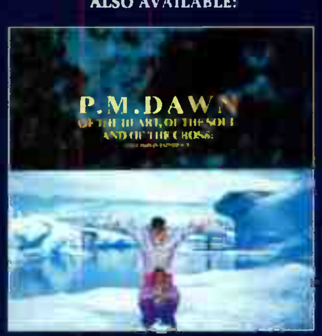

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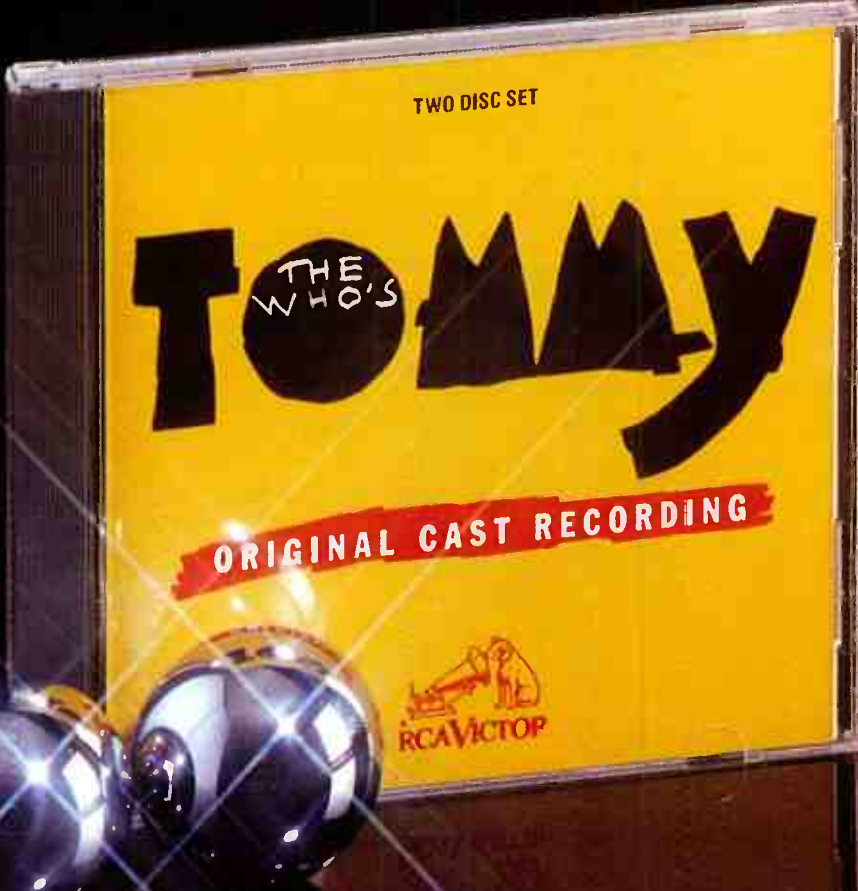

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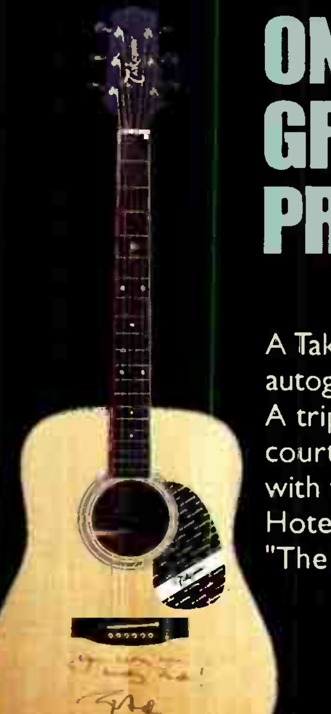

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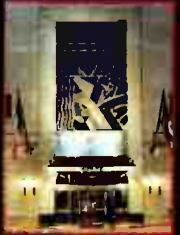

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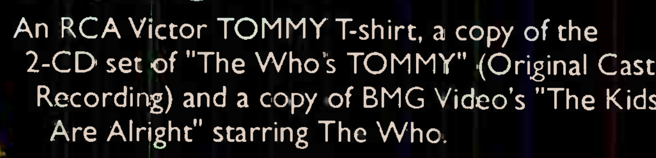

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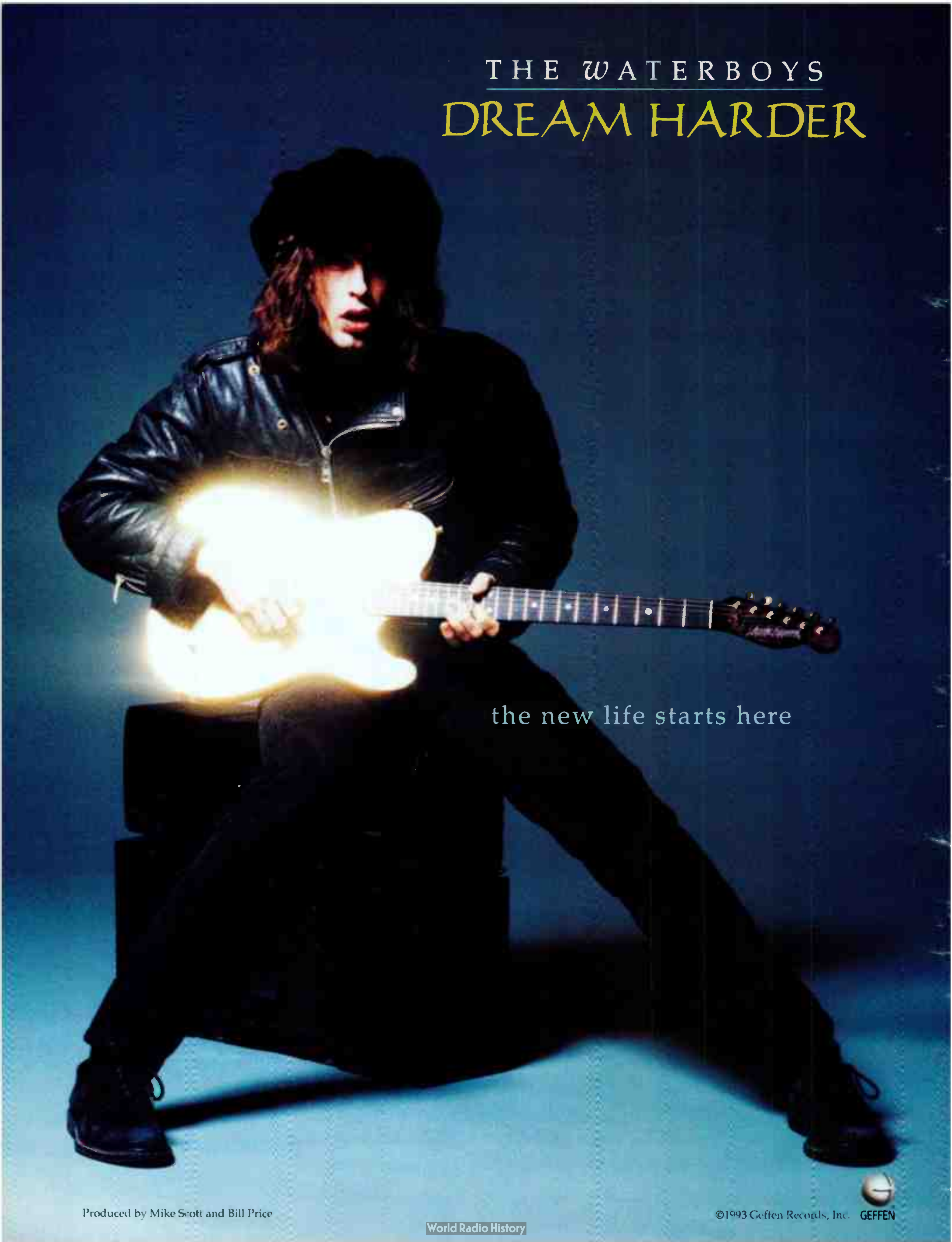

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FACES

Susan Voelz

Pondering Without Poi Dog

TODD V. WOLFSON

The guys in Poi Dog Pondering like to kid Susan Voelz about her "Susan fans," yet so many of her bandmates pop up on her solo album *13 Ribs*, they must be fans too. It's also a recognition of her violin's starring role in that band, but while the instrument weaves through the record, *13 Ribs* is as much about the rest of Voelz's personality as a singer and writer.

"I'd been on the road with Poi Dog throughout the whole making of it," she recalls, "which was all guys, and we love guys, but 14 of them.... Pretty soon, I think I was shutting off a big part of myself to get along, to spend a day. So I'd get home and just pour out this stuff onto the eight-track, just for myself."

Poi Dog's manager took a tape of her Tascam 688 creations to the MIDEM convention in Cannes and returned with a record deal from a French indie, Voodoo. When his shopping it in the States failed, an old friend of Voelz's sent a tape to Pravda Records, who picked up *13 Ribs*.

"It's an incredibly feminine album...very personal," admits the gypsy-ish Voelz in a South Austin cafe on a cloudy, wet afternoon, a perfect climatic analogy for the atmosphere of moody beauty that pervades her album. Sounding something like Nico and John Cale fused into one (somewhat sweeter) being, Voelz now finds herself finishing album two and readying for some U.S. and French touring. "It's just an extra bonus that people like it," she says shyly, her voice almost dropping to a whisper. "It makes me so happy."

ROB PATTERSON

Farewell Sun Ra & Arthur Alexander

The world's so busy with other things...football and basketball and prize fighting. Why should they listen to us?" That's Sun Ra feeling blue one afternoon a few years ago. But it was a rhetorical question—he'd just stepped offstage at the New Orleans Jazz Festival and knew his Arkestra had done a great job. The crowd had gone bonkers. Almost as bonkers as the band.

There were many reasons to listen to Ra, who died on May 30 at the age of 79 in Birmingham, Alabama (his birthplace, despite longstanding claims of being a native of Saturn). His Arkestra was a circus of joy. On the road for almost 40 years, they mixed audacious musical designs with bewildering celestial commentary. But at the heart of each performance was an exuberance that could border on rapture.

A genuine eccentric and innovative orchestrator, Sun Ra never forgot how blacks were violently brought to this country. It helped fuel (and substantiate) his doctrine of otherness. "I don't feel at home on this planet," he told *Musician*. Visiting magic cities and wobbling on ancient planes, he was trying to transcend, forever inviting us to novel destinations. One of his more dedicated refrains is worth remembering. Singing about post-Earthly reveling with the angels, he made a promise of reunion that good friends everywhere should understand: "I'll Wait for You."

JIM MACNIE

DAVID GAHR

Soul singer Arthur Alexander died June 9 of a heart attack complicated by kidney failure. At the age of 53, Alexander had been enjoying a revival of interest in his career after nearly two decades of inactivity. He made his first record, "Sally Sue Brown," in 1961, and his songs were covered by both the Beatles ("Anna") and the Stones ("You Better Move On"). Several of his own versions of his songs—characterized by a powerful baritone voice, wide-open emotion and tight backup band—became hits, although Alexander saw little of the money. His comeback album *Lonely Just Like Me* was released this spring to highly favorable reviews.

World Radio History

SINGER/SONGWRITERS

PATTI SCIALFA: TOMORROW COMES

IN A PERFECT WORLD, PATTI SCIALFA COULD RELEASE HER FIRST ALbum, *Rumbledoll*, and listeners would judge it on its own merit. "But it's not the best of all possible worlds that we live in," Scialfa says quietly. "That's okay. I clearly understand that." Still, it makes her wary—nervous that her marriage to Bruce Springsteen will overshadow the fact that at age 40, through two pregnancies and after years in the studio, Scialfa has finally released an accomplished album full of well-crafted confessional songs.

Even the most basic decision, such as the choice of a single, has fallen prey to Scialfa's fear of how she will be perceived—not as a hardworking musician who's been steadily plugging away at it since she was 14, but as Springsteen's wife. "There are certain songs I really didn't want the single to be. I love 'Come Tomorrow' but that's too provocative to me. That's one of the things I'm frightened of," she admits. On "Come Tomorrow," Scialfa sings: "From the first time/That I saw you/I wanted nothing but to make you mine/Now there's this girl/With milk white hands/And on her finger your wedding band shines/Still you tempt me/With your kisses..." Her trepidation is understandable.

BY ELIZA WING

Scialfa debated over the album's confessional tone. "I could have rewritten those songs but I would have had to rewrite the whole record," she says. "If you're just putting out a confessional album not many people know what it's about, but if you're married to somebody who's well-known I'm sure it gives people the opportunity to use their imagination."

Just getting into the studio and making the album was a struggle for Scialfa, who was signed by Columbia Records in 1987 right after the *Born in the U.S.A.* tour, her first outing as part of

> *"The safer I felt, the more I wanted to make a bigger record."*

Springsteen's band. She was about to begin recording when Springsteen called and asked her to sing back-up on the *Tunnel of Love* tour. Soon after began the affair that would break up Springsteen's marriage to Julianne Phillips and lead Scialfa and Springsteen to a life together. Scialfa had intended to start her album after the *Tunnel of Love* tour but says, "I really needed the stability of having that part of my life figured out. That's why I took time off. It was something that I had been struggling with my whole life and I thought—I want these things in my life, I want a partner. I want a family. I spent *years* by myself."

Those years alone were devoted to building a career. Scialfa watched, fascinated, as her older brother formed a band in Deal, New Jersey, an upper-middle-class town along the Jersey Shore. She saved up and bought a $150 Shure mike. "It came in a little white case and I used to take it to my gigs.... I'd just find bands that I liked and ask them if I could sing with them." She laughs, remembering how ballsy she was. "I had a lot of rejections." Eventually she began writing songs and, after graduating from high school, moved to New York City. "I was like, if I don't make a record album before I'm 20 I'll never be the kind of artist that I want to be." Finally, she decided to become a vocal major at the University of Miami's music school, immersing herself in jazz—"I threw all my rock records out," she remembers. She graduated from NYU in 1975 and joined a fusion band called Tone, headed by former Springsteen pianist David Sancious. Soon after, she joined Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes as a back-up singer. In 1984 Springsteen asked her to join the E Street Band.

Her career may sound like [cont'd on page 29]

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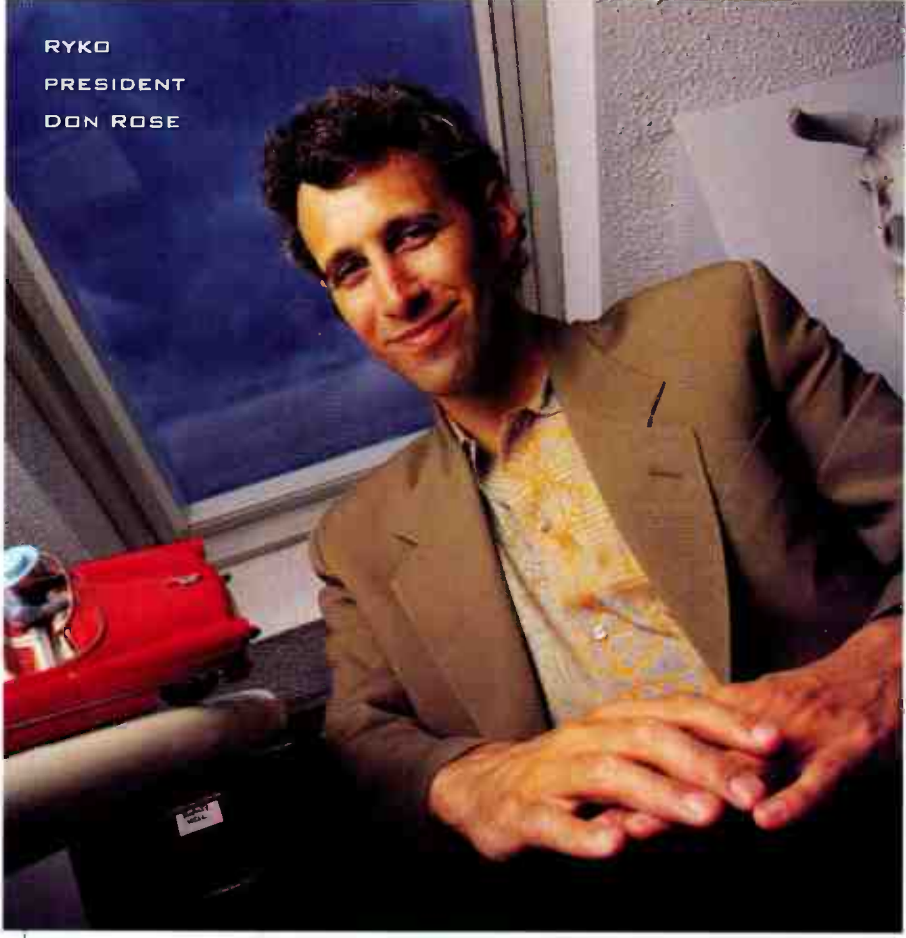
RYKODISC: A STEADY ADVANCE



RYKO PRESIDENT DON ROSE

YOU ADD IT UP. ONE OFFICE IN MINNEAPOLIS, ANOTHER IN PHILLY, an adjunct space in London and a comfy HQ on the Massachusetts coast. Rykodisc's aesthetic diversity pretty much parallels its scattered geography. No whale watches leave from the Salem docks near the respected indie label's main digs, but for the last decade Ryko has swum with the big fish, keeping an eye on the oversized rulers of the corporate sea. "The major labels could outgun us at any time," admits the company president Don Rose, "but every now and then, when they're not looking, we're going to sneak under their legs, give 'em a good one and jump back out."

He's talking specifically about Sugar, Bob Mould's acute yet affable trio. The band's *Copper Blue* is the largest-selling title by any new artist the label's signed (300,000 units). After a decade of learning what it takes to relaunch high-visibility catalogs—the company received plenty of kudos and sizable profits for their David Bowie and Frank Zappa campaigns—they've scored with a current release. Sales for *Beaster*, Sugar's follow-up EP, are clocking in at 150,000 units. Not a bad way to begin your tenth anniversary.

BY JIM MACNIE

"We had high expectations with Bob," notes Rose, "but you've got to be careful. We're not under the notion that we can break 10 alternative rock groups at once, or that we should be running in and going head-to-head with the majors on these things."

That's the "jump back out" part of the Ryko plan. They're comfortable with their status, their autonomy and the quality of their stylistic concerns. "I like all the action, but for my tastes, we're a bit too big right now," offers the 38-year-old Rose.

That kind of practicality is part of a grand scheme that avoids the grand. Ryko's initial persona was that of enlightened curators. Rose and his current partners Rob Simonds and Arthur Mann bolted through the CD intersection while majors cautiously looked both ways. That begot notoriety. Their reissues were superbly executed. Notoriety turned to esteem.

> *The second-biggest U.S.–owned label is an indie.*

"What we do isn't unique, but we make it unique," explains Rose. "We're completely untrend-driven. Though we never decided we had to be in 50 different areas, we did decide not to be in just one. Plus, we're not hit-dependent. Most companies are, and it's a shaky place from which to operate."

That's why you'll find Afropop, rockabilly, progressive, ambient, bluegrass, Celtic and Onomusic next to the Gyuto Monks and the Residents on their warehouse shelves. When they inked a deal with Joe Boyd's London-based Hannibal Records in '91, their eclecticism (and critical respect) was compounded. Viewed together, Ryko and Hannibal deal in top-shelf oddities and renegades.

"I have tastes that aren't always explicable to everybody," says Boyd. The 50-year-old American is well known for facilitating the advent of folk-rock, at least in Britain. He produced early Fairport Convention dates, and stuck with Richard Thompson right through the recent three-disc overview *Watching the Dark*. He quickly admits to "feeling like a carpetbagger" regarding his new team relationship. "But," he reminds, "life for independent record labels became more and more difficult, and I was a one-man band. It was a struggle to continue on alone."

Though they didn't conduct business in similar fashions, each side abetted the other. "My

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BONO VS THE BEAST

THE SETTING is Dublin's Factory rehearsal studio, where U2 are piecing together *Zooropa*, the follow-up album to *Achtung Baby*. Bono admits he is "totally wasted" from working in the studio until 3 a.m. on a track titled "Daddy's Gonna Pay for Your Crashed Car." U2 has made this new album while preparing for a summer tour of Europe. Does Bono, or do U2 as a band, feel intimidated by the ground-breaking success of *Achtung Baby* and the fact that they now must follow one of their most innovative albums in recent memory?

BY JOE JACKSON

"People say that to us but—can I be brutally honest and suitably humble with you? We just whipped its ass by making this new album over the past six weeks! It was easy! *Achtung Baby* was just us tuning up to get ready for this record!

"We don't feel at all intimidated, though we were totally taken aback by how successful *Achtung Baby* was. But the new record is a *different* album. It's more raw, more immediate because we have got the band playing together in a way that we probably never have before. And we really can't afford to stop and think, 'Oh wow, we've got to follow *Achtung Baby*.'

"You just get into the studio and do it."

Bono launches into an improvised ramble of responses to the songs on the new album, as well as a fly-on-the-wall look at as much of his psyche as he wishes to reveal right now.

Playing the new album's first track, "Zooropa," Bono shouts above the music: "A lot of what's in this album comes from reading the work of William Gibson"—the cyberpunk sci-fi author.

The song opens with a brace of suspended chords trembling as they chain down the sound of indecipherable human voices shifting from speaker to speaker, growing louder with each beat. It's sci-fi in hi-fi, signifying that ZOO TV future shock is about to begin again.

"This is just a sketch," says Bono. "The album is still changing day to day. As it stands we have 14 tracks which we'll probably cut down to 10. Over the last six weeks it's taken its own shape and we've just gone with the flow."

When the Edge rides in with a steely, angry "Zoo Station"–like riff bolting

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN CUMMINS/LONDON FEATURES

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together this amorphous musical maze, followed by Larry Mullen's steadying pulse on drums *and* on bass, Bono yells, "It's a trip!" Less flippantly he adds: "*That's* what I want it to be! Legal drugs. Why else would you buy an album these days?"

He recites with his own recorded voice: "*I have no compass/And I have no map/And I have no reason, no reason/To get back.*"

The moral confusion that dominates "Acrobat," from *Achtung Baby*, is in evidence again.

"*And I have no religion/And I don't know what's what/Don't know the limits/Don't know the limits of what we got.*"

Taking a deep breath while the song dissolves into screeching white noise, Bono laughs, shakes his head and, as if suddenly remembering there is someone in the room, says: "We were going to call the album *Squeaky* at one point!"

His self-conscious laugh is silenced as the DAT immediately delivers a second song, which begins with what seems like the sound of a child's toy in a soon-to-be subverted opening scene of a David Lynch movie.

"This is called 'Baby Face,'" says Bono. "And in this brightly lit, fucked-up commercial landscape we'll have onstage, we take the audience through a window and there's a guy watching somebody on a TV, a personality, a celebrity he's obsessed with. It's about how people play with images, believing you know somebody through an image, and think that by manipulating a machine that, in fact, controls you, you can have some kind of power [*sings, in a chillingly sweet voice*]: *Watching your bright-lit eyes/In the freeze frame/I've seen them so many times/I feel like I must be your best friend/You're looking fine, so fine.*"

As Bono harmonizes with his own voice, the spirits of David Bowie and Lou Reed hover nearby. Right on cue he stops singing and just as you're thinking of the colored girls going do-de-do-de-do-do-de-de-do-de-do, he smiles and says, "There hasn't been a good do-de-do on the album yet—so here it comes!" Hamming it up and calling to mind some of his father's heroes, he adds, "But you have to admit that Dean Martin was great at that, wasn't he? And Bing Crosby. What I loved was the way they'd casually slip their hands in their pockets while singing. I can't do that at all—because all my jeans are too tight!"

Bono explains that "Dirty Day," the next track, "is exactly as it happened": a largely instrumental sonic rumble, and ramble, made up mostly of improvised riffs and rhythms in the studio.

"Iggy Pop was very much an influence in terms of the way he'd make up songs in performance," he explains. "So this is really U2 in its most raw state. At the moment I'm toying with the idea of something that keeps flashing up in front of me when I hear the music, an image of a father giving surrealist advice to his son. I also see Charles Bukowski in my head and the kind of advice he gives, like 'Always give a false name!' But whatever lyric I finally put to it, the music strikes me as very sad. What I'm saying there is 'Make it better, son.' The feeling I get is that the father has fucked off, or something like that. Then again it may end up being about Gorbachev! But what you're hearing there is the base of what probably will become a song, and the creative process is obviously very much dictated by the atmosphere the band originally got while improvising. *That's* what will dictate the kind of lyrics the song finally has."

Continuing the father theme, Bono laughs and says, "And here's another cheery little U2 ditty we finished last night, 'Daddy's Gonna Pay for Your Crashed Car.'"

Bono sings: "*You're a precious stone/You're out on your own/You know everyone in the world/But you feel alone.*

"We use the reverb there to bring my voice in and out of focus, so it's *right in your ear* one moment, then lost in the mix the next. We want it to be disorientating, disturbing," he says, having effectively fractured my eardrum with his shout. As the tape winds into silence he picks up his guitar, saying: "That's a blues, an industrial blues. You could just as easily do it this way." He continues the above lyric but now sings it as a 12-bar blues. "*Daddy won't let you weep/Daddy won't let you ache/Daddy gonna give you/As much as you can take.*

"Now even though it has been heavily processed," he explains, "the point is it was written through that process, rather than written as a blues, then put through the technological mix you hear. It was written back-to-front, as it were. Yet to me it's definitely a blues song for the '90s, as true to its roots as a song could be."

Most of the new album was done in Dublin this spring. One song, titled "Numb," however, has its roots in Berlin, and in the recording sessions for *Achtung Baby*. It opens with a no-shit dialogue between Larry's sticks rapping a snare drum and Edge's guitar spitting out vengeful licks. The vocal, delivered through gritted teeth, is a litany of commands made all the more powerful because they are almost whispered.

"Edge has just got a list of things there, one following the other," says Bono. "*Don't cry/Don't eat/Don't drink/Don't sleep.* It's kind of arcade music, but at base it's a dark energy we're tapping into, like a lot of the stuff on *Achtung Baby*. And, here, I use my Fat-Lady voice that I used on 'The Fly.' There's a big fat mamma in all of us! But you need that high wail set against the bass voice because the song is about overload, all those forces that come at you from different angles and you have no way to respond. It's us trying to get inside somebody's head. So in that mix you hear a football crowd, a line of don'ts, kitsch, soul singing and Larry singing for the first time in that context. So what we're trying to do is recreate that feeling of sensory overload."

"Numb" ends as it began, with a drumbeat yet minus Edge's guitar

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lines. The drumbeat is sampled from the Nazi propaganda film *Triumph of the Will.*

Changing the tape again, Bono explains: "For us, it's a new way of working. We've been taking audiovisual loops and working with them. That drum loop comes from the scene where an 11-year-old Nazi plays the drum at the 1936 Olympic Games. And we're going to be playing, and using that loop, in the actual stadium where that boy played, in Berlin. That's going to be a very eerie moment, because that boy could still be alive, I suppose."

Silencing the DAT machine and switching on his PowerBook, he brings up his "Lyrics" file, and says, "I wrote this piece called 'In Cold Blood.' I probably will recite it during the show. But this is as I wrote it, I haven't rewritten anything." He recites the following:

I read a book once, called *In Cold Blood.*
Pages of facts did me no good.
I read it like a blind man, in cold blood.

So the story of a three-year-old child
Raped by soldiers, though she'd already died,
Made the mother watch as they fucked her in the mud.
I'm reading the story now, in cold blood.

More now coming off the wire
City surrounded, funeral pyre
Life is cheaper than talking about it
People choke on their politicians' vomit.

On cable television I saw a woman weep
Live, by satellite, from a flood-ridden street
Boy mistaken for a wastepaper bin
Body that a child used to live in.

I saw plastic explosives and an alarm clock
And the wrong men sitting in the dock
Karma is a word I never understood
How God could take a four-year-old in cold blood.

I live by a beach, but it feels like New York
I hear about 10 murders before I get to work.
What's it going to be, Lord, fire or flood?
An act of mercy or in cold blood?

Pausing after reading the lyric, Bono sips from his coffee and then says, "Sometimes, in the middle of all the kitsch you have to stick the boot in. But that lyric too is about overload and I want to use it as part of 'Numb' live, though it may only be samples or lines I like. But it's not so much about the cold blood involved in the various acts I describe, it's about the way we respond to those things. Maybe I'll just do parts of that to the drum loop. And if I read it onstage I will be standing in front of a 12-foot-by-12-foot television image of the child playing that drum in 1936 in the Olympic Stadium in Berlin."

Bono uses this example to highlight how deeply committed he is to rock as an audiovisual form of expression. "The way we feel about it is that rock 'n' roll—whatever that is these days—is mutating and that it's always technology that spurs these mutations. It's the electric guitar that gave us the fuzzbox, the sampler that gave us rap music and so on. And while I have respect for people who wish to ignore that 'filthy modern tide,' I don't want to, I couldn't. If you go back to the birth of electric blues, many musicians didn't want to leave their acoustic guitars behind. If some hadn't, where would the blues be now, where would rock 'n' roll be? Would we even have something called rock 'n' roll? And it was the bluesmen who also used electronic distortion in its most basic sense. They'd attach bits of metal to their drums so that they'd buzz and distort. And that's what was happening right there at the beginning of the blues."

The same, of course, applied to the birth of rock 'n' roll when Sam Phillips at Sun deliberately busted a speaker cone to get distortion on "Rocket 88," the track widely described as the first rock 'n' roll recording.

"That's what the whole thing's all about," says Bono. "Doing any-

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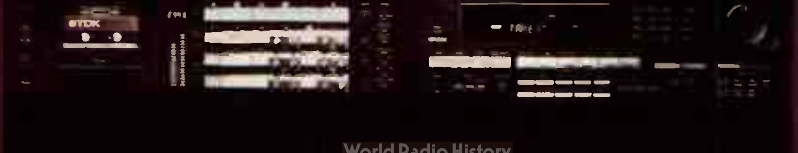

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"There is nothing in the world as addictive as a hit single. With it comes everything—the money, the glory.... And that's terrible, because it binds you to the world."

YET EVEN BEFORE Vai could walk, he was touched by a sense of music's essence and its possibilities, and of his talent for actualizing those feelings and bringing them to earth. "The earliest memory I can recall was I was sleeping and woke up—and I wasn't quite awake—I was in this strange mental state and was hearing a sound. It was like a bell or a *whurrr*; it wasn't like I was hearing with my physical ears, it was an internal thing, and what I was witnessing was this...vastness. I can't really explain it. It was this state of mind where everything was expanding.

"I've always felt the same way as long as I can remember. I've always been interested in constructing melodies. I would try to take melodies and play them on this little Kenner organ my mother bought me for my sixth birthday, on 6/6/66...but I'm not the devil. That organ was precious to me. I remember playing every little theme I heard, and it seemed so simple to me: The notes get higher, and then they get lower, y'know, and if you want a melody that sounds like this, you go like this—it just seemed natural.

"My dad was militant about practicing the accordion a half-hour a day. Italian family from Long Island, so you had to play the accordion: 'Lady of Spain,' 'Arivederci Roma,' 'Volare'—the whole nine yards. I developed a great sense of melody, but I was appalled by the accordion. But when I finally said I didn't want to play anymore, he was okay. Meanwhile, I developed good keyboard skills.

"I used to hear this strange music coming from my older sister's room, *Led Zeppelin II*, and I was totally enamored with the guitar playing. 'This is just it. This is what I want to do!' I literally slept with my guitar—still do sometimes.

"I practiced no less than nine hours a day, because I had a list of things I had to get through. And I used to write down my regime every day. I would have everything mapped out, even my masturbating time, all in hour increments. And by hook or by crook I made that my objective every day. It got to where I'd come home Friday from school and sleep until the middle of the night, then practice until I had to go to school on Monday.

"I learned all the different techniques: retrograde and inversion, all the classical parameters like figured bass, and all the drop voicings, all the regulations. It was wonderful in high school that way, because I was moonlighting with the rock band, playing Kiss, and meanwhile I was composing a score for the school orchestra, the first score I wrote, called 'Sweet Wind from Orange County.'"

Vai went to Berklee to keep his rock chops together. "It was educational because I felt inferior to all the wonderful musicians there so I didn't compete," he says, "I just tried to absorb. And I got Zappa's phone number from a friend of mine who got it from this studio in New York. So I sent Frank some Edgard Varèse scores he was trying to get, because the Boston Public Library had an incredibly rich music department. And I sent him a tape and he just flipped. He wanted to fly me out and audition me for the band but I told him I was 18—it was just like, whoa...sorry.

"So I made my way out to L.A. and began transcribing for him, and he was impressed enough to hire me to transcribe guitar solos and drum parts. It would be something to the effect of taking a bar and then, say, any meter—pick a meter—and then a polyrhythmic structure that spanned one or three or parts of those bars, and that polyrhythmic structure may be something like 10 eighth notes played in the space of seven eighth notes, and then within those 10 eighth notes there's subdivisions of rhythms thereof.

"But what I learned from Frank was much greater than music. I was doing this transcription, a lead sheet thing. And at that time what they did was pay you for the number of bars of music—some ASCAP/BMI kind of thing. There was this one song which could have either been done in 2/4 or 4/4, so almost tongue-in-cheek I say to Frank, 'You want me to do it in 2/4 so there'll be more bars and you can make more money?' And his reply was just so pure: 'I don't need to make my money that way. You're starting to think like a real Hollywood guy now. Do the song the way it should be done.' And that probably had more of an impact on me than any notes he wrote."

Soon, Vai launched his apprenticeship as a full-fledged member of Zappa's ensemble, assisting the leader with arrangements, playing the impossible written parts, even getting the occasional solo feature. But in the mid-'80s the young guitarist hit an emotional wall, out of which came a much stronger, more mature individual. ("It was a death—I spent 15 percent of the time doing what adolescents do, and spent the rest playing the guitar.") After a bleak period of spiritual soul-searching, he moved on to a number of high-paying, high-visibility arena-rock gigs that helped bankroll his current artistic independence, cement his divinity among teenage stringslingers and provoke a certain ambivalence about his artistic goals among fellow musicians and

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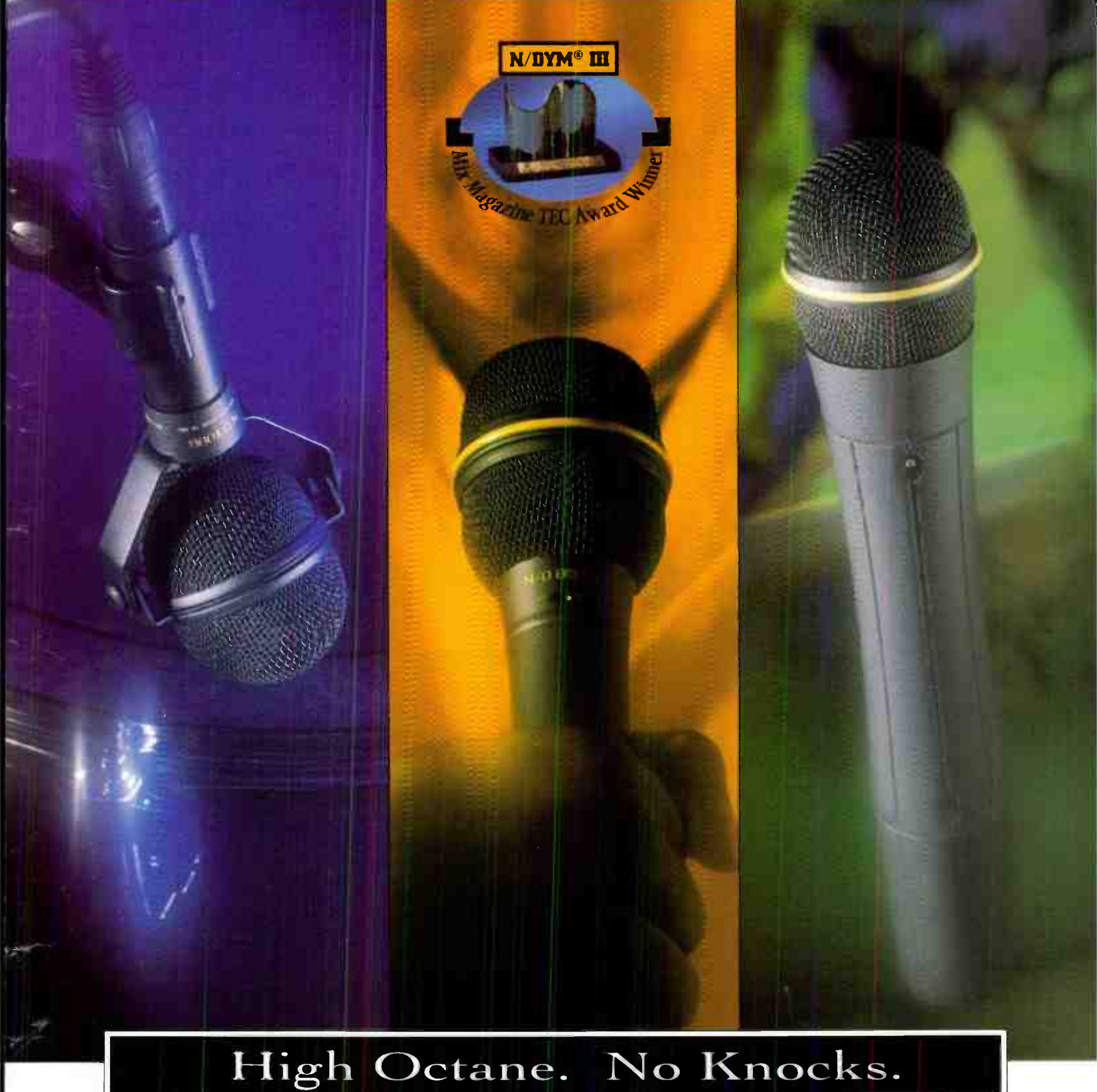

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members of the press. Still, Vai, as self-motivated a cat as you're ever likely to meet, was always able to manufacture some sort of challenge to drive him forward.

"I don't discount one second of any of my performances with any of those bands," he says. "One of the things I'm most attracted to is energy—intense feeling. And with David Lee Roth or Whitesnake you can experience an energy you may not get playing with someone like Zappa, and vice versa. I don't have any limitations; if I want to take the guitar off and throw it in the air, I've got the freedom to do it."

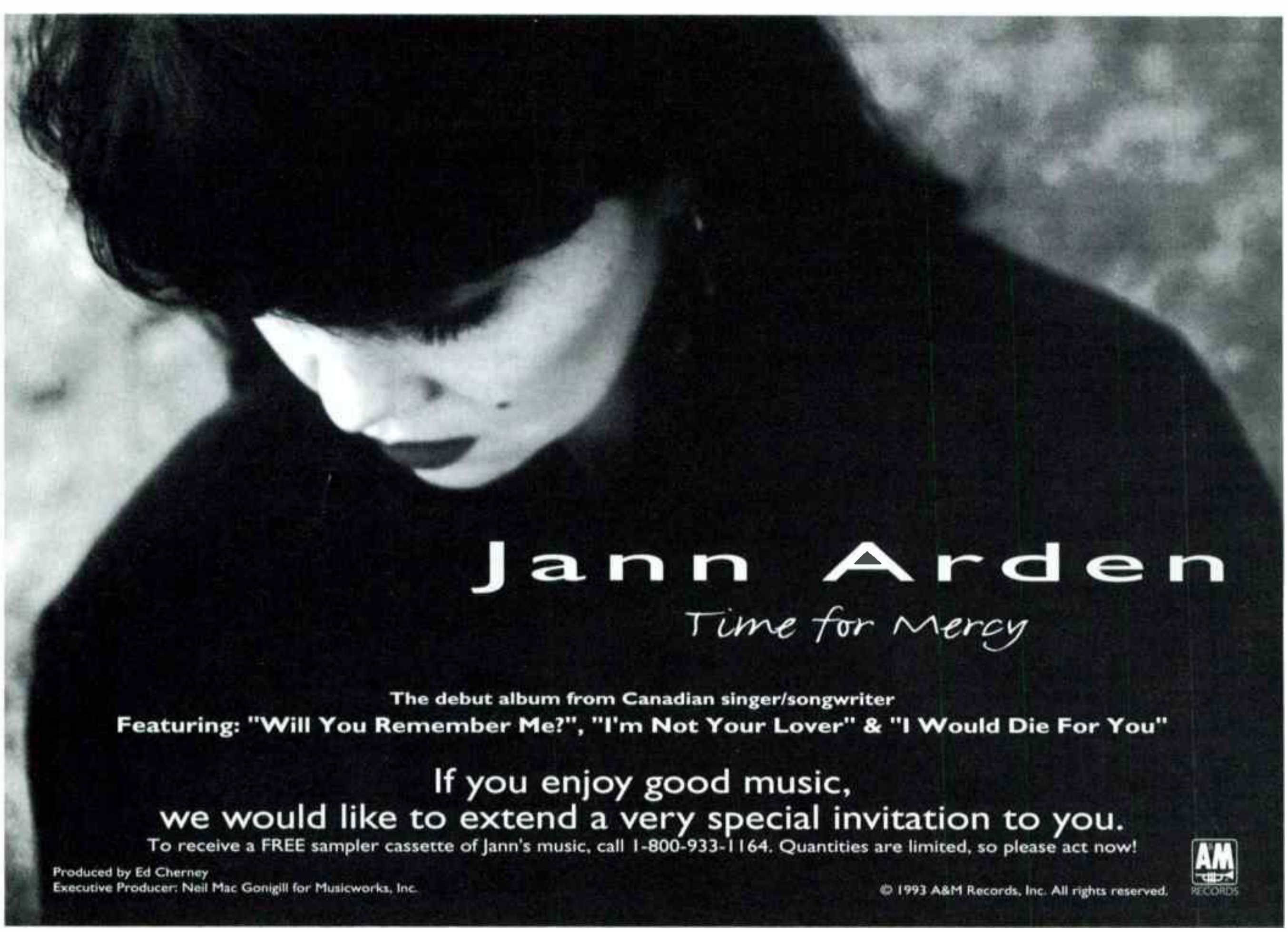
And now Vai has the freedom to do pretty damn much whatever he wants. And that covers a lot of ground, from his burgeoning aspirations as a composer, the directions he wants his career to take, and his sense of inadequacy as an instrumentalist. "With *Sex and Religion*, I didn't focus on the guitar per se," he says. "I focused on songwriting, producing, working with musicians; the keyboards took a lot of work, but I wanted that flavor. My playing suffered because I haven't had the hours to put in, but that was a conscious decision.

"My decision is that I'm going to go into hyper-guitar mode, because it's going to take a lot to get this show out on the road—a *lot* of guitar playing. Then I have this project with the Orchestra of Our Time in New York. And I'm orchestrating two-and-a-half hours of my music for a 30-piece orchestra and a rock band. We're trying to schedule some shows on the East Coast, like at Radio City Music Hall, which is all down ultimately to how many tickets I can sell. And there are other projects which are too far off to talk about, but they'll consist of a lot of guitar. I want to create some things that are very adventurous on the instrument: not just a melody, but a complete guitar piece.

"Contrary to popular belief, I have to work extremely hard to play the guitar. I have to work very hard to make my fingers sound like it's effortless—there's a lot of effort involved. But the positive side is that I *know* what it takes to be completely limitless as far as it's physically possible for anybody, although I haven't achieved it. But for all the time I put in, I should probably be better than I am. I'm a very sloppy player in many respects. That's probably why I like distortion so much. It's sometimes easier to play faster with distortion, because there's a lot more sustain so you can rail about. Which is why there was a period where I'd perform on electric, but spend all the rest of my time with an acoustic. Pick every note, and more than that, get rhythm together and really listen to chords; make up big, weird chords—I learned all my chord chemistry that way.

"But, man, there's a lot of things I can't do on that damn instrument. Have you heard of [chord-melody master] Ted Greene? The guy's monstrous. I want to study with him. I mean, if you're open-minded you can learn from anybody. I have no qualms about teaching anybody that wants to know, or if I want to go to lessons with Joe Pass. You need to be free like that or you'll never progress.

"But by the same token I'm looking forward to the time when I can do a record that doesn't have any guitar whatsoever, all melody and instrumental textures. Maybe that's a problem for some people: I'm sure it is for my record company, because in order to sell five, 10 million records, you've got to be focused on a sound and know your market. I've agonized over that. 'How am I going to sell a lot of records?'



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And it was very painful. You wake up in the morning with this anxiety. And then...this is a while ago, I thought, 'This is silly. Why condemn myself because I have the desire to do lots of different things?'"

But didn't *Passion and Warfare* sell a respectable number of copies?

"*Passion and Warfare* sold more than a...it made me a multi-millionaire, you know," he chuckles. "You can leave that out," he suggests self-consciously, but upon reflection his voice grows softer and more assured. "Ah, you can put it in if you like," he says offhandedly. "Look, it was wonderful the way it sold. But when you start selling records, it's a trap, because then you have to keep selling records, and let me tell you, there is nothing as addictive in the world as a hit single. Because with it comes everything: the money, the glory, the fame, the drugs, the pussy—whatever it is you want. And that's terrible, because it binds you to the world. And you become a caricature. That's why I respect Prince. He does what is *him*, and balances it with the type of stuff that's very accessible, but is always growing. Always stretching."

Vai stretches and yawns. Time to go stargazing. The dark star is calling. This biker Dogon yearning to master astronomy, compulsively divining its secrets, living by its symbols and parables, unto and through death. To conquer time, dress up his dreams so that someone else could understand...so no one could. Sensitive arranger, gonzo guitarist. The pagan in the varnished car.

I practically trip over the spread of guitars germinating out and about Vai's home studio, all ringing in a variety of curious open tunings. "That's Devon," Vai says proudly, citing the handiwork of his brash young vocalist. "He's a unique young man—they've all been Devonized." Strum. "Except that one—he doesn't like Les Pauls."

He draws at himself with those graceful hands, coloring himself in gestures, pulling compulsively at the corners of his standard-issue, *Pirates of Penzance* rock-star shirt. I've been staring at those twin scars on his clavicle all afternoon. Ask.

"I thought you said you were an Italian. You been trafficking with Transylvanians? What are those Dracula fangs?"

"Oh," he says matter-of-factly, "these are piercings that I had made, going through my neck...like these." Hello. A dual whammy-bar nipple ring. "I took them out because they got in the way of my guitar playing. But this is another whole story."

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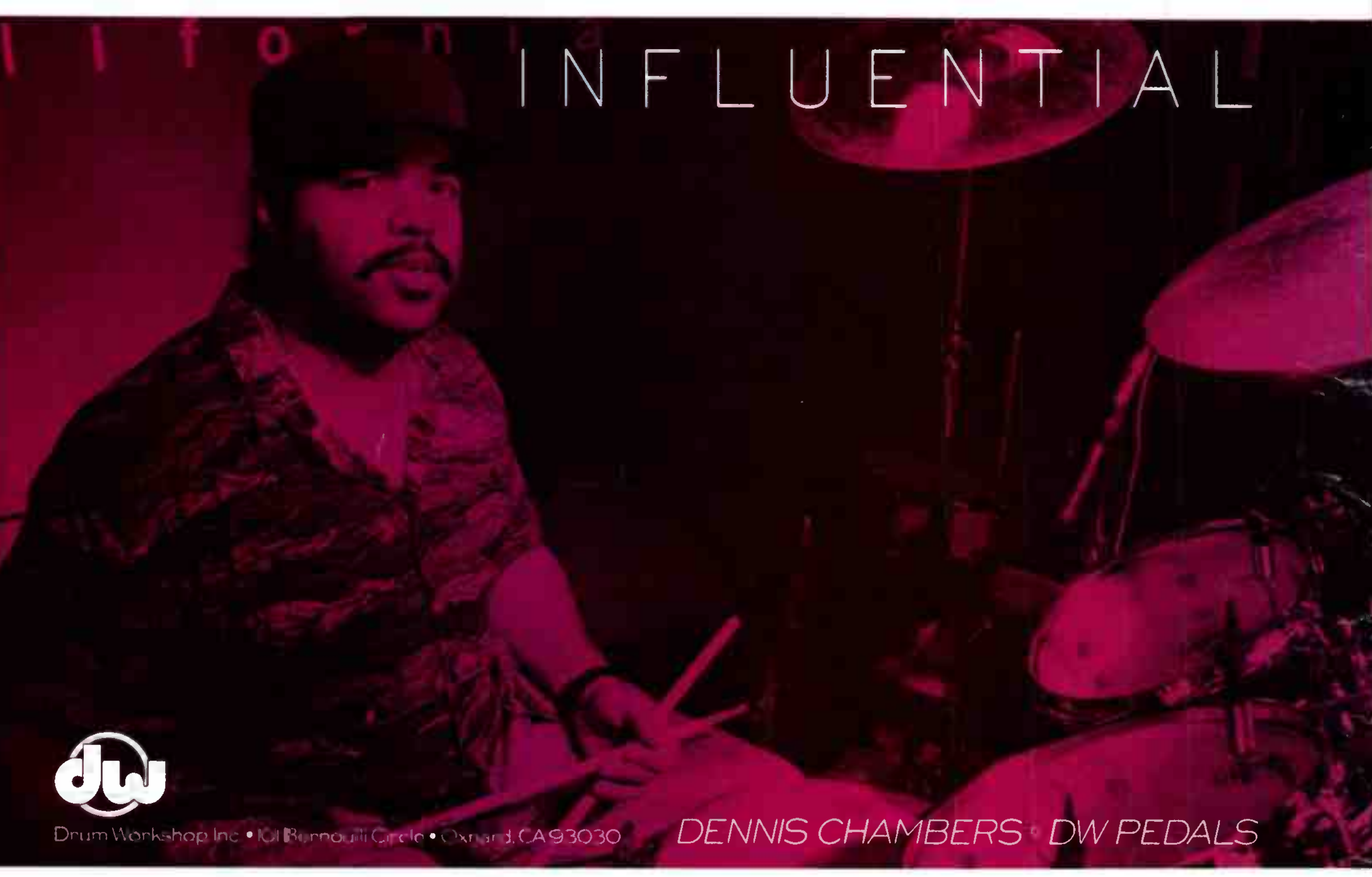
VAI uses Marshall, Boogie and Soldano amplifiers. Though he's known for using a complicated rack effects system, these days he's reverting back to the old-style pedals: MXRs and Mutrons, Maestro phasers and Vox CryBaby wah-wahs. His Ibanez Jem guitars have DiMarzio pickups and Floyd Rose–style tailpieces: "I've got this little thing in the back, a clutch, that prevents the bar from going sharp or wavering when you rest your wrist on it, because without that you traumatize all the notes every time you hit a note." Vai is also testing his intonation and range on a fretless guitar, and on the seven-string he designed. He uses Dean Markley Blue Steel strings.



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because she wants to be in the music business. She does it because we have our own little cottage industry and it makes sense for her to do it. Mainly, you have to be a businessperson, not a jazz fan. My thing is like, 'Oh, I've got the shadow of Bud Powell on one shoulder, and then trying to get my amp to work....' Susan sees it as a business; I can't. I'm always thinking about '*ART*, godammit!'"

Suburban scenes whiz by as the great jazz eras are relived night by night at Paul's Mall back in Boston, where Lovano and Scofield spent their music college years watching Joe Henderson, Bill Evans, Little Feat. As they laugh, Jeannie notices what she calls very tacky condo housing in the outskirts of Levittown. "That's where we're moving, sweetheart," comes the response from up front. "Elvin told me that when he was growing up in Detroit, he used to listen to the Grand Ole Opry," John says, not missing a beat. "He liked Uncle Dave Macon. I've never even *heard* Uncle Dave Macon. I just remember Elvin telling me that. That's sort of like Martin Luther King saying he listened to George Wallace. But that's just how beautiful Elvin is, to hear music anywhere."

As the car pulls up in front of IMAC, a quiet little auditorium in a quiet main street on a quiet Long Island Saturday night, Lovano reaches for his horn and catches sight of the venue's coming attractions, one promising the appearance of a popular elevator-jazz saxist. "I can't believe it," he exclaims. "That guy actually performs? In *front* of people?!"

Scofield can't resist. "He's sitting in tonight, Joe."

The car plays a key part in the changing Scofield life plan, within which a longtime Greenwich Village homebase will soon become a pied-à-terre, second to a new house up in the Westchester suburbs. From Huntington to Hamburg, he travels a lot; luckily the Taurus is solid, practically drives itself. Tomorrow there's an early pickup, a four-hour trip out to Pennsylvania for two sets, with a high school band playing in between. Probably because of such a dedicated schedule, Scofield is now a jazz artist of the highest visibility, a composer of high order and an improviser of mindbending proportions. In the hallowed tradition of free jazz spirits, he makes personal, riveting music, and in that even grander tradition upheld by legends like Elvin Jones and Sonny Rollins, is managed by his wife.

"Who wants to manage a jazz act?" he says. "It's not the big time, like a pop act that has a chance in one year of grossing millions. But our booking agent says his favorite managers are Susan and Lucille Rollins. Most managers are not as good as she is. Susan doesn't do it

EYES CLOSED, WIPING and scraping and scratching, bobbing and weaving and heaving, Scofield is hunched over a bluesy solo while he and his band work through "Camp Out," from their latest album *What We Do*. What they do is pretty incredible. Scofield eggs Lovano on with pecks, volume swells and squawking close-voiced chords, harmonizing the saxist's lines sometimes into three parts. Bassist Dennis Irwin walks a solid line between them as Stewart adds sharp, responsive accents—the drummer swings his ass off, implying a tune's chords in a roaring solo.

Lovano is a cat, a goateed anachronism, the guy sent to the principal

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"You take what you got, set your sights, and if you wanna set them on absolutely mastering the guitar, boy, you've got a lot of work to do. I never tried. I've just had to work out music I like on a very difficult instrument."

in sixth grade for bringing a Roland Kirk record to show-and-tell. As Scofield solos, Joe steps behind the curtain and reminisces about seeing Jimmy Giuffre clear a hall with his experimental, beautiful playing. "It was important music for the time," Lovano says, fiddling with his mouthpiece, "but nobody was ready. You can't wait for anybody." As he steps out to finish the tune, even Jeannie Scofield is dancing.

After soundcheck, while everyone's getting rallied for Greek food, Irwin spots an issue of *down beat* magazine on a table in the intermission waiting area, its cover graced with a familiar face. "Is that the one with Lovano on it? I wouldn't pay $2.50 for that!" The magazine has printed music notation of Scofield's isolated guitar accompaniment on "What They Did." His rhythm section laughs—"They knew they couldn't capture *our* shit on that!"

Scofield takes the transcription and pores it over. "Wow. Could you imagine if a piano player played this stuff, how stupid it would sound? *Cliiknk, cllansd*! Actually, compared to jazz guitar tradition it sounds weird, but so much has gone down in the music in the '60s in jazz, really wild stuff, that it's not that *out*. That stuff is just responses to what's going on around me when I'm comping. Sometimes I listen back and go, 'Somebody might think this is *funny*.' Actually, the first cut on our new album has this amazing, weird guitar sound behind Lovano, and that was an accident: I think it was my pedals freaking out, like a broken chord, *aawwhackchww*."

Artists usually aren't able to see their own work as anything other than one long continuum, but if one were to break down the evolution of modern jazz guitar after the phases created by Tal Farlow and Jimmy Raney and Herb Ellis, one would detect a rupturing shift inspired by rock. With his pantonal understanding of the instrument, Scofield is straight-ahead's next step. "I always wanted to sound like a horn player," he says, "so the more sustain you had, the more vocal and hornlike you would get. Herb Ellis and those guys had just never *experienced* playing a guitar like that, while anybody from my generation had at some point played through a fuzztone. By the time you've been playing professionally for a while, adding stuff is harder because you've got a sound. I know Jim Hall really likes other sounds than his, but if you're Jim Hall and you've developed your sound for 40 years, why change it?"

These are unusually accommodating circumstances for making music, and after the gig, all are happy as they pile back into the car, especially the driver. "Once you get some ability, you realize, 'Hey, I can—maybe—say something special, and we as a group can come upon a mood that'll be really special tonight, in this little joint.' It's not the same as, 'We're gonna play our shtick and hopefully the audience will love it,'" he laughs, "you know what I mean? It's, 'We can actually *create* something tonight.' So that makes the surroundings tolerable, like not having the club or the business things exactly right, because they never are. The gig takes on a very special meaning when you're into the music that much. Especially with a band like these guys, I really look forward to every night, to trying to do it. And it's hard. One out of every five nights I get bummed out because I'm not living up to what I can do, and then one out of five nights I go over the top and say, 'Wow! I've finally become great.' And the next night you come crashing down to the depths again!" Back on the Long Island Expressway, half the cargo is asleep. Talk up front turns to Thad and Mel and Miles with the wah-wah pedal on his trumpet at Paul's Mall with Jarrett and Gary Bartz and Stan Kenton's great arrangements, all the way back to the city.

THE SCOFIELD MANOR in Manhattan is usually thick with sunlight and cats and hermit crabs and noise and music. Today Susan is out of town, the kids are at school, and for once in a long while John is enjoying a real break from a schedule based around 120 yearly gigs. Apart from visits here and at his shows around town, I've only seen him out of his house three times: one very early morning on a bleary passport-related errand, in the audience at a Joe Zawinul show (where Joe interrupted the performance to point him out at a v.i.p. table and shout, "Hey boy!") and at one by the Meters. "Hey, but between 1975 and 1980 I probably went out 10,000 times to hear bands," he dissents.

These days, most music John hears is at festivals or sessions he's working. His shelves are stocked with jazz imports, and videos of Monk, Sonny, Sesame Street, Miles. "This is the greatest thing," he nods towards a fat box set of compact discs, "the Miles Davis Group at the Plugged Nickel. They recorded two nights, *four* sets on one night and three on the other. That's the old days—even Miles, the greatest star in jazz in 1965, still had to play four sets a night. So that's how the business has changed right there. The audience is real noisy; the band is taking chances, maybe playing over their heads. But it's great to be transported to Chicago in 1965 and hear a set with no interruption, glasses clinking, cash register goin'—every time Ron Carter plays, a drunk guy says, 'Paul Chambers!' and at the end of Wayne's solo you hear him say, 'Yeah, you blew Miles off the stand!' As a musician, too, to hear these guys play four sets in one night and all the ups and downs...it's a lot of work, a lot of notes."

Before he was a comer, before he was even a musician, Scofield was a *fan*, and the fan's obsession governs his approach to the music, even through his dates with Mingus, Joe Henderson, B.B. King, Gerry Mulligan and Jay McShann. "I thought about this, and playing with somebody ultimately is great when you can play with them a *lot*, and develop some music, like Lovano. I mean, my idols, Wayne Shorter, Sonny Rollins—I'd love to play with them, but the all-star jam session leaves something to be desired. You need time, more than 45 minutes onstage at Carnegie Hall as part of the Newport Jazz Festival. You can admire somebody and learn from their music without playing with them."

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John played a lot with Davis during the mid-'80s, doing the kind of heavy funk that became a model for several excellent records he made after leaving the group; the *Blue Matter* band, as it's known informally among diehards, reunited last year for the guitarist's *Jazz-Funk Guitar* videos. "When we did Miles' *Decoy*, one or two really good pieces weren't released," he remembers, "long things Gil Evans had written out that were derived from solos that either Miles or I took on gigs; he turned them into melodies for sax and guitar, and Miles would answer them. I saw the music Gil wrote out to a Miles solo that's never been recorded...and that's what I do when I write. I mess around until I come up with something. I forget five minutes later what it was. I need to be pushed to write. But it's rewarding in a way that improvising is not; I can sit for five hours and not come up with anything. It feels like a waste of time, even though it's not because the next day you may get to something. It's not particularly fun."

In two years at the Berklee College of Music, John made good on numerous trips as a teenager from New Canaan, Connecticut to the Village Vanguard, the Fillmore East and a club called the Guitar. Most important, he met other musicians who loved jazz, saxists like Steve Slagle and Lovano, and mentors like Steve Swallow, who later would play bass on Scofield's trio dates *Shinola, Bar Talk* and *Out Like a Light*; at one point in the early '70s John, Pat Metheny and Al Di Meola were all studying under the same roof. He practiced the days away, hoping to convince his parents he was no rock 'n' roll hedonist, and that a boy brought up on the "Hootenanny" TV show could actually make it through Charlie Parker's "Au Privave."

"You know what it is?" he bursts out. "It's the guitar. Just to have Jeannie take piano lessons has shown me that. To play augmented chords going up in whole steps, arpeggiated, is so hard on the guitar, but on piano you can get it right under your fingers in two seconds. I was like, 'Oh, no fair!' On guitar you have to do some ass-backwards jumping around to get at 'em. In a way, it wasn't meant to be a lead instrument. The thing that's been the biggest help is sitting down and just playing tunes, and improvising. If you hear some melody you can't execute, you analyze it.

"I'm still trying to figure out guitar, but I gave in a long time ago, saying, 'Man, this thing is impossible, so I'm just gonna get a little at a time.' And some people, that really hangs them up. They say, 'Well, I'm gonna master the guitar, and then become an improviser.' They play every possible position and get into this technical thing—which we all have to deal with—but it can be overwhelming, and then no music comes out. I'd rather hear Albert King play two notes; he hadn't been worrying about those augmented chords and whole steps. But you set your sights, and if you wanna set them on absolutely mastering the guitar, boy, you've got a lot of work to do. I never tried. I've had to work out music that I like on this difficult instrument."

Perhaps because of those limitations, Scofield writes tunes that have an undulant, enticingly disorienting mood, even when steeped in countryish twang, funk backbeats or full-on swing. "Mainly, the reason I write is for us to have something to play," he admits. "When you play a standard or somebody else's original, it always feels like treading on somebody else's property. There's so much history that you feel, my god, Charlie Parker or Bill Evans said so much with this, why should I even bother? When I play my tunes there's no history at all, and I feel much more free with it. But nowadays the only reason anybody writes is to make a record."

Could anything he's composed become a standard? "In a way, things have changed," he says. "Some of my tunes recently have been more in that tradition. But the thing of standards was like folk music, these tunes *everybody* knows, and they would improvise on 'em and turn them into weird vehicles. It made sense, because everybody's old Aunt Edna had sung 'Bye Bye Blackbird' and played piano in the straight corny way. And then to hear Miles was great, because here was this statement about how you could change a familiar thing and make magic with it. That's not happening anymore because people younger than myself don't know 'Bye Bye Blackbird'—*I* only remember it because my mother sang it around the house. Those tunes followed an AABA formula; today it's more of a blues thing, or just different settings, but not easy for a musician to pick up, play the melody, then extrapolate on it in a natural way. I'm not saying, 'They don't write 'em like they used to,' it's just if you have a band, you do your own music.

"When I was in a fusion thing, I heard fusion bands in Colorado and Paris playing my tunes. But if there are still bands in Holiday Inns playing 'Jeremiah Was a Bullfrog,' or 'Tie a Yellow Ribbon'—maybe *those* are standards. I mean, can you think of any jazz standards that have happened in the last 20 years?

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THE 100 GREATEST GUITARISTS: THE READERS' VERSION

In our February issue the editors of *Musician* listed our selection of the 100 greatest guitarists of the 20th century, and invited readers to send in their choices for guitar greats omitted from our list. The response was fast and voluminous. It took us a month to dig out our letters page editor, and several more months before the flood ebbed down to a manageable trickle from which we fished the following list.

Our faces are red on a few counts. Why was top readers' choice Robert Fripp not on the original list? Probably because Fripp was a long-time *Musician* contributing editor; we were worried about showing favoritism so we overcompensated. It also seems likely that Robert Johnson's omission was a flat-out mistake—apparently Johnson's name was accidentally dropped during the switch from one ballot to the next. Since making that goof we've had stones in our passway and hellhounds on our trail.

36 VOTES
Robert Fripp

30 VOTES
David Gilmour

29 VOTES
Les Paul

28 VOTES
Steve Howe

23 VOTES
Brian May

22 VOTES
Adrian Belew

16 VOTES
Roy Buchanan
Danny Gatton
Robert Johnson

14 VOTES
Dickey Betts

13 VOTES
Larry Carlton
Johnny Winter

11 VOTES
Mick Taylor

10 VOTES
Ritchie Blackmore

9 VOTES
Mike Bloomfield

8 VOTES
Billy Gibbons
Lonnie Mack

6 VOTES
Lindsey Buckingham
Bonnie Raitt
Hubert Sumlin
Andy Summers
Joe Walsh

1-5 VOTES
Stuart Adamson
Jan Akkerman
Laurindo Almeida
Pete Anderson
Joan Armatrading
Randy Bachman
Derek Bailey
Micah Ball
Martin Barre
Paul Barrere
Jennifer Batten
Charlie Baty
Jeff Baxter
Elvin Bishop
Bob Bogle
Tommy Bolin
D. Boon
Paul Brady
Julian Bream
Lenny Breau
David Bromberg
Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown
Peter Buck
Kenny Burrell
Chris Cain
Toy Caldwell
J.J. Cale
Randy California
Glen Campbell
Al Casey
Eugene Chadbourne
John Cipollina
Roy Clark
Bruce Cockburn
Jimmy Colvard
Robert Cray
Marshall Crenshaw
Dave Davies
Rick Derringer
Jerry Donahue
Jerry Douglas
Bob Dylan
Elliot Easton
Dave Edmunds
Nokie Edwards
Jesse Ed Davis
Herb Ellis
Tinsley Ellis
Everly Brothers
Marianne Faithfull
Tal Farlow
Tim Farriss
Don Felder
Ray Flacke
Lester Flatt
John Fogerty
Peter Frampton
Ace Frehley
Glenn Frey
John Frusciante
Anson Funderburgh
Eric Gales
Rory Gallagher
Cliff Gallup
Frank Gambale
Amos Garrett
Lowell George
Paul Gilbert
Andy Gill
Egberto Gismonti
Davey Graham
Peter Green
Ted Greene
Woody Guthrie
Steve Hackett
Kirk Hammett
John Hammond
Mike Hampton
Richie Havens
Eddie Hazel
Justin Hayward
Jeff Healey
Richard Hell
James Hetfield
David Hidalgo
Steve Hillage
Buddy Holly
Earl Hooker
Lightnin' Hopkins
Son House
Ernie Isley
Skip James
Bert Jansch
Blind Willie Johnson
Brian Jones
Steve Jones
Henry Kaiser
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Phil Keaggy
Freddie King
Danny Kirwan
Dr. Know
Karl Kress
Robby Krieger
Sonny Landreth
Eddie Lang
Bruce Langhorn
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Alvin Lee
Adrian Legg
Alex Lifeson
David Lindley
Arto Lindsay
Steve Lukather
George Lynch
Ellen MacIlwaine
Magic Sam
Phil Manzanera
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Johnny Marr
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David Navarro
Bill Nelson
Ron Nichols
Ted Nugent
Christopher Parkening
Carl Perkins
Luther Perkins
Joe Perry
Glenn Phillips
Richard Pinhas
Andy Powell
Baden Powell
Prince
Riley Puckett
Robert Quine
Trevor Rabin
Lee Ranaldo
Alvino Ray
Jerry Reed
Jimmy Reed
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Tony Rice
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Nile Rodgers
Jimmie Rodgers
Dexter Romweber
Mick Ronson
Michael Schenker
Tom Scholz
Neal Schon
Bola Sete
Brian Setzer
Jimmy Simmonds
Kim Simmons
Slash
Hillel Slovak
Roy Smeck
G.E. Smith
Chris Spedding
Bruce Springsteen
Leni Stern
Mike Stern
Steve Stevens
Steve Stills
Matthew Sweet
Gabor Szabo
Hound Dog Taylor
George Thorogood
Johnny Thunders
Steve Tibbetts
Glenn Tilbrook
Tiny Tim
Paola Tofani
Ralph Towner
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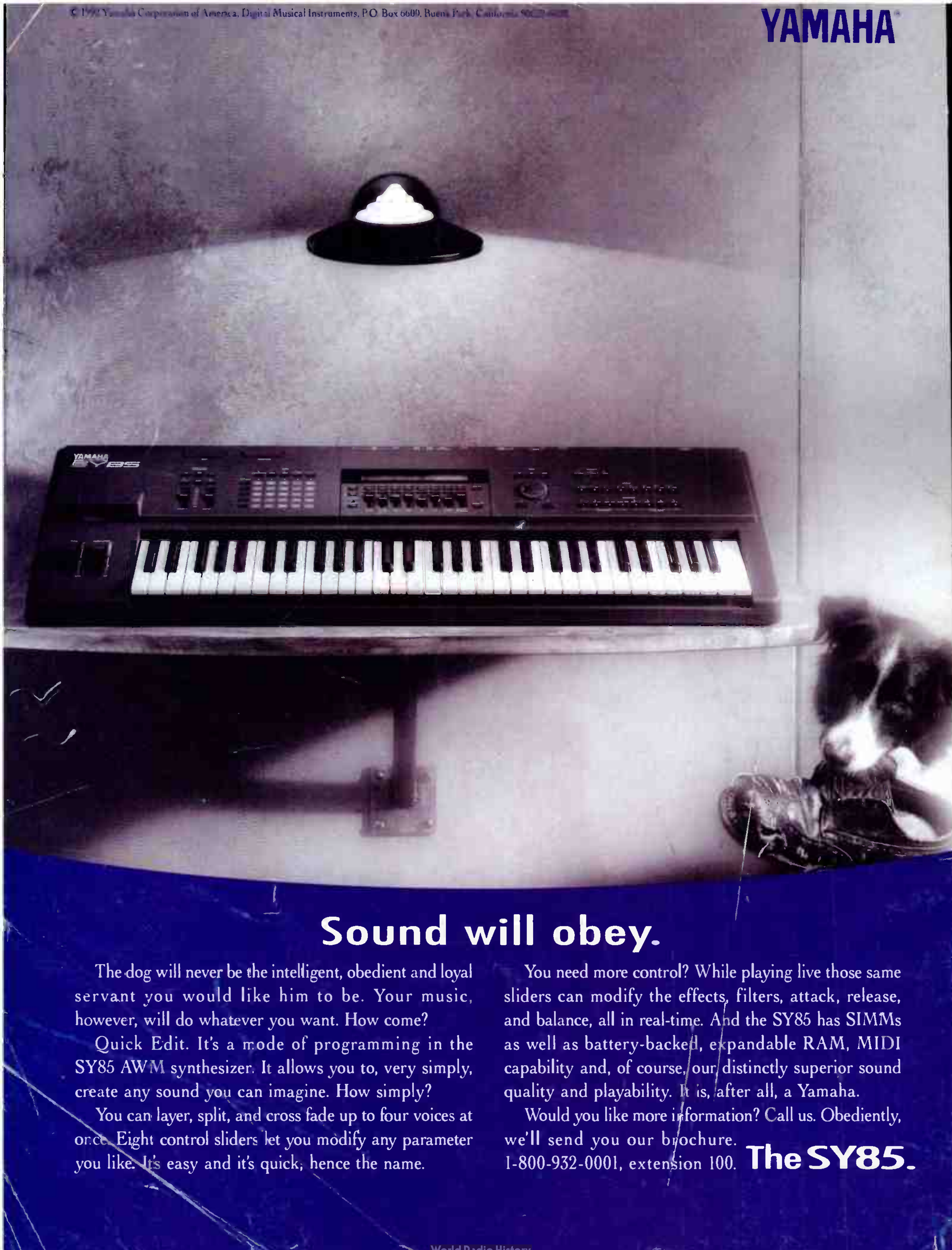

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