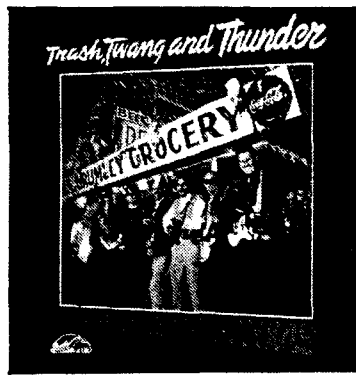


TEN GREAT GUITARISTS (You May Have Never Heard Of) By Billy Gibbons

As told to Jas Obrecht

I'VE SCRUTINIZED and evaluated all kinds of listings to come up with this sampling of great guitarists you may have never heard of. It covers a wide, wide assortment of names, places, and soon-to-be-familiar faces, even going back as far as the '30s. This isn't a series of my favorites, but I think that everybody mentioned here could become the favorites of many. I've concentrated mainly on players of note who are still accessible through recordings of some kind. By the way, this listing should probably be considered with the same amount of time it takes to read it. It could easily be followed with another list of 10, and another. It's my hope that this is only a signaling to readers that there is a lot out there worth investigating.



**BIG GUITARS
FROM TEXAS**

"Trash, Twang, And Thunder"

I'm going to cheat one more time and slip in more than one guy at once, because a fresh release on Jungle Records has recently come to my attention: the Big Guitars From Texas' *Trash, Twang, And Thunder* [Jungle (Box 3034, Austin, TX 78764), JR 1007]. This is an all-instrumental release of players from Texas. Keith Ferguson, the bass player for the Tailgaters who played on the first three Fabulous Thunderbirds records, teamed up with four guitar players. For those perusing our rather eclectic list here, if you want to have fun and just listen to some great picking, this features the work of Denny Freeman, Frankie Camaro, Don Leady, and Evan Johns. It's well worth a listen, because it's full of guitar. And that's what we're talking about. ■

Texas

BY RICO

WAVELENGTH/DECEMBER 1985

Big Guitars from Texas, *Trash, Twang & Thunder*, Jungle 1007 — How could anyone *not* like an album called *Trash, Twang & Thunder*? It certainly would win an award for Most Accurately Titled LP Of The Year, even if it were otherwise devoid of esthetic value. But nay, kind reader, herein we find esthetic value of the highest order: distortion by the truck-load, fireball licks by some of Texas' finest guitar crash-and-burners, and more whammy-bar torque than the entire combined body of recorded American music. Three chord instrumental dementia at its finest. Wicked songs played wickedly by men with wicked guitars and wicked amplifiers. America needs more records like this.