

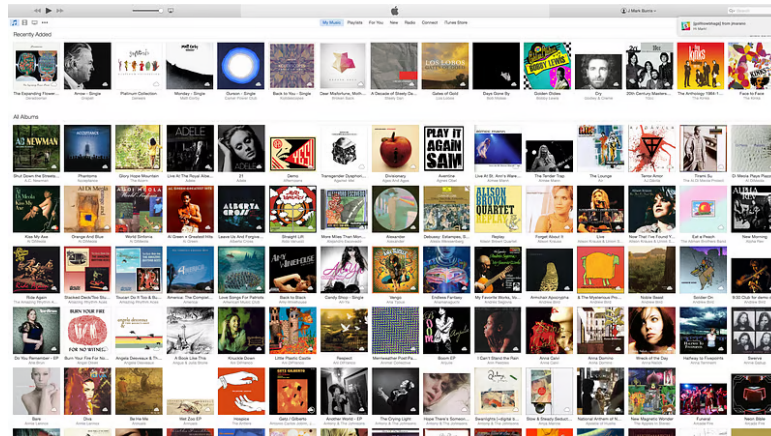


What makes a favorite album?

Several years ago I wrote a series of brief essays outlining what I look for and admire in my favorite music. With only slight editing and a copy and paste into Apple Notes, I've recreated them here, beginning with a definition then continuing through several examinations of specific examples.

Part 1: The criteria

One of the things I've been studying on to help fill all my spare time is music: how we listen to it; why we listen to what we do; how we have these favorites we keep going back to over and over.



Greil Marcus collected a series of essays years ago ([Stranded: Rock and Roll for a Desert Island](#)), and ever since it's been a popular conversation starter at dinners and on long car rides.

Almost everyone mentions "Sgt. Pepper." Some friends introduce me to music with which I wasn't familiar. Jonathan Zimmer, for instance, once told me that he loves the potential for romance that Wynton Marsalis's "Standard Time" brings with it.

What are the criteria for my best list? I've given this some thought:

1. Every song has to be a stand-out. No weak cuts you're tempted to skip over. This keeps Led Zeppelin off the list.
2. The production quality allows the album to still sound good, rich, lush. In my teenage years — back when speakers were big and music collections required floor and shelf space — I used to take my own albums to the hi-fi store just to make sure I was going to like the sound of the equipment I wanted to demo and, maybe, buy. The opening of Carly Simon's [The Right Thing To Do](#) was a great test for phono cartridges/needles, speakers and headphones. (Richard Perry was the producer of Carly's early music, and he shows up on Harry Nilsson's best work too.) On the other hand, although I love Springsteen's "Born to Run," I'm not a fan of the "wall of sound" production technique on that album, a style earlier popularized by Phil Spector. I like separation in the sound, effects, and BTR doesn't have it. (Springsteen's "The Wild, The Innocent and the E Street Shuffle" does, though for me that early '70s album can't quite get past [#1](#) above; [Wild Billy's Circus Story](#) makes me reach for the "Next" arrow ... as does "Whole Lotta Love" on Led Zeppelin II. And [Forward March](#) keeps the Pat Metheny Group's "First Circle" off my list.)
3. If you're stuck in a place for days and have only this album to listen to, you'll still love it when you become un-stuck. See my notes about Pink Floyd's "Dark Side of the Moon" in a future post.
4. The musicianship is stand-out, and the songs' lyrics are meaningful. Some songs (I'm thinking of [Coconut](#), for instance, on "Nilsson Schmilsson") may be nonsense, but they are the exceptions and don't detract from the full album.

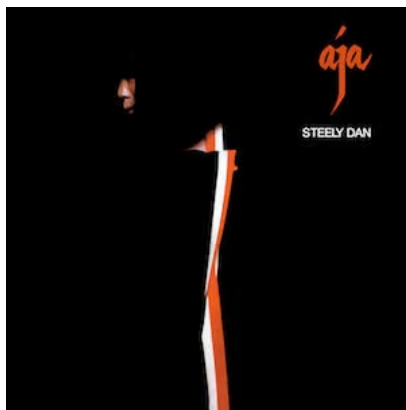
5. There's continuity, whether it's lyrical, musical or something else. In other words, there's something holding the various tracks together. "Sgt. Pepper" clearly has this; so does "Warren Zevon" by, uh, Warren Zevon. In fact, this is what keeps collections or "Greatest Hits" off my list. And it's one of the reasons I don't like the "bonus" packaged stuff on so many CDs or albums today.

Of course if an album (such an old term, isn't it? know a better one?) meets all five of these criteria, chances are it pretty much locks its position on my list. You don't want a lot of flux in the first place, and if you have song-to-song continuity and it passes the "stuck-in-a-place-for-days" test, you're most likely good to go.

Aja, by Steely Dan, is on my list. No equivocation whatsoever. When my good friend John Morrison asked me to suggest an LP he could sample for me in order to show off his fancy listening room, I chose this classic. And my host liked it so much, we listened to all 39+ minutes.

... Which I will now do also and prepare a report for you when I post a Part 2 in this series.

What makes a great album? | Part 2: Aja, by Steely Dan



To my ears "Aja" from Donald Fagen and Walter Becker easily meets all of my criteria for being a favorite:

1. Every song a stand-out
2. Rich, lush production values
3. Plays very well over and over and over ...
4. Stand-out musicianship
5. Lyrical and musical continuity

I consider Fagen and Becker to be the writers and conductors of a pop symphony here, with every note played coming off as though it's planned, orchestrated and absolutely, necessarily repeatable.

And the musicians they chose to play on the album represent a long list of some of the best of the era, from Chuck Rainey on bass; Michael Omartian, Joe Sample and Victor Feldman on keyboards (along with Fagen); six different drummers (just think of it; there are only seven songs!); and background vocals from Timothy B. Schmit, Clydie King, Rebecca Lewis, Sherlie Matthews and, of course, Michael McDonald. (The [Wikipedia entry for "Aja"](#) lists all of the musicians. It's quite a list.)

By the way ... Perhaps only a Steely Dan project could have successfully relegated McDonald's otherwise ubiquitous and unmistakable voice on most of these cuts. It's truly "background," yet still marvelous on "Peg" and "I Got the News."

“Aja,” the song, is virtually perfect, including the dramatic drum and sax solo that comes about 2/3 of the way through and repeats at the end. It lays down the exotic instrumentation (who knew a piano could be so note-driven?) and suggests the Asian concept, which along with SoCal sarcasm and sexual perversion serves as the recurring themes.

Listen with headphones, pay attention, and you can make out virtually every instrument. Furthermore, the style of playing is different on every song. The lyrics are nonsensical, kind of musical poems with their own syntax, rhyme and meter, but you strain and try to have them mean something. Alas, I don't think they do.

Go ahead; give the album a fresh listen. Refresh your ears and enjoy. I'll be waiting here for your return.

Part 3: Speaking of Now, by Pat Metheny Group

For the past month — since I posted [Part 2: Aja](#) — I've listened and listened again to [this 2002 album](#). And I may just keep going ...



From the first track to the last — from “As it is” to “Wherever you go” — [Speaking of Now](#) is tight, musically diverse, layered with voices and synths and features some of the best guitar, piano, percussion and trumpet riffs you’ve experienced. A quality headset turned up loud is the way to go, but it’s refreshing also to sit between two very good speakers with nothing to distract you.

Metheny’s Group work is more formal than many of his side projects. (But it’s been 2005’s [The Way Up](#) since the group recorded together, so for all I know the Pat Metheny Group is over and done.) The music itself is more orchestrated, and in concert the Group replicates the recordings in a way that makes me think they come close to live recording in the studio.

(Here’s an example, perhaps the most moving song on the album: [You](#), which features Richard Bona on lead vocals.)

Speaking of vocals, the Group albums have long used voices without lyrics, a kind of polite scat style that allows the music to transcend language and play equally well to audiences all over the world.

The core of the band is, of course, Pat Metheny, Lyle Mays (keyboards), Steve Rodby (bass) and Antonio Sanchez (drums). Cuong Vu (trumpet) has become a regular, and his understated play here is his best, I think. Bona’s voice adds a lot — almost too much, in terms of how repeatable several of these songs may be without him.

“Speaking of Now” wouldn’t be on this list if it didn’t meet [all of the criteria](#), and though I dearly love all of the Group albums, it’s the only one that

checks all five boxes. Chief among those criteria for me over the last 30+

days has been the over-and-over-and-over playing. I own the CD, which I've ripped into iTunes, of course. And it's my most played Spotify playlist. I've watched the concert video (2003) that accompanied the release at least twice in the same period, causing iPad envy among my Delta seat mates.

If you're new to the Pat Metheny Group, start here. Then try all of the Group albums beginning with "the white album" (1978), "As Falls Wichita ..." (1981), "Offramp" (1981), "First Circle" (1984), "Still Life (Talking)" (1987), "Letter from Home" (1989), "We Live Here" (1995), "Imaginary Day" (1997) and "The Way Up." Then, like me, keep coming back to "Speaking of Now."

Part 4: Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, by The Beatles

It's amazing (to me) that I didn't begin this series with this instead of [Aja](#).

It's not that I was stalling; I wanted to gain some perspective, work with [my list of five \(5\) things](#) and make sure I wasn't blind with emotion.

Nope. [Sgt. Pepper](#) deserves to be on my list. And, yep. I'm blinded by emotion.



Here are the bullet notes I made as I listened closely from start to finish with my laptop close by:

- The opening song's wacky guitar; it's plucked
- The 2009 remaster has superior separation and good production (at least better)
- A band about a band, even the first "real" song sung by Ringo!, of all people; the mirror image of a mirror image of a mirror image ...
- Paul's bass is much more than a rhythm instrument; you can hear it playing its own line as early as "With a little help from my friends"; he was much more than a rhythm section bass player
- I read somewhere that Ringo was one of the best "common sense drummers" in rock; listen closely to his work in the remaster and you believe it
- Are much of these lyrics about drugs? "I get high with a little help from my friends" to "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," aka "LSD" to "Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite" to "A Day in the Life"
- Is that a hard 3-knock on the door with drums before the chorus: "Lucy in the Sky ..."
- On "Getting Better" ... once again, Paul's bass plays a larger role—bum bum bum dum-dum ...
- It's getting better "because it can't get any worse"; "I used to be cruel to my woman, I'd beat her and kept her apart from the things she loved"
- Fascinating background vocals on "Getting Better"
- At the end of "Getting Better," the counting time at the end even with bongos ...
- "Fixing a hole" and "Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Blackburn Lancashire"; a precursor paid off in "A Day ..."; what's the

obsession with “holes”?

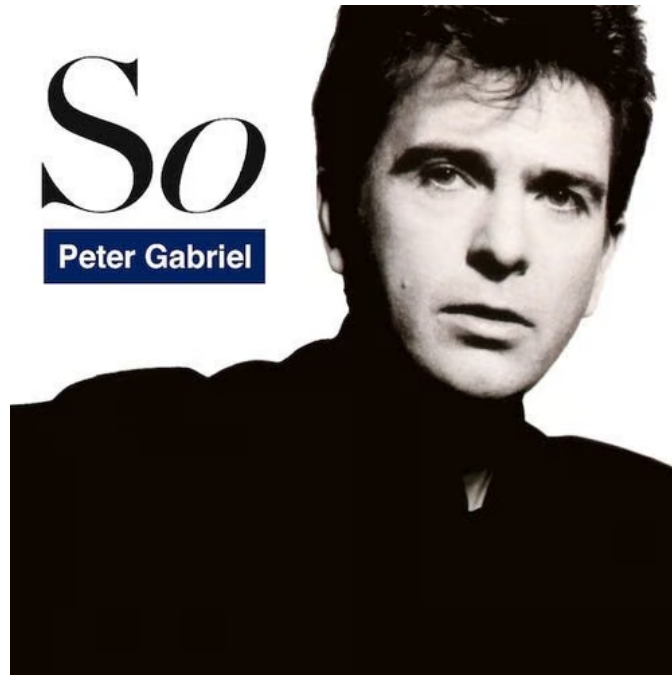
- The background vocals are a joy: deet-deet-deet on “Fixing”; oooooooooos
- A harp opens “She’s Leaving Home”; a harp? It took Florence Welch to bring it back in a big way
- The idea of time in “She’s Leaving Home,” from “Wednesday morning at 5 o’clock” to “Friday morning at nine o’clock”; the latter one, of course, is when Paul died (yes, I was one of *those* Beatle fans)
- John’s background vocal: “She’s leaving home, bye, bye”; his lyric is a sad, poignant tale; who else could have sung those lines?
- Lots of falsetto: “She’s having fun”
- Strings on many Beatles songs, but “She’s Leaving Home” is among the best
- “Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite”: “A splendid time is guaranteed for all”; has there been another line so adopted?
- George’s repressed, close-mouthed singing in “Within you”; there are no Beatles here, only George; like “Eleanor Rigby” for Paul, “Yesterday”; “You-may-find-is-waiting-there”
- The coming of George’s spiritual era leads, now obviously, to Paul’s more light-hearted questions about what happens as he gets older in “When I’m Sixty-Four”
- Is “Within You” a reflection of Patti’s and George’s relationship with Eric Clapton?
- Why the laughter at the end? is that Paul and John giggling?
- More great background vocals on “When I’m Sixty-Four”; oooooos and very nasal ... (“we shall scrimp and save”)
- Bass is the primary rhythm here; one plucked note at a time
- Wonderful clarinet with “Send me a postcard ...” verse
- Simple electric guitar at the end, almost retro
- Percussion from cymbals, a ringing sound
- Mouth-made instrumental sound effects in “Lovely Rita” — “ch-ch-ch”
- Great piano solo; ragtime — then it goes away!; the piano disappears
- “Sitting on the sofa with a sister or two”; reminds me of John Sebastian’s “Did you ever have to make up your mind?”
- “Lovely Rita” turns into a bunch of moans and orgasmic sounds, ending with “Believe it”
- “Nothing to do ... call his wife in” — is this a harkening back to “She’s Leaving Home”?
- “Going to work ...” harkens to “She’s Leaving” and “A Day”
- “People running round, it’s 5 o’clock”; “Someone needs to know the time, glad that I’m here”
- Someone nasals “Bye” as we begin the “Sgt. Pepper” reprise; izzat George? (This is great fun)
- Cacophonous guitars at the beginning; like everyone’s playing; reminds me of the three distinct guitar solos on Abbey Road’s “The End”
- Great harmonies on “Sgt. Pepper” (the reprise), including a very high pitched, almost yelling voice
- And what is that chant at the end ...? It sounds like Paul’s voice, racing, yelling ...
- “A Day in the Life” — again, a wonderful and obvious bass line
- Lennon with his best voice ... If “In My Life” hurts, this aches
- Ringo’s drums are not consistent with a slow song; there’s something else going on here; steady maracas
- It’s like Ringo’s playing on a different song, but this really works
- Paul’s vocal is almost muffled, no reverb or echo at all
- Lennon’s moaning scream, leading to big horns
- Why the rush?: “Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall”? The line clips along at a pace unlike anything else in the song (except Ringo’s work on tom-toms)
- And then, finally, there’s this ditty after the final note on “A Day” ... “Never could see any other way” WTF is that? Does it need to be here?

“Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band” is 40 minutes of magic, one

wonderful surprise after another. You've probably heard it 1,000 times — I

know I have. But give it another listen. Up close. Headphones or sitting amidst some loud, loud speakers. No distractions. Just listen.

Part 5: So, by Peter Gabriel



[Peter Gabriel, So](#) (official website)

[Full album](#) (on YouTube)

I've listened to "So" over and over for the past several weeks, switching from Pink Floyd's "Dark Side" to cover Peter Gabriel's first significant solo album because it seemed darker, more accessible to me at this time. The plaintive vocal style, the artist's willingness to share some of his best lines with Kate Bush on "Don't Give Up," the combination of soul-searching with the humor and pathos inherent to "Sledgehammer" and "Big Time" — these are all captivating and memorable.

I've had "Red Rain," the opener, rattling around in my head for days.

Pulsating rhythms, great bass lines, loud and instrumental percussion, multi-tracked vocals from a number of artists — all of these are consistently displayed on "So." Released in 1986 (!) it still sounds fresh, its production (Daniel Lanois is listed as producer) top rate even by today's standards. The [musician credit list](#) is long and strong.

How did he do it? Peter Gabriel was at the forefront of what someone once called (and I remember as) "techno-rock." But African pulls soften the electronic pushes, especially on "In Your Eyes," a moving love song that reminds you that mining Gabriel is never a simple task.

[In Your Eyes](#) (live, via YouTube)

When I began this project, I wondered if "Sledgehammer" might keep "So" off the list. But when I listened to it again (and again), with headphones and in front of speakers and loud, loud in the car, far away from the memorable but diverting video, I gained a new appreciation for the Motown sound of the song. (Gabriel even credits Otis Redding as his favorite singer, ever.) With distance from the singles that "Sledgehammer" and "Big Time" were, I was able to put together the threads running through the entire album ... until, that is, I get to the problematic (for me, anyway, but [Wikipedia helps](#)) "We Do What We're Told (Milgram's 37)" and "This Is the Picture (Excellent Birds)" (with Laurie Anderson and a late addition after the vinyl release)

Drus) (with Laurie Anderson and a late addition after the vinyl release).

If it's been a while, give "So" a solid listen. And turn it up to enjoy it even more.

Part 6: Mother Lode, by Loggins and Messina

My last post ("So," by Peter Gabriel) was way back in May, the one before that ("Sgt. Pepper") in March. Those were #5 and #4, respectively, in the series. By now, with #6 in the series of "What makes a favorite album," I've carried this on for more than eight (8!) months.

It's all about the five things that make an album special for me.



Loggins & Messina's "Mother Lode" was their fourth studio album, released in 1974. It was recorded and produced in Messina's home studio in Ojai, CA, which is telling, since so much of what I like about it is its production.

[\[Link to Spotify playlist. Link to Wikipedia entry.\]](#)

"Career defining," say most reviewers. Well, it may have almost been career ending.

Anyway, in cryptic, almost note-taking fashion, I offer the following. (And the process of writing it was largely "note-taking" from several of my recent listens.)

Probably just enough tension between the duo to make this similar to a circa 1967 Beatles album.

The continuity here isn't in the lyrics or themes or even in a recurring hook or riff; it's in the production (very high quality) and in the musicianship. I'll repeat: it's certainly *not* in the lyricism.

In fact, I don't even listen to the lyrics (even when I'm singing along). They really aren't very good. The vocals are "played"; they feel more like another instrument ... a good one though. Maybe it's time that has betrayed the lyrics, but I lived through this album as a teenager and college student. They didn't make a lot of sense even then.

General notes

- Messina's guitar style, an accentuated plucking, is unique
- Lots of great percussion, much of it best described better as "effects," like decorations on a Christmas tree; for instance: the piano clinking at

like decorations on a Christmas tree, for instance, the piano chiming at the end of "Move on"; the "Don't try" spoken part in the same song

- And, man, those horns — there are, seemingly, saxes everywhere — and great flute pieces, even harmonica on a couple of cuts
- As was the case with "Angry Eyes" from an earlier Loggins & Messina LP, also some of Messina's POCO work, the jazz-like instrumentals are worth the price of admission; more than half of the cuts feature long, well-orchestrated instrumentals
- This is lush production perhaps at the zenith of its popularity, right up there with anything Richard Perry did for Carly Simon or Harry Nilsson. Several songs begin simple, but nothing stays that way. "Brighter Days," for instance; the simple opening lasts less than a minute with an almost orchestrated backing vocal coming in to join Loggins' primary vocal and mandolin

Song by song review

Growin'

Great opening. Wonderful, low-pitched back beat. Crisp sounds, from the backing vocals to the maracas throughout. "Sunshine and rain keep the fields ever green" (yuck). Messina's plucking guitar (yeah). Sax comes in for solo, building to crescendo that repeats chorus. Wonderful outro and close.

Be Free

A simple opening: mandolin, bass, flute and percussion, but it doesn't last long. "I want to get away and live my life near rivers and trees. I want to spend my days making rhyme and be free." Whew. Great, gathering backing vocals in verse 2. You can hear Loggins' distinctive voice in the background, but it's not overpowering the way some/most of his solo work sounds. The first long instrumental on this song. Beautifully staged, beginning with mandolin, but eventually including everything but the kitchen sink. Reminds me of Greek dance music. Then a little Irish jig or folk fiddle diddle. Even a dueling violin with mandolin. A lot going on here, but I find Messina's pre-occupation with long instrumentals the highlight of his influence on all of his band work ... and sorely missing on his solo albums.

Changes

The most cringe-worthy lyric on the album comes on this song, but if you can get past it (I did, more than 40 years ago), it can become a favorite track on an album of favorites. A different kind of instrumentation, more repetitive, and the vocals aren't up to the same standard on most of the rest of the LP. Could be closer to a Jim Messina individual song. But the ending, wow: great crashes and then silence!

Brighter Days

Another simple opening, a mandolin and guitar. Soaring vocals from Loggins as the song builds to its crescendo. When the fiddle comes in about midway, the song takes on a distinctive personality, with background vocals rivaling Loggins's slightly exaggerated voice. "In the sycamores ..."

Time to Space

This is the classic L&M ensemble song. Everyone gets a piece on this. The opening presages the ending, the flute anticipating the bridge vocal (is that Larry Sims' voice? no credit to the sidemen, who are often front-and-center on a good Loggins & Messina song): "When every day becomes an endless race, you must take your time, it's time to space." Lots of different paces, instrumentation galore. Starts out as Loggins' adoration of "her loving"; then it soars with saxophone and bongos. Wow. Great backing vocals, with snappy phrasing. Bold undercurrent of saxes. Who the hell knows what it's about (probably nothing): "When will I begin to master mine?" It's almost six minutes long, but it's more songs stitched together than "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes." Yet, the worst ending of any song on the album, with up to 20 seconds before it peters out.

Lately, My Love

Lately, My Love

Back in the day, this was the first song on Side 2. A great opening, with a soaring vocal from Messina. Maybe his vocals are a little affected, but that's part of this band's sound. Magical guitar solo, yet it's not off the cuff; you get the feeling it's measured, just right. "What a wonderful world this must be / To put up with someone like me." And this ending is like a gymnast sticking it. If "Time to Space" ends weakly, this one is perfect. And it's a perfect lead-in to ...

Move On

Loggins' voice in background is at its best here. Like the best of Michael McDonald. The long instrumental section feels like the reason for the song; perhaps the opening lyrics are only to get us there: "You'd better move on." You hardly know it's a guitar solo. And the transition to the sax solo is masterful. Imaginative. All over in terms of range. Stereo does this song a great justice. Loud, noise canceling headphones even better.

Get a Hold

... reminds me of a short, not quite thought-out Beatles diddy, but this song's features are almost fully baked. Maybe because it fades in at the beginning and fades out at the end. Lush backing vocals and great percussive rhythms make this. "You're making me a mess. If not for someone else, get a hold on yourself for me."

Keep Me in Mind

Neither Loggins nor Messina doing lead vocals here. More chord changing squeaky sounds. Almost *flamenco*. Great long instrumental. World music building to a kind of "LA Confidential" drama. "When darkness resolves to slumber, remember that I'm your number one." Ends with Eastern tabla.

Fever Dream

Opens with a lonely harmonica. Loggins in falsetto. "Thunder is born in our eyes." "And we see them, four horsemen, black judgment, apocalypse is nigh." Puh-leese.

When I get to the end, I want to start over, kind of like the way I feel at the end of Springsteen's "Born to Run," when "Jungleland" makes me want to go back to "Thunder Road." Go back to "Growin'." It sets things right again.

I cringe at what friends who really know music will think of this pick. But for 40 years I've listened to this album and want to listen over and over. It's not a masterpiece the way "Dark Side of the Moon" or "Who's Next?" or "Sgt. Pepper" is, but it's on my list simply for its listenability.

This from an Amazon reviewer: "Lyrically, it spoke of friendship, freedom, lifework, disillusion, death, unrequited love (and what did it leave out?) with a depth and magic that few albums ever possessed. Musically, it was Messina's most intricate writing & production; Loggins' brightest shower of sparks of all his musical alchemy. And this is the greatest 'autumn' album of all [whatever that means]. It stands up yet and the mystery of it binds me still."

What are your 10 songs?

Recently we visited with friends for dinner, where we were treated to an elaborately prepared meal, absolutely one of the best I've ever had. Then, as usual, we started talking about "next," as in, "When and where will we get together next?"

"Next time," I said after a slight pause, "let's compile and compare our own list of desert island songs." (Note how I shifted the attention away from "where." Smooth, right?)

It's an old idea, dating at least to the 1940's, I've since learned, with the [BBC's Desert Island Discs](#). "Desert Island Discs was created by Roy Plomley in 1942, and the format is simple: a guest is invited by Kirsty Young to choose the ten records they would take with them to a desert island."

the eight records they would take with them to a desert island.”

Our exercise is this, I told them: No full records; just 10 songs. Think of it as the only soundtrack you'll have access to for the rest of your life.

(Not to be confused with [Randy Newman's masterpiece, "12 Songs."](#))

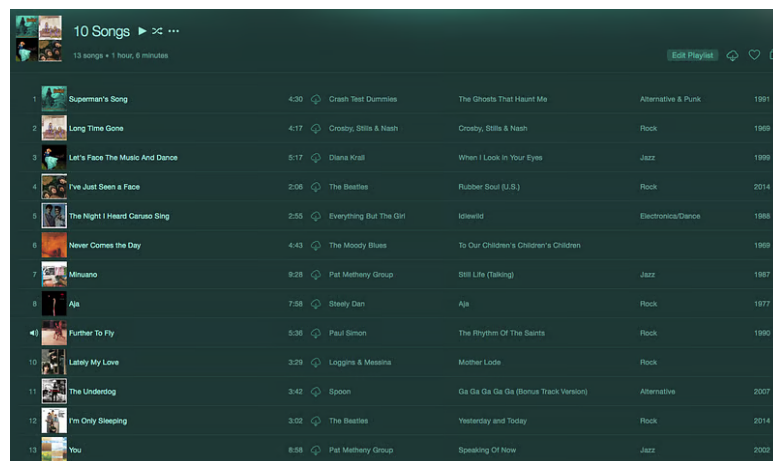
I've been working over this exercise off and on and in different ways since college when I read Greil Marcus's classic, [Stranded: Rock and Roll for a Desert Island](#). Most recently I essayed about great albums (total of six posts so far, also published on [CueTheMuse.com](#)).

Earlier this week I found [a story on theguardian.com by Jonathan Freedland](#) about his sister and her wish to record her own personal segment of "Desert Island Discs," a moving account of her days as she came to the end of her battle with cancer and how the songs she chose had special meaning, not only in her past, but also, she hoped, in her family's future.

She had messages for those she knew would be listening in the future. She told the girls how proud she was of them, how nothing they could ever do, no choice they could ever make, would disappoint her. Knowing that she would not be there to offer her approval, she gave her daughters her blessing in advance.

My list has meaning—perhaps only for me—but the exercise of explaining “why”: why “Long Time Gone”; why “Further to Fly”; why “You”; why “I’m Only Sleeping” instead of 100s of other Beatles songs—that may take some time. But I’ll try to do it.

First, however, I’ll need to pare the list by three.



And on December 30, I'll be tuning in for Fiona's special episode, which, in a marvelous *denouement*, will broadcast on "Desert Island Discs." Freedland closes:

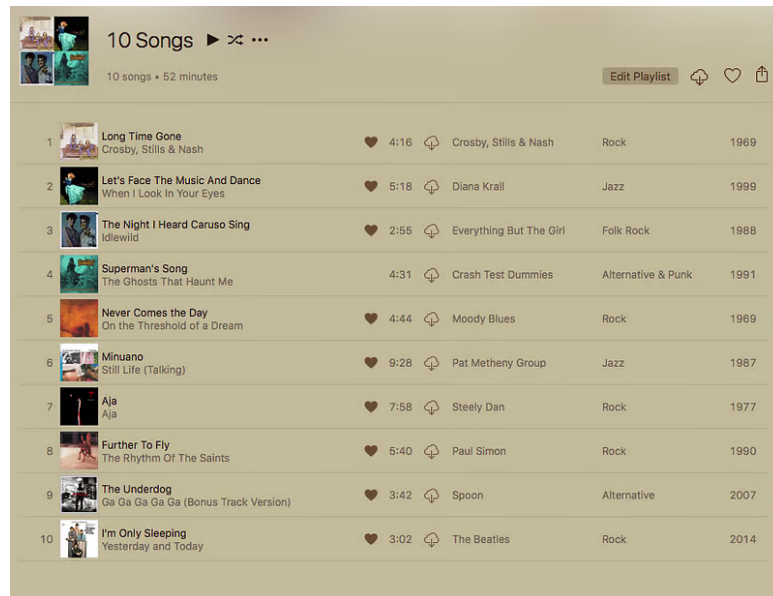
It still hurts. But what I'm left with is the knowledge that in her 50 years my brave, clever, funny and strong, strong sister did not only teach me about life. She also taught me how to approach death. How to face it, and how to give something beautiful to those who are left behind.

[How My Sister Said Goodbye](#) is on BBC Radio 4 on 30 December at 11am. You can donate to Marie Curie at [justgiving.com/FionaFreedland](#).

Postscript

Tonight, some three months since our dinner with friends, we return to

their home for another meal. I here's no doubt it will be great, maybe as great as last time. I'm taking my list of 10 songs along with a thumb drive with all of them. Here's the final 10, and, to be honest, I wonder why I kept some of these and not the three I cut out.



Postscript #2

It's April 14, 2024, and my current 10 has added 2:

1. Send for Henny, Trashcan Sinatras, from I've Seen Everything
2. Pain, The War on Drugs, from A Deeper Understanding

Revisiting Prince, George Harrison and Tom Petty

In some reading (and listening) I've been doing this week about Tom Petty, I spied a link I posted years ago from the Rock Hall of Fame, specifically, Tom Petty, Jeff Lynne and others performing "While My Guitar Gently Weeps." If you know this song, you'll recall [The Beatles "White Album"](#) solo was by Eric Clapton, but Prince was asked if he'd join the induction festivities with his own end solo.

[Here's the story](#) as told by a number of those involved in remembering Prince, who died in April 2016. And, of course, here's the video. [Watch the video](#), but read the story too.)

If you are interested in more of my reading, here you go:

- [Jon Pareles' obituary of Tom Petty](#) in the New York Times
- [Listen to 14 Essential \[Tom Petty\] tracks](#), also from The Times
- [Eric Clapton's 1968 solo; article in Guitar World](#)

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