

## Foreword by Paco Beslmeisl (translated by Dr. T)

Hi there ... or rather: “Grüß Gott” – as we say in the south of Germany!

Yeah, well – ‘course I’ll happily write up a few words regarding *Physics of the Electric Guitar* ... I own a few of those, after all, and I’ve got a load of experiences with reviews, be it rave or otherwise (you gotta endure a lotta tuff stuff as a guitar player). I don’t know much about the technical side (beats me why an inductee plays a part of that whole R’n’R-Hall-of-Fame shebang while an inductor can’t), but if Billy Gibbons can write the foreword to the Marshall book ... hey, I know three chord shapes, as well. Some time back I always thought: Gibbons, ah, that’s them monkeys – but then he’s a guitarist, too. And one who – unless his beard gets entangled in the strings – will play like the devil. In terms of Lone-Star-State standards, anyway – y’all know what I mean. So what does one write in a foreword, actually? Billy writes in English ... that really pushes the envelope for me: I’m a Bavarian, born and raised ... and I can scrounge up some bits and pieces of Saxon speak (that’s always a hit for in-between-tunes babble when we play the beer tents in Upper Bavaria ... even the trashed guys under the tables who can’t hold their liquor will at least hold their sides cracking up). I trust that my friend Dr. T. will do a reasonable job with the translation into English, or American, rather – I always left that language to the singer in our band. When I drive him home after the gig (the man had to hand in his license three years ago ... DUI), he always sings FERNANDO by the ABBA’s to me, and I try to hold my own throwing in some Kraftwerk tunes ... stuff one sings when driving home (on the AUTOBAHN). I won’t go into detail regarding his tales regarding breaks between sets ‘cause this here should somehow be about the guitar. In fact, they built me a signature model. I like the French ladies, so I wanted to call the color “vert prinantier” but they rudely changed that. Allegedly English sounds better, so: faded vomit green. OK by me, then. I don’t really care what I play as long as its old ‘cause: the new stuff doesn’t have that kind of vib-e-ration. One time, I put a body (of a guitar, silly!!) in the freezer for two weeks, to do that cryo-tuning – heard about it from my pals at the “Six ‘n’ Four String Slinger” mag. That really sucked, though, can’t recommend it at all. Not with my freezer, anyway. The body (of the guitar – how often do I need to emphasize that!) was too wide by a few 16ths of an inch so the door didn’t fully close ... which I didn’t register. When I returned (six gigs in Switzerland; played everything slower by 20 BPM – was cool!), an abominable stink met me already at the door. I thought: well, no ventilation for two weeks (or longer, I’m not always on top of that game), but when I got to the kitchen I nearly dropped dead. In front of the freezer, on the floor, everything covered in this green glop with the tiny white hairs on top. Yuck! The stench was undescribably atrocious – everything had thawed, some stuff had oozed out, mildew everywhere. The guitar body stunk so much that I rushed to sell it to our rhythm guitarist Ernie. He said he’s not bothered, he’s used to the smell from home – thank God he’s on the other side of the stage. I now have a real aversion to cryo-tuning ... you get me, don’t you?

So, this has turned out to be a really nice foreword, hasn’t it? I’m not getting any dough for it; doin’ it for free. But maybe someone gets the idea to gift me with another signature guitar? Billy Gibbons’ Pearly Gates, for example? To refer, at the end, back to the beginning – learned that in essay-writing in school. Cool, ain’t it?!

Cordially and guitar-istically yours,

Paco Beslmeisl