

In my last essay I dealt with some of the experiences and thoughts I had as a young musician. This time, I'd like to talk about a young musician – his name is Joe Rice. I first met Joe as he entered the eighth grade, more than ten years ago. He was soft spoken and thoughtful. I liked him right away and felt comfortable talking to him and unfolding the many faceted flower that makes music live and grow. He came to me to have private instruction on the tenor saxophone. We had lessons every week and worked on understanding the science of music and how to play and practice it. He doesn't talk much, but it wasn't that he was shy; no, just thoughtful ... and he listened. And realizing he was listening, I was able to cover much ground with him, sharing how music is a celebration of the soul and life it gives voice to. I introduced him to the musicians I had met on my path Music had thus provided. And he listened.

I suggested that he get a keyboard to further enhance his understanding and he did. And he kept listening.

I showed him concepts in composition, arranging and performance and had him make recordings so that he could review his own playing by just listening. He did that. He started buying jazz CDs when in high school and was known as a great musician by his peers. He was thought of as knowledgeable and helpful to others as well. He wasn't conceited or arrogant. He knew that it was important to keep learning. We agreed that there was no place for unhealthy competition or jealousy in music. He shared my respect for Music and kept steadily improving.

I am sometimes asked after a performance if I give saxophone or flute lessons. I surprise many by saying no. If they wait for the sequel to that reply, they may hear "but I do give Music lessons." If you want to play those instruments during them I will help you to hear and to practice

efficiently and work on awareness of the Music you play through understanding how it works and experiencing it. I didn't say anything as I watched Joe play more and more piano and I acted surprised when he returned from college a great piano player. Did I know this maybe before he did? Oh! that reminds me, I keep forgetting to give him his graduation present from high school, a piano book!

Our lessons were usually two to four hours and time went by too fast. When he and the other high school colleagues graduated and left home for the exciting journey we have as young adults, I was not prepared for the void that accompanied their vacancy in my life.

Joe started college two years ahead of the program. I was and still am very proud of him. He is in South America now, but while here, he visited the new Audio Daddio studio.

I played some recordings and we listened together. Then we played together. He had discovered the beautiful completeness of Keith Jarrett's "Saga for Harrison Crabfeathers" just as he was returning home. I played Ted Gioia's version on "The City is a Chinese Vase" for him and he listened. We dedicate our version to Ted, another great mind and soul as well as ... listener. We hope that you will enjoy our choice for Audio Daddio download of the month while *you* listen.

Peace,

Mark

Bremerton, WA

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