

Last Night at the Hollywood Bowl

One of the great things about being a musician, is the large but intimate family of like-minded people that you join. The first summer I started playing on the street, I ran into a voice teacher I had known from the University of Illinois, standing on the steps of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles. One time when I was playing on the radio in Santa Cruz, I ran into a cello player who had gone to my high school in Chicago. The list goes on.

Perhaps the most interesting coincidence took place around of the time I spent a semester on the East Coast. The night before we left to for our sabbaticals, I played the Hollywood Bowl for the last time; it was a good gig, I made about \$80 in 20 minutes during the raging stampede of the out-pitch. Exactly a week later, I was standing in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York playing on the street again, when a guy came up to me and said, "Didn't I see you playing at the Hollywood Bowl last week?"