The Crooked Road mostly follows the North Carolina and Tennessee border, then Norton and Clintwood bor-

tly pickin’, smokin’ and drinkin’ blues. I joined a friend for my first bluegrass concerts in Washington and was drawn to the sound so suddenly that I had barely learned which instrument was the mandolin before I bought one. Now, after six months of lessons and calloused fingers, I am bravely, naively joining the Thursday night crew in a corner of Virginia where it seems that everyone is a “git-tar” or fiddle, and plays it well.

“There’s music everywhere here,” says Joe Wilson, one of the architects of the Crooked Road, which was established in 2004 to support tourism and economic development in one of Appalachia’s distressed areas. Wilson is a folklorist and the long-time director and current chairman of the National Council for the Traditional Arts. Earlier this month, he received the Legend award from the Library of Congress.

“Americans don’t know ditty about their music,” he says. Traditional American mountain music came about when the African banjo and European fiddle met in Virginia, he explains. “Ap- parents have learned — at last — that the most ac- cepting music — whoever you are and wherever you are, you’re welcome to play it. It’s the sound; it has a joy to it. It’s working-folk music.”

It’s also infectious. Even though I can’t keep up with the State Line crew (I should have practiced a few weeks longer), I want to sit at here all night, next to G.C., singing from his song- book, and the banjo player, simulta-

Temporal mapping is correct.