



2021 Nomination Form

Application deadline: Friday, February 26 by 5 p.m.

DELIVER TO: City Hall, 101 N. Main St., Winston-Salem,
Marketing & Communications Department, Suite 336

OR MAIL TO: City of Winston-Salem,
Marketing & Communications Department
P.O. Box 2511
Winston-Salem, NC 27102

Nominee's Stage Name: Sam Moss Given Name: Walter Samuel Moss

Address at Time of Death: 1260 West 4th Street State: NC

Winston-Salem Resident: Beginning: 1965 (year only) To: 2007 (year only)

Category: Music Visual Arts Dance Motion Pictures
 Theater Television Writing Radio

Criteria:

- The nominee(s) exhibited sustained excellence in his or her field for at least five years.
- The nominee(s) made distinguished contributions to the community and civic-oriented participation.
- The nominee(s) is deceased (must provide copy of death certificate).
- The nominee(s) was a resident of Winston-Salem for at least five years.
- The nominee(s) made a significant contribution to the arts or entertainment industry in one or more of the following areas: music, dance, theater, writing, visual arts, motion pictures, television, or radio. A "significant" contribution would be iconic in terms of renown and the impact on the artistic disciplines or popular culture.
- Application must include nominee's performance/accomplishment biography.
- Attach nominee's biography with dates which must include at least 5 years of accomplishments in the arts, culture, or entertainment field.
- Attach a list of nominee's civic/community involvement.
- Attach a copy of nominee's death certificate.

Sponsor: Andy Tennille & Richard Emmett

Address: The Ramkat, 170 W. 9th Street

City: Winston-Salem State: NC Zip Code: 27101

Email: info@theramkat.com

Phone: Home: 336.724.9784 Cell: 336-724-9784

Signature: [Handwritten Signature] Date: 01/11/21

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VITAL SEARCH - INDEX

FILE NUMBER: 2007905491	YEAR: 2007	BOOK: 0113	PAGE: 2275	VERSION: NV
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NAME AT DEATH: MOSS , WALTER SAMUEL

ALTERNATE SPELLINGS: No Alternative Spellings On File

PARENTS NAME: SAMUEL BURNS MOSS
MARGARET BUNDY

DATE OF DEATH: 05 - 05 - 2007

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Walter Samuel "Sam" Moss

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MOSS Walter Samuel "Sam" Moss, 54, departed Saturday, May 5, 2007. Sam was born in Asheville to the late Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Burns Moss. He was also preceded in death by his wife, Dido. Sam was a lifelong musician who ran Sam Moss Guitars (conveniently located between New York and Miami) from 1982 to 2003. He played in numerous bands and mentored countless musicians. Sam is survived by his sister, Ruth Moss, of Greensboro; and numerous family members. A celebration of Sam's life will be held at 3 p.m. Thursday, May 10, at Grace Court in Winston-Salem. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation or Arbor Acres, in the name of Sam and Diane Moss. "Sam has left the building."

This obituary was originally published in the Winston-Salem Journal.

To Plant Memorial Trees in memory, please visit our [Sympathy Store](#).

A beautiful eulogy to a guitar god no one's heard of

By Ed Bumgardner

Relish, May 2007

Some prayers never reach the sky

Some wounds never heal.

Sometime Friday night, maybe early Saturday morning, the World's Fading Man, proudly unreconstructed, got caught in life's fading twilight.

There was nothing left in his field of vision, no curtain to block the storm that had been raging for years.

He could no longer see the exceptionally long shadow he cast.

He had done his job for 40 years. He did it better than most; indeed, he was a master of his craft. He had served well, a natural-born man of merit and cool, the quintessential desperado under the eaves.

But he was tired, bone tired. It was time to retire as a sunnier clime beckoned.

Sam Moss, 54, lied on the couch in his living room. He was surrounded by the ephemera of his life - books, music memorabilia, guitars - all personal treasures and manifestos of an extraordinary life with passion and taste.

A gun was in his hand. There was no note. That wasn't Moss' style - that would be way too cliché, and he didn't traffic in clichés.

His message was a Silvertone guitar painted by a friend years ago. The guitar was placed on a guitar stand bathed in the soft glow of a low-wattage spotlight. A slogan was painted on the guitar: "You have to stand for something or you will fall for anything."

Such was the way of Sam Moss.

Resquiescat in pace.

Rest in peace. That's all she wrote.

The loss of this singular man is incalculable, a defining shift in the cosmos of those who knew Moss (a multitude that easily stretches into the thousands).

Too borrow from Moss' friend Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top, Moss was baaaad and he was nationwide.

All who knew him are now shedding a salt-mine of tears; just because you can't see them doesn't mean they aren't there.

They are. Trust me. What you are reading is covered in tears.

Oh, Sam.

Sam Moss exuded a powerful energy, His mojo loomed large. He was magnetic to the extreme. The cat had reach.

To all who crossed his path over the past 40 years - particularly musicians and music fans - Moss was the quintessential guitarist in Winston-Salem, a master of the instrument by any standard.

Mitch Easter and the late Charles Greene, two masterful stringbenders who learned from and happily bowed to Moss; who, being Moss, would have no part of it.

We all learned from Moss. There is not a musician with whom he played or a person whose company he embraced, who did not come away from the experience better and more learned.

There were his bands: The Clique; The Imperturbable Teutonic Griffin featuring the Evil Doctor Moss and the Collins Light Show; The Uppinshades; Rhythm Method; Sweet Rye; Kingfish; The Sids; The Giggling Floundermen; Liquorhouse Soul Revue; Lesbian Truck Payment Experience; Peter May & The Rough Band, and The Sams.

And in every one, Moss was an unassuming Rock God - his onstage stance wide, guitar welded like Excalibur, mane of hair flying, cigarette dangling as he gave himself over to the song. He assimilated things but didn't imitate anyone; he was just Sam Moss, a man of boundless technique, bottomless cool and bonafide exquisite tone.

He was a musical sponge who picked up on everything and could play anything, seemingly without effort. His ears were always open, adding to knowledge and understanding that was vast and appeared limitless.

But Moss was also very human, despite the dictates of The Mythology of Sam that followed him and will inevitably only deepen with time.

Sam instinctively duck-walked along the edge for years. He suffered no fools and could be a bear to work with if you couldn't keep up (but you always learned something). As darkness began to engulf him, he waved away all attempts at assistance or inquiries of concern.

He was Sam Moss. It was his world. Respect it.

And we all did - such was the reverence in which he was held.

Everyone wanted to be "Sam approved."

Over the last few years, his extraordinary played could be erratic, but his desire to "hit the note" never flagged. And when he was on with a band locked tight behind him, he would tear through impossibly inventive, scorched-earth guitar solos that would leave one breathless.

Sam Moss really was that good.

For years, he ran Sam Moss Guitars on Burke Street. He was single-handedly responsible for introducing vintage-guitar collecting to the area. At one time, he owned a stable of "good wood" that was a collector's dream.

He opened the store from profits gained by selling his pride and joy: a 1959 sunburst Gibson Les Paul guitar. The guitar is now owned by a collector in Japan and has been nicknamed in print "The Mossburst." It is considered by most collectors to be the most beautiful vintage Les Paul in existence.

By the time Moss closed the store, it had become less a thriving financial concern - the ever-present "Back in 5 minutes" sign was legendary - than the meeting place where Moss introduced an aging generation of players to a new generation who met his approval.

Moss was also a well-read man, whip smart and conversant on a scholarly level about topics that ranged from guns and airplanes to rock 'n' roll and the JFK assassination.

He communicated to his inner circle in a dialect of his making that became known as "Samese." Everything had a nickname, and it didn't take long for his dialect to creep into the everyday language of those who loved him.

Sam Moss was a private man, but he was quietly loyal and generous to his friends. (After all, the first three letters of samaritan are s-a-m). Once you were "anointed" by Sam, you were his friend for life.

And he loved the women in his life with the same intense devotion, dedication and passion that he brought to his music.

His time with his wife, the late Diane "Dido" Foster, was without question the happiest of his life.

She completed him. And when you she died after a long and horrible battle with breast cancer, a good chunk was Moss went with her. He was hit hard, then left reeling when his mother died shortly thereafter,

He never fully regained his footing.

Don't look for reason or try to rationalize in this sad time. Accept what has happened as the way that Sam wanted to end his story. The grief will not soon pass. The void that he has left will never be filled.

Remember him for what he was, not what he is likely to become down the road. The reality will always be better than the mythology.

It is the most noble who would rather break than bend.

When you want to honor Sam, pull out a copy of the Rolling Stone's Exile On Main Street, one of Sam's most loved "Sam-approved" albums.

Play the song "Happy" and turn the volume way up.

Pay particular attention to lyrics and groove, and let the song take you away,

It says all that needs to be said about Sam Moss.

Thanks, Sam.

https://greensboro.com/life/go_triad/remembering-an-outrageous-talent/article_d7535e1e-e2ab-54f8-b965-23a95cfc4bca.html

Remembering an outrageous talent

By Allison King Special to Go Triad

May 8, 2007



KIM AND KING 4 H. SCOTT HOFFMANN photo GREENSBORO, NC 6/06/03 Kim Thore and Allison King, music scene columnists for Go Triad. (L-R)

H. Scott Hoffmann NEWS AND RECORD

By Allison King Special to Go Triad

I got the call this past Saturday morning. I knew something bad had happened the minute I heard my good friend Lauren Myers' voice crack on the other end of the line.

"Sam died," she said.

Sam Moss? **SAM MOSS!**

"No. No. NO!" I shouted. The words ran around my brain. Not Sam. Damn it. Not Sam.

When Lauren told me, I couldn't wrap my head around it. I heard how he was found a few hours earlier, dead in his home. Sam was gone. He was only 54.

I sat at my desk, numb from shock. It's the feeling you get that leaves you around you flat and two-dimensional like those airless summer days when you can't do much else other than sit and breathe.

Remembering an outrageous talent

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I couldn't cry. It was too soon. Nothing sank in. All I could do was sit and think about the musician I remembered — the stubborn Sam, the opinionated Sam, the beautiful soul of Sam.

You either loved or loathed him. There wasn't much gray area. He could be a real pain. He wasn't afraid to say exactly how he felt, and he couldn't care less what anyone thought of him.

Then, he'd turn around and do something beyond kind. That always made you wonder. He was a rare guy whose outrageous talent, quick comebacks and gut-busting sense of humor made him such a charismatic member of our extended musical family.

I didn't know him well. But whenever we saw each other — usually at a gig, somewhere in the Triad — he always made it a point to give me a hug and a smooch.

And if you knew Sam, you knew his wild hair, which pretty much made it to his destination a half-hour before the rest of his body did.

Seriously, I thought he was one of the best guitarists I had ever heard — smoking good and fiercely intelligent about his craft.

He had so much respect for his instrument. That's what drew my husband Bill to seek Sam out last year. Like any typical guitar player and tech head, Sam had an arsenal of guitars stashed at his house. I imagined they were remnants from his days of holding court along Burke Street, where he ran Sam Moss Guitars until it closed five years ago.

Sam saw those guitars as his kids. And like Bill, he loved them passionately.

Last year, Bill had serious back surgery. At first, doctors forbid him to play. After a few months, though, doctors finally gave Bill the green light. But they couldn't play a guitar that weighed more than 5 pounds.

That was the problem. Bill's favorite musical baby was a 1956 Les Paul J

Remembering an outrageous talent

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"Pearl," and she weighed about 10 pounds. Not good. But Sam had the answer: a

Reverend guitar that weighed less than 5 pounds.

Sam sold it to us for virtually nothing, and when he handed it to Bill, he said, "Pay me when you can."

Later, we found out the Reverend guitar Sam sold us was a special edition. Only 40 were made. Such a rare guy. See what I mean?

The last time I saw Sam was at a showcase several months ago at Rubber Soul in Winston-Salem. I remember sitting out in the audience and watching him play every song tossed his way. I marveled at his ability. He could play anything -- from blues to punk to soul.

He made it look so damn easy, with that great ugly face -- a sure sign of a musician in love with his instrument.

I joined that crazy, electric vibe onstage. And as I stood squished with Sam and a bunch of other musicians, we did what we all do best: We sang and played our heinies off.

It was beautiful.

With Sam's death, though, there's a devastating rift in Winston-Salem's musical family. It leaves many of us with a numbness that's hard to explain. All we can do is shout, "No. No. NO!"

Loss is such a bizarre experience. At first, it's a constant companion that hangs over your head like a cloud that follows you everywhere.

But somehow, we'll all go on. We'll do our gigs, do our jobs and do our best to keep Sam's memory alive. And we'll remember. Like we will today at Winston-Salem's Grace Court Park. As someone wrote on **MySpace.com** this week, Sam is probably with Hendrix right now.

Amen, brother. Play on, Sam. Play on.

Remembering an outrageous talent

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Allison King is an award-winning singer who has performed in and around the Triad for the past 17 years. Contact her at gigscene@triad.rr.com.

From: **Jeff MacIntosh**
Subject: Sam Moss nomination
Date: February 15, 2021 at 1:08 PM
To: Andy Tennille

I am writing in support of Sam Moss's nomination to be added to the Winston Salem Art Walk of Fame.

The Indie music scene in Winston Salem in the late 1970's & 80's was incredibly vibrant. My perspective of the scene was merely as a voyeur but I had a guitar and would head down to Sam's place on Burke street with my good friend John French, who really was a musician, to pick up strings and generally soak up the atmosphere. You never knew when a member of the db's or the Right Profile might be in town and drop in. Live Bait, Let's Active, etc, etc could pop in at any time too.

Sam seemed to be smack in the middle of all of it. And always with an opinion. His shop was the place to go for guitars, though. He was well known outside of the city for being able to supply rare and off-beat axes.

Sam's influence on garage band rock in Winston was huge. In my opinion he is exactly the type of person this effort was meant to include.

Sincerely,

Jeff MacIntosh
Council Member Northwest Ward
jeffm@cityofws.org
336-777-5178



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