

COOKIN' AT MURPHY'S

A CLUB DATE IS LIKE BREAD AND BUTTER TO JAZZ PEOPLE. IT IS WHERE THE TRUE SELF FINDS ITSELF. ACOUSTIC HALLS, STUDIOS OF THE FIRST ORDER, CONCERT VENUES, ALL DO WELL IN PRESENTING MUSIC, AND SOMETIMES JAZZ.

BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE FREEDOM TO STAND WHERE YOU PLEASE, FACE A WAITING AUDIENCE, AND REACH BACK TO YOUR SONG BANK FOR A PHRASE OR A PERSONAL LICK, NOTHING COMPARES TO THE BEAUTIFUL ALONENESS OF THE CLUB DATE.

FROM THE OPENING VAMP THE BAND GETS FOR HIT THE ROAD, JACK, THE LISTENER IS REMINDED THIS IS LIVE AND SEMI-PREPARED. THE SONG LIST HAS BEEN ARRANGED AND A BASIC LAYOUT IS SET, BUT OTHER THAN THAT THE MUSICIANS ARE EXPECTED TO KNOW THE GROUND RULES. PIANIST CLAUDE BLACK CALLS THE KEYS. THE MUSICIANS KNOW THE PARAMETERS ALREADY.

SPECIAL GUESTS DAVID "FATHEAD" NEWMAN AND WINARD HARPER CAN'T WAIT TO GET STARTED. THEY KNOW THEY ARE THE INVITED STARS, BUT THEY ALSO KNOW THE OTHER CATS ON THE STAND ARE THE LOCAL FAVORITES AND AFTER ALL, THIS IS JAZZ, AND NOBODY WANTS TO UPSTAGE ANYBODY ELSE.

BASSIST CLIFFORD MURPHY IS THE TITULAR HEAD, BUT IN THIS CONTEXT HE IS JUST A PLAYER. HE CAN MAKE THE BASS SING OR LAY BACK AND BE THE BEST SUPPORTING PLAYER YOU CAN HEAR.

"FATHEAD" PLAYS FLUTE ON TWO SELECTIONS, BUT TENOR ON THE REST. WINARD, ONE OF THE BROTHERS WHOSE BAND WAS A NATIONAL FAVORITE A FEW YEARS AGO, IS A FINE DRUMMER.

I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU WHO IS PLAYING ON EACH PIECE, WHAT THE HELL, PUT THE RECORD ON MAN.

CLOSE YOUR EYES, SIT IN THAT BIG OVERSTUFFED CHAIR. AND ENJOY A GREAT CLUB DATE. THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING, AT LEAST TILL I CAN GET TO TOLEDO.

SWEET LOVE,

OSCAR TREADWELL