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A Night Out

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A NIGHT OUT

Here I sit alone at a table for four at BoMac's Lounge. Don't get the wrong impression. Do not pity me; I am not lonely. Quite the opposite, I enjoy my own company.

The incessant chatter of voices, the dim romantic lights, even the heavy scent of cigarette smoke provides familiar comfort. The stage is empty; the musicians are taking a break from the magic they perform the moment they touch the instruments. The instruments are worn, yet fully capable of handling the building of the intricate web of sound to be spun by the "Music Wizards." Yes, the best instrument is like a baseball glove, the more it's worn the better the fit.

From the silence of intermission comes the sultry voice of Lady Day crooning, "Don't Go To Strangers." As I listen, I am suddenly aware of the strangers who surround me. The people who frequent traditional jazz clubs are a rare breed in the fusion/pop infested era of the '90's. The majority of the crowd are middle-aged men. The women are sprinkled here and there like cinnamon on a slice of French toast. Most are workers, down to earth and gritty. They smoke and laugh loudly- good people, no phonies. And no, they don't get quiet when the band starts; they continue talking, but they hear everything the band plays. Oh how the band plays! This quartet has brought tears of joy and a feeling of bliss to my soul.

The voices continue to chatter, the lights remain romantically dim, and the heavy scent of cigarette smoke still hangs in the air; yet in the midst of all these things there is room for one more person who is alone but not lonely.

Shawna Kitt