

English translation of text by Hiroshi Owada & Yoshio Toyama:

-----so that you don't have to read or try to figure out Japanese!!

This is a rough translation done in a hurry. We'd have to correct lot of words still.

The Holy Land: New Orleans,

The Saint: Louis Armstrong

Our Memories: Birthplace of Jazz and Satchmo 1968-1973

By Yoshio and Keiko Toyama

Published 2008

Jazz represents 20th century

New Orleans gave birth to Jazz & "King of Jazz" Satchmo

It is the irreplaceable Holy Land of Jazz in the world.

Pray for the recovery of holly home of Jazz and Satchmo,
from damage of Hurricane Katrina.

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Yoshio & Keiko Toyama (all other photographs)

I Remember New Orleans

-----New Orleans in Satchmo's own words

"But man I sure had a ball there growing up in New Orleans as a kid. We were poor and everything like that, but music was all around you. Music kept you rolling."

"Yeah, music all around you. The pie man and waffle man, they all had a little hustle to attract people. Pie man used to swing something on a bugle and the waffle man rang a big triangle. The junk man had one of them long tin horns they celebrate with at Christmas---could play the blues and everything on it."

"Joe Oliver in Onward Brass Band fascinated me---he was the nearest thing to Buddy Bolden to me. When he went into a bar to yackety with the guys--he didn't drink--or when he'd parading and not blowing, I'd hold his horn so all he had to do was wipe his brow and walk..

"I'm always wondering if it would have been best in my life if I'd stayed like I was in New Orleans, having a ball. I was very much contented just to be around and play with the old timers. And the money I made---I lived off of it. I wonder if I would have enjoyed that better than all this big mucky-muck traveling all over the world---which is nice, meeting all those people, being high on the horse, *all grandioso*. All this life I have now--I didn't suggest it. I would say it was all wished on me."

"Talking about beautiful music, you should witness a funeral in New Orleans. Joe Oliver and Manuel Perez in Onward Brass Band playing for the funeral, they just play and sing them notes just like the opera singers would."

"I mean you don't just go around waking people up to the effect of saying, "You know, this music is art." But it's got to be art because the world has recognized our music from New Orleans, else it would have been dead today. But I always let the other fellow talk about art. 'Cause when we was doing it, we was just glad to be working up on the stage."

Preface

Our Jazz, Satchmo and New Orleans

Our departure to Jazz Paradise 1967

I fell in love with music of Louis Armstrong, when I was in High School, just about starting to learn trumpet in school band. Jazz films from Hollywood such as Steve Allen's "Benny Goodman story", Jimmy Stewart's "Glen Miller story", Danny Kay's "Five Pennie" , a documentary film of Satchmo himself going around the world as Goodwill Ambassador "Satchmo the Great", beautiful documentary films of New Port Jazz 1958 "Jazz on Summer's Day",,,, many of these film on jazz, with Louis Armstrong often making his appearances as King of Jazz, inspired many Japanese and I sure was one of them. And my passion for Jazz soon started to grow bigger and bigger, in couple of years, my strong interest in Jazz was focused toward the interesting stories of Jazz History, especially the birthplace of Jazz New Orleans, and the fascinating life story of Louis Armstrong!! ---I've GOT TO SEE NEW ORLEANS, Home of Jazz and Satchmo!! I WANT TO LIVE and EXPERIENCE life of New Orleans myself, and EXPERIENCE "Paradise of Jazz"!!

Soon I quit my job as insurance underwriter, a job hard to get even with university bachelor's degree, also to quit secure job was much more an adventure 40 years ago,,, driven by strong dream, with my wife Keiko, we departed Japan on Brazil-Mar, passenger ship carrying immigrants to Brazil, on December 30, 1967, and headed for the "Jazz Paradise" New Orleans.

It was the start of our apprenticeship as Jazz musician for 5 years, learning from the old timers of jazz in New Orleans.

It is more than 40 years since then, time flies like rockets. Our age reached almost the same age or even exceeded the ages of Jazz virtuoso, used to be our super heroes. We feel like we have managed to find "Our own style", and the world of my hero Louis Armstrong is now one of my identities. I am very proud to say,,, "It's not bad at all". Smile.

Traditions of New Orleans--Jazz Funerals, Swingin' rhythm in Black Churches, Shouts and Cries in the streets of this Jazz Paradise, and the heart of Satchmo's neighbors, raised genius Louis Armstrong. As the genius Louis Armstrong moved to Chicago in 1922 then New York and to the world, the Jazz spread quickly all over the world.

We lived in New Orleans from 1968 to 1973. Two years on 624 Bourbon and three on 924 Orleans. Now it has become our second hometown. We will never forget all the valuable experiences and dreamful 5 years as Jazz apprenticeship in this Jazz Paradise. What we could see through 5 years precious experience was the very "Soul and Essence" you can find in any style of jazz of all time, and we were right there in the society which cultivated this great music Jazz and Satchmo.

Photographs of Jazz Paradise by two of us

1968 to 1973, we saw so many valuable and beautiful Jazz scenes, and in our spare time, we tried to take picture and make record of people and tradition in this city we love, who gave heartfelt welcome to us two young couple from Japan.

Poor but always extremely happy and swinging black neighborhood with lots of unique traditions that gave birth to Jazz, music in Churches, Jazz parades, Funerals and happy cute smiling kids who reminded us of 'Little Louis'. There was the same 'Jazz Paradise' Satchmo used to write and talk as boyhood memories, still remaining. It was a knock out to see the same old New Orleans where Satchmo grew up, 60 years later with very little change, and we lost ourselves in taking photo of New Orleans.

We had taken over 10,000 shots of "Pop's Neighborhood".

We were poor musicians with very little work, so it made us learn lot of cost saving techniques. We'd buy 100 feet role film and cut it small peaces to save money. We bought cheap second hand photo enlarger, and taught ourselves enlargement and film developing also. Of course there was no dark room in our humble apartment, our bed room became our dark room; we'd wait till it gets dark and start printing pictures often all through the night. Strips of developed films used to hang over our bath tub, lot of developed prints floating in the tub to rinse fixing solution. I still miss the smell of developing liquid and acetic acid for stopping development, in our bed room.

Horns for Guns

Our life in Jazz Paradise surrounded by "Satchmo Neighbors" lasted 5 years. But there was a limitation to our US life extending US short term visa, we felt very uneasy and we had to make up our mind to return to Tokyo and make our living there in the fall of 1973. Since then, we had revisited our second hometown New Orleans more than 20 times. coordinating Japanese TV crew, playing Jazz festivals, writing for airline magazine, and so on. Every time we return, we started to notice sad changes in New Orleans. Around 1980 I'd say, there seemed to be more and more crimes, neighborhood full of crime by guns and drugs. Streets where we used to visit our friend musicians without any fear had become dangerous areas. Elementary school where cheerful smiling kids used to commute had large sign at the entrance "No guns and No drugs in school". And it was a big surprise to learn that there were no musical instruments or very few, or only beaten up horns in schools of New Orleans "The Home of Jazz".

In the '60s, Dr. Martin Luther King's famous speech, "I have a dream..." and civil rights movement which followed, made Satchmo's neighbors full of dreams for improvement of their status and living. The town used to be filled with smiles and hopes back then, but it seemed like smiles in Satchmo's Neighbors' faces were disappearing. It was around that time, a tourist from Europe was murdered in Louis Armstrong Park where the statue of Louis Armstrong stands. Also in 1992, a Japanese

student Yoshihiro Hattori was shot to death in Baton Rouge.

We wanted to do something for New Orleans. That's when we came to think we should send musical instruments to children in Home of Satchmo, who live surrounded by guns and drugs. When Louis Armstrong was 11, he was arrested for shooting gun, and he was confined in Boy's Waif's Home where he met trumpet which led him to live that great life. I wanted the children and people of New Orleans to remember the great life of Satchmo, by sending "Horns for Guns" to New Orleans from Japan. We may be able to see second or third Satchmo out of kids who learned on instruments from Japan.

First of all, with our "Horns for Guns" we wanted to say thanks to the people of New Orleans who took us in so kindheartedly. Also, we were sure many more Japanese want to express their thanks to America. Such generation enlighten by American Jazz during devastated time after World War II. Fulbright exchange students in who learned in exclusive colleges, to young people who learned America washing dishes, who all touched warm heart of people in United States. Japanese who were accepted to American market by their products. Many people learned American technology. And now young people are still enjoying American modern Jazz.

Mid 1990's, we called on to Louis Armstrong and New Orleans fans, and started Louis Armstrong Fan Club in Japan and called it Wonderful World Jazz Foundation after Satchmo's What a Wonderful World. Then we started our activity "Let's send trumpets to Satchmo's Grandchildren!!" with Love.

The slogan was "Horns for Guns!!

There were lot of sympathizer to this slogan and many instruments were donated to the Home of Jazz. In little over ten years, more than 700 instruments were sent from Japan to New Orleans schools and organizations across Pacific Ocean. Instrument dealer Global corporation's instrument repair school repaired instruments free. And a leading Cargo company in Japan Nippon Express offered us free transportation of instruments!!

But unfortunately the tragedy hit New Orleans.

Hurricane Katrina hit Jazz Paradise

The tragedy happened in August 30, 2005 when unprecedented enormous hurricane hit the city of New Orleans. Several levees in the canal connecting between Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain broke. More than 80 % of New Orleans was affected by flood and received unprecedented damage by hurricane Katrina.

After this calamity, population of New Orleans reduced to 200,000 from 500,000.

We organized the first charity Jazz concert in Japan, October 2005 to support New Orleans. We called 17 Jazz bands, who'd been regular of annual "Satchmo festival" we'd started in 1981. Sapporo Beer became our sponsor since 2000 and festivals has been held at Sapporo Brewery memorial hall at Ebisu Garden Place Tokyo.

More than 4,000 Jazz fans were gathered there and we received 1,800,000 yen donation (\$17,000) on that day. After this big event, more than 10,000,000 yen

donations (\$95,000) from Jazz fans and jazz players all over Japan were made to New Orleans Funds in our Wonderful World Jazz Foundation. These donations were distributed directly to musicians through musician aid organization, and they appreciate donation from Japan.

Every year in August, while participating Satchmo SummerFest in New Orleans with Wonderful World Jazz Foundation members, we visited schools to donate musical instruments in New Orleans. Unfortunately the town of "Satchmo's neighborhood" that we loved seems to be left out from the recovery. Two years after the disaster, when we visited New Orleans to attend Satchmo SummerFest 2006, we saw a scene we could not forget.

We had a time to visit our places of memories from 40 years ago. We were a little worried how those places are after Katrina: Neighborhood where Satchmo was born, Holtz cemetery where first Jazz King Buddy Bolden is buried, the site of former reformatory Waif's Home, the First street where Buddy Bolden's home is still standing, and the Jackson avenue area that used to be the main street for black people at the time of Mardi Gras parades.

What we saw there were, two out of three houses were deserted, big piles of rubbles on the street were left untouched even after 2 years since the disaster. People in Satchmo's neighborhood now live in repaired homes surrounded by deserted houses and rubbles. This was the reality of ruined Jazz Paradise. Is this really America? No, it can't be-----the scenes reminded us of streets of some third world countries, not USA!

During our Jazz apprenticeship from '68 to '73, we experienced Jazz parade, Jazz Party and Jazz funerals on the street of New Orleans. On Mardi Gras days, Zulu parade started from Jackson Avenue, where lot of people gathered to catch Mardi Gras beads and famous golden coconuts from the float, and the place was filled with shouts of joy and laughter. The legendary first Jazz King of New Orleans, Buddy Bolden's neighborhood on the First Street, used be warm and cheerful, is now facing crisis and difficulty that they never experienced. Our visit faced the reality.

When we look at the pictures of good old New Orleans that we took during our Jazz apprenticeship, we noticed how the hurricane badly damaged the Jazz Paradise. It made us extremely sad from the bottom of our hearts.

It has been 100 years since Jazz was born. Styles of Jazz also had changed. Originally Jazz was swinging, but it changed to more complex and more difficult music. Jazz experienced the time being treated by music industry as if it is branded fashion music for the seek of business profit.

We are sure there will be some new discovery for you by thinking about good old days in the home of Jazz, New Orleans, filled with it's original, strong and energetic Jazz. It will make you think about danger of disappearing Jazz Paradise by hurricane.

It is our most pleasure, thorough this book if you go back to the basics of original Jazz

and think about original charms of Jazz that we discovered 40 years ago living in Satchmo's hometown .

In publishing this photo collection, it is my honor to have privilege to use 9 photographs that were taken by two distinguished photographers introduced by Mr. Kazunori Kono of Nihon Camera. First photographer is Mr. Hozumi Nakadaira, who is the owner of Jazz Bar "DUG" and published photographic collection "JAZZ GIANTS 1961-2002". He provided four valuable pictures including Satchmo and Mahalia Jackson at New Port Jazz 1970.

Second photographer is late Mr. Yuzo Satoh who was famous providing photographs of Jazzmen for many jazz magazines including "Swing Journal" in 60's and 70's. Valuable 5 portraits including Satchmo and his wife Lucille photographed by Mr. Sato, were introduced and arranged by late photographer's agent Masaru Mera and Mrs. Satoh. Those portraits were taken at Satchmo's home in New York in 1970. The house in New York is now open to public as "Louis Armstrong House Museum" in Queens .NY.

I would like to express my deepest appreciation to above four people.

Again, this photographic collection would never have been published without following people' supports. Photographer Toshihiko Iikubo who was a general manager of photography in Japanese leading "Bungei Shunjuu" magazine, who also taught us special knowledge of film development: Tri X film using Microdol X, and many other knowledge. ---He also plays New Orleans Jazz on his cornet.

I would like to give our special gratitude to President Kunihiro Takahashi of our publisher Toseisha and editor Emi Fukuyama who navigated us when we were almost lost drowned by 10,000 photographs, and designer Satsuki Ishiyama for beautiful book design.

July 2008
Yoshio, Keiko Toyama

Part 1 Louis Armstrong and New Orleans

Chapter 1 “Hero” Satchmo

Satchmo Float in Zulu Parade, Mardi Gras 1973

It was the inspiration Satchmo gave us and admiration for birthplace of Jazz and Satchmo, that with my wife, I decided to visit New Orleans to live.

We feel like it was a fate that we knew the news of Satchmo’s passing in New Orleans.

1971 July 6 morning, he passed away at his home in Corona, New York.

I still remember like yesterday, my half broken, found in Volunteer of America black & white TV was carrying the news of Satchmo’s sudden passing all day long.

Two years after Satchmo’s death, in 1973, King of Zulu Parade in New Orleans’ Mardi Gras had a huge Satchmo’s face float, honoring the greatest King of Jazz and home town hero. Mrs. Lucille Armstrong was crowned Zulu Queen that year and rode on Pop’s float, waving to Satchmo’s neighbors.

“Lot of jazz critics' wondering about what style of jazz I play....I'm just playing New Orleans style. When I play my trumpet and sing, when I close my eyes, I see New Orleans and hear my idol Papa Joe's phrases, I just play them notes.”

I love these words by Louis Armstrong!!! He was raised in poorest black section of New Orleans and became a king of jazz. His neighborhood created jazz and gave birth to pioneers of jazz like Buddy Bolden, Joe ‘King’ Oliver, and then Satchmo the Genius. And Jazz from New Orleans became a music that represents 20th century!!!

My wife and I were just fascinated by the romance of this town and decided to move there. When we heard Satchmo’s passing 1971 in New Orleans on black & white TV in my apartment and had a chance to see people of New Orleans giving tribute to their hero Satchmo, we felt the fate.

People in Satchmo’s home town New Orleans never forgot their “Hero” . It was the Mardi Gras March 1973, two years from his death, when big Satchmo’s face appeared on the Mardi Gras float in King of Zulu Parade, and Satchmo’s widow, Mrs. Lucille Armstrong was invited as a “Queen of Zulu”. Satchmo had always yearned for the “King of Zulu” since he was a kid growing up in Back O’Town. His lifelong dream came true when he was saluted to the honorable King’s Bench in 1949

I am sure that Satchmo was looking at this Zulu Parade from heaven, and saw his wife riding on his huge face float and yelled “Oh Yeah”, with his big mouth full of white teeth.

At the Zulu’s Ball couple of nights before the parade, I was surprised to find Satchmo’s sister Beatrice Collins whom he called “Mama Lucy” with Lucille. I found out she was living in New Orleans alone in small apartment along the railroad track. I desperately wanted to go visit her and hear about Little Louis, boyhood stories of the world greatest genius jazz musician. I asked her address, and a week or two later I went

knock on the door to interview her with my small cassette tape recorder. I still have over an hour long tape of Mama Lucy interview, one of my most valuable memoirs of Satchmo and New Orleans.

“Ya know my grandma was a slave”, the interview starts with her happy voice which reminded me so much of her brother’s happy go lucky cheerfulness.

“Grand son of a slave” who inspired the world to “SWING” with jazz and changed the whole music scene of the world!!

I was just thrilled with the spirit of this romantic adventure.

I noticed an old time portrait in antique round frame hanging on the wall. It was one of the originals of the only one famous portrait of Satchmo family. Louis with his mother Mayan and his sister Mama Lucy, taken in a photo studio in 1919. I felt incredible reality and current of time out of the portrait, and just was overwhelmed.

Chapter 2 “Satchmo’s Spirit lives on forever”

Satchmo passed away abruptly in July 6, 1971. His funeral service was held in New York on July 9th .Back in his home town “Jazz Paradise” New Orleans, on July 10th, people from Satchmo’s back streets gathered to see their home town hero off to the heaven by traditional Jazz Funeral. There were flags carried by marching people with the funeral parade. It read “Satchmo’s Spirit Lives on Forever”

Satchmo passed away at his resident in Corona, Queens, New York. His funeral was held in Queens NY. and the memorial service was held in Manhattan. It was attended by more than 25,000 people, among them were many jazz players including Ella Fitzgerald and Dizzy Gillespie. In New Orleans, on July 10 and 11, a day and two after the formal funeral of Satchmo in New York, people from Satchmo’s Back Street stood up for their hero. We’ll never forget the scene of traditional jazz funeral held for two days by City of New Orleans and all the people from Back’O Town, Treme, Uptown, Downtown involving people from all over town.

The first day, volunteer parade started from the Blandin’s Funeral Home on St. Claude in Treme, now back of Louis Armstrong Park, where lot of jazz musicians used to live and still raising lot of talented jazz players.

There was a trumpet shaped funeral wreath and there were two banners of “ Satchmo’s Spirit Lives On forever” and “His Spirits Lives On”, in front of funeral home.

Eureka, Onward, Young Tuxedo, Olympia, Fairview Baptist Church children’s band and all other black Brass Bands started the funeral procession for Satchmo, playing hymns, and then the crowd was growing rapidly as the parade went on. A young black men displayed the banners of “Satchmo’s Spirits lives on”, children were carrying trumpet shaped wreath. The parade went by Louis Armstrong Park used to be Congo

Square, where lot of black people gathered for African dance in the days of slavery, went through Basin Street, long ago red light district where Satchmo played in his youth.

The second day, City of New Orleans announced Memorial Service for Great Satchmo and the parade left Canal & Basin at 4 in the afternoon, with biggest crowd we've ever seen in New Orleans, headed toward the big open space in front of the City Hall. We heard the crowds gathered at the City Hall exceeded more than 40,000 people. The cornet that Satchmo used for the first time in the reformatory Waif's Home, usually displayed in New Orleans Jazz Museum, was prepared for jazz trumpeter Teddy Riley. He played funeral "Tap" from the balcony of the City Hall on Satchmo's first horn. Melancholy sound produced by the memorable musical instrument that started and enabled long and great career of Satchmo, drifted calmly over the head of huge predominantly black crowd giving silent prayers, then headed toward Perdido Street where Satchmo spent his boyhood 'Little Louis' days, as if his soul was returning to his home town.

To close this Jazz Funeral for Satchmo was, none other than "When the saints go marching in" with second line parade. "Saints" was originally a hymn sung in New Orleans churches, and later it became a tune that represents Jazz. And it was Louis Armstrong who recorded this song for the first time in 1938.

"When the Saints go marchin' in, I wanna be in that number,,," .

Second Lining for great Satchmo, People must have been singing and saying to themselves,

"Yeah Man, Satchmo is a Saint! Saint Louis Armstrong!!!"

Part 2 "Jazz Paradise" New Orleans

Chapter 1 "Back'O Town Blues" Satchmo's Neighborhood

Satchmo loves to sing blues. He wrote a blues called "Back'O town Blues" and sang it all his life. "My heart belongs there" that's what he used to say.

Swinging black churches, Jazz Funerals, Parades, Parties,,from voices of vendors to the sounds laughter from playing kids, everything sounded like jazz to us in Satchmo's neighborhood, and people were very cheerful same as Satchmo's Jazz.

It was also a town fiercely affected by hurricane Katrina in 2005.

Louis Armstrong sang "Back'O Town Blues" all his life.

Back'O Town and all the other poor but happy, soulful neighborhood raised jazz and Satchmo. People would wonder, "Were there any world famous conservatory or famous jazz school there?"

No!! But what raised Satchmo was the people in this poor but rich in heart neighborhood and music traditions in New Orleans. Jazz Funerals on the streets, brothers and sisters swinging in black churches, bluesy voice of vendor floating in the

air, hot rhythm of jazz parades and second line dances!! A flood of variety of rich music brought in by immigrants from the continent played all over town and the blues feeling with hard swingin' beat from Africa ---- the whole town was a cultural melting pot.

We heard so many talented people in Satchmo's neighborhood, so did little Louis and got the inspirations from. They were no special artist or celebrities, but just an ordinary people living next door, they could be grocers, butchers, carpenters, bricklayers, cigar makers, longshoremen and even criminals in jail. They'd just sing hymns that swing and move the whole churches, play marvelous jazz in funeral parades. They'd gather in back yard jazz parties playing music for all occasions from birthday to baptism celebration.

These humble and poor back streets were filled with dreams and romance of jazz history. The neighborhood created new style, new rhythm, new music called Jazz , so happy and swingin' that all your blood would start boiling, then raised genius Satchmo and moved so many people in the world and changed the world also!!

The music we heard and learned during our 5 years stay in New Orleans. It was filled with "real spirit and heart of jazz" which world tends to forget nowadays. We also felt the music was so beautiful filled with simplicity, love and nobleness, sometimes much more true, humble and even artistic than music and culture of so-called intelligent societies and advanced modern world we know.

"When the saints go marching in" was born in these back streets and became music that represent Jazz, Satchmo, New Orleans and America. Originally the song had been played in New Orleans in churches and funerals from way back. It was recorded for the first time in history by Satchmo in 1938. And later, when it becomes the world's biggest, longest evergreen hit in jazz, Satchmo also played the most important role to make it popular. On the first record, Satchmo starts with a dialogue with horns playing gospel-in church like harmony in the back ground. "Sisters & Brothers, this is Reverend Satchmo getting ready to beat out this mellow sermon for you. My takes this evening, When the Saints Go Marchin' in! Here comes Brother Higginbotham down the aisle with his trombone. Blow it Boys!!" Then the trombone starts on the well-known melody.

When we look back and reminisce our 5 years in New Orleans, we really think this way. ----Well well, this song Saints sure symbolizes so much of what we saw and experienced in Satchmo's neighborhood. Satchmo born in home of jazz the holy land New Orleans, might have been a saint!! The Saint Louis Armstrong and his "When the saints go marching in" could have been a message from "Saint Louis" to the whole world.

People in Saint Louis' home town so warmly welcomed two of us who longed for Satchmo and jazz, and came to New Orleans as jazz apprenticeship.

Our 5 years is full of unforgettable memories we never can forget all our lives.

Chapter 2 “Havin’ a G-o-o-d Time” Jazz in Satchmo’s Back Yard

Jazz music for all occasions in backyard party

A drums set and a bass on the ground, trumpet on a table and a banjo on a pipe chair, floating smell of New Orleans’ favorite food and a big tub full of ice, beer and drinks.

Jazz is just about to begin in “Satchmo’s Back Yard”.

Nobody complain about the noise here. You’re lucky if your next door have a party. You just have a G-o-o-d Time too! Everybody from kids to old folks, men and women, they all start that New Orleans dance step ---the Second Line!!

Ya come have a G-o-o-d Time at my back yard!!

We’ve been to so many parties all over town, Uptown, Tremé, Downtown, Back’O Town, of course we had our trumpet and banjo. The backyard, usually they hung laundry, is filled with the sound of jazz, swingin’ drum beat with crash of cymbals. Foods on the table---gumbo, jambalaya, shrimp creole, corn bread, fried chicken, and of course red beans and rice Satchmo’s favorite. Beer, Coke, Pepsi in the big tub filled with ice, Bourbon, Rum and fruit punch on a table.

In my country Japan neighbors will report to the police and complain about noise. But here in “Satchmo’s Backyard”, they all come out from their back door to your yard, and join the party to enjoy and save money.

Satchmo’s neighbors gets all excited with that hard swingin’ Good Ol’ New Orleans beat, ‘cause their blood just can’t keep ‘em still. It just make them start shaking everything with Second Line Steps.

Hurricane Katrina that hit New Orleans in 2005. It gave severe damage to New Orleans from Lake Front to Uptown, Downtown, Back O’Town---- and unfortunately all around Satchmo’s neighborhood and elsewhere, you still see people left out from the recovery. City of Salzburg, Mozart birth place, was registered as world heritage. On the other hand, homeland of Satchmo and jazz , the holy land New Orleans remains ruined by the hurricane.

I still can not forget a word of a lady who taught poetry in black schools.

“Mr. Toyama, the most impressive music comes out from poverty and broken heart. Take a look at Louis Armstrong. You know, Jazz is Poor man’s music.”

We pray for the miracle of strong revival of Satchmo’s spirit from the hardship of this Jazz Paradise.

Chapter 3 “Little Jazzmen” Memories of Fairview Baptist Church Band

Louis Armstrong met trumpet at a reformatory Waif’s Home, when he was arrested at the age of 11 for shooting a pistol. The destiny leads him to become a great jazz man.

When New Orleans guitar player Danny Barker, returned to New Orleans, his heart was hurt when he saw children of New Orleans suffering from guns and drugs. He soon organized children’s band sponsored by Baptist Church.

The eyes of little Fairview jazzmen were shining!! “Let’s follow Satchmo!” their eyes were saying!!

There's a New Orleans pioneer jazzman who is respected by many younger musicians in New Orleans. His name is Danny Barker (1909~1994), a guitar and banjo player.

In New Orleans there are many families with music tradition. Sometimes musicians generation after generation. The Cottrells, the Humphreys, the Barbarins, the Robicheauxs. If you include families with brothers and sisters are musicians, it'll be countless-----the Marreros, the Tios, the Bigards and on and on.

Danny is related to Barbarins. His cousin Paul Barbarin went up north early '20's and played with so many greats. Danny followed his step and got to play and record with many major jazz bands including great Cab Calloway, legendary Charlie Parker and of course Louis Armstrong.

In 1960's, when age of swing jazz closed, Danny returned home. His heart was hurt when he found many kids in New Orleans, including his nephews Barbarians surrounded by guns and drugs. He remembered about Satchmo whom he respect so much, who was put in a reformatory for firing pistol and met with trumpet there.

He put a little brass band together with kids in the Barbarin family and others, some were kids from slum areas. Thus swinging children's cutest brass band was born around 1970. Fairview Baptist Church supported the activity.

We used to follow this cutest little jazz band parade, led by Mr. Barker with banjo in his hand, big cigar in his mouth!!

"Let's learn from Satchmo!" Fairview Kid's eyes were shining with joys and hopes.

Many excellent players like Lucien Barbarin, Leroy Jones and many others came out from Fairview and became great musicians. Also many were inspired by Fairview and stimulated by this band to become jazz player: Gregg Stafford(tp), Kermit Ruffins(tp), Winton Marsalis(tp), Shannon Powell(dms), Nicholas Payton(tp) and many other great musicians of younger generation.

They still call Danny, "Mr. Danny Barker" with their full respect.

We've started our activity of sending musical instruments from Japan to children in New Orleans started in 1994. Memories of Mr. Danny Barker and cute little jazzmen of Fairview Band was our inspiration that gave us a start.

Chapter 4 Legends of Jazz

Preservation Hall and the "Satchmo's brothers"

Preservation Hall, the place with the most authentic and traditional jazz played in New Orleans, was our jazz school.

Punch Miller (tp) born 1894 Kid Thomas (tp) born 1896 Jim Robinson (tb) born 1892.

They were even older than Satchmo who was born 1901.

The musicians playing at the Preservation Hall were the real Legends of Jazz!!!

We learned so much from these "Satchmo's brothers" during our 5 year stay in New Orleans.

December 30, 1967, on Brasil-maru a ship for immigrants for Brazil, we left the Port of Yokohama for United States. 8 days later the ship stopped over at Honolulu to refuel, then took us 7 days to Port of Los Angeles where we got off the boat. Home staying at a house of kind jazz club member of Southern California Hot Jazz Society for a week, then finally arrived at New Orleans our land of dreams, January 22, 1968.
It's already been 40 years!!

Late Mr. Alan Jaffe founder of Preservation Hall who came to Japan with George Lewis Band in 1963 as a band manager, told us to come to New Orleans anytime and he'd take care of us----- we were disappointed to find out he was out of town on tour!! But he had arranged us a second floor apartment in the back of Vaucresson's Café Creole, a Creole Restaurant on 624 Bourbon Street.----- Contrary to our expectation, the room was awful!! It looked like no one lived there for 10 years!! The lock on the door did not work. Window frame was rotten and glass was broken. Bed was moist and molded. In the kitchen, roaches were running over the pile of garbage nobody knows how long it's been there. Bath tub was covered with dirt. Soon it got dark and we found out there were No Light Bulbs in this room!! The first day in New Orleans that we dreamed of, turn out to be the most blue and lonely one---soon my wife Keiko started to cry.

Suddenly, rough sound of swinging New Orleans Jazz started to pour in from out of nowhere, shaking broken window glasses. Then we found out and realized the apartment was right behind the Preservation Hall.

It sure was Allan Jaffe's way, very blunt outside but so warm hearted inside----This must be what they call "Southern Hospitality" we heard so much about, that's what we were thinking sitting in the dark room the first night in Home of Jazz.

During 5 years of jazz apprenticeship, Preservation Hall became a best school to us. It was Jaffe's strong belief and policy to provide genuine authentic jazz in its original form at the Hall that created unique artistic music and atmosphere there. A small room with maximum capacity was about 150, naked light bulbs were hanging from the ceiling. There were no air conditionings, a huge ol' time fan was stirring the air in the room so hot with full crowd and earthy jazz. The audience sits on half broken chair, cushion on the floor, or standing. It was pure raw sound of jazz with no microphones. Admission was one dollar a person as tip. Originally the Hall started as a gallery where musicians get together and enjoy playing jazz. There were paintings hanging on the wall, and very true and simple atmosphere with no commercial decorations or ads, made this Hall such a genuine place of true jazz by true jazz pioneers, and it sure made you feel the long authentic history of New Orleans jazz.

Preservation Hall sure was a "Mecca" in "Holy Jazz City New Orleans" known to the world. It was a place where we had so much valuable experience for 5 years to have chances to meet so many jazz fans, jazz researchers and jazz musicians who came to this "Mecca of jazz" from all over the world.

On the wall of the Preservation Hall, there was sign hanging with a price list for

requests.

“One dollar for traditional jazz. Two dollars for all the other jazz. And five dollars for “When the saints go marching in””.

Yes!! “Holy Land New Orleans” that gave birth to “Saint Louis Armstrong” was a wonderful Jazz Paradise where the “Saints” come marchin’ in with only 5 Dollars!!!

It was beautiful 5 years, learning jazz at the Hall and ‘through our broken window’, listening to “Satchmo’s brothers” playing every night so energetically and happily.

Chapter 5 Bourbon Street Parade

The Jazz parades and the Second Lines

The town was full of Parades.

People gathered around the band with umbrellas, swung and marched down the streets, competing their own unique dance steps called “Second Line”.

On Bourbon Street in French Quarter the center of sightseeing spot. On Canal Street where big department stores were in full business. On the back street of “Back’O town”. Uptown, Downtown, Tremé-----.

The streets were filled with hottest beats that reminded us of Africa.

Satchmo talks about jazz parade of his boyhood days like this:

“Once a year, on a certain day, all the social clubs-the Broadway Swells, the Bulls, the Turtles-would have a parade. I eventually joined the Tammany Social Club. One was called the Moneywasters. They used to carry a big cabbage with cigar and paper dollar sticking out of it. And oh it was beautiful in the parades-you know? Every body in silk skirts, white hats, black pants, streamers across their chests with the club’s name, everybody shined up, the Grand Marshal always sharp and strutting, and some guys on horse. They all had stops where they go to different member’s houses, open a keg of beer, and they liable to end up at a big picnic at the fairground.”

60 years later, we were just so surprised to see, exactly the same parade scenes that Satchmo talked about in his boyhood days still going on from “Satchmo’s back streets” to the main streets of New Orleans. Long tradition of Jazz Brass Bands such as Eureka, Onward, Young Tuxedo, Olympia and many many others---and huge crowd swinging their heart and butt out all together to one strong jazz beat!!

We sure felt down to our souls, the essence of Jazz and strong culture of this Jazz Paradise, the blood of their ancestors that created Jazz and Satchmo.

We were saying to ourselves, “This is Africa in America”.

Chapter 6 Jazz Funeral

Jazz funeral, a beautiful tradition in Satchmo's neighborhood, has been going on for more than a century, same way as he remembers as a kid.

Funeral marches and hymns, mournful sound of clarinets and trombones, cries from trumpets and saddest beats of bass drum on the way to the cemetery multiply and stir up the sadness. But when the body is buried under the ground,,,,,the whole scene changes!!

The soul is free in Heaven!! Now let's bless the soul.

Huge crowd of Satchmo's brothers and sisters, they all start "second lining", meaning dancing all the way back to the corner where the funeral started. With strong beat of the music inspiring their dance steps, and the powerful rhythm of their second line dances giving the band more swing!!

Explosion of rhythm filled with joy and the sense of freedom among the people after the jazz funeral, lived through the long history of jazz, and still remains strongly in jazz of modern age as joyful swing beat and freedom of improvisation.

Jazz is music of freedom. Ad lib of jazz changes melody by improvisation. Jazz rhythm is the freest rhythm of all with such an elastic swing inherited from African ancestors. It is so moving when you realize this free music was born from the people who were in "far from free" circumstances as slaves.

Satchmo was born in 1901 and preached this free music to the world playing the most important role as a missionary of jazz. But long before his birth, the original elements of jazz had been evolving in New Orleans----only a couple of decades after the emancipation of slaves in 1863.

I really wonder how they felt, while being discriminated all their lives, when they found out they were free in music. I imagine it must have been explosive feeling of freedom. You can hear this feeling of free soul so clearly, both from Satchmo and other jazz pioneer's playing. Satchmo's music, in such a refined way, gives us the blues feeling coming out from his experiences, and next moment explosive Joy and beat of Happiness pouring out from his heart. In 1920's, the whole world went crazy over this music of freedom in the blink of an eye.

While living in New Orleans, we've witnessed this "Explosion of Joy, Rejoicing the Freedom of Soul!!" Yes!! The Jazz Funeral in Jazz Paradise New Orleans.

We'll never forget the impact we felt when we actually "experienced" New Orleans Jazz Funeral for the first time in 1968. Eureka Brass Band started marching to a church playing hymns. People in Satchmo's neighborhood who always look forward to the funeral gather gradually to join the parade. Inside a church, it's filled with rhythm, gospel and everything full of blues feeling. Preacher preaching just like a blues singer shouting the blues. Gospel harmony by the church choir. Strong beat of handclapping

of the congregation. Intense harmony of Hammond organ. People shouting “Thank you Jesus” , “Hallelujah”, “Praise the Lord”. There are people fainting with too much emotion. When the service is over, church bell starts to ring and the coffin comes out of the church. Big crowd of people and a hearse starts their march to the graveyard accompanied by sad but beautiful funeral march by the brass band. Sobbing clarinet and the sound of bass drum soak into your heart. Sorrows get deeper stirred up by trumpet high notes---

After the coffin was buried at graveyard, the whole scene changes all of a sudden. With the big Bang Bang of the bass drum, the most cheerful and swingin’ jazz starts. “When the saints go marching’ in”, “Bye and Bye when the morning come”, “Oh Didn’t he ramble”. And all the people called “Second line” around the band starts dancing as if they were ignited by the hot sound of jazz. Huge crowd of black people, swinging together to one rhythm starts heading to the street where the funeral started, “Second Lining” joyfully and happily all the way. Umbrella they carry for sudden tropical rain turns into a popular tool of “Second line”. It’s cool too to “Second Line” waving open handkerchief over your head.

Tradition of New Orleans Jazz Funeral shows the joyful feelings of all the Satchmo’s brothers and sisters!! “Brother’s Soul is Free in Heaven now! Temporal Suffering is over! Let’s bless the soul.”

Traditional “Jazz funeral” of holy New Orleans has history for more than 100 years. The joyful spirit and emotion rejoicing the liberation of soul, explosion of swingin’ rhythm, and the most sincere way of expression in music coming from custom of devoting their music to God, influenced a lot to pioneers of New Orleans and Satchmo. And we can hear its influence still living strongly all through the jazz history down to jazz of modern age.

Chapter 7 “Come to the Mardi Gras”

Carnival in New Orleans--- “Mardi Gras” and King of Zulu

Mardi Gras in New Orleans competes with Carnival in Rio de Janeiro.

Entire city turns into a masquerade.

There’s one and only parade organization by black society called King of Zulu.

When Satchmo was a child in a slum, his biggest dream was to become King of Zulu.

His dream came true in 1949 after he became world figure.

On the day he became a King, he sure felt honored---but it rather might have been Zulu who was more proud to have world famous king of jazz as their King of Zulu!!

Zulu’s tradition continues until now from Satchmo’s childhood days.

Mardi Gras of New Orleans and Carnival of Rio are like twin brothers. Both cities in the past were influenced strongly by Catholic. There were customs to spend stoic days of fast until Easter when Christ returned to life from crucified death. People were

satiated with food and made a racket till Tuesday before the fasting Wednesday. They called it “Ash Wednesday” and “Fat Tuesday”. As New Orleans had been a colony of France, those words were called Mardi(Tuesday) Gras(fat) in French.

Two cities have similar history and are located at the mouth to continents of North America and South America, flourished as ports to continents in the past. Two cities were influenced by Latin culture, and have weakness for Carnivals. Two cities created two African influenced music that represent the world: Jazz in New Orleans and Samba in Rio.

On the final day of Mardi Gras in New Orleans, before the final and biggest parade of white society “Rex”, unique parade representing New Orleans’ black society starts their parade. That’s “King if Zulu”. Black people blacking their face with white circle on their eyes and mouth and wearing grass skirts. The most popular treasure thrown from the Zulu floats are golden colored coconuts.

About a Century ago, members of black people’s organization who saw a minstrel show called “King of Zulu” were deeply impressed by the show, and they started to participate the parade wearing King of Zulu costume. The first parade was in 1909, when Satchmo was only 7 years old. Those days, they say King of Zulu was wearing empty can of lard as a crown, and had onion pierced banana trunk and big ham bone as a wand. The King sure looked shining bright and cool to little Satchmo, a boy living in slum. It became Satchmo’s life time dream to become a “ King of Zulu”. His dream really came true in 1949 Mardi Gras. He was so happy almost in heaven, he kept talking about being King of Zulu again and again all his life.

African and European cultures met in two cities of New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro and created new music filled with strong African beat, and the both music captured the hearts of people all over the world in very short time. Two carnivals are very similar, but after living in New Orleans, we think we found a slight difference between the two carnivals.

Carnival in Rio de Janeiro looks, at least to the foreigners like me, basically black and mono-race event. On the other hand, in Mardi Gras, we felt diverse roots of immigrants, race and their ancestors. When big rivers in continent used as important mass transportation method of various goods, New Orleans was an important port located at the entrance of North American continent, and it was called the melting pot of race and culture. Compared to Rio, there were far more varieties of country origins. Immigrants from Germany, France, Russia, England, Spain, Italy and many other European countries used to parade proudly with their original country music. Much more than in Rio. These cultural differences might have caused the difference between Jazz and Samba. Jazz was created when soup of various European cultures was seasoned by African strong rhythm and melody, and evolved into the music that represents 20th century.

In what we’ve witnessed in the happiest and swingiest scene of “Mardi Gras” in New Orleans, we felt the strong breathing from mixing of rich cultures, and collaborations between black and white people in New Orleans that created jazz.

Chapter 8 “Way Down Yonder in New Orleans”

New Orleans, what a wonderful city!! We love this beautiful “Southern City” with so much taste and flavor!! Love the way cab drivers parked in front of big hotels talk. Love that smell of French Market Coffee, clatter of a horse’s hoofs and sound of carriage, gaslights, shining surface of wet streets in the sun after typical sudden tropical shower. Love that feeling of heated moisturous air that almost chokes you up. And most of all, strong, swingin’, rough sound of jazz. It is our Good Ol’ New Orleans.

Jazzy rough southern accent woke me up from sleep early in the morning. Taxi drivers were chatting on the street underneath hotel balcony. It was just like the dialogue intro of “Side Walk Blues” recorded in 1920’s by New Orleans’ jazz legend Jelly Roll Morton ----Soon I realize that I came back to New Orleans. We sure been away from New Orleans quite a while,, I got a little sentimental.

It was only four hours after I went to sleep at 2, but my brain was getting clear due to jet lag. I slipped out of bed so that I don’t wake my wife up, changed my cloth and went to the levee of Mississippi carrying my trumpet. Trumpet is a tough instrument if you don’t blow everyday, hard to keep up good sound. Mississippi was covered with fog rising from the water where river boats were floating. Starting with small sound, I try to revive my lips tired by long trip and dry air in the airplane.

For me as a trumpeter who loves New Orleans and jazz, there are no words to express my special emotion to blow trumpet to the Mississippi river. My wife and I, we came here to live in New Orleans to pursue our jazz dream, it was starting point of our music life. I blew Louis Armstrong’s “Back O’Town Blues” with my trumpet to the river boats in the fog. Blues fits so well here. A black guy came passing by out from the fog, and gave me a friendly grin.

We feel we are in good ol’ home every time we come back to New Orleans. This is our second home.

Chapter 9 New Orleans Jazz School”

We are graduates of Jazz School called New Orleans!!

During five years jazz apprenticeship in jazz paradise, we met many jazz students visiting New Orleans from all over America and Europe and Japan. It is just great to see many jazz students playing their own music, learned from their experience in birthplace of jazz and Satchmo.

We will never forget those valuable experiences we had in New Orleans for rest of our lives.

Our New Orleans Family

by Keiko Toyama

We feel so lucky to be playing New Orleans Jazz for over forty years with my husband Yoshio, on trumpet and vocals, and myself on piano and banjo. I think back to those days of 1968. We’ve come a long way since then. We were so reckless with idea of going

to New Orleans. After we graduated from college in Japan we started the ordinary life of employment and marriage. But we could not give up the idea of visiting New Orleans. Suddenly one day we just decided to do it! It was less than a year after our marriage and we were very young and “green.” It was a big shock for our parents and our families were in tumult. At the time a dollar was 360 yen, and overseas travel was expense, hard and rare. However we took the chance. We departed from the port of Yokohama on the Brazil-Marú, along with a shipload of other immigrants, despite the worries of both our families.

I can't recommend this sort of reckless adventure to other people, but for us it was so lucky and so valuable. We were able to hear all kinds of New Orleans music during our daily life there. We were lucky to witness the final years of the first generation of New Orleans jazz pioneers. In Japan, on records, we had listened to the musical legends that we now actually met, talked to, listened to, learned from, and finally played with. The town was filled with music and the people were full of joy and generous hearts.

During our five year stay every day was a “Special Jazz Class” for us. We “commuted” to Preservation Hall around the corner from our apartment at 624 Bourbon Street, and later at 924 Orleans Street. I was mostly playing banjo, but at the same time learning piano by listening to the swinging rhythms of Charlie Hamilton, pianist with Kid Thomas's band. I liked Charlie's wonderful style like Earl Hines so I always “reserved” a cushion on the floor just in front of the banjo player, near the piano.

Occasionally Preservation Hall gave us chances to have “Special Classes” by professors we admired so much, such as Kid Thomas, De De and Billie Pierce, Percy Humphrey, Punch Miller, and others. I had a chance to play banjo in their bands. These musicians and Alan Jaffe, the manager of Preservation Hall, welcomed us warmly though we were young and immature. Because of the generosity of Jaffe we had many chances to sit in with the bands. In the beginning we were very nervous and stiff, careful not to bother the other members and not to make any mistakes. But soon we got used to it and started to catch their swing, rhythm, spirit and feelings through our entire bodies. That really was exciting. “Special lessons!” I still remember those classes so vividly it seems like yesterday.

And then there are our unforgettable memories of George Lewis, one of the greatest of New Orleans clarinet players. In 1968 he was in poor health. He suffered from asthma and emphysema and was in the hospital on and off. When he was in good shape he played at Preservation Hall. One night I was playing banjo next to him in Kid Thomas's band. The last tune that night was “Red Wing.” His clarinet sounded as pretty and swinging as ever. It is so sad that this “Red Wing” he played so beautifully that night was the last tune George Lewis played in his life. He died soon after. I never forgot that he once told me, “You play banjo very well!” Those words have always guided me to try to be the best banjo player that I possibly could be.

George was back in the hospital the next day and this time he never made a come-back. He died the morning of December 31st, 1968, the day before New Year's. It was just after I obtained the banjo of the late Lawrence Marrero from his widow, Elouise Marrero. Marrero was one of the greatest of New Orleans banjo players, and a life long accompanist to George Lewis. I was going to tell George that I now had Lawrence's banjo and I was looking forward to his returning to the Hall and playing Marrero's banjo once again with him. But the dream never came true. Instead, my unforgettable memory is when I played "Burgundy Street Blues" with Marrero's banjo at George Lewis's funeral, tears in my eyes.

Living in New Orleans we were learning every day. When a funeral or parade came up, Yoshio played with the band and I'd participate in the Second Line. The swinging Second Line dance in New Orleans is jazz itself. I started to dance Second Line by carefully watching other people. Some things you can learn without being taught. I had to play New Orleans style bass drum in a concert. I was surprised that I could play the bass drum beat naturally and easily by just remembering the sound of the brass bands in New Orleans. It was then I realized that the New Orleans rhythms that we experienced for five years was now in our blood and soul.

As we lived in New Orleans we got acquainted with many musicians who came to visit every year, much like pilgrims to Mecca, from all over the world. One of them was a drummer, Barry Martin. He had a band from England and asked us to join his band to tour Europe and America, starting the summer of 1971. We accepted his offer. It was a rough and bumpy ride for two small Japanese and five big British musicians with suit cases, string bass, drum set and all the instruments packed in one car – a small van in Europe and a big Oldsmobile in the States. But the tour for a full year was so enjoyable and meaningful for us. Later Barry moved to New Orleans to work as a drummer, and now dedicates his life to researching New Orleans jazz. He is one of our most important friends.

There were other "classes" for us. We visited Tulane University frequently to use the Jazz Archives in the library where a lot of valuable jazz related materials have been preserved. There was also the Jazz Museum where the great guitarist Danny Barker was curator, and the Public Library. We found articles related to jazz in the newspapers of long ago when the first jazz king, Buddy Bolden was playing. We were thrilled as if we were digging up old treasures.

Wonderful as all our experiences have been, I have only one regret. We missed live performances of Satchmo, who for us and so many others was the King of Jazz. I still remember the crowd of 40,000 people gathered in New Orleans to commemorate his funeral. I realized then how much he was loved by the people of New Orleans and how he was a true hero among them. It was our important memory that we mourned over the passing of Satchmo in New Orleans and with New Orleans.

We now visit New Orleans every year, but the “professors” of our days there are all gone to heaven. A second and third generation are now playing the music. It makes me a little sad to see how much the jazz style has changed, and I realize it is impossible to resist the current of history. We cannot see old friends. Our old musical “professors,” the people who were so kind to us are gone. And every time I see pictures of New Orleans devastated by the hurricane, our memories of that lively town and the happy people of New Orleans forty years ago come back to my mind.

New Orleans has give me such precious treasures I could almost say “it’s my life itself” Although I cannot rebuild New Orleans myself, I hope to see that wonderful city, “Good Ol’ New Orleans,” come back to life once again. The Holy Land of New Orleans with its Saint, Louis Armstrong, is still breathing in my body.

Postscript

~ Wonderful world of “Real Jazz”~

Yoshio Toyama

We are prisoners of jazz for our lives, being fascinated by romance of jazz history and extraordinary life of Satchmo!!

“Hello Dolly”, “La Vie en Rose”, “When the Saints go marching in”, “What a Wonderful World”----That’s Satchmo, we play a lot of his numbers and we just love everything about him and so does millions of people all around the world!! No matter how many times a day we play these tunes with our band, we never get tired of them, and each time we play it’s such a delight to see people in front of you enjoying music so much. Yes! It’s nice to see other people’s enjoyment and all them smiles----it means we’ve come a long way in our lives, and getting to be more matured musicians, we hope!!

When we were young----we were a little different. Satchmo might say with his eyes wide open, “What’s wrong with you kid?”

Sorry Pops!! Back then, we were too interested in his tunes recorded in early years. Recordings by King Oliver’s Creole Jazz band, Louis Armstrong Hot 5, Hot 7 ---numbers rough but young and full of creative adventures recorded when he moved from his home town New Orleans to Chicago in 1920’s. We also loved to listen to records less influenced by show biz or commercialism, such as “Satchmo, Town Hall concert” and “Symphony Hall concert”, the collection of concert recordings from mid 1940’s, right after he disbanded his big swing band, returning to small combo Dixieland style.

Somebody called it “Real Jazz” in Japan. We were greatly influenced by liner notes on

the records written by Mr. Hisamitsu Noguchi, leading jazz critics at the time in Japan. Jazz critics in Japan were influenced by people like George Avakian, famous Columbia Record producer of Louis Armstrong and many other jazz legends' series were writing articles on Japanese Jazz magazines and record liner notes. All these "Real Jazz" information turned us to real hard core jazz fans, and That made us quit our job which was very unusual back then, to decide to go live in birth place of jazz, New Orleans.

In Japan, so called jazz coffee shop was popular too!! The price of a LP record was like 1500 yen, if it's imported LP 2500 yen, when your salary just out of college was 17000yen: you buy 10 records and you are broke for a month!! So we used to go to jazz coffee shop where they had big collection of latest records and they play it for you by request as many as you want, although you have to wait for hours for your record if they were crowded. But only cost was a cup of coffee!!!

I was brought up in jazz coffee shop "Swing" in Shibuya. My senior in high school brass band took me there and soon I beat him going there. I was there almost everyday in my high school and college days. Elderly regular customers gathered to the "Swing" to listen to Swing jazz and Dixieland jazz were also hard core "Real Jazz" guys and they sure got us in a same tribe!!

My first date with my wife Keiko was in this jazz coffee shop "Swing". We came to know each other at college jazz circle called "Waseda University New Orleans Jazz Club". She was a little surprised by my selection of jazz coffee shop as a first date spot. She still remembers strange dialogue. When two of us got there, she says I asked her "What would you like to have", then she replied "Coffee and toast". I looked like disgusted and told her, "I mean what RECORD would you like to hear."

It was my common sense of "Real Jazz" tribe to put your request right after you're seated, before other guys push their requests in.

***Legendary Jazz Kings**

My Real Jazz illness got serious when my senior trumpeter in high school band told me how great "West End Blues" was---a blues played and recorded by young Louis Armstrong in 1927. In my high school days, a Hollywood film "Five Pennies" by Danny Kaye and Louis Armstrong was released in Japan and became a big hit. Satchmo and happy Dixieland jazz were making it's come back!! We all went crazy over history of jazz, started reading jazz history books by Japanese jazz historians and imported books like "Jazz" by Langston Hughs, a fabulous fairy tale of jazz!!

Jazz, born in New Orleans, up the Mississippi river to Chicago, then New York and to the world, changing its styles from Dixieland to Swing, Bebop, Modern jazz.

Wow!! Why is the jazz history so attractive!!!!

-----Before the emancipation, slaves in New Orleans used to gather at outskirts of the town on Sundays, and play hand made drums remembering their home town in Africa.

When drum beats starts to swing fanatically, African dances gets hot with ecstatic look possessed by spirit, and the whole crowd started shouting and chanting. The square soon came to be called “Congo Square”.

-----The first man who played jazz in New Orleans was legendary cornet player Buddy Bolden. It was a tradition among New Orleans Black people to name the best cornet player “King”. Buddy was called “King Bolden”. A story says he owned a barber shop and published gossip news paper. Buddy’s blew so loud on his cornet, when he was playing at the Lincoln Park at outskirts of the town, his cornet was heard on the other side of Mississippi river several miles away. Buddy was the most popular King around 1900, but he went mad from blowing too hard, he was put in mental hospital and died there in 1932.

-----Second Jazz King after King Bolden was Freddy Keppard, called King Keppard. He was a genius but he was so suspicious, he hid his fingers with handkerchief when he played not to be copied by someone else. He had an offer to make record before the first jazz record by ODJB (Original Dixieland Jazz Band), but he refused the proposal because he didn’t want his style to be stolen.

-----Jazz bands in New Orleans used to go around town on the furniture wagon for publicity of events like boxing games and balls. Trombone players with his long slides had to sit at the tailgate, so that movements of slides do not get in other musician’s way. That’s how New Orleans Style trombone playing got the name, “Tailgate Style”.

-----When two wagons with bands on met on the street, jazz battle called “Cutting Contest” started. Audience tied wheels of two wagons so that they can’t move. Some times contest lasted few hours trying to blow each other out. Victory or defeat was judged by amount of applause received. Of course, defeated wagon sneaked off.

The more Jazz history books I read, the more inflated my dream got, of visiting New Orleans, the town that created jazz. Around that time, late 1950s to early 60s, there were very few Japanese who experienced overseas. Only way we dreamed of dreamful America as through Hollywood movies and records. There was only one TV program, “Kaoru Kanetaka’s World Tour” introducing reports from foreign countries, once a week.

Everybody was watching it back then, the less information about America and New Orleans, the more yearning to them, Jazz was apotheosizes in my mind.

*** Autobiography of Satchmo I found in used music book store**

Two books I happened to find in used music book store when I was in high school, accelerated me to the world of myth and romance of jazz.

The first book was autobiography of Satchmo’s “My life in New Orleans”. The whole

book was filled with his memories of his childhood growing up in New Orleans until he moved to Chicago in 1922. in his own words.

“-----Jane Alley, where I was born, lies in the very heart of what it called The Battle-field because the toughest characters in town used to live there , and would shoot and fight so much. There were church people, gamblers, hustlers, cheap pimps, thieves, prostitutes and lots of children. There were bars, honky-tonks, and saloons, and lots of women walking the street for tricks to take to their “pads”, as they called their rooms. ---”

Born in a slum, he was sent to reformatory for firing pistol at the age of 11, where he met trumpet that changed his whole life. There was wonderful music all over town, and it was filled with unique customs of home of jazz New Orleans. He describes New Orleans black community that raised his musical sense, in simple vivid English with words filled with love and tender heart.

“The king of all the musicians was Joe Oliver, the finest trumpeter who ever played in New Orleans. He had only one competitor. That was Bunk Johnson and he rivaled Oliver in tone only. No one had the fire and the endurance Joe had. No one in music has created as much as he has. Almost everything important in music today came from him-----”

Story about jazz home town by Satchmo stirred my dream toward New Orleans more and more.

There was another book I loved so much-----, “Hear Me Talkin’ to Ya”!! It traced jazz history by collecting words and hearings of jazz musicians. Those books were written in spoken English, and although I had to fight with slung and all with a dictionary in one hand, thanks to these fine books, soon I found out I learned so much English unconsciously!!!

***Greatest Jazzmen’s rush in Japan**

New Orleans started to come close to us around 1960, when the greatest jazz musicians’ visit to Japan started like Jazz Giants Rush to Japan, in my college student days. Of course there were jazz greats visiting Japan such as JATP, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and Louis Armstrong in the 50’s I was too small to remember, but this time it was a real RUSH!! The rush was triggered by Art Blaky and Jazz Messengers, with his music being used in French nouvelle vague film “Les Liaisons Dangereuses” and both film and music became big hit!!

AND in 1963, New Orleans became REAL to us, when a legendary jazz band came to Japan directly from New Orleans!!.

The band was George Lewis New Orleans All Stars, one of the the main band played in then newly opened Preservation Hall. Leader and clarinet player George Lewis was very famous among Japanese jazz fans with his legendary big hit record of live

performance called “Jass at the Ohio Union”. The oldest member out of seven members in the band was Papa John Joseph, he was 88 at the time. He had played with Buddy Bolden!!! The first Jazz King. He lived close to Buddy’s house on First Street, and had a barbershop right around the corner from Buddy’s home. It was very interesting, for once there was a story that Buddy was a barber and published a gossip paper and all that legends. Papa John was illiteracy, and it was so sweet and funny to see him carrying a rubber stamp he ‘stamped’ for the request for his autograph!! He was a legend!!

The George Lewis’ Japan tour was arranged by RO-ON, they mainly toured in Kansai (around Osaka area) for three months in 1963. It was so successful that they came back in ’64 and ’65 for more Japan tours again. They were the very first famous New Orleans band ever to play in Japan; it was such a big event to us and all the jazz fans in Japan as if New Orleans moved to Japan. In ’63, the tour was in Kansai area and only one concert in Tokyo. So we, college club members, had to move to Osaka area which meant 12 hours local train ride. As we did not have much money, we had to sleep under the bridge and on tennis court. We ‘commuted’ to Osaka Festival Hall where they played. We went to see musicians at the hotel, and they loved us. Allan and Sandra Jaffe, who was just starting to make much success with newly opened Preservation Hall, came to Japan with the band as band manager. They were so sweet they used to sneak us in to the Hall through the back door. One day they told me!! “Yoshio, you gotta come to New Orleans some day!! We will let you sleep in the hall.” That was an unbelievable dream like invitation!!!

*** I blew King’s trumpet!!**

1963!!! What a year for us!! George Lewis dream band from home of jazz was an enough sensation for us, but the same year, “King’s visit to Japan” realized also---King Louis Armstrong and his all stars!! Moreover, that was not all. Add to George Lewis and Satchmo, during 1963 to 1965, jazz giants such as Count Basie, Lionel Hampton ,Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald (Roy Eldoridge was on trumpet!!), Eddie Condon, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey and more came to Japan one after another. Most of them the first time in Japan except Satchmo.

When I look back, it sure was Jazz Boom. Thanks to this Jazz Giants Rush in Japan, my broken English, my back door experience taught by Allan Jaffe---plus my nerve, I found clever way to enter halls through dressing room entrance, listen to real jazz performances real live often from stage side, visiting musicians in dressing rooms too. I remember I sneaked in to TBS TV studios and watched video shooting of Duke Ellington and George Lewis!!

I never can forget my brave visit to Satchmo’s dressing room, when he came to Japan in 1964 again with his world hit “Hello Dolly”.

During the intermission of his concert in Kyoto, I sneaked securities and went into

back stage. I managed to find his dressing room and knocked on the door. "Come in", I heard that hoarse voice on the other side. I opened the door and there he was--- Satchmo, who was smaller than I thought, sitting in the room. I don't remember what I said with my broken English, I said hello or something, and on the table by the door I found his trumpet case open, with his shining gold trumpet laying there. I asked him "---May I see it?", he said "Yes" with that VOICE!! I picked up KING'S HORN, feeling it so light like a feather may be because I was too excited. And I looked at him and saw him smiling---I wanted to blow it so bad!!! And I blew KING's Angel Wing like feather light gold trumpet!!!

I tried to play the famous solo of " Struttin' with some Barbeque", his jazz classic composition recorded in 1927 by his Hot 5. But his mouth piece was much bigger than mine, and it did not work so well. I grappled with the mouse piece for about a minute. Then the trumpet was taken away by KING with that VOICE. I told him "Thank you. The concert was fantastic" or something shaking with so much excitement and came out from his dressing room almost frozen.

When I look back, I really wondered why he just watched unknown young kid intruded to his dressing room and blow his trumpet. Satchmo might have understood my enthusiasm for his music, jazz and New Orleans.

It was three years after this unforgettable incident, we left Japan on immigrant's boat for New Orleans.

Acknowledgment

It has been 40 years since we first visited 'Holy Land New Orleans' as if we were lead by 'Saint Louis Armstrong'. All these years, we feel we have been supported by many people who also love this 'Holy Land' and 'Saint Louis Armstrong'.

I would like to dedicate this photographic collection with special thanks to all our friends, jazz fans, jazz researchers and scholars and jazz musicians!!-----Especially greatest jazz musicians and their great music we were lucky to meet in New Orleans, United States, Europe and Japan. Our parents and families supported us so much and they turned New Orleans and Satchmo fans. Members and stuffs of our Louis Armstrong fan club here, Wonderful World Jazz Foundation with their help we kept our activities to present instruments to children in New Orleans. Also would like to thanks many people who sent us instruments for New Orleans musicians after Katrina.

They all love Holy Land New Orleans and Saint Louis Armstrong!! Yes Sir!!!

Also we had opportunity to play Tokyo Disneyland for 23 years since its grand opening in 1983!! Yes, we are lucky to have worked for two great American Genius of Love, Satchmo and Disney.

We sure learned so much of their world, yes sir!! Working for Disneyland 7 shows a day for 23 years, watching such great entertainers working in the Land, opened our eyes in beautiful world of Entertainment. And we are sure it made us understand much much

much more the world of Saint Louis Armstrong and Jazz itself, from different angles-----Jazz as Entertainment!!

It sure is our most pleasure that we dedicated half our life to Saint Louis Armstrong and another half to Saint Walt Disney!!

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