



A r m s t r o n g .

Armstrong almighty!

An ad-libbing acrobat.

American ambassador of affirmation.

Adventurous author of ambrosial aires.

Absolute architect of the Jazz Age.

Almighty Armstrong attacks a trumpet with abandon!

Armstrong's amazing artistry astonishes audiences of all ages.

Africa to Asia, also Australia and Argentina, even Armenia,

Ambassador Armstrong animates the altitudes with angular aural arabesques aplenty.

Awkward adagio arias adjusted with agile allegro accents appease Armstrong's admirers.

Anybody asks, tell them Armstrong almighty is aglow amidst the angels above.





Bouncin' with my baby to Basie's Big Time Band,
Bouncin' with my baby to Basie's Big Time Band,
Rhythm is their business, but the blues is their brand.

Up from Kansas City with a buttoned down four-four swing,
Up from Kansas City with a buttoned down four-four swing,
Brilliant brass blazin' and that boom-boom! bass drum thing.

Baked beans and barbeque and a big brown bass below,
Baked beans and barbeque and a big brown bass below,
Best be back behind the beat when Basie's band begins to blow.

Prez, both Franks and Papa Jo are standing in the wings.
Prez, both Franks and Papa Jo are standing in the wings.
'Bout to brew the beastly groove that Basie always brings.

Sweets and Buck and Snooky Young and a brother called Al Grey,
Sweets and Buck and Snooky Young and a brother called Al Grey,
Burnished bells boast and blare that Basie's come to play.

Hey Count Basie! Basie what you got to say?
Hey Count Basie! Basie what you got to say?
Bouncin' with my baby, 'bout to dance the night away.





Coltrane is a country boy come calling on the big city.

Aww but couldn't he croon a campground tune with iron-clad candor?
but couldn't he caress a popular melody with cold-blooded compassion?
couldn't he conjure up the ceremonial clamor of churchy Carolina congregations!

Coltrane is a country boy quite chilly in the cold coast city,

Aww but couldn't he construct a comprehensive course of study to conquer the
incompliant techniques of the tenor saxophone?
but couldn't he call upon a colossal capacity to concentrate?
couldn't he practice and practice and incessantly practice his craft
with uncompromising conviction?

**Coltrane, country as cornbread, collard greens, fried chicken, cane and even
chitlin's is celebrated in the big city as upcoming
champion of scales, clefs and cutting edge concepts.**

Aww but couldn't he capsize calcified conventions and challenge the contrarian campus critics?
but couldn't he create controversy amongst the condescending cognoscenti,
the (chatty) clever, the certified, and the (merely) competent.
couldn't he just keep on cascading through closely clustered chord
changes, cartwheeling through complex chromatic calculations?

Coltrane is a comet, a constellation, a cherished citizen of the cosmos

Aww but couldn't he cackle and cry and scream freedom up the chuck-full core
of a volcanic cadenza?
but couldn't he hot comb the creases out of a cheeky classic and
completely captivate a packed to capacity corner club?
couldn't he coax and cajole common sense out of a corrupted
culture and crusade for our country's long-in-the-coming civil rights?

Coltrane was a country boy come to the big city 'come lost in the stars.

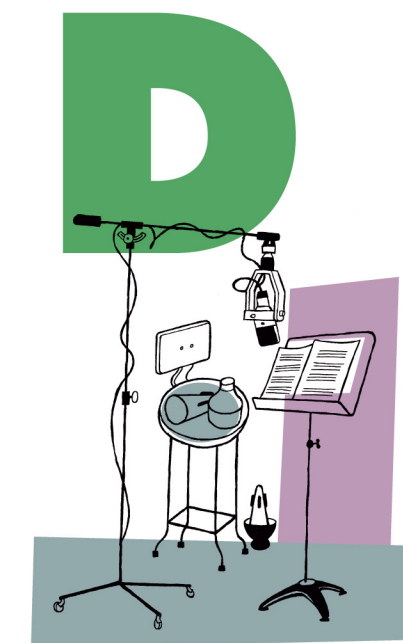
Aww but couldn't he cram a century of conflict and confusion into a
compelling catechism to convert charlatans?
but couldn't he corkscrew cacophonous currents of clearly
channeled consciousness through a cookie-cutter
community of too-cerebral concert goers
seeking change or a cheap charge?

**couldn't he cook up a cauldron of convoluted callaloo to
confound the casual fan and curious recruit
alike with cosmic cubist counterpoint,
incomprehensible crescendoing of cymbals,
ceaseless chaos, criss-crossed columns of
sonic calculus and a stormy sea of collective
concerns come crashing down and chase the crazy crowd away.**





Maybe dance
music draws
major dimes.
Merry disco
might drive
moody dupes
manic. Ditzy!
Motto: dough
makes dopes
money drunk.
Muted drama
mixes Delta
moans, demon
myths, dummy
media, drums,
magic, Dixie
mumbo, droll
Monks, Dizzy,
me-too. Dogma
molds dense
minds, deals
moral decay.
Modal daddy
mints dreck.
Mercy! Didn't
Midas dream
madly? Ditto
Miles Davis.



Ellington is a most elegant man
suit, shirt, and shoes, slicked back hair spick and span
perfect pressed trousers and tie tied just right
Even his casual clothes outta' sight.

With an eloquent pen Duke expresses his views
Compositions extending the ethos of blues
From Concerto for Cootie to Black, Brown and Beige
Be it eighth notes or whole notes embossing the page.

The cats, C.T., Ray Nance, each one,
Big Ben, round Rex, who else? Blanton.
From north, wild west, sweet south the same
"Come east," called Duke. New York they came.

The Orchestra evokes New Orleans nights,
Exotica of Egypt, Paris sights.
Esteemed ensemble everyone elite,
Exuding pure emotion bittersweet.

Eager to exclaim the joys of jazz they swing with ease despite embarking
on a string of one-night gigs non-stop for years at the expense of every
everything for reasons that remain forever true: to educate, to elevate,
to urge the earthbound ear and heart alike to soar, to etch the
evidence of the eternal Ellington effect upon earth's ether and her core
and to erect, encrypt, enshrine an aural monument forevermore.

