

Red Camp

H O R I Z O N T A L *

**Old Web-foot Strikes Again*



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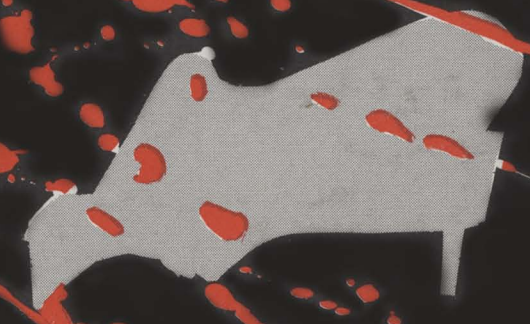
**CONCERT GRAND
SUFFERS INDIGNITY**

**Fugitive from 52nd St.
Still at Large**

Corpus Christi, May 8 — Terrified
citizens reported another flash appear-
ance by Red Camp, the obsessive
piano-attacker.

Another instrument, a 9 foot con-
cert grand was wrecked here last
night in the back room of the piano
store. Pedestrians who happened to
be passing by at the time reported
hearing sinister variations on YES-
TERDAY — CONTRAPUNTAL
BLUES — SUMMERTIME — TEN-
DERLY — CUMPANCHERO —
LAURA — WHAT IS THIS THING
— OUT OF NOWHERE.

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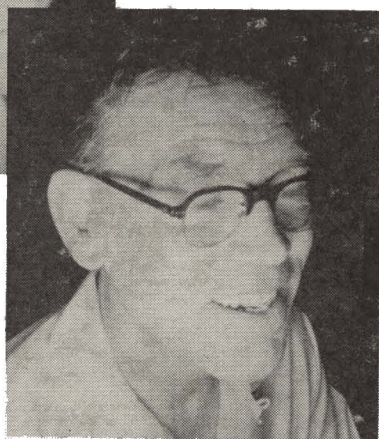




Red



Camp



H O R I Z O N T A L

RED CAMP HORIZONTAL 1088

May 24, 1954

Mr. Red Camp
Corpus Christi, Texas

Dear Red & Alvis:

Some "old friends" of yours have written in here about your upright (1089) record, saying unequivocally that the real reason you play the way you do is because you were originally on banjo. Mail is very heavy and vociferous. Explain for heaven's sake before I go out of my mind.

E. C.

Mr. Emory Cook
Cook Labs, Stamford, Conn.

Dear Kids:

It's a dirty lie. Here's what really happened. It all started in school. Went to college (U. of T.) to study Chemical Engineering ('26); had mumps, so switched to architecture ('27, '28).

Joined Steve Gardner and his Hokum Kings (everyone in Texas remembers him), an all-college group that barnstormed all over Texas. Made classes about twice a week. I had learned chords, so then I read the Banjo Book; they added a banjo player, and I was fired. So then I switched to civil engineering and bought an old organ, stripped off the keyboard and practiced scales and arpeggios after work. I took that damn contraption with me all over the States finally.

By then it was '37 and Bob Crosby had the musicians' band; they were down the street at the Adolphus Hotel. There was Eddie Miller, tenor, Yank Lawson, trumpet, Bob Haggart, bass, and the greatest jazz drummer of all time, Ray Baduc. Joe Sullivan was on piano.

Joe had to quit suddenly because of ill health and I was given a chance to try out. They seemed

May 27, 1954

fairly happy at the jazz, but I couldn't read fast enough, so they hired Bob Zurke (a jazz immortal). It broke my heart, but at least I had the chance to listen a lot to Zurke's phenomenal counterpoint. So I decided then and there I would switch again and go to a music school and learn to read fast.

So after a summer in the oil fields of Midland and Odessa I went back to the U. of T. '38 and enrolled as a Freshman in the music school, having Junior standing in at least three fields of engineering. On the faculty was one Miss Alvis Horn with a master's from the American Conservatory in Chi, and other attractions. We decided to pool our resources and raise some pianists.

Through the years I have worked at musical ideas: Ragtime, Dixie, Blues, Swing and Bop, as well as 20th century composition, — the various scales, modes and polyharmonies, — chords built on fourths, a shifting tonality, instead of *atonality*.

I try to vary the color without destroying the form; balance and the lush and expansive with form; balance the lush and expansive with the dry and economical. I like to change types of rhythm from jarring metronomical to more fluent ones.

I think of improvisation as a sort of extemporaneous speech.

Never even came close to playing a banjo. No professional Texan, either; we loved New York, Detroit, and other places, but there seems to be a little more room down here.

Yours for life,
(musically, of course)

Red and Alvis

THE PIANO

The instrument used in this recording was a 9-foot Steinway concert grand. It is extremely unusual to hear anything but serious music on such a clavier. But the Camp touch in shading seems important; he is more than the Chopin of Corpus Christi, and his work deserves to be heard through the mechanism of a concert grand. Particularly of interest because of the way it speaks the left-hand figurations of the Camp personality, the piano was in perfect condition before the recording. Posthumously, no greater tribute can be rendered a piano which encounters Camp.

E. C.

RED CAMP HORIZONTAL 1088

another SOUNDS OF OUR TIMES recording by
COOK LABORATORIES — 114 MANHATTAN ST. — STAMFORD, CONN.