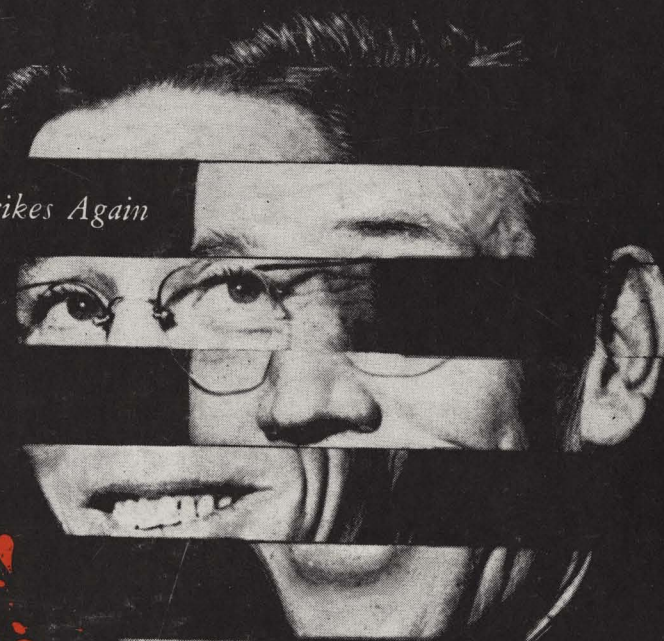


Red Camp

H O R I Z O N T A L *

**Old Web-foot Strikes Again*



reach
allow.
believes,
lure up
faltering
practi-
ve this
he lack
vor the
off.
have
at this
not, a
rod can
very pool
has just

CONCERT GRAND SUFFERS INDIGNITY

Fugitive from 52nd St.
Still at Large

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

Another instrument, a 9 foot concert 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 — TENDERLY — CUMPANCHERO — LAURA — WHAT IS THIS THING — OUT OF NOWHERE.

marked
you'll
may
over-
turin
except
j
cl
i
R
stock
price.
what
else h
that in
won
ab-





Red Camp

10889

*mad music
for tea-time
in texas*

Mr. Red Camp
Corpus Christi, Texas
Dear Red & Alvis:

I know Texans are men of few words, but everybody here is curious about how you got to play this way. Let us know the best and worst about your career.

April 24

E. C.
April 27

Mr. Emory Cook
Cook Labs
Stamford, Conn.
Dear Kids:

This is going to sound a bit like a lecture at the Tuesday Music Club, — but do what you will . . .

Born Laredo 1909 . . . junior year high school heard some old Armstrong records with Earl Hines on piano. My sister Orie Lee showed me the chords to a red-hot pop tune *Yes Sir That's My Baby*. Hines decided me.

Then I heard of Peck Kelley, the great Houston jazz pianist. He taught himself to read music, so the story goes; I learned to read (slowly and painstakingly). He played the Bach 2 and 3 part inventions; I did likewise. He warmed up with Chopin etudes, and so I beat my brains out on a few of those. I also heard that he played contrapuntally with a left hand that would startle anyone, so I began working on left-hand figurations to the exclusion of everything else. All this without even hearing the guy; he wouldn't record or leave Houston, and I had no money to get there.

Then years of knocking about the country on traveling bands: Blue Steele, Ben Young, Ken Moyer, Dave Matthews, then to Dallas for two years in the old *Trocadero*, an all-night jam joint. Dorsey was out at the Centennial, Whiteman 30 miles away at Ft. Worth, Bob Crosby down the street a half block. Art Shaw across the street with his first band, all strings except Tony Pastor on tenor. They'd all drop in, and we'd jam. By this time it was in my blood for fair.

A lot of water went under the bridge, but more later about that. Anyhow, I had decided to work in music education and teach. In New York I taught half-time at the Third Street Music Settlement, worked clubs at night, and went to Colum-

bia Univ. half-time. I studied composition and piano with Dr. Harold Morris, who urged me never to give up improvisation. Instead of looking down his nose, he considered it a high form of art.

There I was caught in the war of the Moldy Figs and the Be-Boppers. When I'd work with the old jazz crowd, I didn't seem to fit too well because of unusual harmonies. The Boppers thought I was too Dixie. but Miff Mole, Wild Bill Davidson, George Brunis and Red McKenzie were encouraging and helpful. Still, nothing much happened, though, so I tried East Side solo only to discover I couldn't play tea-room *tinkle-above-the-hum-of-conversation* type piano, either. It wasn't a question of integrity, — I tried but never could learn to play that type of thing.

Finished my master's degree in '48, and three years later came to Corpus Christi cured forever of Public School Music. Opened my own studio, play jazz around town and improvise in spare time. Raising a family in N. Y. when you work till 4 A.M., six nights a week is rough. You play by persuasion, demand and bribery. Sometimes the customers even like it if they are drunk enough (or sober). Much as we liked it, Alvis and I chucked it, finally, because my teeth started falling out, if you know what I mean. Corpus Christi, our house, our sloop-rigged Mercury sailboat, our four little pianists (I've got roots, dad!) are all just what we want. This is the life; I play because I want to, not because I have to.

I've worked a long time at being able to say something musically. I hope that what I say is interesting, and said in a manner that's neither too cryptic nor too garrulous.

Glad to hear you played my things for Peck Kelley, and that he liked them.* Record the guy if at all possible. He is the screaming end.

We love you, love you, love you,

Red and Alvis

*Kelley said ". . . hmmm — pretty darn good. Red must have been practicin' . . ." (He hadn't seen him in years. From Peck Kelley, this is the highest form of tribute, the blessing of recognition, bestowed by the acknowledged master.)

THE PIANOS

The *derelict piano* used by Red (B side) is from a bygone era. It is a big old bar-room upright with six pedals which control the various attachments that make it sound (supposedly) like a "mandolin" and/or "guitar", etc. Red sat down at it for the first time that night, and when we got through, it was a hard time getting him over to the 9-foot Steinway for his second side. He just liked that wheezing upright, and with his own consummate delicacy, had nicely refrained from having it tuned.

The *9-foot Steinway concert grand* (A side): 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.

Piano: RED CAMP

Guitar: CHET RUPE

Bass: ARLEY COOPER

Side A

Cumpanchero (trio)
Laura
What Is This Thing
(trio)
Yesterday (trio)
Contrapuntal Blues
Summertime (trio)
Tenderly

Side B

Limehouse Blues
Tea For Two (trio)
Nola
Small Hotel (trio)
Lulu (trio)
Liza (trio)
Love Me Or Leave Me
Binaural Bounce (trio)

A completely new method of manufacture . . . exact reproduction:
marking a radical improvement in audio quality



*TRADEMARK

the process

Records from direct fusion of vinyl powder
(the first time you mold it is the last good time)
Electrically molded — no steam, no stamper stretch
Micro-accuracy of molding

the results

Vanished surface noise — far lower than tapes
Unyielding groove walls — bright highs, long wear
Unprecedented purity — 99.7% virgin vinyl resin
Lower selling price — lower manufacturing cost

another SOUNDS OF OUR TIMES recording by
COOK LABORATORIES
STAMFORD, CONN.

10889