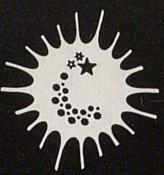


# Shooting Star



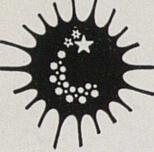
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ISSN 0892-1407

SUMMER 1987  
\$200

Jazz!  
Jazz!  
Jazz!





The cover art is a portrait of Kevin Brown...a blind, street musician who sometimes plays his saxophone on Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Streets in downtown Pittsburgh.

Jo Melodini is a Pittsburgh-based, representational acrylic artist who also does collages and mixed media. She admires Kevin Brown's music.

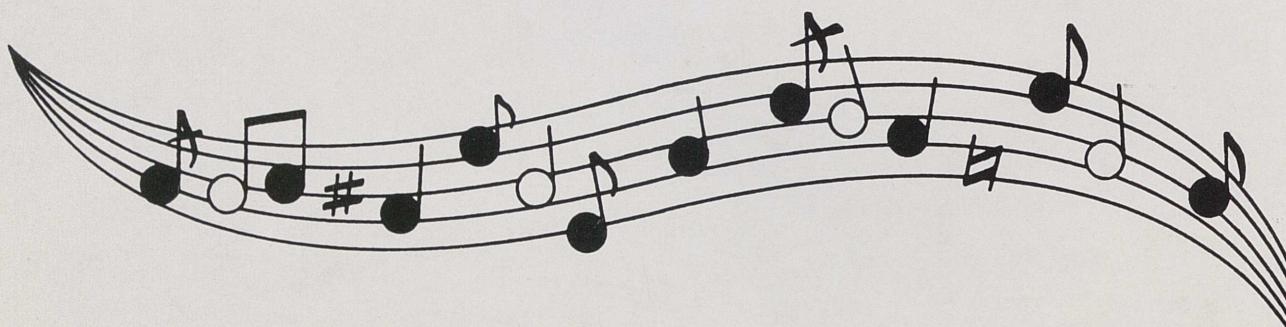
## Fifth & Smithfield

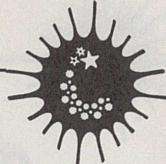
*Blind tenor sax notes  
swirl the noonday crowd  
around the clock at Kaufmann's.  
Eyes squeezed shut.*

*John Coltrane back twenty years  
from the grave—ribbons of sound  
clutch at the walls of buildings,  
then sweat, drive, drop to a crowd  
of three piece business suits a  
nervous distance from the horn, play  
tag with the kids stepped quickly by  
mother's grip, and tease tight  
secretaries to make them ache, blush  
and look away.*

*Black, spare, defiant notes at noon.  
Blind to the women. Burntout & blind  
to the drugs, and the sound of too few  
dollars falling in a hungry instrument  
case. Blind to all but his horn and the  
'Trane. The man near Kaufmann's clock.  
Eyes squeezed shut.*

W.J.P.  
July 1986





**SHOOTING STAR REVIEW**  
ISSN 0892-1407

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# Jazz! Jazz! Jazz!

Welcome to *Shooting Star* Review's second publication. This Summer, 1987 issue is dedicated to the uniquely African-American art-form called Jazz.

*Shooting Star Review* is a juried, educational magazine that uses the drama, eloquence and poignancy of our literary and visual arts to explore the African-American experience.

The opportunities that this format offers are endless and exciting. With an eye to the future, the Fall issue will carry readers into "Magical, Wondrous and Spooky" elements of African-American existence. The Winter issue celebrates Kwanzaa.

The artists who contribute to this endeavor hope that each story, poem, essay, review, quiz and visual elevates our readers' spirit and understanding.

We hope that you enjoy our efforts.

Sandra



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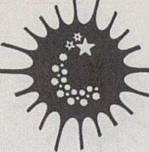
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# THE International Sweethearts Of Rhythm



Saxophone Choir  
Original *International Sweethearts of Rhythm*



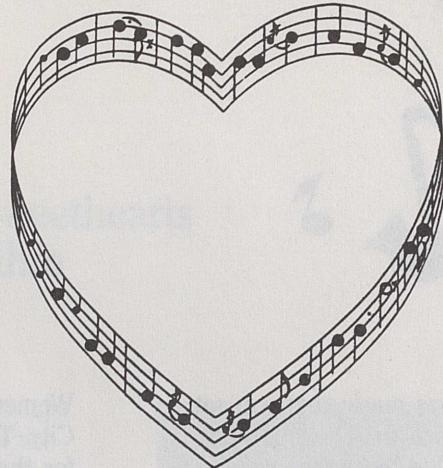
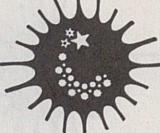
Trombone Choir  
Original *International Sweethearts of Rhythm*

## The Best All Girl Band In America

*Book Review by Michael Whitley*

The year was 1946, the war was over and the world's most popular music was big-band jazz. Swing...sweet and hot from bands like Basie, Miller, Shaw, and Luncefort. But how many people remember that one of the best bands at the time was a mostly Black, all-girl, 15-piece band from rural Mississippi called the International Sweethearts of Rhythm? D. Antoinette Handy's book of the same name goes a long way toward correcting that oversight.

The story of "America's favorite all-girl band" begins in 1909 with Lawrence Clifton Jones...a man of unusual vision...who was determined to bring basic education to young, Black people in Mississippi. This was no mean feat at a time when schools were all but nonexistent in Mississippi's piney woods and Governor James Vardaman called Negro education "a threat to White supremacy." Jones began on donated land with one student,



but soon attracted eight students, then fifty, then hundreds; and the Piney Woods Country Life School was born.

Jones saw the school as a place where students would develop fully; educating their "head, heart, and hands" in a Christian environment; taking classes as well as working at chores to help pay their way. They also learned music and took voice and instrument lessons. By the 1920's, Jones needed more money for the school and, as Handy points out in her preface, it was only natural for him to utilize the innate talents of the students to help raise funds.

The first fund raising student ambassadors for the Piney Woods school were choral groups who sang at community events; afterwards Jones or his wife would tell the Piney Woods "story" and accept donations. This led to male bands going out and then, in the 1930's, to the formation by Jones of the International Sweethearts of Rhythm; 15 girls, ages 14 to 19, of mixed parentage, pulled from the school's best marching and concert bands.

The Sweethearts were an immediate hit, taking their swing arrangements and stylish show throughout Mississippi and then over much of the United States. From 1939 til 1941, their success and reputation grew as they traveled. "By 1941," Handy writes, "the band was rated as 'one of the nation's best draws'...they had broken attendance records at such places as Cincinnati's Cotton Club, D.C.'s Howard Theatre, Chicago's Regal Theatre, (and) Los Angeles' Plantation Club...to name a few."

The skyrocket the Sweethearts rode to fame, however, was not without costs. Handy continues: "This group of youngsters who enrolled at Piney Woods Country Life School only a few years earlier, with no more than the desire to get a basic education and learn a trade...were now participating in popularity contests with such jazz stalwarts as Duke Ellington and Count Basie." The girls were also doubting the school's interest in their education versus the growing sums of money they were making for the school. There were sharp disagreements

between the band's manager/chaperon, Rae Lee Jones, and its founder back at the school, Lawrence Jones (no relation). Finally, the disputes ended in 1941, when Rae Lee Jones and the band decided to break from the Piney Woods Country Life School and go professional.

Author Handy continues the Cinderella story of the Sweethearts as they enter the big-time and hold their own; achieving great success during the war years, making the USO tours for the troops, recording records and, by 1946, finishing a very successful European tour. Yet the signs of the end were beginning to show. Despite the successes, 1946 was the year some of the Sweethearts began to leave; tiring of the road, seeking other careers, or marriage. They were replaced, but by 1948 the Sweethearts were facing the problem that eventually meant the fall of the big bands; the music times were changing.

The swing played by the big bands was dance music and suddenly a new kind of jazz called be-bop was taking hold.



Be-bop was music that you sat and listened to. The tide had turned. The big bands were on the decline. Concerning the Sweethearts specifically, Handy quotes various members as saying the end came because of the low pay, the number of "originals" leaving and the death of manager Rae Lee Jones. By the end of 1949, the International Sweethearts of Rhythm from Piney Woods Country Life School were gone.

In her prologue, Handy states, "it has been my intention from the beginning to write the definitive history of the ladies' jazz band from the Piney Woods Country Life School" ... "to fill in the gaps, to present other sides of the Sweethearts history and to tell the story from a black perspective." She achieves this in an appealing way that tells the Sweethearts' story in the context of the times they lived through.

The International Sweethearts of Rhythm begins with the author meeting with 15 of the Sweethearts in 1980 at the Third Annual

Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City. There, a day was set aside for the reunion of the Sweethearts and was an emotional spark for the book. Handy writes, "this will be the commentary of one who rejoiced in the idea of the Women's Jazz Festival, was dismayed that the Black Press gave the event so little coverage... (ironic, in view of the fact that the Black press followed the Sweethearts so avidly during their day)... and was distressed that so few Black people were in attendance.

That emotion and conviction is combined with the scholar's eye for accuracy and detail as Handy draws on hundreds of documents, letters, pictures, interviews, and press accounts of the period to trace not only the history of the Sweethearts but of Black America itself. Just reading the footnotes at the end of each chapter can be an education. Handy ends the book with an epilogue that contains selected musical histories of some of the Sweethearts following their band membership and appendices that trace all-

black female ensembles and black female instrumentalists.

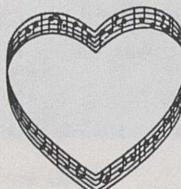
The International Sweethearts of Rhythm, band and book, helps answer a question a lady friend once asked while we were talking about some of the great jazz bands. She asked, "But don't any women play jazz?" D. Antoinette Handy's fine book stands as a reminder that they did and they do.

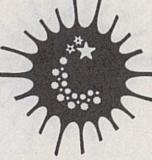


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Michael Whitely is a Radio News reporter for the Sheridan Broadcasting Network in Pittsburgh, a writer, and a jazz guitar player who loves the big bands.

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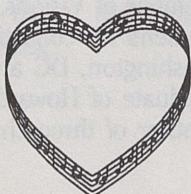
## UPDATE International Sweethearts of Rhythm

D. Antoinette Handy first mentioned the Sweethearts in her book *Black Women in American Bands and Orchestras* (Scarecrow Press, 1981). Handy wants readers to know that Jazz Historian/Producer/Writer Rosetta Reitz is devoting tremendous energy to retrieving and documenting the history of early women blues singers. Reitz relies primarily on oral history and she travels throughout the country lecturing and showing film clippings. In fact, when Reitz shared footage about the International Sweethearts of Rhythm at the Smithsonian Institution's March 9, 1985 "Women in Blues" event, the work received a standing ovation.

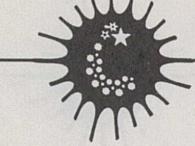
Reitz re-released sixteen 1940s cuts on the album *International Sweethearts of Rhythm* (Rosetta Records, RR 1312) and Reitz also inspired a filmed documentary on the band that was screened at the 1986 New York Film Festival. And Motown Records is pursuing a Hollywood production about these performing artists.

Handy notes that although the post-April, 1941 story of the Sweethearts (when their ties to the Piney Woods Country Life School were broken) currently occupies the attention of writers, film makers, record producers and a few scholars, only casual references are made to the group's earlier travels and numerous accomplishments. Handy suspects that none have gone to the Sweethearts' source, the Piney Woods School, none have given proper recognition to the girls' original teacher or the band's original road managers. Handy finds that, for most, the fact that the group was interracial after 1941 represents the band's historical significance while Handy places equal value on the Sweethearts' all-black years.

In 1982, University Press of Mississippi released Dr. Alferdeen Harrison's *Piney Woods School: An Oral History*. Handy says, "One sees evidence that the school is reclaiming its sensational ladies band. This writer hopes that the trend will continue."



D. Antoinette Handy, Asst. Dir. of the Music Program at the National Endowment for the Arts, is a flutist who spent more than twenty years as a symphony musician, both here and abroad. For the last ten years she has devoted her performing and research energies to the music of Black composers. Ms. Handy is the organizer and manager of and flutist with the chamber group *Trio Pro Viva*. She is the author of *Black Women in American Bands and Orchestras* and *The International Sweethearts of Rhythm*, as well as numerous articles and reviews for various scholarly journals. Ms. Handy is former music journalist for the *Richmond Afro-American* newspaper and moderator of the weekly broadcast "Black Virginia" on WRFK-FM. She is a member of the advisory board of The Black Perspective in Music. She received her training at New England Conservatory of Music (B. Mus.), Northwestern University (M. Mus.) and the Paris National Conservatory (Diploma).



# Black Water Blues

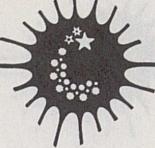
*Story by Montgomery "Monty" Culver*

Dr. Culver is a professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh. He has taught fiction for 33 years.

"Black Water Blues" first appeared in the *Atlantic* in May, 1950 and was included as part of the *O'Henry Collection*. Culver's work has appeared in *Esquire* and various small magazines and literary quarterlies. At present, he is working on a book-length story collection.

*Illustration by Meredith Watson*

Watson is a painter and collagist who enjoys teaching art workshops. She is a member of Visions, a Pittsburgh-based women's art collective. Watson has lived in Washington, DC and New Orleans and is a graduate of Howard University. She is the mother of three children.



His name was Rohrs. They called him the Lion, of course; they could not be expected to do much else. The name was out there with the others, on the big poster by the box office: Bump Roxy and his Famous Blue Band. Featuring Adelia Roxy, Step-Up Tate, "The Lion" Rohrs.

He sat in front of the dimly lighted hall and chorded lightly with long knobby fingers on eighty-eight keys. The hall was beginning to fill. Couples straggled through the door, circling timidly around the vastness of the bare dance floor, staring at the young white man who sat on the piano stool. A few were young: tall buck Negroes in high hitched pants and bulging shoulder pads; girls in gay dresses, giggling up at their grinning escorts. But most of the early comers were the older folks, who came to listen only and not to dance. They came before eight o'clock to get the choice seats underneath or at the ends of the footlights. Often they sat without moving for the whole five or six hours, tapping their shoes along with the big bass, flashing grins that gleamed weirdly in their black and brown faces.

The Lion Rohrs sat alone on the big stage, playing gently, quietly, to the early comers. He had learned that it took the Negroes a little time to get used to the idea of a white man playing in a colored man's band. He usually managed to get up on the stage while the others were unpacking the paraphernalia.

He looked up from the keyboard and into the eyes of a staring young couple across the lights. He grinned at them—a savage grin, a grin of joy born of the chords that chortled under the long hands. And the couple grinned back.

He pressed the loud pedal and did a sudden trick in the bass, watching an older couple sitting near the stage. As they jerked their heads up, he winked at them, into their startled faces, and heard their laughter, clear and relieved.

Tonight a few white men were out there to listen. That would be a nuisance. Bump Roxy hated to play to white men. But there was no sense worrying about it now.

Bump strode from the wings, nodding curtly to Rohrs. Stagehands followed him on and began setting up the traps on the platform in center stage.

"Here sits the Lion, warmin' up the audience," said Sam Lester. The others straggled in: Hadley the number one horn man, LeRoy Bunner with his guitar, Clarence Jackson, the incomparable Step-Up Tate. Tate and Willie Shepherd stopped beside the Lion. He cocked an eyebrow at them and rolled the treble playfully.

"M-m, mm," Willie sighed. "That Lion, you just never know what he's gonna do next."

"Lion, he don't know what he'll do his damn self." Step-Up chuckled and touched Rohrs lightly on the arm before moving away.

It was funny, the Lion thought, funny how easy it was to get along—with everybody but Bump, at least. All you had to do was smile most of the time and play music all the time. The music was the thing, of course; it sometimes thawed even Bump Roxy's scowling distrust. He had sold himself to Bump by sitting on a piano stool and touching the keys as he talked.

"Man, it wouldn't work," Bump had said. "It wouldn't work at all. I ain't taking on no white man...Man, play that damn thing some more."



Rohrs looked up at Bump, sitting up on the high chair behind the traps, the sticks in his hands. Oh, Lord! thought the Lion, for Bump was glaring across the lights at the little knot of white men in the near corner of the floor. Most



of them were all right—kids, college kids maybe, who paid their way into a colored dance hall to hear the music they wore out on records. But a couple of them, big smirking men in sport coats, looked mean. The lights distorted their faces, but Rohrs could see the coats and the sport shirts with the tight-buttoned, long-pointed collars—the uniform of the toughs.

It was bad enough when there were just decent white men out there for Bump to glare at. A couple of mean ones might spoil the whole show. They might make cracks at Adelia, and that would really be something. Bump usually tolerated a white audience, but it was different when his wife came into it. He had raised a lot of sand in St. Louis when a white man had just whistled at his wife. And he had snapped at the Lion for a week afterward.

The Lion watched Bump grip the sticks. Bump Roxy was a great drummer and a great musician. He told them when they overdid it or underdid it; he mapped the order of the solos. He held the band together.

It was worth holding together, the Blue Band. They were one of the few low-down outfits left in the country, perhaps the only great one. To Rohrs they were a way of life. He had left home to play piano against his family's wishes. When he joined the Blue Band, a year ago, he had written of it to his father. There had been no reply.

He watched Bump drop his eyes to the drums, touch the sticks to the snare. The muttering roll grew slowly, rising, fading, then higher still. Rohrs, although he had heard the theme a thousand times, held his breath until he heard the alto wail, the shuddering note of Step-Up's break.

It was a loafer for the Lion, nothing but rhythm and a couple of quick breaks. He glared from Adelia's empty chair to the wings, wondering where she was, what the hell she was doing. Bump always got sore when she was late getting on, and Bump would be sore tonight as it was, with those two nasty-looking white fellows out

there. Besides, she had to do It Ain't Necessarily So in the first set.

Then, while he worried, Adelia came. She glided out of the shadows of the wings in her bold red gown, dazzling band and audience with her smile. The dance hall sighed.

And she spoiled Bump's big drum break. She walked on and grabbed at the eyes and minds of the audience just when they should have been fixed on the wooden blur over the tomtoms. The Lion thought, I wonder if she did that on purpose.

As she sat down, someone in the white corner whistled. Bump jerked his head up and stared deadpan over the lights. Rohrs heard Clarence Jackson's fingers stumble on the big fiddle.

They played a couple of pops for the dancers, and it was time for It Ain't Necessarily So—the bawl of Hadley's muted trumpet, Lester's slim clear notes on the clarinet. And Adelia with her head bent a little to one side, Adelia calling to the lovers in her husky voice. When she finished and the band started another dance tune, she came and stood by the piano. As the saxes played, she leaned down and gave the Lion that brilliant smile.

"How was I?" she asked. "Better than usual?"

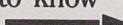
"There's nothing better than your usual," he replied, and she laughed and touched his shoulder. Even as she did it, as the brown hand rested there for a second, he saw her eyes flicker over his head, up to Bump on the high chair, looking for a reaction.

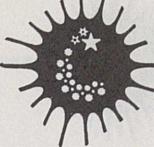
Damn it, Rohrs thought, I wish she'd cut that out. He gets sore at me often enough as it is. Aloud he said, "Why don't you put that thing away?"

"What thing?"

"That needle you're stickin' in him all the time," Rohrs said. She giggled, and he grinned at her. He went on, "No kidding, you better lay off him. There's a couple guys out front he don't seem to like the looks of."

"He just frets about them on account of me," she said. "If he ain't got sense enough to know





He heard Bump move toward him, felt him standing directly behind. He made himself stay loose when the huge hand touched his shoulders...

better, let him worry."

She walked away and sat down in her chair; it stood at the end nearest the white corner, the Lion noticed. He shook his head, worrying.

He had been warned about that situation when he first joined the band. On the night of his first trip with them, he had ridden alone in the coupe with Sam Lester. He had asked questions by the dozen, anything about the band that came into his head. And naturally he asked about Adelia.

"Bump and Adelia married?"

Lester looked sidewise at him. "Yeah, they're married. That's a good thing for you to remember."

"Jesus! Do I look like forgetting it?"

"Lots of white men do," Lester grunted. "Lots of white men come to hear the band try to make her forget it. Lots of colored men, too. We had a horn player once, tried to fool around with Adelia. Bump damn near killed that man. Hard to tell what he'd do to a white man. Damn if I ever want to see."

Rohrs had remembered that. He was friendly when he talked to Adelia, but he only did it when he had to, and he was always careful to avoid giving any impression of talking confidentially to her. Even then, Bump sometimes resented it.

Clarence Jackson once told the Lion that Bump had a sister who ran off with a white man. That would explain a lot. If Adelia knew that, she ought to have more sense than to dog him all the time.

Another time Step-Up Tate had said, "That man crazy about that woman. He ought to tell her so more often." The Lion was still thinking about that as they wound up the fox trot. Bump Roxy shoved a handkerchief across his scowling face. He sat staring at the drums.

Rohrs was suddenly concerned. Bump always wanted to play loud when he was mad; he liked to hit the drums as he would hit the heads of the whistling white men; he liked to hear the horns open up and blast, maybe blow the leering faces off the floor.

That was all right, but they weren't in shape to blast. It was nine o'clock and they had nothing but a few dance numbers behind them. They would blow their brains out on anything like High Low Jack or Shattered Slumber...

Bump lifted his head and called it. "Shattered Slumber."

The Lion said, "Hold it now." He slid off the stool, grinning, seeing the startled faces of the band staring up at Bump. When he stood by the drums, he said, "Man, you know better than that."

"Goddamn it, Lion..."

"Man, it ain't ready, it ain't ripe," the Lion went on. "We ain't ready and the audience ain't ready. You got to build up to a thing like that. You know that." It was true; the boys would kill themselves and the audience wouldn't give a damn.

"That's right, Bump," Sam Lester said. "You know that."

"I figured it was the Lion's time," Bump said lamely. There was a long piano solo in Shattered Slumber. "I figured it was Lion's time for a big one. Everybody else had one."

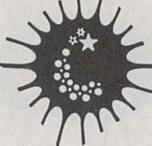
"Crosstown, then," said the Lion. "Crosstown, if it's my time. It's too early for the other."

Bump's face was sullen. Rohrs grinned at him and said confidentially, "Man, we can't all warm up as quick as you do."

He walked away, chuckling at the relief in the faces of Hadley and Step-Up, winking at Willie Shepherd. He wondered how mad Bump would be.

They played the Crosstown Blues. Nobody would ruin himself on melancholy Crosstown, but it was something, just the same. The horns started: Hadley, Step-Up, and Lester, in turn, wailing the mournful one-bar phrase, then





together. They held one, cut it off.

The Lion broke, with tingling chords. He talked to Step-Up for a while, piano and sax alternating and then mixing in dialogue. There were little appreciative chortles from the faces that crowded each other and peered over the edge of the stage.

The horns swept it up again and carried a chorus, fading, dying into silence. Bump took a rimshot. The Lion rolled one, high on the keyboard, held it, did tricks with it. He broke it, walked his hand down the board. With the left he reached deep down for the boogie bass.

They said that the Lion had it; everyone who knew, who had ever heard him, said so. He had the touch, they said: the touch of the great ones that had gone before; the touch that twitched the muscles and boiled the blood. There is music that can grow only of the love of music, and its greatest and supreme thrill is in its playing. This the Lion knew.

He gave it back to the horns, and the yells at the solo's end drowned even the trumpet. He wiped sweat from the corners of his eyes and swiveled on the stool to watch the boys finish it up. As his head swung, he saw the ugly smiles on the faces of the two white men who stared up at Adelia.



It was midnight, fourth intermission time. The Lion, alone, leaned against the wall outside the stage door and watched the rain drizzling into the alley. It pattered in the puddles and dribbled from the roof's edge over his head. He knew that the puddles were dirty, black with the soot and grime of the mill town, and he grinned, singing his song to himself.

I wake up in the mornin  
Black water drippin from the eaves  
I wake up in the mornin  
Black water drippin from the eaves  
It's running in the gutters  
Soakin down the grass and leaves

Bump Roxy said, "Move youh goddamn chair!"

The Lion jerked away from the wall. The voice was so close that he was sure it spoke to him, but when he looked around the edge of the door he saw Bump and Adelia in the tiny vestibule.

"What you talking about?" said Adelia.

"You hear what I say. I say move that goddamn chair!"

"Why should I?"

"You know why. You know I don't like them men lookin' at you," Bump said. His fingers clenched.

"What harm that do you?"

"That's all right. I don't like the way you look at them, either!"

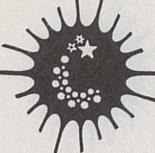
"How can you tell how I look when you sittin' up there behind me?" Adelia was angry now, Rohrs realized. "You talk like you crazy. In the first place, I move my chair, those men move right with me if they want to. In the second place, I can't move my chair anywhere without sittin' right in front of somebody. You must be out youh head."

She stalked back toward the stage. Bump, following, yelled, "And stay away from that goddamn Lion, too!"

Rohrs shook his head. He thought of Step-Up saying, "Crazy about her. Ought to tell her so more often." He shrugged and walked back to the stage flopping his hands loosely from the wrists, wriggling and drooping the fingers, trying to relax them. The last set was coming up.

The last set was the big one. It was mostly their own stuff, and it was all what they loved to play. The fox-trotters had heard their last ballad, and they knew it; they moved from the edges of the hall and crowded toward the stage.

The last set had Shattered Slumber—the shouting horns, the thunder of the drums, the hilarious vocal dialogue between Jackson and Shepherd. The last set had Basement Stuff, and High Low Jack, and Adelia singing the haunting Ride On. The crowd gulped it and howled for more. They groped over the edge of the stage with their hands, trying to pull more music from



That man is great, he thought, great enough that this white-audience business is going to hurt him some day...

the grinning, sweating players.

Bump did a specialty. Rohrs turned and watched admiringly. That man is great, he thought, great enough that this white-audience business is going to hurt him some day...

It was time for Adelia's last song, The Man I Love. Hadley stood up and scatted it, and the bawl of the trumpet filled the hall, made the Lion shiver. And Adelia sang.

The guitar carried the accompaniment alone, and the Lion had turned to look. Oh, Jesus! he thought...

She was singing it at the toughs, at the two leering white men who stood directly below her. She swayed her body, and smiled and flicked her eyes at the two men.

This is going to be bad, the Lion thought as he had to swing back to the piano. This is going to be hell.

And when, at the end of the number, he fearfully turned again, what he saw was so unexpected that he literally rubbed his eyes and looked again. The two men were gone.

He didn't have much time to wonder about it. Bump called them into a huddle. He was wet all over; he wiped his eyes and cheeks as he talked. "Now Black Water," he said hoarsely. "Black Water, and then we got to slack it off. We got to tone it down or they'll never let us out of here."

Black Water Blues was the Lion's favorite specialty. He had written it himself, and it was a little poetry, and a lot of sadness, and all the old-time blues scheme and rhythm. It was the only thing he ever sang. He was no Cab Calloway, but he carried a tune well enough, and he could put the mourning in his voice.

Black water is somethin  
Lord that I sure do hate  
Black water is somethin  
That I sure do hate  
Fortune teller told me  
Black water gonna be my fate

He stroked the keyboard and listened to the soft play of the band. The thing was his and theirs at the same time. They had taken it in; they played it happily, lovingly. And the audience strained forward over the lights.

I wake up in the mornin  
Black water in my bed  
I go to eat my breakfast  
Black water in my bread  
Well I believe  
Believe I better go my way  
Black water gonna haunt me  
Until my dying day

I had myself a woman  
She liked to dress in red  
I found her in black water  
Found her lyin dead  
Well I believe  
Believe I'll go far far away  
Black water gonna dog me  
Until that judgment day

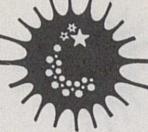
The crowd yelled and clapped. The boys were grinning. Jackson leaned over and hit him on the back. Rohrs gave LeRoy the flat hand sign of approval for the guitar solo. It was all good: the joy of playing it and the sadness of hearing it; the way the crowd clapped and the boys grinned.



A stagehand stood in the wings, trying to get Adelia's attention. She heard his whisper and walked to him. He said something, pointing offstage, and she nodded and went off, out of sight. The Lion watched her go out, wondering.

They played three more, quietly and sweetly, tapering-off tunes to calm the audience so that they could quit. Then it was closing time, theme time, and Adelia had not returned. Bump was scowling again. The Lion shook his head in disgust. She was going too far, not being on stage at theme time.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



Do you recognize  
these jazz performers?



## AT THE NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL, 1987

### Jazz-band

*I want to instill the rhythm—  
rhythm of your essential instruments,  
transforming my people.*

### Jazz-band

*I know your soulful blues—  
blues pulsating in troubled minds,  
finely resonating in my people.*

### Jazz-band

*I wish this would never end.  
Let the music come,  
engulfing my people like dark.*

Lenard D. Moore  
Raleigh, NC



In this space, very special Underwriters and Patrons ("Celestial Supporters") must be acknowledged and thanked.

★ MELLON BANK graciously printed the first "Identities" issue and direct mail subscription forms.

★ DUQUESNE LIGHT COMPANY and the COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA COUNCIL ON THE ARTS underwrote a significant portion of the first direct mailing.

A heartfelt "Thank You" goes to the Pittsburgh Bicycle Club, Veronica Settles, Margaret Blakely, Carol Harris, Betty Waller, Toni McKain, Athena Dickerson and Cassandra and Candace Ford who helped get our first subscription mailing out on time.

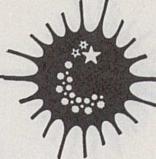
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# QUIZ

Here are some brain teasers that are sure to get your mental rhythms hummin'!! Syncopate your synapses and see if you can beat these questions from David and Jeanne Baker's delightful publication called *Jazz Quiz Book*.

## WHO AM I?

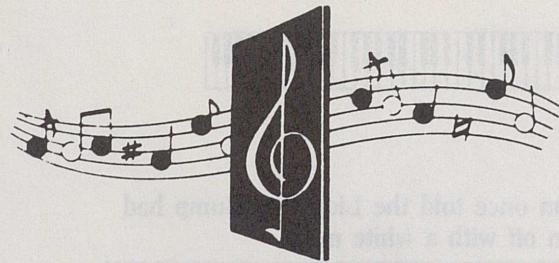
1. My nickname is the "Divine One."
2. I played trumpet with Art Blakey, Quincy Jones and Sonny Rollins. I was born April 7, 1938.
3. I am a female singer, and my real name is Ruth Jones. One of my hits was "Blowtop Blues."
4. I am a male singer who was born in 1914 in Pittsburgh.
5. I was blind from birth. Two of my hits were "Without A Song" and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore."

## WHAT INSTRUMENT IS PLAYED BY EACH OF THESE ARTISTS?

6. Erroll Garner
7. Shirley Scott
8. Chuck Israels
9. Curtis Fuller
10. Art Blakey

## MULTIPLE CHOICE

11. The first, important jazz soloist was:  
a) Jimmy Rushing, b) Charlie Parker,  
c) Dizzy Gillespie, d) Louis Armstrong
12. Which of the following is a country blues singer?  
a) J.J. Johnson, b) J.P. Johnson,  
c) Robert Johnson, d) Bunk Johnson
13. The geographical center of jazz during the bebop era was?  
a) Chicago, b) Los Angeles,  
c) New York, d) Philadelphia,  
e) Kansas City



## CHOOSE THE COMPOSER

14. Honeysuckle Rose: a) Kay Kyser,  
b) Fats Waller, c) Chick Webb
15. I'll See You in My Dreams:  
a) Isham Jones, b) Glenn Miller,  
c) Russel Jones
16. Rosetta: a) Tommy Dorsey,  
b) Ray Noble, c) Earl Hines

## NICKNAMES—Who was:

17. Cootie
18. Newk
19. Pops (trumpet)
20. Hawk or Bean
21. Tricky Sam
22. Jug
23. Bird

## TRIVIA

24. Which of the following is *not* a bebop band leader? a) Billy Eckstine, b) Claude Thornhill, c) Fletcher Henderson, d) Dizzy Gillespie
25. Which of the following records is *not* a seminal record in the career of Miles Davis? a) Bitches Brew  
b) Walking, c) Kind of Blue,  
d) Weather Bird
26. Which characteristic is shared by boogie woogie and ragtime?  
a) Both are written music, b) Both are improvised music, c) Both are piano music, d) Both are big band music.

## ANSWERS ON PAGE 17

David Baker is head of the Jazz Studies Department at Indiana University where he was recently appointed to the position of Distinguished Professor of Music. Dr. Baker is president of the National Jazz Service Organization and serves on the National Council on the Arts.

The *Jazz Quiz Book* is \$2.95 and can be ordered from: Frangipani Press, P.O. Box 669, Bloomington, IN 47402





Clarence Jackson once told the Lion that Bump had a sister who ran off with a white man.

The drums rolled again, and Step-Up broke. He had finished, and Hadley was standing, when the terrified face of the stagehand appeared over the piano. "Man! Man, there's trouble!" He was almost crying.

"What's wrong?"

"End it! End it, man, quick!"

"Start the curtain down," said the Lion, and called out, in the singsong, syncopated voice that they used for communicating during numbers, "Knock it off, right now! There's trouble brewin'!"

They stared at him, but Hadley cut the solo, and they blew the final blare as the curtain fell.

Then everything happened fast. The stagehand cried out, "I didn't mean nothin'! I didn't know nothin' was wrong!" and the manager, calmer, said, "Mistuh Roxy, I'm afraid youh wife hurt bad."

Then they all charged off and were in time to see two stagehands carrying Adelia through the hall backstage—Adelia with her red gown torn mostly off, and what was left smeared and dripping with the dirty water from the alley; Adelia crying in little gasps of amazement and horror...

Bump Roxy roared and the stagehand ghibbered and the manager soothed; a doctor followed the bearers into a dressing room, and Bump plunged after them.

"Two white men," the guilty stagehand babbled to the frozen band. "Two white men told me to ask Mrs. Roxy come out 'n' autograph..."

"You know you hadn't ought to do nothin' like that!"

"I didn't know nothin' was wrong! They gimme five dollahs. Jesus, I didn't know nothin' was wrong!" the manager guided him gently away.

There was an old piano in the end of the tiny hallway, near the dressing-room door. The Lion sat heavily on the stool. A stack of folding chairs was heaped against the wall; the band opened them and sat down, lined along the hall, waiting for the door to open.

Rohrs was staring at the keyboard when someone touched his arm. LeRoy Brunner's face was grave. "You better get out of here, man."

The Lion shook his head.

"Lion, you crazy. Don't you know what them men done to Adelia? It ain't gonna be safe out here for no white man."

"You might be right," said the Lion. He touched the keys softly, hit a B-flat chord.

## *Jamming Saturdays (for David and the Pyramid)*

*the stick*

*a natural extension  
of his arm*

*thin arms*

*but strong hands*

*playing hearts out*

*sti-sti-sti-stick*

*against vibrations*

*of a friend*

*playing air*

*turning dust*

*into notes*

*crying ourstory*

*griots*

*crying ourstory*

*griots*

*crying ourstory*

*griots*

*ja-ja-ja-jazz*

*lights reflect  
chromed colors*

*off sweating foreheads*

*a mellow crowd*

*watches calm*

*watches hands*

*cupped on the*

*sti-sti-sti-stick*

*a natural extension*

*of his arm*

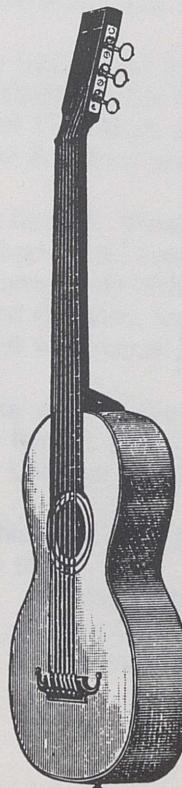
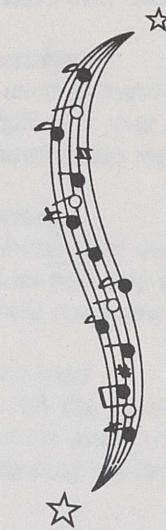
*the friend*

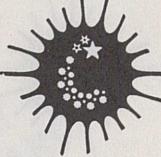
*a recreation*

*of his soul*

*ja-ja-ja-jazz*

Linda M. Watkins





"I tell you that man like to kill somebody," LeRoy said. He looked around for support.

"Let him be," Step-Up said. "The Lion, maybe he know what he's doin'."

"Bump gonna go for the first white man he sees!"

"That's all right," the Lion said. "This way he won't have to go out in the street and chase one." Old Step-Up, he thought, he sees it, he sees it like I do. He started to play quietly. He took a simple, four-note walking bass figure and worked over it gently, playing sadness. LeRoy looked around, licked his lips, and then sat down.

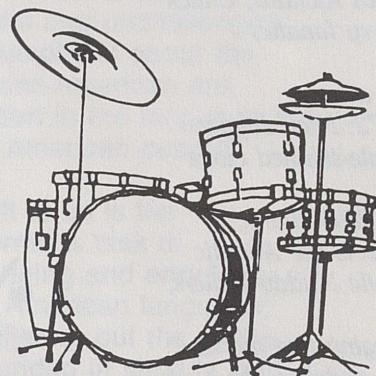
The Lion played, waiting.

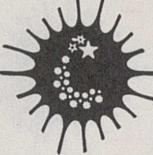
It was for Bump, so that he wouldn't go raging the streets and get arrested. But it was for more than that; Rohrs knew it and Step-Up had seen it. It was for the great Bump Roxy, who might never be able to face another white audience if this wasn't handled right. It was for the music: for Crosstown and Shattered Slumber, and the Black Water Blues that might never be played again; for the grins and flat-hand signs when they finished one. It was for Adelia, and for himself. It was for Bump Roxy and his Blue Band.

He did not look up when the door opened and the footsteps came out slowly and then stopped. He heard Bump move toward him, felt him standing directly behind. He made himself stay loose when the huge hand touched his shoulders and the back of his neck.

The hand did not move; it lay there gently. He did not let himself sigh; he sat and played the blues. He did not look up even when the hand began to tremble and he heard the ugly, harsh sobs.

The chords rippled the stillness of the room.





## BLUESMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1960: Mike Jagger,  
student, London  
School of Economics,

imported Chess  
records stacked  
on his knee,

meets old friend  
Keith Richard, Chuck  
Berry fanatic,

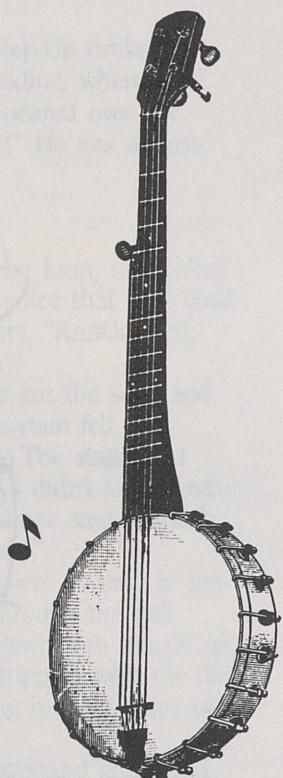
on a train.  
1972: Mick Jagger,  
white-skinned clone

of R&B charts,  
jet-sets the Atlantic  
while Muddy Waters,

gigging five nights  
on crutches, the  
Colonial on Yonge,

wryly recalls the  
course of a black's  
American dream:

"I made them a million,  
they made me a name."



## RIPPED OFF ANONYMOUS BLUES

Wish my name was Jimmie Rodgers  
working down the M&O track  
Wish my name was Jimmie Rodgers  
WORKING DOWN THE M&O track

I'd cop the black man's music  
and carry Nashville on my back

I'd like to drive a truck in Memphis  
lead a rockabilly band  
I'd like to drive a truck in Memphis  
lead a rockabilly band

I'd type my name on Crudup  
and write his royalty on the sand

But my home is south Chicago  
From a ghetto black is sin  
But my home is south Chicago  
From a ghetto black is sin

I've got a young white guitar ace  
between my body and my skin

O the white man's game is legal  
He makes a dollar on the rain  
O the white man's game is legal  
He makes a dollar on the rain

He wants to roll my woman  
He builds a mansion with my chain



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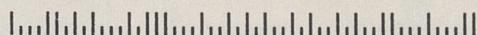
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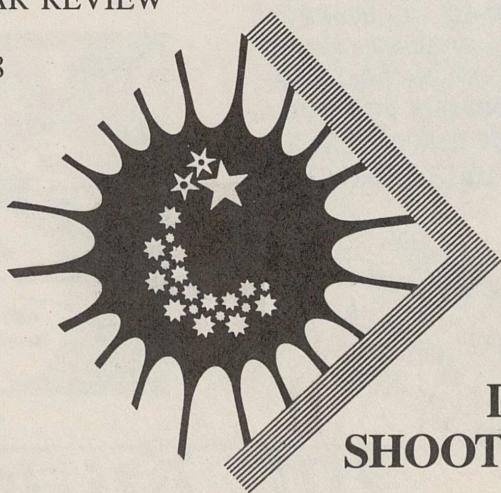


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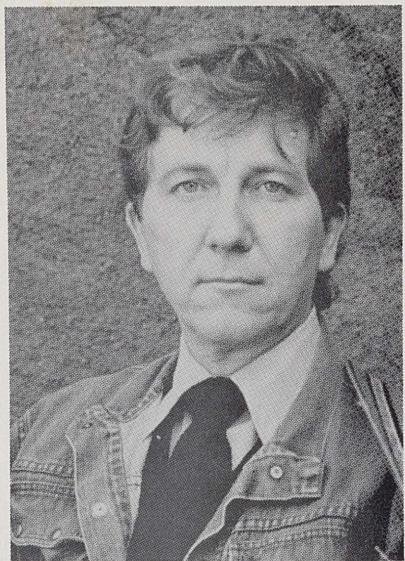
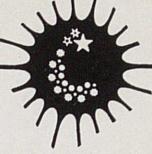
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DISCOVER...  
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These two poems are from a beautifully done collection called *ROUTES*. The poetry is by James Strecker in collaboration with Bill Smith, a photographer long involved with the visual representation of music and musicians.

B.B. King, who presented the foreword to *Routes* said, "... thinking about you who might read this book, it's going to be a treat. The book is good."

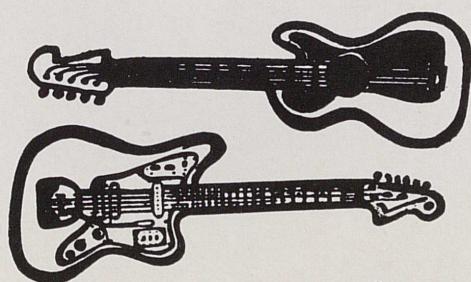
Strecker has published widely in Canadian literary periodicals and is an English Instructor for Sheridan College in Oakville. His previous books of poetry include two general collections, *Corkscrew* and *Bones to Bury*. Strecker has also done two collaborations with the artist Harold Town called *Black*, also a tribute to black jazz musicians, and *Pas de Vingt* on ballet.

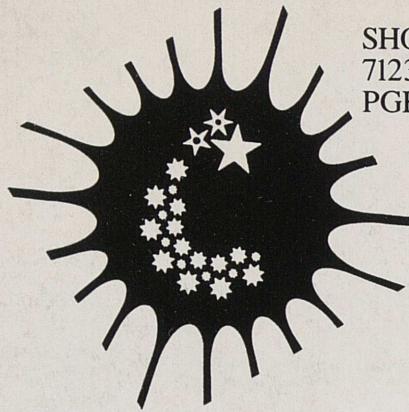
Bill Smith's photography has been exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art and he co-produced the award-winning documentary film *Imagine the Sound*.

*Routes* is published by Image Publishing, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. B.B. King was right! Their book is a treat.

## QUIZ ANSWERS

1. SARAH VAUGHAN
2. FREDDIE HUBBARD
3. DINAH WASHINGTON
4. BILLY ECKSTINE
5. AL HIBBLER
6. PIANO
7. ORGAN
8. BASS
9. TROMBONE
10. DRUMS
11. LOUIS ARMSTRONG
12. ROBERT JOHNSON
13. NEW YORK
14. FATS WALLER
15. GLENN MILLER
16. EARL HINES
17. CHARLES MELVIN WILLIAMS
18. SONNY ROLLINS
19. LOUIS ARMSTRONG
20. COLEMAN HAWKINS
21. JOE NANTON
22. GENE AMMONS
23. CHARLIE PARKER
24. c FLETCHER HENDERSON
25. d WEATHER BIRD
26. c BOTH ARE PIANO MUSIC





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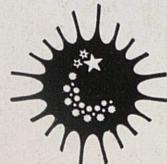
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