

Henderson is a good technician with a full tone. He plays with blasting aggressiveness. His melodic ideas here, unfortunately, are rather stale.

Abreu, a post-bopper, solos in a fiery, hard-swinging manner on both tenor and soprano. He doesn't demonstrate much originality, but his solos have momentum.

A good meat-and-potatoes album.

—Pekar

### Willis Jackson

TELL IT . . . —Prestige 7412: *I Can't Stop Loving You*; *One Mint Julep*; *Up A Lazy River*; *Jumpin' with Symphony Sid*; *Tangerine*; *Ebb Tide*; *Blue Gater*; *Secret Love*.

Personnel: Frank Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Carl Wilson, organ; Patrick Azzara, guitar; Joseph Hadrick, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This music isn't much different from some of the rock-and-roll instrumentals of the 50s. Jackson's band reminds me of the groups Red Prysock and Rusty Bryant had then. The arrangements are simple; the album's feature is Jackson's tenor work. His playing is raw and strong. He is not very inventive—but then he doesn't seem to be concerned mainly with playing fresh ideas. Rather, he seems content to swing hard and get into a foot-tapping groove, and this he accomplishes.

Though he is a much rougher musician, it's interesting to note that Jackson has clearly been influenced by Lester Young, as his playing on *Symphony Sid* indicates.

Azzara's spots are the album's best. He is a fluent technician, and his improvisations, though relatively complex, have a smooth, flowing quality. I'd like to hear him in a less frenzied setting.

An unprofound but entertaining LP.

—Pekar

### John Klemmer

INVOLVEMENT—Cadet LP/LPS 797: *Stand in the Sun*; *My Blues*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Later With Them Woes*; *Passion Food*; *How Deep Is the Ocean*; *Will 'n' Jug*.

Personnel: Klemmer, tenor saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano (tracks 2, 4, 6); Sam Thomas, guitar (tracks 1, 3, 5, 7); Melvin Jackson, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

What a pleasant surprise to pick up this unheralded debut album by a young Chicago musician and discover a first-rate player with his own story to tell!

Just 21, Klemmer already has the mature musician's disdain for the empty gesture. There is no nonsense about his music; it is direct, intense, and together. No gimmicks; just good, honest music.

Klemmer can play his horn. He's got fine tone, control all over the instrument, and excellent articulation. He can play fast when he wants to (*Woes*), but he never falls into those all-in-the-fingers-nothing-upstairs runs that young players with good technique commonly display.

He can holler, too, but he doesn't make a thing of it. There is, in fact, very little that seems acquired or merely fashionable in his playing; it has that natural presence and flow that we associate with long established musicians.

He is a gifted composer, too. *Sun*, *Blues*, *Woes*, and *Passion* are his, and all are good. *Passion*, especially. It is a fetching, melodically substantial bossa nova. *Blues* is a happy line, good to play on;

*Sun* also has a positive quality, and *Woes* is a take-off on *Bye, Bye Blues* changes that romps.

Another surprise is Klemmer's warmth and melodic grace on *Love*. He plays this fine old standard with imagination but respect, sustaining an appropriate mood throughout. Ballad playing of this caliber is not what you'd expect, either, but there it is.

*Ocean* is double-timed after the first eight. The rhythm section is very good here; it is also in fine fettle on *Woes*. Made up of veteran Chicago stalwarts, it gives Klemmer the kind of support he deserves.

Christian stretches out a bit on *Woes*, and has interesting things to say; his other solos are short and pithy, and he comps expertly. Guitarist Thomas is heard to good advantage on *Sun* and on his own *Will*, a nice line. Jackson has a stunning arco solo on *Woes*, and his fine tone and support contribute much. Campbell is a strong, driving percussionist.

But this is John Klemmer's album, as it should be. He is his own man, and he can truly play. He has listened well to such as Sonny Rollins, but he is no copyist. Listen well to him. It will be worth your while, if you like good music.

—Morgenstern

### Pee Wee Russell-Red Allen

THE COLLEGE CONCERT OF PEE WEE RUSSELL AND HENRY RED ALLEN—Impulse A-9137: *Blue Monk*; *I Want a Little Girl*; *Body and Soul*; *Pee Wee's Blues*; *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West*; *Graduation Blues*.

Personnel: Allen, trumpet, vocal; Russell, clarinet; Steve Kuhn, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Marty Morell, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Recorded at a concert-lecture at Massachusetts Institute of Technology less than six months before Allen's death in April 1967, this record becomes the trumpeter's last testament.

The lecturer was Whitney Balliett; presumably, he selected the musicians. Allen and Russell make a superb team (they had not recorded together since 1932), and the idea of backing them up with a contemporary rhythm section was essentially a good one.

However, idea and realization are two different things, as mankind has long since discovered. This is a weak rhythm section, and the best that can be said for it is that it doesn't do much harm. Except for Haden, its members contribute little imagination and little drive, but the two veterans aren't bothered.

Both Allen and Russell have styles that are so thoroughly individual that they occasionally border on the eccentric. Miraculously, they complement each other, and their ensemble passages are mysterious and delightful, the unpredictable lines merging and separating, yet always converging in musically meaningful patterns.

Allen, it must be said, was not physically in top form. His range, usually spanning the horn from top to bottom, is restricted here. But it is an indication of his experience that he doesn't fight it; he accepts the limitation, and concentrates on what he has to work with. Thus, his sound is full and warm, albeit less brilliant than

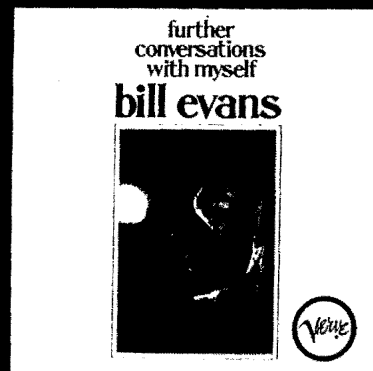
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## additional dialogue by BILL EVANS

It was a private conversation. And highly personal. Bill Evans alone in a room with 3 pianos: *Conversations With Myself*. Six years have passed. The dangling conversation is resumed. And the pianist speaks with even more authority now. The dialogue has been perfected as the artist within has grown. With fewer questions, more swinging statements. Other voices, other tunes.

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it could be even late in his career.

Allen is serious here; he uses none of his staple devices, acquired of necessity through years of playing for audiences to which musical excitement was measurable only in decibels and extroversion. Red could go through a whole night's work only indicating what he could do, starting beautiful things and breaking them off midway to burst into song or to greet a customer.

There is none of that here; this is the best Allen on record since 1957. More than most of his contemporaries, Allen had received ample critical acclaim in recent times, also from critics and musicians with modernist tendencies. He was even called a true "avant gardist." But to say that what seemed adventurous to some in his playing might largely have been simply erratic would not be an injustice. From his earliest recording days (1929), there was an element of incoherence in Red's playing; it was part of his charm, and when he did completely realize an idea and finish a structure, he was an astonishing player. Quite simply, he had an abundance of ideas but was not always relaxed enough to sort them out.

He was also from New Orleans, and he believed, as the players from that city do, in playing things correctly. Note how precisely, how neatly he plays the head to *Two Degrees*, and how he states the melody of *Blue Monk*—imaginatively, but fully delineated. He plays lovely things on *Body*, his feature, but my favorite spot is the muted one that opens the out-chorus of *Little Girl*.

Allen also sings *Body*, in that curiously affecting voice that always made me smile—still does. "Sincere" is an over-worked term, but it describes Red's singing. He also does a vocal chorus on *Graduation*.

Russell is in fantastic form. He is always himself, but here even more so than usual. His solos are gems, rewarding constant rehearing with new discoveries. This is one of the deepest players in our music, and his conception transcends such essentially meaningless labels as "modern." Eternal would be more like it.

*Pee Wee's Blues*, his feature and favorite composition, compares fascinatingly with other recorded versions. Each is totally different. On this one, he builds down in masterly fashion; as much an art, and a rarer one, than building up... especially since the effect is still climactic.

The solo that follows the vocal on *Graduation* is another gem, filled with amazing "asides" and flutters, yet entirely cohesive. You may think Pee Wee is talking to himself, but he is talking to you, and signifying. As a sample of the art of playing the clarinet, by the way, this is quite something. It has been the fashion to regard Pee Wee's technique as something maverick-like and odd that happens to work for him. But that is foolishness; he knows that horn inside out, and can produce a range and variety of sounds that run the gamut from purity to pure funk. Dig his trills on this solo.

Alas, the rhythm section. Kuhn plays a good solo on *Graduation*, the only place

he sounds involved. His comping is, I suppose, meant to be helpful, but it sounds mechanical, and except on *Graduation*, where he picks up his opening phrase from Pee Wee's closing one, he doesn't seem to be listening.

Haden has two interesting, Wilbur Ware-ish solos on *Monk* and *Graduation*. He walks steadily in the section, boxed in a bit by the piano's chords and limited by Morell's effete drumming (Morell can play, too—the more's the pity). It's really a bit like Red and Pee Wee sitting in with a cocktail trio—but enjoying it. Because of them, this record will live, and we are grateful it was made in time.

—Morgenstern

### Doc Severinsen

THE NEW SOUND OF TODAY'S BIG BAND  
—Command RS917SD: *Canadian Sunset*; *Monday, Monday*; *Little Brother*; *Here, There, and Everywhere*; *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*; *One, Two, Three*; *Soul and Inspiration*; *All One Step Above*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*; *People Power*; *Music to Think By*.

Personnel: Severinsen, Ernie Royal, trumpets, flugelhorn; Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Romeo Penque, baritone saxophone; Vinnie Bell, Al Casamenti, guitars; Dick Hyman, piano; organ; Bill Takas, electric bass; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is good for what it is, but what it is isn't very good. In other words, a slick job of arranging and playing has been squandered on a dull array of diluted pop-jazz, rarely rising above the commonplace.

There are moments: *Song* is given a refreshingly original treatment, if you can call rock-funk refreshing. Somehow, arranger Hyman weds the sound to the song with great skill. *One, Two* gets an immediate lift from the descending pyramids of the brass section, and continues with a fine solo by Lawrence.

Another fine arrangement is *Accustomed*, with its flute flutterings behind Severinsen's soulful trumpeting.

Severinsen's chops serve him well. This is quite a workout, but he makes it sound easy. All three stars must go to him. What makes the album imbalanced is the realization that a flawless diamond has been placed in a less-than-perfect setting.

—Siders

### Various Artists

1944 REVISITED—Jazz Crusade JC 2015CS: *Beautiful Dreamer*; *San Jacinto Stomp*; *Moose Hall Blues*; *When You Wore a Tulip*; *Nearer My God to Thee*; *Faraway Blues*; *My Life Will Be Sweeter*; *Someday*; *The Valley of Death*; *Royal Telephone*.

Personnel: Sammy Rimington, clarinet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Bill Bisonnette, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This album successfully recreates the sound and soul of the traditional renaissance in New Orleans in the mid-40s. British clarinetist Rimington has so completely captured George Lewis' style that at times it is difficult to believe it is not Lewis who is playing. Had the group used this music as a starting point rather than an end, the album would have had a fresher sound.

However, there is no denying Rimington's talent. When he plays on *Moose Hall Blues*, those blues are real, and when he develops that soaring swing on *Tulip and Telephone*, the whole band rocks.

Robinson gives his customary off-and-

on performance—that is, he alternates lumbering, clownish jabs with some good jazz trombone playing. On *Nearer My God*, I found myself anticipating most of what he would play, and getting impatient with the opportunities he was missing to get in some good licks. He is more solid on *Life Will Be Sweeter*, providing good support in the last chorus. *Someday* shows what he can do when he wants to play well.

The rhythm section is steady, and rocks in the right way on the fast tunes.

—Erskine

## ROCK 'N' POP

BY JOHN GABREE

*The Candyman* (ABC Records ABCS/ABC-616)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ½

The Buffalo Springfield, *Buffalo Springfield Again* (Atco 33-226, SD33-226)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart, *Test Patterns* (A&M AP4126)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ½

The Box Tops, *The Letter/Neon Rainbow* (Bell 6011)

Rating: ★★ ★

Johnny Rivers, *Rewind* (Imperial 9341/129341)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ½

Hearts and Flowers, *Now Is The Time For Hearts and Flowers* (Capitol ST 2162)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

The Beau Brummels, *Triangle* (Warner Brothers W1692)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ★

For months before *The Candyman* was released, musicians and fans were journeying to hear the group (Rodney Justo, vocalist; John Rainey Adkins, lead guitar; Billy Gilmore, bass; Dean "Ox" Daughtry, piano and organ; and Bob Nix, drums) at Steve Paul's Scene in New York City. The LP lives up to the advanced rumbling: this is a first-rate band that paid its dues for a couple of years as Roy Orbison's back-up group.

In live performance, the quintet is noted for reproducing effortlessly arrangements by other groups that took months of hard studio work to get on wax in the original (*Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and *Good Vibrations* are two of their more noteworthy reproductions). On the album, they have wisely chosen to do mostly new material. The most successful cuts were all written by the album's producer, Buddy Buie, with the help of various members of the group: *Deep In The Night* is a tender pro-peace song that is one of the most successful political statements made by a rock group; their hit *Georgia Pines* is a beautiful "goin' home" blues; *Hope, Movies in My Mind*, and *Stone Blues Man* are all in a joyful bag that make rock seem like fun again. Buie also penned *Even the Grass Has Died*, the frightening comment on nuclear disaster that ends the album. The only