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inite method of determining the respect recording musicians have for the conductor is to listen to the strings. If they're in tune (and this section is), you can be sure that they were sitting up straight and "on their toes" for the man who knows his business and his music.

I have only one small complaint about the record: why didn't someone identify the trombone player?

My suggestion is that you fix yourself a tall drink, invite not more than one guest, relax, and enjoy *A Certain Mr. Jobim*.  
—Carol Sloane

#### Herbie Mann

THE BEAT GOES ON—Atlantic 1483: *No Matter What Shape; More Rice Than Peas, Please; Hey Ho; The Honeydripper; The Beat Goes On; Swingin' Shepherd Blues; West African High Life; Dream Garden; Soul Montuno; Is Paris Burning?*

Personnel: Mann, flute, all tracks; tracks 1-3: Roy Ayers, vibes; Jimmy Wisner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Bruno Carr, Carlos Valdes, percussion; unidentified string section led by Gene Orloff; track 4: King Curtis, tenor saxophone; others unidentified; tracks 5, 6, 9, 10: unidentified; track 7: Clark Terry, trumpet; others unidentified; track 8: Dave Pike, vibraharp; Don Friedman, piano; Attila Zoller, guitar; Jack Six, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

The third star in the rating is almost entirely for the sensitive playing on *Dream Garden*; the rest of the album might have well been produced on an assembly line.

Atlantic wants to sell records, and undoubtedly these tracks—with their echoes of rock, funk, the bullring, and bossa nova—will have some appeal in the marketplace. But, the *Garden* track aside, the music here has no grip on the receptive faculties of the mind.

Mann, a capable musician, maintains a good sound throughout. He does not do much more than play melody with simple embellishments, and nothing in this album is going to improve his stature as a jazz musician.

Terry is at the top of his game these days, so it's a shame he's given such a short and trivial spot on *High Life*.

Pike's flowing, lyrical *Garden* is sparked by Zoller's guitar. In medium tempo, the tune has good construction, and the musicians are obviously enjoying themselves. The composer takes an engaging solo.

A second-rate album that may do well on the pop market.  
—Erskine

#### Roberta Peck

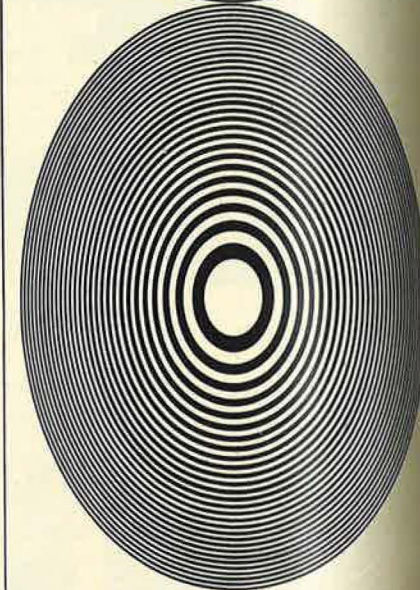
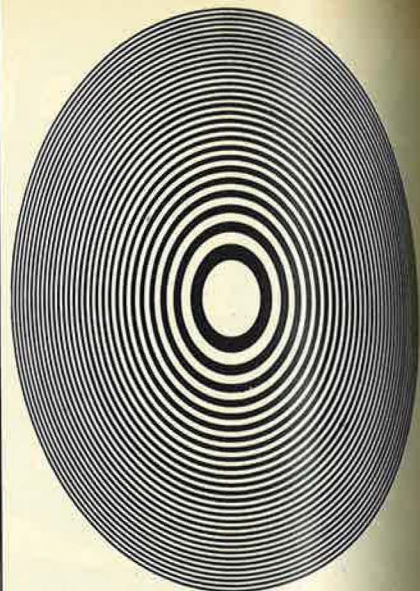
EXTRAORDINARY—Columbia CS 9458: *Lover Man; Si, Si, Senor; This Year; I'm Beginning to See the Light; Body and Soul; Makin' Whoopee; Willow Tree; The More I See You; In My Arms; More Than You Know.*

Personnel: Buck Clayton or Clark Terry, trumpet; Willie Ruff, French horn; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Pat Rebillot, piano; George Benson, guitar; Aaron Bell, Richard Davis, or Reed Wasson, bass; Jimmy Lovelace, drums; Miss Peck, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Miss Peck's assurance, polish, and professionalism are certainly extraordinary, considering that she interrupted a budding career many years ago, and only began to sing again recently, and then just part-time.

She has an attractive, well-projected, and well-controlled voice, good intonation, her own way of phrasing, and good time. She approaches her varied material intelligently, and does not copy anyone. Not a startling singer, she is a very pleasant



# down beat

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to enjoy its

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There is nothing like it!

# down beat

and appealing one.

John Hammond, who discovered Miss Peck (by way of Pete Seeger's recommendation), and who supervised her debut album, has surrounded the singer with first-rate, sensitive accompanists. A good pianist was essential, and Rebillot, whose talent deserves wider recognition, was a good choice. He doesn't appear in a solo role, but his skill is always in evidence.

Clayton, who has been absent from the U.S. recording studios far too long, makes his presence discreetly felt on several tracks, both with those marvelous obbligati that graced so many Billie Holiday masterpieces, and in lyrical, muted solos (*See You; Arms*).

The exuberant Clark Terry is most apparent on *Light*, where he takes a shouting, happy chorus and also joins Miss Peck vocally at the end. Wess has several warm tenor spots, notably on *Willow* and *More*, and his expert flute also adds to the proceedings. Benson is heard in a few short solos, and Ruff's mellow French horn adds depth to the ensemble and atmospheric touches to the singing.

Miss Peck is at her best on *This Year*, a current number; on *Soul*, which she sings with much feeling and taste, and on *Light*, where she displays the lighter side of her personality. The rarely heard Fats Waller piece, *Willow Tree*, is a fine tune. (It has also recently cropped up in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band book.)

Miss Peck is also a song writer. *Senor* and *Arms* are hers—words and music. The former is a little ditty I find rather irritating, but *Arms* has a nice melody and good lyrics—also in a Latin vein.

Since this record was cut, Miss Peck has appeared with Red Norvo at New York's Rainbow Grill, in Boston, and elsewhere in New England. Even on the basis of this first impression, one can safely add her name to the list of the better jazz-influenced female singers of the day.

—Morgenstern

### Lon Rawls

THAT'S LOU—Capitol ST. 2756: *When Love Goes Wrong; Problems; Reminiscing Monologue; They Don't Give Medals (To Yesterday's Heroes); Ear Bender Monologue; What Are You Doing About Today; Show Business Monologue; Show Business; Please Send Me Someone to Love; Hard to Get Thing Called Love; (How Do You Say) I Don't Love You Anymore; Street of Dreams; The Love That I Give.*  
Personnel: Rawls, vocals; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★

Wow! What a boring record . . . if you just sit and listen to it as I did. This blushing, bombastic album would be just the thing for your next hurrah party, though. The tempo never varies (good for dancing), the band is loud, and Rawls shouts and plows his way through each tune. I have the impression he doesn't know the meaning of the words subtle, simple, slow, and quiet. I don't dispute that Rawls is a profitable commodity these days, and I can appreciate the "stay-with-a-winning-combination" thesis. But lest we forget: a popular product does not a quality product make.

The absence of good taste is alarming (well, there's consistency, at least), and Rawls' persistent use of the "what knows" and "talkin' bouts" frankly bores me silly.

The arrangements are poor, and the musicians display an uncanny disregard for dynamics, if indeed any were indicated. This is a blowing, Apollo Theater-type sound, and often such bands are quite good. But here the men are burdened with poorly conceived charts.

As for the selections: all of them, with the exception of the standard *Street of Dreams*, will probably never survive beyond the time it takes to play the album through. *Dreams* is taken up-tempo, and this flexible melody withstands the pressure nicely. But Rawls quickly gets into his "what know" syndrome and ruins it for me. This sentimental ballad has often been abused, and I make a plea here and now that it be restored. Does anybody remember Sarah Vaughan's near-flawless interpretation of some years ago?

This is a pseudo-rock album, it seems to me, and I wonder if Rawls has found his direction. I believe he will expand and gain broader appeal in the future, because he has all the potential to become a super-star. He's received splendid nightclub reviews, apparently has the necessary stage presence, and he sings pretty well. However, the excitement he generates on the floor is not evident here. But, if I ever have the gang over one of these nights I'll play the album again. A room full of jolly people and some Russian vodka might make me change my mind.

—Carol Sloane

## BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

*The James Cotton Blues Band* (Verve Folkways 3023)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, *Cherry Red* (BluesWay 6007)

Rating: ★★★

Muddy Waters, *Muddy, Brass, and the Blues* (Chess 1507)

Rating: ★★★

Chuck Berry, *Golden Hits* (Mercury 21103)

Rating: ★★

The question of "presentation" is one that is rarely considered in connection with blues. For one thing, manner is so closely bound up with matter in the work of most blues performers that one scarcely pays the idea of presentation any mind.

The question does not arise, for example, in the work of self-accompanied solo blues performers, or in the work of such blues groups as those of Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, and other modern blues interpreters. Here the approach to group playing has been pragmatically evolved by the band members over a period of time (replacements in the group generally understand the basic group approach and quickly adapt their own playing styles to its requirements).

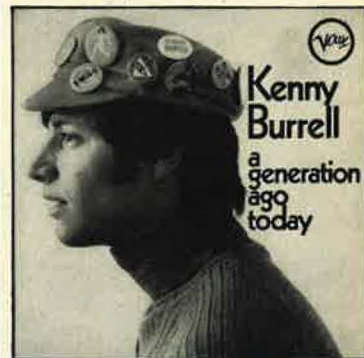
Presentation does become a consideration, however, in several instances, two of the chief of which are bound up with the recording studio. The first is the situation

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