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Mail Bag

Just a note to tell you how much I enjoyed the two-parter on Bob Farnon. As André Previn purportedly said to Johnny Williams, "If you figure it out, call me back." Well I've listened to an awful lot of Robert Farnon, and I'll be damned if I can figure it out.

Patrick Williams, Los Angeles, California

Film composer Williams is one of those who went through the informal Marion Evans school of orchestration and arranging, one of whose requisites was a close study of the Farnon records.

The articles on Robert Farnon were fascinating reading. He has achieved mythic proportions in the composers' community that I know. One influence of the Farnon legacy that you didn't mention would certainly be Billy Byers. He and John Mandel have been friends and collaborators since the early '50s, if not before. They both worked on the Sid Caesar *Show of Shows* in New York. I don't know if a lot of that rubbed off John onto Bill or whether they studied Bob's writing together. Some day I must ask.

Incidentally, Billy shares a trait that Farnon has. In 1967, I played drums on the Jerry Lewis weekly TV show that was done here for NBC. I suffered through that for thirteen weeks before quitting in disgust. Billy Byers was in the trombone section. I continually saw him writing charts during eight and sixteen bar tacits during rehearsals. In *ink*. On *onion skin*. I don't remember if he did it while we were on the air. He could well have done so.

Larry Bunker, Los Angeles, California

The writing chops of Billy Byers are among the legends of the business.

If you decide to open a Farnon store, I'll buy whatever inventory you have. He is something special. But, please, don't be too quick to dismiss the arranging staff of the Glenn Miller AAF band. In addition to Jerry Gray (who was admittedly no Farnon, but a solid writer of often memorable material), that staff included Mel Powell (just out of the Goodman band), Norman Leyden (who proved to be one of the premier writers for big band-with-strings for Tex Beneke's postwar Miller band), and one arranger almost completely forgotten, even by the cognoscenti, Perry Burgett.

It's extremely hard, if not impossible, to know who scored what for the AAF band, but based on the music that he wrote in the 50s, particularly for Skitch Henderson's band on the Steve Allen Sunday night show, Burgett seems to have been a major talent, about whom most of us know nothing. Certainly he was one of the people who set the backgrounds for Johnny Desmond's vocals — arrangements that showed the way (I think probably more than any others) toward the style of what we now call the classic vocal recordings of the 1950s. Pull out the AAF recordings of *Going My Way*, *A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening*, *People Will Say We're*

in Love, and *Long Ago and Far Away*. You'll notice there's something going on that isn't happening in, say, Stordahl's charts for Sinatra.

Arrangers don't come any better than Robert Farnon, and but Burgett and Leyden and the others on the Miller wartime staff shouldn't be forgotten.

Ray Hoffman, New York City

Ray is associate editor and broadcast correspondent of Business Week.

I have given further thought to this whole matter. Farnon had an advantage over the arrangers of the Miller band. He was free to create an entirely new style and sound, because he was virtually unknown as an arranger. Miller had to maintain the big-band style of his civilian band; the strings were grafted onto it. Therefore Leyden and the others did not have the flexibility Farnon did.

I assuredly won't overlook these writers. On the contrary. My next planned book is a new biography of Glenn Miller. Can anyone tell me where I can find Norman Leyden?

Thank you for your piece on Leonard Feather and Jane. We used to look forward to their coming to New York for the JVC festivals. They stayed across the street from where we lived and used to meet us for long chats or lunch. Leonard used to write his reports on our typewriter, instead of carrying his own from California. Our meetings continued until 1989, when Poland got its freedom, and we started to spend June and July there every year. We missed our contacts with both Feathers very much, and we were not aware of his, and Jane's, health until we heard the sad news.

Adam signed the contract for the SS Norway for the week of October 18 to November 4. We hope to see you there.

We have just returned from Peru, a three-week-long story of concerts and private excursions, of beauty and hospitality, of poverty and hope. We fell in love with the country.

Yours truly, sincerely, cordially,

Adam and Irena Makowicz, New York City

Thank you for the tribute to the late Leonard Feather in the Canadian magazine *Jazz Report*. I regret that it has been the habit over the years for jazz writers, record reviewers, and jazz radio hosts to take potshots at Leonard. I have been all three of those types who have bandied about "Featherbrain" and other demeaning epithets. Musicians have been guilty too. It is unfortunate that Leonard had to die surrounded by the personal tragedy of the earthquake.

John Nelson, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

John Nelson writes for Mississippi Rag and the IAJRC Journal. Leonard's and Jane's friends will be pleased to know that she is doing very well and has moved back into their home.

Um Abraço No Tom

Part Two

I stayed in Rio for a number of days more, seeing Jobim, learning about the culture. Brazil and Canada have something in common: they are the only two nations of the western hemisphere that parted from the parent European countries without violence. The culture is unique. King Pedro IV of Portugal, who was also King Pedro I of Brazil, granted Brazil its independence in 1822.

Juscelino Kubitschek was voted out of office a little over a year before I reached Rio de Janeiro — on October 3, 1960. Many Brazilians still consider him the greatest president the country ever had, and insist that had he continued in office the cycle of corruption, exploitation, and brutality that has characterized the country since then would never have happened. The new president was Jânio Quadros, and João Goulart was vice president.

I began to learn something about the Brazilian sense of humor. It was widely said that Goulart's wife was screwing half the upper echelon of army officers. In all the Latin countries, including Italy, where a form of sign language is common, the upheld fist with index and forefingers extended is the sign of the cuckold, the fingers indicating horns. And Goulart was known to be one. The trolley buses of Rio, as elsewhere, drew electric power through two upraised antennae in contact with overhead parallel wires. Because of this resemblance to the sign of the cuckold, the trolley lines and buses of Rio became known universally as the João Goulart. And it passed beyond the joke: the Cariocas casually referred to it that way: "Yes, I'll tell you how to get there. You go down to the next corner and you take the João Goulart."

At one point, a rumor swept the city that the police were throwing winos and the homeless into Guanabara Bay. In the next day or so, it seemed, half the bums in Rio turned up on the streets wearing life jackets.

Far the most popular car in Rio was the Volkswagen Beetle. The people referred to it as *a bunda*, the ass, because everybody has one.

I had begun to hang out of evenings in a little club near the beach called Bottle's Bar. There I met many of the Brazilian musicians, including Sergio Mendes and, I think, the guitarist Baden Powell, and probably the composer and guitarist Oscar Castro-Neves, later to be a very close friend. Johnny Alf was playing there the first night I entered the place. Most of these musicians were, and still are, unknown in the United States.

I found that the Brazilian musicians, like their North American counterparts, held critics in contempt. One critic, who wrote for one of the big newspapers, affected sunglasses, even at night, like the American jazz musicians he knew only from photos. He would come into Bottle's wearing these black shades. The light in Bottle's was dim to begin with, and he would enter with his knees a little bent, like Groucho Marx, feeling his way among the tables but

never for a moment removing the shades.

I do not remember his name. But I do remember the name the musicians had for him. They called him Flavius the Vampire.

I was becoming entranced by the language, which contains some locutions and constructions not possible in English, including a widespread use of the diminutive suffix *inho*, pronounced ee-nyo, or, in the feminine form, *inha*. It seemed you could attach it to almost everything, including people's names, as we call someone Johnny. A small coffee was a *cafezinho*. A *barquinho* was a small boat, as in Roberto Menescal's song *O Barquinho*. The word for afternoon is *tarde*, which is related to our word *tardy*. The diminishing end of the day was *tardinha*, literally "little afternoon", one of the loveliest words I know in any language.

I didn't want to leave Rio. I loved the city, the people, the language, and the music. But the days leaked away, and the Paul Winter group and I traveled to Belo Horizonte, north of Rio, and on to Belem, British Guiana, Venezuela, then home. We reached New York in mid-July.

Among the American musicians who had discovered the bossa nova movement, besides Dizzy Gillespie, were composer Bob Brookmeyer and guitarist Charlie Byrd. Byrd persuaded Stan Getz to collaborate with him on an album of these songs for the Verve label. Creed Taylor produced the album, titled *Jazz Samba*, and one cut, *Desafinado*, became a hit in the United States at the very time I was seeing Jobim in Rio. By the time I got back to New York in July, 1962, there was a craze, in part stimulated by the film *Black Orpheus*, for this new music from Brazil. Jobim would be in New York before the year was out.

Rising in the ranks of jazz was arranger Gary McFarland, then twenty-nine years old. He'd had his first important break with some compositions he had contributed to the book of Gerry Mulligan's Concert Jazz Band. Though Gary was then comparatively unknown in the jazz world, Creed Taylor assigned him to write a follow-up Brazilian album for Getz. On August 27 and 28, 1962, Creed recorded Getz with a superb big band and McFarland charts. It was released on Verve as *Big Band Bossa Nova*. It too was a success. These albums shot the career of Stan Getz to the level of a pop-music star.

"Do you remember," I said in 1974 as Jobim and I reminisced about our first meeting in Rio, "you didn't speak much English and I spoke a very weird combination of Spanish and French to you?"

"Yes, I remember that night very vividly," Jobim said. "Yes, I do remember too. That leads us to the Carnegie Hall concert and the bossa nova fiasco."

It certainly does. Suddenly, in New York, everything was bossa nova. It was a craze, a frenzy. (A few months later, Eydie Gormé would record a travesty called *Blame It on the Bossa Nova*. Even more egregious was *Bossa Nova Baby* recorded by the Coasters and, of all people, Elvis Presley.)

Meanwhile, in Brazil, a member of the Brazilian diplomatic

corps named Mario Dias Costa had a vision that this was the time for Brazilian music on the world stage. He was the force behind the organization of a concert to be held in Carnegie Hall in New York. He persuaded Varig, the Brazilian airline, to fly the prominent bossa nova musicians to New York. The concert would be produced by Sidney Frey, the owner of Audio Fidelity Records, with co-sponsorship by *Show* magazine (which has long since died). Jobim flew to New York on November 22, 1962, arriving barely in time for the concert that night.

I had begun by then to habituate Jim and Andy's, a restaurant and bar on West 48th Street a few doors east of Sixth Avenue, which lingers in fond memory of just about every jazz musician who lived in New York at that time. For jazz musicians it served, Willis Conover once put it, like the Mermaid Tavern of Shakespearean London. And one of my increasingly close friends of that time was Gerry Mulligan. I had told Gerry what some of the Brazilian musicians had told me of his influence on their music. And so when the Carnegie Hall concert was announced, Gerry and I attended it together. We went backstage just before it started. I found Jobim and introduced him to Gerry. They would remain friends for the rest of Jobim's life.

The concert was indeed a fiasco. It presented just about every Brazilian musician Sidney Frey could lay his hands on, including Bola Sete, Carlos Lyra, Sergio Mendes, and Lalo Schiffrin. Lalo was not Brazilian, but he knew this music. The average *Norte-americano* didn't know the difference between an Argentine and a Brazilian anyway. Nothing went right on that concert. The sound system was disastrous, the balances dreadful. Sometimes you couldn't hear the players at all.

The night was traumatic for the participating musicians, and some of the reviews in the New York papers the next day were contemptuous of this new music from Brazil. Many of the Brazilian musicians turned to me for solace. Gerry Mulligan and I sort of flanked Jobim, trying to protect him. He and the other Brazilians seemed so naive, so vulnerable to the vultures of the New York record and music publishing industries. "In Brazil," Jobim later said to me of these people, "I met the sorcerer's apprentices. In New York I met the sorcerer." Many of the musicians, completely dispirited, went home.

The one who seemed least likely to succeed in America was Sergio Mendes, with whom I had dinner the night after the disaster. He was not a bossa nova musician at all. He was a jazz pianist, much inspired by Bud Powell and Horace Silver. Interestingly, like Horace, he shared African and Portuguese antecedents. Much later, Sergio said of his Brazilian colleagues:

"They left Brazil at that time, but they never really left, if you know what I mean. They were always thinking about going back, and when they went back all they were talking about was the United States. But I went to the United States with the idea of having a career, of having a group and developing a sound.

"Wherever they were, the others were always thinking about the

other reality. I was always thinking about this reality."

He soon played a gig at the Village Vanguard, and would succeed fabulously.

In 1974, recalling the Carnegie Hall concert, Jobim said, "I wouldn't have come. It was too late for me to make America. I didn't have any intention of coming. I was scared of airplanes, and I didn't want to travel very much. But! That was a foreign service thing, you know. We had practically all the bossa nova guys. We had João Gilberto, we had Carlos Lyra, we had Sergio Mendes, we had Luis Bonfá, Bola Sete. About twenty-five to thirty guys. The whole batch. Then we went to Washington and we gave a concert there. Then we went to the Village Gate in New York, and then we were free, and everybody went home, because nobody had the permission to stay. So they went back. And I was going to go back too. And I thought, 'You know, I've never left Brazil.' I was thirty-five. 'And I think it's time to see what's it like, these great musicians I'd heard since I was a kid. And I should say hello. They were all around. Stan Getz wanted to do an album, and things like that. So I decided to stay. Everybody went home, but João Gilberto and I decided to stay.

"I had many songs that the publishers wanted, so they gave me some advances and I could rent an apartment. And I got my union card, I got a visa and everything. Creed Taylor, who was working for Verve, very much wanted to do an album with Stan Getz and João Gilberto. You wrote the liner notes. I arranged the album, and played on it. It did very well."

The winter closed in. It was harsh enough on those of us who were accustomed to cold, but for the Brazilians left lingering in New York after the Carnegie Hall disaster, it was worse. They would shiver in something close to pain on their way to a little Brazilian cafe on West 44th Street, just east of Times Square. There, finding solace in the Portuguese chitchat, they would linger over *cafezinho*, their faces long with *saudade* for home, reluctant to exit into that cruel winter. On New Year's Eve, Lalo Schiffrin threw a party for them at his apartment in Queens. I remember Baden Powell arriving there with his guitar wrapped in a blanket to protect it from the cold. He played duets with the late Jimmy Raney.

Jobim had given my lyrics for *Corcovado* and *Desafinado* to the original publisher in Brazil, apparently Lebendiger. By contractual arrangements I still do not understand, these songs were sub-contracted to two U.S. publishers, Leeds Music, which has long since been absorbed into MCA, and the Richmond Organization, owned by Howard S. Richmond and generally known as TRO. Someone at Leeds decided that I had made a "mistake" in failing to rhyme the last lines of *Corcovado*, and turned the song over to Buddy Kaye, whose best-known piece of work was a lyric transforming a Rachmaninoff theme into *Full Moon and Empty Arms*. Kaye changed my opening line from "quiet nights of quiet stars" into "quiet nights *and* quiet stars. This ignored the allusion to the Van Gogh painting *Nights of Stars*. But more to the point,

it made it far less singable. With “of quiet”, the soft fricative *vvv* sound passes easily back to the throat and the *k* sound of “quiet”. But with “and quiet” you get a sudden and awkward motion of the tongue after the *d* sound from the ridge above the upper teeth back to the *k* sound in the throat, which produces an ugly glottal click and is awkward for a singer. Equally dismaying, Kaye introduced the sentence “my world was dull each minute until I found you in it,” which I considered banal and a truly dumb rhyme. More to the point, it vitiated the subtle *triste* quality that I think lies rooted in Arabic *kismet*. Jobim later was to say — many times, in fact — that he thought that Brazilians had derived the *triste* from the Portuguese. Altering the ending of my translation butchered all that.

Meanwhile, Howie Richmond had assigned *Desafinado* to Jon Hendricks, who came up with an idiomatically American, rather than Brazilian, lyric called *Slightly Out of Tune*. I warned Jobim of what was happening, but he did nothing. It was then that I discovered that he was a rather weak and often vacillating man, for all his brilliance. Sal Chianti, then president of Leeds, once said that Jobim held the opinion of the last elevator operator he’d happened to talk to. (He also said that Jobim made the mistake of thinking he understood English.) Only later, when recordings of these “other” lyrics had come out did he take action, raising so much hell that Leeds finally republished *Corcovado* with the English lyric I had written, and TRO republished *Desafinado* with my translation and the title *Off Key*.

Jobim wanted to make a demo with my lyrics to both songs. He asked if I could find a pianist to do it with us. Yes, I said. Bill Evans. Bill said he’d be glad to do it. We laid down *Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars* without incident. And then we turned to *Desafinado*. To amuse Bill and me, Jobim, playing guitar, sang all the wrong ways he’d heard Brazilian singers do it. We were laughing helplessly by the end of it. And then, when we came to do a take, I had the wrong versions so firmly fixed in my ear that in the end we had to abandon it. I just couldn’t get it right.

I treasured that tape, because it had both Bill and Jobim on it. It was destroyed in a fire around 1972.

Creed put João Gilberto, Jobim, and Stan Getz together for an album called *Getz-Gilberto*, recorded March 18 and 19, 1963. One of the songs was to be *The Girl from Ipanema*, with a lyric by Norman Gimbel. The opening line in the Portuguese lyric contains five notes; Gimbel reduced this to three (“Tall and tan . . .”), which completely destroys the swing. Creed wanted to use the English language version of the song. Astrud Gilberto, who was in the studio, harbored secret dreams of singing. So she sang it. The lyric was written for a man. And for the line “she looks straight ahead, not at me,” she invented the grammatical horror “she looks straight ahead, not at he.” It still makes me cringe.

But it was a hit. Astrud hadn’t been paid a penny for the session, though of course her husband had. And within days, the

record was on the charts. It was at this point that Getz called Creed’s office. Betsy, Creed’s secretary, took the call; Creed was out of the office. When he returned and she told him Stan was anxious to talk to him, Creed thought Stan must be calling to see that Astrud got some share of the royalties. On the contrary, he was calling to make sure that she got nothing.

The story of this soon made its way to Jim and Andy’s, prompting one of the more famous wisecracks about Getz. Al Cohn, one of the great wits, who had been in the Woody Herman Four Brothers band with Getz, said, “It’s nice to see that success hasn’t changed Stan Getz.”

Zoot Sims said that Stan was “a whole bunch of interesting guys,” and Bob Brookmeyer, when a rumor circulated that Stan had undergone open-heart surgery, said, “What did they do? Take one out or put one in?”

As previously noted, Jobim, Sergio Mendes and I were all Aquarians. Stan Getz, with whose name Jobim’s became so closely associated, was born February 2, 1927, eight days after Jobim. Once when Jobim was making a proud recitation of some of the great Aquarians in history, I reminded him: “Don’t forget, Jobim, Stan Getz is also an Aquarian.” There was a baleful pause and then he said, “I think I’ll change my sign.”

As the spring came to New York, Creed Taylor planned an album to feature Jobim. He assigned Claus Ogerman as its arranger. I was horrified. I had never met Claus Ogerman, but I despised him for his writing. I had heard only his commercial work for people like Leslie Gore, and it was awful. He was giving Quincy Jones, then the a&r director of Mercury Records, the kind of crap that Quincy even then wanted. I had absolutely no idea that Claus Ogerman was the brilliant arranger he is.

Claus wrote the album mostly in taxis as he rushed about town, for his ability to turn out trash on command had made him one of the busiest arrangers in New York. The album was recorded May 9 and 10, 1963, at the funky but effective old A&R studio, next door to Jim and Andy’s, with Phil Ramone the engineer, and released with the title *Antonio Carlos Jobim: The Composer Plays*. This album too was a hit.

The music business being the exercise in unimpeded avarice that it was, and is, bossa nova was being ruthlessly exploited and corrupted in the United States. But Creed Taylor was treating the music with respect and dignity. Were it not for Creed Taylor, I am convinced, bossa nova and Brazilian music generally would, after the Carnegie Hall mockery, have retreated into itself, gone back to Brazil — or byack to Brazio, as the Brazilians pronounce it — and become a quaint parochial phenomenon interesting to tourists, instead of the worldwide music and the tremendous influence on jazz itself that it in fact became.

And Jobim would not have been the international celebrity he soon was to become. Brazil doesn’t know what it owes Creed Taylor. He would record Walter Wanderley, Milton Nascimento the Tamba Four, and others. The relationship between Claus

Ogerman and Jobim evolved into a close, almost telepathic, communication, and over the years they would make a number of albums together, true works of art, classics transcending the term "popular music."

It was during this period that I had one of the bizarre experiences of my life. It's funny in retrospect but it wasn't at the time.

João Gilberto was having trouble with one hand. Jobim suggested it was psychosomatic. Gilberto went to a chiropractor who, Astrud told me, wanted money in advance for a course of treatments. Incredibly, they gave it to him, perhaps thinking that was the way things were done in this country. When the treatments did him no good, and he still could not easily play guitar, she asked me to go with them to ask for the return of the money, which they were severely short of at the time. She was afraid their English was not adequate to these negotiations.

I went with them to the man's office on the West Side. He turned out to be six-foot-three, a huge man. He looked like Rasputin. And he was blind. As I stood in front of him and explained the problem of my Brazilian acquaintances, the man went into a psychotic fury and grabbed me, with both hands, by the throat, screaming at me for daring to impugn his abilities. I tried to claw his hands away. And you can imagine the strength of his chiropractor's hands. I thought this was the end of it for me, and what a strange way to go. Finally he released me. Whether the Gilbertos got all or any of their money back, I no longer recall.

Mulligan and I were still hovering, as it were, over Jobim, who seemed naive. In later years, I found he was anything but that. Nor were a number of the other Brazilians, as Claus Ogerman observed. For all their charming apparent innocence, some of them were quite cunning.

By now Jobim was attracting media attention, although whether the word "media" had come into its present currency, I don't know. One of the television networks wanted to do a news feature on Jobim. By now he had picked up quite a bit of English and they planned to interview him. They needed a place to shoot the interview. Gerry Mulligan at that time had a penthouse apartment near West 72nd Street and Central Park West. Gerry offered the use of the place, which had a piano that would permit Jobim to play a little. We took him up there, and the news people set up their equipment. At some point, Jobim and I walked out onto the terrace. It was a gray, rather bleak day, and chilly, in that spring of '63. Jobim did seem lost; twelve months before this, he had been completely unknown in North America, and only a year or two before that, for that matter, not that well known even in Brazil. Big gray-and-white birds were swinging through the air on still wings, riding the currents and crying. Jobim said, "How do you call this bird?"

I said, "Sea gulls."

He repeated it, then said it again. He did this with new words you taught him, assimilating them. "Yes," he said. "We have those in Brazil." I never heard anyone sound more homesick. But they

don't have that word in Portuguese (or French, either; for that matter, there is no real word for "home" in any of the Latin languages). But they do have *saudade*, and he was filled with it.

Jobim was living in a small hotel that catered to Brazilians, just east of Times Square. And there were the Brazilian restaurants nearby, although he showed a peculiar liking for the food at Horn and Hardart's. "It's good, honest, plain food," he would say. I was with him in that hotel room one day as we worked on the song that he called *Vivo Sonhando* (I Live Dreaming) in Portuguese. He liked to do that: work face-to-face with me. He called it "working in the deep way." But I didn't like it. Lyrics take incredible patience to write, and therefore they take time, and composers become impatient. I like to work on lyrics in solitude, turning over ideas and abandoning them. I have often said that you don't write lyrics, you find them. You keep looking for the right ideas, the ones that give you that Eureka! click.

He was playing the chords on his guitar and singing the melody. At one point he looked up and said with a sly smile, "We're fooling them. They think we're writing popular music."

I couldn't find a thing. Finally I went home. I awoke the next morning with the English lyric complete in my head, wrote it down as fast as I could move the pencil, and took it to him. Fran Jeffries was one of the first singers to record it.

Sometimes he would come over to my basement apartment in a little brownstone on West End Avenue, between 70th and 71st streets. It had a small courtyard, which kept one from claustrophobia. He would work on my guitar, the one I had bought in La Paz, Bolivia, from the old man who made it. It was built therefore at 11,000 feet of altitude and wasn't meant for the climate of New York City. But then, a lot of the Brazilians who stayed in New York had trouble with their guitars too. By their second winter there, they found that the city's steam heat was causing some of their instruments to break up. Mine already had a cracked back. "But it's a nice friendly little guitar," Jobim said.

By then, it seemed, all the drummers in New York were trying to get the hang of the eighth-note patterns of bossa nova, coupled with those off-center rim shots, and not getting it right. Gene Bertocini was starting to get the guitar patterns, and later he became masterful at Brazilian music, as did Bucky Pizzarelli. And in later years, I found that one of the finest drummers for Brazilian music is Joey Baron. But American musicians just didn't have the feel for it in 1963 and '64.

At one point I had surgery at Roosevelt Hospital for a torn miniscus. Jobim wanted lyrics for *Samba do Avião*, and, as was usually the case, he wanted them right away, so he came to the hospital. I wrote the English lyrics for *Song of the Jet* as Jobim sat by my hospital bed playing guitar. Tony Bennett recorded it with Carlos Lyra on guitar and Al Cohn playing the tenor solo.

From that same time came *Someone to Light Up My Life*, which a number of singers have told me is their favorite of the songs I wrote with Jobim. In this case, the lyric in English has nothing to

do with the Portuguese original, which means If Everyone Were Like You. I daresay I couldn't make it work in English. (Some years later, when Debby Boone got a hit on a song called *You Light Up My Life*, Jobim phoned me and said in his best dark manner, "They have stolen our song.")

Late in his life, Jobim told an interviewer in Brazil, "I'm a guy who wakes up at 5 a.m. to write music. As you know, one of the jobs I'm working on right now is the revision of all my music, because the first publishers got everything wrong. They made mistakes in the melody, in the harmony and in the rhythm. And there's no point in leaving all of this music full of mistakes."

If mistakes were left in his music, it is at least in part his own fault. Howie Richmond and TRO had the sub-publishing rights to *Someone to Light Up My Life*. And Howie Richmond was willing to give Jobim anything within reason that he wanted. What Howie wanted, in turn, was lead sheets on that and other tunes. Neither he (nor I) could ever get Jobim to write one. Finally, Howie turned to Alec Wilder for help. Alec studied one of the records and then harmonized the tune. The published harmonization of that song in North America is Alec's, although in subsequent recordings with Claus Ogerman and others Jobim got the harmonization he wanted.

Creed Taylor came to a dispute with MGM, which owned the Verve label. He disagreed on the count of his record sales, sued them, and won. But he left Verve and established a relationship with his own CTI imprimatur on albums released by the A&M label, one of whose owners was Herb Alpert. He promptly signed Jobim and began to record him again. One of the resultant albums was *Wave*, recorded in 1967, again with charts by Claus Ogerman. Jobim was advancing, moving on from his bossa nova years. But those songs were far from abandoned.

That same year, 1967, I went out to Los Angeles to work on some songs for a film with Lalo Schifrin. Claus and Jobim had alerted me that they were going to do an album with Frank Sinatra. I got in late on an evening before the recording sessions and phoned Claus at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Jobim got on the phone and they insisted that I come over for a few drinks.

They had been put up by Reprise Records in two bungalows. Claus had a small nightclub piano, one of those, I believe, that is an octave short. Jobim had his guitar, and Claus was writing the charts at this late date! They were working on the arrangement for Irving Berlin's *Change Partners*. But neither of them knew the tune that well, and I did. So I sang it, Jobim played guitar, and Claus built that chart around me. It was fun, unforgettable fun.

They had already done the chart on *Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars*. Jobim was very pleased that Sinatra was going to record it. Sarah Vaughan, Marilyn Maye, and a few others had recorded it as I had written it. But with Sinatra's power, his record would go far to eradicate the other version of it.

I went to the studio with Claus and Jobim. They began to run down the tunes. Sonny Burke, the producer, was sitting with the

engineer at the control table. In front of it was a sofa. I sat down and looked out through the double glass at the orchestra. Suddenly I felt behind me something akin to a shock wave. It wasn't that someone had opened a door; the door was already open. I simply knew that Sinatra had entered the room. I turned and saw him greeting Sonny Burke and others who had assembled. He had that kind of presence, which people find hard to believe. But I assure, it's true.

Sinatra went out into the studio. Jobim sat on a stool with his guitar. Claus ran the orchestra through the first chart, Sinatra joining them. The engineer asked Sinatra if they could move the microphone to put a little more distance between him and the orchestra. He said he was having trouble getting adequate separation. "That's *your* problem," Sinatra said. He liked to be near the orchestra, be part of it, and he absolutely refused to record with headphones. That was the nearest I saw Sinatra come to being imperious in the whole session. He was unfailingly courteous to everyone, quietly humorous, and consummately professional. He was, of course, and he was famous for this, impeccably dressed.

Sinatra listened to the first chart and said, "Ooo, we've got a couple of little strangers in there." Copyist's mistakes. He'd heard the wrong notes instantly. Claus fixed them.

They got to *Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars*. He did several takes on it, each of them better than the one before. Finally Sonny Burke, the producer, said, "I think that does it, Frank. That's a good one."

Sinatra said, "I can get a better one." And he did. I still consider it the best recording of a lyric of mine ever made, except for Marilyn Maye's recording of the same song.

Jobim had told me Sinatra was also going to record my lyric for *Desafinado*. But I was occupied with Lalo and couldn't attend the next session, and didn't hear it. When the album, *Francis Albert Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim*, came out, I was disappointed to find that it wasn't there.

Jobim and Sinatra started work on another album, with arrangements by Eumir Deodato, but it was never completed. They recorded only seven songs. Two of them, however, had my lyrics: *Someone to Light Up My Life* and *This Happy Madness*. Meanwhile, Sinatra had been working on another album, with more obviously pop material by John Denver and Burt Bacharach. That one was never completed either. And then Sinatra made his widely publicized decision to retire. And so Reprise Records put the two albums together and issued them under the umbrella title *Sinatra & Company*. It is a curious mismatching of material.

For a long time I heard rumors that a bootleg tape of Sinatra and Jobim doing *Desafinado* was floating around in Europe. A year or two ago, someone sent me a copy of it. No wonder Sinatra suppressed it. He and Jobim both sound drunk. It is absolutely awful.

Jobim continued to record with Creed Taylor. *Wave* was followed by *Tide*.

I too continued a cordial association with Creed. He maintained his faith in and fascination with the music of Brazil, and usually when he had a Brazilian project in preparation, he would call me in to help in some capacity, usually to write lyrics. In 1967 he made an album, *We and the Sea*, with a group called the Tamba 4, whose members were the late Luiz Eça, piano and organ; Dorio Ferreira, bass, guitar, and percussion; Bebeto Sousa, flute and bass; and Ohana, drums. (Ohana never used a last name, and I never learned what it was.) It was a fabulous group.

Creed had asked me to write English lyrics for a tune by Milton Nascimento called *Travessia* to be recorded by the Tamba 4. I could deduce what the title meant, a crossing of some kind. But what kind? Bebeto said, "It could be anything, a street, a bridge." And that's where I got the title. I called it *Bridges*. For some reason, the Tamba 4 didn't record it, but the following year, when Creed recorded Milton Nascimento in an album called *Courage*, he had me coach Milton on his English and he did record the song as *Bridges*. Around the same time, he recorded a second album by the Tamba 4, *Samba Blim*. It's fantastic. Like its predecessor, it is completely unobtainable now.

Because of Creed and Jobim, it seemed that my apartment in New York, by now a much larger one on West 86th Street, became a sort of landing pad for arriving Brazilians. The Tamba 4 stayed there once while I was away, and only recently, Flora Purim reminded me that she and Airto Moreira, her future husband, stayed in that apartment when they too reached New York.

Most of the Brazilians, to be sure, continued to go home. Luiz Eça had a falling out with the other members of the Tamba 4 and left. Eventually they all went home.

Like Sergio Mendes, Flora and Airto decided to stay and make their careers here. They did it.

Jobim, however, was spending more and more of his time in Brazil, although he maintained a small apartment on East 86th Street, walking distance from the Metropolitan Museum.

By now Creed had left A&M records to establish his own independent label, CTI. In six sessions during April and May, 1970, he recorded *Stone Flower*. It contained a tune called *Children's Games*, a sort of samba in three, which Jobim had written for a film called *The Adventurers*. If *Stone Flower* was not the most successful of Jobim's albums, it was one of the best from that period of his life. It was Jobim's last album for Creed Taylor.

In 1974, I was again visiting Los Angeles, working on some project or another. Jobim had come up from Brazil. In those years we always remained more or less in touch. He was staying at the Sunset Marquee, a building of apartment suites in West Los Angeles on a sloping street south of Sunset Boulevard and just east of the Beverly Hills town line. Jobim wanted me to put English lyrics to the tune he had called *Children's Games* and had now renamed *Chovendo Na Roseiro*, which means Raining on the Roses. Because, he said, a double rainbow was a sign of luck, he

wanted to call the song *Double Rainbow* in English. We worked very closely on that song and finally finished it.

When Jobim showed me the lyric to *Wave*, to which he had written English lyrics himself, I tried to dissuade him from ever using it, but he was convinced it was a good lyric. It isn't. Indeed, it's awkward and contains that ludicrous couplet, "When I saw you first, the time was half past three. When your eyes met mine, it was eternity." That's one of the worst lines since Larry Clinton wrote "Let's dispense with formality," in his adaptation of Debussy's *Reverie*. Fortunately, Jobim's music is so good that it overpowers the lyric's weaknesses.

Jobim signed a contract making Ray Gilbert his publisher. And thus Ray Gilbert, through Jobim, gained access to other Brazilian composers, including Marcus Valle. Jobim gave my lyric to *Bonita*, which I had written in New York, to Ray Gilbert, who altered a preposition or two and put his name on it. If you look at the credits on the back of the album titled *The Wonderful World of Antonio Carlos Jobim*, which has charts by Nelson Riddle, you'll find that the writer credit on *Bonita* reads Jobim/Gilbert.

Gilbert produced an album for Warner Brothers in which he again used the song, again taking credit for the lyric. He is seen in a photo on the back of the album. He was a small man with a neat goatee and a bald head, and he looked remarkably like Lenin.

I was furious about both records and took the matter up with the American Guild of Authors and Composers. A hearing was organized, with Sheldon Harnick as its chairman, and I presented the evidence of my authorship. The committee ruled that it was indeed my lyric, solely or largely. But when I asked them to expel Ray Gilbert and his publishing company from AGAC, they declined to do so. I resigned from AGAC and have never had any use for it from that day to this.

I was not the only one to be fleeced by Ray Gilbert. Marcus Valle complained, almost with a broken heart, of what Gilbert had done to him. And eventually, so did the late Aloysio de Oliveira, who was always called Luiz Oliveira in the United States.

The lyric credit on recording of *Dindi* is shared between Gilbert and Luiz. But an exegetical examination suggests that it was not written by anyone whose native language was English. It has odd grammatical lapses, such as "say all the beautiful things that I see." You can describe them, tell of them, but you can't *say* them. That nuance would have been lost on Luiz. I have considered ways to fix that song, only to conclude that its anomalies, its slightly alien quality, are part of its peculiar charm. And Luiz Oliveira told me that the lyric was entirely his. These things, and others, are the reason I say Jobim could cause damage to the lives of his friends.

The contretemps over *Bonita* was one of the reasons I parted company with Jobim. But it wasn't the only one. He had made an interesting discovery. If he did not use my titles in recordings of our songs, and I think in two cases the English lyrics were written first, I would not get paid by the performing rights societies. I said that I would never have anything to do with the man again, finding

much more honorable collaborators in Roger Kellaway, Gerry Mulligan, and Bill Evans, among others. (Because of Bill's scrupulous fairness, *Waltz for Debby* makes me more money than any lyric I ever wrote.)

Ray Gilbert was married to actress Janis Paige. After his death, she asked Luiz and me to have a meeting with her. She wanted to do the right thing with Gilbert's publishing estate. I was impressed by this. She paid me royalties on *Bonita* from then on.

And then one day, by which time I had moved to California, I got a call from New York from Luiz Oliveira.

Warner Brothers wanted to do a new two-LP set of Jobim's material, and Ray Gilbert would *not* be the producer. Luiz was producing it, and Warner Brothers would pay all my expenses. The arranger was Claus Ogerman. I told Luiz that I wanted nothing to do with Jobim, ever. Luiz said, We need you. We can't just record the old songs again. They have been recorded too many times. He said Jobim had some wonderful new melodies that needed English lyrics. I reminded Luiz of our mutual adventures with Ray Gilbert, and also of Jobim's trick of using Brazilian titles on songs I had helped establish in the English speaking world. He insisted this would not happen. He said Claus wanted to speak to me. Claus got on the phone. He said, We all want you. Luiz wants you, I want you, and Antonio wants you. I told him: Absolutely not. And finally Claus said, "Luiz and I will protect you."

I trusted Claus, and for that matter, Luiz as well. And so, with misgivings, I went to New York and checked into the hotel where Jobim, Claus, and Luiz were staying. Jobim was flattering.

He had left his wife of many years, Tereza, a woman I liked a great deal. Indeed, when last I had seen her, at the Sunset Marquee, she'd had a worried, frightened quality about her. She was entreating me to advise him against some business move he was about to make, but I could only tell her I had no influence over him. Perhaps the marriage was breaking even then.

And now Jobim had a new girl, many years his junior. They were not yet married. He had brought her and her mother to New York. Jobim said he had quit drinking, on doctor's orders. The most important reason, he said, was that it made him impotent, and with this beautiful young girl, he had to do something about it. If there is one subject of conversation that doesn't interest me in the least, it is another man's sex life. And he went on about it at length.

The atmosphere grew increasingly odd. And all the while Jobim was talking to us about his girl, Claus was worrying his way through a serious health crisis his wife was facing. One night he and I slipped off by ourselves, found one of those cozy little bars on Madison Avenue around 75th Street, slipped into a booth, and proceeded to some serious consumption of Scotch. Claus slipped farther and farther into a melancholy. That night he said that in his career he had written arrangements for more than four hundred albums and wished he hadn't written something like three hundred

and ninety of them. And I must say, they're pretty bad. He had actively involved himself in music publishing, made himself a wealthy man, and retired to Munich, where he wrote some severely uncompromising classical music and such gorgeous orchestral works as his *Preludio and Chant* and *Elegia* and *Gate of Dreams*.

Weighted further by his concern for his wife, he seemed almost in tears, and those early bad albums, for which I at one time had so much contempt, were troubling him that night.

"But Claus," I said, "it was a good plan. You made a lot of money and now you can sit in Munich and write just what you please."

"But that is the point," he said. "There was no plan. I just wanted the money."

I have rarely encountered such self-scathing honesty.

Jobim's behavior became increasingly erratic. I would be up early and wanting to work. He would say he was tired, or that he didn't feel like it yet, we should wait until the afternoon. And I would sit with Luiz Oliveira or Claus and waste another day.

There was one song over which Jobim and I clashed badly. I no longer remember what it was, or what it became. But he was fixated on a symbolism he wanted used in the lyric, a play on words about a priest trying to climb a temple or a castle wall or some such; it was really about his desire for the girl. It was hopelessly obscure, and even if I could render it into English, it promised to be an even worse lyric than that of *Wave* — what Alan and Marilyn Bergman call physical discomfort lyrics.

And then the Heinekens began. At first it was a little of it, but then he was drinking more of it, and I could see the signs in the behavior. I didn't care if Warner Brothers was paying my expenses, I couldn't waste all this time. After a week or two nothing had been accomplished. Even the loyal Luiz Oliveira was talking walking out on the project, and Claus, I knew, was seriously exasperated. Finally I said to Luiz, "This is crazy. I've had all I can handle. I am going home."

Luiz said, "I cannot blame you."

I packed my bags and left for the airport.

When the album came out, it was largely a recapitulation of songs we had written years before. But Luis Oliveira was as good as his word: all my titles were used and my full writer's credits were in place on the label and the album cover.

I would never work with Jobim again. I had lunch with him a few years later in Los Angeles. The past seemed far away, and the bad parts of it not worth remembering. He seemed saner now, and he was still creating superb music, explorative and very stirring. I never, even for a moment, lost the musical respect for him I had held since first hearing his songs.

(To be continued)

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