

GETZ / GILBERTO

STAN GETZ
JOAO GILBERTO
featuring
Antonio Carlos Jobim



CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

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JOAO GILBERTO, with guitar; ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM, at the piano; and STAN GETZ, playing tenor sax.

Photo by DAVID DREW ZINGG

■ Paul Hindemith often expressed his disbelief in abstractions in music. Music should concern the making of music, not the speculative transcending of its limits. "The ear," he said, "should remain the first and last court of appeal."

The songs of Joao Gilberto and Antonio Carlos Jobim came to America like a breath of fresh air. Their music arrived here at a time when anemia and confusion were becoming noticeable in our music to anyone who knew enough to be concerned. The desperate craze for innovation had been overextending itself. Jazz literature was becoming increasingly pompous, complex and chauvinistic, theorizing and analyzing itself into a knot. Musical groups were disintegrating into an every-man-for-himself egomania. Soloists and sidemen were engaged in endurance tests of repetitious and/or outlandish endeavours. Sometimes they lost the audience. Worse, they often lost musical contact with one another.

A discerning minority of greats and true jazz aficionados everywhere remained in a state of apprehension concerning this questionable trend. Was it inevitable that jazz would lose its initial charm in the process of growing up? Did approaching maturity herald the eventual loss of the refreshing qualities which kept jazz apart from traditional music?

Then came the music of the Brazilians with an impact much the same as the one caused by the child's classic comment in H.C. Andersen's *Emperor and His New Clothes*. If for nothing else the music world is indebted to them for exposing "the emperor" in all his nakedness.

Thus the ultimate making of this record was inevitable. We discovered an indestructible bond between us. Sebastiao and Milton as well as Joao and Ton understood little more English than I did Portuguese, but it didn't matter. We had the music, the excitement of playing together, and the feeling of mutual respect for one another.

Unpretentiousness, spontaneity and the poetry of honest emotion belong back in jazz. And don't let that gentleness fool you. These guys know how to swing harder than most, and they do it without pushing.

Had this record never been released, the making of it would have been gratification enough.

—STAN GETZ

■ Peace is a beautiful feeling.

To understand and be understood is a kind of peace.

I find great peace in real communication with another person. Getz is a person I understand, and who understands me even though we speak different languages. I would say that even if we could not exchange a word, the love that we have for music would be enough to make us friends.

Our talks—generally through our wives—are sometimes amusing. I do my best to speak English, and Stan uses all his knowledge of Latin languages: "Diga ao Joao..." When Stan gives an opinion I often exclaim, "Exactly what I was going to say!" This happened so often one night that I thought to myself, "I had better disagree once in a while or it will sound silly." The truth is that we agree on most everything.

Some years ago when I was young and searching in my country, I knew about Stan though he didn't know about me. I was introduced to his music through Donato, a pianist friend of mine. Time and again we listened to Getz records with stirred emotions.

Despite our good friendship I never forgot that Stan Getz is a great artist. There isn't any American whom I'd rather hear playing the music of my country. Jobim said "It's unbelievable the way Getz assimilates the spirit of the Brazilian music!" My good friend Dorival Caymmi, composer of *Doralice*, will be amazed at the swing and feeling Getz gives his authentic samba, so typical for Bahia.

Ary Barroso wrote the composition *Pra Machucar Meu Coracao*. Barroso is an outstanding figure in the history of Brazilian music. Ary was ill when we recorded this album. I told Getz how happy I thought it would make Ary feel to hear his composition recorded by us. He will not hear it. Today as I

write this, I know that he is dead. Now our version will remain as a humble homage to Ary Barroso from myself and from Getz who came to love him through his music without ever having met him.

Finally just a word about Astrud, my wife. She always liked to sing and we often sing together at home. I like the way she sings *The Girl from Ipanema*. Getz heard her sing it and asked her to record it with us. This is her first recording date, and I am glad she was among friends.

In many ways, then, this is more than a record. It is friendship communicated by music.

—**JOÃO GILBERTO**

■ When in 1962, Stan Getz's LP *Jazz Samba* began racing up the sales charts, those denizens of the music business who are there not to contribute but to take from it, whose very survival in fact depends on the theft of ideas from others, began falling over each other in their haste to jump on the bandwagon. Imitations of the album poured from the presses.

In a few short weeks, the remarkable and significant Brazilian musical development that Stan had introduced to the North American public, a development that had promised to have a refreshing and healthy influence on the sick American music business, was ravaged and ground into the turf. When the fad was over and the takers had gone on to other things, everyone thought bossa nova was dead. One group thought so because they weren't making so much money on it now; we who loved the music thought nothing so lyrical and exquisitely subtle could survive so brutal a treatment.

Both groups underestimated the vitality of bossa nova. We all should have realized that anything so valid had to survive. And it has. In the months that followed, jazz musicians of sensitivity began the legitimate incorporation of its melodies and rhythms into their work, though I have yet to hear anyone play it as well as Stan does with his quartet. Stan and Creed Taylor produced another bossa nova album, with arrangements by Gary McFarland, a superb disc called *Big Band Bossa Nova* (V/V6-8494), and then another called *Jazz Samba Encore* (V/V6-8523), with Brazilian guitarist Luiz Bonfá—both of which, incidentally, have had phenomenal public acceptance, and continue to sell—long after the supposed death of bossa nova.

Now, nearly two years later, it seems that bossa nova has won: it has become a part of North America's musical life.

The present LP brings together the two Brazilians who launched the bossa nova movement in Brazil—the incredible singer-guitarist João Gilberto and the equally incredible composer-arranger-pianist Antonio Carlos Jobim—with one of the most astonishingly gifted musicians American jazz has yet produced, Stan Getz. And I'm not using those adjectives lightly.

By the testimony of Jobim and Gilberto themselves, it was the "cool" school of jazz (a misnomer if ever there was one), and particularly the controlled-vibrato, straight-tone saxophone approach that Stan uses, that influenced the development of bossa nova. You need only compare Stan's tenor sound with João's vocal sound to see the parallel. It is a relaxed approach. The air moves effortlessly past the reed, in one case, or through the vocal chords, in the other. It is as if the air were not so much

pushed out as allowed to flow out. The approach demands that the player have superb assurance and absolute control of his instrument. Stan and João don't seem to make mistakes.

The record has an extremely warm feeling about it. I think it derives from the fact that the record date was to an extent a gathering of friends. Milton Banana has long been João's drummer. The girl's voice that you hear on the album is that of Astrud, João's wife, a sweet, quiet girl who is herself a composer—and, of necessity, João's English translator!

Of the eight tunes on the album, six are Jobim's.

Jobim (Composer of "Desafinado") is also an excellent lyricist, as if being the best composer of light music since George Gershwin weren't enough for him. He wrote the Portuguese lyric to *Corcovado*, which is the name of the mountain overlooking Rio de Janeiro on which stands that huge statue of Christ. The English words that Astrud sings are mine.

So Danco Samba has a sentimental association for me: João was sitting on the sofa in Jobim's living room in Rio, rehearsing it, the first time I met them. The title means *I Only Dance Samba* and expresses the singer's weariness with Twist, Calypso, and Cha-cha-cha. This is one of the hardest-swinging of the bossa nova tunes, and João and Stan both got a marvelous groove on it in this recording.

O Grande Amor means The Great Love. This and *Vivo Sobando* are comparatively recent Jobim tunes.

Stan Getz was a brilliant tenor player when he was still a teen-ager. The years since then have seen him grow and grow. And grow some more. There is a mature emotionalism to his work now, and his sound has acquired a gutsy maleness without any loss of lyricism—on the contrary, the lyricism has deepened.

No recording I've heard captures his sound as well as this one, just as no previous recording has captured João's sound like this. Part of the reason is that the recording was made at a tape speed of 30 inches per-second, instead of the usual 15. Notice, too, how beautiful the sound of Jobim's piano is reproduced.

A word about Milton Banana. All the bossa nova musicians have told me he is one of their greatest drummers. I never realized just how good he is until I heard test pressings of this LP. The sensitivity and taste he displays in adjusting from João's vocal solos to Stan's tenor improvisations is striking. Note particularly how he makes the shift in *So Danco Samba*. After playing softly on closed high-hat cymbals behind João, he opens up ever so subtly behind Stan, playing figures that are a strangely appropriate blend of jazz and bossa nova.

Here, then, is the inevitable meeting of Stan Getz and João Gilberto, notably assisted by their mutual friend and mine, Antonio Carlos Jobim. It is a happy album. I think it is also a great album.

—Gene Lees

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Antonio Carlos Jobim

*Recorded March 18 & 19, 1963
in New York City*

Recording Engineer: Phil Ramone

Director of Engineering: Val Valentin

Cover Painting by Olga Albizu

Produced by



THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA *BMI. . . 5:15*

DORALICE *ASCAP. . . 2:45*

P'RA MACHUCAR MEU CORACAO *BMI. . . 5:07*

DESAFINADO *BMI. . . 4:05*

CORCOVADO *BMI. . . 4:15*

SO DANCO SAMBA *BMI. . . 3:30*

O GRANDE AMOR *BMI. . . 5:25*

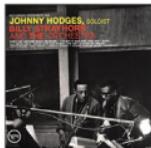
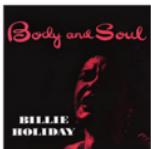
VIVO SOHANDO *BMI. . . 2:52*

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JOAO GILBERTO**

**featuring
Antonio Carlos
Jobim**

AMERICA'S TOP JAZZ TENOR
JOINS BRAZIL'S GREAT YOUNG
SINGER IN THE MOST EXCITING
ALBUM OF THE YEAR.



**The Girl
From Ipanema
Doralice
P'ra Muchucar
Meu Coracao
Desafinado
Corcovado
So Danco Samba
O Grande Amor
Vivo Sonhando**