

Getz, Gilberto, and Jobim. It was a huge success, and aware now of Jobim's abilities as a pianist, Creed decided to produce an album ultimately titled, clumsily, *Antonio Carlos Jobim, The Composer of Desafinado Plays*. And he hired Claus as its arranger.

Claus and I have had a few chuckles over this in the years since then. I was appalled. I knew only the more commercial arrangements Claus had done. I could not understand the casting of this German arranger to work on this sensitive and sensual Brazilian music. In a recent conversation, Creed told me that from all the sessions he had done with Claus, he simply knew he could do it and do it superbly. "He knew space and he had taste," Creed said. "Just because he was doing crappy stuff, and doing it very effectively, didn't mean he couldn't turn around and do a completely different kind of material. I just knew he was right for the Jobim album."

Claus was so busy by then that he wrote a lot of that album in taxis on the way from one job to another. It remains a classic, superbly sensitive, as fresh today as it was when it was recorded in early May, 1963. The writing is exquisite. And Jobim's single-line piano is deceptive. It — and his playing in later albums with Claus — led to an illusion that he was a rather limited pianist. Some time ago I came across a cassette made when he and Gerry Mulligan and I were partying in my apartment in New York. He is playing solo, not orchestral, piano, and I can assure you that he, like Claus, had considerable chops on the instrument.

I was turned around completely by that album, and Claus and I have been friends ever since. For Claus, the album led to an extended relationship with Jobim; he already had one with Creed Taylor. "I did a lot of work for Creed," Claus remembers, "maybe sixty or seventy albums."

Creed still marvels, all these years later, at Claus's versatility. He recalled the instance of the theme from the Italian documentary film *Mondo Cane*, which, with a lyric in English, became *More*. Several people had recorded it, but nothing much happened. Creed was about to do a recording with Kai Winding. "I called Claus," he said, "and suggested that he double the time. He whipped it out in nothing flat. Phil Ramone was the engineer. We did it with the rhythm pattern Claus had laid out and we had a top-ten hit. The same thing when Claus worked on *Soul Sauce* with Cal Tjader.

"He wrote wonderful things for Wes Montgomery, Johnny Hodges, Stan Getz."

One of the most significant albums he wrote for Creed Taylor during that period was *Bill Evans with Symphony Orchestra*, recorded in September 1965. Bill and Claus selected themes not from the popular-song repertoire but mostly from classical composers, their names forming the titles for the tracks. I attended the recording sessions of that

album.

"Did you notice the command he has of an orchestra?" Creed said. "He radiates confidence in front of the musicians. Even the violins in the B row get his attention. He just would come in and do a bang-up job. He always said, 'Thank you so much' to even the most insignificant musicians on the date."

I also attended the sessions of the album Claus wrote for Frank Sinatra, *Francis Albert Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim (Reprise)*, in 1967. Jobim played guitar on the sessions. Most of the material was Jobim's, but two songs, Cole Porter's *I Concentrate on You* and Irving Berlin's *Change Partners*, were included, done in a Brazilian style. I have no idea how many record dates I have attended or participated in, but that one was among the most memorable, for a number of reasons.

I was living in New York in those days. I had to come out to Los Angeles to work on a film song with Lalo Schiffrin. I can't even remember what film. I got to my hotel, the Beverly Wilshire, about 11 in the evening, and I was undressing for bed when the phone rang. It was Claus and Jobim. How they even knew I was in town, or for that matter where I was staying, is a mystery to me to this day. With great enthusiasm they begged me to come over and have a few drinks while they worked on the Sinatra album. I told them I was tired from the trip, but Claus and Jobim could be very persuasive, and finally I got a taxi and went over to the Beverly Hills, where they had one of the bungalows behind the main hotel. They had a little spinet piano, and of course Jobim had his guitar. They asked me if I knew the Irving Berlin song *Change Partners*. I said, "Of course." They said, "Sing it."

Well, it happens that my register is the same as Sinatra's, and I sang it for them. Jobim played guitar, Claus worked on the chart on the piano. We sat up all night. I imagine a lot of Scotch disappeared.

And then came the session with Sinatra. If I had respected Sinatra before, and I had since I was about fifteen, I was in awe when I watched him work in the studio. Frank and I had been cordial if not close friends, but I had never watched him record. When he recorded my lyric to Jobim's *Corcovado*, I was in some sort of transport.

Sinatra was the greatest singer American popular music has ever known. And whereas much is made of his almost mystical ability to express the inner meaning of a lyric, not too much is made of his consummate musicianship, his extraordinary technical skills. Perhaps they are not noticed because, as with all great artists, the technique becomes invisible, subservient to the art. Marion Evans, himself one of the great arrangers, remarked to me a year or two ago, "Relative to the musical surroundings, Frank Sinatra had the best intonation of any singer I have ever heard."