

The concert was indeed a fiasco. It presented just about every Brazilian musician Frey could lay his hands on, including Carlos Lyra, Sergio Mendes, Bola Sete, and even Argentine Lalo Schiffrin. 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. 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 the US was Mendes. He was not a bossa nova musician at all. He was a jazz pianist, much inspired by Bud Powell and Horace Silver. Like Silver, he had African and Portuguese ancestry. Much later, Mendes 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, they 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