

**FRANCIS ALBERT SINATRA
& ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM**

arranged and conducted by claus ogerman



**AT LAST:
FRANCIS ALBERT SINATRA
& ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM**

1 THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA
(GROTA DE IPANEMA)
(3:14) (Antonio Carlos Jobim, Norman Gimbel, Vinícius De Moraes)
MCA Duchess Music Corp./New Thunder Music Co., BMI
Vocal support by Antonio Carlos Jobim

2 DINDI
(3:29) (Ray Gilbert, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Aloysio de Oliveira)
Ipanema Music Corp., ASCAP

3 CHANGE PARTNERS
(2:40) (Ivring Berlin) Williamson Music Co., ASCAP
with Al Viola on guitar

**4 QUIET NIGHTS OF QUIET
STARS (CORCOVADO)**
(2:44) (Antonio Carlos Jobim, Gene Lees)
MCA Duchess Music Corp., BMI

5 MEDITATION (MEDITAÇÃO)
(2:52) (Antonio Carlos Jobim, Norman Gimbel, Newton Mendonça)
MCA Duchess Music Corp./New Thunder Music Co., BMI

6 IF YOU NEVER COME TO ME
(2:08) (Antonio Carlos Jobim, Ray Gilbert, Aloysio de Oliveira)
Ipanema Music Corp., ASCAP

7 HOW INSENSITIVE (INSENSATEZ)
(3:16) (Antonio Carlos Jobim, Norman Gimbel, Vinícius De Moraes)
MCA Duchess Music Corp./New Thunder Music Co., BMI
Vocal support by Antonio Carlos Jobim

8 I CONCENTRATE ON YOU
(2:36) (Cole Porter) Chappell & Co. Inc., ASCAP
Vocal support by Antonio Carlos Jobim

9 BAUBLES, BANGLES AND BEADS
(2:31) (Robert C. Wright, George Forrest, Alexandre Borodine)
Scheffel Music Corp., ASCAP
Vocal support by Antonio Carlos Jobim

10 ONCE I LOVED (O AMOR EN PAZ)
(2:35) (Antonio Carlos Jobim, Ray Gilbert, Vinícius De Moraes)
Corcovado Music Corp., BMI

PRODUCED BY SONNY BURKE

CO-PRODUCER: RAY GILBERT / Arranged and Conducted by Claus Ogerman
Engineer: Lee Herschberg / Reissue Produced by Gregg Geller / Digital Mastering by Lee Herschberg
Art Direction: Ed Thrasher / Cover Photo: John Bryson / First released in 1967

It had begun like the World Soft Championships. The songs, mostly by Antonio Carlos Jobim. Tender melodies. Tender like a two-day, lobster-red Rio sunburn, so tender they'd scream agony if handled rough. Slap one of his fragile songs on the back with a couple of trumpets? Like washing crystal in a cement mixer.

Seemed like the whole idea was to out-hush each other. Decibels treated like daggers. The arranger tiptoeing about, eliminating some percussion here, ticks there, ridding every song of clicks, bings, bips, all things sharp. Doing it with fervor matched only by Her Majesty's Silkworms.

And Sinatra makes a joke about all this. "I haven't sung so soft since I had the laryngitis."

Singing so soft, if he sang any softer he'd have to be lying on his back.

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Hours earlier, Sinatra & Co. moved into Studio One. Nobody much around except a couple of Rent-a-Cops. Sinatra there half an hour early, as never before. He begins running down the melody of the new songs. Softly whistling, smoothing away wrinkles.

The booth begins to fill up with gold cuff-links, Revlon red fake nails, Countess Mara ties.

Outside, through double-glass windows, musicians with black fiddle cases wander warily in, chatting about the weather in Boston, the governor in Berkeley, anything but pizzicato.

Along the studio walls, the wanderings of miscellaneous Brazilians in yachting caps and silver mustaches.

And then, casually, at eight, exactly eight, Sinatra looks over at the conductor and "Well let's try one, huh?"

At first, it does not groove right. This is not ring-a-ding-ding. Sinatra mother-hens the session closely: "Let's have an 'A,' huh?" as he snaps the orchestra.

The "A" passes quickly around the infield: piano to strings to reeds.

They run through the song once. Then...pause. Long. Long. Like standing there while the Judge opens up the verdict envelope. The arranger-conductor, not made of asbestos, sensitive in his position, there between Jobim and Sinatra, looking over at Sinatra, worrying "Tempo?"

"No, it's a good tempo. It's the only way you can do it. You have to hang with it." Sinatra's assurance: there is only one tempo for this song: any other tempo would be wrong. Have been, are, and forever shall be wrong.

One more exploration of the song, to catch more wrinkles. Sinatra himself, at a rough spot in the bridge, stops cold. Long. Long. Sinatra looks around. Long. Long. He points to himself as the culprit. "That was an *old* Chesterfield that just came up on me. Around 1947, it felt like."

You feel for anybody who will blow it on the next take. It begins. The long, long. About a minute and a half in, then the trombonist braaacks a note. Braaack. That obvious. He can't look over at some other trombonist; he's the *only* trombonist. So he sits there, a blutch-colored felt hat sagged across the bell of his horn, hung there to keep it Soft. Poor Trombone Player knows: his music said B and it came out F and Jesus was it wrong.

Sinatra looks over. "Don't sweat it," he says.

The trombonist tries a joke back: "If I blow any softer, it'll hafta come out the back of my neck."