

# STAN GETZ & BILL EVANS

## Side One

NIGHT AND DAY—6:45  
BUT BEAUTIFUL—4:40  
FUNKALLERO—6:42

## Side Two

MY HEART STOOD STILL—7:05  
MELINDA—4:00  
GRANDFATHER'S WALTZ—6:26

Produced by Creed Taylor

Remix and Mastering Supervision by Eric Miller

Remix Engineer: Angel Balestier

Mastering Engineer: Dennis Sands

Stan Getz — Tenor Saxophone

Bill Evans — Piano

Ron Carter — Bass (Side One)

Richard Davis — Bass (Side Two)

Elvin Jones — Drums

Music in general, and jazz in particular, has seen and heard some outrageous mismatches down through the years: marriages that were not exactly made in heaven, but more or less ad libbed in hell. I can recall the Newport Jazz Festival—I think it was 1964—in which George Wein decided to feature Dixieland clarinetist Pee Wee Russell with maverick modernist Thelonious Monk. Poor Pee Wee was sitting backstage looking forlorn (come to think of it, he *a/ways* looked forlorn) and admitted to me, "I'm sick. Monk was supposed to be here at 6:30 for a rehearsal. I don't know what we're gonna play tonight." Well Monk never did make the rehearsal and the results were predictably confused and confusing.

A few years later the jazz world was confused again when Johnny Hodges made some recordings with Lawrence Welk. I talked about it with Hodges at the first (and last) Costa Mesa Jazz Festival, in California. Hodges said Welk later offered him a permanent gig with his band for \$40,000 a year, but Johnny politely declined, preferring his less lucrative, but more artistically rewarding alto chair with Duke's band.

So much for jazzdom's odd couples. Two examples are sufficient to underscore the idiocy of certain mergers. Now for an "even couple," and proof that more often than not, jazz artists who are kindred souls seek each

other out. Bill Evans and Stan Getz are about as close as musicians can get in terms of artistry, musical philosophy, technique and personality. Even though each is a strong individual, their efforts on this disc reveal an affinity as close as, say, Rimski and Korsakoff.

This came from a session in 1963—a time that was critical for both, more in terms of public acceptance than in artistic development. The latter category was beyond dispute. Each had developed a style so personal, so irresistibly intimate, that nothing within or without music could influence them. The advent of the Coltrane-Shepp school of hard, angry message music did not deter Getz from his sensitive approach to tenor. If anything, he was on an even more lyrical trip thanks to his collaboration with guitarist Charlie Byrd, and their pre-occupation with *bossa nova*.

As for Evans, he had just completed an outstanding series of albums with bassist Scott La Faro and drummer Paul Motian. Even then he was having "conversations with himself," and the introspection was warm and rhapsodic. Little did he care that the Cecil Taylors and McCoy Tyners were turning the keyboard into percussive compost for their *avant* gardens.

There was no more logical coupling than Getz and Evans to demonstrate that modernism could still be mel-

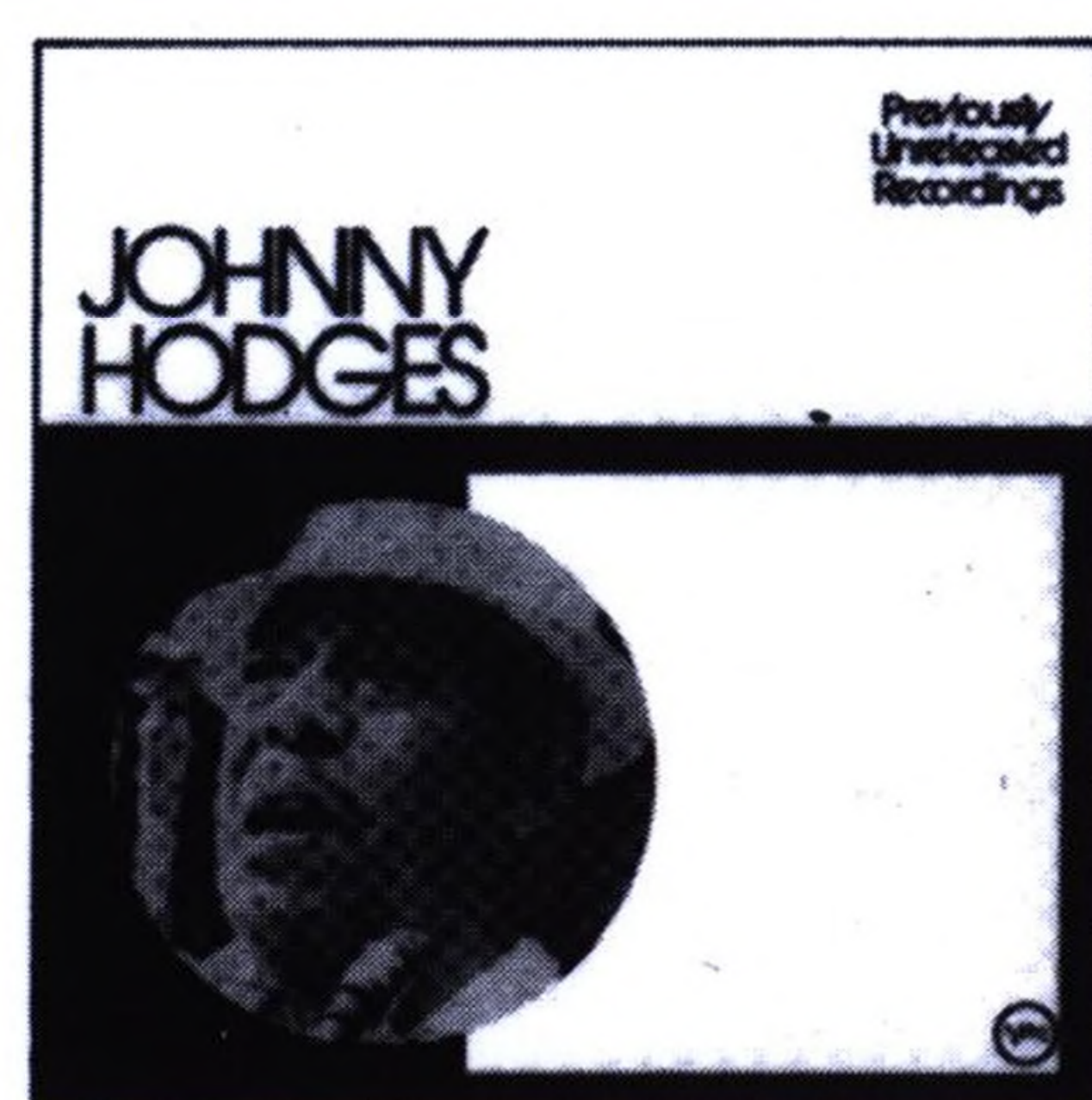
odic, and harmonically challenging. For this date they were supported by the two most sensitive bassists on the east coast: Ron Carter (side one); and Richard Davis (side two). And to prove how lyrical minds think alike, I defy you to tell the difference between the sympathetic walking patterns of the two bassists. Perhaps the most convincing proof of the success of the Evans-Getz match can be heard in the drumming. Elvin Jones, who can goose big bands, who can drown out brass sections, who can move mountains, shows a facet of his musical nature which can only be described as reverent.

It's a remarkable collection of stimulating swing, on a highly intellectual level. And at the end, as if a release from the hushed nature of such cerebral music-making is necessary, they all indulge in a riotous bit of satire on *Dark Eyes*, with Elvin Jones coaxing those Krupa clouts on the bass drum, Getz recalling the big fat tone of Charlie Ventura, and Evans flailing away in a determined stride technique. For a while it sounds like a Time-Life resurrection of the old Gene Krupa Trio, but Stan shatters the mood—but not the mirth—when he berates his colleagues with "You forgot the arrangement!"

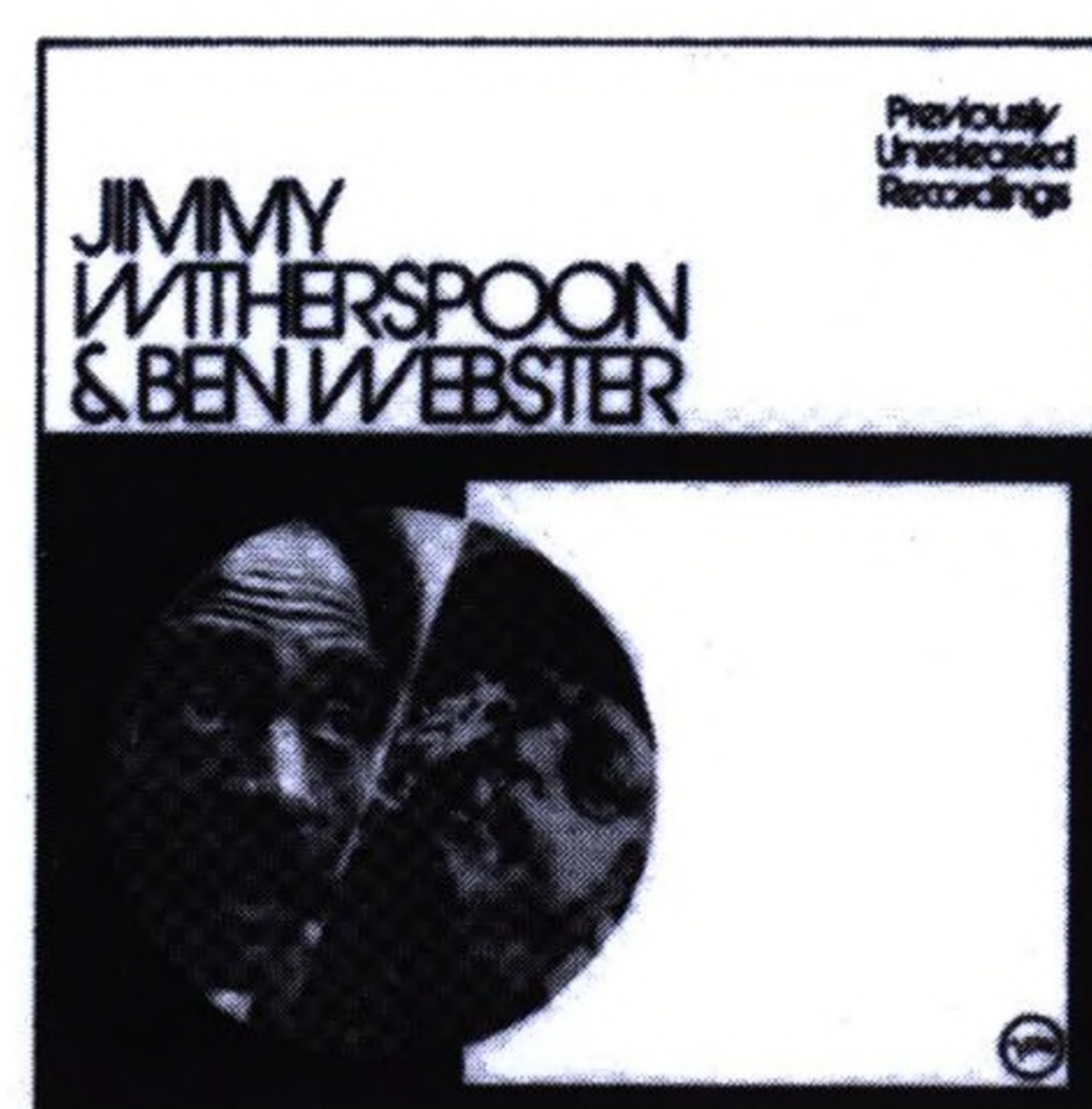
You won't forget this delightful postscript—nor any of the poignancy that precedes it.

Harvey Siders  
Down Beat Magazine

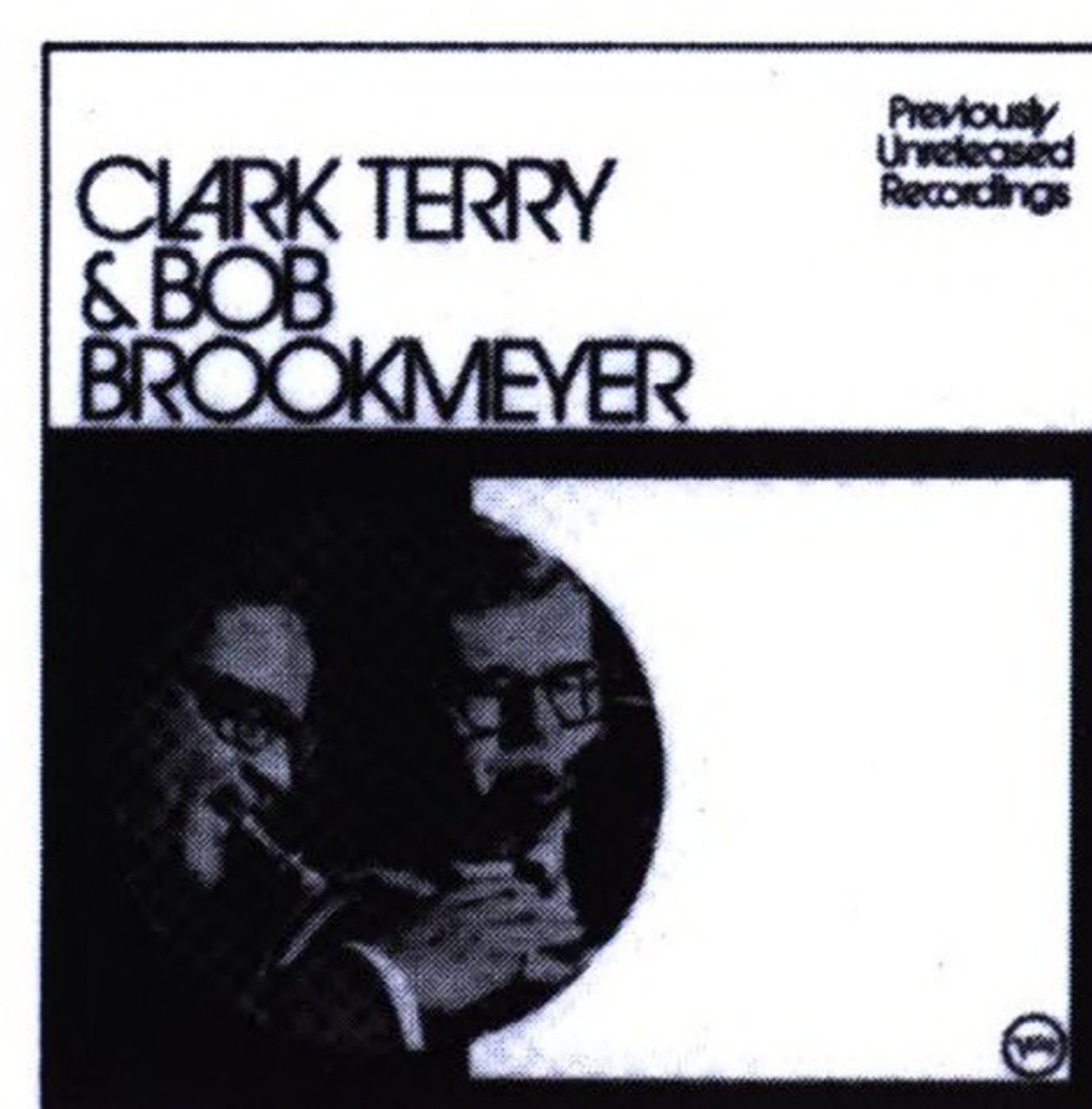
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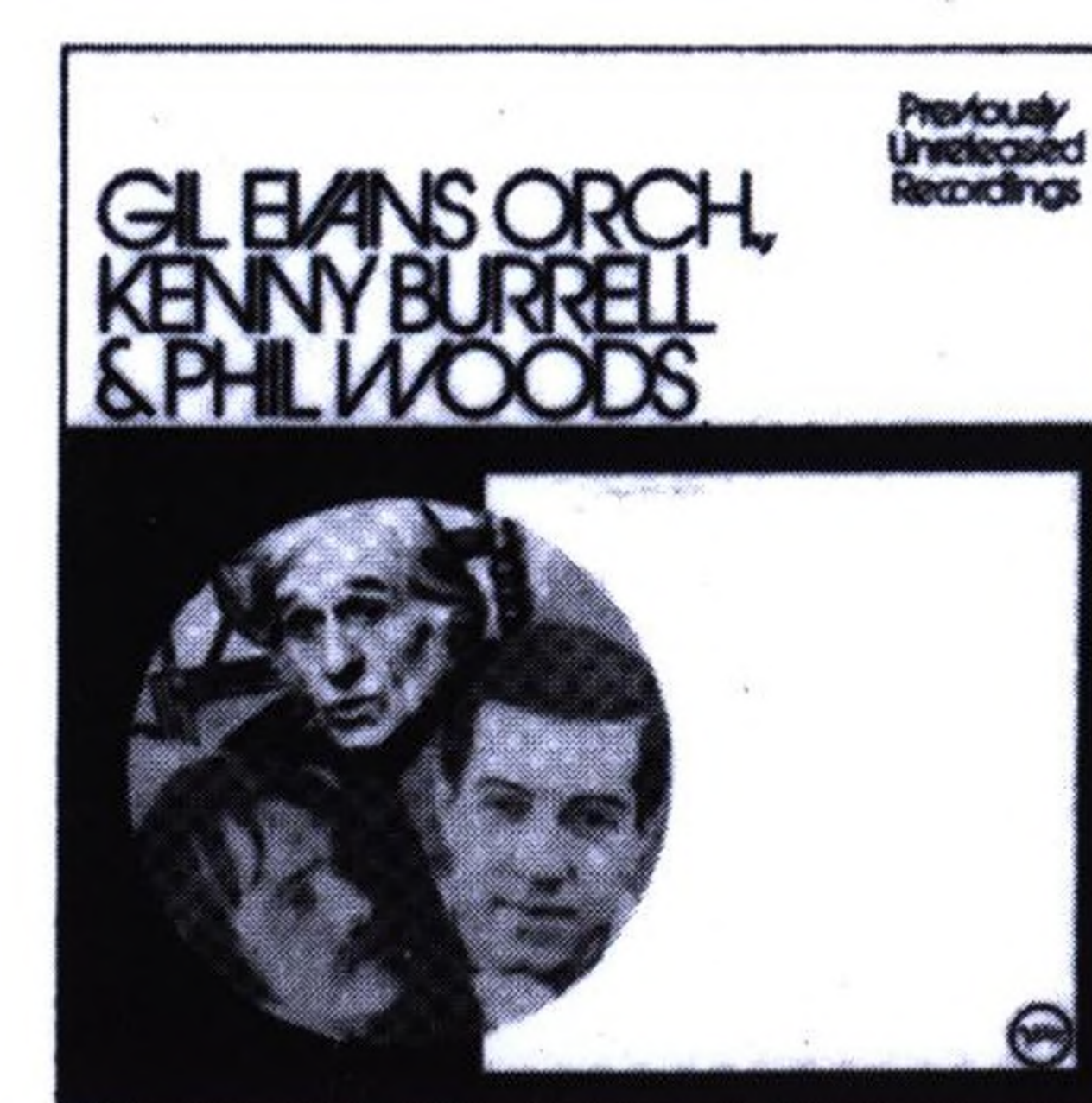
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