



## jazz at the pawnshop 30th anniversary

THE COMPLETE 3 SACD COLLECTION  
+ BONUS DVD (INTERVIEW 2006)

## 1

- |                              |       |
|------------------------------|-------|
| 1. Limehouse Blues           | 10:12 |
| PHILIP BRAHAM                |       |
| 2. I'm confessin'            | 8:01  |
| DOC DAUGHERTY/ELLIS REYNOLDS |       |
| 3. High Life                 | 7:11  |
| TRAD                         |       |
| 4. Jeep's Blues              | 6:57  |
| JOHNNY HODGES                |       |
| 5. Lady Be Good              | 9:15  |
| GEORGE GERSHWIN              |       |
| 6. Take Five                 | 6:58  |
| PAUL DESMOND                 |       |
| 7. Everything Happens To Me  | 5:13  |
| MATT DENNIS                  |       |
| 8. Barbados                  | 8:13  |
| CHARLIE PARKER               |       |
| 9. Stuffy                    | 7:06  |
| COLEMAN HAWKINS              |       |

TOTAL TIME 69:12

## 2

- |                                          |      |
|------------------------------------------|------|
| 1. Over The Rainbow                      | 7:16 |
| HAROLD ARLEN                             |      |
| 2. Now's The Time                        | 9:21 |
| CHARLIE PARKER                           |      |
| 3. Out Of Nowhere                        | 7:54 |
| JOHN GREEN                               |      |
| 4. Take The A Train                      | 9:33 |
| BILLY STRAYHORN                          |      |
| 5. Here Is That Rainy Day                | 5:31 |
| JIMMY VAN HEUSEN                         |      |
| 6. Struttin With Some Barbeque           | 6:42 |
| LOUIS ARMSTRONG                          |      |
| 7. Poor Butterfly                        | 3:55 |
| RAYMOND HUBBEL                           |      |
| 8. Exactly Like You                      | 6:04 |
| JIMMY MACHUGH                            |      |
| 9. Jeepers Creepers                      | 5:07 |
| HARRY WARREN                             |      |
| 10. How High The Moon                    | 6:28 |
| MORGAN LEWIS/NANCY HAMILTON              |      |
| 11. Things Ain't What They<br>Used To Be | 8:58 |
| MERCER ELLINGTON                         |      |

TOTAL TIME 76:57

# 3

# DVD

- |                                 |       |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| 1. In A Mellow Tone             | 11:16 |
| DUKE ELLINGTON/MILTON GABLER    |       |
| 2. Gubben och Källingen         | 7:25  |
| TRAD                            |       |
| 3. Nancy With The Laughing Face | 6:28  |
| JIMMY HEUSEN                    |       |
| 4. Struttin' With Some          | 12:13 |
| LILLIAN ARMSTRONG               |       |
| 5. It Don't Mean A Thing        | 3:11  |
| DUKE ELLINGTON                  |       |
| 6. Mood Indigo                  | 6:06  |
| DUKE ELLINGTON                  |       |
| 7. Jeep's Blues                 | 14:16 |
| DUKE ELLINGTON                  |       |
| 8. High Life (take 2)           | 6:00  |
| TRAD                            |       |

TOTAL TIME 66:58

jazz at the pawnshop interview 2006



LOWEST BLUE  
ON CONFESSIN  
BORN LIFE  
JUST JAMES  
LATE IN DAY  
TAKE FIVE  
BETTER MENTEN  
THE  
THIRTY  
THIRTY



THIRTY

# Jazz at the Pawnshop

STAMPEN



ARNE DOMWÉRUS  
BENGT HALLBERG  
GEORG RIEDEL  
EGIL JOHANSEN  
+  
LARS ERSTRAND



When recording engineer Gert Palmcrantz was loading his car with equipment outside Europa Film Studios in Stockholm, Sweden on December 6th, 1976, it was only to make one of many recordings. No-one really knew then that this was to become a cult recording among audiophiles and one of the most famous and respected jazz recordings ever made...

One third of the total recorded material was first released on a double LP-album (PROP 7778–79) and this double album was very soon hailed as a landmark recording among jazz enthusiasts and audiophiles all over the world. It was also for years used as a reference recording on account of its sound quality and recording technology.

The double LP-album was followed by two more LPs (PROP 9544/*Jazz at the Pawnshop 2* in 1991 and PROP 9558/*Good Vibes/Jazz at the Pawnshop 3*, also in 1991). The LP PROP 7778 was also released as a standard MC (PROP 8778 in 1977) and a Metal Music Cassette on license to Audio Source (GP 7778 in 1977).

In the years 1997–2001 the same material was released on HDCD (FIM CD 014–15 in 1997), XRCd (FIM XRCd 012.013 in 1998) and double SACD (FIM SACD M034 in 2001) under a licence of limited duration to First Impression Music, Inc., USA.

The essential parts from the total recording sessions were released on three different CDs on the Proprius/Prophone labels: *Jazz at the Pawnshop* (PRCD 7778 in 1985, also released as 24 Carat Gold Edition PRCD 7779 in 1996 and as a MD PRMD 7778 in 1993), *Jazz at the Pawnshop 2* (PRCD 9044 in 1991, PRMD 9044 in 1993) and *Good Vibes/Jazz at the Pawnshop 3* (PRCD 9058 in 1992, PRMD 9058 in 1993), featuring Lars Estrand on vibes during the second night of recording December 7th, 1976. Two more tracks were released on a promotional single (PRCD 9144 in 1995).

In 2005 around 70 min. of the original double LP-album was transferred to 4.0 Surround Sound SACD on Proprius Music's own label (PRSACD 7778). The second volume (PRSACD 7079 in 2006), transferred into SACD format (4.0) includes tracks from the original CD-volumes 2 and 3, together with two tracks from the original double LP-album. The third and final (!!) volume included in this 30th anniversary 4 SACD/DVD box includes tracks from PRCD 9058, 9044 and 9144 plus earlier commercially unreleased material from the original masters (mostly background sounds, tunings/rehearsals and a short speech by 'Vakt-Bengt' in which he gives the audience the warning of the day; *'Our Swedish Ministry of Health suggests that we all should consume 6-8 slices (same word as disc in Swedish) every day. In the coming February you can all follow the recommendation and consume the discs (= slices) that we have recorded here tonight. Goodnight to you all. Hopefully we will see each other again soon.'*

Since 2005 these three SACD versions together with PRCD 7778, 9044 and 9058 on the Proprius label and the double LP on the Prophone label have been and remain the only legal versions of the recordings available on the world market.

The mere fact that a single jazz recording has been released in so many formats over a very long period of time (30 years!) tells us that this recording must really be unique. Actually, the success of the recording also took the company itself by surprise! The founder of Proprius Music, Mr Jacob Boethius wrote (30 March 2000) in an annual report sent to his publicist Monica Ekman as follows: 'I really believe that the year 1977 was a turning point for our company – although we did not realise it at the time. That year we made a break thru into the Swedish recording industry, which will certainly not be forgotten. Håkan Hagegård's Christmas recording *Aftonsång och Julepsalm* ran out of stock at a speed that could not be met by repressing. We were simply not able to deliver orders for a total of 10.000 more copies!

Then we had *Cantate Domino*, another fast selling hallmark recording. And finally, *Jazz at the Pawnshop* – a recording session which – during the coming years – resulted in a total of 4 LPs.

The two recording nights at the Pawnshop jazz club were exceptional, indeed. The crowd lifted the musicians to the peak of their abilities and I myself, the producer, sat together with two Nagra recorders and the engineer (Gert Palmcrantz) in the small bar kitchen and listened to the result of a microphone set up of a lifetime, surrounded by five musicians playing in some kind of trance...'

The rest is history – or a fairy tale – if you prefer to say so. The first double-LP took the critics by storm and sales took off both in Sweden and internationally. In fact the company had problems in meeting all incoming orders; Proprius was a very small company after all...

The new formats arrived and everything had to be released again on CD, MD, HRCd, XRCd, Gold Editions, SACD... An American company got a license deal. Some people demanded normal cassette versions. Others longed for heavy duty vinyl LPs.

According to existing statistics the total sales worldwide for all formats exceeds 500.000 copies, a tremendously good sales figure for classic jazz. And the records still sell at a rate of around 3–4.000 copies a year – 30 years after their first release! A substantial part of the sales comes from the Far East and the USA.

The recording very soon got a reputation as THE reference recording for all kind of players, amplifiers, speakers and cables. It also acquired some kind of a cult status among HI-FI freaks and audio experts, especially in Hong Kong, Taiwan, China, Korea, Japan....and the USA. When Proprius Music released the first title in the new, updated SACD-versions series of the recording, the HI-FI magazine *HiFi review* in Hong Kong actually printed a 5 page four colour story about the recording – testing and comparing all released versions! There cannot be too many recordings on the market which get that kind of treatment 30 years after their first release... And the conclusion of the review is that the new SACD-version is far better than the previous ones,...' more affectionate, livelier, of more concrete dimensions and of



a closer 'jam' feeling. More bounces, stronger punches, better ambience, acoustics with greater details...':

During the spring of 2006 the management of Proprius Music decided to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the Pawnshop recordings by releasing this luxury 3CD box together with an interview made with some of the musicians from those days in December 1976 on the accompanying DVD. This box includes all releasable material from the recording sessions and will become the ultimate collector's item for thousands of followers and friends all over the world. The first edition – the official jubilee version of the box – is a limited and numbered release and will not be repressed.

Unfortunately one of the original musicians (Egil Johansen) has passed away and cannot take part in this celebration. The rest of the band is still going strong and will hopefully give us all a happy smile listening to what they – together with the recording engineer – achieved during two unforgettable nights at Stampen/The Pawnshop in Stockholm in December 1976.

By the way, Stampen/The Pawnshop has a very interesting history. The house was originally built as a church for French Calvinists in 1752. In 1881 the church was turned into a private apartment house and for many years a pawnshop rented the premises on the first floor. In 1968 a jazz loving lady, Gun Holmqvist, took over the premises and established a jazz pub, which soon became a refuge for hundreds of Swedish and international musicians, looking for a place to play that 'good old jazz', pushed aside by the new generation of Beatles fans and their rock music.

The pub became tremendously popular among jazz lovers, who appreciated an intimate place, where you could just drop in for a tasty supper, have a beer or two and listen to happy jazz, played by skilful musicians. Among the musicians we might mention Teddy Wilson, Ben Webster, Lucky Thompson, Dexter Gordon, Benny Waters, Wild Bill Davison, Charlie Shavers – and – naturally almost all the big jazz names in Sweden!

But nothing lasts forever! The Pawnshop does still exist but not in the same format as earlier. Nowadays Stampen is more like a normal beer pub, playing recorded pop and rock music. But a visitor can still admire all the funny decorations from the old days and feel the atmosphere where our legendary recordings were born – and where the interview on the accompanying DVD was also recorded.

As we have noted, the final result of a recording session very much depends on the recording engineer and his skills. So let us listen to what Gert Palmcrantz can tell us about his own recording philosophy. He wrote this text in 1992.

## My Recording Philosophy

### **HOMAGE TO THE SOUND OF THE LATE THIRTIES**

There is not much in life that fascinates me more than sound. In fact, to me life is sound, especially the sound of music.

It started already in my very early childhood. My family got, as a gift, a huge cabinet radio with a built-in record player. The speaker was a 12 inch one, producing a full range sound, comparable only to the very professional ones at that time in the late thirties.

Sometimes I visited the homes of my playmates and they all had their primitive gramophones in black suitcases which had to be wound up with a corny crank. They all produced a sound so terrifying to my young ears (they still do!) that I rushed home to our big music cabinet and cleansed my ears as soon as possible. And – vice versa – when my playmates visited us and brought their records with them, they hardly believed that their records could sound that magnificent!

Today (1992) in my fifties, I can look back on over thirty years in the recording business, and I am thus also able to survey my whole career in a certain perspective. I recognize my quest for that tight and harmonious sound of those early records in my childhood. Maybe they have been there in my sub-conscious all the time, directing me in my 'sound pictures' in a way that makes musicians feel comfortable. After years in multi-track studios with all their over-emphasis on the very latest technology, such as overdubbing and that painstaking splicing that nearly made me a legend, in the mid-seventies, I simply withdrew to only two Neumann U47 microphones and a Nagra stereo recorder. For several years I recorded only folk music all over Scandinavia and – once – even in India! These recording activities have given me invaluable experiences of exposure to living sound in full dimensional stereo. I started to challenge myself in trying to focus the microphones so close to the music that I could catch the same recorded sound that I remembered from the old records. I said to myself; if they could do it over 60 years ago with just one single microphone it must also be possible for us with our supremely sophisticated technology!

### **THAT WILL BE MY TASK FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE**

To my great satisfaction, I have lately noticed that the young generation, in search of its roots, is more and more turning back to acoustic music. This phenomenon is proven also by the fact that, during last year (1991), I personally did close to 40 acoustic recordings for release on CDs and LPs, my personal record so far by the way.

However, the ultimate reason for their getting that extremely rich recorded sound during the old days is simply not a question of technology. The main reason is that the first generation of skilful and hardworking studio musicians

definitely knew how to work with microphones!

Today the musicians are very poorly educated in the use of recording equipment. I burst into tears when I see young colleagues recording big bands with a microphone stuck into every instrument. No wonder that most of the big band recordings of today sound as though they have been squeezed through a keyhole!

However, I believe in mankind's self-cleaning system and everything will be straightened out from time to time just because history does repeat itself. Saying that, I do not mean that, I refuse to deal with modern sounds. On the contrary, I love to experiment with the combined sounds of synthesized and acoustic instruments. But I can't stand imitation instruments being used to replace real acoustic ones in recordings. In the long run, these imitations will destroy the listeners' sensitivity to the living acoustic sound!

*Gert Palmcrantz (1992)*

*(Adapted from the original text)*



The liner notes written for the SACD-version 2005, Jazz at the Pawnshop Vol. 1/PRSACD 7778 are also well worth reprinting:

## The recording session

When recording engineer Gert Palmcrantz was loading his car with equipment outside Europa Film Studios on December 6th, 1976, it was just to make one of many recordings. No-one knew then that this was to become a cult recording among audiophiles and one of the most famous jazz-recordings ever made.

Palmcrantz put the equipment in the car and drove off to Stampen, the jazz club in Gamla Stan in Stockholm.

It was far from the first time that he recorded jazz at Stampen. The club, named after a pawnbrokers' shop which used to be in that block, opened in 1968. That same year, Gert was there to make a recording featuring clarinetist Ove Lind, vibraphonist Lars Erstrand and drummer Egil Johansen. He was subsequently to meet the latter two again on Stampen's small stage, together with saxophonist Arne Domnérus, pianist Bengt Hallberg and bass-player Georg Riedel. Palmcrantz knew them well from before.

It wasn't particularly cold and there was no snow, despite it being the beginning of December. Palmcrantz arrived in good time in order to get everything ready before the band started to play at nine-ish that evening.

All those who have visited Stampen know that the ceiling is about four metres high and that the venue houses around 80 people. The stage is situated in the right-hand corner seen from the entrance, and is so small that it only just carries a grand piano and a small band. Palmcrantz rigged the main microphones facing the stage, about two metres above the floor. These microphones were Neumann U47 cardioids, standing 15 to 20cm from each other and inclined at an angle of 110 to 135 degrees.

Palmcrantz had been perfecting this microphone arrangement for several years: a couple of O.R.T.F. stereo microphones as a basis and auxiliary microphones where necessary. The O.R.T.F. stereo technique – named after the French radio which introduced this simplified *kunstkopf* technique at the beginning of the sixties – was, according to Palmcrantz, the best method for optimal stereo effect and spatiality. 'Real stereo-effect can only be achieved by placing the microphones in a similar way to the disposition of the ears'.

Such a pair of microphones stood in front of the stage at Stampen and another pair was placed to the right of the stage, facing the audience in order to recreate the right 'live' feeling. A supplementary microphone was placed next to the grand piano standing on the right-hand side of the platform with its lid open, and Palmcrantz hung two cardioid Neumann KM56s over the drums on the left side. The bass, standing in the middle, and connected to a little combo amplifier on a chair, was supported by a Neumann M49, also in omnidirectional mode. The microphone was placed in such a way that it caught sound both from the instrument and from the amplifier.

Once the microphones were set out, all that was needed was to connect them all up. In those days there were no multi-cables, so one had to lead all the eight cables from the stage, past the bar and through the kitchen to a little nook between a refrigerator and a pile of beer crates where Palmcrantz had built his makeshift studio: a Studer mixer, two Dolby A 361 noise reduction units and two Nagra IV recorders which he used alternately since the seven-inch reels only last for 15 minutes at 38 cm/second. He adjusted the U47 microphones slightly above 10 000 hz in the treble. Monitoring was through two old Ampex loudspeakers with built-in amplifiers.

Gert Palmcrantz has described what the sound was like when he later listened through the first test reel:

Following a few test tones there is a trial run in an almost empty room. The clattering of chairs and tables and clinking glass emerge in almost three dimensional stereo. I have just rigged my faithful U47s above the stage and put a test reel on the tape recorder I mutter something about a broken wire to the piano mic on the right, swearing as my finger is caught in the mic stand by the drums, and I order a tankard of beer in advance.

Then there is a commotion at the other end and I recognize Egil Johansen's contagious laughter as he and Arne Domnérus come bursting in, kidding each other amiably as they approach the stage. Various ceremonies take place and Arne quips at me. 'Well, here we go again. So, nothing escapes you – thank God! Ha-ha-ha!'

A hubbub ensues. The audience has arrived in high spirits. On stage you can hear Bengt Hallberg running his fingers over the keys, Egil Johansen tightening the skins and Georg Riedel plucking the bass.

The smell of smoked sausage and foaming beer blending with that of the more familiar scent of sour wine corks and detergent, lingers over the sound image. 'Dompan' (Arne Domnérus) kicks off *Over the Rainbow* and the audience simmers down to an approving murmur.

No soundcheck or balance test was actually made. Once the quartet had started playing, Palmcrantz quickly had to set the levels as precisely as possible. After two tunes he had managed to achieve the right balance.

Gert Palmcrantz taped one song after the other, alternating recorders towards the end of each quarter of an hour so that he could join the tunes that were played in between tapes. It is interesting to note how accomplished the musicians were, since everything could only be recorded in one go without any cuts. There is one exception, however: at the end of one of his drum solos, Egil Johansen happened to miss a beat and messed up his entry a little. Gert Palmcrantz cut that measure out and those who want to can amuse themselves by trying to find this almost imperceptible cut.

Otherwise, Gert Palmcrantz let the music flow freely and hardly touched the dials at all – no gain riding, simply small adjustments for solos or when the applause from the audience became too loud. The result was about two and a half hours worth of taped music every night. The second night, the band was joined by the vibraphonist Lars Erstrand.

– He arrived earlier than the others to have plenty of time to set up his instrument, remembers Palmcrantz.

Lars Erstrand was testing his vibraphone only to find that one of the fans was squeaking. Palmcrantz had to go and find a bottle of maize oil in the kitchen for Erstrand to lubricate the axle.

Then the rest of the band arrived and the recording could begin, practically with the same arrangement of microphones as the previous evening. The difference was that the stage was a little more crowded this time, as can be heard in comparison. Lars Erstrand popped in to the control room to hear that the vibraphone sounded OK.

After the recording, the original tapes were edited into a double LP by Gert Palmcrantz in consultation with the musicians and the producer. The sound quality of this record soon won the reputation of being exceptional, much to the surprise of Palmcrantz and the musicians who thought their earlier recordings were just as good. Something, however, must have been just right this time, and one mustn't forget that gifted musicians with imagination, sensitivity and a feeling for nuance, are the absolute requirement for a recording to take the step from being 'good' to being 'fantastic'.

It is a well-known fact that there are all too many bad records with an impressive sound quality. Palmcrantz' microphone technique transmits Bengt Hallberg's subtle touch, Arne Domnérus' characteristic tone and Egil Johansen's distinctive drumming – and all the instrumentalists are presented in one sound image which is both intimate and global.

On really good equipment you can hear people eating, the clinking of cutlery against the plates or conversations round the small circular tables. Here and there, among the chink of glasses and the rattling of the till, you can clearly hear the musicians talking, difficult to understand for listeners who don't speak Swedish. 'What's the tempo?' someone asks before *Limehouse Blues*, followed by the comment 'First take, tempo'. After *I'm confessin'*, a jolly man in the audience exclaims 'Hey! That was a good old song!'. Sometimes you can hear other music in the background – that of a jazz band playing at Garmlingen, in the basement at Stampen. There are undoubtedly many details to be discovered here.

Gert Palmcrantz records music at Stampen more or less yearly. Here and in other places he has recorded many of the music-world's greatest: Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Ellington, Ray Charles and Bobby McFerrin. He prefers to make live recordings and almost always directly onto two tracks. His ideal is the old 78 rpm record: a method of documentation where the path from the musicians to the recorder is at its most direct, with few intermediaries and no edits. That is his philosophy as a sound engineer – the meaningful link between musician and listener.

*Stefan Nävermyr*

*Translation: Isabel Thomson*



PHOTO: LASSÉ SUGR



*Arne Domnérus*

PHOTO: NELLA DOMNÉRUS



*Bengt Hallberg*

PHOTO: ORKESTERJOURNALEN



*Lars Erstrand*





PHOTO: GUINNESS HOLMSTED



*Georg Riedel*

PHOTO: GUINNESS HOLMSTED



*Egil Johansen*



PHOTO: LASSI SUGER

Let us also read what Gert Palmcrantz wrote when he edited the second CD-album, *Jazz at the Pawnshop 2* (PRCD 9044) in 1991:

## Living Echoes – In Three Dimensions

**N**ov. 14th, 1990. My archives are being moved to new premises and some dated, obsolete tapes turn up, including two boxes labelled *The Pawnshop-76*. I recall the double album, 'Jazz at the Pawnshop', assuming this to be left over material. The scribbles on the back of the boxes confirm this – but also reveal that more than half of the recording remains on the tape. From among the plethora of hi-tech, digital equipment I retrieve an old-fashioned tape deck and settle down to listen.

Following a few test-tones there is a trial run of an almost empty room. The clattering of chairs and tables and clinking glass emerge in an almost three dimensional stereophony. Suddenly I hear a voice, with a clarity as if it came from just in front of my speakers, and in some paranormal way I perceive that it is I, myself, speaking to me from across a time gap of fifteen years. Swept away by the time wave, like a piece of driftwood, I land – reborn – on the stage at the Pawnshop around 6 pm, December 6th, 1976.

*I have just rigged my faithful U 47:s above the stage and put a test reel on the tape recorder where I now explain where I'll connect the support microphones. My present awareness smiles apologetically at the bickering about some past concern that took place between me and the staff, who in the background were preparing yet another jazz night at the Pawnshop.*

*I mutter something about a broken wire to the piano mike on the right, swearing as my finger is caught in the mike stand by the drums and I order a tankard of beer in advance.*

*Then there is a commotion in the other end and I recognize Egil Jobansen's contagious laughter as he and Arne Domnérus come bursting in, amiably kibitzing as they approach the stage.*

*At once I become aware of the difference in our voices and the perspective of time strikes me mercilessly in the face: ... is it possible ... is it really fifteen years ago ... ? It seems like just a few weeks ago as I am listening ... Scary!*

*Various greeting ceremonies take place and Arne quips: 'Well, here we go again. So, there's no getting away from you – thank God – ba ba!'*

*For a few seconds I flash back to all those marvellous sessions with Arne where I have recorded him in various situations through the years, and I feel greatly privileged to be one of the fortunate few.*

*Someone hastens across the floor and the taping is interrupted. I must have realized the tape was running.*

*All of a sudden I am back in 1991, opening one eye to check if the tape has ended, but during the increasing din I am being pulled back to the Pawnshop of 1976. It is a hubbub. The audience has arrived in high spirits. On stage you can hear Bengt Hallberg running over the keys, Egil Johansen tightening the skins and George Riedel plucking the bass.*

*Now I also remember where I am. Somewhere out in the kitchen area in a cramped corner, with my little Studer board and two Nagra IV Stereo ingeniously patched to a couple of A Dolby 301:s. And there is my long-legged friend the producer, supervising the session perched on top of a counter. The smell of smoked sausage and foaming beer, mingled with that of the more familiar sour wine corks and detergent, lingers heavily over the sound image. My fifteen year older ego is relishing the bouquet of the efforts of the younger me.*

*Dompan (Arne) kicks off Over the rainbow and the audience simmers down to an approving murmur. But I sink even deeper into the sound image, as if descending through it, and I come out on the other side ... Bengt's imaginative piano solo is transcendently turned into the persistent twittering of a garden warbler in a lilac hedge.*

I sense motion. Lying, belly down on a cart, peeking through the cracks between the slats. 'C'mon, sing, dammit!' the voice of a small boy hollers. It's my little brother, and now I know exactly where I am. Back home on the farm of my childhood, on top of the old cart, covered by a big black blanket. My brother is taking me somewhere and I am told to sing loudly, so as not to hear where we are going. At the top of my voice I sing some popular tune of that year, simultaneously trying to get my bearings by peeking through the cracks. But no voice in the world could drown the howling from the dog kennel we just whizzed past on our right and so I got a clue to our direction.

On the left a tractor rumbles close by and there's an alarming silence. The speed is slower and more sneaky. Where are we? I've completely lost track. I stop singing and listen intently. It is obvious my brother can hardly contain himself. What's he up to? This game has rules, too. In order to be able to guess we must go by some kind of guiding sounds. But it is nearly still. Some way off there's the water lapping at the stones by the lakeshore and I detect the faint rattling of a chain in the grass. Two robins define their territories on each side of me, so, there are trees here. I scrutinize the sound image in every detail and I visualize the shore meadow above the boat house but that rattling chain. There's a tremendous snort and at the same moment my brother, choking with laughter, pulls off the blanket and confronts me with the terrifying reality six feet away: the vicious bull of the estate! Head over heels I scramble out of the

cart in hot pursuit of my little brother who had taken off on the double.

The long-drawn disappointed bellowing is superimposed by a tenacious crescendo from a well-known altosax, the bull and Arne Domnérus become one! Abrupt silence, followed by the familiar rustle as the tape runs out and the machine stops.

For a while I let the time lag remain in its non-existence, then I reload the tape, rewind and start to edit the record you now hold in your hand...

*Gert Palmcrantz*



PHOTO: MATS LUNDQVIST



PHOTO: ORKESTERJOURNALEN

And finally we will recall the liner notes for the third (and final!?) CD-volume dedicated to material from the legendary Pawnshop recording sessions, *Good Vibes. Jazz at the Pawnshop 3* (PRCD 9058):

## Good Vibes

**I**t's the second night of a live recording at the Pawnshop jazz club on Dec. 7th, 1976. Tonight the Arne Domnérus quartet is augmented by Lars Erstrand on vibes.

I'm on the stage, setting up, compiling the references of the previous night. The new stereo track bar for the piano microphones proved to be excellent for wide angling, besides being easy to attach to a regular stand, thus making more space available for Lars' vibes on the minute stage.

He arrived earlier than the others to have plenty of time to set up his instrument. We fall into each others arms, repeating the old phrase about seeing each other far too seldom, and not enough recordings being done with vibes these days. Naturally we remind each other of the first hit record of 'Happy Jazz' and Ove Lind, which we made here ten years earlier.

As I'm hugging him it strikes me what an incredible and stimulating joy it is to have come to know all these

professional first-rate musicians this little land of Sweden is endowed with. At the same time I feel that nauseating indignation at how miserably these musical masters are treated in our modern ether media.

Sure, I have experienced many marvellous jazz studio recordings, but this, facing a live audience, is where jazz functions and becomes that esoteric glue that bonds people, regardless of nationality or race.

If I remember correctly, it was this very evening that I decided from then on, to devote myself to live recordings. I felt I had had enough of studio technology and its galloping multi-sound, with more microphones than instruments, divided on tenfold tracks on the tape recorder.

Why this development? Or is it perhaps that this benighted culture has depleted music of its most skilful artisans and later replaced them with like-minded dilettantes, who, in an attempt to ape their predecessors, had to resort to all kinds of electronic magnification to enhance themselves.

I have faith this will cleanse itself since there are no short-cuts to art, and you cannot deprive the audience of quality for ever.

While I've been musing, Lars has set up the vibes and hits off some chords. I have always been fascinated by this strangely harmonious chiming instrument and I still recall my consternation when seeing it for the first time. I had believed it must consist of some glass-like stuff containing water, 'cause that is what it sounded like.

Even today I associate the sound with the singing ice on the lake, a frosty, snowless, early winter night, bathing in the moonlight. Or with that peculiar song in the telegraph poles along the road at the same time of the year. On our way home from school we stood by a pole each, pressing our ears against it and sang the current hit-repertoire! In fact those were my very first voice-overs...

Lars had to shout three times before I'd let go of my pole to go up to him. 'Have you got any oil? One of the vibes-ans is squeaking!' I find some corn oil in the small kitchen space, turned control booth, and hurry back.

I wish them luck in the smoke now that the gang is assembled and ready to play, make my way back through the crowd into the kitchen, where my long-legged friend, the producer, supervising the session is perched on a top of a counter, where I wedge myself down between the fridge and a stack of beer cases, pinch a beer and start the tape rolling.

If you play this record you'll hear what happened next.

*Gert Palmcrantz*

*Translation: Christel Palmcrantz Garrick*

## The Music and The Musicians

Essentially, of course, it is all a question of love. Love of roots, origins, a musical habitat. Call it swing or third stream jazz if you want to, or mainstream or traditionalism. Associated with the solid precursors of the 20s, 30s and 40s with Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Bunny Berigan, Coleman Hawkins. Or quite simply with all tunes that were written when it all happened and which long ago planted themselves, legs apart and hands on hips, in the folklore of twentieth century America.

Use whichever words you like. But don't talk about nostalgia – at least not in the mawkish sense we usually employ the term. For nostalgia – to dedicated musicians, just as to conscious listeners – remains a question of quality, not a matter of annular rings and laments for lost time. We love Frank Sinatra, not because he embodied middle age, suffering and transitory brilliance but because he happened to be an incomparable vocalist. We were struck dumb by Charlie Parker, not just because he belonged to the post-war era and our very own decade of the 1940s (as did so many others inferior to him) but because on his way between birth and downfall he contrived to blow a few phrases, the like of which the world had never heard.

Nor, turning to consider this affectionate production, do we love the old songs because they are old; we love them because they are good. They were written at a time when standards were high and when imagination and harmonic inspiration still seemed inexhaustible.

Where in Stockholm should the aficionados foregather if not at Stampen, the former pawnshop in the Old City, the music pub that developed into a Swedish offshoot of St. Germain-des-Près?

Stampen is in fact one of the most bestomped sanctuaries of Swedish jazz. It is a place of movement in more than one sense; in an atmosphere redolent of beer and improvisation, medieval history and ancient timber.

The accompanists and the soloists come and go, and the signs enjoin to play Happy Jazz.

This does not prevent the jazz from being unhappy – for which read: pensive – at times, if pensive is the right word for such classical and American manifestations as the blues, ballads and torch songs.

Scott Fitzgerald once defined seven as the maximum number for pleasant company. If he is right – and members of the immortal big bands have had reason to doubt it – then the players in this album, being five in number, are on the safe side. In December 1976 they assembled at Stampen to demonstrate their affection.

One of them is Arne Domnérus (alto sax and clarinet). It is usually said of most Swedish jazz musicians, in adulatory moments that they sound like somebody else, meaning of course an American. So there is little need



to say, yet again, that Domnérus' inspiration comes from a source halfway between Johnny Hodges and Charlie Parker. Let us instead say that, like Muhammed Ali, he has the flight of a butterfly and the sting of a bee. And tonally speaking he seems at the moment to have the loveliest wings in Sweden.

Another of the five is pianist Bengt Hallberg – mild, eclectic and full of surprises. The odd thing about him is that he has seldom been said to sound like anybody but Bengt Hallberg. Consequently he is international. Sceptics need only flick through any bundle of jazz magazines that happens to come their way.

The third man is Lars Erstrand, vibes. Allegations of his following in the footsteps of Lionel Hampton are refuted by the suspicion, yet to be disproved, that a year or so ago, whatever the reason may have been, the pupil gained half a length on his teacher. During the swing epoch, the talk used to be of killer-dillers and solid senders. Lars Erstrand belongs to the same school. When he casts off his shirt buttons and moorings, he is apt to become monumental.

Fourth and fifth come Georg Riedel and Egil Johansen, bass and drums respectively.

As accompaniment and tandem they resemble the rock of Gibraltar, which – if we may be allowed a gentle understatement – also means a firm ground under the feet of the soloists.

Their repertoire includes a few break-outs. Paul Desmond's *Take Five* underlined in quintuple time is one of them, and the African folk tune *High Life* is another.

Otherwise we find ourselves at home with the old ones and the big ones. At home with Hawkins in *Stuffy*, with Goodman in *Limehouse Blues*, with Parker in *Barbados*, with Hodges in *Jeep's Blues*.

And with all of them in a couple of evergreens such as *Lady Be Good*. And a piece like *I'm confessin'* has been played by every single jazz musician with a normal degree of self respect ever since the partners Doc Dougherty and Ellis Reynolds agreed on it in the 1930s.

What is worth saying about the remaining ballads? Only this: give a soloist a ballad and he will show his innermost capability. Through his manner of telling a story, perhaps conveying an experience, with his very own pauses and subordinate clauses, reservations and emphases. Ballads are remorseless. They will have no truck with the tawdry.

Arne Domnérus and his friends had some long stories to tell at Stampen in December 1976, stories we could do well to listen to.

For essentially, of course, it is all a question of love.

*Jürgen Schildt*

*(Adapted from the original liner notes on the double-LP PROP 7778-79.)*





This record is an SACD, which is a format created by Sony and Philips. On the same disc the SACD format gives the producer the option to include up to three different music programs:

- Ordinary CD
- Stereo SACD
- Surround SACD

This record has ordinary CD, stereo SACD and surround SACD with the same music but with different sound quality as determined by the type of music program selected.

The difference between the stereo SACD and the ordinary CD alternatives is that SACD provides better performance – greater bandwidth giving better sound for the highest frequencies and a lower noise floor.

Since this record is a 'hybrid SACD' you can play it on all available players – CD and SACD.

---

#### **Production data**

<b>Recording Engineer:</b>	Gert Palmcrantz
<b>Producer:</b>	Jacob Boëthius
<b>Venue:</b>	The Pawnshop (Stampen) Jazz Club in Stockholm, Sweden
<b>Dates:</b>	December 6–7 1976
<b>Recording equipment:</b>	Microphones: Neumann U47 cardioids, KM 56.s, M49 cardioids: O.R.T.F. Nagra IV x 2 (2-track, 15 ips., 1/4in., Nagra Curve: Dolby A 361 x 2 Studer Mixer
<b>Digital remastering:</b>	Andrew Lang using SADI Super Audio CD Author v1.1 SACD 1: February 2005, SACD 2: February 2006, SACD 3: November 2006
<b>Replication:</b>	Sonopress, Germany
<b>Cover painting:</b>	Jonas Englund
<b>Graphic Design:</b>	Esa Tantt
<b>Executive producers anniversary box:</b>	Jan-Erik Lindqvist and Trygve Palmqvist [P] & [C] 1976, 2006 Proprius Music, Örebro, Sweden <a href="http://www.proprius.com">www.proprius.com</a> Made in EU

Do you have any further information about the history of this recording or personal memories of it you'd like to share with us? Please let us know at [info@proprius.com](mailto:info@proprius.com) and we'll eventually publish it on the homepage [www.proprius.com](http://www.proprius.com)!

LIMEHOUSE BLUES  
I'M CONFESSIN'  
HIGH LIFE  
JEEP'S JIVES  
LADY BE GOOD  
TAKE FIVE  
VERTU MARGARET  
FOR THE  
BARBADOES  
TINNY



# proprius The genuine sound

Arne Domnérus, ALTO SAXOPHONE & CLARINET Bengt Hallberg, PIANO Lars Erstrand, VIBES Georg Riedel, BASS Egil Johansen, DRUMS



SUPER AUDIO CD

Surround Sound 4.0

This Hybrid Disc  
is compatible with  
ALL CD PLAYERS



MADE IN E.C. [P] & [C] 1976, 2006 PROPRIUS MUSIC

[www.proprius.com](http://www.proprius.com)

