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PENN-WORLD ATTRACTIONS



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R E C O R D I N G A R T I S T S

PENN-WORLD ATTRACTIONS
520 Fifth Avenue State Theatre Building
New York, N. Y. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Dear Friend:

To help you organize an even more powerful selling campaign through publicity, exploitation and advertisement, our press department has compiled this unique press manual. We are confident it will assist greatly in making this engagement a success.

We suggest you rewrite those parts of this manual that would be suitable in your local newspapers, filling in spaces. By doing this, you will have more assurance of this publicity appearing in newsprint, for editors are reluctant to print publicity that obviously is canned.

If we can be of any further assistance in planning a specialized campaign in your territory, please do not hesitate to call upon us.

Good luck,

Bill Bryner

PENN-WORLD ATTRACTIONS

DAVE BRUBECK LIST OF OUTSTANDING ENGAGEMENTS

CARNEGIE HALL NEW YORK, N.Y.
NEW YORK JAZZ FESTIVAL NEW YORK, N.Y.
LEWISOHN STADIUM. NEW YORK, N.Y.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
SYMPHONY HALL BOSTON, MASS.
FRENCH LICK JAZZ FESTIVAL FRENCH LICK, INDIANA
STRATFORD SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL. CANADA
NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL NEWPORT, R.I.
MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA
BIRDLAND NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLUE NOTE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
BLACKHAWK SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
STORYVILLE. BOSTON, MASS.
TOWN CASINO BUFFALO, NEW YORK
APOLLO THEATRE. NEW YORK, N.Y.
BASIN STREET EAST NEW YORK, N.Y.

TELEVISION APPEARANCES

ED SULLIVAN C. B. S.
TIMEX JAZZ SHOW C. B. S.
STEVE ALLEN SHOW. N. B. C.
MONITOR N. B. C.
OMNIBUS N. B. C.
LOOK UP AND LIVE. N. B. C.
COLGATE COMEDY HOUR C. B. S.

DAVE BRUBECK PLAYED ALMOST EVERY MAJOR COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY
IN THE UNITED STATES.

When DAVE BRUBECK'S picture appeared on the cover of TIME magazine, November 1954, it was apparent that this tall, "loner" from California had suddenly emerged as one of the few jazz men to capture the interest of the general public. The year prior to TIME'S cover story, the Dave Brubeck Quartet won the DOWN BEAT critic's poll as well as the reader's polls of DOWN BEAT and METRONOME magazines. Jazz fans chose Dave Brubeck as the "Jazz Personality of the Year" in 1954 and '55. Since then, the winning of polls has become a habit of the Quartet and its members - their most recent honor placing them for the second consecutive year as the top combo of the nation in the PLAYBOY poll, the largest of its kind.

To a casual observer, the rise of the Dave Brubeck Quartet seems meteoric. But to Dave Brubeck, his success is the fruit of hard labor. "We worked years without recognition. Our audience grew gradually from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Salt Lake, Chicago and finally New York. As leader, I often didn't make enough to meet travel expenses, but each tour was a gamble on the future. I was sure that we would gain acceptance if we could just hold out long enough and refuse to compromise. The Quartet had a chance because of the years of work that went into the development of the Trio and the Octet."

The Dave Brubeck Octet, a youthful, avante-garde jazz band was organized over ten years ago when Dave was still a student of Darius Milhaud at the Mills Graduate School. The Octet attracted serious musicians by its experiments in the use of counterpoint, fugue, polytonality, poly-rhythms and even poetry in jazz. Many of these experimental ideas were carried over into The Trio, Brubeck's first recorded group. When Paul Desmond, who had been one of the original members of the Octet, joined forces with Dave in 1951, the now famous Dave Brubeck Quartet was launched.

In the manner of presentation and in the musical development of these various Brubeck groups can be found experimentation which anticipated many of the current trends in jazz.

Dave Brubeck's early training at the piano and cello was in the classical tradition. He started playing jazz in local dance bands (Ione, California) at the age of thirteen, and as a music major at the College of the Pacific, Stockton, California, he organized a swing band. His studying and writing continued while in the army and after the war he returned from Europe to study theory and composition from Darius Milhaud.

"I came to Milhaud because I wanted to be a composer. He advised me to study, but to not forsake jazz my natural heritage. I am not sorry that I took his advice, but I do wish I could devote more time to writing -- not only sketches for jazz which are really a framework for improvising, but I would like to experiment in more extended forms.

"However," Dave continues, "it is difficult to feel frustrated about composing when it is possible with the Quartet to be creative night after night. To me, the Quartet is an integrated instrument consisting of four individual soloists, each of whom is a performer - composer in his own right. Whoever happens to be taking a solo is both composer and conductor for the moment, and it is the duty and privilege of the other three to support him and help him to be creative. To find musicians with an individual approach to jazz, who are willing to also think in terms of the group, is not an easy task. Paul, Gene, Joe and I have different approaches. Consequently our group is sometimes emotional, sometimes cerebral, sometimes hard-driving, sometimes light swinging, humorous or profound, according to the prevailing mood and the conception of the soloist. I have tried to avoid musical strait jackets in my own playing and I have tried to not force them upon the quartet in a fruitless search for a 'sound' or a 'style.'

Consequently the Quartet has been able to explore a variety of techniques as well as varying emotional expressions. In this way we have been able to cross over musical barriers and reach many people.

Brubeck continues to reach more and more people through the college concert tours (a movement he began in 1953) and the Summer music festivals throughout the United States and Canada. The Quartet has appeared in San Diego and Cleveland in performances of Howard Brubeck's composition, "Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Symphony Orchestra" - a piece unique in that it combines the improvisation of jazz with the composed music of the symphony.

Early in 1958 the Dave Brubeck Quartet played most of Europe and the Middle East on a four month tour which took them behind the Iron Curtain into Poland, and on to Turkey, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Aghanistan, Iran and Iraq. The major portion of this tour was sponsored by the U.S. State Department, and brought the Quartet into areas that had never heard a live jazz performance before. An example of their reaction to Dave Brubeck's music is included in the following item from a newspaper in Madras, India.

"In a city well-known for its cultural conservatism, in the sense that while there is a great interest in alien art forms there is no comparable acceptance of the validity of such, an audience of twelve hundred succumbed to the artistry of the four tall young men from America, before half a dozen bars of 'Take the "A" Train' were played. Many expected clanging clamor - there wasn't any. Many expected vulgarity - there wasn't any. On the contrary, there was unexpected melody, intricate rhythms, disciplined improvisation, and the spontaneous joy of creating alternately lacy and gothic patterns of sound from the bare bones of musical materials - in other words it was much like a South Indian classical music concert except that the musical language was different. When the predominantly Hindu audience got over its initial surprise, it stamped and cheered just like a group of American hep cats."

PAUL DESMOND: The Dave Brubeck Trio became the Dave Brubeck Quartet in 1951 when Paul Desmond added his alto sax to the group. Paul and Dave first met while they were in the Army. After the war they met again in San Francisco and worked various jobs together in the Bay Area. Their musical ideas blended so well together that they are generally recognized as the finest team of jazz artists to use counterpoint. Desmond, who is featured on all the Brubeck discs, recently joined forces with Gerry Mulligan to produce the fine Mulligan-Desmond Quartet LP for Verve, which has become a best seller since its release a few months ago.

JOE MORELLO: A keen wit, Morello hails from Springfield, Mass., where he was born in 1928. He first studied violin at the age of eight. When he was sixteen, he began taking drum lessons from George L. Stone of Boston. A great admirer of Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich, Morello struggled in New York trying to land his first important professional job. His first break came with the Johnny Smith Quintet. He then worked briefly with the Stan Kenton Orchestra and then settled down for a three year engagement with the Marion McPartland Trio. Joe joined Brubeck in October of '56 and has since become recognized as one of the outstanding drummers in the country.

GENE WRIGHT: The newest member of the Brubeck Quartet, Gene joined the group in January 1958, in time for the U.S. State Department tour of the Middle East. Chicago born, Gene's easy-going manner helped take the edge off the constant travelling on the Quartet's tour. An excellent bass player, Gene has worked with Cal Tjader and Red Norvo's groups before joining Dave.

D A V E B R U B E C K

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE JUNE 15, 1958

THE BEAT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

Jazz, says a well-known music man, is an American export with an international appeal, making friends wherever it goes.

By Dave Brubeck:

Between 5:30 P.M. on Feb. 8, at the Royal Festival Hall in London, and midnight of May 10, in the Khayyan Theatre in Baghdad, four American jazz musicians - Paul Desmond (alto saxophone), Joe Morello (drums), Eugene Wirght (bass), and myself (piano) traveled better than halfway around the world and played above seventy concerts in Great Britian, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Turkey, India, Ceylon, Pakistan, Iran, Afghanistan, and Iraq. I give the itinerary in this much detail for the most relevant of reasons: It is illustrative of both fact and symbol, the one hardly less tangible than the other.

The fact is that jazz our single native art form, is welcomed - not simply accepted - without reservation throughout the world and is felt to be the most authentic example of American culture. It would be fatuous of me to pretend to correlate its importance with the billions of dollars we have spent in restoring nations ravaged by war and in raising the living standards of underdeveloped countries, or the day-to-day spadework of statesmen and diplomats. But there is no mistaking its effect: it arouses a kinship among peoples; it affords them flashes of recognition of common origins, because of its basic relationship to folk idioms; and the forthrightness and directness of its appeal are grasped alike by the naive and the sophisticated. More of it is being heard abroad today than ever before. Even more heartening to me is the knowledge that occasionally, as was the case with the major portion of our tour, it is being sent overseas under official auspices.

From Warsaw to Baghdad, we were financed by President Eisenhower's Special International Program for Cultural Presentations, as administered by the American National Theatre and Academy.

To me the symbol is uncomplicated. It is one of unity and of uninhibited, if sometimes wordless, communication, but I think it has to be examined on two levels, sociologically as well as musically. In the first place, the range of language, culture and race between London and Baghdad is wide, so very wide. But there are three white men in our quartet and Gene Wright is a Negro. A number of other bands that have toured foreign countries come to mind. There have been white instrumentalists in all of Louis Armstrong's bands, and in those of Dizzy Gillespie and Lionel Hampton; there have been Negroes in those of Benny Goodman and Stan Kenton, to say nothing of Norman Granz' big troupe, "Jazz at the Philharmonic."

Jazz is color blind. When a German or a Pole or an Iraqi or an Indian sees American white men and colored in perfect creative accord, when he finds out that they travel together, eat together, live together and think pretty much alike, socially and musically, a lot of the bad taste of Little Rock is apt to be washed from his mouth. Obviously a similar effect is produced by the best of our serious music, our theatre and our literature, but I am concerned here specifically with jazz.

The United States assumes the most moral role of all internationally. A greater demand is placed on us for human decency than on any other country, and while the sight and sound of a mixed band improvising on "Love Walked In," for example, is not to be compared with a summit conference in Geneva, Washington or Moscow, it is not to be ignored. Louis symbolizes even more than he understands. He is in life what you find more frequently in fiction-the educated American Negro who, through his genius, has overcome all possible obstacles and who is loved universally. Love walks in, all right when Louis plays.

So much for the social aspects of jazz. I am convinced - though it may be no more than the prejudice of the jazz musician - that the effect of jazz on people is more profound than our serious music or art or literature, for the reason that it is being created at the very moment it is played before an audience. The one element common to all religions, we are told, is the act of creation. For man to be creative is to be godlike. Now, the form and notes of a symphony are fixed, pictures have already been painted; books already written. The conductor of a symphony orchestra must, in my opinion, be a genius to transcend these things and bring an element of creativity to what he is doing. The viewer has to bring a previously existing knowledge and sympathy to a picture. So must the reader.

But jazz is another matter. Musically, by its very nature, it is the most creative, the freest and most democratic form of expression I know. What is the essence of jazz? It is music freely created before listeners (watchers, too) by a group of instrumentalists, each of whom is afforded a maximum of individual expression in a democratically agreed-on framework of rhythms, harmonies and melodies. It is music wherein the instrumentalist may take a theme or a melody and do with it what he chooses, sometimes for as many choruses as he pleases, remembering only the discipline of agreeing harmonically and rhythmically with his fellow-musicians. And experience, incidentally, has repeatedly taught me that improvisation in the music of any country soon begins to sound like American jazz-whether it is in the West, where melody and harmony have reached so high a state of development, or in the East, where rhythms are predominant.

Furthermore, jazz is music whose sources are world-wide --African, European, Asian.

American - and therefore may be understood almost instantly, whether by a provincial group of Indians 500 miles inland from Bombay or a cosmopolitan audience in West Berlin. Shall I be even more basic? I remember something the philosopher Gerald Heard once told me. The first thing a man is aware of, he

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said is the steady rhythm of his mother's heartbeat and the last thing he hears before he dies is his own. Rhythm is the common bond of all humanity; it is also the most pronounced and readily understood ingredient of jazz.

I will make one or two more generalizations about jazz and then I will attempt to prove the truth of them. I don't like to use the word "propaganda" in connection with it, although it is the easiest one to explain its value. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't "America's secret weapon," as a New York Times correspondent once said in describing Louis Armstrong's effect in Europe. But I do know this - and I believe it to be more than coincidence - generally, wherever there was dictatorship in Europe, jazz was outlawed. And whenever freedom was returned to those countries, the playing of jazz invariably accompanied it.

I have not forgotten that during the second World War a large part of the French underground made good military use of jazz. Some of its agents had been jazz fans. A lot of underground fighters who were record collectors communicated with each other in a code made up of the serial numbers of records they liked. The serial numbers, of course, identified different songs. Strung together, the titles became messages. The part jazz played in helping win the war was small, but the significant thing is that it did play a part.

Everywhere we went - in the free nations, in dictatorships, in undeveloped countries - the unifying influence of our kind of music was brought home to us. Audiences didn't break up auditoriums as they have for Louis and the police didn't have to turn fire hoses on anybody (we play a more intellectual kind of jazz, I guess) but I remember sharply, for example, our arrival in Cracow. We got off the train at 5 o'clock in the morning in a snowstorm and there in the station was a little Polish jazz band - clarinet, trumpet and trombone - swinging "Yankee Doodle!"

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We played fourteen concerts in seven cities in Poland. Somewhere along the line I had a talk with a man - I will identify neither the man nor the city nor even the place in which we talked, but he said this to me: "Dave, I must agree with you that Poland is the most misunderstood country in the world. We realize we have to be misunderstood. This is the pitiful part of it. If Russia realized how pro-Western we are, we would lose whatever freedom we have. We want freedom as much as you do." He went on to say how much jazz had become the symbol of freedom in Poland, particularly through the broadcasts of the Voice of America, and he wound up by telling me, "Your very presence indicates that we have more freedom now than we had two years ago."

In another Polish city, we were shown a letter written to the country's only jazz publication. It was sent by Czechoslovak fans. "If you will send us tickets to today's performance," the Czechs wrote, "we will cross the border and enter Poland at the risk of our lives." Nobody wanted them to take any chances, so we just mailed them some programs, handbills and autographed pictures.

If the word "freedom" recurs and recurs here, it is because it was in the mouths of everybody we had anything to do with. Toward the end of our Polish stand, we were given a dinner by about thirty artists, writers, musicians and students. It was held quite openly. Two years ago, I was told even a meeting of this group would have had to be held in secret, with the members drifting in by ones and twos. But what struck me most about that dinner - apart from the Polish hams and vodka, the soups and pastries, all of which I know cost these people at least a week's wages--was the toast one of them offered in English. "Now that you have been with us this long," one man said, "perhaps you will take back with you the knowledge that we Poles love freedom as much as you Americans."

I was moved nearly to tears by something that happened at our last concert in Poland. This was in Poznan. On the train trip to Poznan from Lodz,

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I wrote a song I thought might be a nice tribute to our last Polish audience. I called it "Dziekuje," which is Polish for "thank you." I knew of course, the reverence in which Chopin is held in Poland, so I put in a sort of Chopinesque introduction for it. We rehearsed it before the concert and gave it as our final encore.

There was a moment of silence when we had finished, the only silence we had experienced in Poland, and I wondered whether I had offended them by presuming a variation of Chopin. Then people burst into applause. A youngster who had taped the concert made us take his tapes and would accept nothing in return. It need not be pointed out how difficult it is to come by a tape-recorder and tapes in Poland. A Polish Government worker said to me backstage, "Why don't the artists rule the world?" There were tears in his eyes and he almost made me weep.

In one way or another, one place or another, the things I have been setting down about jazz and its influence were exemplified anew. In Madras, I asked John Wiggin, who heads up the United States Information Service there, whether he really thought we were doing any good. "In all of Russia," he said, "there's no one who can come here and play the drums like Joe Morello. You reach people on a personal level. It's that simple."

In Bombay, I tried to play piano behind Abdul Jaffar Khan, a nationally known performer on the sitar, the Hindu guitar. His influence made me play in a different way. Although Hindu scales, melodies and harmonies are so different, we understood each other and I feel that in a few more meetings we would have been playing jazz together. The folk origins of music aren't too far apart anywhere in the world.

At the airport in Istanbul, a Turkish band consisting of a bass player and two trumpets serenaded us with our own arrangement of "Tea For Two."

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In Ankara, we invited three Turks (bass, French horn and drums) and an Italian (guitar) up on stage to play with us and we jammed fifteen choruses of "All the Things you Are." That was no accident. The night before, we'd drifted around to a nightclub where the Turks, the Italian and a refugee Hungarian piano player sat in with us and proved what they could do. We invited them because we liked them and because they were good musicians and if what we did had any political significance, that's fine, but it was secondary.

The editor of an anti-Western magazine sat next to my wife during one of our two concerts in Ankara and she noticed he seemed pretty agitated all during the performance. We found out later why "For the first time in my life," he told me backstage, "you have made me forget that I am a Moslem and that you are Christians."

I am not a little proud of the fact also that one of the Ankara performances was heard by Cevat Menduk Altar, Turkey's General Director of Fine Arts. I was told by Patricia Randles, assistant cultural officer of the U.S.I.S. in Ankara, that she had "been here fifteen months and this is the first time I've been able to get him to attend any United States function." (Two days after the band got back to New York, we read that Miss Randles had been killed in an automobile accident in Ankara.) Altar, I learned afterward, is a friend of Hindemith and an expert on Chopin, and he had lectured on the latter in Poland.

What made Altar a jazz fan was nothing more mysterious than the circumstance that his two daughters were enthusiasts. And that brings me around to what I suppose I can call the code of this piece. The understanding that comes out of jazz begins with the musician. It doesn't make much difference

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whether a man plays traditional style, or Dixieland, or bop, cool, modern or progressive, and it doesn't matter much what he thinks he is playing, as long as that ensemble understanding exists among the players. That's the first circle.

The second circle is that of the fans who have bought tickets to a performance. Somewhere in a set of program notes I wrote in this sentence: "I think of an audience as a co-creator, the fifth instrument of our quartet. How an audience chooses to play its part is determined anew each time musicians and listeners gather together." The third circle consists of those people who read the reviews of our jazz concerts and are prompted to come either to the next one or to one staged by another group. And the fourth circle is that of people who, all charged up by the third, finally become members of the second themselves.

Let me take one more chorus. In Kabul, I was met by an ex-policeman from Berkeley, California, Al Riedel, who is helping organize Afghanistan's forces. He pointed to this huge mountain around Kabul and at its top a wall. "For 5,000 years," he said, "people have been fighting over that wall -- Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, Alexander the Great, The Indians, The English, who knows who. If a small fraction of what they spent had gone into education instead of defense, that wall would have come down long ago. At best, defense is a temporary thing."

That night, lying awake in my hotel room, I heard three or four nomads -- shepherds - passing under my window, playing their flutes. The music they made was the same they made for 5,000 years. And the music had survived. How many of the things that were fought for over the wall on that mountain have?

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COLUMBIA DISCOGRAPHY

CL 566	Jazz Goes to College	Quartet
CL 590	Dave Brubeck at Storyville: 1954	Quartet
CL 622	Brubeck Time	Quartet feat. Paul Desmond with Bob Bates & Hoe Dodge
CL 699	Jazz: Red Hot & Cool	Quartet
CL 878	Brubeck Plays Brubeck	Dave Brubeck, piano
CL 932	Dave Brubeck and Jay and Kai at Newport	
CL 984	Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A.	Quartet feat. Paul Desmond
CL 1034	Jazz Goes to Junior College	Quartet
CL 1059	Dave Digs Disney	Quartet
CL 1168	The Dave Brubeck Quartet in Europe	
CL 1249	Newport 1958 The Dave Brubeck Quartet	
CL 1251	Jazz Impressions of Eurasia	Quartet
CL 1454	The Riddle	Quartet feat. Bill Smith on Clarinet
CL 1347	Gone With The Wind	Quartet
CL 1466	Bernstein Plays Brubeck	N.Y. Philharmonic with Dave Brubeck Quartet conducted by Leonard Bernstein
CL 1553	Brubeck and Rushing	Quartet & Jim Rushing
CL 1397	Time Out	Quartet
