

WHAT THE AMERICAN PRESS SAID ABOUT MAYNARD'S TOUR:

Boston Evening Globe:

MAYNARD FERGUSON, whose trumpet has explored areas of the stratosphere others achieve only in fantasy, was back home. An expatriate in Great Britain since 1967 with an eight-month residence in southern India in 1968, Ferguson talked about the jazz scene between sets at Paul's Mall. His all-British band is playing the club through Sunday as part of a six-week tour of the eastern US.

"I suppose this sounds corny," said the bandleader, "but, actually, the greatest US export to Europe is jazz. Because the average European musician doesn't have the luxury of jazz schools as in America, he is trained mainly in the classics and picks up jazz by listening to visiting American players."

The sojourn in India was occasioned by Maynard's desire for a change for his wife and five children. After he enrolled the kids in the prestigious Rishi Valley school, he himself taught and alternately studied Indian influences in music.

"In each of our *Columbia* albums, you'll note an Indian flavouring," he continued. "We used the vina, a stringed instrument, which is older than the sitar. They play the vina in Southern India while the sitar is a Northern instrument."

The current band is genuinely 100 per cent British, with not one "ringer" from Brooklyn, and rich with soloists—Stan Robinson and Bob Sydor on tenor sax, Pete Jackson on keyboard, Jeff Daly on alto sax and, of course, Maynard on trumpet and valve trombone.

"It's very easy to get caught up in nostalgia," said Maynard, "but I'm after the 1971 stuff. For me music is a simple matter of communication and pleasure."

"That's why it's so satisfying to see the young show up with older people at our concerts."

Showstoppers at Maynard's opening set included "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" with the Ferguson trumpet at eye-popping altitude, Sydor and Robinson doing an exchange of "Two For Tea," sort of naggingly evocative of "Four Brothers" and the wild, wild "El Dopa," an all-out chart by Keith Mansfield with a clever contrapuntal insert of valve and tenor, smart piano bridging and screaming dissonance climaxed by Maynard Ferguson's horn of plenty.

Philadelphia Inquirer:

I REMEMBER very well playing the trumpet as a kid in the Father Judge High School dance band, standing like a weightlifter and straining every muscle, but failing miserably to hit a note anything like Maynard Ferguson, the hero of every kid who's ever played the horn.

Maynard easily rips off a double-high C, a note that is higher than any man has a right to play on a trumpet. All I ever got was a headache trying to copy it.

"I guess I'm guilty for that," Ferguson was saying the other night, between sets at Brandi's Wharf, where he and his all-English band will continue packing the house through Sunday night.

"It's okay if a kid wants to play the way I play, so long as he remembers that it's all music—whatever register he plays in, he has to play music."

It's a unique group, this Ferguson band, led by a unique musician. You can get the feeling there's a great deal of professional empathy between them. You get it, for example, when you see Maynard interrupt his own solo to allow applause to finish for somebody else's. You won't catch Harry James doing that.

"I would rather risk people criticise me for lack of discipline (in the band) and feel joy playing," Maynard said, adding that a period he spent in the Rishi Valley in India convinced him that "If God is in all of us, for God's sake have a good time."

"I'm no fan of nostalgia," Ferguson said. "One of the reasons I left the country is that I'm a great believer in change. There's no way you can phoney it up if you don't change—we've all been to the Hilton Hotels."

The change is evident in Ferguson's piercing, driving brand of jazz that now has a strain of Indian influence woven into it. But it's the same trumpet player up there, blowing notes that rattle the pilings of the Ben Franklin Bridge just down the river, leading a first-rate band whose members nudge each other when their man is really raising the roof with that horn.

Only a jazzman can appreciate the true beauty of the title of Maynard Ferguson's newest record album. They call it simply "That M. F. Horn."

Record American, Boston:

THERE is a hot gold river of stratospheric sound in the air this week, and it's pouring out of the incredible trumpet of Maynard Ferguson.

Back in the States after a too-lengthy absence, Ferguson is at Paul's Mall this week with his superb 14-piece band from England, where the musician now makes his home.

The wild, driving artistry that elevated him to the front ranks during his Stan Kenton days was in ample evidence at his Mall opening, where he set the place on fire with the blazing, brassy joy that only a Ferguson can conjure up.

Those big, brazen tones are definitely not of yesteryear.

As Ferguson himself put it: "What I'm doing is 1971—I don't want to get into any nostalgia thing." The only reflection of some past glories was his opener "A' Train," a tribute to the Duke, and after that it was 1971 all the way, styled boldly and full of surprises, rhythmic and tonal; rich sounds warmly gilded with brass.

Such as: Laura Nyro's pulsating "Eli's Comin'" enhanced by the eloquent alto saxophone of Jeff Daly and the sudden, refreshing, wonderfully delicate piccolo of Stan Robinson.

Robinson, by the way, is a young man to watch—a versatile artist with much promise. He also shines in a duo for tenor saxes, "Two For Tea," partnered by Bob Sydor.

Over all these selections, Ferguson's trumpet soars and trumbles and cascades and surges, climbing higher and higher, a pure, pleading molten flood of music.

His very special soulful rendition of "Bridge Over Troubled Water" requires no lyric—it makes it own.

For sheer frenzy, nothing on the programme could top "El Dopa," a mad potpourri of beats and moods, starting sky-high and jumping with a feast of rhythms and counter-rhythms, then spiralling down into a cool, piano-dominated reverie.

Philadelphia Daily News:

THE way Maynard Ferguson's screaming jazz trumpet is climbing the musical scales at Brandi's Wharf, bossman Holten Brandi may be tempted to sock him with a bill for all the cracked crystal.

There are times when hornblower Ferguson reaches deep into his gut to generate the windpower needed to hit a double high-C. But the jazz buffs love it. At the end of every tune they whistle and shout appreciation.

Maynard and his 14-piece British band open the show with a salute to Duke Ellington, "Take The 'A' Train," before romping through an evening of tunes like "Bridge Over Troubled Water," "Macarthur Park," "Country Road" and "Two For Tea," which in no way resembles the traditional "Tea For Two."

The M.F. Band also offered a stirring rendition of the late Janis Joplin's "Move Over" and a musical trip titled "El Dopa."

But the excitement, in addition to the rousing arrangements, is in the feeling of camaraderie within the band. It is a spirited feeling that seems to jump out into the audience.

"I'd rather risk people criticising the discipline but feeling the joy," said Ferguson between sets. "Joy is the centre of everything. We have to make sure the band is having a good time. That's the only communication in music. If they're having fun, the audience can feel it."

Maynard wisely gives his men solo shots throughout the night, always giving appropriate credit. He conducts with all the vigor of a Leonard Bernstein masterminding a symphony orchestra. And he switches back and forth between trumpet and flugelhorn.

Holten Brandi is equally enthusiastic over the current booking which con-