

# OUT OF MY HEAD



By George Crater

No truth to the rumor that Ornette Coleman won the *Down Beat* poll under the category Musicians Whose Music Even Confuses Teo Macero . . . Come to think of it, whatever happened to Teo Macero?

Most big bands that survive on weekend one-nighters have a distinct problem, that of getting cats to go on the road. Most cats, and rightly so, have no eyes to drive from New York to Roanoke in one night with a bass peg wedged in the base of their neck. Then when they get there, a corny gig, a cup of coffee, back in the short and on from Roanoke to Tabor City, N. C., to play a yam festival. So the road managers of these big bands have got together and laid out a list of phrases *guaranteed* to get any musician to go on the road for the weekend. Here are a few:

1. But man, it's, like, really not that far—it's *turn-pike all the way* . . .
2. You see, man, the a&r man wants to record the band that made the road trip . . .
3. Man . . . did you ever dig the chicks in Hershey, Pa.?
4. Actually, man, we're just making these one-nighters to keep busy until the European tour starts . . .
5. Man, did anybody ever tell you you look just like Conrad Gozzo?

No truth to the rumor that Ornette Coleman's charts are by Ray Bradbury.

After seeing the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet at the Five Spot, I'm hip we should add them to the faculty of the Billy Taylor School for Jazz Musicians we spoke about last issue . . . See, Virginia? I told you cats could wail and still dig people.

The best definition of a pessimist I can think of is: someone who would give Zoot Sims a metronome for Christmas.

All I want to know is: is an evening of listening to Ornette Coleman covered by Blue Cross?

Junior has nabbed himself a chef who really has something to say. Moses Cole. Rumor has it that if you were to put one of Moses' spare-ribs on a turntable, it would play four choruses of Horace Silver's *Home Cooking*, two choruses of Miles playing *Walkin'*, and a minute and a half of Bessie Smith . . . in stereo.

That Dick Clark copped out pretty good, right?

For years cats have been screaming, "Bring back the

bands!" Actually, I guess it works because there are a lot of bands coming back on the scene. If you ask me, though, I think they're bringing back the wrong ones.

Do you realize how many kids are going to get hung up when some music publisher comes out with a book of note-for-note Ornette Coleman solos? And picture the poor cat who has to put them on paper.

I get the feeling John Coltrane is saying with his chops what Baby Lawrence says with his feet . . .

Latest rumor around town is that Buddy Rich is now going to give up his drumming career to join the Harry James band . . .

Maybe if we just ignore the Dukes of Dixieland and the Kingston Trio, they'll go away . . .

The lyrics to *Like Young* are ridiculous . . . and I'm ashamed of Ella . . .

The Lambert-Ross-Hendricks radio commercial for Ry-Krisp is enough to make me go on a diet . . . which in my case could be fatal . . .

You've got to hand it to Ornette Coleman; it's not every group that can play *How Deep Is the Ocean* in six different keys, all at the same time . . .

My one New Year's resolution: Despite a consistent record of broken New Year's resolutions, I firmly believe I will stand by this one from here to eternity (a pretty groovy flick). *I will never again mention Ornette Coleman in this column*, no matter how much I'm tempted . . . Happy New Year . . .

## deebie's scrapbook # 26



"I can't understand it! I knew the changes yesterday . . ."

ED SHERMAN