

## MUSIC REVIEWS

## Nine by 9

9 Winds' Canadian/American avant-jazz alliance imperils the future of mankind  
By Greg Burk

A couple of months ago I got my heaviest package of the year (in more ways than one) in the mail from Vinny Golia, L.A. multireed blower, experimental composer and mini-mogul of 9 Winds, the recording label he founded, through which he gets to release *any weird shit he wants*. Golia started the label in 1977 to expose his own product, and named it in accordance with the number of reed instruments he then played (they're now beyond count). The roster expanded to include works by his associates and local musicians of adventurous stripe, and he seems recently to have hooked up with a bunch of Vancouveroids for distribution. His own slate plus theirs equals nine slices of Gigantic Whatever this season. And most of it is good. If you can't find it, write P.O. Box 10082, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

**VINNY GOLIA LARGE ENSEMBLE**  
*Pilgrimage to Obscurity*

Over the 74 minutes of this CD, recorded live with 19 musicians at the L.A. Theater Center nearly five years ago, Golia displays the four main panels of his unmanageable mind. The opening suite is in the modern European style, taken up largely with a lumbering march of the automaton's ignorant army-clash motif. Then he gets into some extended Mingus-like swing. The third facet is the static sonic tableau: drop the beat and let the colors interact. (He paints, too, y'know.) There's around a half-hour of the last-mentioned before he revives the audience with one of his signature elephantine blues, and reviving's what they need, because he tends to lose you in his still deserts, however beautiful they may be. Despite some taxation with repetition, though, the first half of this work should convince anyone who listens that here is a composer who can excite, involve and just plain kick your butt, in ways that are his alone.

**BERTRAM TURETSKY/VINNY GOLIA**  
*Intersections*

Most will find an hour of melancholy reeds/bass duo improvisations more than their emotional budget allows for. But in smaller doses, the format is a timbral chocolate box for ears greedy for pure sound, and these two are just the guys to set your speakers vibrating in unaccustomed and rarefied ways. Sounds great on headphones, too.



Start your own label. Vinny Golia knows, and you can release *any weird shit you want*.

anybody's. Best is the leadoff track by Paul Plimley's octet, an oppressive nightmare in triplets over 10 time that could have been penned by Vinny himself (but wasn't).

**JOEY SELLERS' JAZZ AGGREGATION**  
*Something for Nothing*

This is a real pro, listenable, fun, toe-tapping, swinging big-ensemble recording. No info came with it, so I don't know, but I'll bet Sellers does a lot of arranging/composing for Canadian TV and movies, 'cause he's got it *down*: bright but complex voicings, staggered-entry interplay, smooth transitions to upbeat solo passages. Five CD cuts ranging from 10 to 20 minutes each, and not a clunker here, with echoes of everyone from Oliver Nelson to the Coltrane Quartet. In fact, aside from a certain absence of anguish (not his fault), Sellers is held back only by a lack of stylistic coherence, which is okay, because he does each style so well.

**RICHARD GROSSMAN**  
*Trio in Real Time*

Thanks to late-night TV, everyone knows where to get those hard-to-find Partly Small tax sizes, but not too many know that L.A. has its own Cecil Taylor in the person of pianist Grossman. Similar preoccupation with those hard-to-find dissonant harmonies, similar love of timbral evaporation and rhythmic stutter-step. Grossman, though, is less ultra-intense, more cheerful, funnier, as befits his West Coast residence. This disc spotlights him solo and in the company of local friends fans affiliate Alex Cline (percussion) and Ken Filiano (bass), just improvising, which is what he does (sorry, no "Green Dolphin Street"). It rattles around in your head like a thousand tiny Super Bails. Fizz deluxe.

**JOHN GROSS, PUTTER SMITH, LARRY KOONSE**  
*Three Play*

No drums, this is that coolly familiar, slightly Latinized brand of San Fernando Valley club music, executed with right-handed skill by saxist Gross, bassist Smith and guitarist Koonse. Won't get you all churned up, but that ain't what it's for. Bon appetit.

**NEW ORCHESTRA WORKSHOP**  
*The Future Is NOW*

Been wondering what the Vancouver jazz avant-garde is doing? This sampler throws selections by five B.C. units at ya, and while the results are mixed, there's plenty evidence that Canada's weirdos are competitive with

**PAUL PLIMLEY/LISLE ELLIS DUO**  
*Both Sides of the Same Mirror*

Guest reviewer Richard Meltzer reports: "Real Canadian stuff. What Gil Evans did with 'Joy Spring' these guys do with 'Third Stone From the Sun'—keep the theme, the head, as remote as possible from the foreground of an ostensibly head-generated performance. You gotta listen real close to catch its first appearance, at about the one minute mark. Second, at 6:35, is tough but not as tough. It must be a Maple Leaf tradition."

**LUNAR ADVENTURES**  
*Alive in Seattle*

You have to share a particular sense of humor to like this sorta random squadding, sloppish, aggressively un-African collection of sprung anecdotes. Rhythm-shuffling by drummer Greg Simpson, wiggly fusion guitar solos by Ron Samworth, blurring by bassist Clyde Reed, galging by tenor saxist Coak-Cook. Reminds me of Hawkwind for some reason.

**ARNI CHEATHAM**  
*Romantha/Rumination (Talented Tenth)*

The presence of Vinny stalwart bassist Ken Filiano is the excuse for Golia to distribute this '84 LP by alto/soprano saxist Cheatham, who has a romantic melodic, even semibluesy sound. The compositions are bad but don't *sound* odd, so avant-dude listeners may miss out unless they're in a real good mood, and it's not bland and boring enough for New Agers. You, therefore, who fit in the middle, tune in.

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