

Monsters

John Sekerka

According to fans of Astor Piazzola, the squeeze box is actually an instrument of amoré, not of torture. Who knew? Sure there's the foreplay advances of tango stepping players from Latin circles, but anyone who has suffered through beginner's first forays with the beast will offer earplugs lickety split. Still in the right hands, this wind blown keyboard contraption can elicit some genuine moments of aural pleasure. Those hands belong to Marie-Josée Houle - a local gal who knows enough to mix up the sultry with the salty, gypsy style. A little bit of Klezmer frivolity mixing with some saucy sass. After cooing sweet nothings in your ear she's demanding "who's that blonde on your arm?" The lady has gusto, and a confident vocal strut to match her squeezing prowess. There are moments of silliness, sweetness and sweatiness. Good fun, and bilingual to boot. Astor would have approved.



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