ome critic with higher-than-average psychic powers should have predicted the reemergence of the accordion. To the romantics it with the sentiments of an assassin" (Ambrose Bierce), but now that music has moved back from classical phrasing to-ward medieval/Eastern drone and contin uum, its drawbacks have become assets Composers are realizing that it does many of the things the synthesizer was invented to do, with far more natural ness. You can use your voice-editing soft ware to program 50 nuances of attack and decay on the same basic sound, create a sequencer track to synchronize them, then become slave to a computer click—or you can hire an accordionist Judging from recent and upcoming activity, there are plenty around. Guy Klucevsek, the archetypal "new accordionist," played at the Whitney's Philip Morris

space June 8, and Avery Fisher Hall's

"Serious Fun" series devoted the evening of July 22 to "The Big Squeeze," a pot-

pourri of accordion genres.
"The Big Squeeze" was emceed by Pamela Sue Carlberg, Miss Indiana of 1981, whose talent act had been accordion, and who dazzled the audience with not only her virtuosity, but her first-tripto-the-big-city wholesomeness. Squeeze box practitioners don't yet seem comfortable on the highbrow side of the line dividing bar mitzvahs and concerts, and some felt a need to surround the instrument with a buffer of humor. William Schimmel, sporting a mop on his head to connote "longhair," waved between vaudeville and surreality in a routine with his dancer/wife Micki Goodman that revolved around Mozart's C Minor Fantasy. The B. Z. Squeezies, comprising Zeena Parkins and Billy Swindler on ac-cordions and Hearn Gadbois on hand drums, ran through a medley of ethnic

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AND COMING UP:

'Serious Fun

## Squeezed To Meetcha

BY KYLE GANN

let Playboys, a rousing zydeco band from Louisian. Simien's accordion was inau-dible in the roar of guitars, but the group pulled off the notable achievement of get-ting upper-class white people to dance in the aisles of Avery Fisher Hall.

I was dubious as to how a crowd primed for polkas and zydeco would react to the drones and breathing meditations of Pauline Oliveros, introduced by Miss Indiana as "Paula" as though this were the eccentric old lady's first shot at the big time. Oliveros calculated her crowd well, though, and while The Roots of the

Moment was less infectious than her en semble music, it created an irresistible mystical ambience. Justly tuned accordion and electronics were indistinguishably mixed, and as she began to squeeze, one at first heard only the sounds of breathing; then wisps of melody emerged and quietly melted into a cloud of repeatand quiety melect most a cloud of repeating figures. As lonely as a Texas prairie, it was the most ethereal and sensitive Oliveros performance I'd heard, and, as

usual, a benediction.

In Oliveros's meditative aesthetic, the accordion seems an extension of her lungs; it's Klucevsek who sculpts the instrument into a medium. The first wide-ranging explorer in the virgin field of avant-garde accordion, Klucevsek fully exploits the luxury of reinterpreting the entire history of ideas through his instrustyles, inserting a wry arrangement of michael Jackson's "Beat It." The finale came with Terrance Simien and the Mal- at both concerts and included on Klucev-



sek's beautiful album of the same title (Review), drew variations on a mournful theme with Beethovenian attention to harmonic structure and figuration; even the use of range, thinning into the highest notes in the finale, recalled the mas-ter's Op. 111 Sonata. The Old Woman Who Dances With the Sea wove a haunting melody over an accompaniment of Satiesque simplicity, and The Flying Pipe Organ (at the Whitney) floated masses of sound in a continuum more evanescent than the Ligeti works that established the genre. Klucevsek's unpretentious works are so closely geared to the instrument, though, and his melodic sense so secure, that they sound entirely his own.

Flying Pipe Organ, in particular, showed off the beauty of his tone, which, though rich and voluminous, is as delicate and subtle as the Chinese sheng or Laotia

Klucevsek is also a generous interpre Rucevsex is also a generous interpret-er and commissioner of other people's music, and at the Whitney he played, sampling of "Polka From the Fringe," a collection of polkas scheduled for perfer-mance at BAM this November. As with C. F. Peters's "Waltz Collection," the vir-tuosic creativity composers replaid-C. F. Peters's "Waltz Collection," the vir-tuosic creativity composers exhibit when forced into a severely limiting discipli-is always refreshing. Peter Garland's The Club Nada Polka loped along with a southwestern swagger, Steve Elson's From Here to Paternity Polka played with sudden accents and wrong notes in funny bitonality, William Duckworth's Polking Around spun a smooth process from five-measure phrases, and Free Frith's Disinformation Polka added and subtracted notes in an eerie melody a suspicious as its title. Only Joseph Ka-sinskas had researched the form's Polish roots enough to create a charmingly au-

thentic specimen.

One of the most unusual pieces Klucersek played at the Whitney was Anthony Coleman's Below 14th Street/About 125th Street. In most music, the melod changes while its context stays the same but Coleman hears form from a different angle than other people, and turned over the vention inside out. Over and over, Klu cevsek intoned the "Muss es sein?" mo tive from Beethoven's last quarte surrounding it at first with somber har monies, then moving through dissonan chromaticism to agitated flurries of clusters. Full of trills and the virtuosic effect at which Klucevsek excels, it modernized a kind of Lisztian psychological study in monomania, and, as usual, Coleman leaped over some God-given perceptus rules to land squarely on his feet. A remarkable composer played by a remark able performer on a remarkabl

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