

# Folk's lino-tiled good humour

By IFAN PAYNE

QUITE a contrast really. From classics in the splendour of St David's Hall to folk in the lino-tiled Islwyn Folk Club in Ynysddu, 24 hours later to hear Dave Swarbrick and Simon Nicol on Sunday evening.

By coincidence, in the few hours between the two concerts, someone had asked me about my preference regarding styles of music. Well, it doesn't have anything to do with some imposed categorisation of style, but rather with its intent and its execution. In short, the response is to its degree of communication relative to the inherent terms of the music itself.

So the contrast in style becomes irrelevant but the contrast in communication is considerable.

The drive out to

## REVIEW

Ynysddu to hear Dave Swarbrick and Simon Nicol was hardly inspiring, the sort of windswept, dark-clouded, rain-spitting evening that makes you think November's here.

But the audience were out in force and the Islwyn club room was warmed with the good humour of Geoff Cripps and Louisa Rugg who opened the show.

Laurence Eddy followed singing his own songs, which is more than you hear at symphony concerts at St David's Hall these days—people performing their own music, that is.

Next came Huw and

Tony Williams, with their entertaining brand of serious lunacy which, among the light-hearted material, contained their own song of sudden annihilation from the sky. This song was all the more potent for its contrast with the surrounding comedy.

This talented duo are booked nationwide from Chepstow to Brynmawr and should cheer the hearts of audiences on winter evenings.

Finally, Dave Swarbrick and Simon Nicol who hide their high skill and professionalism behind their casual chat and address.

Dave Swarbrick his folk fiddle with a snap and a swagger that is the epitome of the sharply-etched jigs and reels performed by the duo.

Simon Nicol provides on his guitar the firm

rhythmic and harmonic foundation that propels and inspires music. And all to be a continual, seemingly casual and funny banter which keeps the clubroom vibrating with good spirits.

"He overdubbed the fiddle part on the record... he played the left hand part first and then dubbed in the right hand."

From soulful ballads of California "the land of fruits and nuts" to Dave Swarbrick's loving playing of the haunting *The Young Black Cow* (which reduced even the noisy beer drinkers in the back of the room to utter silence) to the many whirling reels, this Fairport Convention duo proved themselves to be exceptional masters of their particular arts.

My only complaint is that the bitter at the Islwyn Club is chilled.

The day 28 sept 1984