

For the young at heart

By IFAN PAYNE

IT SEEMS like only yesterday when Roy Orbison was singing his rockabilly, Presley-influenced heart out for Sun records during the 'Fifties.

From *Ooby Dooby* to *Domino*, whose surf guitar pre-dated surf style by half a decade, Orbison's brand of vocally-gripping, self-pitying songs thrilled the young and probably mystified their parents.

Well, how the young have aged! For it was definitely a mod, parental audience which thronged St David's Hall last night for the return of Orbison, and there was hardly a rocker in sight.

With his current backing group, the songs now tend to sound like Vangelis out of Spiro Gira, and never more so than in ballads like *Crying Over You*.

Orbison always was a performer

who could sing without moving his lips, and he thrilled the St David's audience with songs that span his own musical history, from *Ooby Dooby* (his first disc) to his very latest, *Wild Hearts*.

He is an important artist in the history of pop from the snarling blues of the *Monumental Discs* to the Beatles-influencing *Pretty Woman*, and it is good that he is still around and performing as well as ever. Well almost, for though still young at heart, we are all older in years.

Nevertheless, Roy Orbison's current show is slick, efficient and effective and it is no wonder that he was rewarded last night with tumultuous applause.