



LIVE REVIEW

Latino vibe

CICADA

The Fourcroft Hotel, Tenby.

I'D JUST flown in from Costa Wrekin courtesy of Balsamic Airlines and barely had time to swap one tasteless shirt for another before I found myself at the glorious Fourcroft Hotel soaking up more tropicalissimo and wondering whether I really was living my life in chronological order. On stage Cicada, a seven-piece

band (some of whom were familiar from other local combos) comprising guitars, percussion, keyboards and horn section, were punching out an equatorial heat that said 'hello, take me in your arms and love me' to the cold, windswept Tenby night. Now male Cicadas are known for producing a high pitched drone by vibration of a pair of drum-like abdominal organs, but there was little evidence of that, sadly. However,

there was plenty of groove-driven jazzfunk, R'n'B hardcore lounge glistening with a Latin patina that not only appealed directly to the heart and mind, but also reached down to the plates of meat. Great musicianship, a cool feel, an intelligent sense of dynamics, and unadulterated funissimo, allowed Cicada the freedom to build a set from a whimper that went out with a bang. More please, gentlemen.

This gig at The Fourcroft Hotel replaced the usual Fest-y-Fal weekend. Shorter and with less mayhem than that experience, it was nevertheless, another resounding success for the hotel that brings you the best music in surroundings that are never less than the sum of its parts. Check out the hotel's upcoming jazz and blues Sunday brunches that are becoming increasingly popular with discerning gigogetters.

Reviewed by B.B. Skone

Extracted from "The Western Telegraph", page 31, Wednesday November 28th 2001