

Genevieve Little – Live review at the Wine Bar

As I sat last Wednesday watching the rain threateningly leak through my windowsill and the wind attempt to rip off my roof tile by tile, getting out of the house sounded like a very good idea. So when a friend called me suggesting we go down to the Wine Bar for Genevieve Little's farewell gig I positively leapt at the chance to spend the evening in a sumptuous underground cellar away from the impending doom of the storms.

As soon as we entered my worries were temporarily behind me. An inviting sofa with a prime position in front of the makeshift stage had my name written all over it, and the waiter read by mind and handed me the wine list before I could even remove my sodden coat. I melted into my seat, hugging my delicious glass of red as we watched the crowd trickle in through the door into the welcoming atmosphere of soft lighting and chinking wine glasses.

The evening opened with Gen's occasional duet partner, Mark Wilkinson. The warm vibration of guitar sounds soon melted the soft chatter of the crowd as we were enveloped by his soulful lyrics and often-vulnerable tone. Soon in there was not a toe un tapping in the place and we giggled away at the lyrics to 'Such a bore' – Mark's tirade against brainless pretty girls; and softly hummed to 'Cellophane Life' – the title track from his short but intriguing EP.

After being enraptured by his deft finger work on the guitar, Mark's well-composed set came to an end as the time came for Gen to take the stage. Obviously looking forward to her finale in Sydney, she seemed even livelier than usual (which is saying something) as she began her set with an unfinished and as yet untitled song – letting us know that despite her temporary departure to the States we definitely haven't heard the last from this eclectic singer. Her array of songs showcased both her vocal talents, and composition skills, with the complement of Oliver Hookins on strings, and Adrian Kyneur on percussion – whom she discovered on MySpace. Oliver's strings added a wonderful dark tone to songs like 'A Forever', whilst the rhythmic beat of Adrian's percussion (primarily on the conga drum) beautifully complimented the subtleties of Gen's folksy, jazz inspired voice through the mellow 'Hollow'. It's so infectious that even the waiter wanted to get involved in the percussion by dropping a stack of plates on the floor – the enraptured crowd barely even stirred.

The set reached its peak with Mark beckoned back on stage to duet with Gen on the engaging 'All that matters'. It wasn't so much a duet as a chorus as the many friends and family in the crowd supported the two artists and said bon voyage to Gen. She is a girl with a lot to say, her songs are jam packed with lyrics and experimental in their accompaniments with percussion/strings/broken plates, and how anyone can even lift a pen, let alone write a song like 'Stale Ashes' whilst hung-over amazes me. I get the distinct impression that we'll hear a lot more from her on her return from America.

As our evening drew to a close, my wine glass looking sadly empty, the time came for me to dig myself back out of the sofa and return to the real world. The wonderful escape from reality for a few short hours left me ready again to tackle the tumultuous weather. And in the words of Mark I can safely say that "I know that my friends are the best things in my life" - especially if they can help me put the roof back on.

Written by Lynn Burgess