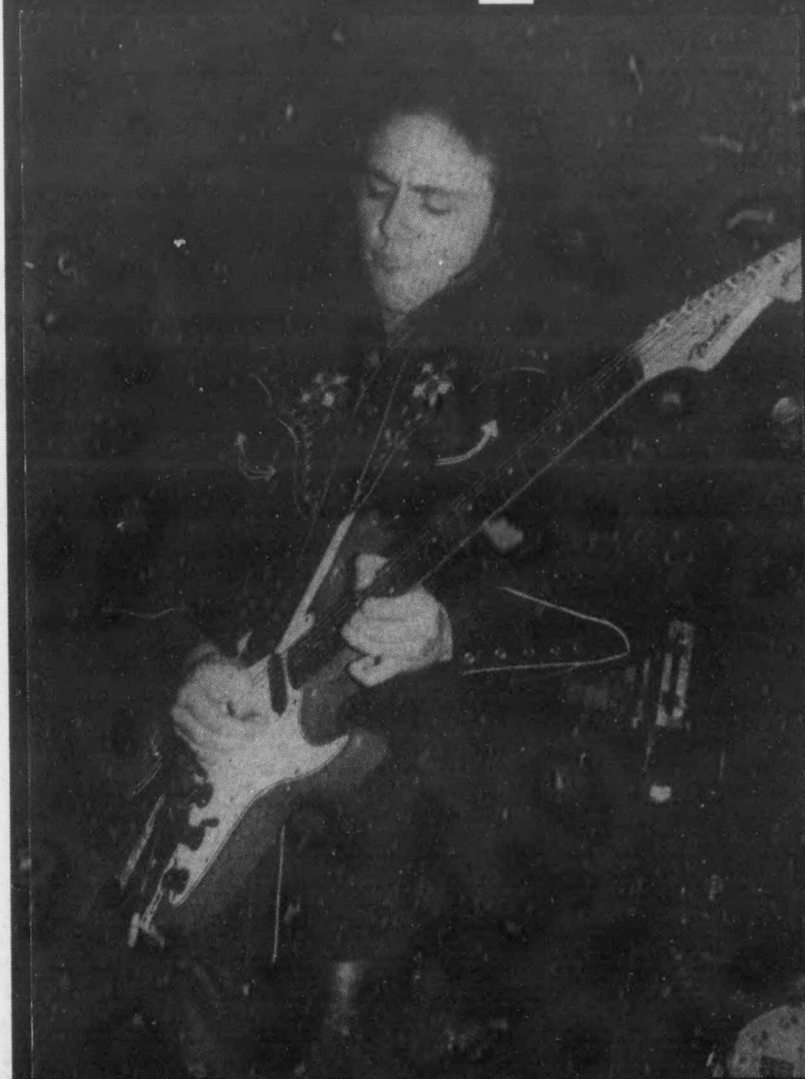


Entertainment

David Gogo: The Spirit of Stevie Ray



David Gogo does his best Stevie Ray face...
(Mike Dean photo)

by Chad Ball
All right kids, here's a riddle. Who do you get when you cross Stevie Ray Vaughn, Albert Collins and Jimi Hendrix? Now, while you strain your mind, hopelessly attempting to imagine the end result of that combination, I'll throw in a complication—he's Canadian!

Yes sir, straight from Vancouver Island, please welcome David Gogo who, after performing at the Attic last Sunday night, proved to be one of the best guitar acts ever to hit the barren streets of Fredericton. So now you ask yourself, "why, oh, why have I not heard of such a man before?" Well, to be honest, I really don't know, but this is one performer that has been kept quiet for too long. Although the turnout for his only night in Fredericton was nothing short of pathetic (at most, there were 25 in attendance), David performed a set that can only be called inspired. After opening with a stirring version of BB King's "It's My Own Fault," David went on to perform cuts from his debut, self-titled CD. The most memorable event of the evening came during one of David's many extended guitar solos as he left the stage, ordered a drink, shared it with one of the more obnoxious audience members and

played slide guitar with the empty glass - possibly cliché, but definitely entertaining.

Although the arrival of David Gogo does seem rather sudden, the man has paid his dues to the art of blues guitar. In high school, he cut his teeth for mill workers in the bars of Nanaimo B.C. performing cover tunes of his idols Stevie Ray Vaughn, Albert Collins and Elvis Presley (well, two out of three isn't bad). It was

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these cover tunes that got him signed to the major record label, EMI (something never done on that label before). And now, only two weeks after the release of his CD, David Gogo is on tour with names such as Colin James and Joe Satriani.

Performers aren't the only big

names David Gogo is associated with. When producer Rick Parasher (of Pearl Jam fame) heard David's music, he invited David to hang out with him in his studio in Seattle. A few beers later, they were in business. I was disappointed that the venture had to leave Canadian borders, but David was quick to say it was only done in order to escape the pressures of home life. Well, if you say so David, but I was not totally surprised to hear smacks of the Seattle grungies coming from my stereo.

If I were to have one complaint about David Gogo, it would be that he was too much like Stevie Ray Vaughn. From the strato-caster guitars to the mini goatee, it was obvious who his hero was. For the average bar band, this would not be a bad thing, but in the case of a hopeful artist on a major label such as EMI, emulation can only succeed so long.

David Gogo is now on his way across Canada and will probably be returning to Fredericton in a couple of months. So if you have any interest in Canadian musicians whatsoever and have access to a handful of change, go see the man! You won't be disappointed.

And he likes the Montreal Canadiens. What more can you want?

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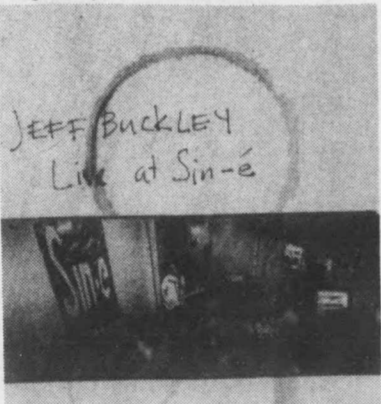
MICHAEL EDWARDS

THE PUBLICITY MACHINE AND HOW TO IGNORE IT..

There is always an inevitable amount of hype in the music industry, most of which does nothing but make me rather depressed. Why? Well, normally because the final product rarely lives up to the tidal wave of publicity, and also because it seems that bands that need that much help tend not to have much musically to back up the claims. I could go on and name some examples here, but I have been told that I have been mean enough about Pearl Jam this year let's leave it at that. The British music press are notorious for such publicity especially when a new band emerge that are deemed to be the best new thing since the last saviours of rock 'n' roll. They did that with the Stone Roses, were doing it with Suede and now it seems to be a band called Elastica. In most cases the band in question will have their fifteen minutes and then disappear from view. Or at least from the eyes of the press who are way too excited about rumours of another Smiths reunion.

Earlier this year, I heard quite a lot of talk about a new singer who was taking New York by

storm - Jeff Buckley - who just happened to be the son of a rather famous figure from the late 60s and early 70s. His father was Tim Buckley who died back in 1975. He is someone that more people should have heard of, but alas haven't. If you possess any of the This Mortal Coil albums then you will know his songs - "Song To The Siren," "Morning Glory," "I Must Have Been Blind"

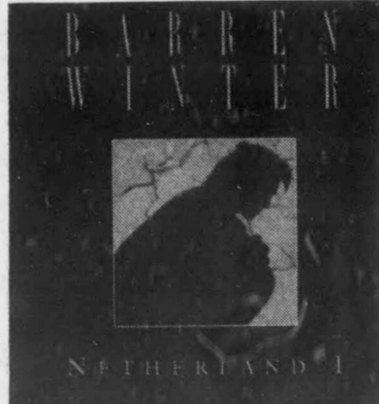


to name but a few, but many other artists will also cite him as an influence. For example, his song "Dolphins" was covered by Billy Bragg, The The and Scottish singer Eddi Reader (she used to be in Fairground Attraction...) - thankfully some people do recognise the beauty of his work. The music of Tim Buckley is usually classed as folk music, as is nearly anything that has

acoustic guitars, but what elevates his music to a higher plane is his voice. He has an incredible range that jumps through its many octaves effortlessly from emotional high to emotional low. If anyone out there feels the urge to check out any of his albums which are now being reissued by Rhino Records, may I recommend that you start with 'Dream Letter', a live recording made in London in 1968. A wonderful record.

But I'm getting sidetracked; back to Jeff Buckley. As soon as I found out the genetic connection, I was found myself being swept away by the tidal wave of hype. The debut release, *Live at Sin-é*, was recorded at one of New York's more fashionable clubs, and it thankfully does live up to my more-than-high expectations. It's more of an EP than an album, with only four tracks, but it is simply stunning. Just him and his guitar (an electric one incidentally...). When there is no other trickery of any kind, the songs themselves become much more important; nothing else to hide behind. This isn't a problem here as his original material is wonderfully emotive stuff, but the real highlight is the cover of Van Morrison's "The Way Young Lovers Do" where he begins to scat to-

wards the end and it seems that the spirit of his father lives on. The comparison to Tim is bound to happen, but soon I hope he will be regarded on his own merit for there is plenty of merit in this recording. This is one of the few debuts so far this year that has left me genuinely excited about the potential for an even more incredible follow up



which should be out later on this year. I really can't wait.

Next to a Canadian release which arrived with no hype at all; a welcome change, although they did send a rather tasteful poster. So that brings me to *Netherland I* by Barren Winter, quite an ambitious album that turns out to be written, performed and produced by one individual that goes by the name of Tirhindae. A pseudo-

nym I would imagine. The packaging of the disc is quite wonderful - very black with bleak photographs that encompass the mood of the material. His voice is reminiscent of Brendan Perry (of Dead Can Dance) and also the head-goth Andrew Eldritch. Gothic. Not a term I wanted to use, but the more I contemplate the more accurate it seems in its quite literal meaning. This is a very dark album which takes autumn as its main theme lyrically as it walks through a hinterland amidst desolation, barrenness and the darker emotions. The music seems almost ethereal although at the shadowy end of the spectrum - waves of guitar, heavy percussion; a perfect setting. Only at one point does the music get dangerously close to the Sisters of Mercy (which in itself is not a bad thing); on "Indomitable Spirit," but usually it seems almost halcyon and contemplative. And dare I even say autumnal. Not as easy album by any means, but it is executed so perfectly that it deserves to be searched out. Recommended.

(For details of Barren Winter's 'Netherland I', contact EDM, Suite 302, Nepean, ON, K2G 5Y7. And do be sure to include a stamp to cover return postage)