



In second gear. A couple of songs before the end, Robert Gordon shifts into second gear, just like his genre did a couple of decades after its peak. But then he seems to run out of steam again, and he is off stage before the band has finished playing. PHOTO: MATS RAGNARSSON

MUSIC

ROBERT GORDON



Droskan, Umeå

Strongest: "Fire"

Weakest: The medley during Gordon's break

An Air guitar warms up at a table before Robert Gordon enters the stage. And he steps onto stage without any commotion. However, the fans immediately gather in front of the stage, where they show their obvious support and request "Fire" early during the concert. It proves to be the best number of the evening. Maybe not because he performs it particularly well, but because he displays genuine warmth and affection towards the audience. During this song he communicates. The greasy kid's stuff seems to have been enough for yet another stylish combing of the hair. The dancing couples are more than happy, the people around the tables are all smiles. The only thing missing in the picture is a traditional Neumann microphone.

When it comes to the music, he basically just goes through the motions, performing with the auto-pilot turned on. It's a real pity that he at no point makes more of an effort. The voice is noticeably delightful; deep, soft and smooth. His charisma is evident, and somehow the stage seems too small for him. Maybe it's the circumstances, or perhaps it's just an off-night, but fact is that Gordon's performance is simply too weak, well below his past standard.

With him is guitarist Chris Spedding, who has played with numerous famous artists. Tonight, he is most animated during Gordon's ten-minute break. His expressionless face even begins to move a bit. His dull and lifeless playing becomes more rocking, and in The Troggs' "Wild Thing" he offers the heaviest number of the evening. On the other hand, "Guitar Jamboree" feels mostly like a time-filler while waiting for the star of the evening to get back on stage. Sadly enough, Spedding's voice is partially drowned in the inferior sound mix.

A couple of songs before the end, Robert Gordon shifts to second gear, just like his genre did a couple of decades after its peak. But then he seems to run out of steam again, and he is off stage before the band has finished playing. After a quick stop for signing an autograph, he quickly makes his way through the pub towards the exit. He leaves his performance without showing any interest in offering encores, and there is no applause asking for it.

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