



EXCLUSIVE! Entertainment discovers key ingredient in next year's Frosh pack

ENTERTAIN MEAT



PIXIES Come on Pilgrim (4AD/Polygram)

At one point in *Nimrod's Son* the music comes to a complete halt and Black Francis flatly pronounces "I was the son of a Motherf*%ker." Why this observation should suddenly crop up so unexpectedly in a song which develops the concept of Oedipal shenanigans is not quite clear.

"It's all those characters in the Old Testament, I'm obsessed with them," reflects Mr. Francis. "Why it comes out so much I don't know. Look, I don't have any sisters, okay? All brothers and we're all very hetero. I just love insults and put downs."

Black Francis appears to be a rather fractured young man with quite unorthodox views on the structure of a song and its lyrical content. The first track on the album is *Caribou*. "I just like nice sounding words, he confides in the person that put the press release together. "Okay, it's a nice animal too. But I just keep saying 'repent' in it as a joke. You just do images from your soul. So they're interesting, much more so than trying to figure it all out."

It is just this sort of hodge-podge of ideas running manically about the place like headless chickens on benzedrine that makes *Come on Pilgrim* one of the most intriguing albums you will likely hear during your stay at Downey's Dorm. If you get the impressions that the Pixies are hard to listen to then I've misled you because some of the tracks are so catchy you have to swat them off with a red hot poker. *Vamos* is just such a beast and this feat is even more remarkable when you learn that it is actually sung in Spanish.

Elements of a rather bizarre nature continually pop their little elfin heads up here and there, particularly on the gratuitously strange *Ed is Dead*. Again, we're not entirely sure just what on Earth is going on. Referring again to the press release, in this instance essential for even the most superficial understanding, it is apparently about "... this hideous weird girl at my high school . . . I'd talk to her but no one else would. I didn't know what was wrong with her, and then later I found out she'd been mentally affected after a car accident."

Complaints? It's too damn short for one thing. It really is irritating to have to keep jumping up to flip the cassette over (*poor thing - Ed.*), so let's have a good honest set on the next release, okay kids?

Jeez! I nearly forgot to tell you who they sound like (the most important function of a record critic donchaknow)! Strange that I should like them then, as they sound quite a bit like the Violent Femmes because I can't stand the boring bleeders. Mid seventies Talking Heads could also be cited as sound-a-likes but again I'm not too impressed with them either so it's all kind of weird. Like the album. (Oh double entendre! Phew!)

U N A N S W E R A B L E

Luxuria DEVOTO • NOKO

Lost

(Vertigo/Beggars Banquet)

Sometimes it's a little difficult to make an objective opinion about a record that everybody creams their jeans over. This little bit of pretentious nonsense is a case in point.

To begin with, we have here a band whose nuclei include the revered Howard Devoto, the punk visionary that spawned the influential buzzcocks and subsequently Magazine. Unfortunately whatever Howard does, the hacks go ape-poop over it. Why? Whenever somebody has established a rock solid C.V. for themselves based in the primordial soup of the late seventies new wave explosion and proceeds to impress on fawning journalists that he has consumed substantial chunks of Proust, the effect is one of quite unprecedented sycopantic snivelling surpassed only by the timidity of post-Bosnitch student politics.

Howard, who can also be fondly remembered for possibly one of the worst records ever made (*Holocaust on It'll End in Tears-This Mortal Coil*) (4AD Records) drops one bastard of a clanger though when he explains why he's actually returning to music scene at this point in time. This, he explains, is due to the lack of truly distinguished and imaginative music today - as if to say that this album will replace the huge void that he imagines to exist in the infrastructure of the current scene. "Naff off Baldy yer pompous get!" scrawls my idiot but otherwise quite talented cat Porky using Mum's lipstick on Dad's windshield to get his point across, and I think I know what he means.

One of the biggest pitfalls of the affair is that Devoto just cannot bloody well sing. He has one of those intensely irritating nasal voices that makes me want to snatch out his adenoids with my trusty bicycle pump. *Lady 21* is such a horrendous drone that Porky summarily tries to lock himself in the freezer whenever I make the mistake of putting the beginning of the second side on my scarred turntable.

While it does make me feel similar to the time when me and the moggy tried to find out how many lemons we could eat at one sitting, our Howard can write quite well. It's an unfortunate thing that I experienced a lot of pleasure reading the lyrics per se rather than listening to the album. Hey D.J.! Yes you, yer spotty oik! If you must play it choose *Redneck* which is great, but not the panacea to all the world's problems as my contemporaries in the real music biz seem to think it is. Also recommended is the title track, *Luxuria*, which is actually quite a poetic accomplishment saved from the slum-laden death of Howard's voice by impressive orchestration. Meanwhile Porky is conducting an experiment to see how many of my sneakers he can flush down the toilet simultaneously. Whether or not this is another form of subjective feline criticism, I shall have to ponder on when we go out skateboarding tonight. 'Til next year, I'm yer pal . . .

Neddy

Neddy Stebbins

