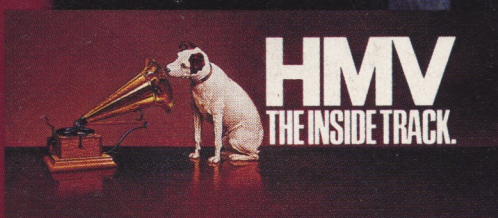


THE  
**Pixies**

**MELODY-MAKER**

IN ASSOCIATION WITH



★ ★ ★ ★

FREE WITH  
**MELODY-MAKER**





WRITTEN BY TED MICO

DESIGN BY BRETT LEWIS

# HISPANIC IN THE STREETS



1

I DON'T KNOW IF  
IT'S JUST THAT I'M A  
YOUNG, F\*\*\*ED-UP  
KID, OR IF IT'S THAT I  
APPRECIATE THE  
MACABRE, THE  
STRANGE OR THE  
HORRIBLE CHARLES



AT exactly 11.30 on the morning of May 7, 1985, Charles Michael Kitridge Thompson (19) woke up and realised the last six months of his life in San Juan, Puerto Rico, had been a nightmare dreamt up by his worst enemy. He washed, shaved, walked down 25 flights of stairs, struggled past the drag queens, the dopeheads and the hispanic fags that regularly congregated around the lobby of his student dormitory

and went to a local bar. He was late for something, but couldn't think what.

Charles had been in the first year of an economics course at Amherst University, Massachusetts, when one day a woman walked into his Spanish class and asked if anyone wanted to go to Puerto Rico for a year. He packed his bag the next day, ready for the great adventure. Great expectations turned sour when he starved for the first week he was there through lack of money because he couldn't make himself understood well enough to open a bank account and cash a cheque. His Spanish improved rapidly as did his appetite, but despite his love of blaring car horns, Pinto beans, burning tyre rubber and sun, he

was missing something, but couldn't think what.

Six months had passed before his sudden decision in the local bar: he would either travel to New Zealand and witness the spectacle of Haley's Comet, or form a rock band.

"You know when you're trying to watch a group," he later recalled, "but somehow



your eyes keep slipping back to the little chick who's two rows in the front, sitting on the back of her seat and can't keep still for shaking? You can't see the band, but you still go home alone and you're lying asleep because you don't wanna sleep with your loins on fire. Then you remember you've always wanted to be in a rock'n'roll band ever since you were five, but you moved to California and, in the rush, your parents gave away your Beatles albums. All of them. I had them all when I was eight and that's one of those painful childhood experiences. Finally in Puerto Rico, I wasn't even attending classes. That day I just said, 'F\*\*\* this, I'm gonna be a rock star.'"



The slightly portly 21-year-old shook the sand from his shoes and took the next plane back to Boston.

In Boston, Charles spent two weeks trying to convince Joey Santiago, his old college room mate, to drop out of school and join his band. He had, so he says, "missed the major astrological event of the century" to create this band and according to Charles, he and Joey had only started college because they'd both wanted to be in a rock band and they'd spent most of their first term writing songs, learning how to play guitar and smoking as much dope as possible. Charles had played in a couple of "fake" high-school bands and sung Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Hour" at his Senior Prom, but had missed out on punk and hardcore. Joey had lived in the Philippines until he was seven and his first memory was of his local church in Manila playing "Ob La Di, Ob La Da" the day The Beatles split up. Still, Joey wasn't convinced he should follow the singer.

According to Charles, the Santiago family were one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the Philippines. When the first three Mercedes arrived on the island, Joey's uncle had two, the third went to President Marcos. In 1972, the power-lines shifted and members of Joey's family suddenly began to disappear in "mysterious circumstances". Joey's father, a doctor, decided it was safer to move to America and offer his kids a better education than the lyrics of inane la-di-da Beatles songs.

At the time, Joey was renowned as the king of apathy. He'd recently cycled across America in aid of charity, but having completed the endurance test, he couldn't be bothered to collect the sponsor's money.

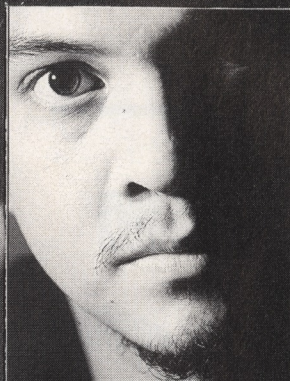
When the lead guitarist finally relented, the pair started thinking of names for the band. Charles decided to call himself Black Francis because he "always liked sort of funny, corny pompous stage names like Iggy Pop and Billy Idol". Black Francis was the name his father was going to give his next son; the son never materialised, so Charles adopted the title instead.

It was Joey who thought up the name The Pixies, although he apparently didn't even know what the word meant at the time. "With English not his first language," Charles explained, "Joey has a fascination for new words. 'Oh I like that word,' he says, and looks it up and sees what it means. Believe it or not, he wanted to call the band Pixies In Panoply, but we shortened it a little."

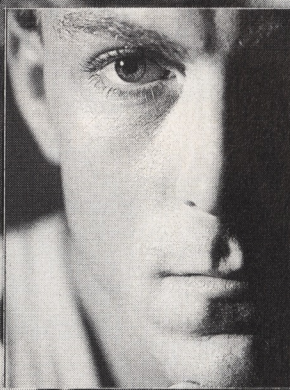
The pair put a Musicians Wanted ad in a Boston paper asking for a bass player for a band into "Husker Du and Peter, Paul & Mary". They only had one reply, from a girl named Kim Deal, aka Mrs John Murphy.



**Kim Deal**



**Joey Santiago**



**David Lovering**



**The Pixies at their debut UK gig at the Mean Fiddler supporting Throwing Muses**





Kimberly grew up in Dayton, Ohio, where day-to-day conversation revolved around "corn and livestock". In third grade, Kim used to draw pentangles on her parent's porch, but she gave up witchcraft in favour of music. She and her twin sister formed a folk duo called The Breeders, who reached legendary status in Dayton when they supported Steppenwolf. She also got involved in various nefarious druggy activities and got into trouble with the law. She was once detained in a police holding cell, but can't ever remember actually being in prison, although she admits she'd have been too drunk to remember anyway.

Her sister moved into catering and Kim married John Murphy and moved to his hometown of Boston, where she saw the ad and thought it was "cute". Kim arrived at the audition without a bass, claiming her sister had one back in Dayton, but she had no money to get it. Charles had to lend her 50 dollars for the airfare - a gesture of faith that paid off handsomely.

Their original drummer was quickly dismissed and Kim suggested a guy she'd met once at her wedding reception. Drummer David Lovering was sick of playing in "goof-off" bands and was drafted in to complete the quartet. When he was six, David had ridden a unicycle through a Mormon church service for a bet and had played drums in his school marching band for a hobby, which the rest of The Pixies considered perfect credentials for their band which had "no particular image". The message under David's high school year book read "David Lovering: I want to be in a rock band and I want to be an electrical engineer." When he was 18, he visited a psychic who correctly guessed his name, age, his penchant for drumming and travelling and even the name of his girlfriend.

"She really knew her shit," he recalled two years later. "I asked her if there was anything in music for me and she looked up and said, 'No, nothing at all.' Maybe she was right!"

After playing drums for bands called Iz Wizard and Riff Raff, David was also the only musician in Boston who thought The Pixies was a sensible name.

Two months after Charles arrived back in Boston, The Pixies were fully formed and began rehearsing in David's dad's garage. It was July, 1986.

Their first gig at the Rat Club in Boston was, in the drummer's words, "possibly the worst gig in the history of rock. All our friends came to see us and laughed their asses off". Their second gig was supporting Big Dipper and another Boston-based band, Throwing Muses. By now The Pixies had managers and agents interested and successive gigs proved more inspiring, with the help of a striking poster for the gigs which featured Charles naked in a semi-foetal position with a thumbs down fist clenched at his midsection which most people mistakenly thought was his dick. By their fourth gig, one Boston fanzine



prophetically touted the band as future leaders of the East Coast rock underground, yet Kim only remembers them being "a stupid little band in Boston".

The band recorded a demo tape at a disused tea warehouse called Fort Apache studios. They had intended to use it to secure a contract, whereupon they'd re-record the songs as part of an album. They never got the chance. Ivo Watts of 4AD was so impressed with the tape, he signed the band and in October '87, released the demo, which became the eight-track album, "Come On Pilgrim".



IN THE END, NOTHING BEATS VOLUME AND  
LIGHTS AND DRUNKEN PEOPLE. THE SONGS  
JUST HAVE TO SOUND COOL CHARLES



WE WERE JUST THIS STUPID LITTLE BAND

FROM BOSTON KIM DEAL



# PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

**ROCK can only be defined by its limitations, and with "Come On Pilgrim" The Pixies stretched those boundaries into the twilight zone, entwining surreal seduction with friendly sedition. Shortly after its release, the album reached Number One in the independent charts and has hovered in and around the Top 20 ever since.**

**Much attention was focused on the album's subject matter: Charles' curious and eccentric melange of roadside observations and cracked anecdotes all tethered by a tongue-tangled howl of guitar.**

While the sepia-tinted flamenco album cover and hispanic titles like "Vamos" and "Isla De Encanta" were directly influenced by Charles' sojourn in Puerto Rico, and the desire to connect with some ancient, primal emotion could be traced to the singer's recent visit to an archaeological dig in Arizona, the album's preoccupation with religion was more deeply rooted in Charles' born-again, Pentecostal upbringing.

Charles was born in Long Beach, California, but was always the outsider at school because his dad, a bar-keeper, kept moving around the country. By the time he was a teenager, Charles had already attended over 10 different schools. "I rather liked the idea that I was cooler than anyone else," he said later. "I used to hang around with the more oddball weirdo types."

He was 12 when the entire Thompson family came down with a chronic dose of religion. Charles grew up exposed to a lot of preaching and righteous rage, and although he rejected the content, the style left its impression on the singer. "It certainly left me f\*\*\*ed up, that's for sure," he later admitted. The title, "Come On Pilgrim" was taken from a song by Larry Norman, a Christian folk singer who Charles saw perform at summer camp when he was 13.

"When I reached my teens, I discovered rock'n'roll and started getting interested in girls," he recalled, "so I guess that sort of religious/sexual conflict of interests is where a lot of the songs come from. The Bible's got a lot of wild stories in the Old Testament - the incest thing pops up a lot in my songs."

Charles not only plundered the Bible for stories, he also borrowed the possessed born-again style of an evangelist preacher to deliver his fables, hollering Flintstone and treacle at The Pixies' Boston audiences.

At that time, he also confessed to being "super-horny" when he was a teenager, which goes some way to explain tunes like "The Holiday Song" - an anthem for masturbation ("Here I am with my hand").

"I want to command some faith in an audience," he explained at the time. "I want them to be intrigued, absolutely curious about

what I am. That's what makes music attractive to me - it's the hole you get sucked into when you really get into a song."

In America, The Pixies live shows were starting to pick up a cult following, while critics in England attempted to locate the group's fleet-footed muse in "Come On Pilgrim" and often floundered in an ocean of riddles and ridicule. Because the band barely glanced back at history, many found musical reference points misleading. Although their soul lay in the Sixties garage punk of bands like The Seeds, a host of other comparisons were summoned up. Pere Ubu and The Fall's abrupt short-circuit of the synapse gaps, MC5's steamroller abandon, Television's razor cuts, Husker Du's monstrous feedback noise were all cited, but no one could really put their finger on The Pixies brand of savage mayhem.

According to Charles, there is only one truth. It occurs during The Stooges' "Loose" when, Iggy screams "Brother! Brother!". "That's gospel," Charles declared in a Melody Maker interview. "In the end, nothing beats volume and lights and drunken people. The songs just have to sound cool."

The band toured far-flung towns like Kalamazoo and, to use Kim's description, "other roach-infested motels in unknown places like Kansas", in order to hone down their jerry-built songs and learn to play when extremely drunk. As far as Britain was concerned the band vanished into thin air right after such a highly-acclaimed debut.

Six months later the band returned to the limelight with the full-length album, "Surfer Rosa", which was released in March 1988. The album immediately went to Number One in the independent charts. The LP was going to be called "Gigantic", after Kim's big, big love show-stopper, but the sleeve featured a naked flamenco dancer with large breasts and it was feared people might get the wrong idea, or the right idea.

"Surfer Rosa" proved that The Pixies had learned to ride their scalding

momentum. Former Big Black hardcore guru Steve Albini didn't so much "produce" the album as simply unleash the band's torrent of unhinged language and guitars. The results jay-walked over rock tradition. Songs like "Bone Machine" and "Break My Body" formed a kind of anatomical esperanto, speaking in tongues to suggest a carnivorous lust. Elsewhere, themes of death and mutilation reared their ugly heads, like the prison inmate of "Cactus", who pleads with his girlfriend to rub her dress with sweat and blood and sent it to him (with music inspired by T.Rex's "The Groover"). Yet all this bestial unreason was tinted with a dark humour, while Charles' innate grasp of hooks and melody ("Where Is My Mind") saved the band from accusations of tackling the well-worn avant-garde targets of sex, death and violence just to score easy shock points. As the Maker concluded at the time: "This album kicks ass."

Charles' surreal and disturbing songs of everyday life were frequently compared to "Blue Velvet" director David Lynch's style of movie-making. The singer would often comment in interviews about Lynch's ability "to come up with something that just looks good, sounds good and you just go with it". In March 1989 he told Rolling Stone magazine, "I don't know if it's just that I'm a young f\*\*\*ed up kid or if it's that I appreciate the macabre, the strange or the horrible. I go to a lot of movies." The band promoted this connection by performing "In Heaven" (the song from Lynch's "Eraserhead") as their encore.

"I write my songs mostly in front of a mirror," Charles later explained. "When I get tired of the mirror, I stand in the bath tub and draw the shower curtain. Eighty per cent of the lyrics are baloney. It's that T.Rex thing of 'if it sounds cool'. I write songs by singing a whole bunch of syllables to chord progressions and they become words. A bunch of five words might mean something or stand for something, but the five words after it, or preceding it sure as hell won't have anything to do with them."

In March '88, two weeks after the album's release, The Pixies finally arrived in Britain to support label-mates and fellow Bostonians, Throwing Muses, on tour. Yet from the first date at London's Mean Fiddler, the tour was seen as two headlining acts playing the same night, with one review claiming it was the finest double act since the Romans decided to put the Christians and the lions on the same bill. Critical acclaim reached rabid proportions and even the Muses would regularly pile plaudits on the band from the stage, but The Pixies kept their feet in the air and their heads on the ground. "We're just ordinary guys and an ordinary gal," Charles said. "I'm just Mr Square, Mr Nerd, Mr Normal. I like the fact that none of us are rock'n'roll type people, we're truly naive, so it's pure. There's not a lot of thought."

In August '88 the band released their first single, the truly exquisite eargasm, "Gigantic". It immediately went to Number One in the independent charts and paved the way for the band's first headlining tour of the UK and Europe a month later. At the end of 1988, "Surfer Rosa" was voted Album Of The Year in Melody Maker and Sounds, while the band swept up the laurels in most music paper readers' polls. The Pixies were rapidly achieving their ludicrously ambitious goal - to be as successful as U2, but "be weird" to boot. The Pixies returned to Boston to write and record their third album.



Posing for 'Gigantic' antics





*'I THINK UP A LINE, THEN I WORK MYSELF INTO A FRENZY, PRETEND I'M PERFORMING. I WAIT FOR THE EARGASM, THAT'S HOW I KNOW IT'S GOT WHAT I WANT' CHARLES*





# THE APES OF WRATH

3

THE new year brought fresh promise. March 20 saw the release of The Pixies single "Monkey Gone to Heaven". In an interview eight months earlier, Charles spoke of his frustration over the dumping of garbage 100 miles out to sea off New Jersey.

"There's tons and tons of sludge, and the fishermen bring up fish with sores on them and fins rotting away," he said. Somehow this frustration translated into a Green anthem which had Man, God and the Devil at sixes and sevens. Despite the song's more melodic lilt and cello underpinning, it preserved The Pixies' essential, serrated edge and not only hit the indie Number One slot the week of release, but also scuffed the door of the Gallup chart.

One month later, The Pixies unleashed the "Doolittle" album on an unsuspecting public. The LP retained the urgency of their previous excursions, but this time around, the songs extended The Pixies' musical parameters, partly due to the influence of producer Gil Norton, who'd previously worked with bands like Echo & The Bunnymen and Wet Wet Wet.

Norton was brought in to tidy up The Pixies' inherent sloppiness and add a craftsman's touch to the band's trigger-happy wail of sound, which continued to be punctuated as ever by the Black

Francis scream. "Debaser" catapulted Bunuel and Dali into the whirlwind of guitars and Charles' hollered vocals, where words and language words couldn't express the intended barbarism ("Don't know about you, but I am une chien andalusia"). From slicing eyeballs to the tattooed mutilation of "Number 13 Baby", the album proved that Charles still hadn't expunged the primal urges that galvanised the band's previous two albums: the animal unleashed inside the man.

"Mr Grieves" pointed to another favourite subject, death, while "Crackety Jones" reprised the Spanish flavour of "Come On Pilgrim" with Charles' tale of his "weirdo, psycho gay roommate in Puerto Rico". The Old Testament even crops up again for "Dead", the story of David and Bathsheba where unimpeded lust produces foul results ("Uriah hit the crapper") and "Gouge Away" a Dadaist version of Samson and Deliah. "Wave Of Mutilation" attempted to intertwine The Beach Boys with Charlie Manson, while the wistful "Silver" seemed torn out of a Buffalo Springfield songbook. At the time, the *Maker* claimed that "Doolittle" obviously, painfully, joyfully can't help itself". The band still were out of control, still determined to explore rock conventions while others were content to exploit them.

"I'd like to have been around when the Spanish and the Dutch were mapping out the world," Charles said at the time. "It bums me out that there's no land left undiscovered. Not even the moon."

In April, the band started their 50-date "Sex & Death" European tour in Brighton and this time around, even national papers like *The Independent* were hailing them as "the most important band

from the East Coast of America". Although they had three albums-worth of material to choose from, the band began their first gig in typically playful Pixie style. They started with the unrecorded "Into The White". The mischief continued for their last two London shows: the first featured a set in which all the songs were played alphabetically, for the second, they reversed their ordinary set, leaving the stage after the first number (the usual encore). In Nottingham, the band

heard that "Doolittle" had entered the national charts at Number Eight and fell in love with the sound of champagne corks popping. Dame Fortune smiled on The Pixies; every show

IF I COULD BE ANYONE, I'D BE DR DOOLITTLE AND TALK TO THE ANIMALS. WE'D SHOOT SOME SHIT CHARLES





was a sell-out, every review full of gushing praise. Two weeks into the tour, however, Dame Fortune caught a cold. Charles was up in Joey's room after their Manchester gig, strumming an acoustic guitar, when he got a little carried away and sliced his fingers up. He found the hospital nurse was excellent with bandages, but not so good at picking shards of fibreglass out of the wound. Halfway through the ordeal, the nurse announced that she was the girlfriend of one of The Stone Roses and Charles began to wonder whether her lack of ability was simply his misfortune, or whether the independent charts had become an amoral battleground.

In Europe The Pixies various festival dates finally meant they could meet bands whose records they used to admire and compete with. In Holland, they went to dinner with R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe and went to the movies with Nick Cave. In Germany, they met The Cure and in Italy, they met the Mafia, cancelled the rest of their Italian dates and high-tailed it to Nice, where they were cooked a better class of hot dog and no one threatened to break their arms.

After a two-week break, the "F\*\*\* Or Fight" tour of America began in September. Soon it was clear that the band were beginning to show signs of tour fatigue. They'd played over 100 shows in six months and their usual placid nature started to fray at the edges. Kim had already tried to find an escape route when she crashed her moped in Greece and Charles developed a total aversion to flying and insisted on driving everywhere - no matter how far. The Cure's Robert Smith announced that The Pixies were one of his favourite bands of the moment and they ended up supporting The Cure on their stadium tour of the States.

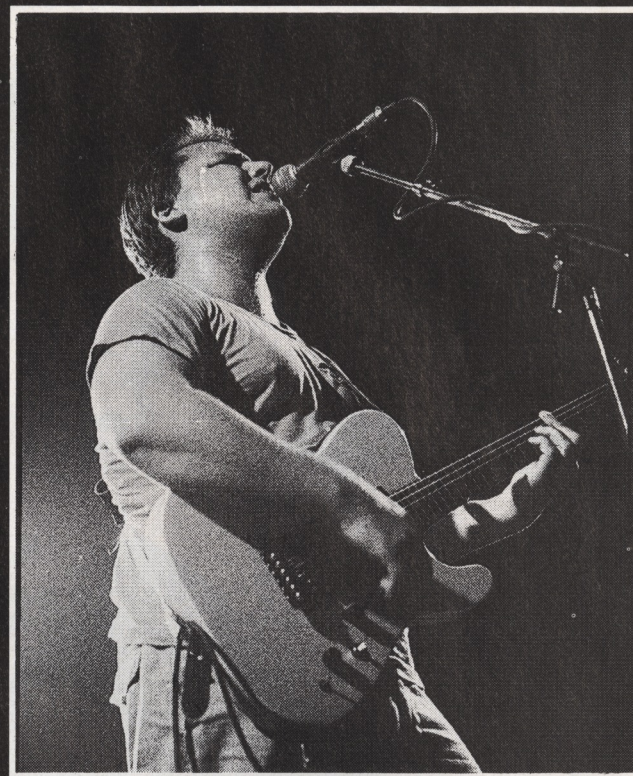
Despite such breaks, the band were still determined to make life difficult for themselves by not playing their hit single, "Here Comes Your Man" either live or on the numerous TV chat shows they were offered. In Seattle, David started to believe he was in love with Wendy James. In San Francisco, Joey dropped so much acid he thought he was a rhododendron bush and a day later in LA, Kim got so smashed she tried to prune him.

By the time the tour reached hometown Boston, the band had reached meltdown. Three numbers into the set, their friends and relatives witnessed Joey attempting to smash his guitar to pieces and then storming off stage. The guitar survived, Joey's fingers very nearly didn't. At their final gig in New York the next day, the band were so drained and bewildered, they couldn't attend their end of tour party.

In December, "Monkey Gone To Heaven" was voted best single of the year in all three music papers, while "Doolittle" was voted runner-up album of the year in *Melody Maker* and *Sounds* and *Maker* readers voted them Band Of The Year. The band themselves, however, slept through Christmas and New Year and took a much-needed vacation.



The Pixies hit the festival trail in Europe as part of their 150-date World 'Sex & Death' and 'F\*\*\* Or Fight' Tour



4

## ONLY WOMEN BREED

**WHILE** Joey went to find his soul in the Grand Canyon, David went to Jamaica to "think really hard" and Charles bought a yellow Cadillac and crossed America playing the occasional solo gig to pay for the furniture for his new apartment, Kim set about her own project: the second incarnation of The Breeders - a supergroup for the cultural margins whose line-up was completed by throwing Muses guitarist Tanya Donnelly and Josephine Wiggs, bass player for Perfect Disaster.

Tanya and Kim originally met because The Pixies and

Throwing Muses were labelmates at 4AD. But it wasn't until the pair got hideously drunk together in a Boston disco in '88 that they vowed to create the ultimate disco album.

The Pixie and the Muse went through countless line-ups and several aborted attempts to find time to record before Kim finally summoned Jo, who she'd met back in 1988 when Perfect Disaster supported The Pixies for their two London shows.

In January 1990, the three women teamed up with unknown Kentucky drummer Brit and recorded the album "Pod" in Edinburgh. It took them just 21 days to rehearse and record 14 tracks with producer Steve Albini.

Although "Pod" contained obvious baggage from the threesome's other groups, the Pixies/Muses/Disaster influences were kept to a minimum and the album embraced a whole gamut of eclectic jetsam, from the psychedelic rapture of Shocking Blue to the heavily punctuated rhythms of Television circa "Adventure", with a light sprinkling of mutant Shangri-Las. Songs like "Metal Man" and "Opened" may have sounded like casualties of Albini's policy of bashing tunes out in one live take, but tracks such as "Iris" were wonderfully jagged enough to raise more than the odd eyebrow.

The album's most striking feature remained the lyrics. Kim sung her songs with a home-spun, smiling nursery rhyme lilt, but the tiny stories she narrated ranged from the surreal to the downright sordid, with themes that included menage-a-trois, an abortion that lives, child molestation, bad sex and bad TV, opium dens and lithium overdoses.

Kim had always claimed that rock'n'roll should be sordid, like pornography. With "Pod" she finally got her heart's desire. The mere existence of The Breeders, however, led to speculation that there was something inherently wrong with the trio's position in their original bands, a theory compounded by the sudden departure of

Josephine Wiggs from Perfect Disaster. After all, Kim has written and sung songs like "Gigantic" and "Into The White" for The Pixies before now, so why form a new band? "Pod" spent two months at the top of the indie charts and by the time it entered the national Top 30, even Charles began to wonder if she'd ever want to be a Pixie again.

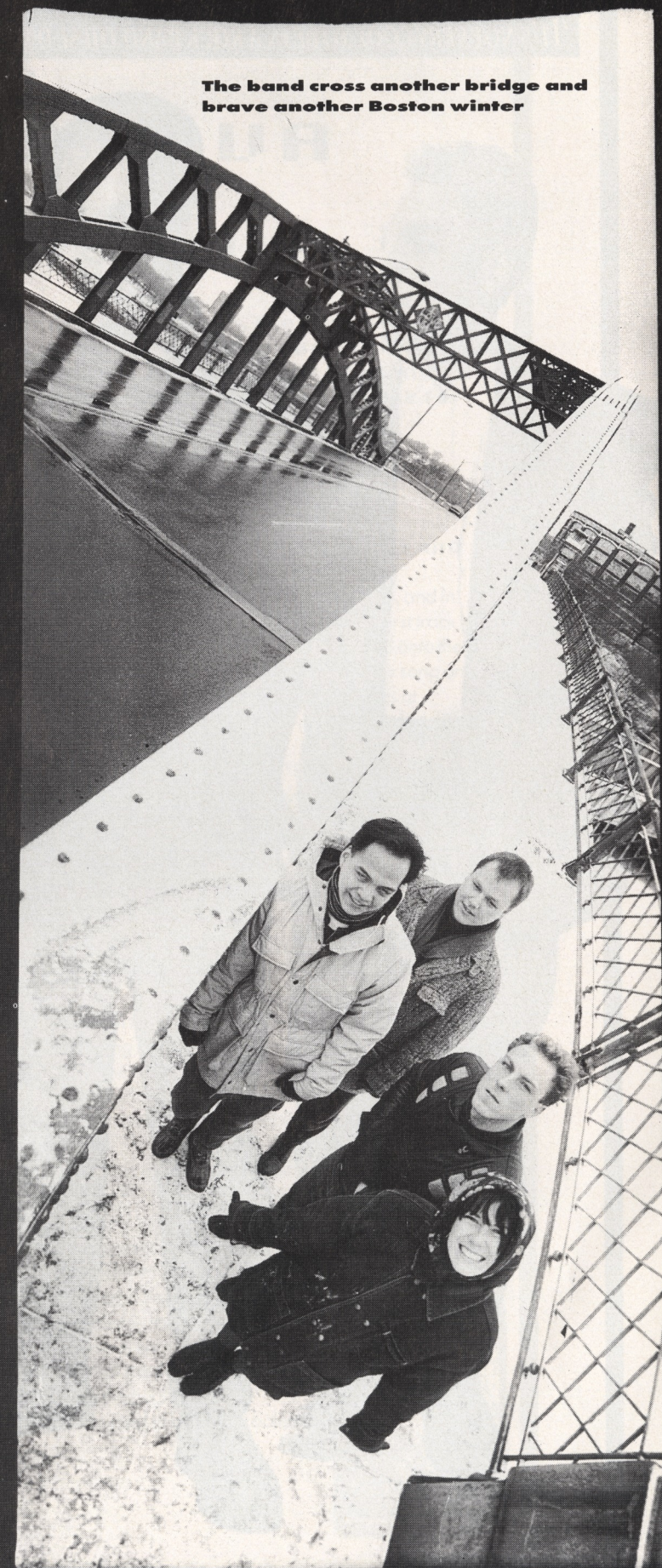
"There were no songs I wrote that I definitely didn't want done by The Pixies," Kim explained, "but I think that Charles is the lead singer for The Pixies and he writes the songs and that's good, that's as it should be. I just wanted to sing."

The Breeders played two unannounced gigs in London to rapturous reviews, and then Kim left for LA to begin recording the next Pixies album. The trio of women have already promised a second album at the beginning of next year.



Kim Deal, Tanya Donnelly and Josephine Wiggs

The band cross another bridge and brave another Boston winter





*'IT'S NOT VERY COOL TO BE IN A ROCK BAND THESE DAYS. THEN AGAIN, I THINK THE PIXIES ARE*

*PRETTY COOL.*

*RUINED COOL' -*

*Charles*



## FROM SUPERNOVA TO BOSSANOVA

**SINCE** their first trip to Britain, The Pixies had been consistently compared to various forms of seismic eruption. One day, while the band were half-way through rehearsing a track for the new album, the earth did actually did move. The studio lights flickered and the band's sound started to have a peculiar resonance. Suddenly all four members realised they were in the middle of an earthquake, so tore off their instruments and ran out of the building screaming.

Despite such interruptions, The Pixies completed their album, and in July released the single "Velouria". Although possibly the worst track on the album, the song was chosen in order to move the band onto the next stage with an appearance on "Top Of The Pops" (it was the only song on the album with an easily recognisable chorus). It entered the charts at Number 28, but the programme's producers remained unimpressed and instead plumped for Bananarama.

Last month saw the release of their surf/sci-fi album "Bossanova". The mood and theme of the album is very much dictated by the opening track, a cover of The Surftones "Celia Ann". This time, there's no murder, mutilation, death or barbarism. Instead, The Pixies go into interstellar overdrive, with tales of time travel and alien landings. Even Charles' familiar holler evaporates after the cacophony of "Rock Music". According to Kim, the songs started off pretty. "If we'd tried to rock them and rough them up, they would have just sounded dumb". With "Bossanova", The Pixies found a way of growing up without growing old. Their familiar apocalyptic garage/art thrash gave way to a more subtle, melodic form of nervous derailment, led by Charles' calmer baritone vocals. After four albums, all the comparisons with Iggy Pop were finally appropriate. Yet tracks like "Dig For Fire" and "Down To The Well" still contained enough schism and surprise to fulfil Charles' ambition of being paralysed by his own songs, to reduce the listener "to skin and bone". The NME thought the singer's lyrics and subject matter provided final proof of Charles' rampant insanity.

"Charles makes up all these big movies in his head and spills them out into three minute songs," Kim explained last month. "This album is more like Spielberg than David Lynch, more like 'ET' and 'Indiana Jones' than 'Eraserhead' or 'Blue Velvet'."

Four years ago, Charles Thompson formed The Pixies because his life just wasn't "surreal enough most of the time". Since then, he's made every effort to make his songs as fascinating and frightening as he'd like his life to be. "Bossanova" will probably be regarded as an orbiting staging post from which to assault earthlings and catapult The Pixies into stadia and global stardom. Headlining the last day of the Reading festival was just the beginning.

Four years ago, Charles Thompson wanted to be in the coolest band in the world.

Today, he's got his wish.







# **COME ON PILGRIM**

October 1987

Caribou/Vamos/Isla De Encanta/Ed Is Dead/The Holiday Song/  
Nimrod's Son/I've Been Tired/Levitate Me

# **SURFER ROSA**

March 1988

Bone Machine/Break My Body/Something Against You/Broken Face/  
Gigantic/River Euphrates/Where Is My Mind?/Cactus/Tony's Theme/  
Oh My Golly!/Vamos/I'm Amazed/Brick Is Red

# **GIGANTIC/RIVER EUPHRATES**

August 1988

Gigantic/River Euphrates/Vamos/Heaven

# **MONKEY GONE TO HEAVEN 7"**

March 1989

Monkey Gone To Heaven/Manta Ray

# **MONKEY GONE TO HEAVEN 12"**

March 1989

Monkey Gone To Heaven/Manta Ray/Weird At My School/Dancing The  
Manta Ray

# **DOOLITTLE**

April 1989

Debaser/Tame/Wave Of Mutilation/I Bleed/Here Comes Your Man/  
Dead/Monkey gone To Heaven/Mr Grieves/Crackity Jones/La La Love  
You/No/Baby/There Goes My Gun/Hey/Silver/Gouge Away

# **HERE COMES YOUR MAN 7"**

June 1989

Here Comes Your Man/Into The White/Wave Of Mutilation (UK Surf)/  
Into The White/Bailey's Walk

# **HERE COMES YOUR MAN 12"**

Here Comes Your Man/Wave Of Mutilation (UK Surf)/Into The White/  
Bailey's Walk

# **VELOURIA 7"**

July 1990

Velouria/I've Been Waiting For You

# **VELOURIA 4 TRACK 12" + CD**

July 1990

Velouria/Make Believe/I've Been Waiting For You/The Thing

# **BOSSANOVA**

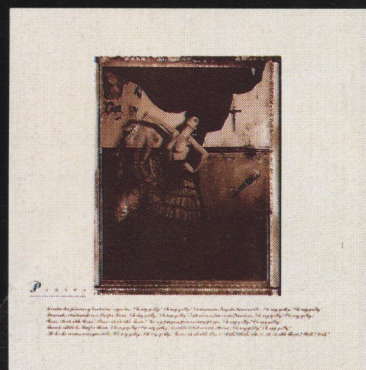
August 1990

Cecilia Ann/Rock Music/Velouria/Allison/Is She Weird/Ana/All Over  
The World/Dig For Fire/Down The Well/The Happening/Blown Away/  
Hang Wire/Stormy Weather/Havalina





THE PIXIES ARE BLACK FRANCIS (VOCALS, GUITAR), KIM DEAL (BASS, VOCALS), DAVID LOVE-  
RING (DRUMS, VOCALS), JOEY SANTIAGO (LEAD GUITAR) • BAND FORMED IN 1987 • GUITARIST  
JOEY SANTIAGO FOUND WORD PIXIES IN DICTIONARY AND LIKED IT • 6 MONTHS AFTER BAND  
FORMED THEY STARTED MAKING DEMOS SOME OF WHICH FOUND THEIR WAY OVER TO 4AD'S IVO,  
WHO LIKED THEM  
SOME OF THEIR MA-  
EIGHT TRACK ALBUM  
GRIM" • IT STUDIES  
UNEXPLORED RE-  
DER AND TWISTED  
INDIE CHARTS AND  
TOP 20 EVER SINCE  
WAS "SURFER ROSA" •  
ALBINI (BIG BLACK/  
TITLES LIKE "BONE  
"WAVE OF MUTILA-  
"BROKEN FACE" AND  
• SOUNDS AND ME-  
IT ALBUM OF THE  
CALLED "DOOLITTLE"  
THE CHARTS AT NO.8  
NORTON • ALL SONGS  
BLACK FRANCIS EX-  
WAS CO-WRITTEN  
"BOSSANOUA" IS  
PRODUCED BY GIL  
SCI-FI FEEL • ALBUM  
OF THE SURFTONES  
"ROCK MUSIC" IS  
MENTAL. IT SOUNDS  
"SOMETHING AGAINST



# PIXIES

ENOUGH TO RELEASE  
TERIAL • RECORDED  
CALLED "COME ON PIL-  
SOME OF AMERICA'S  
GIONS - INCEST, MUR-  
RELIGION • TOPPED  
HAS BEEN AROUND  
• FOLLOW-UP ALBUM  
PRODUCED BY STEVE  
RAPEMAN) • IT HAS  
MACHINE", "DEBASER",  
TION", "GOUGE AWAY",  
"BREAK MY BODY"  
LODY MAKER MADE  
YEAR • THIRD ALBUM  
WENT STRAIGHT INTO  
• PRODUCED BY GIL  
ON ALBUM WRITTEN BY  
CEPT "SILVER" WHICH  
BY KIM DEAL •  
THEIR LATEST ALBUM  
NORTON • IT HAS A  
FEATURES A COVER  
"CELIA ANN" • TRACK  
ALMOST AN INSTRU-  
LIKE "TAME", "DEAD",  
YOU" - MOST OF THE  
BACK CATALOGUE IN FACT - ALL ROLLED INTO ONE • "HUALINA" ANOTHER TRACK IS APPA-  
RENTLY THE MEXICAN NAME FOR A WILD BOAR, AND HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE BAND OF THE SAME  
NAME • "THE HAPPENING" IS ABOUT A TV SHOW CALLED THE BILLY GOODMAN HAPPENING WHICH  
WAS DEDICATED TO THINGS TO DO WITH UFO'S • OFTEN THOUGHT OF AS A BOSTON BAND, ONLY HALF  
THE BAND LIVES THERE - CHARLES LIVES IN LA, KIM IN OHIO - AND THEY REGARD THEMSELVES AS A  
MORE INTERNATIONAL PROSPECT • BLACK SAYS "I'VE BEEN EXPOSED TO RELIGION AND BLUES  
MUSIC, AND THEY'RE  
THING. THOUGH I DON'T  
THE SAME POSITION  
PERATION AS SOME  
GUYS MUST HAVE  
AROUND THE WORLD,  
AGERS Y'KNOW WHAT



**HMV**  
THE INSIDE TRACK.

PART OF THE SAME  
SEE MYSELF IN QUITE  
OF PAIN AND DES-  
OF THOSE OLD BLUES  
BEEN IN. I'M FLYING  
PLAYING FOR TEEN-  
I MEAN?" • THE PIXIES