

## Pixies frontman renovates house, whines about kids these days

EDMONTON (CUP) – “If there’s anything my father and stepfather taught me, it’s ‘Don’t work for the Man – it’s bullshit,’” said former Pixies frontman Frank Black.

Giggling at his own statement, Black, known to Pixies fans as Black Francis, exudes one part mischievous little kid and one part fiercely passionate rock star.

Born Charles Michael Kittridge Thompson IV, the former creative mastermind for alt-rock legends the Pixies has built a career out of sticking it to the powers that be.

But even an anti-establishment artist still needs to bring home the bacon – especially when there’s a family to feed and a freshly flipped house.

“How do I make more money?” Black responds inquisitively when asked what he’s been thinking about lately. “That’s a common theme in people’s lives. I have lots of kids.

“I spent an incredible amount of money renovating a house over the last few years. We didn’t spend it on stupid things.”

Speaking on the phone from said house in Eugene, Oregon, the 43-year-old has settled into the role of patriarch and breadwinner, but it’s clear he hasn’t lost his quirky sense of humour in fatherhood.

In May, Black’s wife and current bassist Violet Clark gave birth to his fifth child, Jude.

“[Jude’s] a darling little boy. He was born a little early, so he was a little skinny, but now he’s all fat and healthy.”

Although he’s saving money on bottles, Black notes that, though the much-heralded, abruptly concluded Pixies reunion of 2004 was a welcome financial windfall for his family, he’s glad he can move on past the strained relationships in that band.

“I realized it wasn’t going to be a real band again. We couldn’t manage to be in a studio together again and make new records.”

Even without the Pixies, he’s been tirelessly working, releasing nine solo records since 2001 that still display his obsession with the off-beat and bizarre.

“I wrote a song about alternate sex-fetish robots,” Black stated nonchalantly. “What does that have to do with demigods? Maybe nothing, but in the poetic spirit of the moment, to me, that’s very demigod. I, a mortal, am creating a potentially immortal being – maybe not a sentient being, but some kind of figure – that maybe I’m going to have sexual relations with. Or that’s my fantasy anyway.”

Being married with children, Black eagerly expresses his indifference to politics and the majority of pop culture. He desires to slip off that grid into family life – even if it’s caused a disconnect with his more youthful



<http://homepage.eircom.net/~djshithead2006/main.htm>

audience, who’ve grown accustomed to their rock artists addressing current society.

Although he admires the zealous followers “that are so respectful and deserve to be on my permanent personal guest list,” he has some blunt words for any young whippersnappers who don’t adhere to proper concert etiquette. Needless to say, don’t ask him to hang out after the show, or talk during his set.

“I think there’s a generational separation between me and some of my younger fans. They’ve got this fucking pussy attitude, like ‘Couldn’t Mr. Super Rock Star just spend two minutes after the show...hanging out with me?’ It’s like, fuck man, I don’t go to a fucking Lou Reed show and expect fucking Lou Reed to hang out with me,” he said.

“I get frustrated sometimes when people want you to talk during the show,” Black continued uninhibited.

“Come on, say something!’ Have you guys ever listened to a fucking Velvet Underground album? Have you ever fucking heard of punk rock?”

“Have you ever fucking heard of Nick Cage? Where the fuck have you guys been? You’ve all grown up listening to fucking Barney and his friends, and you’ve went right from Barney to some lame-ass pseudo-rock band. They’ve just been spoon-fed all this fucking saccharine bullshit, and they’ve got no edge and no appreciation for edge.”

“Hey everybody! How you doing tonight, man? You guys fucking rock!’ I don’t know about you, but that’s entertainment,” Black exclaimed sardonically, practically yelling into the phone. “I want to see my artist asking how I’m doing tonight! When I hear that fucking stuff at a show, I fucking cringe.”

Black was quick to clarify exactly what his ideal artist

would do onstage: “I want to see some fucking shoe-gazer up there with his back turned to the audience. I want motherfucking Miles Davis! I don’t want fucking ‘Come on, everybody, sing along!’ I want some angst; I want some pathos.”

“No record company has ever told me how to make a record ever,” Black stated confidently. “Frankly, there are other people out there in the world that just don’t have that kind of freedom. Maybe they sell more records than I do, maybe they’re on the radio. But you know what? I don’t have some fucking jerk-off I don’t even know controlling my art.”

“While I may have financial challenges in my life, from an artistic point of view, the goal is not world domination. The goal is to exist in the world, independent, free, sure, but not necessarily ruling it, just saying that I rule my own fucking domain.”