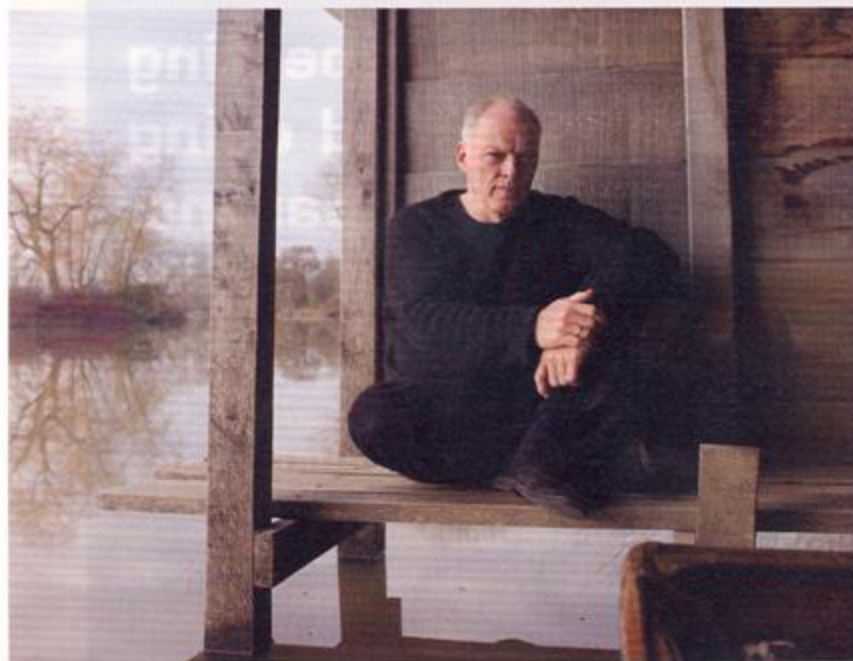


Music



Bright Side of the Moon

Forget that black outfit—David Gilmour has mellowed.

BY LORRAINE ALI

WHEN THE MEMBERS OF Pink Floyd reunited—after 22 years—to play last year's Live 8 benefit concert, the buzz around these rock senior citizens upstaged the appearances by Mariah, Madonna and even the controversial Kanye. "It's a powerful thing, this old Pink Floyd business," says David Gilmour, the band's singer and guitarist. "Look at all the stories that followed Live 8—'Will they get back together? Will they tour together?' It's all so mysterious."

Well, *maybe* it's mysterious—although Pink Floyd's 1973 "Dark Side of the Moon" does happen to be the second best-selling album ever. (The first is Michael Jackson's "Thriller.") And the band has no plans to get together for a Rolling Stones-like reunion blitz. But on March 7, the day after he turns 60,

Gilmour is releasing a rare solo record, called "On an Island." It's only his third, and the last was 22 years ago. His singing voice is still hushed and brooding, such new songs as "The Blue" and "Castellorizon" are still intricate, thoughtful and dreamlike, and Pink Floyd fans will sink into the familiar lush atmosphere. (Skeptics may find it all a bit head-y.) But these days Gilmour's lyrics have lost their old dire heaviness. In "This Heaven" he sings: "So break the bread and pour the wine/I need no blessings but I'm counting mine/Life is much more than money buys/When I see the faith in my children's eyes."

The change surely has to do with how Gilmour's been spending his time since Pink Floyd's last record, in 1994. He's remarried, he's settled in rural England and he's raising three kids under the age of 10. (He has four others from a previous mar-

riage.) One ancillary benefit of the Live 8 performance was that the young Gilmours got to see their father "up there being a rock star. They now understand that I'm not just this bum who lazes around the house, cooks them supper and takes them to school." Doesn't Gilmour miss selling out the stadiums and outselling the Stones? Apparently not. "Pink Floyd is a massive brand name," he says. "But I don't want to be that big a brand name. My ambitions are now deliberately smaller. I'd be lying if I said I didn't want my record and tour to sell—of course I do. But I think it's a fairly safe bet that as a part-time solo artist, I'm not likely to get up into the stratosphere that Pink Floyd inhabited."

Gilmour's spring tour of the United States will be a relatively low-key affair: just three weeks and no giant props like Pink Floyd's notorious floating pig. "The Pink Floyd thing was like this huge lumbering beast," he says. "This is a much lighter load to carry." And, of course, no more tussles with Pink Floyd's co-leader Roger Waters: before last year, the two hadn't even spoken since 1983. (Gilmour made the final two Pink Floyd records without him.) But even that legendary enmity seems to be mellowing out. At the Live 8 rehearsals, Gilmour recalls, "there were times when Roger was struggling to not get bossy and I was struggling to keep being bossy. I saw how arguments could have happened, but we aren't at each other's throats anymore. Getting rid of that acrimony has got to be a good thing. Who wants to have that fester in your mind the rest of your life?" Only some tortured artist—and Gilmour, part-time rock star and full-time dad, feels no need to be one of those anymore. Anyway, what would the kids think? ■



IN THE PINK: Floyd's Waters, Rick Wright, Gilmour, Nick Mason in 1979

Snap Judgment

Yeah Yeah Yeahs Show Your Bones

The name. The post-everything style. The no-bassist thing. This New York City (of course) rock trio is overloaded with hip cachet. "Show Your Bones," their third full CD, evokes sneering punk abandon, folkie



gaminess, art-rock complexity, angry-girl attitude. But its many glimmering moments rarely come

together to form a single cohesive track, and the sonic ADD is annoying at best. A more appropriate title: "Show Your Songs."

-L.A.