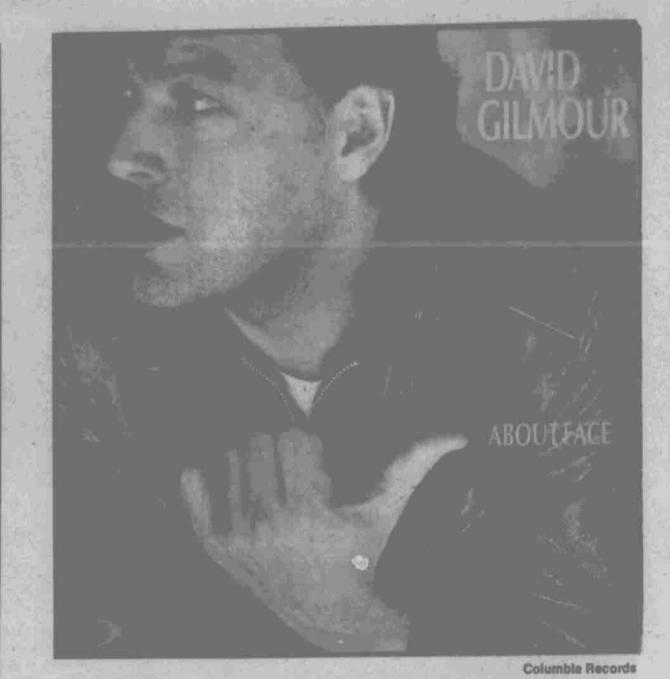


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David Gilmour's About Face: the album has its problems, but it will suffice for hungry Pink Floyd Fans.

## Gilmour's solo album a bit overpretentious

By Peter Palermo

David Gilmour, who in his 15 or so years with Pink Floyd has done so much to expand the sonic vocabulary of the guitar, and whose voice has been a major part of that group's particular sound, has now produced his second solo album.

When About Face is compared to Gilmour's selfproduced first album, the improvement is obvious. Apparently Gilmour learned crucial production knowledge during the recording of *The Wall*, which, like *About Face*, was co-produced by Bob Ezrin.

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Gilmour has gathered a number of fine musicians including Steve Winwood and John Lord of Deep Purple. Of course Gilmour's own work is a marvel of control and mastery. He has lost none of the fire from his youth where the fret board is concerned. His solos can be as demonic as any head banger's or as angelic and peaceful as a coffee house guitarist.

"Murder" is a perfect example of this. After the high-powered rocker "Until We Sleep," the single acoustic guitar on "Murder" is melancholy and powerful. As is so typical of Pink Floyd, one may overlook the gradual change of mood until "Murder" has built up into a driving, thunderous thing.

Lyrically, Gilmour has matured a great deal as well. His first album was plagued by cheesey, cornball lyrics. On *About Face* Gilmour's poetry examines a wide range of issues including drugs ("Blue Light"), aging ("Near The End"), and nuclear war ("Cruise").

Gilmour receives assistance from perhaps the most eloquent man in music, Pete Townshend. Both "Love On The Air" and "All Lovers Are Deranged" were written by Townshend and put to music by Gilmour.

Unfortunately, not the entire album is a pleasure to hear. "Let's Get Metaphysical" is a piece of overprententious, overproduced and overorchestrated fluff. "Out Of The Blue" is a maudlin lament to departed youth and quite forgettable. It lacks the power of the rest of the album.

But where the real problem lies with this album is when one begins to think of Gilmour's work with Pink Floyd. Granted, this is a fine album, certainly one that eventually should prove successful, but it should have been better. Gilmour's ideas here are good and translate well onto vinyl. Yet they remain slightly outdated and not quite innovative (something we've come to expect from Pink Floyd).

With rumors flying recently of a Pink Floyd breakup, Gilmour's solo success suddenly has become imperative for Pink Floyd fans. Gilmour's album has some problems, but with the thought of no more Floyd in the back of their minds, fans will gobble it up and be more than sufficiently pleased with what the future might hold.