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By Michael Corcoran (The Austin Statesman - Statesman.com)

**loudQUIETloud – Film About the Pixies**

Four Stars

I always thought the Pixies were a tad overrated, especially live, until I saw an incredible show at Houston's short-lived Vatican nightclub in 1991. I didn't care much about the band's cash-in reunion tour in 2004-05, but then I caught them at Stubb's, where bald and overweight never sounded so now. Then, word came that a documentary had been made about the tour and I thought there was no way that film could be as interesting as if it had been made during the band's original six-year run, from '86 to '92.

How many times can a person be wrong about a band?

Directed by Steven Cantor and Matthew Galkin, "loudQUIETloud" is a fascinating, all-access look at four people who were never quite as good as when they were together. It's about folks who didn't know what they had, finally discovering what others saw in them. As the film starts, bassist Kim Deal is fresh from rehab, slamming nonalcoholic beer and looking like Charlize Theron could play her. Drummer David Lovering is a kooky magician who combs the beach with a metal detector during the day. Guitarist Joey Santiago does freelance film music work and performs in a lame duo with his wife. Charles

"Black Francis" Thompson is perhaps saddest of all, playing inferior material for folks who showed up because he used to be in Nirvana's favorite band.

Then come the phone calls that cast them together again. Then comes the memories, the reflection about how hard it is to be in a band, even a successful one.

The thing I loved most about "quietLOUDquiet," which could've kept my interest for four hours, is just how little had changed within this group that looks so different. Deal's smile will make you fall in love again, just like in 1986, and Thompson's songs will forever sound edgy. When the band nervously opened their first show together in 12 years with "U Mass," their "Louie Louie," I thought my head was going to fly off.

This hour-and-a-half redemption song shows that no band ever deserved to sell out, in both meanings, like the Pixies.

9:30 p.m. Sunday and 4:30 p.m. March 18, Austin Convention Center; 9:45 p.m. Tuesday, Alamo South.

— *Michael Corcoran*

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