

# CATTERPILLARBOY

Tuesday, November 21, 2006

## Thanks, Now buy Nothing or be loudQUIETloud...

Seen this past weekend: loudQUIETloud

The documentary about the reformation of one of two bands thought to never reform (the other being the Smiths, and when that happens, I lose all respect for Morrissey) and one of my favourite bands, the Pixies. Now, to begin with, I never really liked indie rock, despite living in Austin. Most of the bands just fall into pretentiousness and they all end up sounding alike. Besides, what is indie rock? Is it any band that is not in a major label (then so, I recant because I tend to like a lot of bands that just happen to be on Metropolis Records which is not a major label) or is it any band wanting to be Weezer? I like Weezer, especially the Blue album but are they still considered indie?

I stop now before I rant about emo and sound like an old man. I am not old. I am a hair shy of thirty.

Okay, I am old.

Anyway, The Pixies- the first album I got was a cassette of Trompe Le Monde that was selling used for \$0.99 at the Warehouse when I was a sophomore in high school and the next day Luke Rhodes was crying like a baby because he just heard they broke up (edited for entertainment value, Luke was not really crying that day). Since then, the Pixies have become the only pure guitar band I like (as bands I usually like have a lot of synth or are electronic based). And if you are ever diving down the Pacific Coast Highway or through any desert (preferably in Arizona), listening to them is a must.

And a decade or so later, they fooled the world again as they reunited. This documentary is an interesting take on their daily lives on the comeback tour with some snippets of their regular dysfunctional lives. Interestingly enough, Black Francis aka Frank Black aka Charles Thompson, has the closest to a normal life with two point five kids and a mini van. True story: he almost killed me. I saw him in Santa Barbara years ago and I was up front. At the end of the show he went up to the very tip of the stage, precariously standing and waving to the crowd. He is three times my size, a small slip and he would have squished me. The crowd was very thick, so I had nowhere to go. I later shook his hand, thanking him for not ending my worthless existence.

Then there is the greatest Filipino who ever lived: Joey Santiago. He is just a regular FOB complete with an apartment overrun with his kids' things. But he plays the surf guitar like no other.

Kim Deal's damage has been brained after years of being on drugs (like wise for her clone, Kelly). It was cool to finally see Mr. John Murphy who tinges with regret in his small fame as the ex of Kim Deal, as releases his angst as he gets rid of old memorabilia and moves on with his life. Kim Deal has a voice like an angel, plays a mean bass and inspired hordes of cute bass players. She is not a screw up; it just seems she has no life.

The less said about Dave Lovering the better.

Separately, the four of them seem like your everyday losers (of which I am the patron saint of) and when they just hang out, there is that odd uncomfortable silence you see in The Office all the time. But when they are on stage doing what they do best, you can see why they are musical legends. It just sounds so cliché, but ROCK they do.

A decent documentary about a band no one thought they would ever see again. If you love your indie music, you will go nuts for it. If you love the Pixies you will enjoy it as I did, tremendously.

Three Stars.

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