

# DENVERPOST

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movie review

## Band bio will rock only cultists

\*\* RATING

By Nathan Lee

When the Pixies wrapped their 2004 reunion tour at New York's Hammerstein Ballroom, they could have ripped through a cover of the T-Mobile jingle and the crowd would still have lost its mind. A reunited, 50-percent-zombie Beatles show might have topped that one for frenzy, but not much else would have.

I know, because I was there. Like hordes of kids who came of age in the 1980s, I worshiped the Pixies.

Now, "loudQUIETloud" offers a backstage pass to that legendary tour, and like most documentaries about bands (a genre only slightly less odd than songs about cinema), its chief appeal is to cultists. The "Where are they now?" question is answered: nowhere very interesting.

The group's interpersonal dynamic consists of benevolent alienation interrupted by sheepish bonhomie. There is excitement, and nervousness, and triumph. What else would there be? As for showmanship, now as then, the Pixies more or less stand still, content to blister the room with their mutant mix of pop, punk, garage rock and hardcore je ne sais quoi.

Boring people who made extraordinary music, the Pixies are inexplicable. In attempting to demystify them, directors Steven Cantor and Matthew Galkin achieve the opposite.

What's going through the mind of frontman Frank Black (born Charles Thomas), bassist Kim Deal, guitarist Joey Santiago and drummer David Lovering?

Who knows, who cares? They're about to play "Gouge Away."

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### "loudQUIETloud: A Film About the Pixies" | \*\* RATING

NOT RATED|1 hour, 25 minutes |MUSIC DOCUMENTARY|Directed by Steven Cantor and Matthew Galkin; photography by Jonathan Furmanski and Paul Dokuchitz|Opens today at the Starz FilmCenter.