



## Rockin' Cinema

**From Jack Black to Frank Black, it's three chords to salvation.**

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### 'You're Gonna Miss Me' and 'LoudQUIETloud'

In the final moments of *You're Gonna Miss Me*, when the shambling wreck of Roky Erickson picks up a guitar, opens his mouth and out comes the voice of a fallen angel, it's pretty easy to think that it might.

The same spirit is on the stage when ex-Pixies Kim Deal and Frank Black pick up in *LoudQUIETloud* pretty much where they left off, to the delirious jubilation of audiences around the world. There is joy here, so pure and undiluted it will take your breath away. Anyone who's ever owned a record, a CD or an iPod knows the feeling: pop, rap, hip hop, rock opera or real opera. Whenever I feel truly terrible, I turn to Wagner's Ring Cycle to pick me up. It's something about the bright spears of sound overtop of bass thunder, the surging score rising up from the deepest primeval depths, the Nibelungs screaming and the ringing clang of Wotan's spear cutting through the muttering violins. The thunderous rolls of this sound scrapes the sides of your skull, races up and down your spine, runs in bright rings across your whole body, brings that sad small spirit hiding in some hidden corner of your belly, surging up and out of your throat. If only you could stay there. But sometimes that one instant is enough, the swirling darkness that resolves into searing light, like a star imploding inside your brain.

Just when you've about given up on the world, along comes something like *Air Guitar Nation*, with its message of "make air not war," and you realize that maybe the rebellious heart still lives, pumping hard inside every man, woman and child. Or as Peaches might say, "Rock show, this ain't fuckin' talking show."