



Fantasy Reunion

Eugene loves the Pixies, again.

1986 Pixies form in Boston, cut swath through bushes of butt-rock, trailblaze for alternative/grunge mastadons Nirvana, Radiohead and Pearl Jam.

1993 — Pixies split. Frank Black/vocals, guitar; Joey Santiago/guitar; Kim Deal/bass; and David Lovering/drums go separate ways. A nation mourns. Well, lots of people, anyway.

2004, 4/27 — Pixies back together. Two shows at the McDonald Theatre sell out in less than 15 minutes, a record. Tickets start at \$25 and post on the Internet for \$100.

8:30 pm — Arrive early to beat the crowd. Pixies publicity said 10 pm start. Scalpers slither Willamette Street in coats or cold, beckoning, tickets held out like bars of golden chocolate. Where are the droves of people? Heart skips a beat. Ask someone the time. Turns out he's just wearing a spiked bracelet, and the crowd's already inside.

8:35 — Center of the balcony, four rows back. Good vantage. Look around, concerned. Friend was barfed on at a Spearhead concert, but this is *Pixies*! So far, things seem barflless.

Every space on the dance floor packs a sardine. Agents of the security-god at critical angles, playing with flashlights. The crowd's an animal, growling. Beer One consumed.

Turn and ask a triplet of fans to figure the average age here. They say 26, 28 and 27, whaddya want? I guess 30. Have words about difference between median and mean.

8:50 — Yellow spotlights hit the balcony. Blinded. The Pixies come out and the crowd, naturally, goes apeshit. Santiago explodes into drumming. Photographers are given a thin slice of protection right in front of the stage to click the first three songs. Two dudes run back and forth, hunching and clicking, hunching and clicking.

Black's the head and the crowd the body, though Black looms larger. Pushing 220 the boy makes slow love to his guitar from behind, alternating fingerings with good hard slaps from the hip. His favorite dance step is raising his left leg. He's incredible, comfortable 'till his guitar-strap comes loose. A stage-tech is on him quick as a ninja and gets a surprise backhand by Black, who spins as if his pocket's getting picked or he's being goosed.

Lovering makes a *phenomenal* 30-ft. drumstick throw to Santiago, who reaches up to snatch it, then plays guitar feedback like a violin to crowd cacophony.

9:30 — They play "Here Comes Your Man." Is there anyone else who didn't know that was a Pixies song? Yikes. Look around, embarrassed. Enjoy the song, hearing the Beatles influence. The crowd sings. Dude yells, "You *rule*, boy!" to Black, who is far away. The crowd sings and sings. Climbing over seats, Beer Two.

10:12 — Blinded by white spotlights. Hands are up! Pixies take off instruments. People on their feet! An encore. The Pixies, at the edge of the stage, soaking it up or giving it out, hard to tell. Just standing, waving, smiling before of a outreaching garden of windy wrists. Black & Co. depart, but suspense ain't all that, 'cause someone immediately sets to re-tuning their axes.

10:15 — That was quick. Back out. Santiago blows smoke, sets down a beer. Is that Heineken? Definitely a green bottle. Deal steps up and remembers playing here before, mutters more than she's said all night, something about "capsules" and "mushrooms."

10:22 — Middle section of balcony stands, rocking. Outside it could be a plague. Inside is a world apart, people suspended in air. Heat like a greenhouse, you could grow cacti in here. Sweat flying, time measured by lengths of screams, still figures against walls, absorbed by the music, white knuckles under their chins.

A single man stands, arm raised, cell in hand, phoning concert to absent friend. Blinded again by red spotlights. Advil or Aspirin?

10:29 — Black declares "last song," utters pre-emptive "good night." Deal integral to the music, but standing sarcophagus still. Drones repetitively like frustrated hypnotist until her stillness works. She takes the crowd up, mesmerized, fine angel of finality, while Black, Santiago and Lovering provide the jet fuel. This is what you get, folks.

10:40 pm — Deal really wants offstage. She's outta the starting gate when the music stops, capitalizing on the crowd's bewilderment. I never wonder if the lights aren't about to come on.

EW

WOW HALL

U. OF O. CULTURAL FORUM PRESENTS

DJ SPOOKY THAT SUBLIMINAL KID

WITH: BOTOX
& MATHEW HOWE

★
THURSDAY
APRIL 29th
★



★
FRIDAY
APRIL 30th
★

Chirgilchin &
Stephen Kent
Sarymai Urchmayeu

★
SATURDAY
MAY 1st
★



FLOATER
with : SOFTCORE



★
WEDNESDAY
MAY 5th
★



★
FRIDAY
MAY 7th
★

WAR
WITH: ABAKADUBI



★
MONDAY
MAY 10th
★

WITH:
BOYS NIGHT OUT
& PAINT BY NUMBERS



THREE
MELANCHOLY
GYPSIES:
ELIGH, MURS & SCARUB [OF LIVING LEGENDS]

★
TUESDAY
MAY 11th
★



MIRAH
TARA JANE ONEIL
AND LIARBIRD

★
WEDNESDAY
MAY 12th
★



GREAT BIG SEA
WITH: CARBON LEAF

★
THURSDAY
MAY 20th
★



THE
DIRTY DOZEN
BRASS BAND
Mural for a friend

★
THURSDAY
MAY 27th
★

WITH: SCRAMBLED APE



Rasputina
with Audio Learning Center

★
FRIDAY
MAY 28th
★



SUICIDE GIRLS
LIVE BURLESQUE SLOW

★
MONDAY
JULY 19th
★

★★★ ALL SHOWS ARE ALL AGES ★★★

WWW.WOWHALL.ORG ★ 687.2746