

# WE DON'T WANNA MAKE YOU DANCE

Reviews from Spain – Translated by Mara Lethem



## In-Edit 2014 (#01)

*By Raül de Tena | October 27, 2014*

**Our first report on the 2014 In-Edit already contains the two gems of the festival: one anticipated (*Pulp: A Film About Life, Death & Supermarkets*) and one surprise (*We Don't Wanna Make You Dance*).**

The first weekend of the Beefeater In-Edit 2014, celebrated this year from October 23rd to November 2nd in Barcelona, has come and gone. All the regulars of this international festival of musical documentaries know how it works: the first weekend is when the rules of the game are established. The In-Edit has one of the most intelligent screening schedules of all the festivals held in Spain (others could learn from it, honestly) and these first few days neatly showcase many of the best films of the competition, which is smart both for the audiences (who benefit from word of mouth) and for the festival itself (filling up “minor” screenings due to the aforementioned word of mouth). So take note, because not only can you still see many of the movies I am about to discuss, but you really shouldn't miss them.

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.....And while the Pulp film was highly awaited by many as the top-billed premiere of the festival, we may already have our hidden gem of this In-Edit 2014: in the tradition of other movies seen in the festival like *Searching for Sugar Man* and *A Band Called Death*, *We Don't Wanna Make You Dance* is devoted to the recuperation of one of the premature musical eruptions that showed every sign of success but fell into the anonymous shadows of history. The case of Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan is particularly sad: in their beginnings as saviors of white funk it seemed they were going to take on the world (in fact, with a few adjustments, they could have been The Beastie Boys), but they were soon forgotten because they had no record label backing them and giving them a good place within the music world for their launch (that's their version) and some particularly misguided artistic decisions (that's my version: instead of giving the reins to the little brother who was making twee pop, they should have continued with their funk groove). They kept trying, of course, and Lucy Kostelanetz's documentary is particularly eloquent —and cruel— as it exposes

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the chronology of a resounding failure by structuring *We Don't Wanna Make You Dance* in three moments of their history, juxtaposed without any room for nostalgia: when they were on the cusp of stardom (1983), when they had already started looking for a plan B (1987) and in a present where the three brothers and their childhood friend get together to have a few laughs and show that, in the end, things haven't gone so badly for them after the breakup of M, M, M & S.....

In the end, *We Don't Wanna Make You Dance* shows that treating your material with merciless honesty isn't at odds with being engaging and fun...

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