

The band's story is told through interviews with the surviving members (though unfortunately in Spanish without subtitles), along with an array of old photographs and clippings. No vintage footage of Los Saicos appears to exist, but the reunited band are shown playing in their practice room and before a rapturous audience at a 2010 reunion show in Spain. When they break into "Demolicion," the place becomes completely unglued and the expressions of sheer, unbridled joy on the faces of the band and their fans is something to see. Saicomania indeed.

The DVD can be ordered at www.saicomania.com (MS)

IKE & TINA TURNER - On the Road 1971-72 (MVD)

I have to preface this review by saying that despite endorsing this amazing no-fi, raw-footage documentary to the fullest, I have no idea exactly what this magnificent mess is. The obvious assumption would be that elite rock photographer Bob Gruen and his wife Nadya embedded themselves in the Ike and Tina camp for a lengthy period and shot a ton of loose, amateur-style material on what looks like video (but may have been film eventually transferred to video) and then let the tapes degrade for decades. Though mostly in black and white, I can't even say for certain that the footage wasn't originally in color. If there is an Easter egg or commentary track or liner note that explains exactly what the deal is, I can't find it, which makes this DVD feel even more like stumbling onto the best home movies you've ever seen.



While the live footage of the Ike and Tina Revue is the bread and butter here, the casual stuff reigns supreme; there's nothing more exciting on here than the mundane footage of Tina at home bread and frying fish while droves of kids frolic, practice instruments and mess around on the diving board. Their home life is fascinating, as their Elvis Jungle Room rock star décor mixes with all their regular folk stuff, perhaps best conveyed by the shot of a table of awards, where Grammy awards sit alongside kids' karate trophies ("that's a water boy trophy" one kid teases). It's also amazing to see Tina in the studio coaching, arranging and crafting songs and harmonies. While Ike impressively manages to have a powerful presence and maintain an air of commander-in-chief, even as he coyly stays in the background, he certainly did not hold Tina back creatively or limit her influence on the music.

The footage of the band on the road shows an act where male band members and lovely Ikettes not only have tons of sexy, flirty energy crackling between them, but they always seem to maintain high school kid demeanor. In fact, seeing their dynamic, wild stage show from the view of the pit and the wings, one fascinating aspect is how much the choreography seems more like it's from a stellar high school talent show rather than a sophisticated Cholly Atkins-designed Motown routine.

The actual footage of Tina in her prime belting out magic is not to be missed. There's

an awesome bit of "River Deep," and the well-seasoned show band is fine at covering Sly, James, or Marvin. Tina also does a dramatic reading of "I've Been Loving You for So Long," shot in dynamic chiaroscuro, which doesn't quite take Otis at *Monterey Pop* down a notch, but is still spectacular. We even experience a version of "Proud Mary" that feels more visceral and exciting than the supremely visceral, exciting versions we've seen on TV before.

One other interesting thing to note is that though we assume some of the best photography is Bob's handiwork, he remains nearly invisible, while Nadya's voice is a presence, talking healthy cooking tips from Tina (they did stay trim!) and joking around with her be-wigged friend. Like Bob, Ike tries to stay in the background, which is easy, as Tina's goddess-like charisma makes her seem like a different species than the Ikettes. However, when Ike takes a guitar solo, he has a loud, flowing, distinct voice. It's a voice that sounds so good you hope he never shuts up. (Jake Austen)

NEIL YOUNG - Neil Young Journeys (Sony Pictures)

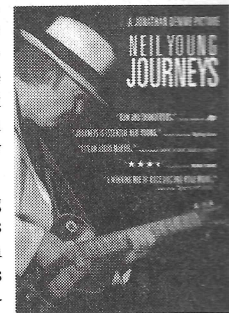
One of life's enduring mysteries is Neil Young's voice, a high-pitched, nasally tenor that is as unmistakable as Dylan's smoky croak (and, like Dylan's, an acquired taste). Jonathan Demme's newest documentary with Young—their third collaboration, following *Heart of Gold* (2006) and *Neil Young Trunk Show* (2009)—presents an even deeper mystery: How can Young still, at age 66, sing like that?

When you hear such a voice, you expect to see a young man's face, and yet here he is in Demme's unforgetting close-ups—gray-whiskered, every age-spot, chin-sag and vein on view—a veritable an-

cient. *Neil Young Journeys* is as ramshackle as its subject, a "road" movie grafted on to footage from a concert Young gave at Ontario's legendary, lovely Massey Hall at the end of a solo tour in May 2011. Interspersed with Young's haunting, and commanding performance are scenes from a return visit to Omamee, the town in Ontario where he grew up.

As the grizzled Young wheels around in his boat-sized 1956 Crown Victoria, he reminisces about formative experiences like fishing, camping, raising chickens and mischief. He gestures out the window and says, "We just passed Gooft Whitney's house...he once convinced me to eat some tar off the road; said it would taste like chocolate..." He meets up with his brother Bob, and the two visit Scott Young Public School, named for their father. Putting Omamee in his rear-view mirror, Young sighs and says, "It's all gone...but it's still in my head."

Back to that voice and the Massey Hall concert. The deceptive delicacy of his singing has created a tension with his dark, enigmatic lyrics dating back to Buffalo Springfield days (think "Broken Arrow," "Expecting to Fly," etc). Add to this his remarkable paint-by-numbers guitar style—even performing solo, as he is here—that creates a raw template on which he draws emotional power. This was most clear as he performed "I Believe in You," a song from 1970's *After the Gold Rush* that I've heard hundreds of times but never really listened to until now. The familiarly gorgeous melody is suddenly under-



WINDIAN RECORDS
GARAGE / PUNK / ROCKNROLL 60's-70's

SHOPPING BAG
CRASHED BUTLER
THE PENETRATORS - BIZARROS - TESTORS - CRUSHED BUTLER