

- Review: Oriental Metal
 Report: Male + Jon Spencer Blues
- Explosion in Barcelona

 Review: Adrenaline Mob
 Omerta
- Recap: Lost in Time
- Onirion + Barcelona • Report: Earth + Mount Eerie + Ô Paon in Barcelona
- Photos: Zulu 9.30 + Karamba in Barcelona
- Blog: Concert and Roger Mas new album
- Review: Zulu Time -Always dreamed No one denied Never Know About Nothing
- Photos: The Jon Spencer Blues
 Explosion + Macho in Barcelona
- Report: Tony Macalpine
 + Agent Cooper in
- Barcelona

 Review: Elmo The soul
- of the torturer • Photos: The Jim Jones
- Review + The Rock'n'Roll Brothers The Mirona (Salt)
- Review: Trucker Diablo
 The Devil Rhythm
 Report: Berri Txarrak
- Report: Bern Txarrak
 The Black Vultures + +
 Note to Amy in
 Barcelona

I remember as a college student who told us the war stories Professor of Film History. Dr. Gubern publicly boasted of having experienced firsthand the romance between Antonio Banderas and Melanie Griffith or Marcelo Mastroianni himself will call *Dottore* in their bohemian wanderings in Rome from exile. His students fantasized that *il Dottore* ran a desert island where they were hiding celebrities the likes of JFK, Marilyn Monroe or **Elvis Presley**, those icons of the twentieth century have disappeared in suspicious circumstances and even dramatic.



Over ten years after college my musings as I like the sky *Elvis Found Alive*, a documentary by **Joel Gilbert** where it appears ... **Elvis** *Himself* confessing that his death was faked and that during all these years has hidden his identity in order to serve the FBI drug agent. Some alleged research into the life of **Elvis** take **Gilbert** to meet some classified documents from the FBI where he is associated with a guy who lives in California. The director and his team head home from a so **John Burrows** and are at the same **Elvis Presley** ... that despite being decades in hiding agrees to be interviewed and to justify his death still mourned. Thus, the film is structured as a graphic illustration and narrated in first person of the King's life, from his role officially known until his double life as a guarantor of Americanness at times convulsive.

Curious and fun exercise mockumentary or documentary-fiction which makes **Gilbert**, much higher creative level than that of *Bob Dylan Revealed* poor even with the same aesthetic and formal invoice. The proposal provokes knowing smiles and even tender for the zero credibility of its staging - very shabby, by the way - but in turn arouses a certain sympathy that detract from the thoroughness of the documentation presented in the first half of the film. **Gilbert** set recreates the figure of **Elvis** conservative, Republican and ideologically stale historiography to trace an outline of the second half of the twentieth century in the U.S. As did **Robert Zemeckis** with his *Forrest Gump*, **Elvis** told in first person how he fought against the ideologues hippies, Black Panthers or even his personal crusade against the killers of **Frank Sinatra** and his cartel of drug traffickers who defiled the honor of American society. He even explains how Kennedy died (or if the lies of the Warren Commission)! But the most hilarious episode comes at the

Odium

feigned death and condemnation underground that forces the dual status of superhero. This is where **Gilbert** also succeeds as soon built from his account as a parallelism between the figure of **Elvis** and his life and the character of Captain Marvel and all the classic American comic book mythology. Less attempt deserves this recognition mockumentary, far to productions that leave much more in check the viewer as *Operation Moon*, where there is a twist to the intricacies of the man on the moon in 1969 (by the way, very recommended).

The film ends with **Elvis** now completely risen announcing his return to active music. Although always hiding his identity behind the miracles of digital editing, we see the course **Elvis** recording new versions of his songs and doing *covers* of hits like 'Every Breathe You Take' or 'Wanna Be Startin' Something ', tracks on a disc that accompanies the DVD. If you close your eyes, will you put you faith and Abstracts of a musical production improved, you can relive this time the spirit of King.

Pending that **Joel Gilbert** learn to make movies someday formally more admirable, from here we encourage them to continue doing *biopics* of music so bold and horny. I fear that **JJ Abrams** will never dare to produce a *sitcom* with those old glories missing on that island which I hope will continue to chair utopian Mr. **Gubern**.





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