

Back in 2004, when “**95 Miles to Go**” was new, “Everybody Loves Raymond” was still a full season away from signing off and Ray Romano’s popularity was such that an unsuspecting collection of conventioners would go wild upon learning that he would be entertaining them. After eight years, Romano can still fill any room in Las Vegas and knock ’em dead on the road. Apart from his Sisyphean struggle with golf, as witnessed annually at the pro-am tournament in Pebble Beach, and his frequent contributions to the “Ice Age” saga, he has invested most of time into writing, producing and starring in the excellent TNT series, “Men of a Certain Age.” For my money, it was one of the best dramedies on television. As directed by fellow comic and longtime pal Tom Caltabiano, “95 Miles to Go” is a weak attempt to find the “real” Ray Romano, as he exists on the road. Theoretically, it’s where the men comics are separated from the boy comics, but, besides some harmless and completely valid grumblings, the journey is a walk in the park compared to the ones documented in such films as “I Am Comic,” “The Comedians of Comedy,” “Joan Rivers: A Piece of Work” and “Vince Vaughn’s Wild West Comedy Show.” This isn’t to say that “95 Miles to Go” isn’t funny, because it frequently is. The performance material in the film and bonus features – a complete show in Kansas City – is far better than anything else on display in the feature documentary, however. – *Gary Dretzka*

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