

## Other releases

### The Pervert's Guide To Cinema

★★★★★

Director: Sophie Fiennes, Slavoj Zizek  
150 mins, no cert

Looking like no one so much as Ricky Tomlinson's crazed Slovenian twin brother, that unruly thinker and critic Slavoj Zizek gives us a highly entertaining and often brilliant tour of modern cinema, with clips from Hitchcock, Lynch, Tarkovsky and Chaplin. The cinema, he says, is a "pervert's" medium because it tells us not what to desire, but how to desire; it fetishises an endlessly reordered and artificialised reality in order to induce rapture and fascination. Taking his cue from The Matrix, and the famous two pills which allow the swallower either to remain in an illusory reality or irreversibly to enter the domain that lies behind this illusion, Zizek says he wants a third pill: that which will open our eyes to the assumptions on which this choice itself rests. What if cinema – with all its contrivances and conventions – is a realer reality than the mundane daylight world outside the movie theatre? What if its thrilling images offer us a glimpse of our inner natures which is more penetrating and more moving than anything available in our ordinary lives? And what if this is because of its infinitesimally subtle wrongness, its inauthenticity? Like a ghost, Zizek haunts the famous locations and mock-up sets of classic movies in order to harangue us, like some intellectual Ancient Mariner. He fires off fluent reveries in his mangled, dentally challenged English like a virtuoso. Tremendously exhilarating stuff. **Peter Bradshaw**

### Brothers of the Head

★★★★★

Directors: Keith Fulton, Louis Pepe  
With: Harry and Luke Treadaway  
93 mins, cert 18

Keith Fulton and Louis Pepe are the directors who gave us Lost in La Mancha, the brilliant documentary about Terry Gilliam's attempt to film Don Quixote.

Now they have created an intriguing oddity of a film, based on a 1977 novel by Brian Aldiss, and it isn't right to call it a mockumentary; more a serious documentary about something that does not exist. Harry and Luke Treadaway (below) play conjoined Siamese twins, Tom and Barry Howe, who are plucked from rural obscurity by a music promoter in the 1970s to become a growing cult in the pub rock scene that spawned punk. (The actors are twins, but not conjoined.) They scream their lyrics over churning guitars and encourage freaky fans to touch the flap of skin that joins them at the chest. There is something very bizarre about these Howe brothers, a weirdly plausible but entirely imaginary musical phenomenon which, in this parallel universe, inspired punk, new wave, and all the guitar bands which followed. A completely made-up prehistory, and a clever alternative commentary on English pop culture. **PB**

### Man Push Cart

★★★★★

Director: Ramin Bahrani  
With: Ahmad Razvi, Leticia Dolera, Charles Daniel Sandoval  
87 mins, cert 15

This film by director Ramin Bahrani has won golden opinions on the festival circuit, but I found it ultimately elusive and underpowered. Ahmad Razvi plays a Pakistani guy who is grimly making ends meet in New York, a city in which people from his country are always liable to be called terrorists and beaten up. His job is to sell coffee and bagels from a big and unwieldy steel cart, which he has to push around by hand. Ahmad was a man of substance back in Pakistan; some of the mysteries of his past are revealed and some are withheld. It is frustrating, though Bahrani's portrait of hidden poverty in New York is keenly felt and, intentionally or not, has something of De Sica's Bicycle Thieves. **PB**



### Accepted

★★★★★

Director: Steve Pink  
With: Justin Long, Jonah Hill  
90 mins, cert 12A

Justin Long was one of the wacky losers in Dodgeball, and here he graduates to a starring role in this teen comedy about a hopeless high-school graduate who fails to get into any college, and so invents a phoney institution called South Harmon Institute of Technology – the acronym is all too appropriate – with its own fictional website. He and his similarly educationally-challenged buddies find a disused mental hospital that they can clean up and pass off as their alma mater for parental visits, and then cash the tuition cheque. There are some laughs, unfortunately outnumbered by longeurs and groans. **PB**

### Rabbit on the Moon

★★★★★

Director: Jorge Ramírez Suárez  
With: Bruno Bichir, Lorraine Pilkington  
112 mins, cert 18

Mexican movies are at the cutting edge of world cinema right now. But not this one: a UK-Mexico co-production which has some truly baffling dual location work in Mexico City and London. It is a loopy thriller which, after a promising start, runs into a quicksand of nonsense. There are crooked politicians, brutal secret police and a low-level apparatchik doing dodgy land deals and smoking crack. Perhaps everyone involved in the movie was smoking crack. I could have done with some crack after an hour of watching hilariously awful acting, and an extraordinarily crazed "eavesdropping" scene like something from a school play. Two of the reels were shown in the wrong order at the press screening, which gave the proceedings, briefly, a sort of postmodern flourish. **PB**

### Neil Young: Heart of Gold

★★★★★

Director: Jonathan Demme  
103 mins, cert PG

Like Tom Waits, Iggy Pop and David Byrne, Neil Young is a musician beloved of a certain school of American filmmaker – your old-school, indie-maverick type, essentially. One of them, Jonathan Demme, has put together a film of Young in concert less than a decade after another, Jim Jarmusch, followed him on tour in Year of the Horse. Demme settles on a two-night appearance Young put in last year in Nashville and, in truth, despite Demme's obvious reverence for Young, there's not much more in this than Young's toe-tapping tunes, sung in his curiously harsh, high-pitched voice. Since shooting Heart of Gold, Young has come into the anti-war camp, but you would never have guessed it from this temple of down-home-ness; pleasant, but hardly pulse-quickening stuff. **Andrew Pulver**

### The Plague

★★★★★

Director: Greg Hall  
With: Samuel Anokye, Brett Harris, David Bonnick Jr, Nur Alam Rahman  
105 mins, cert 18

Made with commendable ambition on what was obviously a minuscule budget, first-time writer-director Greg Hall reshuffles what have become the stock clichés of hoodie cinema – bleak concrete cityscapes, sneering rozzers, amateur-level drug-dealing – into something that's at least unusual, if not actually compelling. In an effort to replicate the monotone rhythms of actual life, as his film follows four lairy pals wandering their local patch over a single weekend, Hall pushes the narrative signposts well down in the mix; in this he's aided by impressively natural performances from his main cast. But it comes at a price: most of the film just drifts by, with only brief outbursts of yowling rap from Skinnyman perking things up. **AP**