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FILM

DANCE OF REALITY Cert 15 | By Alex Dudok de Wit

★★★☆☆

Where to begin describing a film like this? Alejandro Jodorowsky's latest is autobiography as peyote head trip. In theory, the film recounts the veteran director's upbringing in a remote Chilean village by a stern communist father and a histrionic mother.

But a film this fanciful and free-wheeling cannot be set out in a synopsis. It unfolds in a mode of carnivalesque camp reminiscent of Fellini or Derek Jarman, but such references are red herrings – like Jodorowsky's seminal new age films of the 70s, Dance of Reality is so odd, so idiosyncratic, that it resists comparison.

The story is told in loosely connected sketches. Along the way, Jodorowsky explores formative traumas: his father's violence, his family's shame over their Jewish heritage. Yet these issues are treated with a madcap



Dance of Reality is a hallucinogenic voyage through Jodorowsky's boundless imagination humour and surrealist touch. Witness the sequence in which his father beats up a Nazi parade, Marvel-style, as a crowd of masked bystanders looks on. Other chapters seem to spring wholly from his fecund imagination: one hopes that the scene in which his mother urinates on his father's chest wounds isn't based in memory.

wounds isn't based in memory. Jodorowsky was always a megalomaniac, and this time his producers have overindulged him: the film is too long, and often sags. Yet his sheer energy and chutzpah carry you through. In the 70s his detractors dismissed him as a hopelessly eccentric LSD casualty, predicting that his films wouldn't outlast the age. But it is Jodorowsky who is exuberantly pushing his creative vision into his ninth decade, long after their careers have ended.

FILM

VACATION

Cert 15 | By James Luxford

Hollywood's fascination with reinventing the 1980s continues with Vacation, a reboot of the National Lampoon comedies.

The original starred Chevy Chase as patriarch Clark Griswold; this time the action focuses on Clark's now adult son Rusty (Ed Helms), who's determined to bring his distant family together with a trip to Wally World, the theme park his family went to as a child. Mechanical issues, malign drifters and family bust-ups conspire to ensure the journey is every bit as calamitous – but nowhere near as funny – as the original.

As with so many remakes, Vacation tries to capture the spirit of its predecessors but ends up a hollow retread. The writers' R-Rated approach feels out of step with the source material, with unpleasant gags taking the warmth out of proceedings and making the family hard to root for. Whether it's taking a dip in a hidden spring that turns out to be sewage, or Chris Hemsworth's grinning appearance as Rusty's well-endowed brother-inlaw, the laughs are obvious and childish.

The biggest problem is Helms. Where Chase's character was a hopeful man whose dreams gradually and tragically crumbled around him, Helms just drags his ill-tempered family from one disaster to the next, more like a tour guide than a comedy lead. The only memorable moments come from the supporting cast: Hemsworth is game for a laugh, as is his quick-witted on-screen wife Leslie Mann. An appearance from Chase himself and Beverly D'Angelo raises a nostalgic chuckle.

It's hard to see the 21st Century Griswolds making enough of an impression to warrant endless National Lampoon-style sequels. Trying desperately to be all things to all movie fans, it ends up with neither the heart that made the franchise popular, nor the edge to rival modern comedies. If you're looking for anything more than a barrage of scatological set pieces, give this trip a miss.



PERFECT SATURDAY



BREKKIE JAGO

For a brunch with a difference, Shoreditch's Jago serves Jewish food from the Ashkenazi tradition. That means Middle East-inspired flavours as well as more familiar Jewish favourites such as smoked salmon and cream cheese. The halloumi fry up is just the ticket after a night on the town. jagorestaurant.com



COMIC RELIEF SAFARI FESTIVAL

Indie comic publisher Breakdown Press' Safari Festival celebrates the new wave of alternative and art comics from the UK and beyond. Batman and Robin it ain't: you're more likely to encounter artists working on the experimental fringes of comic book writing. Free, breakdownpress.com.



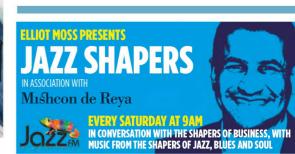
BEEFY BANQUET BRISKET FEST

If ever there was a cut of meat that deserved its own festival, it's the beef brisket. For Brisket Fest in Camden, 11 top chefs and restaurants – from Neil Rankin to Smokestak to Miss P's – give their take on the barbecue staple. One ticket includes a serving of all 11, plus a pint of USA Hell's lager. Arrive hungry. £40, visit camdentownbrewery.com



LIVING THE HIGH LIFE SKYGARDEN BAR

Take a trip to the 35th floor of the Walkie Talkie to drink in one of the City's most spectacular bars. Sip cocktails as you watch the sun set over the Thames, or peer down into the nearby Gherkin. Tables are bookable from 6pm on Monday-Friday and from 9pm on Saturdays – get in early, though, they go fast. skygarden.london



ART

I THINK THEREFORE I

Kristin Hjellegjerde gallery | By Alex Dymoke



If Descartes lived in the Twitter age, would he have devoted his life to finding the one axiomatic truth upon which to base belief in existence? Or would he have clogged cyberspace with bland fortune cookie wisdom like philosopher-celeb du jour, Alain de Botton? Who knows. Perhaps this is the kind of idle musing one finds one-self engaging in after a day spent refreshing Twitter.

Which is kind of the point of Celina Teague's new exhibition at the Kristin Hjellegjerde gallery: the bright and crowded paintings are a visual representation of the Twitter-weaned mind, crowded with brightly coloured nothing. Canvases overflow with what often looks like much more than 140 characters. Teague draws you in with her chaos of truncated ideas, but in the end, what's it really saying?



I Think therefore I Hashtag: oil and acrylic on canvas