

REVIEWS



An androgynous angel (Tilda Swinton) denies a renegade exorcist (Keanu Reeves) the salvation he fervently pursues in *Constantine*

Boogeyman

The scariest thing about this film is a tossup between the absurdly awful lack of anything resembling logic and the jittery cameraman's seizure-inducing cinematography. Ostensibly a story about a boy who grows up to face his childhood fear—the monster in the closet is real—*Boogeyman* is not scary, is not gory and makes less and less sense the longer it unspools. Lead Barry Watson's good looks are wasted underneath overly blue lighting, but he suggests that one count to five and monsters will go away. One, two, three, four, five. Damn, the memory of *Boogeyman* is still here! **D-**

—Andy Mangel

Constantine

Keanu Reeves plays John Constantine, a chain-smoking exorcist who is trying to buy his way back into heaven by conquering the demons and half-breeds that walk among the unaware populace. Adapted from a popular comic book series, *Constantine* is a visually rich movie that features strong acting (even from Keanu, whoa!) and fantastic bit characters. But despite some epic confrontations, the pacing can be a bit lugubrious, the plot is too convoluted, and the dialogue is oddly muffled. Mostly, you'll want to sit back and enjoy the view (including Tilda Swinton as an androgynous angel) and not think too hard about the story. **B**

—AM

5x2

Queer auteur François Ozon's *5x2* is an episodic dip into a failed marriage. The story begins at the end, with Marion and Gilles getting a divorce, and samples their lives together back to that first, hopeful meeting. The film lingers on the "lies and secrets" that make up much of a marriage, and there are some great dishy lines—Gilles' gay brother, commenting on some dyke friends having a kid, says, "Sperm in a spoon is better than a hetero husband." How true!

Excellent acted but also portentous and draggy, *5x2* lacks the freshness and energy of Ozon's less conventional works like *8 Women* or the brilliant Fassbinder adaptation *Water Drops on Burning Rocks*.

Screens 9 p.m. Feb. 18 at Broadway Metroplex and 2:45 p.m. Feb. 20 at Guild Theatre as part of the Portland International Film Festival. Visit www.nwfilm.org for details. **C**

—Gary Morris

Inside Deep Throat

Forget *Titanic*. Forget *Gone with the Wind*. 1972's *Deep Throat*, produced for a mere \$25,000, is the most successful film ever in terms of profit on investment: a staggering \$600 million. Not bad for a porn flick about a woman whose clitoris is in her throat.

But *Deep Throat*, as this fabulous new documentary shows, was a lot more important than its medical gimmick, bad acting and lame humor. This was the film that brought couples into porn theaters, legitimized the hardcore skin flick and even challenged the vaginal orgasm. It was also at the vanguard of the sexual revolution (you know, the one that fizzled out a few years later) and endured endless lawsuits from opportunistic politicians and sexually repressed district attorneys.

The whole story is told in detail here, from the tacky production circumstances (much of it was shot at the mansion of a phony Miami Beach "count") to the creepy Mafia connections (they controlled all the profits) to the problems faced by its stars, horse-hung Harry Reems, who became a drunk and druggie, and, of course, Linda Lovelace, who died in a car wreck in 2002. In some ways, Lovelace is the most pathetic figure here—a likable, not particularly smart woman seemingly used and abused equally by the pornsters and the anti-porn feminists.

Gay directors Fenton Bailey and Randy Barbato (*The Eyes of Tammy Faye*, *Party Monster*) include plenty of period footage and witty contextualizing commentary from the likes of Camille Paglia, John Waters, Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal and other counterculture luminaries. And, oh yeah, *Inside Deep Throat* daringly features hardcore footage from the film in lurid close-up, so prudes best beware. **A**

—GM

Rory O'Shea Was Here

The producers of *Billy Elliot* tried to come up with another heartwarmer, but they failed miserably. Rory O'Shea is a rebellious young man in a wheelchair who inspires Michael, a friend with cerebral palsy, to live life to the fullest. It might seem insensitive to tear apart a movie that tries so hard to give dignity to the disabled, but here goes: The botched attempts at screwball comedy make *Three's Company* look ingenious. And the only thing sad about the tear-jerking scenes is the thought that anyone could be moved by such hokey. Did I mention that it will probably be a huge hit? **D+**

—Stephen Blair

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