

September 11, 2007

**Tip of the Week**  
**Flying: Confessions of a Free Woman**

*Ray Pride*

In the first half hour or so of Jennifer Fox's epic navel-gaze, "Flying: Confessions of a Free Woman," you will think either of suicide or murder, depending on your disposition. But linger and you love her: across the almost six hours of world travel, where the lives of other women confound her as much as her own life, Fox is one of the boldest, brightest, fascinating narcissists ever to move across this much space. In her solipsistic yet yearning soap, she's herself, A 42-year-old Jewish New Yorker, who seems almost anachronistic, a sister demiurge to all the semi-autobiographical characters Woody Allen played in his mid-to-late 1970s films. I've had the interesting fortune of hearing conversations about this marathon after screenings at Sundance, the Thessaloniki Documentary Festival and Hot Docs in Toronto, and there's a wealth of stuff to talk about after this insistent provocation, no matter how much Fox has already talked to camera, to boyfriend, to women around the world who lack her sociocultural advantages. Part of the fascination of the fearless "Flying" is its longitude, something not enough filmmakers have taken advantage of, but the nervy, emotional impact is in each and every passage. 350m. HD Video.