

Flying: Confessions of A Free Woman

Woman On Top

By Michael Fox

Talk about a Rorschach test. Just minutes into Jennifer Fox's first-person, six-hour documentary *Flying: Confessions of a Free Woman*, you'll either want to hug her, strangle her, fuck her, or be her. Fox long ago rejected her mother's choice to stay at home and raise five kids; now in her early 40s, she lives in a Manhattan loft, makes films, and has a married South African lover. She takes a Swiss boyfriend and then, prompted by a friend's illness, begins to question her lifestyle and priorities. One interpretation of the opus' title is an homage to Erica Jong's scandalous 1973 novel *Fear of Flying*, which boasted a heroine as sex-mad as any male horndog. So is Fox a sexually liberated, feminist romantic with the remarkable courage to reveal herself on film? Or a spoiled, narcissistic twit who can't get enough screen time? However you vote, you'll be thankful she has high-achieving female friends around the globe whose views of women's roles are never less than fascinating. Alas, none of them offers Fox the most obvious counsel: Fire her therapist, who's been taking her money for 20 years.

Fox will be present at Part One of *Flying: Confessions of a Free Woman* tonight at 7 p.m. (and at Part Two tomorrow.)

<http://www.sfweekly.com/search/events.php?oid=925082>