

The arthouse provocateur Gaspar Noé is famous for brutalising his audiences. He did it with graphic violence in *I Stand Alone* (1998), with extreme sexual torture in *Irréversible* (2002), and with mind-melting, sick-making visuals in *Enter the Void* (2009). Now he's back, with **Love 3D** and this time he's done it solely with the power of boredom.

Well over two hours long, it tells the story of Murphy, a moody, pouty, American film director in Paris. He's played by the novice actor Karl Glusman, who has the boyish looks of a male model and the performance skills to match. "I want to make movies out of blood, sperm and tears," Murphy announces early on, and straight away you want to punch him.

Murphy lives with Omi (Klara Kristin, mildly nondescript on camera) yet pines for his ex-girlfriend Electra (Aomi Muyock, screaming a lot, like Béatrice Dalle in the mid-1980s). He spends the entire movie reflecting on, and moaning about, his passionate yet doomed relationship with Electra.

The trick here, and what constitutes the overdone marketing hook, is that everyone on screen is doing real sex. Yes, real actual sex, on screen. Every

### Love 3D

18, 135min

★☆☆☆☆

### Momentum

15, 94min

★☆☆☆☆

### Star Men

PG, 88min

★★★★★

### Güeros

15, 108min

★★★★★



position you can think of, from every possible angle. Alas, Noé seems to have missed the memo about the pornification of contemporary culture (if you want to see sex on screen these days it's really not that difficult) and that real dramas with proper actors who convey powerful emotions can do explicit sex quite well, thank you very much (see *Blue is the Warmest Colour*).

Instead, Noé plods away with his wearisome formula of bad acting followed by sex, followed by bad acting, followed by more sex, followed by more bad acting (clearly, the holy grail of a genuine screen talent who will perform sexual intercourse on camera does not yet exist).

That it is shot in 3D is a meaningless gimmick; it provides some scenes of slight nausea (characters focused in foreground while backgrounds shift about violently) and indicates the desperation of a film-maker who has seemingly achieved the impossible: making two hours of sex appear punishingly dull.

**Momentum** is a strange husk of an action movie, one

**Karl Glusman and Aomi Muyock in Gaspar Noé's Love 3D**

that contains all the right beats of a Hollywood contender, including a preposterous closing-reel set-up for an entire franchise to come, without a single moment of dramatic intrigue or credibility.

Olga Kurylenko is the (here we go again) "highly trained ex-military" superagent who robs a bank, accidentally steals a valuable computer drive and is relentlessly pursued by the world's least scary villain, played by James Purefoy.

"I will have your child sold into slavery in the worst Dickensian hellhole I can find," Purefoy's character threatens one female victim. You're hoping she'll say: "Seriously? Let's just unpack that for a moment."

There's lots of shooting and two gratuitous bum shots of Kurylenko in her pants. A couple of teenage boys might get a kick out of it, but I doubt it.

**Star Men** is a quirky, sweet and deceptively moving documentary about four pioneering British astronomers, now in their late seventies. They take a Californian road trip in an attempt to relive their groundbreaking glory days when they were space race mavericks at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena in 1960. What initially

begins as an informative and educational, if highly unremarkable, account of the men's work at Caltech (one invents an automated spectroscope, one helps to confirm the Big Bang theory) slowly blossoms into a profound tale of friendship and personal philosophies in the face of swiftly encroaching mortality.

**Güeros** will not be for everyone. It's a deadpan Spanish-language dramedy set in Mexico City and shot in black and white in a square-screen format. It plays like a dreamy, structurally fractured Richard Linklater homage to the French new wave (you still there?).

The story, as such, is a simple night in the life of teenage tearaway Tomas (Sebastián Aguirre), as he drifts around the city with his older brother Sombra (Tenoch Huerta). They encounter petty criminals, search for an aged crooner and bump into student activist Ana (Ilse Salas) — the film is set in April 1999 during the student protests at the city's UNAM university.

Yet it's beautifully done, with a light touch, some winning central performances and an entirely seductive sense of place. If you liked Linklater's *Slacker*...

**Kevin Maher**