

Seduce Her Like Keanu Reeves

by Neale Sourn

Your first impression of Keanu Reeves was probably of him as Ted “Theodore” Logan of *Bill and Ted’s Excellent Adventure* (movie and morning cartoon), then in *Bill and Ted’s Bogus Journey* and, whoa, dude, as far as you’re concerned, that image stuck, until a bus trip on a Santa Monica blue bus shook it a little and until *The Matrix* Trilogy’s Neo made it okay to say, “Yeah, he’s cool, I like him. As Neo.” You want to be *that* image he presented, to be Neo, *but not Ted!*

Sweetie Ted, though, was nearly twenty years ago, dude; seventeen to be exact. There’s nearly forty different onscreen performances from *Adventure* to *Lake House*. Yet, you still won’t let the Ted image go and wonder why she gushes over what you call his “pretty” looks and “wooden” acting.

“You’re a fan!!” you say to me. That’s not the point, as if I’m blindsided to utter truth. I love Ed Asner, Bob Hoskins, and Samuel L. Jackson and no one chastises, pities, nor condones me for being an absolute fool for my choices there. So, let he who casts the first Pam Anderson....

The Ted “Theodore” Logan Seduction.

You saw a yutz you didn’t want to be mistaken for, as if liking him would make you him. However, you didn’t feel that way about *Dumb and Dumber*, go figure. You didn’t see or feel any of Ted’s endearing qualities, well, she did. Hell, she sees yours. You hope. She saw in him a cute, sweet-natured, joyous guy, who’s a great friend, and who even joyfully went to Hell (Bogus!) with friend Bill. She saw that Ted lets Bill be leader although Ted often suggests their next sensible action, but lets it sink in as Bill’s idea, and then pretends to follow. Y’know like she does with you.

Don’t believe me? You have an official excuse to do *critical homework* by watching both comedy installments again. Say it out loud, “I’m only watching for character interaction, dear love.” Good boy.

Ted is gentle, kind, and wholly ingenuous, he doesn’t blow smoke up his lady’s ass to prove he’s smarter than she, nor hard fronts on her for the amusement of his male friends; that was nasty, inconsiderate “Robot Ted” with the “robot chubby.” Plus, Ted is utterly devoted to his lady, and never strays, well, not within each ninety or so minutes of film. Hell, he came though Time for her, and when he left in a hurry he came back for her. Believe me, his lady noticed and so did yours.

The Neo “Mr. Thomas Anderson” Seduction.

Neo. Neo. Neo. Way before stepping forward with eye extinguishing black lenses, military boots, and an urban silk, western duel duster to shoot up a government lobby, followed with the most famous onscreen, backbend limbo of all time Reeves had long dropped his wide-ranging Method Acting character defining Ted traits of the pigeon-toed shuffle and not so dumb (*think Marilyn Monroe*) empty-headed sweetness to be Lucifer’s favorite son; a teen prostitute (*Yes, you can say “hustler,” but the job is still prostitute.*) a surfing FBI agent; an action junky SWAT

officer; a lovesick ex-GI; and a vamp fighting Victorian husband; oh, and one grief-crazed Danish prince on the side.

Our dear Neo, dauntless and relentless within the manufactured delusion of the matrix, is utterly humble and deferential outside of it in the natural world. Neo, to most of us, is the fighting guy, a superman flying priest revolutionary. Keanu Reeves' Neo is our icon of cool and accomplished.

Oh, and Neo gets the hot chick who does wicked scorpion kicks, eagle lifts, shoots pointblank, and drives anything turbocharged. Plus, his hot chick, Trinity, has no eyes, literally, with those shades on, for anyone else.

That's what you see, man: a cool, handsome, smart guy who goes from everyman nobody to The One who's the most powerful of anyone; an unstoppable human killing machine, killing machine programs and delusional humans, alike, with his hot chick. A man who flies, stops bullets and swords with his hand, and does surgery sans scalpel better than a Filipino healer. Neo's a next gen, more accessible and human "Terminator," without that perplexing what'd-he-say? Austrian guttural accent.

She sees all of what you see, too, but you know how women are, she complicates everything by seeing all that stuff you're blind and obtuse about. She sees a man in love with, devoted to only one woman, despite Monica Bellucci! She sees a man who is super smart yet endearingly humble and knowledgeable, yet who realizes he doesn't know everything when in his natural world. He treats his wife-mate-girlfriend-lover-healer-protector, or however you see their relationship, as his equal.

Neo doesn't gripe about being emasculated when she saves him, repeatedly; in fact, he calls for her. She even quietly resurrects him from his death. He does save her *a couple of times*, the big flying showoff, when she's unable to save herself. But remember, Trinity is Neo's "Personal Jesus," *his* god and *his* savior. Whenever he actually says "I need you," "Jesus Christ," or "God," *she* always answers, literally. And, no matter how far away and out of earshot he is by matrix standards, he can hear her say, "Get up," and he rises from death; she whispers, "Get out of there," and he power shrugs off 200 Smiths better than Robert Conrad in *The Wild, Wild West*, to fly away to safety, back to her.

Neo loves her, openly and directly. Neo fights for her and burns up the world to rush to her and save her. Neo listens to her softest, loving whispers and trusts in her wisdom, and actually does it. He knows and respects her, "You're *that* Trinity?" That is what she sees on screen in Mr. Reeves' performances. Does she see any of that in you? Hm. You better hope so.