Montenegro, written and directed by Ousan Makavejev, produced by Be Smithson, and starring Susan Anspach, Erland Josephson, Per Oscarsson, and Brian Tukawsky, at the Ocean Wellness.

Montenegro, the new film comedy by Yugoslav director Ousan Makavejev, is a strange throwback to that old formula film of the sixties — the "liberation comedy." Marilyn Jordan (Susan Anspach), an American born woman married to a Swedish bullheading magnate (Erland Josephson), is very rich and very bored. She has every material object her heart desires but, as was the case with every "mod housewife" since the sixties, she is slowly going to pieces. Her husband is not a good lover, is hardly ever home, tries to weasel out of promises made to his children. "If they are going to live in the real world they should learn that nobody keeps promises anymore." and believes that his wife's recent strangeness has nothing to do with him. Her "strangeness" takes many terms— she becomes absent-minded, contemplates murder, sets the sheets on fire after making love, cooks meals and eats all the food herself— in general, she is falling apart at the seams.

Then, an accident throws her into the company of Eastern European immigrants. She goes with them to their home— somewhere deep within the bowels of an automobile junk-yard. There she forsakes her family for three days, living at the Club Zanzi-Bar — a strange combination of legal and illegal, sleazy nightclub, slaughterhouse, and commune hotel— where she sees a world which is alien (to put it mildly) to anything she has ever seen. People fight with coal-shovels, shout and sing drunken obscenities, stab each other, fight with coal-shovels, shout and sing drunken obscenities, stab each other, stab each other, stab each other, stab each other... "I'm not going to be like this. I'm not going to be like this. I'm not going to be like this." and eventually, during a Christmas Eve celebration she makes love to a man, a Montenegrin, in a Pajama pig- feed.

The film has many flaws. Most of Montenegro looks as if it were crafted by a skilled technician utterly lacking in human sensibilities. The director ticks off his points like clockwork — the first scene shows us that Marilyn is very rich, then, that she is dissatisfied, and next that she is cracking up. It is all very well done, but it is boring to watch; it is almost as if the director didn't give a damn about what he was doing, just how he did it. The details are right for some film analysis term paper. What is the meaning of the too expensive, long-hairied lynx coat whose stady deterioration can't be stopped? Again it is a metaphor for Marilyn's marriage; but, Smashed clocks indicate separation from Marilyn's old life. Makavejev's not too embarrassed to have fireworks go off at the moment of sexual climax.

And, of course, there are the requisite references to other movies. Why do directors keep trying to convince us that they've been to movies too? We know they've seen "Cavalcade." Makavejev just doesn't have to miss anything; there are points for political consciousness, sex for popular appeal, and so on.

Forgetting about the textbook nature of the film, we are still left with a plot that is simple, maybe over from the Sixties. Marilyn's wife is alienated. She is falling apart, and you are back in the wonderful world of the alienated middle-class. She is falling apart, and you are back in the wonderful world of the alienated middle-class.

Mike Greenew