

Bulgarian Film 'not getting older, but better'

Having seen four or five (no, I think it was six...) of his 93 films during my 47 years of **Daily Nebraskan** film reviewing, I can state, unequivocally, that the great Bulgarian director Ingfried von Le Bertolinnioni has come up with his crowning masterpiece.

At Long Last Menopause, now showing at the Super-Cooper 25 Theaters, is a discomforting horror-musical, a joyously sterile song-and-dance celebration of a woman during "that time of life".

The film is bolstered by a sterling performance from one of the cinema's premier grande dames, Sandra Dee. She plays Xaviera Griselda, a conscience-wracked nymphomaniac nun who feels physically redeemed and has her life-long feelings of guilt "dried up" when she goes through her change in life.

Bozos abound

In addition to Ms. Dee and a brief guest appearance by Debra Walley (as a reformed hooker turned Mother Superior), the film also presents a liberating break with tradition by offering a number of meaningful men's roles for several male actors whose long-neglected talents have finally been recognized. As four of Griselde's former lovers, Clint Walker, Tab Hunter, Larry Storch and Dean Jones are exhilirating. Together their talents give us such magical screen moments as the already legendary scene in the convent's men's room.

To pen the music for At Long Last Menopause, LeBertolinnioni has opted for the current naustalgia tendencies by digging up one of the long lost musical giants of the '70s, Burt Bachamuzak. His maloderous melodies perfectly complement the film's feeling of frivolous frigidity in such captivating tunes as

gregor luceaux key gripe

"Confession Room Blues," and of course, the film's theme song, "No No, I Can't Get It Up For You!" Gonzo delectabilities

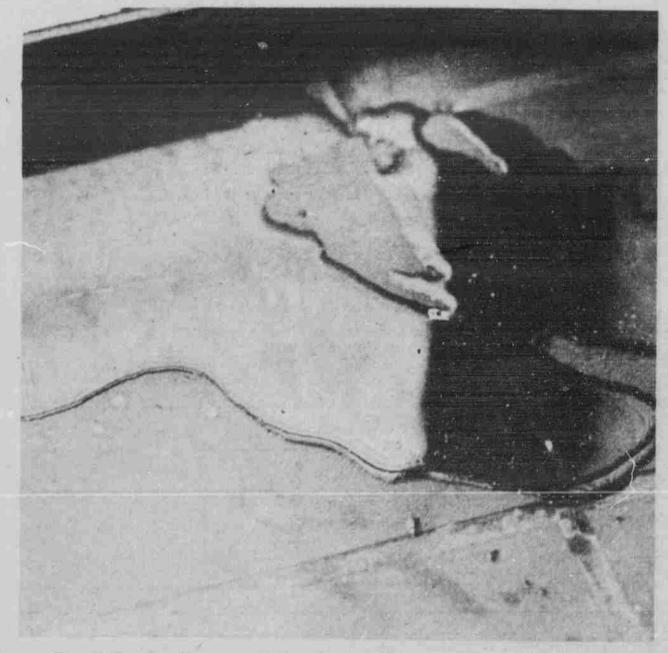
In At Long Last Menopause, LeBertolinnioni once again transfers his artistic eclecticism to the cinema by paying homage to those great American directors of the '70s like Peter Bogdanovich, George Roy Hill, Ted Post and Woody Brooks. Largely put down in their own era for their crass commercialism, these rediscovered directors are being respectively re-evaluated and recognized for their "bottom-line" artistry, persistant lack of personal vision and willingness to film anything, regardless of unjust critical pressure. In perspective, At Long Last Menopause is a stunning accomplishment. I've never seen a movie that left me so refreshingly empty in my life. I can only laud the performances and creative integrity of the film and join with my peers in opposing the detestable decision by the National Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences that disqualified this film from Oscar possibilities

Ejaculatory timbre

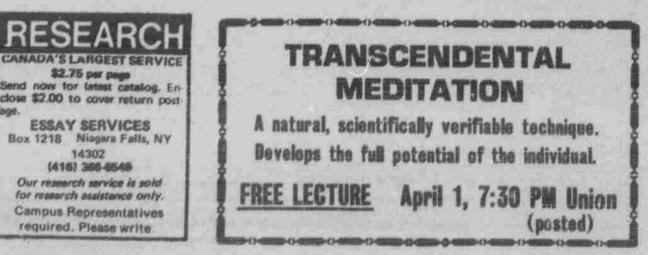
Once again the Academy has passed up commercial success in favor of the other pseudo-art films that dominate their nominations. They do not recognize LeBertolinnioni as the master of the metaphysical musical and that in this movie he has metamorphasized his macabre, meticulous mannerisms into a marvelously, masterful menagerie of mutant malevolence. He has given us a soporific memoir that festers our divergent, human ramifications into mucalaginous loathing and, at the same time, divests itself of all life's pretentions and sanctimonious impalpabilities and emerges as an excretionary icon of prostrative, ejaculatory timbre.

But this is mere chit chat. Let me pin it down even further by saying that this is a zany madcap movie that is chock full of many a titillating belly laugh but at the same time, BAM!..., it strikes home with some finely-honed food for thought. This delightful bit of film fluff is a real fun goodie.





From At Long Last Menopause, the legendary scene from inside the convent's mensroom.



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