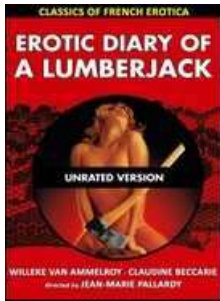


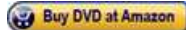

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Erotic Diary Of A Lumberjack

[MVD Visual](#) // 1974 // 94 Minutes // Not Rated
 Reviewed by Judge David Johnson // April 10th, 2009

- [View Judge Johnson's Dossier](#)
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Dear diary: Judge David Johnson would like the last 94 minutes of his life back.


Scales of Justice

Video:	70
Audio:	75
Extras:	80
Acting:	40
Story:	50
Judgment:	45

Perp Profile

Studio: [MVD Visual](#)

Video Formats:

- Full Frame

Audio Formats:

- Dolby Digital 2.0 Stereo (English)

Subtitles:

- None

Running Time: 94 Minutes

Release Year: 1974

MPAA Rating: Not Rated

Genres:

- [Bad](#)
- [Erotic](#)
- [Foreign](#)

Distinguishing Marks

- Extended Scenes
- Director Interview
- Photo Gallery

Accomplices

- [IMDb](#)



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The Charge

"That's all we need, a Nobel-prize winning pimp."

Opening Statement

Apparently **Erotic Diary of a Lumberjack** is a so-called "classic" of French sex cinema. If this is the standard for classic status, then maybe we need to rethink this whole Paris as the center of culture thing.

Facts of the Case

OK, bear with me. I am not making any of this up. Professor Muller is a world-renowned scientist and he's just been awarded the Nobel Prize. But instead of claiming the most prestigious prize in the world he decides to leave his old world behind and wander off into the woods. What does he find? What you typically would find in the middle of the countryside: burly, old lumberjacks engaging in outdoor group sex with attractive women.

The professor takes the next logical step: he starts an open-air brothel. His clientele appears to be elderly, horny men who have their hottest sex fantasies acted out by a full complement of nubile women with what appear to be housecats jammed under their arms. Professor Muller's son eventually tracks down his dad and attempts to persuade him to give up his pimp life. Meanwhile, a pair of police inspectors has gone undercover to collect enough evidence to shut down the whorehou—er—whorebarn.

The Evidence

Let's just get this out of the way right now: the word "erotic" has no business being included in the title of this movie. **Erotic Diary of a Lumberjack** may in fact be the most un-erotic movie I've ever seen, and that includes [Schindler's List](#). Whoever concocted the love scenes obviously has zero idea of what it means to titillate, opting instead to craft nude trysts that would be better suited for an LSD trip or a Japanese game show.

Here's a sampling of the "eroticism" that awaits any viewer taken in by the classy, provocative disc cover art of a nude women straddling a stump: a man and a woman have sex while riding a horse; a guy who can't be younger than 95 straps a girl to a machine that stimulates a rocket launch, which,

of course, prompts a lot of rolling around a moaning; another woman makes love to a skeleton (really); a cowboy shoots a rubber suction dart and a woman's bare butt; a pasty, portly, nude old man is led around on a leash by a naked woman; Professor Muller, himself no Adonis, frolics with his maid and disrobes enough to ensure you will be in the fight of your life to keep your most recent meal down; a middle-aged police inspector makes love to a blue-haired woman in a sand pit; and son on and so forth and more old dudes shake their decrepit pelvises in the general direction of overly made-up women half their age.

There is, however, *a lot* of that stuff, so if for some reason these scenarios float your boat then you, my friend, have found the mother-lode of weirdo fornication.

Almost as incoherent as the T&A is the plot that holds it all together. Dad loves his brothel. Junior thinks he should return back home. The police detectives wander around aimlessly. And that's about it. The Professor's son strikes up a romance with the female detective and that's the central "romance" of the film, but it's as emotionally engaging as a poorly executed squat thrust. Evidently the director felt the same way; an entire dialogue sequence between the two lovebirds was completely muted in favor of the atrocious score, as if a man and a woman mouthing words to each other deserved the dramatic montage treatment. There's a whole lot of other stuff that didn't make sense but, thankfully, I've already purged it from my consciousness.

The DVD: an iffy, low-grade full-frame treatment is joined by a tinny, dubbed stereo mix. Extras include a lengthy interview with director Jean-Marie Pallardy, extended scenes, trailers and a batch of photographs.

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Closing Statement

You know what's more erotic than **Erotic Diary of a Lumberjack**? Whatever bodily function you performed prior to reading this review.

The Verdict

Guilty of giving erotic lumberjacks a bad name.

Similar Decisions

- [Taylor Wane's Erotic Games](#)
- [Love Circles](#)
- [Beshkempir: The Adopted Son](#)
- [The Seduction Of Misty Munda](#)

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Did we give **Erotic Diary Of A Lumberjack** a fair trial? [yes](#) / [no](#)



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