

Death of a Lumberjack

You can't tell the heroes without a program

By WARREN CLEMENTS

Quebec director Gilles Carle's latest feature, *La mort d'un bûcheron* (Death of a Lumberjack), begins with the shooting of a lumberjack and the buzz-saw amputation of his foot.

From there, it launches into a web of comedy, melodrama, suspense and mystery, with strip-teases whenever the action threatens to drag.

One thing Carle can't be accused of is making a one-track film.

The movie's heroine is Marie Chapdelaine (played by the extremely attractive Carole Laure), a young Chibougamau innocent abroad in the wilderness of east end Montreal. She is determined to locate her errant lumberjack father, who deserted her mo-

ther years ago and hasn't been heard of since.

Marie is at something of a disadvantage, having no photograph of her father and no idea of where he has been for the last 18-odd years. But then, the search is only Carle's excuse to throw his *Candide*-like heroine into the clutches of various devious characters.

Journalist François Paradis (Daniel Pilon, late of *The Pyx*), at first a sympathetic hero, loses his gloss when he tries to use Marie's body to further his business connections. Armand St. Amour, (Willie Lamothe), the nightclub owner who hires Marie as "the first topless country and western dancer in North America", starts out as the heavy and turns into an amiable

braggart.

Blanche Bellefeuille (Denise Filiatrault), the only link with Marie's father, is a raucous, painted whore with a heart of gold. And Charlotte (Quebec chanteuse Pauline Julien), the pregnant political journalist next door, provides the comradery and maternal support Marie needs in her struggle against Paradis.

The search for Marie's father ends in a deserted shack in the woods, and makes a few points about management versus labour and English versus French. Most of the questions are answered, but nothing is really revealed.

The success of the film lies in its careful mixture of humour and drama, in a mold reminiscent of François Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player* — right down to its snow-bound deserted-shack ending.

There is the same feeling of little characters moving about in a big world, through eternal small clubs and landscapes set against brittle white skies. There are the same boisterous characters who come on strong but have nothing to back up their bravado.

And there is the same overall feeling of *joie-de-vivre* tempered with a cynical recognition of underlying jealousy, ruthlessness and ambition.

Mort d'un bûcheron is Gilles Carle's sixth feature since his debut in 1965 with *La vie heureuse de Leopold Z*, and his first since *La Vraie Nature de Bernadette*. He is currently finishing a new film, *Les corps célestes* (Heavenly Bodies).

Bûcheron is showing with English subtitles at Cinema Lumiere.



Carole Laure plays a young Chibougamau innocent abroad in the jungle of Montreal, in Gilles Carle's latest film, *Mort d'un bûcheron* (Death of a Lumberjack).

Electric Subotnick

Morton Subotnick, the first composer in history to be commissioned to write an electronic composition for the record medium, will be on campus from next Monday to Friday.

He will give a free concert of works for sound and light on Wednesday, at 4 p.m. in Curtis LH-F, using electronic sounds, films, lights, strobos and lasers, sponsored by the music department.

Subotnick will also set up a Ritual Game Room in Founders O11 from 8 to 10 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

The Game Room is empty except for two speakers, several film projectors and the Game Board, which has a circular viewing screen and three contact areas on either side for each player.

As the two participants are led into the room by the Game Keeper, the room is lit with a single red spotlight.

The Game Keeper gives each player a ring to put on any finger of either hand. In order for the game to be activated, the players must touch each other and continue to touch each other. The Game Keeper gives them the instructions.

He then turns off the red light and the game begins. Admission to the room is \$1.

THE HUMERIDS (NOIR BLACK & PETER HSY)

(SYNOPSIS)
 ASTRONAUT FRAN SMITH HAS DESTROYED ROLAND, HER NAVIGATIONAL ROBOT, TO SAVE AN EARTH MOBILE ATTACK FORCE -- ONLY TO LEARN THAT THE EARTHLINGS ARE, IN FACT, ROBOTS THEMSELVES. COMMANDER ZARZ, THE FORCE LEADER, CONFRONTS FRAN WITH THIS INFORMATION -- AND A GRENADE!

I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED MY MISSION, THOUGH THE COST IS GREAT...

THEN THE EARTH I ONCE KNEW IS DEAD!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER USE THAT GRENADE!

AS MEN BECAME MACHINES TO SURVIVE, I TOO HAD TO ADAPT -- AS THE ANDROMEDANS MUST!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I HAD GREAT GIFTS FOR EARTH... BUT MAN IS STILL AN INFANT...

POOR ROLAND! I MISPLACED MY TRUST.

...AND FRAN SMITH DISSOLVED...

GOODBYE, COMMANDER -- PERHAPS... ONE DAY...

NO! WAIT!

LET THIS BE MY NEW FORM! LET MY HOME BE ANDROMEDA!

SUDDENLY COMMANDER ZARZ WAS ALONE... THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT... SAVE FOR DEATH---

ARTWORK: NOIR BLACK
 SCRIPT: PETER HSY

END