



● Roughing it in a desert *Paradise*, Willie Aames, "Doc" and Phoebe Cates

have done more damage in the editing. Gillard, with his experience as a sketch writer, probably provided balanced scenes that fulfilled some of the genre requirements. When David goes to rescue Sarah from the Semitic beast, for instance, we see him poised on the hill above the camp. Next, we are in the tent where Sarah is being prepared for her wedding night (she looks like she's waiting for a bus) and suddenly, David appears in full purdah. How did he sneak into the camp in broad daylight? How did he get the clothes? Where's the suspense? Did Gillard write the scene like that?

Elsewhere, one of the most consistently interesting elements of the cast-away genre is how they survive. What do they build their shelter from? How do they get food? What new philosophical and ethical questions are formed? Even the *Blue Lagoon* didn't push the natural limitations of their resources too far. In *Paradise*, the Kids suddenly

**PARADISE** p. Robert Lantos. Stephen J. Roth exec. p. Bruce Mallen. Howard R. Lipson co-p. Wendy Grean d. & sc. Stuart Gillard creative consultant Gene Corman prod. des. Claude Bonniere music comp. Paul Hoffer d.o.p. Adam Greenberg costumes Julie Ganton. Mary-Jane McCarty ed. Howard Terrill asst. d. Jim Kaufman sup. Monique Champagne prod. sup. Manon Bouger Boyer loc. man. Gady Levy 2nd asst. d. Zion Haen 3rd asst. d. Nitzan Aviram -d. mixer Eli Yorkani boom Yochai Moshe chimp trainer Boon Narr asst. trainer Paul Reynolds unit pub. Lana Iny stills Yoni Hamenachem p. sec. Judy Wassermil sec. Hava Nastovitch crowd man. Ze'ev Ziegler prod. accountant Harvey Edinoff focus puller Yossi Zicherman 2nd asst. cam. Avi Koren loader Gidi Porat chief make-up Blanche Schuler asst. make-up Lili Ben Meir. Gabi Genigold wardrobe Tami Mor asst. wardrobe Rina Ramon asst. art d. Ariel Roshko set dresser David Varod. Mordechai Kormush props buyer Zvika Haen props master Ladi Veeleheim key grip Yacov Bukman grip David Saranga. Yonatan Nativ gaffer Abraham Leibman genny operator Yossi Shmuel hd. wrangler Yoski Heusdorff wrangler Dedy Heusdorff camp man. Razi Haen asst. camp man. Citan Alon asst. camp Itzhak Shrika. Efraim Adjami transp. captain Mike Hartman asst. ed. Rit Wallace. Hagit Anin stand in for David Gal Cohen stand in for Sarah Ronit Caspi 2nd unit d. Aharon Shemi 2nd unit cam. Danny Shneur underwater photographer David Philosoph Lp. Willie Aames. Phoebe Cates. Richard Curmook. Tuvia Tav. Neil Vipond. Aviva Marks Joseph Shiloach p.c. R.S.L. Films (1981) American dist. Embassy Pictures. Cdn. dist. New-World Mutual. Running time 100 min. colour. 35 mm.

have this immense house on the beach. Where did it come from? How did they build it? Did the chimp tell them? Where do they get the yards and yards of extra cloth that they use as decoration, and why don't they make some clothes? This is the desert sun, remember. They should be in a constant state of burn and peel, if not sunstroke and death, rather than nicely tanned.

The second major problem of the film is its sex. In *The Blue Lagoon* (forgive me, I am about to compare *The Blue Lagoon* favourably to another movie), one could see the growing sexuality of its heroes because they were marooned as children. The socialization process was not nearly complete. With adolescents (19th century remember?) the taboos are locked in place, so it is thoroughly unlikely that the sexual curiosity displayed by Sarah and the elaborate sexual techniques shared by them are even vaguely appropriate. In this sense, *Paradise* is sort of a pre-Victorian *Parky's*.

On the positive side, director Gillard displays some solid camera sense and gets excellent work in the Nestor Almer-dros mode, from Israeli cinematographer Adam Greenberg. The rest is trash.

## George Mihalka's *Scandale*

The master of the modern day American porno film genre, Russ Meyer, made the profitable discovery that North American males would fork over large amounts of cash to watch castrating females triumph over hapless males. His first film to really exploit castration anxiety was *Vixen*; it was followed by *Super Vixens*, *Beneath the Valley of the Super Vixens*, and so on.

It's interesting to see castration anxiety turning up as one of the central tropes in *Scandale*; interesting, that is, in establishing a hypothesis about what critical psycho-dramas the makers of the film

are acting out. The climactic scene, in which scissors are applied to the genitals of the bound and pleading government official, who had been a sort of father figure throughout the film, must certainly be of some significance to the filmmakers. After all, it is preceded by enough male genital flag-waving, if I may coin a phrase, to telegraph to even the most unperceptive audience the fact that the filmmakers "do protest too much," and are trying to disguise a profound anxiety about the matter. And, whereas Russ Meyer always convincingly distances himself from the castration anxiety he depicts, those in charge of *Scandale* would seem to have neither the psychological maturity nor the technical ability to pull off such a feat.

That being said, I take it all back. I have no idea what problems, if any, those guys down at RSL have, or don't have. And I have nothing against pornography, per se (with the usual caveats against the involvement of minors, brutality and so forth). Why, just the other day I wandered down to the local Bijou to see *Prison Girls* in 3D, and I thought it was a hoot.

But I thought *Scandale* was witless filth. It didn't just make me sick, it made me angry. And it insulted the people of Quebec by portraying them as a bunch of morons. The fat people jokes and the portrayal of gays were very unpleasant, and the scene in which the fat, moronic Quebecois is so startled by the sight of a

transvestite that he urinates on his shoes was the most offensive moment I've seen on film since the baby was run over by the motorcycle gang in *Mad Max*.

Not that *Scandale* is some sort of peak *épater la bourgeoisie* experience. Nah, it's a very lethargic cast that stumbles through these hoops. Was it professional embarrassment that slowed them down, I wonder? Downers? I mean, there were some pretty impressive talents involved here, although you'd never know it. Was there some sort of religious cult initiation going on that made everyone look so tired?

But even the worst sow's ear has some potentiality for becoming a silk purse, so I might mention that even in the midst of all this career mass-suicide that was taking place on the screen, the cinematography was just fine. It was always a pleasure when what there was of a plot set some of the characters outside, so we could see those delicate shadings of light that are one of the saving graces of a Quebec winter. And Nanette Workman was good in a little cabaret number she put on for us... In fact, that sequence had the wit and the energy that the whole film should have had.

I mentioned that the film had some sort of plot. It was sequenced (just like any porno film must be to get by the censors) with little bits of a story that, in this case, had something or other to do with the Pornobec scandal stuck in between the sex scenes.

I could go on to ridicule individual participants in this venture, but why bother? It would be like shooting fish in a barrel.

David Clarke ●

**SCANDALE** p. RSL Films Limited d. George Mihalka sc. Robert Geoffrion mus. Tony Roman d.o.p. François Protat ed. Rit Wallace p. man. Wendy Grean p. acct. Manon Bougie-Boyer p. sec. Jacky Lavoie 1st a.d. Mathieu Vibert 2nd a.d. Arden Ryshpan loc. man. François Leclerc sc. superv. Monique Champagne casting Andrée Champagne dancers' casting Kathleen Graham focus Michel Girard clapper/loader Patty Morein gaf. Don Saari best boy Charles Hughes key grip Serge Grenier sd. mixer Donald Cohen boom Gabor Vadney art. d. Csaba Kertesz asst. art. d. Michel Denuet set dec. Frances Calder set props. Claude Charbonneau asst. set props. Pierre Plante ward. des. Paul-André Guérin ward. mistress Mary Jane Wallace make-up Marie-Josée Lafontaine hair André Lafreniere asst. hair Denis Muller sills Alex Dukay, Attilla Dory unit man. Jacques Lesflaguais asst. ed. Chantal Bowen sd. ed. Autone Productions Inc. superv. sd. ed. Richard Lightstone dialogue ed. Tony Reed, Patrick Dodd sd. eff. ed. Susan Schreier, Ross Overbury Lp. Sophie Lorain, Gilbert Comtois, Alpha Boucher, François Trotter, Robert Des Roches, Sylvie Boucher, Douglas "Coco" Leopold, Les Freres Brosse (Jean-Pierre Alonzo and Robert Morrissette), Nanette Workman, Marcel Giguere, Jean-Guy Moreau, Denis Larocque, Liliane Clune, J.-C. Robillard, Marie-Alyne Joyal, Jean Chevalier, Sonny Forbes, Gayle Garfinkle, Celyne Verreault, Les Soeurs Ciseaux p.c. R.S.L. Films (1982) running time 97 min. dist. Vivafilm/Cine 360

● *Scandale* runs rampant behind closed doors... Here, Sylvie Boucher and Gilbert Comtois

