



—Henry Kwok photo

THEY CALL ME MELLOW CELLO—and I'm being accompanied by the Greystone Singers, who herald from the University of Saskatchewan. Rumour has it that we gave a stunning performance at Convocation Hall last Saturday night for all you culturally-deprived Edmontonians.

Avenue gives us More

A Man for All Seasons starts playing at Edmonton's newly redecorated Avenue theatre today. The Arts Page, in its tradition of providing you with up-to-the-minute coverage, herewith presents a sneak preview review of this film, reprinted from the McMaster Silhouette.

By Rene de Vos

It is a pleasure to see a hero instead of an anti-hero, a hero who is neither glorified by epic exaggeration nor debased by cinematic extravagance. Thomas More is such a hero in Fred Zinneman's film *A Man for all Seasons*.

Playwright Robert Bolt has well adapted his award winning play to

the screen. Most of the script remains, in fact, unchanged; for the script is the main glory of the film, and rightly so, as the words are in many cases More's own.

In transferring the story of his "hero of selfhood" to the screen, Bolt has eliminated the famous Common Man, whom he considered unsuccessful. He has adapted other scenes of action very well to the more fluid form of the cinema. The foundation of the play, however, "the bold and beautiful verbal architecture", is included in the film with stunning force.

The film deals with the last nine years of Thomas More's life, and is specifically about his conflict with Henry VIII over the question of supremacy of the Church of England. "The King's good servant but God's first" was doomed to die because he would not submit to Henry. More's life as chronicled in the film shows that as a well-loved father, as the highest political figure in the land, he had more to give up when he died than any other man.

More was a man with "an adamant quality of his own self", a person who could not be accused of any incapacity for life. He was also "the universal man". This is the character that Bolt in his screenplay and Scofield in his performance try to re-create: More as a hero of selfhood without the limitless introspection of the modern hero, a confident man of action.

The director must be given credit for casting in his film. Paul Scofield as More is superb, combining his renowned dramatic voice with expert expression. Leo McKern plays the scheming, utterly repugnant Cromwell to the hilt.

This film, however, is not extraordinary. Scofield and the dialogue have a special quality, but the acting, direction, and photography are only good or competent. The film has its special force in its portrayal of a courage which is uncommon enough to engage our interest.

THINKING OF MOVING TO THE U.S.A.?

SAVE WITH OUR EXPORT PLAN

Now Healy Ford Center is able to sell you a brand new '67 Mustang, Thunderbird, Fairlane, Falcon or Galaxie WITHOUT Canadian or U.S. Taxes. Choose your '67 Ford model from Healy's top selection and at a low tax-free price. Trade in your present car and get the high Canadian trade allowance.

The only regulations are:

- (1) You must leave within 30 days of the New Car delivery date.
- (2) You must remain one year in the U.S.A.

It's that simple. For more information on Healy's amazing money-saving Export Plan contact:

MR. GERRY LEVASSIEUR

HEALY FORD CENTER

106 Street & Jasper

Phone 424-7331

films

I'm as brave as the next man, or at least the next 97-lb. weakling, but I chickened out of going to see *Monkeys Go Home* at the Capitol because, after seeing the preview, I decided I wasn't strong enough and didn't want to die that way.

The plot seemed to involve an American idiot with some repulsive monkeys who shatters the economy of a little Disney-French village by having the monkeys take over the village's local industry (I forget what—basket-weaving or wine-stomping or something).

The idiot goes around kissing sweet Disney-French girls, and poor old Maurice Chevalier plays a sweet Disney-Catholic village priest, forgiving and forgetting everything, lifting his voice occasionally in cracked song.

The suspicion one is bound to entertain that Chevalier must need the money or he wouldn't prostitute himself this way is pretty depressing. Chevalier deserves well of the world, and one would have thought that someone would at least go to the trouble of getting the old man a bearable script.

But even the indignity to a man of Chevalier's stature paled, as one watched the preview, before the total and horrifying bad taste of it all. And so I decided to ignore the whole sorry mess.

Alas, the complete absence of any new movies in Edmonton has reduced me to speculating a bit more precisely about the sort of bad taste which *Monkeys Go Home* would seem to enshrine, which is so firmly associated with the later stages of the Disney Enterprises sweatshop.

Disney was a great and incredibly influential artist who happened to set up a factory to exhaust all the possibilities he had opened up.

Until the unofficial biographies come out—and probably even after—Disney will remain an enigma as a man. And the influence of the animated cartoon upon our consciousness has been so deep and revolutionary that it's hard to perceive: we're too much its products.

Hence it will be a long time before Disney will be easy to discuss as an artist.

But one of the main topics of that discussion will have to be the strange relationship between the conventional upper-middle-class leftist canons of good taste which we tend to take for granted and Disney's methods of violating these canons with such consistency and such financial success.

Once Disney's peculiar hand was not visible at all in the products that poured forth from his studios, once his genius failed to inform the sort of prudish sentimentality he so brilliantly had explored, a sort of decay set in which I don't know how to come to terms with.

"The artists", said Ezra Pound (an admirer of Disney, by the way—see his curious remarks about Perri in the Paris Review interview with him) "are the antennae of the race".

Splendid. But what sort of antenna was Disney? What was this wavelength none of us intellectuals have picked up that Disney so effortlessly tuned in on? And to what extent was the message he picked up garbled by the "corruption of Consciousness" one is almost compelled to posit in Disney's case?

I'm thrashing around in muddy waters, I realize. I just want to emphasize what a formidable challenge Disney presents to us all a movie-lovers and zeitgeist-watchers.

And I'd seriously suggest to those more courageous than myself that they go see *Monkeys Go Home*, preferably when the theatre is filled with the little kiddies who are being brought up on Disney.

And to maintain their sanity, these brave men should murmur over and over to themselves a few basic questions:

Why does this movie so offend me?

Why doesn't this movie offend the Common Man?

What sort of sensibility does this Common Man possess? Can it be shown that this sensibility is "inferior" to mine?

(And finally the general question, the one that's always appropriate no matter how good or bad the movie:.) What exactly is going on here?

—John Thompson