

# THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

Sometimes, when you leave the Theatre, you really begin to wonder why certain movies ever got past the novel stage. "The Friends of Eddie Coyle", I'm afraid to say, is such a movie.

It starts and it ends. And what goes on in between is anybody's game. Robert Mitchum is Eddie "Fingers" Coyle: shabby, tired, poor, family man, middle man, stool pigeon and getting old. Eddie "Fingers" is a loser and the world has no place for a loser. As for his "friends", well, you could make better with the enemies you have. It's not that they're a bad bunch really it's just that they aren't exactly the trusting kind. It's a grubby, violent, dangerous world they live in and the only thing you can get out of the trust you could put in someone else is a second set of knuckles and it "hurts like a bastard." Ask Eddie, he's got a set.

Robert Mitchum gives Eddie Coyle a style all his own but he doesn't save the show because he is not the main character. The movie, after all, is about his "friends" and one third of the runtime is strictly about robberies. Three separate bank robberies, all executed in the same style, by the same guys wearing a different mask each time. (The second part is concerned with the daily routine of buying and selling guns of all shapes and sizes. It is colourfully sprayed with such spine-tingling lines as: "You got the stuff, hein?" "No bread, no stuff", "Are you the man?", "At those prices, I'm gonna want to examine the merchandise", "It's good stuff, I tell ya", "No hot stuff, O.K.?", and the classic "Don't call me, I'll call you when it's ready".

The last portion of the movie is

mainly concerned with yet another kind of dealing, people's lives, and the stakes are higher. The results are also deadlier, as Eddie finds out.

Between the bank jobs and his execution for a crime he didn't commit, Eddie "Fingers" is inwardly running for his life. And he's desperate. But time is running out and even Robert Mitchum can't do anything about it. He doesn't get a fair chance to build up the Eddie Coyle character. Before the movie gets anywhere, Eddie is almost out of the picture and coming down fast. He is quietly murdered in his drunken sleep on his way back from a hockey game to which he was invited by his "friendly" executioner.

A loser to the end, Eddie "Fingers" falls short in audience appeal and down with him goes "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."

## Brother Sun Sister Moon

By the time you read this review it will be too late to see "The Friends of Eddie Coyle", as it terminated earlier this week. You may still have a chance, though, to see "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes". For those who have followed the series carefully, it should prove quite interesting. It will tie the knot in the explanation of the first of the series, i.e. "Planet of the Apes", which played on TV, last week. It was an ingenious idea and a well developed plot though, I thought, a bit overplayed at times. It should get some of us thinking about the

way we live and the self-righteous airs we, as humans, often don so easily.

You must, however, make a point to see "Brother Sun and Sister Moon", Franco Zeffirelli's newest movie. If you liked "Romeo

and Juliet", you'll love this movie. "Brother Sun and Sister Moon" is truly a delight for the mind. The words and the music are composed and sung by Donovan. The picturesque background is exquisitely blended into the scenario and the story is deeply moving.

Franco Zeffirelli's unmistakable touch gives Francis of Assisy and Clare the halo that so often accompanies those closest to the higher levels of thought of this world. He gives them the softness, the love and the determination found only in the truly innocent and truly loving children, as they were created to be. Francis vibrates through Graham Faulkner like a well tuned violin and the personalities blend into the warm glow of the man who was closer to nature and life than man had ever known. Judi Bowker is the plaintive, transfiguring look and soft, whispering thought of Clare. The two of them, so close yet hardly touching, so in love, yet never embracing, so close to nature they were part of it, like the sun and the moon.

A movie for the lovers, the dreamers, the young and the not-so-young. A must for the tired, disillusioned student stuck between two or more exams. A warm glass of brandy and a cup of sweet wine; a warm sun in winter and a fresh smelling spring bloom. "A motion picture that celebrates the timeless joy of original innocence."

# UNDER THE NORTH STAR

A book of poems by L. Johnson

By MARTIN SINGLETON

The format of this book is interesting: unlike the most of Fiddlehead's Poetry offerings it is produced in a thin, pocketbook-shaped volume, attractive on the shelf and easy to hold in the hand.

It is not, however, as easily held in the mind. To begin with, there's no title on the spine (a merciful oversight, perhaps) and a cover drawing by Daird Ewing represents, I suppose, some fungoid excrescence (the poet—the poet's sensibilities) reaching towards a (northern) star. Symbolism, y'see. God knows how the title links up with the book's contents. I'm sure I don't.

The poems themselves (for those who can tear their eyes off the cover) are divided into three sections: Haiku, Proverbs, and Epitaphs. Some of the Haiku work quite well, but too many are unsubtle and uneconomical. Some are not haiku at all. "The latest Fashion — That wraps women in felicity — is respectability." Although Mr. Johnson admits (rather pompously) to reading Basho, Busson, and Issac the three Japanese "Pillars of Haiku", his work shows the evidence of such study. As one who has written a fair number of haiku over the years, I can sympathize with his problems — it's probably the hardest discrete verse-form to write in the world — but I recommend he study (as I did) such books as Henderson's Haiku in English or Blythe's History of Haiku. Haiku is not a form which is easily or rapidly mastered (in

either English or Japanese). Nevertheless, it's an interesting and poetically rich one to work with, and Mr. Johnson can occasionally come up with a real good 'un: "Night without light — framed in the window now — This girl naked." However these things run on far too long — 61 pages — and while there's a fair bit of good poetry in them, there's also an unforgivable amount of mediocrity and some real crap.

The second section of the book, "The Proverbs of Earth," would greatly benefit from jaor excision. They are 39 pages of this oxymoronic drive, and to my mind that's about 30 too many. In the style of a dyspeptic Twain or a senile LaRocheffoucauld, we are given what I presume are Mr. Johnson's meditations on life: such profundities as "pleasure is the fruit of leisure," "girls are not sugar and spice — but 'yes' and 'no' all mixed up — Can you unravel them?" or even "Citizens are the domestic animals — of the state!" (note the daring use of exclamation mark). As with the "Haiku" section, there are some good things in it, but these are buried in nonsense more happy perhaps in Christmas Ideals or Reader's Digest than any serious book of verse.

The third section, "Epitaphs" is a small (11 page) section much in the vein of Masters' Spoon River Anthology. This is perhaps the best and least pretentious section of the book; it's a shame Mr. Johnson chose not to spend more time here. I have not seen any more of Mr.

Johnson's first book (For A Million or More Morticians, 1968) than the title poem although I have seen other and longer works of his, but I can only applaud his decision to try for economy in this book of (very short) poems — none longer than 9 lines. He's trying here, I think, for economy and shows a certain talent, but the sloppy cover is continued throughout, and the whole thing could do with a damn good editing. There are all kinds of good Fiddlehead Poetry books in the bookstore (nobody ever seems to buy any) and I'd much rather spend my money on them, at least until Mr. Johnson extends his sense of economy from form to content.

Under The North Star by LeRoy Johnson; Fiddlehead Poetry Books 124 pages; \$2.00 at the Bookstore.

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HAM for your CHRISTMAS FEAST!



for all Bucks turned Santa,



Cercle Francais de Fredericton

Un film francais intitule "Quelques arpents de neige" sera presente par le Cercle Francais de Fredericton, lundi le 10 decembre a 8h30 a l'auditorium de l'Universite St. Thomas. Vous etes tous bienvenu a y assister.



BILL OF FARE

SCAMPI ROSATO

- 2 1/2 - 3 LBS LG. SHRIMP
- 1/2 TSP. SALT
- 1/2 TSP. PEPPER (TO TASTE)
- 1/4 CUP LEMON JUICE
- 1/4 CUP BUTTER
- 1 CLOVE GARLIC (MINCED)
- 6 TBSP. OIL
- 1 ONION (MINCED)
- 1 1/2 TBSP. PARSLEY FLAKES
- 1 TSP. PAPRIKA
- 1/2 CUP DRY VERMOUTH (WHITE)

PREPARATION

PEEL AND CLEAN SHRIMP. PLACE IN SHALLOW DISH, SINGLE LAYER. SPRINKLE WITH SALT, PEPPER AND LEMON JUICE. MARINATE IN REFRIGERATOR 20 MIN. COMBINE BUTTER AND OIL IN LARGE SKILLET OR WOK HEAT UNTIL BUTTER IS MELTED. ADD GARLIC, ONION AND PARSLEY. SAUTE OVER LOW HEAT UNTIL TENDER BUT NOT BROWNED APPROX. 2 MIN. REMOVE SHRIMP FROM MARINADE DUST WITH PAPRIKA. ADD SHRIMP TO SAUTE MIX AND BROWN LIGHTLY. ADD VERMOUTH, COOK OVER MED HEAT 12 MIN.

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