

A DTH Movie Review

"Bonnie And Clyde" Returns To Town

By JOE SANDERS

of The Daily Tar Heel Staff

Bonnie and Clyde, starring Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway, Michael Pollard, Gene Hackman, Estelle Parsons. Director: Arthur Penn. Producer: Warren Beatty Warner Brothers.

BONNIE AND CLYDE will be back in town for a six day run at the Carolina theater starting tomorrow.

You can expect the overflowing crowds that packed into the Rialto and the Varsity to be in line to see it again and a flock of newcomers that missed the film its first time around.

But listen as you leave the theater—you'll hear someone saying, "But, it glorifies crime so much!" Because the film treats the Barrow Gang with sympathy, there are always some who think law and order are being attacked.

At first glance, these people have a strong case. After all, look at the Bonnie and Clyde clothes, songs, jokes and magazine articles. Soon we will probably see a Bonnie and Clyde television series and even Bonnie bubblegum and Clyde cola.

But who is doing the glorifying—the film or the people that see the film? In the film itself Bonnie and Clyde never hold up anything larger than a hayseed depression-struck bank. Even then, when the money is added up, Buck Barrow (Gene Hackman) has to make an excuse for the poor showing: "Well, times is hard."

This is not to say that Bonnie Parker and the Barrows do not glorify crime in their minds. The film opens with Bonnie (Faye Dunaway) lying on her bed in a sparsely furnished room. It is the time of the Depression and for Bonnie this means waiting on tables in a dead Texas town.

When she looks out her window and sees Clyde Barrow (Warren Beatty) trying to steal the family car, she doesn't scream for the police, but shouts, "Wait there!"

"How'd you like to walk in to the biggest hotel in Dalls," he asks her, "and have everybody know who you are? I can make you somebody."

But while Clyde and Bonnie are dreaming big, they nearly starve to death. Clyde fails to steal food when he spends so long looking for peach pie that a storeowner fights him off

with a meat cleaver. He tries to rob a bank that went under three weeks before.

Broke and wanted by the police, Clyde and Bonnie pick up a third partner, C.W. Moss (Michael Pollard), an ignorant juvenile delinquent, takes a dare to rob the gas station where he works.

"I know you've got the guts to short-change little old ladies that come in for gas," Bonnie simmers, "but you think you could do the real thing?"

And C.W., needing to prove himself through crime, sneers, "I ain't a-fear'd, if that's what you're thinkin'," and joins up. Later, when the gang gayly reads the blowup newspaper accounts of their robberies and murders, C.W.'s worries over being constantly reported as "an unidentified man."

The Barrows never, in their petty felonies, achieve the stature invented for them by the Hearst press. An entire national mood is reflected in its pages: a country of average people depressed by the barrenness of their poverty-stricken, unproductive lives find escape from trouble and unemployment in the stories about the Barrow Gang.

Bonnie finally realizes that her dreams of walking into the biggest hotel in Dallas will never materialize. While Clyde, after three years of running, still believes that, "We're goin'" to settle down—just as soon as hard times is over, "Bonnie knows that for them, "hard times" are forever.

"When I first met you," she weeps, "I thought we were goin' somewhere. But we aren't. We're just goin'."

Their world disintegrates. Buck is gunned down by a mob of deputies who whoop and yelp in their temporary glory of besting one of the Barrows. Bonnie and Clyde are finally machine-gunned on a lonely country road. They take four thousand rounds, and seconds after they are dead the gunmen still pour lead into them: as if the violent Barrow gang of the newspapers were making a last desperate stand and there were scores of them to kill.

Only C.W. and Blanche Barrow (Estelle Parsons) remain. Blanche is blinded from a

bullet wound and C.W. faces two years in prison. Has crime been glorified? The Barrows lived off their takings in rundown motels and they paid for their crime with fear, blood, constant flight and death.

But they are always human. Never has Hollywood produced such people that crack corny jokes, fight among themselves, and have to use the bathroom. The film received ten academy award nominations including best actor, best actress, best supporting actors (Pollard and Hackman), and best supporting actress.

Bonnie is flat-chested and doesn't wear a bra. Clyde is impotent. C.W. is told that Bonnie and Clyde are going to be ambushed and doesn't have the intelligence to tell them. And yet they are real to the viewer: they talk and act like some distant relatives you have somewhere that know the world only as far as they have traveled.

Even the humanizing of the Barrows does not make them heroes, however. It was the temperament of the people that made them big-shots; the temperament that gives us our Bonnie and Clyde clothes and jokes today. We take the feeble violence of petty crooks and build from it a folk-legend: this is, perhaps, the film's entire message.

Lost And Found

LOST
RED IRISH setter on campus. Answers to name Sean. \$25 reward. Call 929-3144.

WHITE ORGANDY curtains in ladies' room of Memorial Hall during SP convention last week. Reward. Call Rochelle Stephens, 968-9152.

BLACK billfold in Pine Room or 324 Phillips. Keep money, but return billfold. Call Tom Hodges, 257 Morrison 933-3350.

WESTER Alamance High School 1967 class ring. Call Janice Pender, 405 Winston.

KEYS. Nine keys on a chain initialed JC. Lost around Y-Court. Call 929-1670 or 933-1380.

FOLD Bulova watch with rose-gold scarab band. Lost between Murphy and Connor or on street between Connor and Chi O. Reward. Call

Pam Cherry. BLACK GLASSES in white case in Dey Hall area. Call 933-1063.
MEN'S horn-rim, glasses, charcoal lenses. Reward. Call John Ripley, 968-9085.

FOUND
CONTACT lens (one) at the American Legion hut Feb. 24. Call 305 Everett, 968-9028.
BROWN KID gloves in from of Spencer near a parking space. Claim at DTH office any afternoon.
GIRLS' GLASSES in Bingham. Call 942-2428.

KEYS (five) on a chain with "G" initialed keystone in basement of Wilson Library. Contact 249 Morrison, no phone.
WOMEN'S BLACK square frame glasses, made in France. Call 929-5517, Marie Strong.

Campus Calendar

STUDENTS for a Democratic Society (SDS) meets at 7:30 p.m. in 111 Murphy to discuss speaker invitations, anti-war action and leaving the country.

PHYSICAL THERAPY Club meets at 7 p.m. in room 324 of the School of Medicine. Mr. Robert A. Lassiter will discuss "Community Rehabilitation."

FASHION SHOW "Step Into Spring" at 8 p.m. in the School of Public Health Auditorium, sponsored by the Public Health Wives Club and Thalheimer's, to benefit the N.C. Society for Crippled Children. Donation \$1.

STUDENT ACM will present a panel of authorities answering questions about the Department of Information Science and its curriculum, the UNC Computation Center, TUCC, and UNC Electronic Data Processing at 8 p.m. in 324 Phillips (refreshments in Phillips 273 at 7:30. Authorities speaking will be Dr. Frederick P. Brooks, Jr., Mr. Erwin M. Danziger, Dr. Morris S.

Davis, Dr. David N. Freeman, Mr. James W. Hanson and Dr. John C. Morrow.

LATIN-AMERICAN Colloquium at 8 p.m. in Dey Hall Faculty Lounge.
ANYONE interested in running for open seats in the Men's and Women's Honor Courts must come to endorsement interviews March 11 or 12 from 2-4 p.m. in Graham Memorial. Candidates must have a 2.0 average and be residents of the district they wish to represent.

MEN'S ROOM reservations for fall must be made at the Housing Office in Bynum Hall by March 15 if present rooms are to be kept.

YM-YWCA will hold interviews for executive offices today and Wednesday. Sign up in 102 Y building for exact time.

ORIENTATION Counselor interviews for fall will be held in Roland Parker Lounges of Graham Memorial from 2 to 5 p.m. All interested students are invited to interview.

Coed's Handy Guide To Self-Defense: The Care And Feeding Of Prowlers

Special to The Daily Tar Heel

(Coeds who are not seniors or 21 years of age have every right to ask that the tightest possible security be maintained in dormitories, since they are required to occupy them. However, in light of the administration's attitude toward the hiring of night watchmen, and considering the doubtful efficiency of even the most reliable of watchmen in protecting the ramshackle relics which now serve as women's housing, the following program of self-protection is suggested for coeds. Such a program involves no expense and can be effected by any coed. It must be emphasized that this program, like women's rules, serves only as a guideline; the extent of a coed's ingenuity is the only limit to the protective devices she may employ.)

You're expecting a prowler and you're panicked, right? Lock your door. (If your door doesn't have a lock, you may place the back of a chair under the doorknob. This doesn't guarantee a prowler can't get in, but the sound of all that splintering wood should be sufficient to wake even the soundest sleeper.)

Your windows also have locks. Use them. If you must sleep with the windows open, why not place a row of relatively unstable objects (such as empty champagne bottles, flower pots, instant coffee jars) on the windowsill? Make it hard for him to get in without making any noise.

You're still afraid? You think anybody who wears a white mask will be light-footed enough to make it through your carefully-planned security?

You yourself are your own strongest defense. If you know he's there, switch on the light. However, if the sight of you in hair rollers and Clearasil doesn't send him into a dead faint, other measures may be necessary:

It's awfully easy to keep a can of hair spray near your bed. (Raid, spray starch, and deodorant are acceptable substitutes.) Aim right between the eyes and don't stop spraying just because he's screaming. (You can scream, too, if you like. In fact, it's a good idea. You can even scream if you think there's a prowler but aren't sure. If it's a false alarm, you can always blushing admit to a nightmare.)

If the hair spray doesn't incapacitate him, a swift kick, well placed, should be sufficient to fell any opponent, at least temporarily.

By now your prowler is writhing in agony on the floor, assuming you haven't knocked him cold with an underhand volleyball serve to the chin, and you are in full command of the situation. Hopefully the

police are on their way by now; if not, yell for somebody to call them. Don't leave the scene of the crime.

You might want to rip off his mask to find out if he's the beady-eyed rascal from your history class that you suspected all along. You will probably discover that he is nowhere near 25 years old but is a sniveling adolescent. Don't start feeling sorry for him. (The reason you will probably discover that he isn't 25 is that a guy that old with evil intentions has enough sense to pick a place less densely populated than a girls' dorm for his attack. If he is that old, he's either awfully stupid, or his only purpose was to scare you. I repeat, don't start feeling sorry for him.)

While you wait, get out your Instamatic and take a few snapshots for your scrapbook. They may come in handy later if the guy manages to escape.

After you've run out of film and-or flashcubes, stand over him with a trusty, rusty paring knife or any of the other deadly weapons usually found in your room.

The police will arrive, hopefully before your prowler recovers. Now you must make a decision: do you press charges or do you give the guy 24 hours to turn himself in so as to avoid double jeopardy?

Whatever your decision, do not let newspaper photographers near you till you have taken your hair out of the rollers and have put your makeup on. You are a celebrity now and must act the part.

Your busy evening is now over, and you have accomplished two major purposes: you have warned all prospective prowlers that the Carolina coed is indeed capable of defending her own honor, and you have strengthened the administration's stand against the hiring of night watchmen.

Note: The only way to work out all the bugs in the above program is to try it regularly. Should the plan fail and you find yourself a victim of rape or murder, the writer offers sincere apologies. (Ed. note: The author of this article is a Carolina coed who prefers to remain anonymous

because she thinks her name on the article would serve as an open invitation for the prowler(s) to test her ability to defend herself, and she "can live without that pleasure.")

Good Humor Ice Cream

25⁰⁰

a week or more...

AS HUNDREDS OF COLLEGE GUYS AND GALS HAVE SUMMERTIMES with...

Yes, you put in lots of hours but...

You work in the open

Meet people... Make new friends

You're trained and work on routes where people have bought Good Humor Ice Cream for years... no investment... everything supplied.

HOW YOU QUALIFY FOR INTERVIEW

1. Minimum age 18.
2. Need a valid driver's license... and must be able to drive a clutch transmission.
3. Be in good physical condition.

Sign Up Now For Our Campus Visit
Ask your Summer Placement Director or Student Aid Officer to schedule you for our campus visit or write to:

GOOD HUMOR, Dept. A.
800 Sylvan Avenue
Englewood Cliffs, N. J. 07632

INTERVIEW DATE: March 19

An Equal opportunity Employer (M/F)

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Assert
6. Panorama
11. Starring role for Gene Tierney
12. Assam silkworms
13. City in Ohio
14. Disembarks
15. Intends
16. Approves
17. Ostrich-like bird
19. Sun god
21. Star
25. Destiny
28. Popular spelling song
30. Preserve in a silo
31. Pare
32. Pronoun
33. Hallucino-genic drug
35. Recline
37. Rates
42. Lengthwise
44. Rink
45. Devilfish
46. Bury
47. Tartar
48. Scented

DOWN

1. Bivalve
2. Ladoga, for instance
3. Emanation
4. Metal
5. Rectory
8. Velvetlike fabrics
7. Iraq
8. Transgressions
9. Young child
10. Beast of burden
18. Lawgiver
19. Mature
20. Indigo
21. Merganser
22. Prong
23. Large worm
24. Greek letter
26. Im-merse
27. Anthropoloid
29. Unlawful
34. Siphon
35. Not short
36. Inside
38. Italian river
39. Snarers
40. Leg joint
41. Variety of chalcedony
42. Candelentree
43. Roman house
- god

Yesterday's Answer

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11					12				
13					14				
15					16				
21	22	23	24	25	26	27			
28				29					
30					31				
32				33	34				
	35	36			37	38	39	40	41
42	43				44				
45					46				
47					48				

PEANUTS

WHAT'LL WE DO? SNOOPY'S QUIT THE TEAM!

ALL I DID WAS BAWL HIM OUT A LITTLE...

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF CHARLIE BROWN...

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THAT STUPID DOG...HE'S ALWAYS CHANGING RAINBOWS!

"CHANGING RAINBOWS"?

THAT'S RIGHT! GO ON! GET OUT AN' JOIN YER BELOVED CHALKIE!

IF YER SPENT A BIT MORE TIME IN YER OWN 'OME--!

FLORENCE, YER'D MAKE A BLAME SIGHT BETTER WIFE IF YER STOPPED TRYIN' T' MAKE ME A BETTER 'USBAND

'E FRIGHTENS ME WHEN 'E'S QUIET

Cut loose in a Cutlass.

We'd invite you to check our specs against competition (we'd fare quite nicely, thank you), but that's too much like homework. And you've got enough of that. Instead, slip into this low-slung, low-priced youngmobile—and let Cutlass S do the teaching. Cruise it. Corner it. Brake it. Park it.

This one handles like it had handles. And the best part is the Cutlass S price. It's as streamlined as its styling. Hide-away wipers, lowered hood, side marker lights, all the new GM safety features—all standard. Today. See your Olds dealer. Tonight. Cut loose in Cutlass.

Drive a youngmobile from Oldsmobile

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE