



# The Daily Tar Heel On The Outside

from the wires of United Press International

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Wire Editor

## Court upholds state death law

The North Carolina Supreme Court ruled Thursday that the death penalty is not only constitutional, but mandatory for the crimes of first degree murder, first degree burglary, rape and arson in the state.

The Court held that a decision by the U.S. Supreme Court last year made a section of the State Capital Punishment Statute, enacted by amendment in 1949, unconstitutional.

But the court said the section, which gave juries discretion to sentence defendants to life in prison, was severable from the rest of the statute, which was enacted earlier.

The seven-member court was unanimous in agreeing that the section allowing jury discretion in sentencing was unconstitutional, but that the court was preempting the Legislature by making the death sentence mandatory for the four capital crimes.

## Corona convicted of murders

Juan V. Corona was convicted today of killing 25 farm workers.

It took 30 minutes for the jury to report the 25 guilty verdicts reached after 46 hours of deliberation over seven days.

After deliberating for about two hours during the morning the jury asked the judge to reconvene the court.

Judge Richard Patton ordered Corona transported to the courtroom from nearby Vacaville State Prison for the session.

## Appeal stalls Watergate trial

The Watergate bugging trial was stalled Thursday while a federal appeals court decided if the prosecution's star witness may testify about conversations he monitored last year from the tapped telephones of high level Democrats.

The witness, former FBI agent Alfred C. Baldwin III, had testified Wednesday how he was hired to eavesdrop on conversations from a listening post—a hotel room across the street from the Watergate complex offices of the Democratic National Committee.

But when victims of the eavesdropping objected to his disclosing what he overheard—some of it reportedly of a highly intimate and possibly irrelevant nature—the trial was recessed while Chief U.S. District Judge John J. Sirica listened to their arguments in secret.

When Sirica overruled the objections and ordered that Baldwin's testimony could be admitted, the decision was appealed to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.

## QUIZ BOWL

Starts January 29

Applications are now at the union Desk and are due January 19.

a Union Recreation Committee Program

# 'Discreet Charm' Bunuel's best

by Bruce Mann  
Feature Editor

Director Luis Bunuel's first film, "Un Chien Andalou" (1928), shocked bourgeois audiences with its close-up shot of a woman's eyeball being slit by a well-stropped razor.

Written in collaboration with painter Salvador Dali, the surrealist movie was the great director-magician-avowed atheist's first pot-shot at the uptight middle classes of the world.

More than 40 years of film-making later, with the production of "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," playing at Chapel Hill's Varsity Theatre through Tuesday, we find Bunuel still aiming at the same target, but with a renewed, subtle accuracy; a warm, muted sense of humor; and an almost sincere feeling of affection for his victims, the bourgeoisie, imprisoned by their morality.

"I am against conventional morals, traditional phantasma, sentimentalism, and all that moral uncleanness that sentimentalism introduces into society," Bunuel once wrote. "Bourgeois morality is for me immoral, and to be fought..."

Bunuel has waged the relentless fight in such well-known films as "Viridiana" (1961) and especially "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in which an elite group at a party find they cannot leave the premises, that they are psychically rooted to the room for weeks, and that they must experience their most private fears during the time (unattached hands float in the air and corpses collect in public view). But never before has Bunuel achieved such satirical success on all cinematic levels.

Whereas in previous films his actors have been inexpressive cardboard characters, his meanings occasionally

ambiguous, and his technical work sloppy (in many Bunuel films, microphones are visible on the screen), in "Discreet Charm," the acting is controlled, the script sharp, and the editing smooth and effortless.

In a Dali surrealist painting, a commonplace image is often transmogrified into a nightmarish one, as in "The Persistence of Memory," when timepieces melt. In "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," the 72-year-old magician-artist creates a naughty carnival by selecting a commonplace event important to the rich middle class social code—eating dinner—and turning it into a series of nightmares.

The group which always gathers together for dinner but which never succeeds in eating consists of bachelor Raphael, Mirandan ambassador to France, played by Fernando Rey; his two friends, Henri and Francois (Jean Pierre Cassel and Paul Frankeur), who with Raphael deal in drug traffic; their wives, Alice (Stephane Audran) and Delphine Seyrig; and the latter's sister, played by Bulle Ogier as a bit of a bourgeois tramp, monied, spoiled, and living in a world of constant self-interest.

The surrealists believe in "the omnipotence of the dream," and Bunuel exploits almost every middle class dream and fear in interrupting the dinners. Embarrassingly, the group arrives for dinner at Henri's house on the wrong day. They drive to a nearby inn to eat and find, behind a side-curtain, the corpse of the manager lying in wait for the undertaker. At another time, they sit to eat and are served rubber chickens and cola. Moments later, lights shine on the table, a curtain rises to reveal an expectant audience, and a prompter feeds the cues of "Don Juan" to the surprised connoisseurs. "I don't know the lines,"

breathes Henri, perspiring in fear. In yet another scene, a restaurant waiter tells the women that he is out of coffee, tea, and milk! And as if that weren't enough, soldiers on maneuvers march into Henri's house and end an attempted repast.

All the incidents contain dream elements and petty fears, and as the movie progresses, we realize, thanks to Bunuel's remarkable skill at cinematic storytelling, that some of the events are indeed dreams and dreams within dreams. In fact, the few violent portions of the film are creatively undercut by the revelation that they are merely dreams and fantasies.

Bunuel constantly levels attacks on the bourgeois code of hypocrisy, clinched speech, trivial decorum, and incessant socializing. Meaningless adages stated with Confucian seriousness abound: "Is a meal without soup really a meal?" "To carve a leg of lamb you must stand up." Hypocrisy infiltrates the system: Francois, who is himself in competition with the Marcellis dope trade, condemns marijuana, "It's the first step. I hate drug addicts." Francois also delivers orations on the making of a good martini and the ignorance of the masses: "No system can help the masses to become refined."

The cast is indeed magnificent. Delphine Seyrig (remember her "Last Year at Marienbad"?) smiles often, but there is intent behind every smirk—guilt, embarrassment, or nervousness. Stephane Audran's face is a mask of pure ego and instant gratification—in one scene, she clandestinely takes husband Henri out the

bedroom window into the garden to make love while the guests arrive downstairs. Fernando Rey, who also plays a drug dealer in another top ten film of 1972, "The French Connection," has somewhat an affinity for Bunuel scripts (witness "Viridiana"), and he displays all the discreet charm necessary, whether spraying his mouth with freshener before his mistress arrives or defending his apparently corrupt country. One need only sense and feel Bulle Ogier's sensuous performance; she is both the prime exemplar of her bored class and an expert of facial expressions.

As with any Bunuel work of art, there are certain motivic ambiguities, motifs which seem to gain a special significance throughout the film, and "Discreet Charm," one of Bunuel's French films, is no exception. Bells become warnings; noises resembling air raid signals, wind, jet turbines, and typewriters clacking occasionally drown out speech; and segments of the film are devoted to the sextet symbolically walking down a road, toward nowhere in particular and seemingly making no progress. You may do with these what you will.

But for some reason, all the motifs seem right—as does the entire film itself. Bunuel has mellowed and matured, and his film reflects the wisdom and wit of a sage. He still twirls his figurative mustache with glee at the squirming bourgeoisie who watch and are a part of his films. But he does so in "Discreet Charm" in such a way that we can laugh—with him and at ourselves.

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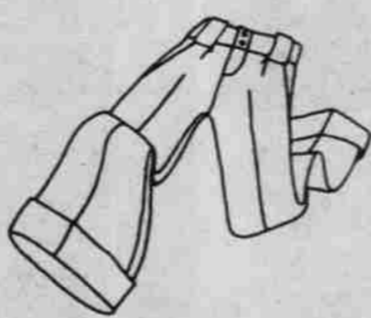
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