



Hot Shandy's lyrics may have been inspired by bad kool-aid but the audience didn't seem to care. The Passion Pit was packed last Wednesday to hear Jim Magill and Rick Bouley.

Hot Shandy's quite dandy

By Gingi Farr

Alternatives to our hard-core academic existence here seem to be getting as thick as the polyester in a car salesman's closet! Hot Shandy, the band that played in the Passion Pit last Wednesday however was actually educationally enhancing as it served as both a zestful cultural awakening and to restore a sense of reality in those who had temporarily misplaced theirs.

Hot Shandy, composed of Jim Magill and Rick Bouley, originated three years ago in Chapel Hill as an Irish punk band known as Future Trash. Finding that endeavor rather rewarding, they transformed themselves into the Great Fruit Heads. Rick revealed to the audience that their lyrics were the written results of multiple batches of bad Kool-aid. Following this unfruitful era of

their musical profession, Rick and Jim opted for their current Hot Shandy image.

Hot Shandy, in addition to playing their own homegrown songs, sang choice selections from Mike Cross, John Prine and other musicians that have inspired and influenced them in their own work. They played a mandolin, guitars, kazoos and a bozovki. The Guilford audience heard about everything from using the National Enquirer for toilet paper; hearts aching, breaking and quaking to fond memories of High School days when one endured the freaking out of his or her body; disputes with parents, and the discovery of penicillin for one ailment or another. The effect was interesting.

Not only was the music of enlivening quality but Hot Shandy proved to be superb entertainers

as the jokes they told were as florid and indiscrete as a sack full of hickies. Everyone seemed to have appreciated their creativity and directness.

Hot Shandy released an album a month ago christened "Paradise Ain't Cheap", and commented that the album wasn't either. Many students however, bought themselves a copy of the album anyway during intermission. Hot Shandy will be traveling in the Keys and through the Mid West areas this winter.

Although Hot Shandy did not ease the minds of those diligent scholars concerned with thorny questions about the beginning and end of time or reveal the purpose of the moon and morality, Hot Shandy gave us one dandy of a performance and I think that everyone who had an opportunity to see and hear them, enjoyed them!

The French Lieutenant's Woman: Film in a film

By Julie Seaman

The French Lieutenant's Woman
Directed by Karel Reisz;
Screenplay by Harold Pinter

Sarah Woodruff is enveloped in the mist as she stands far out on the breaker, gazing to sea along the coast of Lyme Regis. The time is 1867. The danger of her position as well as her cloaked and hooded image are provocative enough to cause Charles Smithson to run out to persuade her to return to safer ground. As she turns her head we are riveted, expecting her to look half-crazed and wild-eyed. From the moment Sarah and Charles exchange searing glances, they are destined for an

impossible love affair, because she is a fallen woman and he, engaged to someone else.

Meryl Streep stars in this film version of John Fowles' novel, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. The scene changes to a harsher lit, early morning setting; we see a man and woman sleeping. Consciousness comes slow and confused as they wake, and parallels the dawning awareness of the audience...it is no longer 1867. A modern story is interpolated on top of the period story. Mike and Anna, the actor and actress, are as tangled up in "real life" as the Victorian characters (Charles and Sarah) they are filming.

The juxtaposition of modern story and Victorian story is the

device developed by director Karel Reisz and screenwriter Harold Pinter to allow the film to comment upon itself. The use of two parallel plots has been

delicately balanced to avoid confusion. Each story is absorbing in itself and at the same time able to enrich the other one. Thirteen times, the Victorian

Sarah and Charles vanish, and the audience is rather jarringly transferred to the more sophisticated present. The lush countryside of Lyme Regis contrasts with the starkness of the modern movie set, where they are filming the Victorian story, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. This is the film-within-the-film within the ultimate film the audience is

viewing. With the shift in the time setting to the present, restrained passion and explosive emotion give way to cool urbanities. Anna (She and Sarah both are played by Meryl Streep), the successful professional, is a "serious" actress; in one scene she is doing research on Victorian England, attempting to understand her character more thoroughly. She is dignified in the snatches of conversation we see, and looks intelligent even while lazing around with her lover (and co-star) Mike on the beach or the bed.

The time then changes back to 1867, and picks up where it left off. Sarah is considered crazy as well as wicked, and Charles is intrigued because he senses she is really neither. But he finds that she revels in her pain and outcast status. She tells him of her seduction by the French Lieutenant, and ends with her expressing, gruff-voiced, "I am the French Lieutenant's...whore!" Her satisfaction in her suffering is evident, and Charles is both appalled and pulled nearer to her. Charles soon breaks off with his fiancée and then—inexplicably, Sarah is gone.

In the last scene of the period story, three years have passed, and they finally meet again. Sarah is no longer inflicting torture upon herself; in fact, there is an unmistakable note of pride in her demeanor. Her room is neatly cluttered with large sketches and drawings. She is a governess, and of her employers she says, "They allow me to do my own work—in fact they encourage it." She is triumphant, and there is coolness in her tone. She explains that she has allowed

herself to be found by Charles, now that she has her own life, her freedom. "Freedom!" Charles explodes, and sputters at her: "Of all human emotions, how could you make a mockery out of love!" She replies, "There was a madness in me...a bitterness."



At this point the lines between the Victorian woman Sarah and the modern actress Anna and what we know of Meryl Streep seem to merge and blur together. All three of them are actresses, and as artists, they want more than anything to have their own say and make their mark.

Even when Sarah was in the throes of despair, she dramatized herself as an outcast character. She created her own role as an outsider; as she indulged and embellished it, it was clear she was in control. Later, she was able to express herself through her sketches, and didn't need to play the outcast any longer.

The parallel ending in the modern story of Anna and Mike is even more startling. As well as providing a commentary on sexual relationships, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is worth seeing just to observe Meryl Streep's skill in playing two entirely different characters at once.

Are the liberal arts a luxury?

By Martha C. Massie

Nine months at Guilford now costs the average student \$7,000. Mr. Reagan has devastated the educational budget. An increasing number of students appear headed for pre-professional study or technical schools.

Guilford is a college of the liberal arts. Its humanistic education seems a luxury. Many students question their presence here, citing financial difficulties, lack of commitment, and desire for adventure as justifications for leaving school.

Pres. William Rogers hopes that Guilford's education provides more than information. He says that from various disciplines the student should gain the ability to identify critical

issues, form hypotheses, organize ideas, sort information, and find unique methods of resolving conflicts. Diversity of experience should encourage flexibility and judgement, two assets in the working world. The college community is designed to serve as a model of living which may help one survive the struggle outside the academic microcosm.

Some departments are more job-oriented than others, but Prof. Jerry Godard (Psych.) hopes that all encourage the student to wrestle with "matters of ultimate concern," such as personal values and the nature of human existence. He thinks that resolution of these questions determines whether one truly lives or merely survives. In his

words, "You don't juggle abstractions for the sake of them. You juggle abstractions for the sake of living as meaningfully as you can. The person who has learned to think from a considered base of values will live more richly no matter what he is doing."

The Real World is far removed from Guilford College. Students can ignore political crises, but the realities of economic recession cannot be avoided. Current hardships are forcing many students to evaluate higher education in terms of dollars and cents. Humanistic learning may soon take a back seat to the immediate rewards of a vocational education, as young people try to cope with our faltering economy.