What to do with leftovers?

by Courtney Rice

According to Student Environmental Action Coalition, "food waste makes up as much as 50% of the garbage generated by an average school cafeteria." Although much of that comes from student trays, some of it also comes from throwing away leftover food each day by cafeteria workers, food that might otherwise be eaten.

Last year, BMC Greens and some other campus groups were concerned about the waste of leftover food. What if it could be donated to homeless shelters in the area instead of being tossed? Although we were unsure about the amount of food actually thrown out, it may make sense that the amounts could be significant. After all, there are four cafeterias: Erman, Hayflick, Ekwood, and Brown. BMC Greens talked with Dining Services last year about the possibility of donating leftover food to homeless shelters in the area, but the main objection at the time stemmed from concern over health concerns and litigation—What if someone died from spoiled food? What if someone sued the school for food poisoning? What if the health authorities chased after the school?

At the time, the proposal fizzled away. How could we prevent anyone from using the college or complaining about the services that litigation was a nonissue? Especially if Dining Services required electronic transfer of food to be specially refrigerated.

However, students at Carnegie Mellon and some other colleges have taken over the campus, participating in carefully orchestrated programs and cooking large meals. It seems justifiable for the people who are footing these exorbitant tuition bills to have a vested interest in the outcome. Some of the people who are footing these exorbitant tuition bills to have a vested interest in the outcome. Some of those people are living in the dorms, while others are workers.

Meeting Linda Susan Beard

"Good teaching is getting out of the students' way"—Professor Linda Susan Beard

by Elizabeth Lyzenga

Linda Susan Beard, a visiting professor who is teaching 015 English and African American literature this semester, graduated from Bennington College, Vermont in 1973, and received her Ph.D. in English from Cornell University six years later. Before coming here, she taught English at Michigan State University, in the areas of slavery, South African literature, and the Holocaust. At home in Michigan, she lives and works on a cooperative farm.

After spending the past year in university administration, she has come to Bryn Mawr to indulge in what she calls her first love, teaching. Since Michigan State is a large research university, there is high to publish as much as possible, and teaching is considered less important by many professors. For Professor Beard, however, while she likes publishing, teaching is a "drug."—a pleasure she found.

She came to Bryn Mawr for its atmosphere of intellectual rigor, where she could demand a great deal from her students and receive a willing continued on page 1

What is Public Safety?

by Stacy Curwood

The Department of Public Safety; the police force of Bryn Mawr College, right? Well, in actuality PS is somewhat more serious, having been rather under-staffed and under-equipped. College safety concerns really do differ from those in the larger communities, however, but not too much. Public safety officers have a slightly different role from that of government enforcement agencies. So how do I know this? I spoke to William Kelly, the Associate Director of Public Safety. After spending 21 years as a police officer, he has arrived at Bryn Mawr in his first college campus job. The department's role, he says, is to contribute to a safe environment for everyone. It operates 24 hours a day, seven days a week, ensuring the safety of the campus, providing a proactive service to all those who visit or reside on campus.

Joys of Parents' Day

by Kristina Orchard-Hays

Parents' Day can be a good thing. Within hours, coordinated teams take over the campus, participating in carefully orchestrated programs and cooking large meals. It seems justifiable for the people who are footing these exorbitant tuition bills to have a vested interest in the outcome. Some of those people are living in the dorms, while others are workers. Their children are now on campus, and they are there to meet them.

Meeting Linda Susan Beard

"Good teaching is getting out of the students' way"—Professor Linda Susan Beard

by Elizabeth Lyzenga

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Barbara Cooper: the interview

by Junia Alexander

There's a new face in the History Department, and I don't mean all the new faculty members. Specifically, I'm talking about Barbara Cooper, the new professor of African History. She joined the department this fall. However, her excitement about teaching in Bryn Mawr is not new. After a survey course on African history, as well as a seminar entitled "African Family and Community in Historical Perspective," Professor Cooper got her BA from St. John's College, and her doctorate from Boston University. She is married, and has a two-year-old daughter.

What follows is paraphrased from our interview. If it's in brackets, it's also a paraphrase from my notes on the interview.

College News: Why did you decide to become an historian?

Barbara Cooper: I took up history because I thought I could do anything I wanted under that rubric.

CN: Why African History?

BC: [In part] as a reaction to St. John's. [St. John's] offers a general liberal arts degree; it has not a reputation for teaching a "broad" or "old-style" core curriculum. I went to study abroad through a small ex-Quaker college, and I took the advanced course in Kenya. After two years of reading the classics, I felt like I'd gotten out of touch with the real world. I wanted to be learning a living language. I essentially turned to all the things that were fundamental to culture and history which I felt were lacking at St. John's.

CN: What made you decide to be a college professor?

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EDITORIAL

Questioning, quacking and quoting

It seems like school these days is more than just school. It is easy to look back nostalgically on the high school days we spent memorizing meaningless things. Now we have to actually form an opinion and make new interpretations to live up to academia's expectations. Sometimes we sit there in class, trying desperately to get our thoughts into a coherent "theory," and sometimes we sit there like lumps, unable to summon the energy to start questioning things. And there are days when everyone seems so much clearer on things than you do, while there are days when everyone just stares numbly at you as you try to explain yourself.

It's okay, we (Elizabeth and Stacy) think, to not know exactly what you're talking about. We're here, after all, to expand our thinking with the help of those who have gone before. It's okay to adopt a theory and then change your mind, or (gasp) not to have a theory at all. In fact, real scholarship means being willing to question what you believe. It can be difficult in class discussions to just throw out an unfinished thought or one that you think might make you sound unenlightened.

In this issue, one writer gives us an essay composed of questions she hasn't found the answers to. It's refreshing to read a piece like that once in a while instead of an expository statement of certainty and knowledge. In two other articles, we talk to the goddesses of academia itself, two professors. Barbara Cooper wants to show students how history is full of political significance, and Linda Susan Beard considers teaching to be an eye-opening exchange for students and teachers alike.

Also in this issue, Asian Awareness month kicks off. Look for the calendar of events and go to them!

Meanwhile, be safe in your Halloween festivities, and be sure to eat plenty of real food to help your digestion with the overload of candy corns entering your system. Remember, though, candy corns can be inspirational, if this editorial is any proof! Just don't formulate any premature theories about the nature of the distinction between brown tipped and yellow tipped corns. Real academics subject the matter to rigorous investigation first...Stacy & Elizabeth

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BEIN NAMOURS COLLEGE WYCLIFFE RD. NO. 31. NOVEMBER 1, 1994

Editors
Stacy Curwood, C-549, X7537
Elizabeth Lyzenga, C-715, X7599
A & E Editor
Kathryn Kingsbury
Graphics Editor
Smriti Bethke
Features Editor
Julia Alexander
Editorial Board
Heather Ratson, Gabrielle Ciufreda, Sharon Cleary, Deborah Karmen, Brionwyn Lundberg, Kristina Orchard-Hays, Thaisa Tigaio

Don't forget—there are still Lantern Night teas to go to! A late addition to the College News list: The Un-Birthday Pajama Partea
December 28 11pm Erdman
Visiting English prof Linda Susan Beard inspires students

continued from page 1
response, and could enjoy a department of professors who are also passionate about teaching.

She is anxious in her teaching of African American Literature to give students an exposure to the great amount of material that exists, because she is aware that for many, this could be the only class in the area they ever take. She would like to see a survey class of African American literature brought to the department, so that she could teach a more focused course and be able to assume a certain amount of fa-
manship with the texts in her stu-
dents. She is aware of the aura of
responsibility surrounding "The
Black Woman" in America, which
threatens to force the job of role
model upon her.

She hopes to have her students
with a sense of wonder, and of the
melting of imagination and analy-
sis that make up academia. She
tries to teach people to examine
the parts of their learning that are
opaque, or that may have been shaped in certain ways for them, and to imagine new ways of seeing and of
knowing knowledge. She always expects to gain
insights from her students in return for the insights she
imparts, so that teaching is truly a two-way exchange.

She tries to allow her students to explore the material
she sets before them, so that she can learn from the
perspectives they bring before instructing them in the
angle on the material. Of course, one problem which
surfaces with this philosophy is a sense that the one with the Ph.D. and the years of experience in the subject
is no longer the one who seems to be leading the
discussion. Nonetheless, she concludes that she
doesn't actually leave her students without guid-
ance, since she carefully chooses the syllabi which she
places before her students to examine. It remains a
difficult balance to maintain, however, since the bene-
fits of open discussion are many, but so are the pitfalls.

Because she is a newcomer to the community, she
hesitantly, looked for her observations about Byrn Mawr life. She said she
hadn't recently been in a place that seems to have as
strong a notion of a "we" as we do here. She finds that
we have an unwritten culture of Byrn Mawr, and one is
ultimately, however, it is difficult not to
trust Professor Beard. Maybe it's her
sense of humor.

She sees us insisting upon our individuality, and won-
ders if that detracts from our ability to collaborate. Her
African American Lit class recently had a discussion on
this subject, and once again, the students leap to the de-
fensive. Whether or not the assertion is true, Mawrists
consider it an insult to be told that they have a reputa-
tion for being (thus poor-
tom). Professor
admits she
here long
judge us well,
academically
analyzing
further.

"I love my
hers,
challenged
judging from
conversa-
gons with my fellow students in her classes, both state-
ments are mutual. So, to those who say, to your great
disadvantage, mess ever taking a class with Professor
Beard, here is a list of books and movies from her field
that she recommends.

She always ex-
ppects to gain
insights from her
students in ex-
change for the
insights she im-
parts...

Books:
Paula Marshall — Praise Song for the Widow
— Brown Girl, Brownstones
J. M. Coetzee — Waiting for the Bar-
varians
— Foe
Zora Neale Hurston — Their Eyes
Were Watching God
Doris Lessing — Martha Quest
— Memoirs of a Survivor
Charles Johnson — Middle Passage
Parker Palmer — To Know As We Are
— Known
Ralph Ellison — Invisible Man
Patricia Williams — The Alchemy of Race and Rights
Wole Soyinka — The Interpreters
— Ayi Kwei Armah — Fragments

Films:
Gerima — "Bush Mama"
— "Sankofa"
— "Black Orpheus"
— "Yaaba"
— "Le Mandat"
— "Xala"

African History and
Professor Cooper

continued from page 1
BC: My father is an English professor, so
the academic world [was] very familiar.
I spent a lot of years growing up,
I worked with Oxford America and the
state department, as well as a summer
internship with the embassy in Benin. I
made stabs at journalism. None of them
were satisfying in the end. Teaching was
the thing I was most comfortable with
that would allow me the lifestyle I
wanted. After the process of elimination, it
was the only thing that really kept into
my life as the thing I would most enjoy
doing. Teaching is quite flexible.

CN: What do you see as history's place in
"real life"?
BC: History is always political, so I'm not
going to make any grand claims that "it
people only know history..." so part of
what I want to do is to teach students
history is to train them to notice how
history is political.

CN: What are your goals for the next
several years?
BC: It doesn't sound very impressive,
but keeping my family intact and happy.
Playing with my kid, and watching her
grow up. I'm also working on a book.
Maybe later, I'd like to head off and do a
research stint.

CN: So, what's your impression of Byrn
Mawr students?
BC: I've taught at very different kinds
of institutions, and very different kinds
of students. Byrn Mawr students are more
diligent, more dependably prepared.
They are quite engaged. There are very
good students anywhere you teach. The
question is, do you have very many very
good students? And, at Byrn Mawr, you
do... It must be a really different view.
CN: Are there any last things you'd like
to say?
BC: I'm enjoying being here. It's a won-
derful institution to be a part of. I'm
really glad to have the opportunity to
work with Byrn Mawr Faculty and stu-
dents.

If you have any questions, go to Bar-
bara Cooper's office inside of it or out.
We are happy to have the opportunity
to work with Byrn Mawr Faculty and stu-
dents.

...
What is political, partisan?

by J.M. Raveich

I am sitting in a lecture given by Muchen Lin, who founded the Shanghai Human Rights Association in 1992. He began to be involved in work with the pro-democracy movement in China in 1978. I am guessing that the oldest he could be is in his 40s, but he could be younger than that. He has been kidnapped 3 times and was recently imprisoned for 50 days in a basement with no windows after trying to get on a plane to the U.S. The greatest of his offenses was writing magazine articles calling for democracy. He is now in the U.S. on a student's visa.

I have been part of Amnesty International for 3 years and I still get a sick feeling inside when I hear stories like this. The reason behind my discomfort has less to do with the gruesomeness of the stories, because after a while you get accustomed to them. For me it has more to do with the repetitiveness, hearing the same thing over and over again and wondering if things will ever get any better. I mean, it is wrong to torture, kidnap, imprison without trial, disappear, or kill people. I think few people have problems with that concept.

But it continues to happen and it makes me ill to know that human rights abuses, of which I have worked to make people aware, both here at Bryn Mawr and with government leaders internationally, seem to never end. And as I said, if I were to ever have a lifetime to addressing issues of human rights, does he see improvements in the situation of human rights after the 16 years he has spent or does he feel discouraged like I do?

I also wonder at the minds of people who are ordering abuses to occur. Not the people actually kidnapping, torturing or whatever; I can understand how they have done this so many times that they get used to it or they have justified it in the name of duty or a cause. But if you are the person who sits in an office and decided that a certain person has to disappear, you have got to be either extremely insecure, b) on a power trip, c) have a strange imagination that allows for you to see the potential of this person politically but not the person as a human being with a family, and/or d) extremely sick. Torturers themselves have to separate their work and their home lives in order to protect themselves, and that seems human to me.

But higher officials do not have to make such serious divisions in their lives and I wonder sometimes if they ever have any idea what their orders mean. They can order something to be done and have no real comprehension of what that really means. It's a sterile, bloodless process and that is what is most frightening. These people have an enormous amount of power, but no idea what the results of that power really are.

Why are women predominantly the ones who work for Amnesty International? About 40 of the 65 people sitting in this lecture hall now are female. Are human rights a feminine issue? Or is the method chosen by Amnesty International for addressing issues one that makes women feel more comfortable?

Have you thought about abortion in terms of annihilation? The issue is that for many families in poorer nations, to have a female child is a liability because he can not do the sort of work a son can and she needs a dowry to be married. Are you pro-choice or are you a feminist? Should the mother have the right to abort the child based on its sex if the sex is a liability to the family? Or should sex not be considered, with boys and girls having the same chance at life? Is this a human rights issue that we should be worried about or is it none of our business?

I never realized how political it is to be in Amnesty International. I was talking to someone from La Salle University, which he described as a conservative campus and was surprised at the good turnout his first Amnesty meeting got. He implied that Amnesty was an organization that political conservatives would not be interested in. I told him that the human rights issues shouldn't be political, that both conservatives and liberals can condemn abuses. But in thinking about it now, I realize I probably should have said Amnesty work shouldn't be partisan. The work itself is political, because it is trying to give some power to those who have none, i.e., those whose rights have been taken away or waived by the state. I think that this political nature makes some people uncomfortable.

In my life this is manifested in several ways. For instance, I do not discuss human rights stuff with my friends, only with people that I see at Amnesty meetings. I see that people avoid looking me in the eye when we're talking with petitions or letters, maybe because they're busy, but more likely because they feel uncomfortable with being political in that manner. But I think choosing not to be political is a valid choice too, that I am subconsciously trying to be respectful of when I'm with friends, but I get irritated with from acquaintances/strangers. I wonder why the double standard?

Finally, what is the role of the U.N. in the whole human rights arena thing? They're the ones who founded that great document, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, that international document that defines and vows to uphold human rights. Shouldn't they be the ones who are writing letters to governments asking them to investigate yet another possible human rights violation? I don't feel the role of the U.N. in addressing human rights issues has been properly developed, I think inherent within the structure of that organization is the potential for properly questioning the behavior of offensive nations. But they seem so bogged down with peacekeeping and financing and starvation and foreign debt and on and on that their bureaucracy can barely maintain itself, much less do new and innovative things that cost money.

Individual governments can serve a role too, but it seems their interests are seldom purely human rights. In this post-Cold War period, there is a new agenda for governments to promote and I know there is a great deal of debate on how to do that most effectively. So I guess it's an interesting time to be watching from the sidelines to see which government is saying what about human rights and how they promote their human rights agenda.

Photo by Amy Cavalier
Public Safety

Continued from p.1

ten full-time officers make up the work force. Unfortunately, midnight night shift supervisor George Grindido died early this semester, and another personnel have been ill, so there has been extra stress on other officers to keep things going.

Apparent parking enforcement is another of PS’s responsibilities, one which keeps the students on their toes. They know who the repeat offenders are. If you flip up occasionally, they might negotiate, but they tend to be petty about it. “Just spend the thirty bucks on a permit,” counsels Kelly.

Another of PS’s functions is to educate the community. On November 16th, they will offer a course open to college employees, COPS (Committee on Public Safety) reps, and anyone else who is interested in self-defense and preventive safety strategies as it pertains to them (in Campus Center room 105). If students want their HAs to sponsor an education session, Officer Jeff Scott will travel to dorms and give talk about building and campus safety, too.

What are the most common problems which Public Safety hears about? Two usual problems are bicycle thefts and bookbag thefts from the library or dining halls. Much of the news they get is from community members noticing problems around campus. “Anything that would bother a student would bother a Public Safety officer,” says Kelly. “From doors that don’t open properly to physical problems in dorms.” He suggests that anytime a student notices a problem, she should pick up the phone and call PS.

“We want people to think of Public Safety as a place to look for help,” explained Kelly. After relating a fresh year horror story I have of being stranded in JFK airport and being unable to track down my parents, he pointed out that I could have called Public Safety and they would have counseled me on what to do. They couldn’t have come to New York to pick me up, but they could have tried to get in touch with my parents on a phone, or figured out a way to get me to the train station. Public Safety seems eager to communicate with students about how we might use the department and about safety in general.

As many of us have noticed, however, sometimes Public Safety is slow to respond. I pointed out that many of my friends have felt stuck somewhere and PS hasn’t been able to help, and asked Kelly what he thought of this. He explained that PS often has competing demands on its attention, and so a student might have to wait a while at the train station while officers respond to a fire alarm in the science building. He emphasized, however, that a student should always call if she needs help. Recently, a student had an auto accident, and we were able to help and advise her,” he said.

There is a big difference between the police force and campus Public Safety. “The government entrusts a lot of power to the people to redress our grievances, to arrest us, and to decide whether force is safe. [In contrast] our officers basically respond to situations, analyze them, and try to make a decision.”

Food Donations

continued from p.1

of the donor, so Carnegie Mellon can not be sued for its good intentions. According to Philabundance, a local organization which works with homeless shelters in Philadephia and the suburbs and distributes these leftover to homeless shelters, this law is valid, actually protecting the donor from lawsuits. One case cited by Philabundance, if the donor deliberately poisoned the food or “set out to kill some homeless people,” the law doesn’t help.

Last week, two BMC Greens members, Laura Picraux and Courtney Rice, talked with Craig Goodridge of Dining Services. Since some improvements were needed, Philabundance was able to create a food donation program, noted that Bryn Mawr already helps Philabundance twice a year. At the end of each semester, workers give away packages of food, including dry goods, whose expiration dates require the food to be thrown away during winter or summer vacation.

However, they are not donating any prepared, perishable food to Philabundance during the semester itself. BMC Greens is interested in setting up such a program and preventing unnecessary food waste.

During the conversation with Craig Goodridge, he voiced a few concerns, but those are workable with student support.

According to him, Dining Services’ policy is to never have leftovers; if there are leftovers, they try to reuse them as much as possible (No cafeteria jokes please). If the leftovers become moldy or unsalable they, of course, should not be donated to anyone, but thrown out.

Secondly, the amount of leftover food changes from night to night, so timing is crucial, as is the size of the food. Food pick-up by Philabundance. Related to that issue are the questions: Is it worth it for Philabundance to make a small pick-up? Will Dining Services feel guilty for not providing enough leftovers, because deliberately creating more leftovers goes against its policy? Finally, is there student support for the program, because it would require extra work to package the food for pick-up?

Even with all of these concerns, the program is still feasible. John lists, operations manager of Philabundance, describes the organization as being very flexible and resourceful. For example, Philabundance has an arrangement to run to the Main Line at least three times a week, including on occasion to Villanova University, and can help provide some aluminum food pans.

BMC Greens hopes to create a pool of volunteers to work 15-30 minutes a week, with different volunteers every week, to help package leftovers for pick-up. We would like to coordinate a schedule with a rotating pool of volunteers each week, perhaps create something like the exam proctoring schedule.

If you’re interested in helping create an appropriate food donation policy with Dining Services and helping the homeless, or just volunteering in the future, please contact Laura Picraux, C-328, XS587 or Courtney Rice, C-789, XS467.

BICO Rugby fights hard

by Emi Chrustos

Have you ever noticed a bunch of buff women walking into the dining center at around six-thirty in the evening? Ever wondered who they are? They are none other than the BICO women’s rugby team. Last Saturday, on October 22, these very same buff women went against Princeton. With experience from previous games behind them, countless hours of tough training, and quiet determination, the Horne Toads stood their ground against the Princeton Tigers. With two-thirty-five minute halves and a five minute water break in between, the game was grueling just to watch. Both teams, however, exhibited great sportsmanship and athleticism as befitted the colleges represented. And although the game had not progressed as hoped by the Horne Toads, the team’s determination was never lost. Simply put by team captain Jolie, “No one gave up.”

Despite various injuries, muddy noses, shot muscles, and sore bodies, the Horne Toads held off all the Tigers as best they could. At the end of the game, relieved and shabby smiles abounded. Saturday’s game was another loss, another learning experience, but hey...”there’s always the next game! Good luck always!”

For all you people interested in finding out more about this game, and where and when games will be held, call me at XS53. I’ll see what I can do to help.

The Bruce Mawr and Fiction Series continues: a quotation from “The Autobiography of FBI Special Agent Dale Cooper: My Life, My Tapes”

May 1, 12 A.M.

The pagan rituals and rites of spring have a logic that no religion seems to have understood. A May Day celebration took place at Bryn Mawr today. Young women in robes crowned with garlands of flowers celebrating the coming of the new growth merrily danced around tall poles decorated with brightly colored ribbons.

Couples seemed to pair up as naturally as forest creatures. The dancing seemed to build in intensity. Someone started to bang a drum and sing. Groups of people began to shed their clothes and proclaim that they were free. The campus police moved in and changed their minds. Though I found their arguments lacking any compelling reason other than the misdemeanor law, I soon complied with the rest of the dancers.

Have never before danced naked with a large group of strangers. In general, would exploit myself as an icebreaker to the shy and awkward. I met several very nice women who wrote their phone numbers on my thigh with a Magic Marker. Though it is strange that I don’t seem to remember what any of them looked like naked. Where was it, I wonder, that I was looking? I seem to remember a breast here, a knee there, a foot, a shoulder, a neck. But none of them seem to add up to one entire body.
"The Joy Luck Club" leaves something to be desired for this Asian American woman.

by Sally Chan

Did you just see The Joy Luck Club? Bet you went. I did too, the first time. But about two days after I saw it last year, I was turning in my sleep. Something was not right. I woke up that morning and wrote down all my grievances. I mean, here was a movie that was supposed to portray my experiences as an Asian American woman and it was not my experience at all. I think what made it worst was that the four characters Tan created were so similar. Why have four characters so uniform in structure? That was a question I would have liked to ask her when she came to the Philadelphia Free Library a couple weeks ago. Maybe she's just not a very sophisticated writer. But doesn't she know that as one of the few Asian American writers out there she has a special responsibility to be accurate?

Surely, the predominately white audience I saw this movie with took it as the gospel of the Asian American experience. I don't think that if she just created one character I would be so angry, but having four Asian American women and making their thoughts, actions, and experiences so similar set me off. She failed to portray the full spectrum of experiences. This could lead to stereotypes for the mainstream white American audience who sees it.

I mean, what about the hype? It was hailed as the feel-good movie of the year and it was supposed to portray the Chinese American woman's experience. Fortunately, I am a Chinese-American woman and I could not relate to any of the characters. What disturbs me is Tan's definition of Americanism as reflected through her four characters. The themes of not understanding one's mother, divorce, and marrying white men prevail. When June tells the little boy the story of the swan feather, she asks him what it means. She says something to the effect of "I don't know. I don't know. It was my mother's tale and I don't understand it." I'm sorry, but the symbolism there is so overt any idiot who has had a literature course could see it, and June is supposed to be a writer too. Besides, my mother and grandmother tell stories of their life in China all the time and even though it doesn't exactly relate to them because I've spent most of my life in America, I always listen with fascination and wonder and feel fortunate that they can share their experiences with me, not with the disgust and misunderstanding June and Waverly show.

Also, three out of four women got divorced. It seems that their unresolved inner conflicts led them to make bad decisions regarding men. And let's talk about the movie's portrayal of men. The movie consistently portrays bad Asian men: Lena's mother who dresses her baby because her husband was such a monster; Rose's grandmother is raped. In fact, this motif extends over to Asian American men: we hear that Waverly's first husband was Chinese and she divorced him, and who could forget Lena's money-grabbing lug of a husband?

What I find most bothersome is that Tan uses white men as the saving grace of her characters. This motif begins with Waverly and ends with Rose. Rose's story is the one I find most disturbing. In the movie, she meets this handsome white guy in college. There is one scene in which he rescues her from her ignorant mother. NOC I say. Why couldn't she have adequately defended herself? Was she so weak and stupid that she had to be rescued? And isn't it ideal that after she finds herself and her own opinion, it was what she wanted all along? Put daddies around and call it a night. The resulting effect: Tan seems to be saying that if Asian men won't accept you, hypocritically then white men will. When the reality is that most white men would like Rose, the ultimate stereotype of the Asian Woman, doing it all up everything for her man, having no opinion of her own, and graciously accepting her role as a pretty woman.

The mother/daughter relationships in The Joy Luck Club are deliberately touching and sappiness so that one doesn't see its shortcomings. Why does Americanism have to mean divorce, white men, and not understanding your mother? I don't see it that way and neither do most of the Asian American women I know.

Amy Tan, give back your fame to someone who really deserves it!

The Bi College Chorale is performing Faure's Requiem and other pieces on Saturday, November 19 at 8PM in Marshall Auditorium at Haverford. Come support your friends and hear great pieces of music, for free!

Exit to Eden a sexy silly flick

by Sally A. Van de Water

Let me just say: sex, sex, sex, but in a good way. Brief plot synopsis: S & M with a sense of humor. Subplots include romance and a thrill of international jewel thieves. Starring Dana Delany as the dominatrix extraordinaire, Paul Mercuro (you know, Strictly Ballroom stud cum dancing fool) as the photographer who shoots the only pic in existence of a master thief known only as Omar (who's paired with model/actress of David Bowie Janis). They've after him, so the LAPD—in the form of Rosie O'Donnell and Dan Ackroyd—is after them both. Thus, they all end up at the tropical island of Eden, where Dana does the "crawly on your knees before me" thing. Enough said about plot, for goodness' sakes.

The sex, while prevalent, is not nasty, so don't fear any X-rated—type scenes. There is quite a bit of nudity from all concerned (well, except from Rosie and Dan-O), but the sex is more for sheer fun and doesn't try to be exceptionally erotic. Leather with laughs, I call it. Brief costume—the bu, punt may as well be intended summary: for the ladies, bandeau-style to strapless bikini with thong, and the guys gota g-string as well. Plus, everybody gets two inch high chokers—equal opportunity benders, as they are. Bare breasts abound, as do naked bums from the men, especially Mr. Mercuro. Hey, we all oozled over it in Strictly Ballroom, why not dress when he's taken the effort to have it bulled and waxed?

Real clothes are worn, however. When the Eden residents dress up, they look real good. This movie made me realize that half the romance is in the mystery—as my friend says, "clothes are good."

I should stress that this is a comedy—and Rosie does a superb job at being brassy and witty with a "cut the shi" attitude. Dan the Man is quite funny as her "straight guy" partner.

In short, this is a movie for escapist who won't mind giggling at nearly-naked people while they churn their popcorn. (Just one visual reference needed: a rollerblading race in g-string.) I really enjoyed seeing it, and would see it again. I recommend that you go with a large group of friends, since this is the type of movie that one makes references to later, followed by bouts of laughter.

Dykes To Watch Out For

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The College News
November 1, 1994
The yummy recipes keep on coming!

by Julia Alexander

Ah, yes, here I am to try and tell you about cooking again. I hope you're getting some use out of these recipes. I know I am.

First, here's a recipe that sounded good, but which I haven't tried. You could make it in the dining hall if you had the foresight to bring the cheese along with you.

New York Spaghetti
- a plentiful of spaghetti
- sauteed broccoli, but not that chopped garbage
- Gorgonzola cheese, crumbled
- if you're not doing this in the dining hall, minced garlic
- butter, dinin

Basically, the idea is to put the cheese, garlic, and broccoli on the pasta, and cook it to melt the cheese. If you have options other than a microwave, cook the broccoli and noodles separately. Saute the garlic in the butter, and add the cheese to the mixture, heating until it melts. Then, toss this over the spaghetti, and artfully arrange the broccoli on top of it.

As long as we're into the spaghetti recipes, here's my yummy, no-fail spaghetti sauce:
- large can crushed tomatoes
- minced garlic (I like three of four cloves)
- chopped onion
- basil, fresh if you have it (as much as you like. A couple of teaspoons, day, maybe)
- crushed hot red pepper, if you like your sauce spicy (maybe a teaspoon)
- some brown sugar to cut the acidity (a tablespoon, or more if its really acidic)
- olive oil
- 2 or 3 bay leaves, if you have them
- whatever spices seem like they'll taste good. I usually don't add things like nutmeg or cinnamon, but I could be wrong.

Dumb the tomatoes in a saucepan, and start them cooking. Meanwhile, fry the onions and garlic in enough olive oil to keep them happy. While you're waiting for these to cook, add everything else to the tomatoes, then mix in the onions and so forth. And if you like things like mushrooms in your sauce, then add those too.

Trust me, people like this one, and its very easy. A classy topping. If you're not bog into Hamburger cheese, is lightly fried (the leftover oil from the garlic and onions) in pine nuts. A neat pointer on this, if you use the amount of garlic I did, your fingers will smell it for days. Keeps the vampires away, if nothing else!

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The Infallible Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

You know the spiffy new J. Crew catalogue stuffing everyone's mailboxes, the one with the red and white sock on it? Well, I am so confused. On page 107, it says that one can buy a single muffin. Please help me. I don't understand! Now, it may be—and I really, truly don't mean any disrespect or non-political-correctness—but it just doesn't seem that J. Crew would be so socially conscious as to offer only one to feet-impaired persons. Please, please show me the light. Signed, Footed and Wondering.

Dear Footie,

Well, now I understand the problem one faces when facing the mighty Crew in the face and still has questions. So, to forge better understanding and world harmony, yours truly called Chip at J. Crew. He answered the phone with a chirper. "Hello, J. Crew. May I help you?" Instant warm fuzzies. I said, "Yes, I have a question. Could you please tell me, what is the reasoning behind selling only one of the MIGHTY MUKLUKS, and not only pairs?" Well, Chip said that he was puzzling over that one himself. He called the mighty department of RETAIL and asked them (I love a man who will ask for directions). They said that people like to order one to hang on their mantles, for Christmas stockings. This may be fine and dandy for some of us, but I ask you: who is going to pay $19 for a damn sock? So there you have it, the end of the mysteries surrounding the mighty Mukluk. Hope it helps.

Death to the Patriarchy,
Ms. Hank
P.S. The sock on the cover? Don't despair, the info is on the back of the catalogue. Don't mention it.
This week: Choose your own horoscope.

I once read somewhere about women in the South who use this special kind of mud they find. It's really full of minerals and so on. For some reason, I find this idea really appealing. Mud has such a nice texture. So, should I throw my substantial regional prejudices to the winds and go live in the South? Or just start a mud eating awareness group on campus? Anyway, — my advice to you is, embrace these bizarre, unorthodox notions you get from nowhere. And make sure you are getting enough minerals in your diet.

So, evidently they just discovered a brand new kind of dinosaur that they hadn't seen before. It looks basically like a brontosaurus. My question is, since brontosaurus don't really exist; they found out that they are the same thing as another kind of dinosaur whose name starts with a "r," so they scrapped the name; why not call the new dinosaur "as yet unnamed, a brontosaurus?" I don't think anyone would mind. It's a good name, and we've used it to. So, "**", be simple and economical this week, and don't make annoying little distinctions that people don't care about.

Here are four words I have just found by randomly flipping through my dictionary. Try to use each one at least once in the next two weeks. It will do your soul good.

Devotion: the act of devouing.
Lemiscate: in geometry, the name of a curve in the form of a figure 8, forming the locus of the base of a perpendicular drawn from the center to the tangent to an equilateral hyperbola.
Tetrapod: any four-winged insect.
Altarite: to bark.

One example: "Stop altaring and begin devevation of the tetrapodites, or I'll tie your tongue in a lemiscate."

Or less hostile: "I, Professor Cocksie, goddess of the Math department, altaratite with glee as the tetrapodites' devenation of the concept of lemiscates. Anyone can be a math glee!"

> What if no one ever majored in geology again?

I started worrying about this after watching films in geo 101 about important things "geologist do for us, predicting earthquakes and damming rivers and all. I feel like, I don't like geology particularly, but maybe I should have majored in it anyway? I asked a roomful of people about this and someone said, if no one ever becomes a geologist again and eventually they all die out, then we will begin using astrology and black magic again to control our environment. So I feel better now; I guess I'll just stick to my current profession and wait for my time to come. So, /I/, guilt will get you nowhere this week. Love your choices. You are making them for a reason even of you don't know it.

You may or may not have the following dream during the next two weeks: k.d. lang lives on the third floor of your dorm; you know, in the room two doors to the left of the bathroom. Ask (the Bryn; Maxw yearbook that few have ever heard of) comes out, and everyone is always knocking on her door to have her autograph their copy. You think this is a disgrace: after all, k.d. is here to earn her degree just like the rest of us, and maybe she "doesn't have enough time to sign things like to right. But she doesn't seem to mind; in fact, she leaves her room and sits down in the middle of the hall just like a regular old waiter ready for a prosecut. You sit down, too, and soon it becomes a regular hall social event: there must be five or ten people sitting around talking. During the course of the conversation, you hear k.d. say to one of your friends: "The only reason you're a lesbian is because you like to have sex in front of men as the scent of nail polishes wafts through the air." So, you, of course, realize that this is not a comment to be taken literally; it is a witty pun making reference to lesbian exploitation pornography, in which dolled-up women have sex with each other to the perverse delight of ogling men. That is to say, k.d. doesn't really mean that your friend is a lesbian for those reasons — Ms. lang is just a witty gal.

Are you feeling subhuman? Stressed? Frustrated? Feel free to ERUPPT!! Just don't do it in your third floor Pen East room, it makes your neighbors nervous. Perhaps now is the time to go on a pilgrimage to Bronco; on the way you can show all you want in the soccer field. Or, you could always find a focus to your anger and erect in a somewhat focused way, as Ursula K. LeGuin urged the class of 1984 (I think it was 1984) when she spoke at their convocation. Whatever the form, dear [illegible], whether "afflict", "cry", or a great big tonssl tearing barbecly yelp, you need to let loose with some sort of PRIMAL SCREAM.

Let's practice: 

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!! Don't you feel better already?"

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My dear [illegible], I can see from your maggie toothed smile and your wild eyes that you have been raising a havoc. The Rudder's Strauss-William "Snow-White" (no celebrity endorsement intended or implied) for the past week. Did you know that those make the most important taste testers are the pre-teen girls who eat a lot of food-related products? (even Dave Barry has noted this fact) The combination of sugar and whatever flavoring is in them that makes you so thirsty is the secret, and it can burn your brain out too. Rx from the Doctor Lady O': Drink chamomile and mint tea and then trot off to the Fitness center to stimulate those endorphins in a safe, natural, and fat-free way.

I know you. You are the one getting those 2 A.M. phone calls and 6 E-mail messages from suicidal and/or tormented friends. Take advantage of their distracted, self-centered babbles to tell them privately important things about yourself. (They're really important things going on but they don't really like to talk about their most personal matters) that you don't particularly want to tell them, but feel that you should. They won't really notice, but you will feel better getting whatever it was off your chest. Plus you can be sadistic and make them feel confused later by dropping comments which refer to whatever you told them.

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Everywhere I go on this campus, people are obsessing about one issue: WHO is this year's Bidcor? Is there one? Who is it? Is Mary Pat's fault? The Admissions Office? Mine? This is a serious issue and must be addressed accordingly. But how? Should SGA Appointment Committee solicit applications? Should the Athletic Department offer PC credit? Should the deans create a fellowship? Maybe a sort of Miss Bryn Mawr pageant is in order, with each dorm selecting a semi-finalist and the runoff taking place at a CC Coffeehouse? I can see it now. 40% weight given to interviews: how cool, butch and terrifying are you? Each contestant has an issue she doesn't care passionately about which she will promote apathy and coolness about on campus for the length of her reign. This year, in a wild new innovation, the Bidcor's can choose pants, t-shirt and flannel OR a moreummy feel for the Sexiness section, which gets 20% weight. The remaining 40% is determined in an exciting elimination runoff, where freshman volunteers try to stare down the BDCO's hopeful. Points are awarded for knockouts and swoons. Think about it, Bidcor woman!

"**, you've been on my mind, ***, we're two of a kind..." or are YOU two of a kind? is your personality splitting under the demands of several different lives, none of which have leisure time? Now is the time to go down those stairs which are the continuation of the path between Dalton and Guild. Cross whichever Ralph Road that is (Upper? Lower? New? Old?) as if you were going to Perry House or Archiliffe, and you will see a lot of leaves which the riddleshodder has not yet attacked. Make a big pile (literally) of at least 8 leaves so this should not take long) and bury yourself in it. Don't worry, no squirrels will attack you; the only way you will be disturbed in your attempt to sidle your serpentine personalities is if another person like you comes along and tries to join your pile. If this happens, share your leaves and yourself, since we all need a friend.***

You are a fox. NO, I don't mean that you are really sexy (although that could certainly be the case), I mean that you are a creature who's mind and body are flexible and ready to rove about wherever territory plies your interest. Like all good foxes, you feel just plain bad when you don't frolic about the fields, plotting how to steal chickens, I have been watching you, and I haven't seen a single real fox lately. Don't let the fact that this area is overpopulated with deer and squirrels bother you; any place is your territory, and chasing deer around their own scent-marked trees can be great fun. So, ***, forth from the room and explore and chase.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA, I just can't figure you out. You are a mystery, an enigma, shrouded in a mist of inscrutability. Even I feel the temptation to make my words of guidance vague and all-encompassing, because I, the magnificent Lady O, sense I cannot truly penetrate your depths of ambiguity. This, however, makes you absolutely fascinating and desirable. You are my favorite sign of all. You who picked this horoscope are a blessed race, and everyone will notice the difference in the next two weeks. All long to understand you, or at least feel some warmth from your deep brilliance, but none are capable of approaching it. Of course, after the two weeks are up, you will sink back into your normal level of obscurity, so enjoy it as you can.