

Letters Continued

To the Editor,

It is amazing to me that the cafeteria fails to accommodate so many students at one time.

Vegetarians at Guilford, if they eat in the cafeteria, haven't had a truly decent meal in at least three weeks. Many of us subsist on cheese and lettuce sandwiches, salads, cereal, and waffles. Anybody can see that this is not a healthy diet. It's not that we would choose these items as our main staples, but many times it seems we have no other alternative.

All too often, the vegetarian entrees served at lunch and dinner are less than appetizing. For instance, when quiche is served, the people behind the counter pick it up with their hands. I don't think quiche is meant to be handled in that manner.

In some cases, it is obvious that random ingredients are simply thrown together in a rush, given a name, and served to vegetarians. Sometimes nobody even knows what's in the dishes, not even the servers.

Another source of irritation is the limited choices vegetarians have. We have one entree at both lunch and dinner, while meat-eaters usually have two or three selections to choose from. I don't think meat-eaters would object to having more vegetarian entrees served, if they would only cook good vegetarian food. After all, meat-eaters can always eat vegetarian dishes, while we cannot eat meat dishes.

What makes me very angry is that potentially vegetarian foods are made non-vegetarian by the use of meat products, such as lard. Two times in the last two weeks non-vegetarian refried

beans have been served. Beans are full of the vitamins and nutrients that vegetarians need, and they are a staple food for us. However, when lard or other meat products are used in their preparation, that choice is taken away from us.

I don't want to write a wholly critical letter with no suggestion or praise, so I offer some ideas:

- less quiche, casseroles—too many entrees using eggs
- vegetarian beans, rice
- hummus more often
- tofu burgers more often
- curried lentils
- vegetarian lasagna
- pasta bars more often
- a permanent sidebar for vegetarians next to the microwaves
- clearly labeled dishes with meat products in them

I don't think much thought or consideration goes into planning the vegetarian menu. Hopefully, others will speak out and express their dissatisfaction.

Karen Rowan

To the Editor,

In preparing for next semester, Union plans to bring bands to Guilford. I feel that since the money that brings these bands here is ours, we as a student body should have a large say in who comes to Guilford.

My specific argument deals with two bands that could come next semester. Union is discussing possibilities of Dillon Fence and Sex Police coming in the spring. When I asked a

couple of executive members if Dillon Fence would come, they were unsure because of the price. They believe that since we supported Dillon Fence "when they were nobodies" we should not pay them over \$2000. This band is no longer a "nobody" band, they cost more than \$2000 and they are worth it. It is ignorant to think that they should give us a discount because we supported them in the past.

If Union wants to argue that the Sex Police are much cheaper, my argument is that we need to look at quality not quantity. All too often we have concert weekends and very few people go to see the small, cheaper bands we bring in (e.g. Welcome Weekend, not Bela Fleck). Wouldn't it make more sense to pay more for one band that people will go see than to waste money and embarrass the Guilford community as well as the bands? I have nothing against the Sex Police (except they play here so much), but I think that a large portion of the student body is burnt out and would be in support of paying a little more money to see a different band.

So maybe we can get some of the Union members off what I see to be this small power trip and get them to listen to us. After all, they are responsible to their constituents. Let Union know what you think. It's time that we have a say in what social events take place on this campus.

And don't forget that Serendipity plans are under way. Find out when the next Serendipity committee or Union meeting is, go and let Union know who we want to see this year.

Suzanne Moore

The Cinderella Syndrome

Donna Devlallwalla
Guest Writer

Frustrated? Yes. Why? Because it is impossible for me to be the universal all-around woman. I want to express my being as fully as I can. But, if I am to express what I am, I must have a standard for my life, a jumping-off place.

I am just beginning to realize how false and provincial that standard or jumping-off place has been. It started in my fourth-to-sixth-grade years, where lessons on my sex role began. Like most young girls, I read Cinderella and subliminally accepted my servitude and worthlessness, which, if endured, would bloom into pure beauty and some greater end.

The Cinderella tale read by millions of females conditions them into accepting servitude and being second-class citizens on this globe. This role model of mine, Cinderella, put women into this rotten niche where they strongly believe that that is where they belong. These women have accepted their non-recognition as individuals with the freedom of choice and the ability to control their own destinies. And so, we now have

"beautiful blond bitches," "dumb bitches," "horny bitches" and "air-heads."

Qualities such as being ambitious, competitive, outspoken and athletic make, not only husbands, but even fathers uncomfortable. "Who's going to marry you?" was my father's reaction when I told him he was a conditioned sexist.

"So I discarded my birthright of shrewdness, inventiveness and intelligence to become a pathetic "heroine" for this highly patriarchal surrounding."

There was definitely a phase in my adolescence when I did not feel girlish. I had scars on my knees, a lot of hair on my legs, socks that flopped down to my shoes, and what's more, I spent the morning lifting my brother's weights. I was the Cinderella of the kitchen rather than the princess of the ball.

I wanted so badly not to be a mixture, but just have one role, a Cinderella girl, a definite-no-two-

ways about it...Cinderella girl. So I discarded my birthright of shrewdness, inventiveness and intelligence to become a pathetic "heroine" for this highly patriarchal surrounding.

The Cinderella tragedy (as I wish to call it) became an obsession. I fantasized Cinderella. I wanted so badly to be like her. Thus began my fanatical fervor towards my physical appearance and insipid beauty. I became aware of the millions of beautiful girls who each day left behind their awkward teenage stage to embark on the adventure of being loved and petted.

I had only one ambition: to compete in the realms of beauty and wealth. I wanted to be the Cinderella as the ball princess. I became aware that, in rags, no prince would notice me. My focus in life was vague. I slid deeper into my role as Cinderella, losing all ability to think for myself, act for myself or to save myself. I was caught up in doing what every other hopeful Cinderella in society was working on, that is, getting into a size-five dress.

A Cinderella style implies docility, innocence and acceptance of a condition of worthlessness,

Insideout

Mike Livingston
Staff Writer

Did you remember Thanksgiving this year?

I almost didn't. I lost count of people wishing me a "Happy Turkey Day" and of comic strips about turkeys covering in Underground Turkey Railroads, as if nobody eats turkeys except on this occasion. I lost count, but I heard far more references to "Turkey Day," or some variant thereof, than to a time of thanks-giving.

This isn't another lecture about the environmental and ethical reasons we should consume less meat. This is about the reduction of an important and meaningful celebration to an excuse for gluttony.

According to the infallible elementary school teachers of America, Thanksgiving Day is the reenactment of the feast at Plymouth in 1621. Puritan squatters and local indigenous people side by side, celebrating a nourishing harvest. Fine; but few of us are so consciously connected to the sources of our nourishment — we take our next meal for granted.

That's where the concept of thanks-giving fits into the modern American experience; we who are so fortunate as to have — and expect — a feast have supposedly designated this time to reflect, with gratitude, upon the land, people, and suffering that yield our sustenance. The natural function of the ritual is to remind ourselves of the magnitude of our demands for food, water, and warmth and appreciate the fact that those demands are generally met.

If the holiday evokes no thought but of turkeys, it is not a cherishing of the natural miracle that we can consume as much as we need; instead it is, like most features of

our "standard of living," a symptom of our sick delight in the ability to consume as much as we want.

The guilt trip was fashionable in the mid-1980's, when "the problem" was in Ethiopia instead of Somalia (or our own cities). We alienated the *they* who had fewer thanks to give: "Do 'they' know it's Christmas? And we expressed, with uncharacteristic frankness, our own peculiar gratitude: "Tonight, thank God, it's 'them' instead of you."

A more constructive gesture is the annual pre-Thanksgiving fast organized by Oxfam International, in which people give up food for a day to compensate for their day of indulgence. This epitomizes the principle of thanks-giving: the opportunity to eat should not be taken for granted.

Beyond that, the midwinter festive season evident in most cultural traditions translates into modern society as a time not only for spiritual observances — and renewed practice of charity — but of strengthening connection with loved ones. Amidst celebration at the turn of the year, our belligerent and industrial society interrupts its routine: the competitive machinery relaxes, strangers become people, and there are people in each of our lives to be appreciated.

If we have come to perceive Thanksgiving as a celebration of dinner, or of turkeys, rather than a celebration of sustainability, and we no longer feel indebted to the things that result in our food, then the holiday is no more than a consensus that we'll all eat the same thing for dinner on a particular day.

I'm glad I was able to be among those who could feast this year.

but only for some greater end. So, the female species slips into the role of martyrdom, to be exploited and abused in society. Not being ambitious, not excelling could only mean profit in the long run for women. This profit for the majority of women is the "happily ever after" concept.

But there is no connection between ambitiousness and a happy life. If this was true, this would not be a society with such high divorce rates. The point is that girls look for infinite security, and boys look for a mate. Both look for different things.

Women pour their energies in the direction of their mates. They do not use their strengths for personal enhancement in society, but the enhancement of their husbands;

their only free act being choosing or refusing that mate. And yet, it is as I feared: I am becoming adjusted and accustomed to the idea that I so abhor.

And so I go along with life, feeling hope beneath the surface of my being. I can feel it when I think of human beings in the twentieth century, and the changing image of women. Then comes a nebulous, vague feeling when I consider the prolonged adolescence of our species: rites of birth, sex roles and marriage which are primitive and barbaric seem streamlined into modern times. I almost think the unreasoning, ignorance, innocence and purity was best. Oh, one day maybe I will see the other side of the grotesque joke or tragedy, and then laugh, at what life is.