

Rebecca Rants on Paula Deen

Rebecca Brodney, Staff Writer



photo via thehonestmen.com

For decades, Paula Deen has been an icon in the kitchen. Known for her "Southern Cookin'," Deen, a native of Albany, Georgia, began her cooking journey in a most humble fashion. At first, she had it all. She had the love of her parents, and she was even married to her high school sweetheart. After the sudden death of her parents and a challenging divorce, Deen developed agoraphobia, an anxiety disorder in which sufferers feel the utmost terror when in a situation where they cannot easily escape. For some people, this anxiety can be exacerbated on bridges or in large crowds. To cope, deep fryer. Deen began to spend all of her time in the safety of her kitchen, and began a small business called The Bag Lady, a meal delivery service using the last \$200 she had to her name.

Since then, Deen has been providing the masses with an assortment of artery clogging recipes such as deep fried butterballs. Yes. Deep. Fried. Butterballs. They are comprised of cream cheese and butter, then, these fattening little balls are popped into a deep fryer. This is a recipe for a heart attack, no pun intended. Still not disgusted? Perhaps the bacon, doughnut, and egg burger is right up your alley. Fried eggs and bacon, all nestled in between two glazed doughnuts, presumably Krispy Kreme. Deen not only capitalizes on her recipes that are exacerbating the burgeoning

obesity problem in our country but also endorses and sells a multitude of products. Her most recent retail venture? Butter-flavored lip balm that is attached to the slogan "Put a little South on your mouth!" the balm is sold in other flavors as well such as peach cobbler, pecan pie, pumpkin pie, key lime pie, and banana pudding. I think if I ever allowed that to touch my lips, I would first find myself in the shower, scrubbing at myself mercilessly in an effort to exfoliate all traces of butter flavors and scents from my pores.

Okay, I am, admittedly, a health conscious individual. However, I feel that Paula Deen has a very important and influential role in our society. She has the power to sway the way we feel about our food and its job in fueling our bodies. When she is telling us how easy it is to deep fry a cheesecake or to make a sour cream laden casserole, we are naturally going to think that making something healthy is challenging or cannot simultaneously taste good and provide any nutritional value. Sure, it's fun to watch the sweet, silver-haired lady gracefully maneuver her way through a kitchen that, to some, can seem like a labyrinth full of mystery and danger, but she should be using her skills in the kitchen for good, not artery-clogging evil. Someday, Deen will be teaching us to cook healthy foods that both raise our spirits and our overall health, we hope.

Ask Gigi

Dear Gigi,

Last weekend, I hit the club and bar scene. I was totally tearing it up—me and my MCGs were bringing it on the dance floor and with the fellas—HOLLA! Then I noticed out of the corner of my eye a man who looked familiar. I did a double take and noticed he was one of my professors. This totally ruined my mellow for the whole evening. I ended up leaving early, feeling so embarrassed that he might have seen me shaking my tail-feather. I skipped class my Monday class, hoping that maybe he would forget if he remembered me, but I went to the other classes and nothing happened. What do I do? Signed, Help a girl out

Dear Help a girl out,

If I was on the club scene and saw my professor, I would be embarrassed just as much as you are. Remember, you have a life outside of classes and a professor should respect that, as long as it doesn't interfere with your school work. You should know that a professor also has a life outside of classes, and if he did indeed see you there, he is probably worried that you saw him there and could be feeling embarrassed as well. Don't skip class just because you are feeling embarrassed; just brush off the encounter. You don't have to mention to him that you saw him there. If you run into a professor again at a bar or a club, use your club name instead of your real name when giving it out to people in case he asks around who you are.

Merwin Visits Raleigh: A Poetic Reflection

Amy Hruby, Staff Writer

On Monday, October 17th, national poet laureate W. S. Merwin shared commentary on his work and life to a packed auditorium of local poetry enthusiasts at NC State University. Having published his first book of poems in 1952, Merwin had decades of work to choose from, and he read a range of poems, highlighting his thoughtful, narrative style (as seen in "Yesterday") and his poignant, concise imagery (as seen in "Dusk in Winter" or "The Love for October"). Most moving was the poetic manner in which he conveyed the commentary that filled the space between his works. Merwin shared his thoughts on the importance of the auditory in poetry, on the need for imagination in life and on the permanence of time—reflecting on his writing experience in a way that quietly advised hopeful poets. Merwin also commented on his belief that writing is always culled from experience, which includes the experience of other literature. He noted that he feared writers had been paralyzed by the fear of imitation and the need to be original. Taking rather literally his permission to be influenced, I've compiled my notes from the reading into a poem of sorts. All of the lines are paraphrased from Merwin's comments. Titles of the poems he read are in quotation marks and lines from the poems follow the titles in parentheses.

Original does not mean something novel, it means something that comes from the origin.

"Summer." "The Wilderness," (the hunger to look).

Attention is what it's all about.

Focus on what's right in front of you – the real world.

"Dusk in Winter." "Yesterday." "The Normal Flute," (I have with me all I do not know; I've lost none of it).

If you've got a voice of your own, your voice will come through.
Think of influence versus the discovery of affinities. It's about recognition.
Like how we recognize Waiting for Godot even when we've never seen anything like it.

"The Dog." "Fly," (I have always believed too much in words).

Every life contains the whole thing. Every moment of life contains the whole thing.

"Chord." "Late Spring," (you for whom more than once I opened the door).

Time passes, but time stays too. Like telescopes looking back to the beginning of the universe.

Time's still there.

"Departure's Girlfriend." "September Plowing." "The Love for October."

Whatever my image is, you have your own.

What distinguishes us from other species is not intelligence or language... it's imagination.

"The Blind Seer of Ambon," (I always knew that I came from another language).

For a poet the primary sense is the sense of hearing.

"Rain at night," (This is what I have heard).