

NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

The phenomenology of hate

By JOE POLONSKY

The trouble with this university, an eminent York psychologist was heard saying, is that nobody here seems to hate anyone else.

Professor Dajid R. Bacon, addressing the Sunday Home and School Breakfast Club, was bemoaning the fact that you could tear a student apart, rip up his essay, send the graduate school of his choice an anti-letter of recommendation and still have that same student merrily pass you in the hallway, smile and say "Good morning Mr. Bacon." And it was not just the students. You could call a Board member a "bourgeois-pig", or you could proclaim that your own fellow professor's seminar on Perception and the Eye was unduly myopic, and still not get a rise.

Bacon then went on to comment that, "that damn university is just too damn liberal. It is simply not a healthy state of affairs to not get one single, solitary dirty look in four years of teaching at the same place."

Finally, a regular patron of the Sunday Home and School Breakfast Club rose up to ask a question, "Professor Bacon Sir, excuse me if I seem a bit bewildered, but I may have interpreted your comments incorrectly. When you said, and I quote, 'that damn university is just too damn liberal,' you did not seem to be complementing York. Is not the term 'liberal' usually employed when a program or institution is deemed worthy of commendation?"

"What a Goddamn stupid woman," Bacon mumbled to himself. "I just hate Goddamn stupid people." And with that, the noteworthy psychology professor put a smile on his face and said "You are perfectly right young lady with the beautiful six-year-old daughter. I did not make myself very clear."

Later on that evening, the professor's wife, who also attended home and school breakfast meetings, mocked her husband for being such a hypocritical sell-out. "If you hated that woman you should have told her outright. And you call yourself an eminent psychology professor."

Bacon just hated it when his wife got smart and forward like that. "You're right dear," he said softly. "I am indeed a hypocritical sell-out." But in the back of his mind he was thinking of how you only told people that you hated them in professionally run T-Groups.

The next day back at school, Bacon decided to write one of those scholarly psychology surveys he was so well known for. The ones which kept his salary climbing. As a matter of fact, it was stipulated on his contract that one good survey a year would be more highly thought of by the administration than a whole year's worth of freshmen lectures. Anyways, the questionnaire concerned "Hate at York University, 1972".

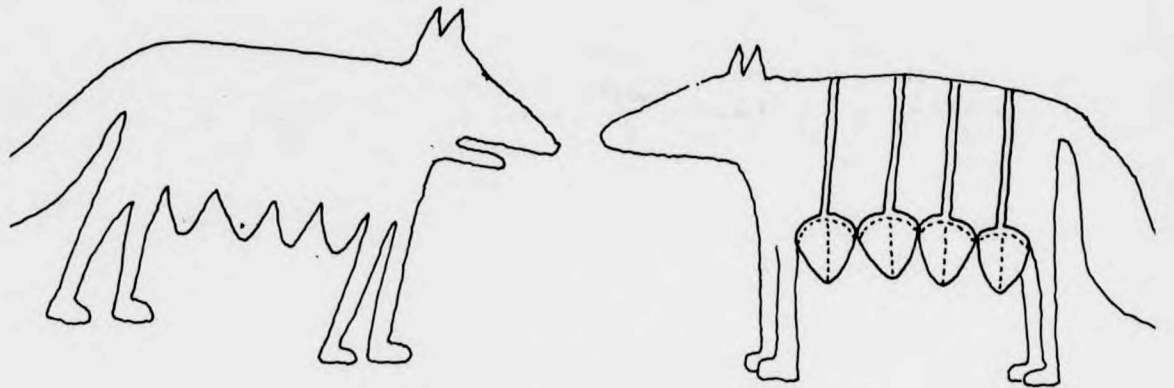
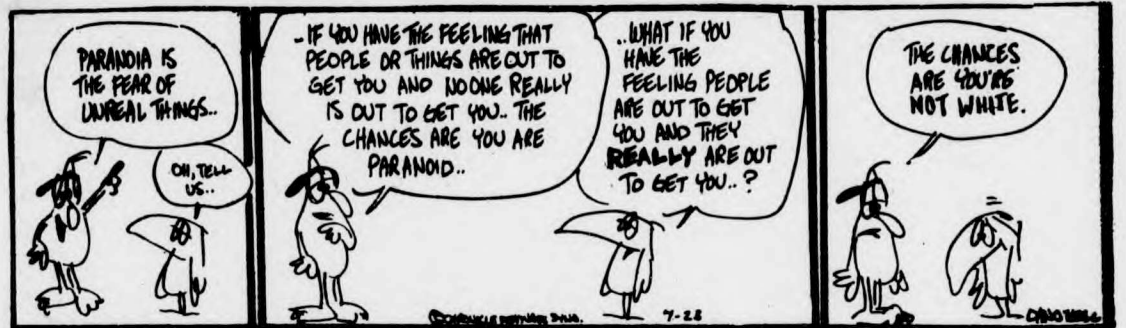
Bacon then got two of his fourth year students to conduct the survey for him. The two fourth year students were not terribly pleased about all this, since they were working on their papers comparing Marcuse to Norman O. Brown and R.D. Laing. But as one of the students pointed out to his comrade, "No letter of recommendation from Bacon and no graduate school. And if you don't get into graduate school you'll never get to read Norman O. Brown." The other student wisely concurred.

The two students then went off to the psychology students' union office where they found a random sample of York students to fill out the questionnaire. A few of the students were quite put off with having to bother wasting their time because they were on their way down to the lab to work with their rats. But as one of the students pointed out, "No co operation in filling out Bacon's questionnaire equals no Bacon to fill out students' graduate school recommendations equals no more rats in labs." The other students wisely concurred to fill out the questionnaire.

The results of the questionnaire are still in the tabulation stage but it has been announced the McLelland and Stewart were willing to purchase the publishing rights for his first all Canadian survey of hate.

"This damn university is just too liberal," Bacon was telling the Wednesday Morning Senate Club. An unusually vengeful radical student senator yelled out "Yea, but it sure pays well." The senators looked sorrowfully over at the student. One was heard whispering to the senator to his left "Poor, young Mr. Freemer, he really should learn how to control that tongue of his".

COMIX!



"Frankly, Edith, it looks stupid as hell!"

★ GOOD EATS ★

Soul food at the Underground R.R.

By HARRY STINSON

If you go for the hearty, if somewhat unusual victuals of the deep south black cuisine then the dusky basement charms of the Underground Railroad are right along your line.

The interconnected chambers are small with burlap curtains, coarse stucco walls, and rough beam ceilings, floors, and trim. A supreme effort has evidently been made to squeeze in as many of the diminutive tables as possible without reaching the uncomfortable stage: bolstered by the candle and kerosene lantern lighting, brisk but friendly waiters in railroad garb, and canned jazz at just the right volume, the restaurant does achieve a really nice atmosphere.

But the highlight is of course the food. Be careful you don't gag on the delicious steaming corn bread when you open your menu and encounter an appetizer selection of chitlins, pig tails, fish cakes, and pig's feet n'mushrooms. A determined but frustrated frenzy of gnawing, picking and slobbering failed to unearth any meat on the last of these (let alone any mushrooms): fortunately a finger bowl was provided. Stick to the cod fish cakes, or give the somewhat spicy chitlins a try, if you have the guts (a bottle of staggering hot pepper sauce is provided for the really adventurous).

Annamae salad (formidable apple and cabbage chunks, walnuts, and raisins, drenched in a tangy runny mayonnaise) is a good bet; the backyard (chef's) salad is big and crisp, and the broth quite tasty.

Entrées start with the traditional southern fried chicken, and span ham, (and ham hocks), ribs, a steak, a chicken 'n' ribs mix, through a seafood selection of corn fried whitefish, grouper, to the top-of-the-line fish gumbo. Choose from a vegetable accompaniment of collard greens, black-eyed peas, squash, yam, red or snap beans, rice, home fries, or potato salad. One of their tasty hot lemon or apple cobbblers (a crusty upside-down cake) makes a good finale, if you're still going strong, and the sauce-capped soul cake is delicious, moist and light.

Portions at the Underground Railroad are generous. What's more important, they're well cooked, well seasoned and hot. The test of any good restaurant is the vegetables: the Underground Railroad does an excellent job. And coffeenuts will not be disappointed by any means.

You have a right to expect this however, as the prices are firmly ensconced in the medium range. Entrées run from \$2.25 for the chicken to \$4.75 for the spectacular fish gumbo, and include corn bread, plus two vegetables.

Play it safe; make a reservation.

Hushpuppies: (nothing to do with prepared shoes): Into a sifted blend of 2 cups cornmeal, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and a teaspoon salt, pour a cup each of fine-chopped onions, and milk, plus a beaten egg, with the hope of achieving a stiff batter. Fry small dabs (pones) in 375 degree fat, and serve with fried fish (recycling hint - use same fat!).

Cornbread: Pour 1 cup boiling water over a cup cornmeal in a heatproof pan; mix well. When this has cooled, mix in a concoction of 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, a tablespoon soft butter, 1/2 cup milk, and a well-beaten egg.

Turn into pre-heated, well-greased (careful not to scorch the grease) pans, or smaller individual containers, but not to the top. Twenty-five minutes at 475 should yield a light brown top. Some like to then split and broil-brown chunks, but no matter, butter hot.

