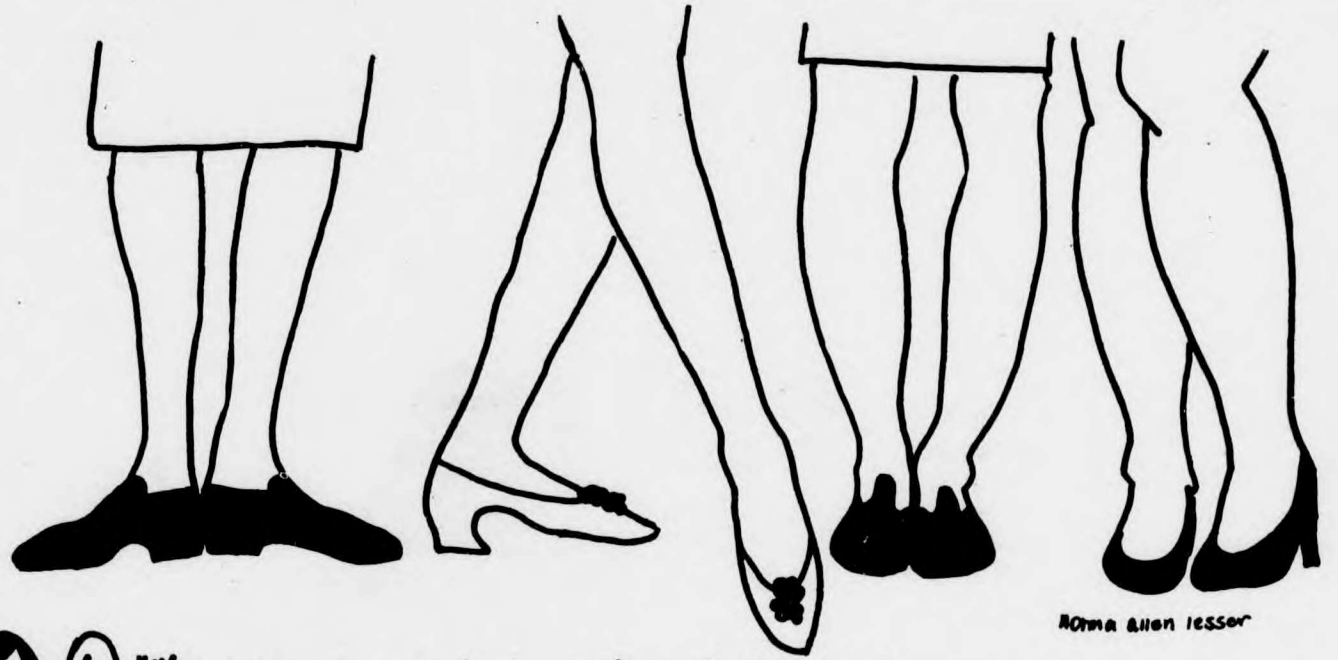


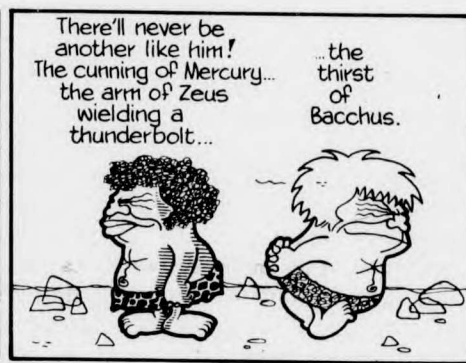
# COMIX!



The January Maelstrom Memorial stands in the Foormotz Studies Building. It is dedicated to the seven souls lost in parking lot D during a disastrous winter storm. The seven first-year students had wandered off course. Blinded by snow and buffeted by winds, they succumbed to the elements.



"The second one looks like she'd make a good secretary."



## NAKED CAME POLONSKY: *Bad eats*

By JOE POLONSKY

After perusing through the last few issues of Excalibur, I came to the conclusion that a new column has been added to the fold. The column deals with interests of a gastronomical nature, under the spicy heading of "Good Eats" and is the product of a self-proclaimed food connoisseur, Mr. H. Stinson.

My first reaction to the column was one of enlightened disdain. Apparently, Excalibur had given up aiming for the mind and was settling for the stomach. I was only further upset to discover that the author of these culinary capsules was Mr. Stinson, a man, whom I personally have witnessed, gulp down three Versafood hamburgers in one sitting, burp and exclaim "yummy". All in very poor taste! The column is obviously one of but a growing number of examples which point out to us the mounting desexualization of our society and hence the unnatural and unnerving concern for our tummies.

Now there are obviously two problems which interest us in this matter. One is whether or not Excalibur should continue in this asexual direction and the other is if the paper does decide in the affirmative whether or not Mr. Stinson has the stomach for the job. Concerning the latter issue first, I would like to take this opportunity to reveal that I have spent the last three days tailing Mr. Stinson, unbeknownst to him, of course and have discovered in my analysis that, on the average, between the hours of one in the morning and four in the afternoon, Stinson goes to the bathroom 12 times, spending a total amount of 40 to 50 minutes in York's various washrooms a day. I appreciate the claim that the press has no business in the washrooms of the university,

but I felt that the security of the university's population was at stake.

It became fairly clear in my study, that Stinson's stomach is hardly a stomach that one can set one's dietary standards by. I think most of you will agree that what with exams and essays coming up, most of us simply do not have the time to spend a healthy portion of our day in the washroom.

Now, concerning the more basic issue of Excalibur's ethics, it is, I'm afraid to report, becoming increasingly obvious, that the newspaper has in fact opted for a middle-of-the-road position. By de-emphasizing articles of a heady or pornographic nature, the paper has opted for a centralist position, the stomach. The writing is on the wall. Either the columnists play it

straight down the middle of the road in accordance with the newspaper policy, or they suffer the ultimate in press punishment, that old Haggart axe. The media has done it again. Being bored with the political revolution of 1970 and the cultural revolution of 1971, the mediamen have declared 1972 the year of the gastronomical revolution. So, always being an early bird

when it comes to spotting trends, I present my new column: "Bad Eats — Places Not to Dine".

York University: Although never personally having the chance to dine at this establishment, I have been told by my friends that the food here is not of a consistently high quality.

The A. & W.: The hamburgers here are overpriced and undercooked. The one saving grace is the deep dish apple pie but this does not compensate for the fact that the A. & W. is owned by the large American conglomerate, United Fruit, which has the unfavourable reputation of exploiting the fine people of South America. The Apple Pie is hardly worth the embarrassment of being discovered in the middle of dinner by one of your radical friends. Although, you might ask what in fact he was doing there.

The Noshery: Their claim to fame is its cherry cheesecake and its Jewish customers. If you are Gentile, you might enjoy the change of pace; but if you're of the Jewish faith and wavering in your beliefs, stay away. You will become a heretic in no time.

The Westbury Hotel Dining Room: Although one of my old haunts, the escargots are slipping and the filets are invariably over-cooked. Apparently the chef hails from Central Africa and is very sensitive about raw meat.

Well, so much for my Bad Eats for this week. If you happen to fall upon a bad eating-house yourself, just pass the word along to the paper and we will be more than happy to subsequently pass it on to our readers. One note of caution though. Could you please try and ensure that the bad restaurants you suggest do not advertise in this paper?

## ★ GOOD EATS ★ *Polonsky and Japanese food*

By HARRY STINSON

The average North American would be hard pressed to explain offhand the difference between Chinese and Japanese food. But you, sir or madam, need fester no longer in epicurean ignorance: Get thee gone to Nikko Garden, 460 Dundas W.

In a word, Japanese cuisine seems more delicate. The first course to arrive was hot towels, (a truly refreshing aperitif). Soups, though unbelievably thin-looking in appearance, are very tasty and you mustn't miss the squid salad (not only good but you're not likely to come across it very often). Work your ambitions and budget up from basic tempura (deep-fried shrimp and fish) to the deluxe beef and vegetable sukiyaki (fried at the table even!). With everything, steamed rice, sauce and the eternal pot of green tea.

But the dessert choices of Mandarin oranges, fortune cookies, or ice cream (?) came as a jarring note and a weak let-down. Nikko Garden isn't likely to build up a large lumberjack clientele: Some portions are small, but the plethora of courses, the challenge of chopsticks (steadfastly resist knives and forks), and the flavor of the food is likely to nullify this consideration. The service was excellent, unobtrusive and the waitress was almost motherly in her guidance on how to eat Japanese food properly. And, yes, Virginia, Nikko Garden is licensed so you can tuck into a warm bottle of sake.

Note of Clarification re: Kneading (as per Excalibur, Nov. 22). Press dough away with palm, fold back over again before the quarter-turn and repeat....

Originally, this article was to have contained a tempura recipe, but I feel obligated to reply to the jealous drivel and pouting of a declining local columnist (Polonsky — ed.). In a poorly researched article, replete with inaccuracies and insinuations, the aforementioned gentleman shows an incomprehensible insensitivity to the vital pastime of eating.

The extent of his poverty of judgement and investigative incompetence is underlined by his comments on the Westbury, an establishment which would not likely countenance a person of his ilk in what it conceded to be a civilized temple of dining. I categorically deny having three Versafood 'hamburgers' (sic) and furthermore actively refuse to purchase and or consume articles (to whit Versa-'food') whilst upon the premises of the said establishment, herewith referred to as The University.

The one-time humourist's diatribe reminds one of the bewildered old warrior leaping upon his inflatable horse and plunging his spurs deep into his noble steed's flanks. There is, in short, about as much valid content in his rantings as there is in a properly-made Yorkshire pudding!