

NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

By JOE POLONSKY

Pebbles Levson was a moderately pretty but very bright Marxist. Her boyfriend Irpple Tomine was a reasonably handsome, trifle pimply, but very calm mystic. Oh, how they argued. Over breakfast, over dinner, liberation strategies would be vehemently discussed.

Pebbles would say, "I'm for the Weathermen."

Irpple would rebut, "I'm for the elements."

Pebbles would add, "I'm for the Chicago Seven."

Irpple would respond, "I'd prefer the seven steps of the Apocalypse."

In dismay Pebbles would scream out, "Tear down all high rise development."

Irpple would just smile and add "There are different orders of high rise development."

Suddenly the phone rang. Both Pebbles and Irpple ran to answer it. If there was one thing they agreed upon, it was electricity. Irpple got the phone first. Rather than in typical waspish fashion answer the phone with a typical Anglo Saxon hello Irpple said "Which M are you for." (What Irpple had in mind of course was what side of the liberation coin was the person on the other end of the line for? Marxism or mysticism).

The voice on the other end of the line responded, "Money, Man, that's where it's at." Another M had intruded into Pebbles' and Irpple's world. You see the guy on the other end of the line was their friend Noah who was this starving jazz musician downtown who had to play in all these awful bar gigs to make enough bread to support himself so that he could practise his jazz.

Paul continued, "Listen Irpple I've got to tell you about this insane gig I did last weekend. There were all these show-biz types there and you'd think that show-biz types in 1972 would be cool and hip, but they are not cool and hip rather they are all egomaniacs. And not only were they egomaniacs but they were always on, always witty, always singing, always dancing. Furthermore they were always being decadent. Drinking, smoking, orgyng. I tell you what with just being a normal hippie like myself, I was totally freaked out."

Irpple was beginning to bite his fingernail.

Paul continued, "Nihilistic decadence man, that's where it's at for all those cats. All I want is money, man, so I can play my jazz and not go through that every week."

Irpple told Noah he was busy and could not talk anymore and would phone him back.

"Irpple," Pebbles asked somewhat bewildered by the change in her mate's complexion. "What's the matter? What side of the coin did Noah pick? Is he for history or against it?"

"Most of the Goddamn people are just too damn unrefined to make any sort of revolution!" Irpple shouted.

This threw Pebbles back a little. In all the circles in which she travelled, revolution was always a polite piece of conversation. Just the other night she and a friend had discussed the revolutionary potential of Blake's poetry and Picasso's painting.

"Why can't people be more couth?" Irpple pleaded.

This threw Pebbles back a little further. Karl Marx had always seemed very couth to her. And wasn't Mao a poet?

The phone rang again. Both of them were by now in a confused state but their opinions on electricity had still remained positive. They both dashed for the phone and once again Irpple beat her.

This time Irpple didn't dare ask the big query. "Hello," he timidly said.

The voice responded, "Boy you are one of the most bourgeois phone answerers I know. Always taking the normal path, eh, buddy boy."

Poor Irpple. The voice was his art history prof, and the only cosmic Leninist on campus.

"Listen Irp., do you and the little woman want to come down to city hall tonight to lend support to Sewell's motion of replacing Beaujelaiss at city council dinners with Bright's '79, the people's wine? Then afterwards, I thought we could come to my place, listen to a bit of music, have a bit of sherry and do a bit of yoga."

Irpple informed Pebbles of his prof's invitation to a bit of radical activity.

"Oh Irpple, I just don't have the time for any of that, I have my 20-pager on Rousseau and the French Revolution."

"You're right Pebbles. I have my collage to do on spiritualism in Nazi Germany."

Irpple went back to the phone. "I'm sorry but we'll have to call a raincheck. It's that time of year you know".

★ GOOD EATS ★

Egyptian cuisine has not quite become an in foreign food among Torontonians. But the day may not be far off, if the graciously dedicated owners of the Stone Cottage Inn have their way and keep up their standards.

Loacted in a picturesque stone cottage, it is a good-sized former steak hosue that has been gradually and patiently converted over the last five and a half months. It is licensed, but they'd rather concentrate on the food, which in my view, is a welcome and laudable change.

But the food, you say, what about that food. First, starbe yourself for a day. The key at The Stone Cottage Inn is not to try and bluff your way through it. Put yourself in the waiter's hands. They know what they're talking about and will set you up with a delicious and typical meal.

Because we arrived at an off period, the Gourmet was recommended. This consists of a sampling of just about everything, and you are at the mercy of the chef and waiter as to exactly what that means that night.

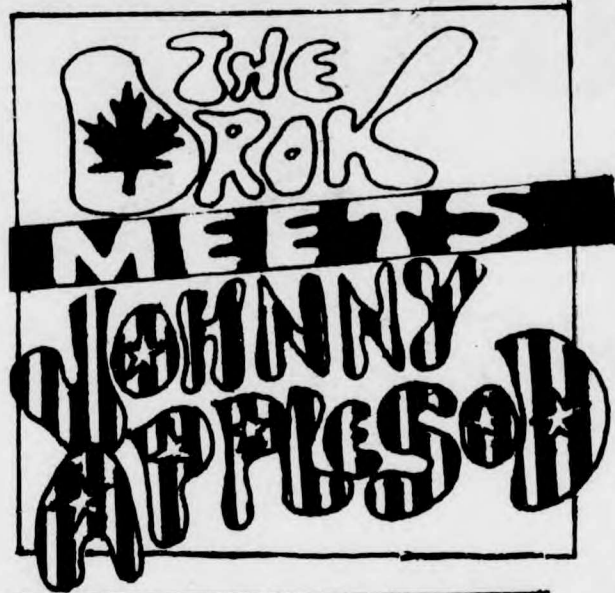
The appetizers started the meal on a perplexing note: The French onion soup, cheese topping, lacked the traditional gooeyness, though the soup itself was marvellous. The comprehensive salad had carrots, lettuce, pickles, onions, olives, chick peas, and tomato with an oil dressing. But then we get down to business. The hot, garlic bread, topped with sesame and featuring the occasional uneven concentration of salt, was accompanied by four dips: chumus (ground chick peas, garlic, and lemon, a yogart and cucumber concoction, Taheena, purportedly untranslatable but good, and Fata (fantastic, orangey goat's milk cheese dip).

Meanwhile, a hot eggplant and zucchini mixture was being ladled onto our side plates. It was followed by two Dolma-rice and ground beef rolled in a grape wine leaf, and some kubba, dense cakes of cracked wheat, with a tasty centre of pine seeds and fine ground beef.

The main course was a mixed grill type shish-kebab, grilled beef and onion, lamb chops, and Kofta, an Egyptian 'hamburg' of lamb and ground beef were among the items piled on the plates. They came with a pilaff of the most deliciously seasoned and prepared rice — ask for more, and you'll get it. To round it all off, a mound of okra (a middle eastern vegetable) in a thick and mouth-watering sauce of tomato, onion, garlic and indescribably tender beef.

For dessert (though you may be feeling somewhat full by now), try the Bacclava, a delicate pastry with a sugary-almond centre, or Mish-mish, a nut-crowned apricot custard creation which bears a deceiving resemblance to an apricot baby food sundae.

In brief, the food here is abundant, delicious, fascinating, and filling. The spicing is artful, but should you want things a little hotter, just mention it at the outset and then order the Omar Khayam Special. Though the service is at times a trifle overwhelmingly too fast — as you helplessly watch the courses pile up around you, the staff is super-friendly, helpful and obliging. Plans are afoot for take-out facilities, but until then, the-trek out to far-off Kingston Road and Eglinton is well worth the trouble.



COMIX!

