



YORK UNIVERSITY

OF

Alas, no disco at this dance

Those who try to suppress their true nature are often brought to their knees by neurosis later in life.

Therefore, I admit here and now that I am a Disco fan of the highest order. I admit that as music it is not the best, nevertheless, put me in a pair of high-heeled cowboy boots and I'm away. I bring this up because it's time to comment on that aspect of York's social life, previously kept quiet: that is York's disco nightlife.

Entering a room shrouded in darkness, I search crowded tables for a friendly face. Finding none, I desperately smoke a cigarette, hoping that I will take on an air of mystery. Dozens on the parquet floor, writhe to the rhythm; gyrating their stunted limbs with boundless energy. I say stunted because I myself am well over six feet tall (Wheaties, I suppose) and am shocked often to find groups of people talking to my knees in elevators.

I self-consciously flip up my collar and polish my spurs, the music is taking effect. It is always strange to me that there is so little light at these dances. I myself prefer a skin-flattering softness, but there are times when attending these events one had better go by the buddy system, or be lost forever. For this reason I can be seen tying brightly coloured ribbons to the wrists of my party members. Nevertheless, it has been brought to my attention that heretofore I have been blessed with incredible luck.

Two Thursday nights ago, a

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group of friends and I attended the Fine Arts Dance. Strange, that a Faculty (of which I am a member), composed almost entirely of people who love to dance and sing, or generally make a spectacle of themselves, could be guilty of such an evening. I should have worn a tux, for such an event deserved nothing less than mourning dress.

From every corner of the room echoed the phrase, "I can't dance to this." The music, provided by a Music Major (the kiss of death every time) was, I believe, recorded live at the Market Place by Sabu and the Elephant Band. I found myself in the washroom humming "Night

Fever' nostalgically. Yet there were those who were in their element. Sitting all round the room eyes fixed, hair frizzed, plaid shirts blousoned over faded Khakis, all very festive I'm sure.

The food was fine, the space was good, the crowd was interesting. And yet with the strain of Gregorian chants presiding o'er it all, the atmosphere was far too outré, for even the most avant garde amongst us. I went home early and cursed myself to sleep. It will be a frosty Friday in May before I am parted with another \$1.75 without first hearing a sample of the music.

D. Ian McLeod

The Happy Cooker

By Denise Beattie



Baked dried limas

I have a sneaking suspicion that this is another one of those "cult" recipes, that is one that most people will not try unless they're already familiar with dried limas or other legumes.

If dried lima beans sound like a two day old offering from someone's leftover dinner (and about as tempting), then let me plead with you to make this meal your daring stunt of the week. It's very tasty, filling without being heavy, so good for you (protein!) and regardless of whether you like them, totally dissimilar from fresh lima beans (consider the difference between fresh and split peas).

A quote from someone who hates fresh lima beans and was quite dubious about these, "It does the unimaginable with lima beans." (That was supposed to be a compliment.)

Anyway, it's also inexpensive. Gather: (to feed about 4)

11/2 cups dried lima beans, regular or baby limas. Look where the lentils and navy beans are kept in the grocery store.

1 medium onion, finely chopped

1 clove of garlic, minced

1 stalk of celery, diced 2 carrots, grated or diced

1 28oz. can tomatoes or 3-4 fresh

ones coarsely chopped

3 cups stock (this can be made with vegetable or chicken bouillon cubes and can also include the juice from the canned tomatoes if you use them)

1 tsp. chervil or, if you've never encountered this, 1 tbsp. parsley

1 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. pepper

11/2 cups grated cheese: edam, brick, gouda are all good

1/2 cup breadcrumbs butter

Procedure:

If you're organized enough, cover the lima beans with water and soak overnight. If you're not that organized, try to soak them for at

least 5 hours (set them out in the morning).

When you're ready to start cooking, drain the limas and if you're going to use bouillon cubes, I recommend saving this water and including it to make the stock,

adding as much as necessary to make 3 cups.

In a generous amount of butter fry the onion and garlic until golden and then add the celery and carrot. After a few minutes add the chopped tomatoes and fry a bit longer. Next add the limas and stock, the salt and pepper and cover.

When this mixture comes to a boil, turn down the heat and simmer for about an hour and a half. If it begins to look dry add more stock but don't try to keep it like a soup. If you've decided to use other vegetables add them after the limas have been cooking about an hour, likewise for the chervil or parsley. When the lima beans and vegetables are tender, remove from the heat.

In an oiled or buttered casserole dish, pour the entire mixture. Now is also a good time to preheat the oven to 375 degrees. If it seems too watery you can add some soft crumbled b. eadcrumbs or a little cornstarch to thicken it; it should have enough broth to keep it from drying out in the oven though.

First spread the grated cheese over the top and then sprinkle the dried bread crumbs. Dot with butter. bake for ½ hour or until the top is golden brown.

Easy, eh? A steamed vegetable with fresh lemon and a salad add a delightful lightness and can definitely reassure the most rigorous health fanatic.

So dried limas and such legumes never occured to you? Listen, when you're 75 there will be lots of things you will have missed in life - why consign this to being one of them when it's so easy?! After all, I'm not asking you to eat mung beans . . .



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