

NAKED CAME POLONSKY: *Naked Came Polonsky*

BOY, DO I have a dream for you. Here I was all alone on a desert island, no not the Humanities Building, and who should happen to walk by with her bountiful bazookas swaying in the noon day sun, waving at me like pennants in the wind of lust, why it's ole Liz Taylor. Unfortunately, just as I was beginning to remove from her countenance her black net panties, Liz gently nibbling at my ear, softly whispered, "Joeypoo, You'll never believe this, but all this desert sand has rubbed off on me, and well, Joeypoo, guess what? I've got "The Kissing Disease" I bit her neck! Then as if making an elaborate bow, I took hold of her and pressed hard against her slightly parted legs. I sewed her body with a thread of bites and kisses, dwelling on the tight high pack of her working hips and patching them with little pink squares. Finally, I rose up over her, shadowed her with the majesty of my manhood, noticed that her legs were still closed. "Got a match?" I asked politely.

"I've got big heap of matches," replied a deep voice resonating in the background. Well, the first thought that entered my mind was either the deep voice resonating in the background was a mirage or apparently I was no longer alone on this desert island with even an infected Liz Taylor. I then smelt a puff of smoke wafting in the air around me. "A really big heap", the voice reiterated. So,

Facing the inevitable I got up, turned around, and who do you think was standing there puffing merrily away on his purgative pipe? Why it was none other than ole Chief Dan George, super-Indian. Now, what the hell am I doing on a desert island with Richard Burton's wife and Dustin Hoffman's grandfather, I pondered. I immediately noticed that the Chief was eyeing those same black panties that had so captured my attention, just a very few precious moments earlier. So, with the most melancholy expression I could muster, I placed my arm around the Chief and said "No, Chief, the kissing disease!" "UGH", he said.

The next morning, Liz is stirring the grapefruit juice for our breakfast. Funny how she assumed that of the three of us, it would be her role to stir the juice. Of course what with my doing yoga, and the Chief running around fishing, hunting, and trapping, who else had the time? But, after a lot of screaming to come to the table already, Liz pulled down those black nets and we, helter skelter, dashed to the table. The Chief moves pretty fast for an old guy. Of course what with all that fishing hunting and trapping.

We were finished with breakfast and were sitting around having our pre lunch smoke. "Listen, Dan", said Liz (Liz and the Chief were on first name terms already) "what do you think of the Waffle

Movement, you're being the most famous Canadian since Lorne Green?" The Chief pondered and puffed, "As far as I'm concerned, too many Chiefs and not enough Indians".

"How about the counter culture?" queries Liz. "Well," said the Chief, "if you ask me, and you undoubtedly have, the counter culture has all the trappings of a bunch of middle class spoilt brats". The Chief was great at puns. "And furthermore, they're mostly Jewish." The Chief then went on to explain how it's the rich Jews from Toronto, who own most of the reserves.

"Speaking about Jews," Liz asked, "What do you think of Osgoode Hall Law School?" The Chief smirked and symbolically sucked on his pipe. "If you ask me, and you undoubtedly have, Osgoode Hall has the trappings of a bunch of middle class spoilt brats, with a phenomenal lack of guts." The Chief sure had a way with words, even if they were the same words.

Liz, still rolling along with her parody of Norman de Poe, posed yet another question. What are your feelings on the nature of York University. The Chief, being terribly sensitive on this issue, shot an arrow through Liz's left bazooka. Liz, being only too willing not to offend, apologized to the Chief for her lack of discretion, as she yanked at the arrow, not to mention her bazooka.

"Now let's see, thought Liz, surely

there are some areas we haven't yet touched upon. The Chief lunged for Liz's panties. Not those areas, you dumb old Indian, you drunken dumb old Indian!" Oops, Liz made a boob boob, I mean a boob boob. Liz made a racist comment. Sure enough, there was another arrow, another bazooka. Some people are so touchy. Well, maybe Touchiness is just native to the Indians.

Despite Liz's indiscretion, Danny consented to answer a few quickies.

Irving Layton? . . . Horny.

Dr. William Slater? . . . Who?

Kate Millet? . . . Horny.

Norman Mailor? . . . Joe Polonsky.

Gordon Sinclair? . . . Thorny.

Derek Sanderson? . . . Nicely groomed.

Love Story? . . . porny.

Charles Manson? . . . deadly.

Dr. School? . . . corny.

Dusk was now falling on our little desert island. Liz had bled to death during her last question. The Chief and I decided to part waves, a very strange thing to try and do on a desert. So, the next morning when the first rays of the Golden God first appeared in the sky, no not Bobby Hull, the Chief mounted his kayak and rode off into the sunrise. Since this would be our last meeting together before the rainy season, I yelled out, "Chief Dan George and anyone else who might be out there listening, HAVE A GOOD RAINY SEASON!"

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