

# NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

## Do computers apologize?

By JOE POLONSKY

By way of apology, there is a point in Stanley Kubrick's movie, Lolita, where James Mason tries to placate a distraught Shelley Winters by attempting to explain to her that although she discovered her name in reference to a fat, bawdy, washed-up, middle-aged windbag, a character in Mason's novel in progress; that in fact he had simply used her name because it was in the air and she really had little connection to the character in the novel.

I suspect Mason was lying; whereas, he was married to Shelley Winters but in love with her daughter, Lolita. Nonetheless Mason's argument did contain a certain amount of appeal for me. Lately, I have been severely reprimanded on various occasions for using people's names maliciously in my articles. In other words, you take someone's name perhaps altering it slightly, but nonetheless recognizable, and apply that name to a stereotype which you then attack. You then cover yourself through a James Mason-type defence, but honestly felt.

The problem naturally arises that people construe the article as a personal attack on the real person bearing that name. They further assume that I must be a vindictive, malicious, not very nice person, to write vindictive, malicious articles about people I don't even know. This is all very natural of course, unless the people know me personally and appreciate that I am a fine, upstanding human being and that it would be just as malicious to accuse me of being malicious as it would be wrong on my part to depreciate the humanness of others.

In other words, if it is assumed that I have taken the very unChristian position of pouring out my hostilities openly on to the typewriter without any regard as to the deserving or undeserving butts of this hostility, I should be pitied or generally felt sorry for, in that I have been driven to this violent kind of activity inflicted upon me by the repressiveness of technological capitalist society.

If on the other hand, I am considered by my friends and acquaintances to be much too civil to indulge in this nativistic, yuppie kind of irrational liberation; then these same friends should have taken some sort of leap in faith that if I did write a slanderous kind of article then I probably did so unwittingly and that what appeared to be spiteful, might in fact have been its opposite, and have arisen out of a basis of respect.

An unfortunate habit I have picked up from growing up in front of tv game shows and Time Magazine, is that in my own head, I somehow can not avoid looking at people as 1) human beings and 2) symbolic stereotypes. It is inevitable that the hours spent under the spell of contentless images of humans (from Lucy's life of pure laughter and good times with no hint of tragedy to Mannix's life of pure masculine adventure with no hint of emotional flaw) eventually do have an effect on how you look at the world.

You look at it symbolically, so it becomes necessary to realize that you look at the world as an oceanful of floating names and places and that in fact you treat people as meaningless, depthless, empty archetypes. So, it then becomes necessary somewhere along the umbilical cord connecting conscious mind to unconscious; to decide before speaking to a person that you may have run into in the drug store, whether or not that person is to be human or symbol, whether that person is to be a lonely, troubled girl clutching on to her fudge, or a middle class Jewish bitch in her fur coat looking cool licking her phallus.

It is a murky wave which intersects the world of the cave and its shadows, from the world of the sun beating down on you human breasts; humanness from post-humanness.

On Friday night in Vanier Dining Hall, the accomplished electric post-rock group Syrinx, inundated the audience with a concert. Now I confess to having missed the first set which was apparently a lot better than the second electric-Chum set. Nonetheless, after a few musical envelopes, I began to feel very uncomfortable and then became actually quite insulted. What Syrinx was doing was infiltrating my nervous system with post-human music. It was not singing and it was not humans playing instruments. Rather, it was sounds electricized, and transformed from human sounds to electric sounds. My total sensual and biological being was being corroded by a kind of noise never before the present, experienced in the history of mankind. Can one respond to post-humaness, humanly?

Mind you, can one blame Syrinx for my naïvely writing blasphemous articles about people you respect, and then expect those people to sympathize? Can one respond to post-humaness, humanly?

# ★ GOOD EATS ★

## Indonesian cuisine

By HARRY STINSON

Although it's just a few short years since going out for dinner meant roast beef at the Royal York, Hogtowners can now take their pick from a bewilderingly cosmopolitan array of culinary nuances. Nestled somewhere in between the fare served at Toronto's 85 Chinese and 10 Japanese restaurants, and that of the 14 Indian establishments is the fascinating cuisine of Indonesia, as prepared by the Bali Restaurant.

The artful use of risers, partitions, nooks and wall hangings subtly makes the most of this modest rec-room-panelled and bamboo-curtained room. The two bustling Tan sisters preside maintaining their burbling Oriental charm despite the fact they do everything themselves. Unfortunately, the magnificent Risttafel, an elaborate, endless-coursed, banquet (two versions of which alone take up over half of the four page menu), must be ordered a day in advance; but if you're serious about a really unforgettable if not interminable repast, then it's worth the trouble, (we were assured by the globe-trotting couple at the next table).

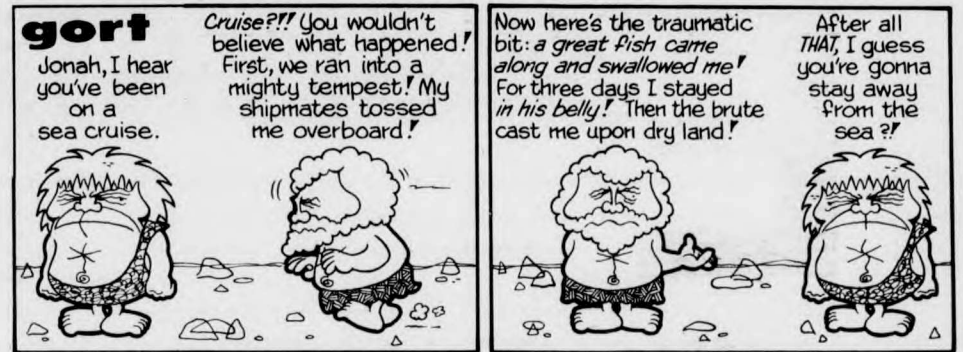
Otherwise, get the ball rolling with a Java Egg Roll (the crust is closer to a pastry, and the filling considerably meatier — delicious: have two!), or some of their light, flavourful soup, swimming with perplexing shreds of vegetable and meat. Although just about every meal is rice-based, their skill at a maddeningly attractive arrangement justifiably focuses your attention on the substantial plethora of meats, vegetables, seafoods and multifarious accompaniments.

In contrast to other Eastern cuisines, all the food is served on a single plate or platter. This makes for fascinating eating but has the occasional disadvantage in that your salad, for example (the dressing is peanut) tends to get lost in the shuffle. Liberal use is made of liver, chicken, pork and beef morsels, and vegetables such as cucumber, carrot and cabbage — a veritable nutritionist's nirvana.

The dishes — assorted meats broiled on small skewers in a tasty sauce are visually appealing, and live up to it in taste. Indeed all their seasonings (which are not disarmingly hot but delicious) and sauces are excellent. But a word of caution about the innocent-looking vial of hot relish reposing beside the sweet and sour soya sauce. Desserts of tropical fruit are topped with crushed ice and the Indonesian tea is quite good.

There is a friendly informality about the Bali, but keep in mind that it's no late night spot. It closes at nine, and reservations are advisable on weekends. A complete meal for two can ring in at about nine dollars (more for the Rijsttafel), and the restaurant is unlicensed.

**CHICKEN LIVERS IN COCONUT MILK** — Saute ¾ cup chopped onions, 2 minced garlic cloves and ½ teaspoon chili pepper, in 4 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes. Add 1½ pound diced chicken liver. When no longer pink, deluge with ¼ cup ground peanuts, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 3 tablespoons juice, a tablespoon each lemon juice and grated rind, and 1 cup coconut milk. Continue to cook over low heat for 10 minutes, stirring devotedly. Serve with rice (always rice) to 6.



# COMIX!

