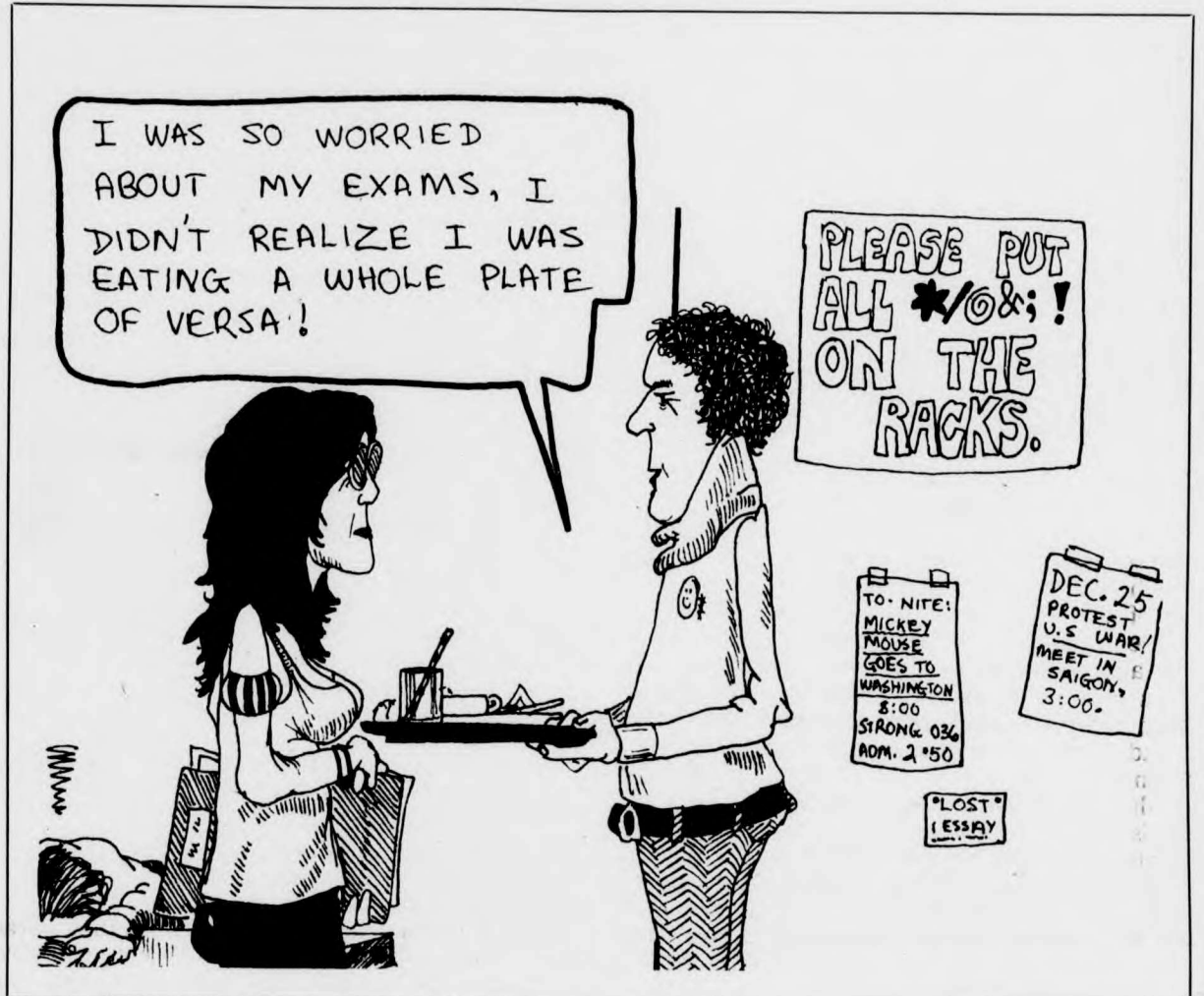


COMIX!



NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

By JOE POLONSKY

She was not about to make any bones about it. She was sick and tired of handing out meaningless phone numbers to meaningless voices.

For six bloody months she sat there most politely, saying "Information! Oh, excuse me sir, but was that R. Shuman on Queen or on Fountainhead?"

"Information! Oh, excuse me M'am, but was that L. Edlestein on Mt. Pleasant or on Gordon?"

Did she care where R. Shuman and L. Edlestein lived? Did she really give a good damn whether or not they got their bloody phone calls? What had R. Shuman and L. Edlestein ever done for her? If she had really wanted to be one of those innocuous females who walked around all day being all smiles and chuckles to strangers, she would have applied to Air Canada. Sure she wanted to smile all the time. But like the Buddha.

Well, one evening, she was watching this documentary show on her portable. It was a London Life Special on Alternative Life Styles. "That could be me!" she sighed. "That shall be me!" She stalked up to the phone and dialed up her boss at Bell. "Bell Telephone", sang out the voice of her boss. "Boss," she screamed, I'm quitting. Just send me my pay check care of P. Goldberg. "Is that Goldberg on Bathurst or on Eglinton?" the voice of her boss replied.

Now that she had liberated herself from the next best thing to being there, she moved out of her parent's house and took up residence in a one-room flat on top of Hercule's Department Store. She then took all her bras and crocheted them into curtains for her Yonge Street window. While she was putting them up, she happened to notice a salesman walking slowly down below. "Hey, radical newspaper boy," she yelled, "could you toss one up here?"

"You throw down your quarter first," he snarkily replied.

"Cheap radical", she muttered to herself, while throwing down her quarter with a very poor aim which caused it to hit an excited

Jehovah Witness newspaper salesman on the tongue.

"Now, let's see," she said. Page 2 — The Liberation of Quebec! Too far away, she thought. Besides which she couldn't speak French and in fact was quite bigoted as bilingual operators had made considerably more money than she had. Page 4 — The Truth About The Committee For An Independent Canada! Much too bourgeois, she thought. Page 6 — The Maple Leaf Rip-

Off! Much too dull, she decided. She was beginning to get worried. "I might as well have bought McLean's" she muttered. But then, flash. Page 8 — The Rebellion is in Your Head! It was a lengthy article written by a 40 year old television newscaster who saw the light, as it were. Here is a brief passage:

Friends! Do politics leave you flat? Do they leave you with a bad taste in your mouth. (Obviously a reference to the Waffle, she thought). Well friends, I don't blame you.

Subway to Christ

Because you know, I've been around for a few years and frankly I wouldn't know Karl Marx from Peter Max. (She knew who Peter Max was because there had been one of his far out collages in the Bell office. But the name Karl Marx didn't ring a bell). You know what I've done friends, I've turned on to Jesus. (She was by now, really getting fed up with the whole alternative scene. After all, she had just finished turning off Jesus, Bell Telephone and the likes). So friends, why don't you come on down to our coffee house and get into the Saviour yourself. Free donuts.

She was getting pretty lonely. At least at Bell she could pretend she had someone to talk to. So she decided to go to the coffee house. On the way, she was hustled by three guys, given the once-over by a hefty lesbian and dropped her purse on the subway track. As she entered the coffee house, a debate was going on. The present speaker was orating on how he had once been an Orthodox Jew and a devout Zionist to boot, but came to realize that the Israeli God was an imperialist war monger so he made the big leap. Besides which he had been to the Wailing Wall and couldn't get into it at all. So he became a devout Jesus Freak and Vatican supporter to boot.

"Bullshit," screamed out another Jewish voice from the back. "The only reason people are getting into Christ is because they're trying to get out of speed and smack and the likes. It's just another drug trip man. Jesus Christ is the opium of the people."

"Jesus Christ is the opium of the people," she repeated. What a nice thought," she thought.

"The rebellion is not just in our heads, it's in our streets," the young man continued. "Get the bum out of here," the Catholic convert screamed. "Kick the prick out!" Slowly and steadily she walked up to the podium. She had never spoken in front of a group of people before. Staring at the young man who had said the nice thought, she then glared at the convert and said, like she had seen on television, "Power To The People!"

★ GOOD EATS ★ A Tonka steak is worth \$10

By HARRY STINSON

Should someone offer to take you out for dinner, or if you just feel in the mood for blowing the wad, then do it in style and make the pecuniary parting less painful. Tanaka of Tokyo is a Japanese Steak House that just opened last Wednesday at Bloor and Bay.

The decor is elegant and comfortable but not showily overdone, for once. Easily the focal points are the large rectangular tables, each with eight places spread around three sides; the fourth is left open to allow the chef to get at the gleaming stretch of grill that dominates the table.

But first, the mandatory hot towels and menus. The limited selection tends to make the multi-coursed Teppanyaki Special most appealing, despite its hefty \$10 price tag. The soup, a light broth with mushroom and onion garnish, though tasty, was oddly reminiscent of the classic French onion soup. And the glorified chef's salad relied heavily on the diner's dogged manipulation of chopsticks for its Japanese flavour.

Then down to business with the arrival of the chef trundling a little trolley laden with wicker baskets and little pots of ingredients. Placing bowls of cocktail and soya sauce before his audience, he proceeds to oil the grill and slide onto it a large, semi-circle of half-green peppers and thick onion slabs, a

heap of chopped mushrooms to the side and in the centre, rows of shrimp, which he then zealously set upon, tailing, deveining and slicing them with unnerving slashes of his formidable knife and fork. A dab of butter, some quick toss-frying, a dash of seasoning and he let us drool over the maddening aroma whilst launching himself in an equally vigorous slicing attack on the peppers and onions. As the steamed rice arrived, he fried the mushrooms.

Then the steak, which he cubed, seasoned and toss-grilled to absolute perfection, following it all up with a monstrous mound of bean sprouts. After refilling the sauces and bowing his thank-yous and goodbyes, he scuttled off with his cart. Anti-climactically came a blob of ice cream, with oriental fruits and a very hot but undistinguished Japanese tea.

The swarming staff, from the stunning and competent hostess, to unobtrusive, kimono-clad waitresses, is smooth and considerate although our table chef appeared to be trying almost too hard to be dazzlingly skillful. Is it worth the money? The setting, the service and the grilled portion of the meal are unquestionably 'right on' and if you want to look at it one way, the evening's show is included.