

NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

No plumber in the house

By JOE POLONSKY

I do hate to be picky. And I must admit that when York's Central Library was first opened to the public, other than the fact that you could rarely find a book, I kind of liked the place.

What with the escalators and light shows and sofas, I had to give York credit for trying to encourage us to drop by and visit. And I felt even further pride in my administration when it hired a friendly staff to check your briefcases as you left, rather than the usual gestapo like guards who make you feel like criminals upon every exit. But I have happened upon a most unfortunate and often painful flaw in the otherwise most human of enterprises.

The three most utilized men's washrooms in the entire library have malfunctioning cans. As of Monday the following toilet bowls have been out of commission:

a) the one and only bowl in the reserve room. Whereas there are on this campus a fair number of courses which rely on heavy use of reserved material, a handicap in its own right; I suspect it is quite unnecessary and extra burden to prevent those students who wish to keep up with all the required reading, from spontaneously exercising their God-given right to positively alienate themselves from their wastes. There are far and away enough factors in this culture which prove conducive to the postponement of immediate gratification without but another added to the list.

b) the one of two male cans in the second floor washroom.

c) the one of two male cans in the third floor washroom.

And if this is not bad enough, you would think that the administration would at least see to it that extra rolls of tissue paper be left for those few cans still left in operation. I hate to take an overtly functional approach to this issue but contrary to the thinking of the more philosophic in nature of the library bureaucracy, "Where in the hell can I go to the bathroom?" is a strictly second rate existential dilemma. And contrary to the more mystical members of the library operations, contemplation of the rhythms of one's natural instincts (for excretion, in these circumstances,) is a strictly second rate cosmic experience.

So, with some self-motivated and hopefully self-servicing short term goals in mind, I undertook a private investigation to attempt an understanding of why was it that the male washrooms have not been fixed despite the fact that they haven't been delivering the goods in weeks; or to be a bit more precise, haven't helped in delivering the goods for weeks. After 10 minutes of convincing the woman at the desk that I was not a mere trouble-maker trying to cover up some nasty overdue fines, she finally broke down and told me where I could find the administrator in charge of washrooms: Male: Central Library.

I then had to wait 20 minutes for the gentleman to return from his extended lunch break. Apparently something he had bought for lunch from the cafeteria did not agree with him and it took him a while to find an available can. As he fell into his office muttering something about "bloody bathrooms" I caught him off guard and confronted him about the situation. I must say that he did seem sympathetic. "Well, I'll tell you", he said. "You see we've discussed this problem in the Senate and to be perfectly honest with you, not many of the professors seemed able to appreciate the complexity of the situation. Besides which most of them go to the University of Toronto library and so tend not to be directly influenced by the situation. But if you want to know the real reason, most of them were plain put off by the fact that any worthwhile plumber available who could fix up the bowls, would have an annual income much more than any of theirs."

What apparently than pursued was an hour's discussion on the obvious sad scale of values in society, with any hard decisions on the matter postponed until the results would be known of the planned study on the average annual incomes of tailors and butchers.

So, as a service I was asked to point out to those of you who frequent the library and are male, that the washrooms on the ground floor of Lecture Hall Two are much more colorfully attired anyways.

★ GOOD EATS ★

Soups

By HARRY STINSON

Cottage Cheese Soup — Heat ½ cup finely chopped celery leaves, and 4 cups milk in the top of a double boiler over boiling water 15 minutes. Cook 1 small onion in ¼ cup butter over medium heat 'til soft and barely brown. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour, 1-¾ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, and a pinch of nutmeg or mace, pour it all into the hot milk, and brew until thickened, stirring often.

Beat 2 cups any cottage cheese with a whisk or hand beater until you've demolished the curds, spill into the soup and simmer 15 minutes. Garnish to taste (try parsley) and serve to 4 people.

A Natural Food Soup (courtesy the Tree of Life shop) — **Beet and Apple Soup** — Cook 2 cups shredded beets in 5 cups water, and 2 cups diced apples in 3 cups water (separately); bringing each to a boil and simmering til tender (don't overcook). When the apples start a-boiling, hurl in 2 heaping tablespoons black manukka raisins. Mix in 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons yogurt, and 1 tablespoon buckwheat honey and enough broth to make it easy to whip up. Add this to the cooked apples and beets, gather your courage, and try it.

French Onion Soup — Slice 4 large onions as thin as you can (paper thin, my friend) and saute until tender in ¼ cup butter. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons flour and carry on until well-browned. Turn in 4 cups beef stock, or consommé, and some black pepper, and simmer 10 minutes more. Dash in 1 teaspoon lemon juice. At this point you may either refrigerate it until ready to serve, or complete the serving flourish step.

If refrigerated, reheat, then top with dried or toasted crustless French bread slices (either in an ovenproof casserole or individual serving bowls). Sprinkle generously with grated Swiss cheese, broil until cheese is bubbly and breaking out in a rash of brown spots and serve immediately to six. Very impressive; quite simple.

Farmhouse Soup (the Victorian Town Hall Restaurant in St. Lawrence Hall). Saute 1 peeled and thinly sliced medium onion and 2 cups sliced red or white cabbage in 3 tablespoons butter or olive oil, in a large pot, until they're just tender, but not brown. Add ¼ bay leaf, ½ teaspoon paprika, ¼ teaspoon thyme, and ¼ teaspoon basil, mixing in well. Dissolve 2 chicken and 2 beef bouillon cubes in 7 cups boiling water, add to the cooked vegetables, cover and simmer 20 minutes. Salt and pepper to taste and serve (to six).

Indian Dal Soup — Soak ½ cup coarse yellow gram (obtainable at an Indian specialty food store-India Trading Co. Ltd. at 113 Dupont) in water for 5 hours or boil 2 cups water and add gram gradually so that the water continues to boil and the starch in the gram is broken down as it hits the heat. In a separate pan, heat 2 tablespoons oil, and gently saute 1 small chopped onion 'til soft. Then add 1 bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon cumin, 1 teaspoon turmeric, and ½ teaspoon salt; and (to taste) black pepper or red chili (can you hold your spices?).

Warm these, and inflict upon the dal mixture, simmering the whole shebang for about 1 hour or until the gram is soft, and the Dal in general is like pea soup. If it shows signs of drying up during cooking, just add water. Check the seasoning, and then serve in accompaniment with a curry dinner (an Indian custom).



COMIX!

