

NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

Kennedy and the dead

By JOE POLONSKY

As always happens a practical joke inexplicably turns in on itself. Or, a quick peek into a mirror-like store window downtown, which is meant to serve as a morale booster to reassure one on his or her countenance, always results in the looker becoming more unsure than before over matters of disheveled coifs and dirty white scarves.

Over the weekend I fell prey to such a phenomenon. While merrily browsing through the magazines in the supermarket, I picked up Time to read the cover story on the non-candidacy of Ted Kennedy. I imagined that this would be a futile act as it would allow me to deride American Politics, American Culture, American Culture-Heroes, and the American Press all in one gigantic sneer. But I was duped.

The article unmasked my pseudo-cynic pretensions for delighting in the perverse. The article explicitly and internally depicted a political nightmare and a cultural horror show. It mocked the mocker. It revealed the silliness of child's play in a man's game.

The article was really rather amazing in that at least every other paragraph managed to capsulize a decadent delight of a senile culture. Following are a few selections from the Kennedy story.

"Chappaquiddick! The word is heard often and is used like a kick in the groin. In the Deep South most folks criticize Kennedy for having an unmarried girl in his car. . . The suggestion that Kennedy, a married man, might have been involved with a single woman pains many."

"Says a G.O.P. operative in California: 'We'd talk about character, about stability and morality, and the voters couldn't help thinking about Chappaquiddick. Compared with the incident, Nixon comes out looking sincere and upright and wholesome.'"

Bumper stickers read, "Remember Chappaquiddick" and "Would Mary Jo Vote For Ted" and "Wanted — Edward Moore Kennedy, For Murder or President?". Hate Letters and daily death threats commence with "Listen, Lover Boy".

On Mrs. Kennedy is written, "Lissome, leggy, striking Joan. . . a golden-haired Cinderella grown-up, a fairy-tale heiress to a legacy of ambition and success, a curiosity, a sex symbol."

"Others maintain that Kennedy would have to try for the nomination if he saw New York's John Lindsay descending on the prize; better for Ted to head Lindsay off in 1972 than risk the New Yorker's becoming the party's glamorous leader in 1976."

Commenting on a trip with Kennedy, a Republican Senator said, "It's the first time I've had such an experience in my life. It wasn't political, it was regal. People wanted to touch him-not just 21 year old student nurses but 45 year old orthopedic specialists."

And one final quote, "But the Kennedys are frightened with American legend and invite the passionate involvement of strangers. It shows in the grimy and lonely attention of people who have carved away pieces of the Dike Bridge at Chappaquiddick for souvenirs, or those who have taken to the Kennedy Centre like locusts, swiping prisms from the chandeliers, bits of the wall coverings and pink marble handles from the ladies' room faucets."

This is not a description of a man's chances of leading his party and his party's platform and ideology into an election which is to determine who shall occupy the highest position in the land. It is the story of American Culture. And it has become a freak show at the circus. Except nobody at the circus is having any fun. Nobody that is, except the chroniclers and copy editors of the mass media who in pseudo-mythic prose nonchalantly play as barkers enticing you into the Hall of Horrors, a bastion of sexual repression and morbid titillations over the slaying of the last Kennedy. Will HE live to see the White House? What about the two dead brothers? What about the dead girl?

What about the dead spirits in the ghettos? What about the dead minds on the assembly lines? What about the dead downtown streets in the big cities? What about the dead in Vietnam? "If so the nation will find out how much of the magic is Teddy Kennedy's own."

Indian food

By HARRY STINSON

No fooling, Indian food is different with a flair. Try, for instance, the Rajput (one of two on Bloor).

After searing your taste buds awake with some dhal (lentil) soup, the pakoras (fried vegetables in a tasty batter) served with sour cream, and the onion bahija (a formidable glorified blob of tangled fried onion) provide an excellent interlude in which to recover before the assault on the entree. You may specify your curry mild, medium, or hot: and I will only warn you to give it serious thought. Or, try a biryani, (meat or seafood with a curried rice mixture). As with everything else, the portions are encouragingly generous, and the flavour something else (it can be quite. . . pronounced).

It's a good idea to order some Indian unleavened bread; it comes in the form of a large pliable pancake and you can tear it apart and chew on it as a pacifier during the meal. Raita, ('delicately spiced' yogurt with vegetables) was indeed delicious, but all notion of delicacy had by that time succumbed. The waitress may not have been authentic Indian, but she did a great job replenishing the water glass.

If you're persistent and or knowledgeable enough to wade successfully through the commendably awesome variety offered on the menu, you're bound for a repast that you and possibly anyone you speak to for several days) will forget. But beware of the mysterious bird-feed like mixture that accompanies the bill (it does a great job of drying out your mouth to be sure. . .)

Contrary to popular belief, there is no such thing as a standard curry powder, but rather many different blends (of widely varying flavours for particular dishes) of anywhere from three to 30 spices, herbs, and aromatic seeds. Knowing York people to be a lively rabble, here's a very hot concoction.

Coarsely grind (blender or grinder) one half cup coriander seeds, five teaspoons of black peppercorn, one teaspoon of whole cloves, two teaspoons of cumin seeds, two teaspoons of shelled cardamom seeds, one teaspoon of fenugreek seeds. Then add: one half cup ground turmeric, one half teaspoon of cayenne pepper, one teaspoon of mace, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, one half teaspoon of ground ginger. Store in an airtight jar. Commercial curry powders contain fillers (such as rice flour) which tend to burn during frying and cause an unnaturally bitter taste.

One quite common Indian dining habit is eating with the fingers. So cast aside your superfluous Western cutlery, dip in with unfettered spontaneity, and solemnly confide to your astounded fellow revellers that you are only honoring a time-honored ancient Indian custom.



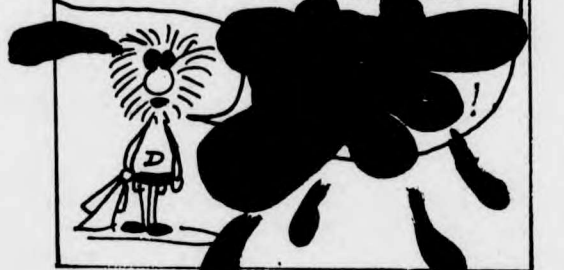
"Everything secret degenerates; nothing is safe that does not show it can bear discussion and publicity—Lord Acton"



i'm glad Excalibur believes in that...



... because now i feel a lot better telling you about Excalibur's editor and his



ALL RIGHT MICHALSKI !!!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME THAT WAS A PRINTING ERROR!?!?



Letters to the Editor

All letters should be addressed to the Editor and sent to Excalibur, Central Square, Ross Building, York University, Downsview, Ontario. Excalibur reserves the right to edit all letters more than 500 words long. Unsigned letters are the responsibility of the editors. All letters will be published however due to space limitations letters may not be published the week they are received.

Nov. 21 issue well done

I would like to praise Excalibur for the intelligent, thoughtful and constructive manner in which they reported the recent negotiations between the College Councils and Council of the York Student Federation.

As one who was present at those negotiations, it seems to me that Excalibur's response was one of responsible journalism and a service to the York Community.

Bob Colson
College G

Swastika complaint should shop elsewhere

In response to your article in the Nov. 29 issue of Excalibur on headbands with swastikas being sold in the Oasis, I would like to know, with great interest, exactly what the big issue is. The question of what should be sold in a store, so long as it is within the legal right of the individual, should depend on the manager, not on the individual (consumer).

Many people take pride in being associated with a democratic society and I think that the person who lodged the complaint with the manager does not look upon a democracy or freedom of the rights of the individual with much esteem.

I am not fond of what the swastika represents. Even putting that aside, I think that the management is within every right to sell anything he likes that is legal. In con-

clusion may I suggest to the complainer, if he doesn't like what the Oasis sells, that he shop elsewhere. Everybody complains about the (outrageous?) prices they charge anyway.

R.C. Ramsay

No responsibility with feet on couch

So you say "you can't tell what they're doing but it really doesn't matter" about the couple photographed on the couch on your Nov. 29 front page — she with her dirty boots and he with his shoes pressed against the upholstery. I think it does matter when people who are supposedly concerned about others dirtying their environment deliberately and thoughtlessly turn clean attractive sitting areas into grubby slums. Where does the responsibility start if not with such actions as removing your boots before you lie down?

Mary Williamson

Chesley's writing honest

I must applaud Lloyd Chesley for writing the only honest review of Sunday, Bloody Sunday that I've read.

Truly, Schlesinger is tactless. His lack of finesse degenerates into meaninglessness coupled with a touch of absurdity. A melange of scenes introduces the pseudo-with-it family, the drug freaks, the hip bourgeoisie — all terribly amusing but not related to character development to any great extent. This technique (and here is where I disagree with Chesley) was beautifully and

meaningfully employed in Midnight Cowboy where it was important to catch the flavor of New York City in order to understand the failure of the two protagonists (especially when contrasted against the fantasy of the Florida escape). The triangle can be found anytime, anywhere: London was a superficial, sophisticated time and place. But the Midnight Cowboy anti-heroes needed New York City then and there because they were a product, a result of time and place.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday was amusing, bordering on the boring (for some). I enjoyed the melange but didn't think it added any substance to the problem supposedly being openly and artfully treated. Mr. Chesley, you were right on target but a little harsh on Schlesinger's best film.

Rachelle Bouchard
Manhattanville College,
Purchase, N.Y.

Bookstore discounts make difference

What is the difference between a York Bookstore employee of 90 days standing, and an administration employee of nearly five years standing?

Five percent is the answer?
Discount on hard cover books to bookstore employees — 10 percent.

Discount to other York employees — five percent.

Why?

Marnie Finlay
University facilities

Mac figures said to be wrong

As a student representative of the McLaughlin College Day Committee, I am seriously concerned with an article, "What Do the College Councils Do?" by one Jim Harshman. His article contains some serious inaccuracies. Had Harshman taken the trouble to investigate the state of the committee's luncheons and their finance, he would have discovered that less than \$1,000 has been allotted for the luncheons, not the \$2,000 he mentioned.

If Harshman wishes, he, being a Mac student is cordially invited to attend one of the luncheons. He will discover that we reach many more people than the 20 newcomers and 40 to 50 freeloaders. We cannot, unfortunately, invite the entire college to lunch at one time.

Dan Tiifen
McLaughlin III

(A glance at McLaughlin's budget printed with the article shows that exactly \$2,197 is spent by the Day Committee and Harshman referred to "about \$2,000" — ed.)