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NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

*No jars
for stars*

By JOE POLONSKY

One of the norms of a participatory government is that it respond to those problems which are most harshly felt by the populace at large to be detrimental to their everyday well-being.

It is in this spirit then that I feel obliged to protest on behalf of the York populace, the lack of an essential service which if it remains absent from the York scene much longer, could seriously damage the academic standards and hence reputation of this institution. It is the lack of this essential ingredient which turns 'A' essays into 'B' ones, stimulating lecture hours into sleep sessions and invigorating debate into monotonous monologue. Surely what with the hundreds of various governments we have on campus, one could have the decency to look after the basics of a healthy academic life.

It is one minute to nine. You are studying diligently at the library. You decide to go for a cup of coffee. You hop aboard the elevator which takes you from the second floor to the lobby, naturally you are fiddling with the light show as you go; you then hop on elevator two, and by now you are usually yawning as there is no light show here to help pass the time. You then peek into the bookstore to see if this week's Life Magazine is in yet, and then after taking heed of the mess in the sitting room area next to the bank, you walk into the cafeteria.

You are just about to enter the service area, when CLANG. The Versafood Kid yanks down the metal, barred door in front of your face, catching a protruding eyelash in the process. One almost gets the impression that the Versafood Kid thinks she is auditioning for a Benson & Hedges ad. Showbiz types! She then slowly makes her way over to the coffee machine, perches herself on top of her stool next to the cash register and informs you that, "We're closed." The Versafood Kid then looks over at her sidekick and says, "You know, I don't think I feel like this coffee after all. Pour it out for me, will you honey?" And then with a quick glance at your glazed eyeballs turns back over to her sidekick and says, "Coffee's not so good for you anyways."

It is 9 pm. The library is still open for another three

hours. People are still screening their home movies in the audio-visual room, the night people are having intermission in their courses, and there is not a single drop of coffee to be had in the entire shopping plaza. The place is dry. Now I know that the desert metaphor has often been applied to the central square scene, but enough is enough already. Would it be all that difficult if just one of the governments, say the president's Tee-Planting Committee, could see to it that a drum of coffee be available to those hard working students who always study at the library at night, instead of lying around at their farms playing their Carole King album.

Of course I hardly expect one mere article in the newspaper to get the administrative wheels turning and churning out coffee grains, so I have spent the last week trying to build up a loose coalition to back me in my demands. At first, I went to the Young Socialists for help, knowing that at least there, I could count on some of their socially conscious support. But instead I was told that coffee grains are ripped off from poor Latin American countries, and that they would have no part of this mounting exploitation of our fellow peasants to the south. A bit ashamed, but nonetheless persistent (all the while trying to remember who was it who first said, "What has a South American peasant ever done for me?")

I headed over to the office of the Jewish Federation. After all, I figured, what with the latest in assortment of protest buttons on hand, "The Soviet Union is not fit for Jews and other living things," that they were bound to have one button appropriate for The Cause; maybe one like "Give us the Land of Milk and Honey." But here too I was rejected, and equally ashamed. How was I to know that the coffee in the cafeteria wasn't kosher and so they did not drink it anyways?

It is fairly obvious then, that we cannot count on any of the established groups at York to help us in our struggle. If we are to ever have the aroma of freshly perked Versafood coffee floating through the People's Cafeteria after me, it is we the people, who must act.

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