

Naked came Polonsky: The chick speaks out

It is time to practise what I preach. Therefore, it is in this spirit of participatory journalism that I have consented to turn this column over to one of the many of the oppressed masses. This, no doubt, will be the only occasion on which I shall be so moved as to actually relinquish my space in this newspaper to a mere amateur, hence risking the caliber of this column to change, for better or for worse. Yet I felt that in this instance the anonymous young lady who requested use of my column had justice and right on her side in making her request. But let it first be known that I do not take any responsibility for whatever comments appear in the following paragraphs, except that gravest of irresponsibilities, that of hiring a ghost writer.

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To the editor of Excalibur and those too numerous to count dedicated readers of Naked Came Polonsky.

Behind every great cat stands a chick, and so too with Polonsky - the flourishing young columnist. I have at last convinced Polonsky that I am the chick responsible for his fame, and with this in mind he has finally

given me the opportunity to convey to you, what life with Naked Came Polonsky is like.

According to Plum (an old Thunder Bay nickname), anything which brings one fame, success, or at least recognition, must be good. Thus, this column! His stepping stone to world-wide recognition as a journalist!

Plum's attempts to churn out a weekly column are hell on all his friends, especially his chick friend. As any Excalibur writer or Plum friend knows, articles must be submitted to the paper by Monday. Polonsky spends Sunday night pacing his apartment floor praying for an inspiration. He MUST turn out a masterpiece each week.

It is Monday morning and Polonsky is in a state of rage. By the afternoon his condition is one of terror. And my role? I pray, pray to the Muse to inspire this journalist into his weekly quotient of masterpiece. My prayers are granted, and by Monday night the article is secretly slipped under the office door. Peace and love at last.

No! Never! Wednesday the cat suffers from an acute case of the jitters. The cause - anxiety - Excalibur will be released the following morning. On Thursday - that dreaded day - success or failure. Will the editor of the Toronto Star or Telegram be impressed by this journalist? Will he achieve universal fame? But most importantly, will his fans love his column?

Ah, another successful week. But even success does not improve this relationship between chick and chauvinist. Naked refuses to allow me to touch him, to hug him, to kiss him, for fear that my deadly non-journalist mind and body will contaminate his beautiful naked body. One is simply unable to score a victory with Polonsky. Plum has envisioned a world of Joe Polonsky - journalist supreme. There will be chatty Polonsky dolls which spit out "Excalibur, column, star of T.V., fast car". All will flock to gaze at the beautiful Naked Came Polonsky. Oh - to touch those beautiful naked fingers which weekly type this column. Parents will pray for their

sons not to merely become future Bobby Orr's, but alas, future Joe Polonsky's.

So Polonsky fans, who am I in the imaginary world of Plum? Am I just a behind-the-scene chick, an unknown? I demand that there should at least be walking dolls modelled after me. They could be a chauvinist's delight. Imagine a chatty chick doll. So it is from a need to expose to the world my frustrations with Naked that I forced him, through very basic feminine means, to turn over this column to me.

But there is one further frustration I must confess. For in fact, I am not even the ultimate Polonsky chick. For just a thousand miles away in the Ontario hinterland, one finds bent over the stove whipping up a batch of his favorite chocolate chip cookies, Momma Polonsky. Perhaps, she should have written this article.

Yours truly,
Naked Came Polonsky's Chick

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