

**e P A S Q U I N A D E**

**Food & Beverage Iss**

**What Would Emeril Do?**

**Aunt Jemima Fight Back**

**The Jenna Bush Guide To B...**

**J U L Y 2 0 0 1**

# M A R F O R I O

EDITORS: YOU RARELY HEAR ABOUT US but we're still around. We've been here for some time now. In fact, it's been several years since Bubba stopped at this rest area in Virginia and drove off without us. Bubba! Come back, Bubba!

—*Religious Left*  
*Rest Stop 23-Southbound*

So there we all were, standing outside Michael Bolton's mansion when Keith found an accessway onto the grounds, bypassing the security system. I'm not sure where he got the explosives but I've learned that, when it comes to Mick and Keith, questions are best left unasked. It was that moment when I realized we weren't there to toilet paper the mansion. It was one of the great thrills of my life.

That is, until we hit Tesh's place with anti-aircraft missiles the following evening.

—*Enya*  
*Harshmellow, CA*

I keep telling you people that I'm not a lesbian. I like men. M - E - N, men. Large, chunky men. With big man-breasts you can cup in your hands and fondle while your other hand slips slowly into his panties and...

You know, on second thought, maybe I am a lesbian.

—*Rosie O'Donnell*  
*New York, NY*

Darling. You don't get this far in the glamour business with the last name of Jones.

—*Carmen Dell'Orefice*  
*New York City, NY*

You say "sun-dried," I say "tanned."

—*A. Tomato*  
*Victory Garden, TN*

It would seem that your magazine has been selected to be the historical recipient of the first ever cellular letter. We'refitzcracklespritzkinks out, but the honor oftizzlesizzlecracklz... OUT OF SERVICE AREA

I hope you don't mind my using your letters section as a soapbox to trumpet my cause, but the violence has gone on long enough.

You've heard the story by now of the high school freshman who walked into his school's cafeteria and began stabbing the unlucky classmates that had been picking on him, teasing him, and turning him down for dates. He was able to get this weapon past the school's metal detectors because the weapon was not made of metal.

That's right. He killed and wounded a record 63 classmates with a swordfish! And to think that all a child needs to procure this sort of weapon is a pole, some line, a hook, a deep-sea fishing boat, and patience!

Outlaw swordfish! Call your congressperson to support anti-swordfish legislation today! For you. For your children.

—*Capt. James T. Napkinholder IV, Ret.*  
*National Center for Swordfish Control*

Drinks are on the house!

While you're up there, could you bring me one?

—*Phil, the Witty Barkeep*  
*Hotwings, NJ*

*Well, de sun come up dis mornin'*

*But de man he keepin' me down*

*Da sun it come up dis mornin'*

*But dat man he keep keepin' me down*

*Well, I ain't never had such shitty skate wheels*

*Now I hafta head back into town...*

—*Blind Lemon Skater Punk*  
*Graphite Delta, MS*

( c o n t i n u e d o n p a g e 1 4 )

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# EDITORIAL

**Human beings subsist on food and water. This is basic biology. Sadly,** we at ePasquinade, the editors, know not the taste of food and beverage. That's because we're not humans ourselves. We're robots.

So we don't need food. A little oil on our gears and a fresh charge overnight and we're good as gold.

Surprised? Sure, you're probably aghast. You can't believe the marvelous, creative, witty prose you've been reading each month was actually generated by a group of mechanoids with multiple Pentium IV chips and oodles of memory. Except Wayne, who has Pentium III's, which explains why he has trouble meeting deadlines.

This has been a closely guarded secret now for almost a year, but something happened recently that forced our hand.

One evening last month, the editors were out on the town having a celebratory dinner with some VCs when Scott blew a fuse. He'd brought it with him. The money men weren't sure what to make of it and demanded an explanation. Our processors froze on the spot and we were forced to reboot and offer up some lame story about shrimp. The money men withdrew their offer.

Even worse, there were reporters. Knowing the word would be out soon enough, we decided we'd better do the exposing ourselves.

Why, you're probably asking, would we do an issue on Food and Beverage if we require neither? Originally, it was to ward off suspicion, but now, it's simply because, even with our super-fast chips, we just didn't have the time to change it and write more of the great thematic humor you've come to know and love.

No doubt we may lose some readers over this. Artificial Fiction still has a long way to go gaining universal acceptance. We ask that you simply try to forget what we are and accept us on our clever, witty, and occasionally metallic humor.

And feel free to recommend our magazine to your toaster oven.

—Love, Part No. ED5XL686O-T

**About The Cover:** So I had a little dinner and ran out of paper plates. What of it? ★

# CREDITS

## **Editorial Staff (And The Foods or Beverages That Scare Them Most)**

Holly Adams (*Headcheese*)  
Scott Leslie (*Vegemite™*)  
Ed Lynn (*Angel Pubic Hair Pasta*)  
Wayne Heyward (*Escargot*)

## **Cover Art (And Favorite Preservative)**

Ed Lynn (*Butylated Hydroxytoluene*)

## **Additional Writers (And The Hypothetical Ingredients of a Sandwich Bearing Their Namesake If They Were Famous Enough For The Carnegie Deli To Even Consider It)**

Erik Deckers  
(*Pepperoni, salami, Mozzarella cheese, Provolone cheese, more pepperoni, mayonnaise, and a little more pepperoni*)  
Angela W. Gillaspie  
(*Probably some sort of bacon*)  
Jim Mentink  
(*Ham, Colby cheese and alfalfa sprouts with optional radish slices*)

# THE MONTHLY EXCLAMATION!

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 9

JULY 2001

## Animal Rights Activists Descend On Surprised Pedestrian *Happy Ants Need No Longer Live In Fear*

CENTRAL ISLIP, NY—(eP) Robert Ian Green, 31, a local bank clerk was surprised when five members of the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) accosted him outside his home. Arthur Bastard, a PETA spokesman, says members believed Green to have intentionally stepped on a caterpillar, two ants, and poured salt on a slug, all in the course of

a few hours in his backyard garden.

Mr. Green suffered lacerations on his face, arms and legs, some requiring multiple stitches, two broken ribs, and whiplash. Bastard claims that many of Green's wounds were self-inflicted. A court date has been set for mid-September.

## *ABC's Joel Siegel To Undergo Cancer Surgery*

New York, NY—(eP) The entertainment industry spoke out yesterday in regards to a recent surgery on *Good Morning America's* Joel Siegel.

"If You See One Lung Cancer Surgery This Year, Let This Be It!"—*Gary Cogill, ABC-TV, Dallas*

"An elegant, tender surgery. Mr. Siegel is the perfect patient."—*A. O. Scott, New York Times*

"The biggest adventure of the summer."—*Michael Wilmington, Chicago Tribune*

"☆☆☆☆! Intense and complex!"—*Joe Leydon, MSNBC*

"The cameo by Ben Affleck was a surprise and a treat! Great fun!"—*Roger Ebert, Ebert and Roper and Bob and Alice And The Movies*

"Better than *The Animal!*"—*David Manning, WFAK-TV, Hollywood*

## *Tiny New Intel Chip Misplaced*

Undisclosed Location, AZ—(eP) A tiny computer chip prototype, too small to be detected by the unaided human eye, was lost this week when it was accidentally vacuumed up by a cleaning service after the lab had closed for the evening.

Peter Clemens, a supervisor who was on duty on the evening in question, said they have all their workers working around the clock to find the sucked-up chip. "We have 48 employees working with powerful magnifying glasses," he said in a press conference yesterday, "in an effort to locate the missing chip."

Georgia Assabe, Lawanda Jackson, and Magnesia White-Washington, the three employees assigned to the secret lab where the chip was created and stored, were put on suspension for their role in the disappearance.

"If'n dey knew what was good for dem," siad Ms. White-Washington through an interpreter, "dey'd keep dem thangs unda lock 'n' key. Now what we gwanna do? Weez got mouths ta feed."

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Compiled From Submissions By  
Ed Lynn

# ASK MS. PARANOIA

*Sylvie Gale of Miami Beach, FL, writes: "When I record a movie, I clip from the newspaper's television section the blurb describing it and tape it to the VCR tape and identify the movie on the side of the tape. When I go back to watch the tape, I read the "blurb," and remember what the movie is about. I find this to be a great addition to my library of tapes. But now there are representatives from Sony banging on my door. They've brought the police and I think they plan on prosecuting me for recording their movies. Shouldn't what I do in the privacy of my own home be my business and no one else's? Who do these people think they are?"*

Gentle Reader:

As dear Mother used to say, "VCR's are the Devil's work and should be destroyed by burning at the stake. Barring that, a four-year-old with a cup of juice will do." Dear Mother never did hold with new technology. Tin foil hats worked just fine for her, and she rejected the high tech radio wave blocking helmet that yours truly tried to give her one year for Christmas. However, Ms. Paranoia is not quite such a technophobe. Only microwaves and cell phones are truly the work of the Devil.

Your problem seems to go deeper than mere usage of the VCR however. Ms. Paranoia questions your compulsive need to label your tapes with newspaper blurbs. She feels this is a sign of a deeper compulsion, which is to label everything in your life. Ms. Paranoia knows that labels are meaningless. Witness attempts to label Ms. Paranoia as a nutcase; her readers know that Ms. Paranoia is a staunch defender of truth and human rights, and will not stop until all people are free from the shackles of the Soap Cabal and its grim conspiracy. And until the US Government admits that it was involved in the terrible plot to over up Rodney Dangerfield's involvement in the murder of John F. Kennedy, she will remain chained to Dick Cheney's wife's chiropractor's left foot.

As for your legal problem with Sony, Ms. Paranoia finds that an effective remedy for this is to mix two parts bleach to one part water and add a quarter cup of

lye. Carefully pour this into a stainless steel spray bottle and, the next time they come knocking, spray it directly in their faces then slam the door. This usually does the trick.

*Jack Z. of Cedar Rapids, IA, probes: "How do I get that fucking odor out of my fucking washing machine?!? Fuck!"*

Gentle Reader:

As dear Mother used to say, "I don't care if you like to screw albino monkeys, just don't go bragging to me about it." Ms. Paranoia will choose to ignore your obvious need for...alternative stimulus, and go directly to the heart of the matter, which is the pervasive stench.

Ms. Paranoia has found the following remedy to be extremely effective in removing odors from most common household appliances and furnishings, including: Embalming tables, anti-abduction screens, home stills, and gun racks. Follow these instructions carefully; any deviance from them might lead to rashes, evisceration, inflammation of the spleen, or even death.

First, carefully remove the appliance or furnishing to an outdoor area, preferably one shielded from aerial surveillance and snipers. Ms. Paranoia finds that a fully ventilated thermal tent is adequate, as long as it has been completely insulated with tin foil or aluminum siding. Be sure that the outside walls have been completely camouflaged. Next, disassemble the machine into its component parts, being careful to diagram and label all parts for easy reassembly.

At this time, it is advised that the reader don protective gear. Ms. Paranoia recommends goggles, a face mask, industrial gloves, and some sort of body suit. A full wet suit will do in a pinch, but you can also make your own using Kevlar, Elmer's glue, and thermal underwear. Just be sure that you are fully protected. In your case, Ms. Paranoia also recommends using a condom.

In a large metal barrel, carefully mix the following: Two large (gallon) bottles of bleach, one gallon of wa-

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*Compiled and Written By Holly Adams  
Questions Written By Ed Lynn*



ter, one quart of mildew stain remover (any brand), a quart of paint thinner (if item is painted or you are worried about the finish, simply eliminate this ingredient and soak for three hours longer), a liter of cola, 16 oz ketchup, three gallons of orange juice, a cup of red wine vinegar, and five crushed briquettes of charcoal (mesquite works well). Stir carefully with a long stick. Place as many parts of the appliance as you can into the barrel and let soak for at least three hours. For larger sections, tie a scrubbie brush (NOT plastic) to the end of a stick and dip into the solvent, then scrub thoroughly.

When items have soaked thoroughly, remove from barrel and rinse well with a hose. Be sure to rinse several times. (Expect all plant growth in a four mile radius to be killed off for the rest of the season, therefore it is a good idea not to perform this task on your property as it might attract authority figures or the EPA.) Allow items to dry overnight, and then reassemble.

If you follow these procedures, your washing machine should smell good as new, and you will find that your clothes (or whatever else you care to insert) will have a fresh, slightly fruity scent for several weeks.

*Jerry Larsen of Portland, ME, reveals: "I get really frustrated when people with railroad spikes driven into their skulls come up to me on the street and ask them for change. I thought your readers might like to know*

*an effective way I've found of dealing with this problem. When one of these spiked ones comes up to you, simply reach out and wiggle their spike a little. Not much or their screams will alert the authorities, but just enough that they forget why they're standing in front of you. Sometimes, if you wiggle it just right, they give **you** all the change they've collected."*

Gentle Reader:

As dear Mother used to say, "Honey, wiggle your Daddy's spike a little will you? He's starting to act a little surly." So as you can see, gentle reader, Ms. Paranoia is fully aware of how to wrangle such people.

However, she wishes to thank you for reminding her of this annoying problem, and for the chance to publicize some solid, tried-and-true solutions. In her experience, Ms. Paranoia has found that if wiggling does not do the trick, shouting loudly into their ear also works. Also effective is carrying a large air horn and blowing it at the appropriate moment. If all else fails, start cursing at them. They will become so involved in cursing back, that you can safely leave without them noticing.

Thank you for your letter, gentle reader. You have brought back many fond memories.

*Got a burning question for Ms. Paranoia? You can email her at [msparanoia@epasq.com](mailto:msparanoia@epasq.com). ★*

## CONTRIBUTIONS

**Erik Deckers** is in sales and marketing by day, but at night he dons a cape and mask and...well, he doesn't fight crime so much as he just runs around his house making kung fu noises. He's shy and doesn't want people to make fun of him.

At other times, he writes a weekly humor column, which is at <http://www.kconline.com/deckers>.

**Angela W. Gillaspie** is a work-at-home programmer/analyst, freelance writer, and proud Southern Momma. She resides in Alabama with her husband and soon-to-be four kids.

Visit her website at <http://www.southernangel.com>.

**Jim Mentink** created a revolutionary stain remover that he plans to market on late night television. Why?

Who knows why anyone advertises on late night television? All we know is I spilled a little on my keyboard and now I have to guess which letter is which. Yanks a kot, Kim!

Another great way to amuse yourself would be to visit Jim's site at <http://veronasbasement.20m.com>.

WE'VE RUN A LITTLE SHORT HERE, so I figure why not thank some others that may have helped contribute to this issue indirectly. Folks like game show host Gene Rayburn, Chairman Kaga, Buttercup, Steve Irwin, and Winona Ryder, just because.

While laying this issue out, some of the highly-recommended music spilling forth from my speakers included The Rosenbergs, Emm Gryner, Jonatha Brooke, Aimee Mann, The Wondermints, and Glenn Tilbrook.

# FOOD SECTION

## ODE TO BACON GREASE (BY ANGELA GILLASPIE)

Ham hocks just don't do justice to my home cooking, and salt pork doesn't either. The only seasoning to give that delicious, salty, sultry, wonderful, smoky flavor is bacon grease.

Most Southerners are raised to save all forms of bacon grease and put it in a can next to the stove. There ain't no seasoning on the market shelves that can do the same bodacious things to food that bacon grease does.

Gone are the days when most of us had to load up on calories and fat to be fortified enough to pick cotton, wash diapers, bale hay, and drive the bush hog all day. Nowadays, most of us have the stresses of soccer practice, jammed fax machines, suburban lawn care, conference calls, and appropriating VCR time-share for the kids to deal with. These activities we have now do not burn as many calories, but they are just as stressful as their predecessors were. Aside from this, most people are cutting the fat out of their diets because nobody wants the physique of an older Elvis Presley.

I agree that we should cut fat, but not bacon grease. I will pull extra weeds in my garden to work off any inches that glorious bacon grease might add to my thighs. If I couldn't season my cornbread with bacon grease, I might as well just eat a handful of sawdust. Yuck. Where there is a will (and good flavor), there is a way.

For Sunday breakfast, I usually try to do something special for my family because all during the week, they eat frozen waffles, cold cereal, and Pop Tarts. I fry a bunch of bacon and sausage, and then I spoon out some of the drippings and fry my eggs in it. With the leftover drippings, I make sawmill gravy and ladle it over a couple of piping hot cat-head biscuits, oh baby. Sawmill gravy is really yummy over grits, too, unless you are a liberal democrat who likes sugar on your grits.

Once in a blue moon, I will fry a ham steak instead of my beloved bacon. Since I do not want my family to go into gravy withdrawal, I make redeye gravy by adding in a bit of water and a dash of coffee to my ham

drippings. Redeye gravy sops up just as good as sawmill gravy on your Sunday morning biscuits and grits—trust me.

I don't want you to think that bacon grease is good only for your occasional sawmill gravy, pinto beans, and cornbread. We Southerners use bacon grease just as we would butter or other condiments. Some of us have been known to put it on the supper table with a spoon in it! Any kind of beans (navy, kidney, green, Lima) and peas (black-eyed, purple-hulled, pink-eyed, English) are enhanced greatly by this seasoning. There are also other vegetables like cabbage, collard greens, grits, potatoes, and carrots that bacon grease imparts its earthy flavoring to.

In addition to vegetables, bacon grease makes a delicious dressing. Heat some bacon grease in your favorite cast iron skillet, and stir in vinegar and sugar. Serve this dressing hot and on the side with tossed tender young lettuce leaves and chopped green-tail onions.

Okay, now that I have persuaded you about bacon grease, where do you start? First, you have to start saving the drippings from your bacon. You can put the grease in any container you like — it just depends on your preferences. I use an old percolator coffeepot to put my drippings in. My Momma uses a real bacon grease holder. Her container separates out the bits of bacon from the liquid grease. Personally, I like all of those little pieces of bacon because they add character to my dishes.

Some folks cook up a bunch of bacon in their cast iron skillet and leave the grease sitting there. The next time they cook, the grease is already in the pan and ready to go. Just heat up the skillet with the grease and then plop in your eggs or hash browns. The skillet won't rust (actually, that's how you season a cast iron skillet, by the way) and the grease won't go bad unless a bug falls in the grease or you have mice in your house.

If the appearance of bacon grease is unappealing to you, just don't look directly at it when you are cooking or you might change your mind. Quickly spoon it into your dish and stir while you look away. The appearance of this substance is frightening, but then so is your one-year-old after he feeds himself chocolate pudding, and you love him anyway.

You may also wonder about the shelf life of bacon grease. There is a restaurant in Memphis, Tennessee, named Dyer's Hamburgers, that fries its hamburgers in eighty-five year old grease. I reckon bacon grease would keep forever, but mine never lasts that long.

With a seasoning as versatile as bacon grease, you won't have to buy as much salt, ham hocks, and other flavorings. Therefore, using bacon grease can save you a lot of money.

Go ahead down to the yard sale at the corner and purchase that pretty little grease container that you've had your eye on since last week. Next, fire up the stove and fry up a pound or two of bacon and then save your drippings. Now you are prepared to create your own culinary masterpieces with the awesome flavoring of my dear bacon grease.

## A N O B S E R V A T I O N

(BY ED LYNN)

ON THE SIDE OF THE PACKAGE of Pepperidge Farm Oatmeal Raisin cookies, it says "In every one of our Oatmeal Raisin Cookies, you'll find only sweet, juicy raisins." But the ingredient list on the opposite side of the package states otherwise. The cookies also contain whole eggs, unbleached wheat flour, and partially hydrogenated vegetable shortening, among other things. ★

## B R U N O , T H E P I Z Z A B O Y

(A TASTY TALE BY HOLLY ADAMS)

"SHEEP! YOU ARE ALL SHEEP!!!" Bruno the Pizza Delivery Boy shouted in disgust as he careened through the streets of Newport, a load of twenty pepperoni pizzas of various sizes, nestled safely in their thermal jackets, slaloming dangerously in the back of his truck. Nobody ever dared to order anything interesting and original. Maybe the occasional plain cheese, or even an Everything pizza (which didn't really contain Everything since only about half of the available toppings were actually put to use). Bruno the Pizza Delivery Boy didn't really consider an Everything pizza to be all that creative, since the toppings were standardized and preselected by the pizza company. But nobody ever got creative—like pineapple and onion, one of his favorites. Or olive, jalapeno, and fresh tomato. Once, he had delivered a ham and pineapple, which excited him no end until he got back to the store and found out

that that new kid had fucked up and it was supposed to be pepperoni.

Bruno's life was sustained by his utter disgust with the pizza buying public. He ranted as he loaded the pepperoni pizzas into his truck. He raved as he screeched through the city delivering his goods. He sermonized on the drive back to the store. And he muttered angrily under his breath as he counted his tips at the end of the night. It was his right, he felt, to criticize these people. Nay, his duty. To place the stethoscope of his righteous pizza professionalism up to the deaf ears of the world, and shout with all his might that they were SHEEP! Helpless, stupid SHEEP! To throw rocks at their utter blankness, cut to ribbons the paper thin preferences that they accepted from society's dictates. It was his mandate, his destiny, to spread the word of pizza creativity. Soon, soon he would have enough money saved up, and he would open his own pizza shop. A place where pepperoni did not exist and where if you tried to order plain cheese, you would be forced to write your shame on your forehead with a Sharpie pen and parade it in front of the store: I am a Pizza Sheep. A place where an Everything Pizza really did have everything, including duct tape and scrubbie sponges. Everything. He would rule the world.

Soon. Soon they would all have to bow to his will. Soon. ★

## W H A T W O U L D E M E R I L D O ? ( W W E D ? )

(AS CONJECTURED BY  
HOLLY ADAMS & ED LYNN)

*Famed Food Network chef Emeril Lagasse is a role model for today's young people. He inspires a high moral ground wherever he goes, whether it be the Betty Crocker Institute For Professional Restaurateurship or the Time-Out video arcade at the mall.*

**Q:** *I'm in the seventh grade and my friends have started smoking marijuana. I really want to fit in. What would you do, Emeril? (Johnny Tilson, Milwaukee, WI)*

**A:** When I was in college, I learned a recipe dat saved my ass time and again. Follow da instructions below and, BAM! your pals will be your pals for life, or at least 'til da buzz wears off.



Get yerself some Hershey's Premium Baking Bar Unsweetened Chocolate. On da back is a recipe for brownies which includes a cuppa butter, four squaresa chocolate, a coupla cupsa sugar, four eggs, a cuppa flour and vanilla extract. Take yer dry hemp leaves and grind 'em in a coffee grinder to a fine powder. Put 'em in a measuring cup 'til 75 ml of "green flour" is made. BAM! Fill da cup to da one cup mark wit' regular flour. Proceed wit' da recipe on da box: Heat oven ta 350° F, grease a 13x9x2 pan. Heat the butter and chocolate and stir it with a wooden spoon until it's smooth. Stir in da sugar. Add da eggs one adda time. Add da vanilla extract and stir in da flour mixture. Add nuts if you like dat sort of ting. It takes about ten minutes longa dan da box suggests to be completely baked through, so bake it for forty minutes. Makes three dozen brownies and BAM! at least half as many friends.

*Q : The guys from Judas Priest just asked me back to their hotel room. Should I go? What would **you** do, Emeril? (Bonny Milsson, Ann Arbor, MI)*

*A : Dat Halford fella's one sexy guy, Bonny. Havin' met da man during a taping of my upcoming sitcom, I can say da gentleman is well-versed in European history, Shakespeare, and quantum mechanics. The rest of da band frequently find demselves discussin' da famous philosophers. Dere's no doubt you'll have an ass-slappin' good time. And don't be put off if dey ask ya to disrobe. One of dere favorite pastimes is to play nude Scrabble.*

*Q : I really like this girl, and I thought she liked me. But then she started dating this other guy. She says she just wants to try new things and not get stuck in one relationship. What would **you** do, Emeril? (Michael McMichaelson, Alpharetta, GA)*

*A : Dat's a good question Michael. Have you tried kickin' it up a notch? She wants something new, sock it to her. Try making her a fabulous mushroom fritatta, maybe add a hollerpeeno pepper, throw on some Essence... BAM! You got her. Keep her by making her something new every day. Den I tink dat guy will be running the other way, see. 'Cuz he don't got the peppers to keep her coming back for more. ★*

## F O O D S Y O U S H O U L D N ' T E V E R E A T

1. Beernuts
2. Anything suffixed by the phrase "and gravy" (e.g., Snow Peas & Gravy)
3. Anything prefixed by the phrase "Deep-Fried" (e.g., Deep-Fried Tofu)
4. Tofu
5. Red meat
6. Dark pink meat
7. Blue meat
8. Grilled lab rat
9. Any meat dish from that Korean restaurant next door to the pet shop
10. Any supermarket item with an ingredient list longer than two finger widths
11. Anything prefixed with "Mc"
12. Anything prefixed by "Biggie"
13. Toecheese
14. Ugandan caviar
15. Spam
16. Haggis
17. Lutefisk
18. Puffer Fish
19. Blood Pudding
20. Blood Sausage
21. Actually, come to think of it, Blood Anything is right out
22. Kidney Pie
23. Fruitcake
24. Fermented Soybeans★

## A C H A N G E O F I M A G E BY SCOTT LESLIE

JOHNNY QUAKER AND TIMOTHY OATES lounged about their expansive office. It was just another day at the office for the two cereal moguls. Quaker sipped at his coffee while Oates went through their hectic agenda.

"Now, Tim, run this by me again..."

"Okay," Quaker began. "It's like this. Our third quarter sales of Quaker Rice Cakes have been dreadful lately. Christ, they've always been dreadful! And who can blame them? The fuckers taste like packing foam for Chrissake."

"You bet," said Quaker.

( C o n t i n u e d o n p a g e 1 6 )

# BEVERAGE SECTION

## WINE SELECTION FOR GUYS

(BY ERIK DECKERS)

Let's say you're at dinner with your fiancée, and you're trying to make a good impression on her parents, when a cloud of doom settles over your head: you've just been asked to select the wine.

You are overwhelmed by feelings of dread and despair, but remember the wonderfully insightful and brilliant article you read about *Wine Selection for Guys*. Everything will be alright.

As you glance over the wine list, there are a few rules you absolutely must remember:

1. Good wines have corks, not screw caps.
2. Good wines do not have the words "Strawberry Breeze," "Mad Dog," or "Ripple" in the name.
3. Good wines do not have commercials with scantily clad women or party dogs. The one where the men build a nude statue of David is pretty stupid too.
4. Wine coolers are *not* an acceptable substitute for wine, even if they're peach flavored.

Look carefully at the wine list. There are a number of wines from several different countries, ranging from around \$20 to \$200. Unless your future in-laws are independently wealthy, stay away from the \$200 range. However, you don't want to look to cheap, so don't order the \$20 bottle either. Let's pick a nice California wine.

There are two types of wine to think about: Red and White. While the old rule of "Red wine with red meat, white wine with everything else" is still good, it's not the hard and fast rule it was twenty years ago. Nowadays, you can order whatever you like. But since this is your first time, don't experiment. Just follow the rule.

There are many different types of red and white wines. Some of the more popular reds are Cabernet Sauvignon, Burgundy, and Merlot; some popular whites are Chardonnay, Sauvignon Blanc, and Riesling. Of course, you'll get a wine list that has sections for "White" and "Red," so don't worry about memorizing all these. And don't just order "a glass of white wine." You'll look stupid.

Everyone is having the steak tonight (who knew your future mother-in-law could eat a whole seventy-two

ounce Porterhouse by herself?), so you should probably stick with the red. My favorite is the Merlot, so let's order that.

No! I don't care if you want a Burgundy, this is my article, so we're getting the Merlot!

Get a wine that costs around \$40 to \$60. You're not paying for it, your future in-laws are, so don't worry.

The first thing the sommelier (French for "The Wine Serving Guy") does is to remove the cork and hand it to you.

Look at the cork and gently squeeze it. Is it firm and moist (at least as moist as cork can be) or is it dry and crumbly? If it's really dry, the wine is probably oxidized and will taste bad, so send it back. You'll look like you know what you're doing, and you'll get a little more respect from the in-laws-to-be. Or it'll make you look like an effete snob, and they'll hate you.

Now smell the cork. Does it smell good? Does it smell bad? Does it smell like feet? Yes, you may find some corks that do not smell very good, but it's not an indication of the wine's quality. It's just another step in the wine selection ritual.

The sommelier will now pour a little wine into your glass. Do not give him an accusing look and ask "Is that all?" Instead, pick up the glass by the stem, and swirl it around a little. Look at it and make thoughtful faces. Examine the color and clarity of the wine. But short of finding a severed finger in the glass, you won't see anything special, so just try to look intelligently.

Next, smell the wine. Stick your nose in the glass. That's right, stick it all way in there, but don't try to blow bubbles in the wine. Now sniff deeply. Take your nose out, swirl it again (the glass, not your nose), stick your nose in and sniff deeply again. Think of a few of the things the smell reminds you of, but don't say them out loud. You don't want to think of an ex-girlfriend, and accidentally blurt out her name in front of everyone.

Now you're ready to taste the wine. Take just a small sip, and *very* delicately swish it around in your mouth. Don't do it like you just took a big swig of mouthwash to get rid of a bad cigar aftertaste. Be discreet, and don't gargle. You're doing this to coat your tongue with the wine, so you can cover all the taste buds, thus getting the full flavor of the wine.

At this point, many people will start making grand speeches about the bouquet, body, and finish of the wine, and how it has a slight almond aftertaste. However, most of these people don't know what they're talking about, they usually just start blubbering "I love you guys!" after four glasses, and their wine has an almond aftertaste for a reason. Just nod silently to the sommelier, and he or she will pour the wine for everyone at the table.

You have now successfully ordered a bottle of wine. You didn't embarrass yourself, and you impressed your future in-laws mightily. You should be proud of yourself and happy with your achievement.

Just, for God's sake, do *not* chug the wine, belch, slam the glass on the table and shout, "Hoo doggy, that's some mighty fine vino!" ★

## THE JENNA BUSH GUIDE TO BARTENDING

IF THE RECIPE CALLS FOR ONE SHOT OF ALCOHOL, double it. If the recipe calls for a jigger of alcohol, just drink straight from the bottle, 'cause I don't have any idea what a jigger is. I asked my daddy, but he just said to drink from the bottle.

Here's a nice little drink: Take one shot of vodka, two shots of vodka, three shots of vodka, and a shot of brandy. Place in stomach and shake vigorously. Pour out into toilet bowl and pass out. (HA, EL) ★

### POWER DRUNK (A STORY ABOUT IMMORALITY AND...WELL, IT'S JUST ABOUT IMMORALITY) (AND, BY THE WAY, IT'S BY ED LYNN)

"EVIL, SCHMEVIL," SAID WALTER MATTHEWS, a businessman and pillar of the community for twenty years. "You think I'm afraid of a few villagers with torches?"

"But, Mr. Matthews," replied Ernie, his right hand man. "What about the gasoline tanks?"

"Ah, yes. The tanks. Well, they should know better. Shouldn't they?"

The gas tanks were actually a series of industrial gasoline tanks spread out over twenty acres of com-

pany land that Walter Matthews had begun hoarding three months prior. He knew something serious would happen soon that would cause the prices to skyrocket the world over. The prophecy came true when the organized terrorist strike destroyed easily 70% of the world's oil supply. Walter's supply was, of course, untouched. The terrorists had known better.

"I don't think they care much, sir," Ernie said, watching as the torch-lit throng approached, moving ever closer.

"What about the dogs?"

"They released the hounds, but the villagers seem to have talked some sense into them."

"The hell, you say?"

"Animal psychologists, sir. The village is crawling with them."

"So. I guess this is it then?"

"It would appear so, sir."



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, this all started quite innocently. Walter Matthews started as a junior accountant at a small firm in Manhattan. The firm would not survive the recession of the eighties, but Walter would. In fact, between 1985 and 2000, Walter had worked at over fifty organizations. Always as a junior accountant. Never for more than six months.

Then, late last year, he was grocery shopping when he came across a new one of those so-called "power drinks," most of which are just sugar water with some neon food coloring and a fancy name, as Walter would be the first to tell you. But Walter enjoyed his power drinks. He imagined downing a bottle in one gulp and suddenly being able to fly or see through walls.

Anyway, this bottle was different. It was sitting all by itself on the shelf, the only one of its kind, and its interesting shade of green intrigued Walter. The label read "Walter Matthews' Liquid Power—The Only Power Drink Specifically Designed To Benefit Walter Matthews, Junior Accountant."

It was a little expensive, but Walter paid with his credit card, which had only been used twice in the last sixteen years—once when his date bailed on him in the middle of an expensive dinner at an expensive restaurant and once when a co-worker bet him he wouldn't use it to pay for lunch. The purchase was inevitable.

It occurred to Walter that this might be some sort of

( C o n t i n u e d o n p a g e 1 5 )

# J A D E D P R E S S C L I P P I N G S

SCHOOL PRANKS IN THE NEWS: Three Ohio teens were suspended and charged with pouring motor oil in school's halls and spraying grease on the students' combination locks. *Toledo [Ohio] Blade* Benjamin Metelits, a valedictorian at a Phoenix high school, did a striptease down to a g-string and mooned the audience during his speech at graduation. *Arizona Republic* Lissette Stanley, senior class president at Blake High School in the Tampa, Florida, area, had her title stripped after sneaking condoms into gift bags intended for distribution to the school's prom. *Tampa [Florida] Tribune* And chickens were set loose in the halls of a Columbus, Ohio, high school sending six of the animals to Ohio State Veterinary Hospital with internal bleeding, cuts, and lost feathers. *Columbus [Ohio] Dispatch*

A family was apprehended at Bogota's international airport trying to smuggle in a million dollars in cash. One of female travelers explained away the money by saying the Virgin Mary had appeared before the family and it had simply fallen into their hands. *Reuters*

Seniors at a high school Creve Coeur, Missouri, chose as this year's graduation speaker the school's custodian. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

After attempting to rob a bank with a toy gun, a 17-year-old from in Fort Worth, Texas, tried to elude police by ducking into a tanning salon and asking for a tanning bed. The owner became suspicious when she asked the out-of-breath teen if he was being chased. *Reuters*

Three brothers died digging a well in Taboa da Serra, Brazil, from what appeared to be gas poisoning after each descended to the well's bottom. "One of them dropped something to the bottom and went down there to pick it up but fainted there," said a duty police officer. "So his brother descended to check on him and also lost consciousness. And then it was the third brothers' turn." The official could not provide the ages of

the dead brothers, but said they were grown-ups. *Reuters*

A man fired shots at the home of his ex-girlfriend in a community near Tucson, Arizona. Police later arrested Keith M. Livsey, who had driven a modified, gas-powered, red and orange-painted golf cart in the drive-by shooting. *Tucson [Arizona] Citizen*

A woman walked into Chicago Police headquarters and handed over a pair of testicles she said she had bitten off a man who had sexually assaulted her. The man found his way to a local hospital where he underwent unsuccessful Colombian amnesty law that says the state will look the other way if an escaped convict voluntarily returns to prison within 72 hours. *Reuters*

A ten-year-old Austrian girl was attacked by a swarm of 150 ticks as she rode her bicycle through a meadow near her home. Luckily, the girl had been vaccinated against the sometimes fatal tick poison. *Reuters*

BAD TEACHERS: Bernard G. Tschiderer, 48, chose to resign his teaching position at a Florida middle school after students rewound a videotape he had lent them for a yearbook project to find images of their Tschiderer masturbating. *St. Petersburg [Florida] Times* A teacher in Scottsdale, Arizona, was suspended after reports that she taped an 11-year-old boy to a chair four times between December and April, once with duct tape and the remaining times with masking tape. The teacher said she used tape as a "reminder" for the boy to stay in his seat. *Arizona Republic* A Granite City, Missouri, music teacher was suspended after leaving three students in the back of a moving truck for five days. The teacher had rented the truck to transport instruments for a performance and the students agreed to ride back to the school with the instruments. Once back at the school, the teacher forgot about the children in back. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

( C o n t i n u e d o n p a g e 1 4 )

# THE SHORT LISTS

## Seven Films Conspicuously Missing From AFI's List of the Top 100 Most Thrilling Films of All Time (In No Particular Order)

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1. *Battlefield Earth*
2. *Short Circuit 2*
3. The entire Jim Belushi canon
4. *Beverly Hills Ninja*
5. *The Coneheads*
6. *Turner & Hooch*
7. *Debbie Does Dishes—The Director's Cut*

## Eight Search Strings Web Surfers Used To Reach <http://www.epasq.com> During The First Half Of June

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1. "japan pussy sex trial ture"
2. "kelsey grammar graduation speech"
3. "corvette summer image download"
4. "jennifer aniston's hairstyle on the friends"
5. "penis in vacuum cleaner pic\* fake"
6. "i want to touch martha stewart's breasts"
7. "hairlip jokes"
8. "how can i get charles manson's mailing addr"

## Seven Alleged Hiding Places For All The Idiots Of The World At Those Rare Moments When You Could Actually Use One

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1. Your Sock Drawer
2. Crammed into a phone booth on campus at the University of Indiana
3. In the window display at Macy's
4. Driving around in circles in a cable company van
5. Making their own gravy
6. Putting the final touches on Windows XP
7. Writing obligatory short lists

## Four Reasons We Just Made Up Why The Last Issue Was So Damned Late

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1. The dog ate it.
2. Accidentally published as the May issue of *Time Magazine*.
3. Knocked up by *Modern Humorist*.
4. Traded to the NY Mets for a wedge of cheddar and a case of Heineken.

## Five Newspaper Headlines We Figure We'll Never See

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1. *McVeigh Changes Mind; Forgot He Was Actually In Australia when the Federal Building Blew Up*
2. *Bill Maher Announces He's Going to Live Up To The Title of His Program; Host Will Stop Kissing the Butt of Special Interest Groups*
3. *White House Releases IQ Test Scores; Dubya Scores 250*
4. *Alitalia Billboards; Why They Make Us Horny*
5. *Peace in Israel; Sharon and Arafat Star in Sitcom*

## Seven Baseball Teams and What They Would be Named If They Were Named After Body Parts

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1. Philadelphia Pancreases
2. Los Angeles Livers
3. San Francisco Spleens
4. Boston Patellas
5. Houston Large Intestines
6. Cincinnati Ovaries (*women's team*)
7. Seattle Pituitary Glands

## Seven New Ipecac Flavors For Fall 2001

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1. Boiled Spam Extract
2. Buttsweat of Louie (Anderson)
3. Abe Vigoda-guano

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Compiled By Ed Lynn  
Written By Holly Adams, Scott Leslie, Ed Lynn and Jim Mentink



4. Haggis Juice
5. Oil of Arafat
6. Newman's Own Gravy
7. "Battlefield Earth: The Sauce"

### Eight Foods, If They Were Named After Movies, And Compared To The Same Food Were It Named After A Different Movie, So That One May Gauge How The Movie Title Effects Edibility

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1. *Hannibal Pot Pie* vs. *Field of Dreams Pot Pie*
2. *Dude, Where's My Salad* vs. *An Awfully Big Salad*
3. *Romy and Michelle's Pork and Beans* vs. *Porky's Pork and Beans*
4. *Better Off Dead Burger* vs. *Less Than Zero Burger*
5. *Mission: Impossible Tuna Casserole* vs. *Gone in 60 Seconds Casserole*
6. *Patch Adams Potatoes* vs. *Good Will Hunting Potatoes*
7. *Armageddon Apple Sauce* vs. *Deep Impact Apple Sauce*
8. *Rounders Flounder* vs. *Evil Dead Flounder*

### Six Words That Sound Like Noises A Cat Might Make

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1. Sphinx
2. Maul
3. Snicker
4. Mir
5. Route
6. Cow

*Got a short list of your own? Not one of those longwinded Top Ten lists that gap-toothed freak reads on late night television? Email it to us at [editor@epasq.com](mailto:editor@epasq.com). ★*

( *L e t t e r s : f r o m p a g e 2* )

Aha! I have succeeded in infiltrating your Letters section! You will bow down to the Master! Now the world will know my name!

—Name Withheld By Request

Like I was trying to say last night, babe, I've changed. Really, I have. I'm sorry I cheated on you with that slut Cosmo. I had no idea she was only Seventeen. I guess it's true—you *can't* judge a book by its cover.

—Maxim

This new Star Trek series, Enterprise, is a pre-quel to the original Star Trek series. It was one of Gene's final wishes to have this series come to fruition and we still have another couple hundred of Gene's final wishes waiting in the wings that could take the Trek mythology well into the next Millenium if we play our cards right.

—Majel Barrett Roddenberry Ono  
Hollywood, Universe

*I hope that I shall never see  
An ass as big and round as me*

—Phil Collins  
Otterwipe-On-Avon, England



( *J a d e d P r e s s C l i p p i n g s :  
f r o m p a g e 1 2* )

A judge in Chicago set aside a possible eighteen months in prison for Elizabeth Roach's mistakes. Roach stole nearly a quarter of a million dollars from her employer to finance a shopping addiction. The judge ruled that the spree—she bought expensive jewelry, clothing, and accessories, costing up to a half million dollars—was Roach's way of "self-medicating" her depression. *Chicago Tribune*



*A Jaded Press Clipping is one that reports something so utterly mindblowingly... er, Jaded, you can't help but send any you come across to our special Jaded Press Clipping Email Vault at [jpc@epasq.com](mailto:jpc@epasq.com). ★*

( *Powerdrunk: from page 11* )

prank perpetrated by his co-workers, but he'd been with Fister & Howell for just over a month and reasoned that his co-workers really weren't the joking type. Having been employed by such a diverse group of employers over the years, Walter felt he was a good judge of character.



LUNCHTIME, THE NEXT DAY, Walter pulled his lunch and his eponymously named drink from a small refrigerator in a co-worker's cube and headed to the break room.

The break room at Fister & Howell was like many corporate break rooms. It had a sink and a refrigerator, a water cooler, a soda machine, tables and chairs. Walter chose a table and chair at the back, near a line of windows. He liked being close to the outdoors without actually going outdoors. He set each food item in a specific quadrant of the personal eating space before him—sandwich to the right, chips to the left, a small plastic cup of tapioca pudding just behind the chips and the drink, top unscrewed, behind the sandwich. He sometimes opted for a medium-sized cup of ice in which to place his drink, but there was no cup today.

Walter liked order. Chaos scared him.

Walter drank a small amount to wet his palate for the food that would follow. Mmmm, he hummed. Not altogether bad. An unusual taste, but in a good way. He took another sip. The bottle was empty before he knew it and so he supplemented the remainder of his meal with a cup of water from the water cooler.



BACK AT WORK, he sat down and resumed the drudgery of his daily routine crunching numbers, when a familiar face appeared at the entrance to his cubicle. Christopher Kern, his supervisor, had sent one of his favorite drones for Walter, escorting him to Kern's corner office.

Kern's favorites got preferential treatment—being asked over to Kern's house for backyard barbecues, getting free tickets for sporting events, numerous promotions, etc.—but Walter didn't mind. No doubt he'd be employed elsewhere in a few month's anyway.

He walked into Kern's office. "So, are you firing me?"

"Walter! Relax! No one's getting fired!" Kern was a yeller. "Quite the opposite, my boy! We're promoting you!"



DUMBFOUNDED, Walter sat in his cubicle, staring blankly into the screen of his fifteen inch monitor. The idea was foreign since he was never up for one. Promotion. He broke the word down in his head much like he would a complicated equation. Pro. Motion. Positive. Movement. This was a good thing. He was always satisfied with his station in life because he was never faced with this "positive movement."

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught the glint of the glass bottle that had, a short while ago, held his drink. It occurred to him that the drink might have had something to do with it.

Walter made the decision to leave work early that day, something he'd never done, and make a pit stop at the grocery store where he'd bought the drink.



"IT'S CALLED *Walter Matthews' Liquid Power*," Walter explained to the confused store manager, slowly, enunciating each word. "It's green!"

"Sorry," he said. "I do all the ordering for the store and I'm sure I would've heard of it."

Frustrated, Walter climbed into his Yugo and drove home.



He didn't recall ordering anything, which he surely would have, but there was most certainly a large, brown package on his front porch. Probably delivered by accident.

He picked up the package. It rattled. He turned it to read the address label. "Walter Matthews," it started. "Yes, Walter," it continued, "The package is for you."

It was all very *Twilight Zone*.

He juggled his keys and managed to get the door open, carrying the package inside and setting it on the kitchen counter. He pulled a small paring knife from the top drawer and sliced the packing tape across the top and sides. He opened the package carefully, half expecting something would jump out at him.

Inside were another dozen bottles of the green power drink.

*How?* he thought. *Why me?*



Walter continued drinking the Liquid Power every day. When he started running low, another package would mysteriously appear on his doorstep. He never let his curiosity get the best of him though. He didn't care where they were coming from, as long as they were coming. The address labels would usually have some sort of greeting instead of Walter's address, like "How are you today?" or "Congrats on that promotion, you stud you!"

When he became the CEO of Fister & Howell, he began buying and selling companies like mad. This made the stockholders very happy. They rewarded him with stock options, new cars, and a boffo salary.

Eventually, he left to head up an oil company. You know the one. You get your gas there. So did everyone else until alter's terrorists caused the worst oil shortage in history with the intention of raising prices astronomically and retiring as the richest man in the world.

He was so high on this power trip that Walter hadn't even realized at the time that his green power drink hadn't arrived in nearly a month. ★

## TALES FROM THE PERCOLATOR

### EPISODE 213: WIRED!

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL, SPRING MORNING. The sun was shining, the birds singing. Allegedly. You see, I'm in a windowless room drinking my fiftieth espresso. Maybe sixty. I lost count when the giant talking turtle started biting my elbows.

I've been up for five days now. Maybe six. It isn't some sort of sleep deprivation experiment although I have been approached by some college psych students eager to study me. I turned them down on account of the horns growing from their heads. I am awake, and have remained so, strictly out of necessity. If I sleep now, I ruin this tale.

Since beginning these tales so many years ago, I've finally run out of coffee-related stories. There's only so much you can write about the subject. Trust me. An astute reader even wrote in to point out that my last two adventures were recycled from some of my earlier tales. Not consciously, I assure you.

So, I figure if I can just stay awake long enough and drink as much caffeine as I can get my hands on, something tale-worthy is bound to happen.

So far, nothing has, save for the ever more frequent hallucinations. My incessant pacing between the typewriter and the toilet, for instance, caused the renter in the apartment below to stick his head up through the ceiling, my floor, and threaten to call the police if I refused to keep it down. He had horns as well. The refrigerator has been humming show tunes for two days straight and my pants seem to be infested with caterpillars.

There may be some sort of monster lurking in this place, waiting patiently to strike at just the right moment. But that moment never arrives and the creature falls asleep, bored out of its monster mind. Maybe it should hang out in the bathroom, where I'm at my most vulnerable.

And just when it couldn't get any worse, I discover that the last cup was really the last cup. I'm out of beans. Panic. I suspect the vessels in my head will explode soon anyway. Now the editor, who also seems to be sporting horns, is telling me that this will be the last installment. He is replacing the column with Hints From Heloise. No matter. My entire circulatory system is so overwhelmed that I doubt I'll last another hour, let alone a parag— ★

( *I m a g e : f r o m p a g e 9* )

"So, marketing's brought a new slogan down the pipes..."

"Okay, let's hear it."

"Quaker Rice Cakes. Better than a kick in the head."

Quaker paused for a moment.

"I like it!" he said. "Get those boxes printed up right away..."

Just then the intercom rang.

Quaker pushed the button on his desk. "Yes, what is it, Miss Wilson? We're very busy."

"Sorry to bother you, sir, but there's a large black woman here to see you. A Miss Jemima..? Says that she has urgent business to discuss with you."

"Damn," muttered Oates. "Not *her* again."

"As if we didn't have enough problems," said Quaker. "Look, Miss Wilson, tell her we're busy right now. Better yet, tell her we're in Wisconsin!"

"Okay Mr. Quaker," whispered Miss Wilson. "But I don't think she—HEY WAIT!" The two men jumped as they heard a booming female voice outside their door shouting "Where is dey?? Where is dey??"

Suddenly the door burst open and in walked a big black woman wearing a plain gray dress and a soiled cotton apron. Her kerchief danced about on her head as if it were about to hit the ceiling and let out a burst of steam. The woman did not look pleased.

"Ah dere yu ah!" she cried.

"Aunt Jemima," smiled Oates, uneasily. "My, don't you look lovely this morning? What seems to be the problem...?"

"Shut cha mouth yu!" she growled. "Why I shoood beat da tar outta botha yu rite ere an now!"

"Now, now, Jemima," said Quaker. "What's up now? We already gave you a raise last month."

"De money don enta inta it, Mista Quaka," said Aunt Jemima as she tried to restrain herself. "Iz ma imaj I wanna talk bout."

"Your image?" said Quaker and Oates, exchanging curious glances.

"Why shor! Dis iz sa melliniminimum, man, an I look az if I iz rite outta Unca Tom's Cabin! Whatta dameaning steereotype! I wanta be da nuw womin! I wan yu ta draw me diffrnt - an pronto bifor I hav ta bust me sum heads!"

"But Jem, honey," said Quaker. "you're famous! Everybody knows who Aunt Jemima is! You rank right up there with Tony the Tiger and the Doublemint Twins! You wouldn't be the same if we changed you."

"Dat iz de whole idea," said Jemima. "Lan sakes, looka dis faca mine! I cood stopa clock wid it! You getta face like mine an yu see ow mani parties yu get invited to!! An looka dese por nigga lips o mine! Man o live, Mik Jagga's got nuttin on me, I teya!"

"But Jemima," said Oates jumping in. "We couldn't possibly change you. The public always relates to a common idea. You can't change it without losing some of the market. It's like changing Snap, Crackle and Pop to Biff, Whammo and Thud. It just doesn't work."

"I don car bout dat!" shouted Jemima as she pounded her grimy fist into an adjacent bookcase. "I see aw dese womin en dere hiheels an dere straplis dresses. Laud, I kin only git inta a bakini in ma dreams! Oh yu two iz gunna chanj me aright!!"

"But what about our sales??" asked Quaker.

"You all no where yu kin stick yo sales," grumbled Jemima, sweat trickling down her furrowed brow.

"Look Jemima," said Quaker. "We'll make a deal. I can get the ad staff to give you a haircut and a simple halter top. Maybe even a new kerchief. I'm sorry but with the interests of our company in mind, that's all I'm willing to do."

Aunt Jemima stood in the middle of the office, trem-

bling, and did a passable impression of an open volcano.

"Okay! I iz lozt ma patientz on yu suckas!" she cried and pulled a hunting rifle out from under her apron.

Oates sprung into action and immediately hid behind his desk.

"Jemima!" cried Quaker shakily. "Put that gun away!"

"Sho nuff!" she said. "Rite afta yu giv me a new bod!"

Thinking quickly, Quaker dove for the gun and tried to wrench it from her hands. However, being the Amazon that she was, Jemima threw Quaker to the floor and jumped on him a few times before twirling him around in the air and abruptly depositing him on the desk in front of Oates. Quaker lay there for a few moments groaning in pain as Aunt Jemima beamed a self-satisfied little smile. While she resumed brandishing her weapon, the two men gave each other a weak glance. Oates reached into his desk drawer. He brought out a Post-It note and began writing.

"...size six...halter top...bikini underwear..."

Montel Williams stared at his cards for a moment and slowly tapped his lips in thought. He turned to the stage as if to say something then looked back at his cards again.

"Now, let me get this straight. Says here that not only do you have a new pancake mix on the market, *but* you're also running for Senate."

The camera cut to Aunt Jemima who cut a dashing figure in her blue blazer and designer skirt. She crossed a slender pair of legs.

"That's right, Montel."

"Now, don't get me wrong, I'm all for it! But with all this publicity, sounds like a smooth way to sell more flapjacks! Am I right..?"

"Don't be silly, Montel," she smiled. "Sure, my *New Liberated Woman Style Pancake Mix* is out there. But that's just coincidence. Besides, I think the women of America would agree with me that they'd rather work in an office, than slave in a kitchen!"

Jemima was greeted by enthusiastic applause, a few whistles, and the occasional "You Go Girl!" Montel began leafing through a copy of *The National Enquirer*. He held it up for the audience to see.

"Well, what about these pictures of you and Billy Dee Williams?"

Jemima ran a firm hand along her gold necklace.

"Look Montel," she said. "Let's just say that I'm *new and improved* and leave it at that. Now, about the whole gun control issue..." ★