

Let's Eat!

A Column of Gourmet Vitriol

Mr. Venom

1979

Better Late Than Never In the spirit of the weather and the season, a few obituaries. Harry Bennet, a chief gangster for Henry Ford, scabherder, thug, assassin, head of the Ford Motor Company's notorious "Service Department," drowned in his drool in a California nursing home. Suffice it to say that he won't be missed around these parts.

Praise the Lord and Pass the Kool Aid Some nine hundred religious fanatics killed themselves by drinking a deadly combination of red dye number two and cyanide. Nosirree, you won't see this writer lamenting their demise, nor of the politician they took along for the ride. Hearty congratulations! Religious and political cults would do well to follow their admirable example. In this case, the parody preceded the actual events; we are reminded of the poster that appeared a while back in the San Francisco area telling Christians to shortcut it to heaven via the Golden Gate Bridge, and to "jump for Jesus."

For cultists, USLPers, moonies, krishnoids, children of god, mystico-parabolists, therapy-junkies and the rest, next time you're standing on a corner selling flowers, feeling depressed because no one is listening to you, remember the jonesers and throw yourself under the next bus which happens along. You'll be doing everybody a favor. Jump for Jesus!

Why a Duck? Norman Rockwell, whose favorite portrait subject was Ike Eisenhower (the truth is stranger than fiction), who illustrated all sorts of droopy dogs, boy scouts, dripping ice cream cones, zombies, patriots and other examples of the accumulation of that peculiar and distinctive American brand of philistinism which makes the rest of the world wretch. Rockwell's most revealing line was, "My worst enemy is the world-shaking idea, stretching my neck like a swan and forgetting that I'm a duck." The cause of death was indeed listed as the sudden and unexplainable emergence of a world-shaking idea in Norman's dim brain. Neither duck nor swan, he made like a frog and croaked.

Political Obit George Wallace finally retired, and rolled away into the sunset. We have this delicious image of him being rolled down the steps of the Alabama state capitol.

Even His Horse Couldn't Stand Him John Wayne, cryptofascist celebrity, passed away during major surgery when he was rejected by his own stomach.

Commercial Obit/Where Have All The Flowers Gone Department The "instant books" which appeared after the Guyana incident, five in number at last count, each creepier than the preceding one, were all commercial failures, and died in the drugstores. To all the editors, publishers, and journalists, a good old college try, boys, but it's like popcorn at a hanging.

Living Dead/Where Are They Now? Lon Nol, former generalissimo of Cambodia under the tutelage of Nixon and Kissinger, speaking from his home in Weikiki Beach, denounced "the barbarians who would invade a neighbor country under the insidious banner of 'defending freedom' from that country's own political leadership," and volunteered to join with Pol Pot, Ieng Sary, and other Khymer Rouge leaders in forming "a united front to defend the sacred motherland from the Vietnamese aggressors," in what he called a "block of four classes." When questioned

about the political differences between him and the recently defeated Khymer Rouge, he replied blandly, "We're all Cambodians on this bus."

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