

I offered the following unsolicited advice to the American Democrats in 2003. They should've listened...

FALAFAL

Those of us who were around to enjoy the 1984 presidential election remember with fondness the candidate for the Democratic nomination, Gary Hart. Before cooking his own goose by engaging in extra-marital stuffings he was famously challenged in a televised debate to put some meat on the bones of his rhetoric. Walter Mondale skewered him with the simple question, Where's the beef?

I suppose that in deference to the region in question today we might now ask: Where's the lamb in my döner? Because that is what Dunkin' Donuts has served up the American public: A döner kebab without the lamb. Okay, there are a few greasy bits of gristle, but nothing you can sink your teeth into, nothing that tastes like lamb. In fact, what there is tastes suspiciously like pork.

What America has been fed by Dubya's cooker-uppers (motto: Stuff Happens) and their pals at the Fox outlets (jingle: Any old mush will do! So long as it's red, white and blue!) has been a lot of manipulated lettuce dressed in blood and oil, all wrapped in a pitiful pita made of old dinars. (To be fair, you do get an Old Glory sticker on every döner and a special offer on duct tape.)

Nothing short of a culinary outrage has been committed and it will not be long before the American people get indigestion from it. And watch out for the heartburn they are going to suffer when they get the check.

Democrats, whoever you choose as candidate for supreme cook, your slogan is ready and waiting: Never mind the beef, where's the lamb? All I ask in return for my hard work in getting you elected is a small slice of the Iraqi ham; the falafal franchise would do very nicely.