



A Tale of Mayo

Tonight I am making a pulled pork BBQ dinner for the tubeheads in gratitude for their help in moving out of Wise Acres and into Top Level Clarence. To maintain dietary balance I will be serving home-made cole slaw on the side, and the process of making it furnishes the narrative for today's post.

Since my kitchen at Top Level Clarence is not yet fully-equipped, I did all the cooking at Suz Doyle's place down the hill on 34th Street. Suz is fundamentally not a mayo-type person, so as the pork was baking I set off for the Environmentally-Sensitive And Socially-Conscious Co-Operative Food Market down the street to procure some mayo for the slaw.

For those of you who have never tried to buy mayo at an Environmentally-Sensitive And Socially-Conscious Co-Operative Food Market in your neighborhood, before you can gain access to the aisle where the dangerous stuff like that is kept you have to sign a release which absolves the store of any responsibility for cardiovascular disease brought on by the consumption of gratuitous saturated fat-containing products. I forged Hunter S. Thompson's drug-addled scrawl on the form and hoped the attendants would not notice that he's been dead for a number of years, and entered the Danger Zone.

There I discovered every possible different take on mayo which was prominently free of anything unhealthy. The one thing they did have in common was price: a minimum of \$8.99 for 6.3 metric ounces of product. There was fat-free mayo. There was egg-free mayo. There was vegan mayo, both fat- and egg-free, whose primary constituent was free-range air. Way down on the bottom-most shelf there was mayo made from free-range eggs which included their birth certificates and a letter from the operators of the free-range egg farm, which claimed that all the eggs used in their products had lived healthy, fulfilling, free-range lives before being lightly killed and blended into their mayo.

I laughed and exited the store, headed for the condiment aisle at Fred Meyer. There I found mayo made entirely from eggs which had been wrenched away from their mothers prematurely and unceremoniously cracked open and dumped into cement-mixer-sized blending machines along with ingredients made entirely from inorganic constituents of the Earth's crust in factories which also processed polonium-210 and DDT in their machines. I bought a container of this, 22 Real American Ounces Of Product for \$2.19, and headed back to Suz's place to squirt copious quantities of this into tonight's slaw, which I hope you will enjoy. That's Slim's story, and he's sticking to it.