



American Fried

Calvin Trillin

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

American Fried

Calvin Trillin

American Fried Calvin Trillin

The *New Yorker's* Calvin Trillin loves food while despising the très haut Francophile gourmet—the kind who can produce a dissertation on the proper consistency of sauce Béarnaise. Trillin knows that the search for good food requires constant vigilance particularly when outside the Big Apple. Not that Cincinnati and Houston and Kansas City (his hometown) lack magnificent places to eat—if one can resist the importunities of those well-meaning ignoramuses who insist on hauling you off to La Maison de la Casa House, the pride of local epicures too dumb to realize that the noblest culinary creations of the American heartland are barbecued ribs, fried chicken, hash browns and hamburgers. Trillin is ready to do battle for K.C.'s Winstead's as the home of the greatest burger in the USA. Generally, he advises, you will do fine if you avoid "any restaurant the executive secretary of the chamber of commerce is particularly proud of." Also, any restaurant with (ply)wood paneling and "atmosphere," where the food is likely to taste "something like a medium-rare sponge." This then is not a celebration of multi-star "restaurants" but of diners, roadhouses, eateries—the kind that serve food on wax paper or plastic plates and to hell with Craig Claiborne. With tongue in stuffed cheek Trillin gives the finger to the food snobs, confessing his secret vices with fiendish glee and high good humor.

American Fried Details

Date : Published August 12th 1979 by Vintage (first published January 1st 1975)

ISBN : 9780394741727

Author : Calvin Trillin

Format : Paperback 183 pages

Genre : Food and Drink, Food, Nonfiction, Humor, Writing, Essays, Cooking, Autobiography, Memoir

 [Download American Fried ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online American Fried ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online American Fried Calvin Trillin

From Reader Review American Fried for online ebook

Laura says

I enjoyed reading this book, partly because I like Calvin Trillin's voice, which comes through loud and clear (although I wonder how he eats as much as he writes that he does), and partly because it takes me back to my childhood. Also, in one of the essays (about being in New Orleans during a dietician's convention), I am reminded how the more things change, the more they stay the same. I liked it even though it became clear that Calvin and I might have different views about the usefulness of government. But, *Alice, Let's Eat* was much funnier and included more of Alice and his daughters, which I particularly appreciated.

Ensiform says

Humorist Trillin talks about his love for good old American food, especially hamburgers, barbecue, and crawfish, as opposed to fancy, pretentious faux-French food.

He's a funny guy, although he's mostly a three-joke writer: he eats an enormous amount, his wife makes arch comments, and it's a scientifically provable fact that his hometown in Kansas has the best food in the world. Enjoyable enough, but can't say I see what all the food writers revere about Trillin.

Chris "Stu" says

Calvin Trillin is a warmly funny author with a food obsession. The book is a collection of his columns from the mid 70s from all over the country. Most of the restaurants he mentions no longer exist, or if they do, exist in Kansas City or New Orleans or the like--however, his mentality around food is timeless: getting good food, rather than overpriced food, and eating it whenever you want to do so. This means mostly going to small family run restaurants rather than what he dismissively calls *La Maison de la Casa House*, *Continental Food*.

But primarily, Trillin is funny. I kept stopping every couple of pages to read a paragraph or two to my ever-patient girlfriend. It's that type of book. The only complaint I have is that it's too short. Luckily, it's the first book of a trilogy. So I've got that going for me.

Sarah says

This book makes me so happy. First, I love reading about food. Second, Calvin Trillin has such a personality that comes out in his writing. He knows he's being ridiculous, and the whole book is gently poking fun at himself. He is right that everyone seems to think the best (insert type of food) is from their hometown. Incidentally, the best steak in the world can be found at *Flames* in Millwood, Westchester.

Ross says

Calvin Trillin riffs on eateries and arteries as he tracks down the best meals (in Kansas City, Cincinnati, New York, and elsewhere) in the early 1970's. His impressions of some of the specific restaurants are undoubtedly obsolete, but his crackling observations of human behavior are funny and don't seem dated.

John Hubbard says

The writing is very good. The book is clearly dated. I don't think this holds up like MFK Fischer work for historical interest but still tells us a lot about changes in the American imagination of food.

Greg Brozeit says

As I was reminded of the fond memories of reading *American Fried* while reading John T. Edge's *The Potlikker Papers: A Food History of the Modern South*, it occurred to me that Trillin's book might well have been the first real "grown-up" book I had ever read. Trillin is much like A.J. Liebling, a writer who is unquantifiable and beyond category. He writes humor, poetry, political and social commentary, travel logs and just about any subject that interests him. After reading this book, I used to follow his pieces in various magazines, mostly in *The New Yorker*, and on his occasional appearances on television.

Edge's summary of *American Fried*, made me realize how much Trillin's words and experiences shaped the person I was to become:

[Calvin Trillin's] first food book, *American Fried*, published in 1974, tapped the zeitgeist for honest American. Instead of adopting the countercuisine of brown rice, tofu, and tamari. Trillin argued for vernacular foods. He rejected "La Maison de la Casa House" restaurants where the speciality was "Frozen Duck à l'Orange Soda Pop," in favor of fried chicken from the Kansas City roadhouse Stroud's and barbecue from the crosstown smoke shack Arthur Bryant's. Trillin waged a one-man war against continentalism, challenging readers to reevaluate foods of their youth. His playful boosterism inspired a generation of writers. And he emboldened a generation of eaters. Trillin, who traveled the region to report on the civil rights movement, inspired Southerners to appreciate specialties like crawfish, mutton and maque choux.

He introduced the nation to the joys of unsung eater's towns like Breaux Bridge, Louisiana and Owensboro, Kentucky. Channeling a new respect for African American knowledge and expertise, while poking subtle fun at a new generation of white Americans who fetishized the working-class foods of black women and men, Trillen wrote, "Going to a white-run barbecue is, I think, like going to a gentile internist: It might turn out all right, but you haven't made any attempt to take advantage of the percentages."

The few times I've been to Kansas City, I make a point of visiting Arthur Bryant's. Their version of salty barbecue, the sliced pork and brisket piled New York deli-style high between two pieces of white bread, ordered at a tiny, smokey window and eaten on ancient formica tables, is one of the great culinary experiences one could ever hope to experience. The pig's ear sandwiches at the Big Apple Inn in Jackson, Mississippi are surprisingly tender and somehow taste better knowing that they were Medgar Evers' favorites. But give the hot sausage and fried bologna a chance too. I've loved the dueling cheesesteak places, Gus's and Pat's, which are caddy corner from each other in South Philadelphia. The Serbian-style fried Barberton fried chicken, made from Amish-raised chickens, is among the greatest joys of living in Ohio. The memory of a po-boy at Guy's on Magazine Street in New Orleans can bring tears to my eyes. As does a Cambodian pulled pork sandwich with marinated carrots at Num Pang in Manhattan (which vies with the

noodles at Xi'an Famous Foods for my attention). Any food truck in Austin, Texas will do. Or a Jucy Lucy at the 5-8 Club in Minneapolis. And searching for the holy grail of tacos al pastor, which are a little different at every Los Burritos in the Los Angeles area, in which each greasy morsel melts in your mouth, is a joyous crusade. Don't get me started on my quest to try every type of bratwurst and currywurst in Germany.

If that list of cuisine intrigues you, so will *American Fried*. Thanks, Calvin, for pushing me off on a culinary journey that will never reach its goal.

Hope says

Trillin scores again with his eccentric humor and serious criticism of American regional and church supper/potluck cuisine. This time, he wanders with Fats Goldberg, the formerly obese pizza baron, to Kansas City and back. His trip to Louisiana with his wife, Alice, to the Breaux Bridge crawdad festival is classic Trillin.

While he is a noted food writer, Trillin is also a political humorist, reminiscent of Mark Twain. While his early books might seem to be a bit outdated, most hold up well. This is one which does.

Audrey says

This is another food memoir by Calvin Trillin, he has written three, this is the first one.

He is just so funny and I love his stories about his eating adventures. In this book we also get to meet some very interesting people he has met and befriended on his eating adventures, my favorite is Fats Goldberg.

I loved reading about the different restaurants and festivals he has visited searching for the perfect meal and I laughed quite a few times at his observations, he is just so witty.

This book was written in the early 70's so some readers might think it is a little dated but I didn't find that to be the case at all, alot of observations on fast food and areas of the country staying true to their talents and what they are best known for, foodwise, still ring true today.

Of course the biggest truth I believed he shared was in his opening chapter when he said that Kansas City was home to some of the best food in the country, especially Arthur Bryants, his personal favorite.

Jan says

This book shaped my world-view to an almost embarrassing extent. It is so deeply ingrained my central nervous system but also so similar to how my parents talked about food and restaurants that it is impossible for me to guess how much of my own view of food came from my parents versus Calvin Trillin's writing versus my own actual independent likes or dislikes. Doonesbury, Peanuts, Calvin Trillin and Winnie the Pooh are the four things that come quickest to mind that reached the "things that I unconsciously use as filters whenever I am trying to understand the world," especially in early adulthood.

I even made a couple notes in my parents' copy of this book when I was about 11, which embarrasses me

horribly and reminds me of the Flowers for Algernon passage where our hero wants to go back and correct all the mistakes in his journal that he made before the increased intelligence had kicked in.

Kevin Buckley says

I never could develop a flow with this book - and maybe it is just the style where chapters are separate little stories.

I also think I suffer from the book being older, so some of the explanations have a difficult time translating to the current reader.

I trust that I will learn to enjoy this author, as I did smile at many of his comments --- I will circle back to the other two titles I have by this author at a later time -

Carley says

Decent food writing about barbeque, pizza, chili, fried chicken and crawfish. The book got a bit slow towards the end. Trillin focuses on a few specific areas of the US, Kansas City, his hometown, New York City, where he currently resides, and Cincinnati and New Orleans.

James says

Amusing collection from articles published in THE NEW YORKER and other publications all about Calvin Trillin's edible escapades from Kansas City to NYC. He does love french fries. He writes with a wry wit (and he loves a Jewish deli and actual rye bread) and very dry humor. This is part one of his Tummy Trilogy which encompasses his digestive detours across America and elsewhere. He has a yen for trying anything that smells good or looks good or he hears is good. I just wish his yen for analogies and metaphors was less seasoned in the pieces. He peppers them throughout very liberally.

Ben Crouse says

I have endless respect for Calvin Trillin, the first populist of food criticism who precludes other champions of the working class such as Jonathan Gold and of course the great sauceman G. Fieri.

Writing-wise every moment in this book is just building up to a one-liner which feels like Calvin grinning at you expectantly and jabbing you in the ribs. Love what this book is doing, maybe not how it's doing it.

Jessica says

Calvin Trillin's first of three Tummy Trilogy books is a hilarious look at one man's loyalties to Kansas City hamburgers and barbecue, New Orleans crawfish and the perfect bagel-lox-cream cheese trifecta in Manhattan. He wrote this in the early 1970s but some of his favorites still exist, such as Winstead's and Russ & Daughters. His self-mocking humor is entertaining even if the book really is one long love letter to Trillin's favorite dining places across America, which do not include the French restaurants he calls "La Maison de la Casa House." Fun for any foodie or Trillin fan.
