

The Chinese Year of the Black Milkshake. Welcome to Black Milkshake comedy podcast with me, Jorma Kirkko, and him, Ray Mac. And we're back in our local juicer, Jimster, and our sponsor, main sponsor, James Joyce, Istanbul.

Also, Shakers, you can find us on Grow Radio UK, home of the biggest selections of podcasts, 24-7. Yes, and this week's show is fuller than an NHS dentist's waiting list. We've got the usual fun and games, plus... Well, going back to that waiting list, Jimmy, a bit like our show, after a few episodes, you get to know the drill.

You do. That's a little taster for something later. Anyway.

Looking forward to that. Greg the Cleaner swinging by Honzie's Pampas grass party, Jimster, later, and we're going to suss out what's really going on. Well, will he suss out? That's the big question, isn't it? That's the big question.

Our lovable Greg, will he suss it out? And we've also got Kevin Spacey arranging a lads' night out and a double world champion athlete coming up later in the show. Wow. That is something, isn't it? Now, if you've ever found yourself not sure what to call one of those Middle Eastern sandwiches, you know, where they grill meat on a vertical spit and then put it in bread with salad and things like that, you might think you have an idea of what you would call it.

But maybe, like me, you've called them the wrong name once or twice, upsetting some people and their ethnic background. So if you've ever done that, you're in good company. Ray, how would you... I know that in most English-speaking companies, they call them döner kebabs, but, you know, it's döner, isn't it, which means turning.

But how would you describe a döner, Ray, living in Turkey all these years? Well, I'm watering at the mouth at the moment, because last week you were talking about hamburgers. Döner kebab, definitely a dish of Turkish origin, Jimmy. And like you said, it's on the spit.

It's a seasoned meat stacked on a spit or a rod. Yeah. And you said in the shape of an inverted cone.

Turn slowly. How do you describe that knife, Jimmy? That long, big, sword-like knife, and it slices the tin, yeah, the tin. I tend to call it a big knife.

A big knife, yeah. You big bollocks. You can get electric ones as well for it, can't you? You can indeed, but I love going down Istiklal Street.

You can see all those döner shops, and they're out there. It looks as dangerous as hell. I wouldn't get too close to that, Jimmy.

Yeah, what are we talking about, 60 centimetres, one of those knives, maybe? Absolutely. Sharp as hell. Like I said, Jimmy, the tin slices from the outer layer of the meat, as it cooks, yummy, yummy.

Yeah, absolutely, and as you said, of Turkish origin, although the Greeks would say that it wasn't. Ray, what's a shawarma, then? It sounds pretty similar to what you just described. A shawarma, oh God, you got me there, pal.

I haven't got a second clue. Oh, guess what? It's everything that you just described, but it's from Syria and Lebanon and the Middle East, and they say it's not Turkish at all. Now, of course, if you're confused about this, you're not the only ones.

The next lads are confused, and they've actually got a song about this. Now, these guys that we're just going to play, it's only a short clip, but we mentioned it last week, but they call themselves two Jews for technical reasons. I think there are not three of them, and they're certainly not Buddhists, but they're a comedy singing duo based in Berlin, and they're brilliant, these guys, Ray.

Have you seen them? No, but I'm about to check it out after I do some homework. Yeah, they're great, yeah, and what they do, they do the comedy clubs in Germany, but the whole act is in English. Now, one of them is a former opera singer, actually, and the other one plays guitar, and they do beautiful harmonies together, but what they also do is just walk the streets of Berlin, bursting into song at random places, and here's one that they performed at some kind of kebab shop in Berlin, and if you watch the video, have a look for this video.

It is brilliant watching the bemusement on people's faces outside, and it's that classic dilemma, do we ask for a doner, or a shawarma, or a gyros even, because I'm not going to say it's all the same. Here we go.

SONG: Shawarma is not a doner, doner is not shawarma, one is made by Arabs, and the other by Turks, they both smell very similar, the food, not the people, but if you can't tell the difference, just ask for a burrito.

Can I get a burrito? Burrito? Brilliant, Jimmy, you know, as a great Turkish chef once quoted Jimmy, why have abs when you can have kebabs? Yes, or a burrito, as he said there, anyway. That was brilliant. Check them out on YouTube, they've done some great songs, absolutely great songs, and next time I'm in Germany, I'm going to try and see if I can actually watch them as well.

Yes, I'm looking forward to that, definitely. I'm actually hoping we can get them on the show, they gave us permission to play that song, so let's see. Anyway.

Celebrity true or false, are you ready Jimmy? I would say so. Good man. Hugh Hefner, Playboy's founder, bought a jet plane in the late 60s to troll lavish parties, and he nicknamed it Bugsy's Baby.

I'm thinking of Bugsy, I'm thinking of Bugsy Malone, I'm thinking of Bugs Bunny. My wife's father used to call her Bugsy when she was a little girl, because she thought that Bugs Bunny was her boyfriend, and she used to have a Play telephone where she'd tell him that she was speaking to Bugs Bunny. But Bugsy's Babies, why would he do that? Surely Playboy, it would be something more to do with bunnies, wouldn't it? Surely, don't call me Shirley.

So I'm going to say it wasn't Bugsy's, it was Bunny's Babes or something like that. Okay, it is false, it was called The Big Bunny. Okay, well I told you, I said Everybody and not Bugsy, I was not far off yet.

Jimmy, that now retired jet was almost as famous as the Playboy Mansion. He revamped and he refurbished it, inside and out, with a disco area, round bed covered in fur, showers, and even a powder room. And I'm not even going to mention what the cockpit must have looked like.

There must have been some crack there, Jimmy. Oh dear, I think that is a new low-ray. That really is.

Well I was just describing the revamp and refurbishing of the jet. So, how many have I gone so far then? That was his favourite hangout, Jimmy. You're okay, you're on one and you're going to stick on one.

When he was a college student, he used to hang out in Bunny's Tavern, where the waitresses dressed up as bunnies. Later he went on to say he picked the animal name because bunnies have a lot of jiggy-jiggy, non-stop jiggy-jiggy, as in like, at it, like rabbits. Oh right, I always wondered what the whole rabbit-playboy connection was really, because I just always think of rabbits as being really cute and eating a lot of carrots, and I couldn't work out what that had to do with all your cockpits and cracks and other foul and depraved things.

Jimmy, listen, actually, there's an actual type of bunny named after him. U.S. Fish and Wildlife named a type of rabbit the *Sylvilagus palustris hefneri*. I'll repeat it.

*Sylvilagus palustris hefneri*, Jimmy. That sounds absolutely fantastic. That's in it.

Wow. Wow. I'll have half a dozen, please.

Jimmy, seriously, you know, things fucking got easier. Oh, sorry, did I just say that? He moved his office, he moved his office into his bedroom to make things a little bit easier, Jimmy Onam, and he started wearing those smoking jackets all day. He also wore them when he entertained people, and people were disappointed if they didn't see him in pyjamas or a smoking jacket.

He owned 200 custom-made smoking jackets and pyjamas, Jimmy, and he didn't wear feckin' underwear with the dirtbag, Jimmy. Yeah. Well, he'd need to have a lot of them, wouldn't he? That's right.

You know, there's always a certain kind of film where, which you've probably seen quite a lot of, Ray, where, you know, for example, a nice lady around our age may have a problem with her washing machine or similar to that, and, you know, a tradesman who's often quite a bit younger than her comes round because her husband's at work, et cetera, and before you know it, somehow, he needs to inspect the plumbing, but in a different way than possibly was intended. Now, as you will be well aware, these guys have never got any undercrackers on, never. They're wearing jeans, which, for starters, must be incredibly chafing on the top of the old John Thomas, but the other thing, too, is what the hell are they going to do if they do a bit of a dribble just before they knock round at Milfy's house? I mean, it means they're

going to have to have about 300, well, not if they've got a washing machine, but I was going to say 365 pairs of Levi 501s.

It's outrageous. I don't know why we pay our taxes, Ray. Oh, yeah, you don't.

Yeah, I know. Don't tell everybody. Thanks to Hugh Hefner, Jimmy, an entire generation, an entire generation learned to read magazines with one hand.

Now, plus a bit of odd news. The best arm wrestlers of all times, not tour wrestlers, arm wrestlers came from that generation. Now, the burning question I want to ask everybody out there, Playboy Magazine, do anyone actually really read it? It's Hefner's fault that a majority of men had to go to Spec Sabres, Jim, sir.

I suppose it is. I never partook in the buying of the magazines, Jimmy, because I had older brothers. Yeah, of course.

And if my memory serves me well, pal, they only bought Penthouse or Hustler, and they only bought them for the articles. But technically speaking, Jimmy, it wasn't reading material. I remember, Jimmy, when I was getting a sneak peek of my brother's magazines hidden in the attic, through or under the mattress, I had to be very delicate when turning the pages, Jimmy.

Or trying to unstick the pages, perhaps. My goodness. And, yeah, so you never bought those things.

Well, what about Reader's Wives Magazine? I mean, you confessed to that on several occasions. Thanks to older brothers, Jimmy. Oh, I see.

The only thing, too, though, is you never actually needed to buy them. All you needed to do was get a local newspaper and stick one inside it and pay your 27 pence. Or so they tell me.

But how things have changed, Jimmy. Now we hold our phones with one hand. And a final quote, Shakers.

Seriously, enough of this tomfoolery. As a great Irish philosopher once quoted, a picture is worth a thousand words, Jimmy. R.I.P. The Big Heff.

You got to hand it to him, Jimmy. Pivotal dirtbag. He was, indeed.

He was, indeed. Enough of this shite. Have we got any more? No.

You were looking for more magazines, weren't you? I was just looking under my wife's side of the bed to see what she had there. Oh, God. Okay.

Let's try and bring a bit more civilization to the episode right now. As people who've listened to a long time might know, one of our great friends was last year's world champion toe wrestler. And he beat the, I think, 18-time champion, Alan Nasty Nash, who retired as a result of Ben Total Destruction Woodruff beating him.

And it was the world championship again last Saturday. And I said I wasn't going to say this before, Ray, but I've changed my mind. But Alan Nasty Nash couldn't quite believe that he wasn't going to be champion anymore.

So he made a sneaky return to challenge the current champ. And good old Ben won for the second consecutive time. So congratulations to you, Ben.

And here's something that Ben recorded for us straight after the match on his way to the hospital. Here he is. Hello, Shakers.

It's your favorite toe wrestler here, Ben Total Destruction Woodroffe. Just giving you all a massive thank you for listening, a massive thumbs up. Please keep listening.

Remember, there's no harm in toe wrestling. Big up, Total. Congratulations.

Second time champion. Absolutely delighted for you, pal. Yeah, well done.

Absolutely delighted. Well done. Well done.

Well done. Yeah. And if you don't know anything about this rather unusual sport, it's somewhat like arm wrestling only with your toes.

But it's become quite a cult thing. And Ben's been on a couple of BBC radio shows this year and last year as well. He's been in the New York Post as well, Ray, not to mention The Guardian.

So check out toe wrestling. It's something, it's a sport, as Ben says, that is totally inclusive. It totally inclusive.

It doesn't matter what your age is, what your gender is. Well, it does, actually, because they only have two categories. But why not give it a go? Get in touch with us if you want any more information about Ben.

Or you could try to follow him on Twitter as well, WorldToeWrestlingFederation. Yeah, absolutely delighted. Ben, total destruction.

Congratulations. Super. Well done.

Good skills, pal. Yep, indeed. So, you know, talking about friends of ours, it's been quite a while, Ray, since we heard from Greg, wasn't it? I'm trying to think, what was Greg up to last time that we heard from him? Was that the time? Well, he was up to no good.

I think it was the time when he got arrested. Was it with the father? Yeah, I think it was when he... With the good father, the good priest, yeah. He caught Father O'Flaherty and Mrs. O'Leary in the bushes making strange noises and had to explain himself.

I think that was it, anyway. But, yeah, Greg got in touch with me a couple of weeks ago. He likes to tell me what he's been up to and things like that.

Yeah, it seems that Greg was quite excited. We'd been invited to a party and, you know, Hansi records most of his parties anyway. So, with the help of Hackett Technologies, he sent us a bit of audio.

SKETCH: Such lovely pampas grass. Oh, I hope this box of Cadbury's milk tray will be an appropriate gift for Hansi's party. Mr. Patel and shop indicated that milk tray is the best outlay of £12 when you're going to someone's party.

Ey up, who's that big fella at the door dressed up like a penguin? Excuse me, sir, could you kind of confirm if this is indeed the correct location for Honzie's social gathering? If your name's not on the list, you're not coming in, Flower. It's okay, Otto, man. He's a friend of mine.

Do you have a mask, sir? It's traditional for first-time visitors. A mask? You're referring to facial coverings like those used in the COVID-19 pandemic. I wasn't informed about this detail.

My preparation only extended to chocolates. Well, make your way in. You can borrow this, yeah, but no stains on it.

You got that? Hey, Greg, my main man. Welcome to the party. Honzie, I'm detecting an unusual herbal aroma in the air.

Additionally, I've observed that many individuals are attired in noticeably abbreviated clothing. Is there a specific reason for either of these things? It's a masquerade ball, Greg. It's a fancy-dressed ball and we're raising the heat.

OK, Hansi. I don't know how you can afford to do that with the energy crisis and the recent upsurge in gas prices. I might eventually find my decision to wear an Aran sweater, cargo pants and hiking boots to be somewhat ill-advised.

Wait, is that Mrs. O'Leary over there? Yeah, I didn't know you knew her. She's over there with Barbara. Barbara the model.

Don't models usually wear more clothing than that? Actually, she looks a bit cold. Depends what kind of magazines they're in. Anyway, those two are going to be busy for the next hour or so, but I'll introduce you to a good friend of mine.

The box of chocolates is a nice touch there, Greg. Everyone looks so strangely enigmatic and elegant. I hope my attempts to blend in harmoniously are not in vain.

Well, hello there, handsome stranger. Fancy showing me your moves? Moves? Well, I would, but I'm not much of a dancer, you see. Nonsense.

You're a newbie like me. No one will know who we are. You can express yourself however you want to with your body.

Waiter, can I have another bottle of champagne, please? Okay, I certainly will attempt to fit in. What's your name? Shush! No names, no drills. Unless you'd like to give me a good drill? Yeah, I've got a Bosch GBH2-26 at home.

It's a dual-function device. I've always found it very steadfast and dependable. You can choose if you want to drill or screw with it.

These will suit me. Why don't you come with me, and we can have a seat? Hansy was talking about a spit roast. Fancy? Oh, I could do with a bite to eat, yes.

I think it'd be all mannered to eat my own chocolates. Oh, okay. I think you accidentally touched my thigh with your seemingly PVC black glove.

Oh, come on. Don't be shy. You can call me Sapphire.

Your voice sounds very familiar. Sapphire, why are you rubbing my bottom? Hold on, you're Emily. Bloody heck! Great.

Well, well, well. I guess our paths weren't destined to cross again after that disastrous date. No hard feelings on my part, but I was hoping you might.

What a peculiar and unexpected thing to say. Why would anyone wish to feel disapproved of? Maybe it's... Bloomin' heck! I think that's my erstwhile absent MP, Nadine Gorries. And who was it she just spanked with that riding crop? Was it Father O'Flaherty? There's a very good chance it was.

We all call him Sippin' when he's not getting... Is that Russell Crowe talking to Barbara and Ray Mac? Wait, that's Huw Edwards, my favourite newsreader. Oh, I do like his swimming trunks. I guess he's just going into the jacuzzi.

I think that... Yeah, that looks like Vagella Rick Rocks over there with Liam Neeson. And me old headmistress, Mrs Drinkwater, over there seems to be sitting on a man who resembles Tom Cruise from Cocktail. I bet she can tell one or two.

E, I do wish I bought me camera for me celebrity scrapbook. No! The bloke at the door. If you're not on the list, you're not getting in, Flower.

But, you know, as ever, he survived and he held his own. Do you remember that old advertisement? Milk Tray. Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

All because the lady loves Milk Tray. Our Greg, he always has a few twigs up his sleeve, Jim. Oh, he does.

He does. And I think what we'll do from there is on the subject of social gatherings. Let's go over to see what our friend, well, your friend, Ray, I think, Kelvin Spacey has got organised for us.

And it's looking like a big lads night out in Istanbul. So let's have a listen. Hi, my name is Kelvin Spacey, actor, philanthropist and celebrity fan of black milkshake comedy podcast.

Since the day I met Ray Mack at the Brutus Himmeler Institute of Psychiatry in Beltsville, Maryland last month. I've lived in the UK for a long time now, but I've been on the lookout

for a new challenge for a while. And that's why Yorma persuaded me to launch a branch of the Kelvin Spacey Foundation in Istanbul, Turkey to encourage youth involvement in the arts.

I'll be over in November for the launch. But at the moment, my friends Huw and Philip are working around the clock to provide grants to individuals and organisations to help young people study the arts. So why not give it a go? It'll give a whole new meaning to your life.

And if that doesn't float your boat, why not meet up with me and the boys in James Joyce Irish Pub Istanbul on Thursday, November 19th. Entrance is free. Black Milkshake Best Posts of the Week.

Posts of the Week shakers come in from Dolores Hunt in County Wicklow, Ireland. After a tiring day, a commuter settled down into his seat and closed his eyes. As the train rolled out of the station, a woman sitting next to him pulled out her mobile phone.

She started talking in a very, very loud voice. Hi, sweetheart, it's Sue. Yes, I'm on the choo-choo train.

Yes, I know it's the 630 and not 430, but I had a very long meeting, darling. No, honey, not with that Kevin from the accounting office. It was with the boss, darling.

No, no, sweetheart, you're the only one in my life. Yes, I'm sure. Cross my heart.

Five minutes later, she was still talking loudly. When the bloke sitting next to her, he had enough. He leaned over and he said into the phone.

Sue, for fecks sake, hang up the phone and come back to bed, darling. Jimmy, Sue doesn't use her mobile phone in public any longer, pal. So, we went from Buggy before, but as he would say, that's all, folks.

Next week, we've got Morgan Freeman in again, talking about the arts and literature, in fact. And Norma, if you remember her from Lickey End, finds herself on the telly with some rather unexpected and possibly unwanted results. Thanks for all your support, Shakers.

Send Jorma or me a message. Tell us what you're up to. And please send us all your funny travel stories about being misunderstood abroad when you were trying to speak in that foreign language.

Yes, and also please follow Black Milkshake Comedy Pubcast on Facebook. And give us a review on Apple. Give us five stars on Spotify.

But most importantly, share the link that you're listening to right now so that more people can hear about us. Special thanks to Hackett Technologies, Tim Hallam, Two Jews, Jamie T. Murphy. James Joyce Irish Pub, Istanbul, Grow Radio UK, Eamon McAndrew.

Until next Friday, Shakers, good skills. Good skills. Black Milkshake Comedy Pubcast was presented by Ray Mac and Jorma Kierkegaard and was produced by James Kirk.

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