

ALBATROSS⁹



"I have not heard the regal drum, nor seen the flags unfurled..."

quently, having to use only the yolk or only the white of an egg. In my case I usually forget about the remaining part, stick it in the icebox for a week or so, and finally have to throw it out. Today I was looking through a new dessert book and saw a recipe for meringue kisses. This effectively solves the problem of what to do with leftover egg whites.

MERINGUE KISSES

1 egg white pinch salt
1/3 cup superfine sugar 1/4 tsp. vanilla
1/2 tsp. cocoa or instant coffee(optional)

Beat the egg white with salt until very frothy. Add the sugar gradually, a tablespoon at a time. Beat until the meringue stands in a stiff peak and the sugar is dissolved. Fold in the vanilla, and the cocoa or coffee if you wish. Shape with a pastry bag or tube into 24 small spiral cones, or drop from a teaspoon, onto well-greased baking sheets. Bake in a 250° oven for about 45 minutes, until dry but not browned. Yield: about 2 dozen meringues (about 12 calories each).

To make these more festive, you can add 3/4 cup diced candied fruit instead of the cocoa or instant coffee. You can also use almost any other flavoring instead of the vanilla, and you can add food coloring if you wish. Of course, if you don't like meringues under any circumstances you can just forget the whole thing. The only problem I have ever had eating meringues is that the ones you get at the pastry shops tend to make my mouth sore. You can overcome this in your home-baked ones by being certain that the egg white and sugar is whipped to a real fine texture. I would imagine that you could decorate these with anysort of frosting after they are cooled, as I have seen them in the markets coated with a mixture of chocolate and nuts. What I am mostly interesting in, however, is the basic recipe - which calls only for ingredients you would be likely to have on hand. After all, there is no use having a recipe for left-over spinach if the recipe begins: "take one 4 pound pheasant..." Which reminds me, I think I've discovered the ultimate in canned goods. Bruce and I were down at the May Company downtown the other day, and while browsing through their gourmet department I discovered one can containing a whole pheasant. Price: \$7.50. That's a far cry from the Swanson chicken in a can that is usually on sale for about 99¢. Anyway, next time I am just absolutely dying to make a game pie, I'll know where to get the pheasant. Speaking of game birds, a few months ago when Bruce and I drove up to Allen J. Lewis's home on Mulholland drive, it seemed as though the countryside was just swarming with quail. Does anyone know the season and limit on these tasty little critturs? Can you snare them, or do you have to have a hunting permit, or what? I had no idea quail were available so close to L.A.

For most inane name given to any hotel I nominate "Doric Dinkler",
Corner of Figueroa and Olympic, downtown Los Angeles

Overheard at UCLA: " Yesterday it was all green, an' it won't go away, an' everything tastes of licorice."

Literary Decompositions: 1

The Uses of Music in The Great Gatsby

Fitzgerald has used music in The Great Gatsby as an underlying motif that echoes the ebb and flow of emotion in the characters. It is used to set a mood, to reveal character, and in some instances to act as a premonition of future disaster. Music is used both in direct reference, with title and lyric, and it is obliquely referred to in passing.

Daisy, the careless, unthinking heroine, is said to have a voice that is "an arrangement of notes that will never be played again". It is a "low thrilling voice" that creates a mood of magnetism about her which men find hard to forget. It is a musical arrangement of uncertainty that echoes the unpredictability of the woman herself. The notes that "will never be played again" create a parallel to her actions in the past and her relationship with Gatsby, which, no matter how either of them may try, will never be the same again. Daisy symbolizes the spirit of time - time, which can never be replayed.

Tom Buchanan is presented as having a "gruff, husky tenor", a phrase which is conspicuous in its internal incongruity between "tenor", generally thought of as light and lyrical, and "gruff and husky". This is intended to point out the unresolved development of Tom's personality. The light and gay athlete of the playing field has become the hard and arrogant man in his early maturity, and is still growing.

Daisy, in the early part of the book, comments that "it's very romantic outdoors", and mentions that there is a "nightingale" on the lawn which has "come over on the Cunard or White Star line". The nightingale, a bird which is a producer of beautiful music, is typified in Oriental literature as the spirit of joy and beauty. In this present context, Daisy looks out of her wedded life and sees that it is romantic "outside". She has reached a point in her life when a Gatsby, any Gatsby, must necessarily come along. There is a premonition of her meeting with him, for he is obviously the "nightingale, which is certain to bring joy and music into her life. He has come from far away, a distance of five years, and has come via the "White Star Line" or the "Cunard". Despite the fact that both of these are legitimate names, the author has probably chosen the first as a reference to the white star, Venus, which symbolizes passion and love, and the second for its resemblance to "canard", a hoax. It is passion which will bring Gatsby back into Daisy's life, but perhaps it is only a lie, a grand hoax which they unknowingly play on themselves.

There is a "persistent organ sound" that fills the night when Gatsby appears on the lawn, to stretch out his arms towards Daisy's home. It is the majesty of the man's feelings which are the solemn sound of an organ, and mark the one true and noble thing in his life. The nobility of his faith in the memory of Daisy as he knew her is a holy thing to him, and as such is emphasized by a sound connected with grandeur and awe, hymns and requiems.

In contrast with Gatsby and the ennobling sentiment of his love is the spirit of Myrtle Wilson, who "seemed to be revolving on a noisy creaking pivot". This metaphore might be intended to create the image of a phonograph record, a piece of "noisy, creaking" music, which repeats over and over again the same tone, a story with a dreary lack of originality.

Fitzgerald says that a "celebrated tenor had sung in Italian", and a "notorious contralto had sung in jazz". This latter phrase utilizes an archaic terminology to point up the fact that people of the Jazz Age had their own ways and customs, their own "language". Both of these are cynical, self-torturing comments on the aura of respectability that surrounded the classic Italian music as opposed to the low sound of the "notorious contralto" singing a product of the Jazz Age. The author furthers this ironic look at the Jazz Age by giving the composer of "Jazz History of the World" the name of Tostoff ("tossed-off"). He shows the work as being a thing done in a hurry, with little or no thought. The title itself might well be a subtitle to this novel, it is a criticism of the people of the Jazz Age and of the life they lead. They are careless, and a history of their world shows a life without thought.

The interlineation of the "Sheik of Araby" reveals Gatsby's attitude towards Daisy. The idea that "Your love belongs to me." is one that he has held since their days together in Louisville. He will "creep" into her life again while she is largely unaware of his intentions, "asleep" as it were, and re-enter her affections. This is Gatsby's romantic conception of himself and of his re-entry as the grand lover: the "shiek" made so popular by Rudolph Valentino.

When Gatsby left her after their brief affair in Louisville, Daisy danced to the lament of the "Beale Street Blues", a sad melody of hopeless waiting. After their reunion the lyrics of "Ain't We Got Fun" following the playing of the "Love Nest" indicates a carpe diem attitude; Gatsby himself does not expect their liaison to last. There have been five years of loneliness for Gatsby, and he knows subconsciously that the present situation is only a brief interlude. However, "In the meantime/In between time" he will enjoy his bit of happiness.

The playing of "3 O'clock in the Morning" after Gatsby's party is the symbol of Daisy's feeling of letdown after her introduction to the glittering life that Gatsby can now offer her. The lyrics to this song portray the sentiment that the dawn is near and that there will be just one more dance. Daisy's renewed infatuation with Gatsby is dying out. The dawn of her realization that she does not really want to leave her husband for him is near and he will have only one last chance to make her his. This chance comes in the hotel that the five of them check into in New York. The sound of music in Gatsby's life now becomes "muffled and suffocating" and drifts up from the ballroom on "hot waves of air". Gatsby must reveal the dream he has cherished for five years and attempt to make it the reality he desires. In this attempt his life is revealed as a sick "suffocating" thing, and his dream as a selfish egotism.

In one of the final scenes of the story, when Gatsby's father is on the verge of collapse, Carraway takes him into the music room. This is the place from which music originates and also the place where music is kept. It has now become memory, and within it the old man finds his recollections of Gatsby as a boy and of the earliest threads of the boy's personality.

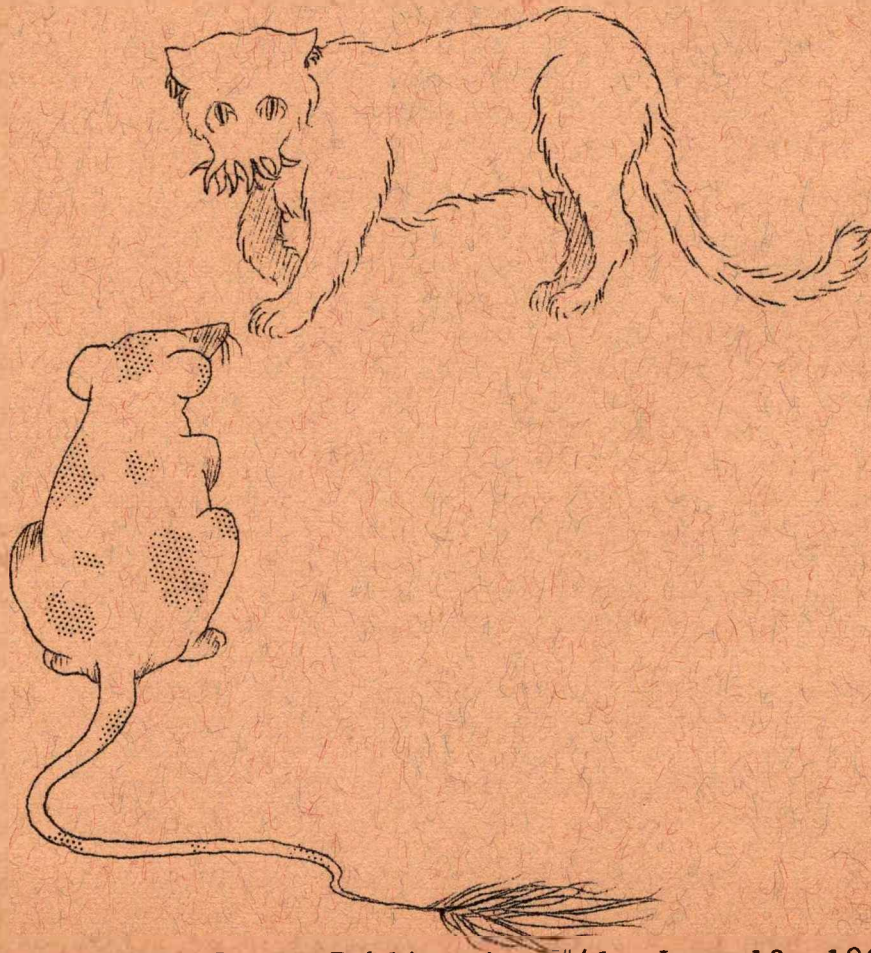
Finally, after Gatsby has died, old Meyer Wolfsheim whistles "The Rosary" to himself. Wolfsheim is obviously a Jew, and is presented as singing a purely Christian song to show that the actions of daily life are carried out without a thought to what their meaning or implications may be. This is the final summation

of the theme of the novel.

Throughout The Great Gatsby Fitzgerald has used music to indicate the passage of time in the lives of these people. It shows their personalities and personal entanglements as movements in some great orchestration which finally, at the very end, returns to the music room, with the world very little changed for its having been played.

This has been included as an example of the sort of thing English instructors in colleges like UCLA force their poor long-suffering students to do. I regard discussions of the ideas in literature as large buckets of hog wash due to the fact that people are entirely too inclined to force meanings onto phrases which may be merely the result of the authors whim, and not the end product of clever deductive reasoning. In other words, you can find a meaning in anything if you try hard enough.

As for the novel itself. I certainly would not recommend it to anyone. I found it dull and full of too much banality and triviality which tries to be imposing and significant. There are those who think Fitzgerald is the be all and end all of artistic expression in the realm of writing. I am not one of them. As far as I am concerned, Fitzgerald is dead, and far better that way. As least he isn't writing any more.



This has been Talisman Press Publication #41, June 10, 1965
And of course you all recognize the cover quote, don't you?