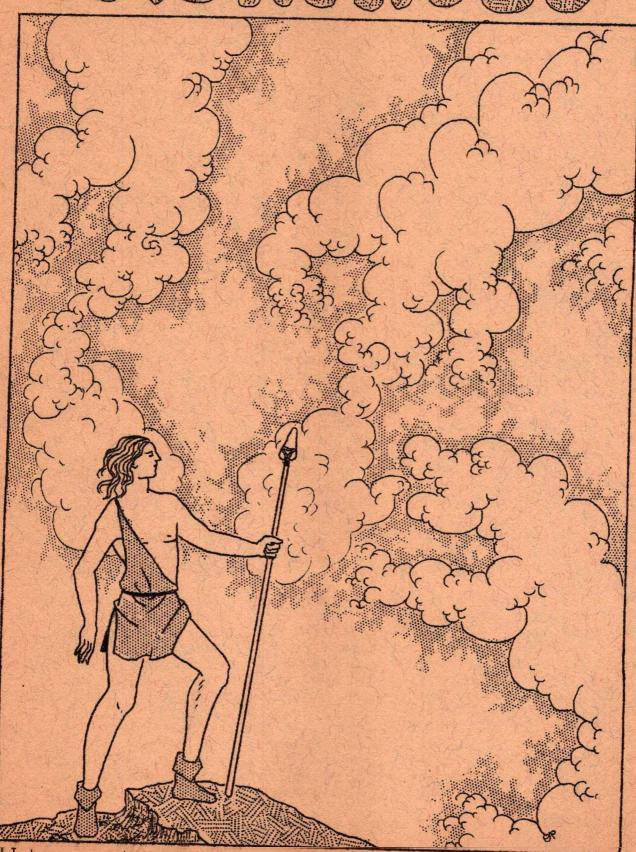
ALBATROSS.



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

This isn't really ALBATROSS #9, but most people don't care anyway, so to hell with it. Responsible party is Dian Pelz, who is currently keeping house at 1231 12th St. #G, Santa Monica, California, 90404.

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Actually, I ought to call this <u>Things I Will Probably Never Cook</u> dept. I was casually looking through some of my cookbooks the other day and meditating briefly on the fact that some of the recipes sounded distinctly untasty. Of course, all of this is just a matter of taste. What sounds absolutely delicious to one person may actually nausiate another. I remember a girl I knew in grammer school who would get sick at the sight of anyone eating sweet pickles, and another in high school who nearly threw up the time a mutual friend mentioned eating rattlesnake meat. Of course, in the latter case, one can't blame her too terribly much. I myself am an adventurous sort of soul where it comes to food. I admit to a certain willingness to try escargot (not the Giant Moon Variety.), sea urchin, even the idea of eating an octopus doesn't overly disturb me. The problem is the cooking of these little goodies. Anyone who thinks that I am going to personally chocolate-cover a few pounds of ants has got another think coming! I was in a brand new market the other day and looked briefly over the seafood counter. There was a neatly packaged two pound tray of squid. Ugh! If someone was to offer them to me nicely cooked, and tastefully served I might be willing, otherwise, forget it!

One of my many cookbooks is an odd little tome called "The Good Cook's Encyclopedia". It was published by an English firm, and printed in Czechoslovakia. It has, naturally, all English measurements, but is sort of useful for things like game recipes, steamed puddings, and some typically English dishes like Steak and Kidney Pie, etc. It also has other goodies. Take this one for example: Jellied Eels. For this delectable dish you need a four pound eel, 2 bay leaves, 2 oz. allspice, 2 slices lemon, 2 oz. powdered gelatine, salt and pepper. "Cleanse and skin the eel. Cut on bias about 1-inch lengths. Cover with cold water, heat to boiling, skim and add remaining ingredients, except gelatine. Simmer until eel is tender (about 45 minutes-1 hour). Arrange the fish in a mould. Strain the broth and add softened gelatine. Bring to boil, pour over fish, and chill until firm. If the amount of broth is more than will nicely cover the eel, reduce it by rapid boiling. This will increase the flavor and strength of the jelly." Isn't your mouth just watering? There are three other eel recipes in this same book; fried, stewed in cider, and baked.

Let's just bypass the blood puddings, blood sausage, watercress soups, etc. and go on to another book. This one is really a very good book, "The New Pennsylvania Dutch Cook Book". It has, however, a couple of those strange sort of recipes. Take this one: Stuffed Pig's Maw. You need I pig's stomach, brown butter, raw diced potatoes, I minced onion, I pound lean pork, I pound smoked sausage, salt and pepper. "Wash the stomach and remove membranes. Stuff tightly with dressing and sew up. Boil in water to cover until soft. Then brown in oven at 375° about 2½ hours, or until done. Pour brown butter over top, slice, and serve." Yummy, hmmmm? I also have an alternate recipe for this same dish. The one problem that I see in this recipe, aside from a certain aversion I have to having to clean and wash a pig stomach, is where the devil would you get a pig stomach these days??

Ah well, so much for things I probaly won't cook. Now on to something I have cooked. The other day I fixed some fried chicken according to a recipe that called for two egg yolks. This happens fre-

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. To-day 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 homebaked 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 Figuroa 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 <u>The Great Gatsby</u> 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, an 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

refered 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 resemblence 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 emphasised by a sound connected with grandeur and awe, hymns and requiems.

In con-

trast 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 pharase 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 subconciously 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

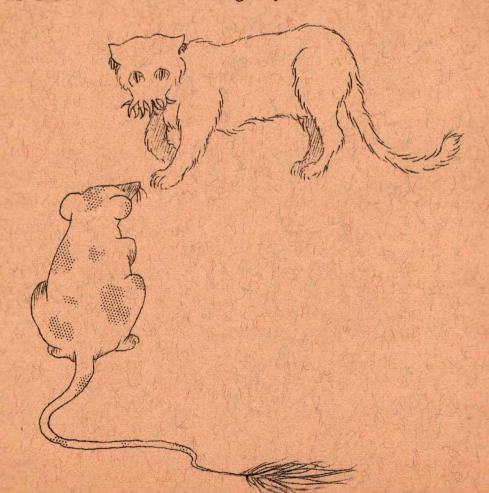
of the theme of the novel.

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.

skakakakak

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 relm 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?