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Subject: Existentialist Cuisine
TO: JESSICA DIRTISCO/ARRB, BENJAMIN ROCKWELL/ARRBCC. FROM: PETER VOHL/ARRB Date: 03/24/97 10:37:44
AMSubject: Existentialist CuisineBecause we seem to be trading Amusing Tidbits now...The Jean-Paul Sartre Cookbook ===== by Marty Smith. From The Free Agent, March 1987 (a Portland, Oregon alternative newspaper).Republished (in part) in the Utne Reader Nov./Dec. 1993. We have recently been lucky enough to discover several previously lost diaries offrench philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre stuck in between the cushions of our office sofa.These diaries reveal a young Sartre obsessed not with the void, but with food.Apparently Sartre, before discovering philosophy, had hoped to write "a cookbook thatwill put to rest all notions of flavor forever." The diaries are excerpted here for yourperusal.October 3Spoke with Camus today about my cookbook. Though he has never actually eaten, hegave me much encouragement. I rushed home immediately to begin work. How excitedI am! I have begun my formula for a Denver omelet.October 4Still working on the omelet. There have been stumbling blocks. I keep creating omeletsone after another, like soldiers marching into the sea, but each one seems empty,hollow, like stone. I want to create an omelet that expresses the meaninglessness ofexistence, and instead they taste like cheese. I look at them on the plate, but they do notlook back. Tried eating them with the lights off. It did not help. Malraux suggestedpaprika.October 6I have realized that the traditional omelet form (eggs and cheese) is bourgeois. Today Itried making one out of a cigarette, some coffee, and four tiny stones. I fed it toMalraux, who puked. I am encouraged, but my journey is still long.October 7Today I again modified my omelet recipe. While my previous attempts had expressedmy own bitterness, they communicated only illness to the eater. In an attempt to reachthe bourgeoisie, I taped two fried eggs over my eyes and walked the streets of Paris foran hour. I ran into Camus at the Select. He called me a "pathetic dork" and told me to"go home and wash my face." Angered, I poured a bowl of bouillabaisse into his lap. Hebecame enraged, and, seizing a straw wrapped in paper, tore off one end of thewrapper and blew through the straw. propelling the wrapper into my eye. "Ow! You****!" I cried. I leaped up, cursing and holding my eye, and fled.October 10I find myself trying ever more radical interpretations of traditional dishes, in an effortto somehow express the void I feel so acutely. Today I tried this recipe: Tuna Casserole Ingredients: 1 large casserole dishPlace the casserole dish in a cold oven. Place a chair facing the oven and sit in it forever.Think about how hungry you are. When night falls, do not turn on the light.While a void is expressed in this recipe, I am struck by its inapplicability to thebourgeois lifestyle. How can the eater recognize that the food denied him is a tunacasserole and not some other dish? I am becoming more and more frustrated.October 12My eye has become inflamed. I hate Camus.October 25I have been forced to Record
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recstat:
DeliveryPriority: N
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