

Eat It

Judie Davis

1968

By the time you read this I will have gotten through Christmas, but as I write I haven't yet.

I sort of have a tradition which I sometimes wish I could stop. Anyway, I have this tree trimming party every year where everyone who comes for the first time must bring an ornament which somehow expresses the "real" them.

What actually happens is I invite a cross section (shades of Soc. 514) of my friends, make up some cheese spreads, Mom bakes delicious fruit breads and then I hold my breath and answer the door.

I'm really not much of a party giver. I can barely stand to stay at my own parties. I spend maybe two days cleaning and cooking and by party time I'm too keyed up to enjoy myself.

I usually have my tree trimming party as an early evening open house, because come 11 pm I'm ready to split and have a drink some place where I can relax.

I always make an Edam cheese spread which everyone seems to enjoy.

Use a whole Edam cheese, ranging in size from 1-3/4 to 5 pounds, depending on the size you want. Take about an inch slice off the top. Scoop out both cheese and slice (leaving red covering.)

Put shell in refrigerator; let cheese soften about an hour at room temperature. Mash cheese with fork or mixer. Beat with one cup beer (use a whole can when using a bigger cheese), cup soft butter or margarine, teaspoon caraway seed, teaspoon dry mustard, half teaspoon celery salt until well blended.

Refrigerate for an hour, and then fill cheese shell with mixture, mounting it high. Stuffed Edam can be kept for a few days and as a matter of fact, this improves the flavor. Serve with party-rye and pumpernickel rounds.

Peter asked me to mention the new submarine sandwich shop on Second at the Boulevard. He says it's worth going to because it's something other than a coney island, has Sicilian, pizza with thick crust and good submarines.

Maybe we should start a restaurant rating service and go around making or breaking restaurants all done with the thumbs up or thumbs down signal from the Eat It girl, carrying the banner of the *Fifth Estate*. Ah, power.

(Editors' Note: Sort of a guerrilla Duncan Hines.)

It's amazing but true that I have been writing this column for a year now. I never thought I could think of things to write about for that long, or that people would actually continue to read it. I'm still surprised every time someone comes up to me and says they read my column. Keep doing it and tell me what you want to read about.

Continue to come to Alvin's Delicatessen (Cass at the Expressway) on Sunday's for the Times and bagels and my mother's apple pan dowdy.

My birthday is coming up soon, along with about a million of my friends,' and we hope to have a big birthday party some Sunday soon.

fifth Estate

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