

No-Holds-Barred Seafood Gumbo

[Editor's Note: Upon receiving and perusing the following appendix, I concluded that the strain of book authorship has taken a severe toll on Max. However . . . it's a great gumbo!]

Well, my little avocado pears, festooned with slivers of spring onions and deluged with lashings of spicy Italian dressing . . . Having absorbed the myriad juicy snippets of information which are strewn lavishly throughout *Bebop to the Boolean Boogie*, you are now uniquely qualified to regale an assembled throng with a discourse on almost any subject under the sun. So, now's the time to rest our weary brains and turn our attention to other facets of life's rich tapestry. For example, as soon as I've finished penning these last few words, I must return to practicing my unicycle skills as, I have no doubt, so do you.

But first we need to recline, relax, lay back, unwind, and take the time to recharge our batteries—and what could be more appropriate than a steaming bowl of no-holds-barred seafood gumbo? So, here's the recipe for a fulsomely flavored Epicurean taste-fest sensation sufficient to cause the most sophisticated of gastronomes to start salivating surreptitiously and to make a grown man break down and cry. This pert little beauty will pulsate promiscuously across your pallet and pummel it with a passion, titillate your taste buds and have them tap-dancing the tango on your tongue, reverberate and resonate resoundingly throughout your nervous system, and warm the cockles of your heart. In short, this frisky little number will grab you by the short-and-curlyes, swing you sybaritically around the room in a syncopated symphony of delight, and leave you groveling on your knees, gnashing your teeth, and gasping for more.

The following ingredients are for the main body of the gumbo—you'll have to sort out any rice, bread, and side dishes by yourselves:

es and transistors have been satisfied, the output from $q2$ turns T_1 off, disabling T_1 , blocks the path from the self-sustaining loop formed by the memory for the device. In with its standard counterpart implementation required one NOT entry-two transistors. By comparison, wires two discrete transistors and sisters. In fact, the heart of the pass of T_1 , T_2 , $q3$, $q4$, and $q5$ requires only $q1$, $q2$, $q6$, and $q7$, are only used to in the outside world.⁴

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er transistors and are faster. These consider-

2 cups of diced onions	2 bay leaves
1½ cups of diced green bell peppers	½ teaspoon of dried thyme leaves
1 cup of diced celery	¼ teaspoon dried oregano
2 cups of halved button mushrooms	½ teaspoon of salt
3 large cloves of finely diced garlic	1½ teaspoons of white pepper
2 finely diced scorch bonnets or habañero (peppers)	½ teaspoon of cayenne pepper
10 thick-cut slices of bacon	½ teaspoon of black pepper
1 pound of Cajun-style sausage	2 teaspoons of Gumbo Filé
1 pound of peeled, medium-sized shrimp	5½ cups of chicken stock
½ pound of scallops	Lots of butter
¾ pound white fish cut into slices	¾ cup flour
1 small tin anchovies	1 bottle of dry sherry

If you can't get Cajun-style sausage, then Polish sausage will do nicely. Note that the teaspoon quantities in the list of ingredients do not refer to level measures, nor do I expect you to attempt to achieve a new world record for the amount you can balance on one spoon—just try to aim for roughly the same sensuously rounded profile you get when you're casually spooning sugar into a cup of coffee (except in the case of the cayenne pepper—try to err on the side of caution here). So, without further ado, let's gird up our loins and proceed to the fray:

- 1) First of all there's an art to cooking, and it starts by doing the washing up you've been putting off all day and putting all of the pots away.
- 2) Grill the bacon until it's crispy and crunchy; then put it on a plate to cool and set it to one side.

which can go to the bone.

4) Chop the Cajun-style sausage into 1/2" pieces; put them in a bowl and set it to one side.

5) Mix the salt, thyme, oregano, Gumbo Filé, and the white, black, and cayenne peppers together in a cup and set it to one side (you'll need your hands free later).

6) Wash up all the knives, chopping boards, and everything else you've used and put them all away, and then wipe down all of your working surfaces. Trust me—you'll feel better when everything is clean and tidy—have I ever lied to you? Take a five-minute break and quaff¹ a glass of wine—after all, who deserves it more than you?

7) Put the chicken stock into a large chili pan and bring it to the boil. Then reduce the heat to a low, slow simmer and leave it on the back burner.

8) Using a medium-sized skillet to medium-high heat, melt 3/4 of a cup of butter in a large, heavy skillet until it starts to bubble. Gradually add the flour using a whisk and stir constantly until the resulting roux is a dark-ish, red-ish brown. Remove the skillet from the heat, but keep on stirring until it's cooled down enough so that the mixture won't stick to it and burn.

9) Melt the stock at a low simmer and add the mixture that you've just made, stirring it in one spoonful at a time, and waiting for each spoonful to dissolve before adding the next.

10) Clean the skillet, put it on a medium-high to high heat, and melt a chunk of butter. Stirring all the time, sauté the celery for one minute, add the bell peppers and sauté for 1 1/2 minutes, add the onions and sauté for 1 1/2 minutes, then add the scotch bonnets and garlic along with the mixture of herbs, salt, and pepper and sauté for one more minute. Finally, add a slosh of sherry and keep stirring until it's all evaporated, then chuck the whole lot into the chili pan with the stock.

¹ Quaffing is like drinking, except that you tend to spill more down your chest.

11) Break the bacon into $\frac{1}{2}$ " pieces and toss them into the stock. Flake the anchovies with a fork and cast them into the stock. Hurl in the Cajun-style sausage and the bay leaves and add a healthy slosh (approximately $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cup) of the dry sherry—you can drink the rest of the bottle later. Also, if you happen to have any lying around, add a couple of teaspoons of English Worcestershire sauce. Cover the chili pan and leave on a low simmer.

12) Return the skillet to a medium-high to high heat and melt another chunk of butter. Sauté the mushrooms until they're golden brown and squealing for more, then use them to swell the contents of the chili pan.

13) Simmer the whole mixture (stirring often) for at least one hour which, by some strange quirk of fate, will give you all the time you need to wash the skillet and the dishes you used and put them away again. If you're ravenous then you can proceed immediately to the next step but, if you're wise, you'll remove the heat and leave your cunningly captivating creation to stand overnight (chilies, stews, curries, ~~and~~ gumbo always taste better if the ingredients have the time to formally introduce themselves). When you're ready to chow-down, heat it back up again and proceed to the next step.

14) Add the shrimp, scallops, and fish. Bring to the boil then return to a simmer. Maintain the simmer until the seafood is cooked (I personally opt for around 15 minutes just to make sure) and you're ready to rock and roll.

This little beauty will put hairs on your chest, make them curl, and then take them off again. Seriously, this gumbo really is seductively, scintillatingly, scorchingly spicy—so if you like your dishes less on the humongously hot side, then lose one of the scotch bonnets and only use $\frac{3}{4}$ of the stated amounts of the white, black, and cayenne peppers.

You can serve your gorgeously gigantic gourmet gumbo over steamed or boiled rice, with crusty French bread, or with whatever else your hearts' desire. The quantities given above will serve eight to ten manly-man sized portions with a little something left over for the following day. Of course, no meal would be complete without some wine—and the perfect complement to your rapacious repast is to be found in a very large bottle. Enjoy!