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1        A Good Deed in a Naughty World

"I disagree with what you say, but I would defend to the death your right to say it!" Voltaire was held to have written this, although authoritative examinations of his literary output so far have failed to locate the exact words.

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The headlines of our newspapers repeatedly tell us of new attempts of local governments to pass laws designed to suppress the distribution of printed matter, films or other creative material which the city fathers consider obscene, irreligious, pornographic or otherwise offensive to the accepted standards of good taste, morality or religious beliefs. Despite the support of the clergy, educators, PTA's and other groups guarding our morals, however, such attempts at censorship or similar means of character-control, even when supported by the postoffice bureaucracy, almost uniformly seem to run afoul of the courts, usually on the score of their supposed infringement of our right of free speech.

This kind of problem, as we all know full well, is by no means new with our generation, except that in the older days the censor's powers of disapproval were far more drastic, so that the author perforce had to be more adroit and agile in by-passing edicts. For example, despite excommunication "for offenses against His Majesty's Most Catholic Church", Cervantes survived poverty, slavery and imprisonment to give us deathless Don Quixote. And Verdi was able to save popular operas for us by persuading the censor that The Malediction could be less anarchistic in its implications if it were entitled, harmlessly, Rigoletto; also, in another instance, by moving the locale of The Masked Ball from the courts of Europe to the wilds of 17th-century Massachusetts,

with a troublesome duke reduced in rank and nationality to an English count! Nevertheless, I think it quite in order for one who comes with a paper to elaborate this point from this podium of free speech by calling your attention to a historic precedent that involved a proposal to censor the activities of certain clubs.

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The precedent to which I refer traces away back to a British Order in Council that appeared on April 28, 1721. It denounced certain scandalous groups (clubs, they were) that were believed to hold meetings secretly, solely for the purpose of defaming and ridiculing religion. Accordingly, a bill was brought forward in the House of Peers, aimed at these clubs, for the suppression of blasphemy. This bill, however, was not allowed to pass -- not just because the solemn, bewigged lords condoned blasphemy, but because the passage of such a bill would lead to persecution; and Britain had had a bellyfull of persecution not so many years before, during the Cromwellian period. The clubs which were the target of this particular parliamentary ploy probably were but a natural outgrowth of the increasingly profligate court life during the reign of Merry Charles II, coupled with the rapid accumulation of many large fortunes by those who were clever enough to cash in on the Mississippi and the South Sea Bubbles before they exploded. In any event, secret social groups sprang up among the free living, reckless, abandoned young blades, which were called Hell-fire Clubs. In London, Edinburgh and Dublin, these Hell-fire Clubs were organized as a sort of national fraternity, with local chapters, each with a fantastic name like Pluto, Old Dragon, King of Tartarus, and so on. The fair sex, not to be outdone, organized their own Hell-fire Clubs with appropriate names such as Lady Envy, Lady Gomorrah, and the like. Much as today, the principal headquarters of the order sent out peppercorns, to travel from chapter to chapter, to stimulate and maintain the proper Club spirit.

Their programs were unrestrained in sacrilege and outrageous in their solemn mockery -- shamelessly ridiculing cherished institutions and deeply revered beliefs of the day. They were said to "fly at Divinity and attack particularly the Third Person of the Trinity." Their members considered it most amusing, for example, to order up a Holy Ghost pie at a tavern. One writer

reported that they "struck out mighty good jokes from all tales of violence and blasphemy." Another declared that a member of a Hell-fire Club actually had tied a poor man to a spit and, having spitted him, had proceeded to roast him. Their meetings were given the proper atmosphere by raising sulphurous flames and fumes, resembling the traditional scenery of the lower regions. The secret goings-on at Hell-fire meetings naturally provoked horror in the minds of the uninitiated, and were the subject of gossip, speculation and ghoulish fabrication among decent-minded folk. It was bruited about, for example, that one of a Club's jamborees was given over to a caricatured presentation of the Crucifixion, during which the man acting the role of the Saviour accidentally was speared with a lance and died.

A certain reputable tradesman in Dublin claimed that he had learned the difficult art of concocting scalltheen -- a mixture of butter and whiskey -- from his father, who had learned it from his father, who was scathleen brewer-in-ordinary for the leading Hell-fire Club in Dublin. Along with the secrets of the art, he had inherited a number of traditional and lurid tales of the doings of that Club in his grandfather's day; so that he became an authority on Hell-fireiana in the community.

Citing his grandfather's accounts, he told how one Hell-fire member drank scalding hot scalltheen while standing in front of a blazing fire "until the very marrow of his bones melted and he fell dead on the floor." All the while, too, the unmistakable smell of brimstone was so strong that the very horses summoned to carry off the dead man bucked in their traces in repugnance! He recounted, too, how an honored older member of the Club, after delivering a long, obscene toast, was so overwrought that he collapsed and died at the table.

His most dramatic tale, however, explained how the Hell-fire Club served by his grandfather came to its end. The tale involved the mascot of the fellowship -- a huge, very old black tomcat. The animal was greatly revered by the members: to speak ill of it was to be guilty of a deadly insult to the organization. Because any clergyman who dared to appear at one of the

meetings was subjected to unspeakable insults, local men of the cloth had avoided all attempts to reform the members. One day, however, along came a rural curate who, unafraid of the depraved rascals, boldly declared that if he were invited inside that den of iniquity, he would accept. Taken at his word, he was asked to a dinner meeting.

In spite of a torrent of vile execrations, the curate insisted on saying grace, following which the president proceeded to carve the roast of beef. To the surprise of the guest, the first generous slice was placed before the hungry cat. Asked why such unusual partiality was shown, the president remarked drily that he had been taught always to serve the eldest at table first; and that the mascot plainly rated the honor on account of its age. The parson replied that he disagreed, not on the point of age, but for another reason: that the creature so honored was not a cat at all, but an imp of darkness. The members, in an uproar at this horrible insult to their pet, demanded the instant death of their guest; but, yielding to his entreaty, they consented to his reading one last prayer. Instead of a prayer, however, he read an exorcism, but he had no more than commenced, than the cat yowled and screeched most dreadfully, assumed its proper shape as a fiend of darkness, tore through the clubhouse roof, and was gone! The Hell-fire members were so terrified that they were converted on the spot. They forthwith dissolved their Chapter; and when the king heard of this good deed in a naughty world, he awarded the curate a bishopric.

Thus was recorded one of the rare successful attempts, without benefit of legislation, to control freedom of expression of opinions which differ from those held by the good people of the land!

William G. Werner

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Thus Was the Legend Born

Nations resemble children in many ways. Conspicuous among the traits they have in common is a powerful urge to escape whenever possible from the real world into a rainbow-hued never-never land of the imagination. Anthropologists call this urge the mytho-

poetic impulse. A well-known product of this impulse on the national level is the collection of myths about the foundation and early history of Rome in the first two books of Livy. But national myths are not peculiar to Rome. Every nation has them, not excepting our own, and cherishes them in the teeth of those professional killjoys, the academic historians. However, it should be said on behalf of the historical profession that its members too are human and hence not immune to the attractions of a little myth-making of their own. Legends created by historians are all carefully documented and buttressed with citations, and they are not called myths; they flourish under the name of "interpretations" or better still, "reinterpretations." Anyone familiar with the vast literature of the American Civil War and the Reconstruction Era knows what we mean.

But we are concerned with historical myths that are born no one knows how, myths that appear in the national consciousness by a mysterious process of spontaneous generation. Such myths have certain similarities wherever they are found. They are always colorful, they are always poles removed from reality, and they always tell us more about the character of the nation of whose traditions they form a part than they do about the historical situation or event they purport to relate.

One of the most instructive specimens of this species is the myth of the Bastille and its fall, the latter being the event from which the French date the first and most spectacular of their numerous revolutions.

The French being an economical race, the Bastille myth is really two myths in one. First, the Bastille itself symbolizes all the evils of the Ancien Regime; it stands for arbitrary arrests, for oppression and tyranny. Second, the fall of the Bastille, on the ever-glorious 14th of July, 1789, symbolizes the awakening of a brave but downtrodden people, rising in solemn majesty to destroy with a wave of its mighty hand the viper's nest of despotism.

The French possess a mystic belief in a sort of national infallibility, a conviction that whatever they accept as true is the truth beyond question and without the need of further proof. The degree to which

they have succeeded in persuading the rest of the world to accept this perhaps overly generous estimate of their powers is indeed remarkable, and no better illustration of it can be cited than the universal acceptance of the myths that cluster thickly about the Bastille and its fall. Let us now look at these myths with a sceptical Anglo-Saxon eye.

The Bastille, constructed in the latter half of the XIV century, was no gem of mediaeval architecture. It was an oblong structure of two rows of four towers each, connected by a curtain wall about the height of a three-story building. The main gate, and a drawbridge spanning a 25 foot-wide moat, were at one of the narrow ends of the building, and there was a smallish courtyard in the middle. Where, you will ask, were the notorious subterranean dungeons, unlighted, rat-infested, and occupied by the innocent victims of despotism? The dungeons existed, but they were generally unoccupied, for they were used only as short-term punishment cells for hopelessly refractory prisoners. The Governor of the Bastille did not have the power to sentence an intractable prisoner to a spell in the dungeons. If he decided that one of his charges required such drastic punishment, he had to submit a detailed report of the case to the government. His report was considered by a legal committee, and if they agreed, the king himself had to grant his approval before the culprit could be placed in one of the dungeons for a carefully specified number of days or weeks.

Since the innocent victims of tyranny were not to be found in the dungeons, we must look for them above ground, but if we look on the morning of July 14, 1789, we shall be sorely disappointed. There are only seven of them altogether: four counterfeiters, two madmen, and the seventh described as a "sadic debauchee." All seven were carried through the streets of Paris in triumph by the patriotic mob after their glorious liberation. As innocent victims of tyranny, six of the seven leave much to be desired. Something, perhaps, might be made of the sadist. Conceivably the poor fellow was the product of an unfavorable social environment; he might even have been culturally deprived.

One cannot deny that the French Government had the power to confine troublesome subjects on what

were called lettres de cachet, and at least until the middle of the XVIII Century used this power pretty freely. In addition, people of influence could arrange to have their less influential enemies imprisoned, fathers driven beyond endurance by incorrigible sons could have them incarcerated for a spell, and more than one literary man, whose writings were thought to offend public morals or good taste, was given a sample of the king's hospitality until his friends could procure his freedom. All this runs counter to our ideals of justice, but viewed from a pragmatic standpoint, it was not a bad system for keeping under some degree of control a turbulent people just emerging from the chaos of feudalism.

Those who were clapped into the Bastille on a lettre de cachet and kept there without trial until someone in authority could be persuaded to let them go, were by our standards victims of tyranny. But how did they fare? Were they chained up in the dungeons, to live in darkness on water and mouldy bread, clothed in rags, sleeping on filthy straw, unbarbered, unwashed, with only rats for company? Not at all.

Let us take first the subject of food and drink, a matter of considerable importance to a Frenchman. The regulations provided that every prisoner was to have a bottle of wine with his breakfast. With his midday dinner, consisting of soup, an entree, two main dishes and dessert, he was to have a choice of either two bottles of burgundy or two bottles of champagne, or one bottle of each. Supper was on an equally lavish scale. Minor disciplinary cases were punished with what was called, presumably in jest, "deprivation of rations", those undergoing this awful punishment received the usual breakfast and supper, but for dinner were given only soup, meat, bread and a mere half-bottle of wine. Gourmets who were dissatisfied with the quantity or quality of prison fare could have food and their favorite vintages sent in from the outside. When the Marshal de Bassompierre was sent to the Bastille in 1631, he was allowed to take along his own cook and two valets, and the three servants were lodged and fed at the king's expense; shortly afterwards, when Louis XIII took the trouble to check the prison accounts, he was so appalled at the cost in food bills alone of keeping Bassompierre in the Bastille that he ordered instant

liberation.

Next, as to lodgings: the Bastille was a small fortress, with accommodations for only forty to fifty prisoners. No two of the rooms - and you will observe that we have used the word "rooms", not "cells" - were alike. Each was tastefully and comfortably furnished, and prisoners were permitted to have additional furniture, as well as personal belongings, books, musical instruments, writing materials and even pets, sent in from their homes.

Did the prisoners have to stamp out license plates, sew gunny sacks or perform other kinds of menial labor? Of course not. The prisoner's time was his own, to be spent as he pleased. The more energetic could play ball games in the courtyard, or walk on the ramparts. The sedentary could read, write, play cards or music, or entertain their friends in their rooms. Well-connected prisoners had a standing invitation to the Governor's weekly dinner party and reception. In fact, the only freedom the prisoners did not enjoy was that of leaving the Bastille whenever they liked. But why, one may ask, would they have wanted to?

So much for the Bastille as the grim abode of wretchedness, anguish and despair. Let us now look at the second of our two myths, that of its fall.

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Our picture of the French Revolution as an idealistic uprising against despotism and an outworn system of privilege is a great oversimplification. Contemporaries knew better. As so often happens in a revolutionary situation, those who expected to make a good thing of it were only a short step behind the idealists. The States General, convoked after a lapse of 175 years, had hardly completed its organization when Camille Desmoulins, who was to earn the name of "The Man of the 14th of July" declared war on society. "The beast has fallen into the snare," he cried, "Let us strike it down! Never have victors been offered a richer prey! Forty thousand palaces, town houses and country mansions will be the reward of valor!" There is always an ample supply of that kind of valor around. Government in France was in a state of virtual collapse, especially in the capital. The easy explanation of this bankruptcy of authority, this paralysis of the will to

govern, is to attribute it to the incapacity of Louis XVI, but in the light of our own experience, we can discern another important factor at work: the inability of people of good will to control those who know how to turn the idealism of others into an engine of sedition and destruction.

Since the early spring of 1789, as France drifted into anarchy, the country had been in the grip of hysteria, so intense and widespread that historians have given it the name of the Great Fear. The wildest, most terrifying rumors of impending massacre and pillage were afloat and given credence. Especially was this true in Paris. It was said that the entire Ile-de-France was overrun with bandit gangs. Every day brought a new crop of stories of incendiarism and looting in the suburbs. Royal authority having broken down, an extra-legal group, called the Committee of Electors, took over the government of Paris on behalf of the thoroughly frightened middle class. On June 25, reacting to the ever-more ominous rumors of an imminent invasion of Paris by "bandits," the Electors resolved to enroll a citizen militia to protect the city, not from the despotic royal government and its army, but from the "bandits."

Two weeks later, on July 12, the ineffectual liberal minister, Necker, was dismissed by the King. To a public already in a state of feverish excitement, Necker's dismissal meant that the Court was about to send the foreign regiments of the royal army against Paris, with orders to massacre all patriots. Riots broke out the same day. It is a thoroughly documented fact that the rioting mobs were made up of the scum of the population, the scum that invariably rises to the surface in such situations. Moreover, the rioting followed the standard pattern; in the name of liberty, shops were broken into and looted, and prosperous-looking passerby were robbed and beaten. One band of patriots pillaged the house of the Lieutenant of Police. Another broke into the La Force prison and liberated its population of assorted criminals, who at once joined forces with their liberators.

This last exploit was the final straw. On the morning of the 13th, the Committee of Electors sent the chief magistrate of the city to Versailles to obtain

authority to raise and arm a civic guard of 12,000 men. The request was approved, but it was too late. The next morning, while yet the guard existed only on paper, the mob attacked the Invalides and captured thousands of muskets. They were told that the gunpowder for these weapons was stored in the Bastille. Someone shouted "To the Bastille!" and the mob rushed to the fortress.

The garrison of the Bastille consisted of 95 army pensioners and 30 Swiss Guards. With the mob surging and yelling around the walls, the Governor, de Launey, did the sensible thing - he raised the drawbridge. In characteristically irrational fashion, the mob took this to be a deliberately provocative act. Led by mutineers from the French Guard, they broke into the fortress. De Launey was forced to capitulate, whereupon he himself, three of his officers and one of the pensioners were butchered and two of the pensioners were hanged. The seven victims were decapitated and their heads were set up on pikes in the garden of the Palais-Royal, where "Women and children danced round the, shouting their regret that there were not a thousand of them."

The same evening, a deputation of the Committee of Electors was sent to Versailles to report to the Court and to the Estates General (which had renamed itself the National Assembly) on what one of the delegates called "the gloomy story of the terrible catastrophe they had just witnessed." Fearful that Paris should be held responsible for the attack on a royal fortress, they cast the blame on poor de Launey, who, they said, had attracted the concourse of people to the fortress and then ordered his troops to fire on them. But the reaction of the Assembly was astonishing. The deputation expected censure and punishment. They received instead cheers and adulation. And why? Because the news that the Bastille had fallen produced a great feeling of relief in the Assembly. With the fortress in the hands of the people, there could be no more Bastille for the deputies; they could be patriots in safety. And in an outburst of irrationality that only an expert in abnormal psychology could account for, the entire city, and even the Court, shared this sense of relief. For weeks the entire country had been living in an ever more intense, more violent state of emotional turmoil, and the fall of the Bastille operated as if a safety valve had popped

open. It produced a tremendous release of tension. For the next few days, Paris literally swam in an orgy of euphoria; Te Deums were sung, and Louis XVI visited Paris in state "to set the seal of reconciliation between king and country."

What effect did this unexpected turn of events have on the Parisian middle class? On the 13th, they had been busy forming a civic guard, the future National Guard, to put down riot and disorder. On the 14th, their reaction to the taking of the Bastille was one of shock and horror; it was, they decided, an act of "brigandage" perpetrated by "the greatest ruffians in Paris." Then on the 15th they learned that in the opinion of the National Assembly the fall of the Bastille was a "glorious event." So the bourgeoisie proceeded to annex the glory of this great event unto themselves. Overnight, the capture of the Bastille became transformed; it was no longer the work of ruffians but the achievement of heroes, a patriotic deed done by the civic guard, not by the dregs of the Paris slums. The middle class National Guard, organized to put down the mob, clothed itself in the shining raiment of virtue; it was they, the self-respecting, freedom-loving, idealistic bourgeoisie of Paris, who had wrought this glorious deed. Thus was the legend born, and it has lived happily ever since.

Now that this paper has been written, the writer is struck by its dangerous potentialities. To attack and undermine legends is always perilous, but to undermine a legend in the custody of a certain large-nosed, elderly gentleman of military antecedents, currently residing in the Elysee Palace, may well be foolhardy. Should this paper come to his notice, may he not order an immediate counter-attack? And a counter-attack from that source is not to be risked lightly by any member of a club situated within easy walking distance of what was once, and not too long ago, called La Belle Riviere.

Stephen Z. Starr

Some people are name droppers. My friends give me a different label: they accuse me of being a meal-dropper.

I suppose there is something to it. I am prone to say, really quite innocently, "The best mutton I ever had I ate with my fingers in the Khyber Pass," or "I'll never forget the raw ham they gave me in a little restaurant in a coastal town in Syria," or "This reminds me of the exotic sauce I had at a banquet given by President Diem in Saigon." The conversation normally slides right along past these hurdles. But when I mention my snake dinner in Hong Kong I can usually count on being pressed for details.

It was an outgrowth of a luncheon I was having on one of the Pescadore Islands in the Fall of 1958. The Chinese Communists, you will remember, were shelling Quemoy and Matsu, and were still threatening invasion of those off-shore islands. The Pescadores were serving as a forward base for provisioning the islands, and the Secretary of Defense and his party had gone there for an inspection tour.

At lunch I found myself next to General Ho Shai Lai, then the National Chinese military representative to the United Nations. He was a most charming and cultured gentleman, the son of the late Sir Robert Ho, one of Hong Kong's most distinguished native sons; his English was, of course, impeccable.

In making light conversation I told him we would be in Hong Kong in another ten days. "Ah," he said, "You are most fortunate. You will be there in October, the month of the snake dinners." He explained to me that in October the snakes reach a point in their physical cycle where the flesh is particularly choice, and traditionally the old Chinese families have elaborate dinner parties to take advantage of this fact. I expressed some astonishment and the conversation moved on to other subjects.

When we arrived in Hong Kong, there was a letter from General Ho waiting for me at the Hotel Peninsula. Would our entire party do him the honour of being the guests of General and Mrs. Ho at their home on Sunday for a traditional snake dinner? The wives

showed something less than unbounded enthusiasm, but their eagerness to see the interior of one of Hong Kong's oldest homes outweighed any other feelings and made it possible for us to accept.

On Sunday we took the Star Ferry from Kowloon across the teeming harbor to Hong Kong Island, and were met there by General Ho and drivers for two other cars. His home was perched high on Victoria Peak, reached by a narrow, unpaved road, so twisting that twice the car had to back up to make the turn. On the way General Ho apologized for the condition of his house. His father had died two years ago, and an old Chinese custom requires that his house go through a three year period of mourning. During that time no repairs, no painting, no maintenance whatever may be done on the house. With typical Chinese humility and understatement, he begged our indulgence -- for what proved to be an extraordinarily handsome and impressive house spread on the hillside overlooking the full beauty of exciting Hong Kong harbor. Cocktails were served -- largely, I am sure, in deference to the American guests -- but soon a young Chinese lad entered the room carrying a large cloth bag. General Ho asked for our attention, and said the time had come for us to choose our snakes.

As we formed a circle, the twelve or fourteen of us, all eyes were on the cloth bag. There were clear signs of movement within it. The boy rested the bottom of the bag on the floor, and slowly let the top fall open so he could peer inside. Moving deliberately, he reached inside and, with no sudden haste or snatching motion, slowly withdrew a four-foot snake. He had it by the tail, and held it up for all to see. It writhed twisted, coiled back on itself, clearly trying to pull itself up to the point where it could strike the hand that held it. It is important, we were told, to know your snakes. Some, such as the rattlesnake, can turn back on themselves with ease, and strike the fingers that are holding them. These must be seized just behind the jaws, if one wants to hold them aloft for inspection. Others, such as the one then before us, are helpless.

He soon replaced this snake and brought up another. General Ho explained that each snake in the

bag would be shown to us. If any displeased us, we should say so, and it would be rejected. The process was exactly that of selecting one's lobster in a New England restaurant: only the most vigorous and lively should be accepted.

The snakes being shown us at the moment, we were told, were one of three kinds that would be used in the dinner. We were to select all three. And indeed, the lad withdrew and returned twice more to repeat his demonstration. The names given the snakes were Chinese, but a rough translation labeled one the dragon snake, one the tiger snake, and one the green snake. All but the green snake were deadly poisonous. We watched in fascination as the boy reached his hand again and again into that tangle of writhing snakes, seemingly fearless yet with utmost caution, and pulled from the venomous mass one snake after another. All were satisfactorily vigorous, and none were rejected.

We had resumed our cocktails, when again General Ho asked for our attention as the servants brought in a mortar and pestle and a bowl containing what turned out to be the gall bladders of the seven or eight snakes that had been sacrificed. With great ceremony, General Ho placed the bowl on a table that had been prepared for the purpose, took the bowl from a servant and poured its repelling contents into the mortar. He then took the pestle from a second servant, and firmly ground the bile into a pasty liquid. It was a very methodical process, taking several minutes. Finally, when the last bit of juice had been extracted, another servant brought in a tray bearing several unopened bottles of a special traditional rice wine -- snake wine, it was called. Into each bottle a measured amount of bile was poured; the mortar, pestle, and empty bowl were removed, the servant withdrew with the wine, and the drinking of cocktails was resumed -- a bit frantically, by some of us.

Dinner was served a few minutes later. It was a typical Chinese banquet, some fifteen or twenty "courses", if each new dish brought in could be called a course. Chicken, pork, shrimp, beef, all were represented in various forms -- but the pieces des resistances were three impressive dishes, each comprising one of the types of snake, each prepared in a different

way. One was a sort of julienne of snake -- thin strips served on seasoned rice; another was a ragout or stew, featuring large chunks of snake meat; the third was another type of stew, in which the snake meat had been flaked. All three -- to our astonishment -- were perfectly delicious.

But there was a problem. That was the snake wine. It tasted very much the way mice smell -- for those of you who have been exposed to colonies of pet mice, white or otherwise -- a musty, mildewy, penetrating taste that seeps up through the back of the nose after the wine is down. And it was served continuously throughout the meal. Furthermore, it is a Chinese custom to catch the eye, in the course of a meal, of each person at the table, raise your glass in a silent, personal toast, and empty the contents at a single gulp. The person toasted responds in kind. Servants were ever present to refill the glass -- so that slowly consuming the contents of the first pouring to make one glass last was impossible. With more than a dozen persons present, this had to be done more than a dozen times by each of us -- and the musty, murky, nauseous fumes of the bile-filled wine surged ever stronger through the nasal passage until they seemed to fill the air.

The dinner lasted about two hours -- charming, gracious, delicious. The fumes of the wine returned at intervals over the next thirty hours or so, as do the quickly-passing whiffs of ether, hours after an operation. But the memory of an unusual experience will linger for a lifetime. And it does make a fine contribution to my meal-dropping repertoire.

Oliver M. Gale

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