

WAYWARD TENDRILS QUARTERLY

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A WINE BOOK COLLECTOR'S SOCIETY

July 2007



[Tendril Warren Johnson, proprietor of Second Harvest Books, finds special pleasure in snooping-out new titles in the nontechnical category. His on-going database features some 300 titles in the genres of Novels, Mysteries, Romances, Songs, Poems, Toasts, Quotations, Anthologies, Plays, Children's. He pours for us this issue "One New, One Old, and One Different!". — Ed.]

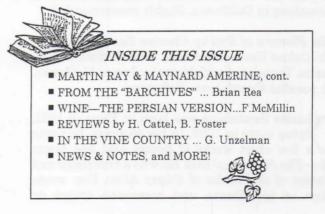
• *The Merlot Murders: A Wine Country Mystery* by Ellen Crosby, New York: Scribner, 2006. 286 pp. Hardbound. \$24.

Not unlike a fine wine, this mystery is complex and intricate. Like a boutique wine, this mystery is the first U.S. published work by the author and may not be universally known. We hope Ellen Crosby will continue to cultivate her crop and produce a bountiful harvest. The wine country, in this case, is Virginia—filled with details about winemaking and mentions of Jefferson's efforts to establish a wine industry there.

The story takes place on the eve of the harvest and is complicated, both by the personalities involved and the winery itself. Lucie Montgomery, ensconced in France, receives an early morning phone call from her brother Eli that their father has died and that funeral arrangements are already underway. Lucie's trip home is difficult for several reasons. She has been in France recovering from an automobile accident which has left her disabled and dependent upon a cane. Eli has become a cash-strapped materialist, an oxymoron at best, marrying a woman whose penchant is for an extravagant lifestyle. There is also a sister at home who has taken up with Lucie's ex-boyfriend; a godfather, Fitz, who has become a lush; and a local policeman who grew up to be on the right side of the law, counter to all childhood predictions.

Upon arrival, Lucie finds the winery a disaster. Her father, Leland, has let the place disintegrate to shambles, mostly by making skeptical deals with others and hiring a cut-rate vintner. The land itself has become more valuable than the winery; it is, after all, the Washington metroplex. Eli wants to sell out to support his wife's habits, and he has convinced his sister Mia to support his intention. Lucie alone wants to retain the winery. Just before the funeral, Fitz tells Lucie that the death of her father was no accident. Fitz is a partner in the winery and knows that the murder was motivated by the potential sale of the winery. After the funeral, Fitz is found dead. Lucie now knows that she is next in line to be murdered, as she is the lone holdout to keep the winery operating.

Ellen Crosby, a freelance reporter for <u>The Washington Post</u> and former foreign correspondent for ABC News Radio, has learned the wine industry well. She is conversant with the details and science of making wine, which makes for good reading. We look forward to her sequel, due out in August, *The Chardonnay Charade*.



• *The Vineyard* by Idwal Jones. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997 (originally published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1942). 279 pp. Quality paperback.

Gertrude Atherton, the prolific California author of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, once said that Idwal Jones (1890–1964) was a truly baffling man and author to depict. "He occupies a solitary niche in letters, for he belongs to no school, either of thought or fiction.... Critics have called him a genius." It is true; his writings cover a wide spectrum of subjects: gypsies in Wales, French cuisine, the wine industry, a quick-silver mine in California. He is a Californian through and through, and he knows his California history, lore and the state's winegrowing areas. He is a perfect candidate to write a piece of California wine fiction.

The Vineyard is a novel of Villa Montino in the northern Napa Valley at the turn of the century (19th -20th)—the winery, its grapes, and its people. Alda Pendle is left homeless with the death of her vintner father. She has nothing except the excellent viticultural training he has given her. She begins knocking on doors looking for employment in the Valley's wineries. At her last stop, before crossing over into Sonoma County, she is taken in at Villa Montino, a vineyard well known to both her father and her. The novel proceeds with the developing relationships at the winery, the encumbrances of the larger family and the looming of Prohibition. Will there be a happy ending? The story evokes the love of the land and living with the seasons.

Beyond the pleasure of the story is the pleasure in the amount of information presented about viticulture, the winery, and the Napa Valley at the time. There are the big names—Beringer, Krug, Hilgard, Bioletti—and even the role of the Chinese in the Valley. There are also the wines, the grape varieties, the vine diseases, and the economics of the industry. What a pleasurable way to learn some history. Robert Mondavi has added a new Foreword that puts the work in context with this history of winemaking in California. Highly recommended.

• *The Flowers of Evil* by Charles Baudelaire. New York: Oxford University Press, 1993. Oxford World's Classics. Translated with Notes by James McGowan, with parallel French text. Softcover.

Charles Baudelaire was born in Paris in 1821, dying there in 1867. In his 46 years, he wrote a few short works of poetry and one major work—*The Flowers of Evil.* He was a translator and promoter of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, wrote studies on intoxicants, and numerous essays on painting, caricature, and contemporary literature.

When Baudelaire was only five, his father died, and his mother's remarriage two years later had a traumatic effect on him. His stepfather sent him to sea in 1841, but Baudelaire revolted and returned to France. In the next year, he inherited a large sum of money but could not handle it, and his family appointed a lawyer to help him manage the funds. Baudelaire spent his money with great rapidity and lived a life of poverty, disorder, and illness, while maintaining the life style of a dandy.

Ten years before his death, Baudelaire published *The Flowers of Evil.* The poems were considered a public indecency and the courts ordered six of the poems to be suppressed. He revised and enlarged the collection and republished it in 1861. The ban on the six poems was not overturned until 1949. In 1866, he suffered a series of strokes, leading to paralysis and aphasia and died the next year.

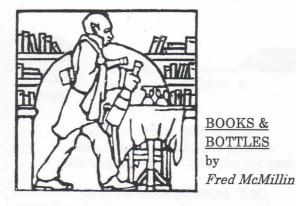
T. S. Eliot called *The Flowers of Evil* the greatest example of modern poetry in any language. The literary world of 19th century France considered them to be an outspoken portrayal of lesbian love, a linking of sexuality with death, unremitting irony, and a celebration of the seamy side of urban life.

Of the nearly 150 poems in the work, five concern themselves with wine. The first, "The Soul of Wine," is the voice of wine speaking to the vintner. The growing of the grapes and the making of the wine produce a rare poetry. The second is "The Ragman's Wine," a glorification of a destitute man on the city streets. The next and longest poem is "The Murderer's Wine." This murderer takes delight in the absence of his wife, the murdered, for now he is free to get drunk and let a truck run over him in the streets wherever he might fall. The last of the poems is "The Lovers' Wine" where, without bridle or spurs, life is like riding a horse to heaven in the freedom of space.

I would hate to judge Baudelaire's writing on these poems; they are but a minute portion of his large work. I would probably be forced to disagree with T. S. Eliot. However, they are a contribution to the literature of wine.



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HOW WINEMAKING WAS DISCOVERED: THE PERSIAN VERSION

According to each of our three following authors— Omar Khayyam, Sir John Malcolm, and Aristotle—a Persian king is credited with the discovery of wine.

THE BOOKS

• How Wine Came to Man: An Old Persian Tale. Middlesex, NY: Rochester Folk Art Guild, n.d. 28page calligraphic text. Card covers; hand-sewn.

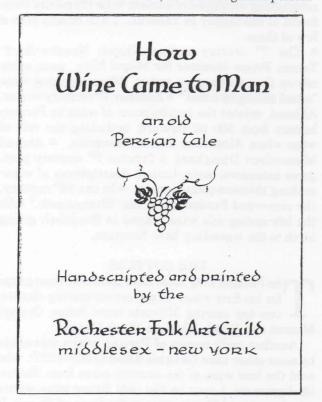
t is said that Omar Khayyam told of a mighty king named Shariman, who reigned long ago at Herat in Persia. The king's son saved the life of an eagle. In appreciation, the bird brought some strange seeds which, after planting, "shouldered its way through the earth . . . grew tall, and sent out tendrils." The juice was collected "in a huge vat and soon was boiling without any fire!" After the boiling stopped by itself, the king didn't know what to do. Then he had a good idea. "Quick, get one of the rascals out of the dungeon and let him try it." Later the rascal reported that "his soul had forgotten all the sorrow of his life." When King Shariman heard all this he was very glad, and so pardoned the rascal and set him free. The wise and learned consulted together and concluded there was no greater blessing on earth than this juice. They called it "wine" and the plant from whence it came, "vine."

• The History of Persia. From the Most Early Period to the Present Time by Sir John Malcolm. London: Murray & Longmans, 1815. 1st ed. 2 vols. Reprint, Adamant Media Corp., 2004.

Sir John Malcolm (1769–1833) was India's minister to Persia two centuries ago. In Volume One of his detailed history, he quotes from the manuscript of one Moullah Ackber. It tells of another legendary Persian king named Jemsheed, as follows:

Jemsheed was the first who discovered wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desiring to preserve some, placed them in a large vessel and lodged it in a vault for future use. When the vessel

was opened, the grapes had fermented: their juice, in this state, was so acid that the king believed it must be poisonous; he had some vessels filled with it, and "poison" written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous headaches; the pain distracted her so much that she desired death. Observing the vessel with "poison" written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell down into a sound sleep and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often that the monarch's poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemsheed and all his court drank of the new beverage, which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of zeher-e-khoosh, or the delightful poison.



• Calamity of the Life by Doctor Azarakhsh. [Only copy known to FM is the one at the University of Teheran. Ed.]

While living in Iran many years ago I hired a local scholar to search the archives of the University of Teheran for ancient wine information. Among his finds was the story of the discovery of wine attributed to Aristotle, which has not appeared in Western wine literature. The famous philosopher of ancient Greece wrote:

Jamshid, the ancient king of Persia, is the first one who comes to the vine accidentally. One day when he goes out for hunting he sees a vine with ripened fruits on it in a mountainous place. They think it is a wild and poisonous plant. The king orders them to pick its fruits and put them inside a small jar, and keep them in a safe place. After a long time, there was a guilty man who was sentenced to death, so the king asked for that jar. After drinking the juice of the fruits, the guilty man went into a heavy sleep and they imagined he was passing the last minutes of his life; but he woke up and was happy and full of joy. So anybody interested, drank of it; finally the king himself drank and also became happy. Then he ordered to plant this tree everywhere.

In addition to these three books, several other interesting examples of ancient wine literature were found at the library in Teheran. I will briefly note a few of them.

The 7th century author Khojeh Nassira-din-e-Toossi, Prime Minister for Mogul King, gave some advice that still applies today: When drinking wine "avoid sitting by a fool." Another 7th century writer, Abbassi, relates the involvement of wine in Persian history from 500 BC forward, including the role of wine when Alexander razed Persepolis. Ahmad Manoocheri Damghani, a famous 7th century poet, gives extensive, metaphorical descriptions of wine-making thirteen centuries ago. In the 10th century, the renowned Ferdowssi, in his "Shahnameh," tells the life-saving role wine played in Roodabeh giving birth to the legendary hero Rosstam.

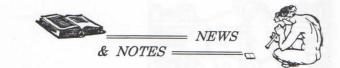
THE BOTTLES

The Persian king must have used a Muscat grape for his first wine. In my recent tasting classes, two top scoring Muscats were Sobon Orange Muscat and Quady Elysium Black Muscat.

Another early review of Persian wines was made by none other than Genghis Khan (1167–1227), who said the best wine of the country came from Shiraz. (A digression. I may be the only living wine writer who has sipped Shiraz wine in the town of Shiraz. It was really, really robust!) A recent best value (\$9!) is Black Swan Shiraz (65%) / Cabernet Sauvignon (35%).

[Fred McMillin has been researching and writing about wine for at least half a century, while his historically related wine-tasting seminars in San Francisco have educated and delighted wine students for some three decades. Congratulations, Fred! — Ed.]





"There is little in life to equal finding a book long sought and long out of print." — DR. MAYA PATEL

OLD BOOKS, NEW FINDS!

One of the joys of collecting wine books is finding exciting ones you missed earlier. Three recently resurfaced titles, not rare or necessarily elusive, yet perhaps omitted from the mainstream of desired wine books, are worthy of our attention, and a place in our libraries.

Jean Dethier, ed. Châteaux Bordeaux. Wine. Architecture, and Civilization. Introduction by Hugh Johnson. London: Mitchell Beazley, 1989. 1st English ed. (originally published in French in 1988). 259p. (Gabler, p.109, lists the 1993 edition by Cross River Press.) This is a grand book—scholarly, brilliantly and lavishly illustrated. Consider a few of the essays from the Table of Contents: "The Sources of Bordeaux's Wine Civilization," "The History of the Bordeaux Vineyard," "The Concept of the Wine Château," "The Wine Trade and City of Bordeaux," "A History of Wine Architecture," "The Present and Future of Wine Architecture," "Biographical Dictionary of the Architects, Builders, and Landscape Designers in the Bordeaux Region from 1511-1988." You will appreciate the excellence of this book.

Blanche Henrey (1906–1983). British Botanical and Horticultural Literature before 1800. A History and Bibliography of Botanical and Horticultural Books printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland from the earliest times until 1800. 3 vols. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1975. Reprint edition for Sandpiper Books, 1999. Vol.I: 16th & 17th Century History & Bibliography, 290p; Vol.II: 18th Century History, 748p.; Vol.III, 18th Century Bibliography, 142p. In this "monumental and definitive" work that provides a splendid history of the botanical and horticultural effort in the British Isles, several significant works on viticulture are included and discussed—William Speechly, John Locke, Louis de Saint Pierre, John Rose, William Hughes, and William Turner, among others. Presented also are biographical sketches of early agricultural and horticultural writers who included wine or grape growing in their works: Philip Miller, Richard Bradley (supposedly the anonymous author of The Vineyard, 1727), John Evelyn, and others. The volumes are embellished with color plates and numerous reproductions of title pages and elaborate

frontispieces. This is a superb work of outstanding, universally acclaimed scholarship. A valuable, attractive, and very readable reference.

Georgian Wine. (G21632). The 1989 revised edition is written in English, Russian and Georgian. Text by V. Chiaurely. Editor, N. Mekhuzla. Translated into English by E. Somovoi. [400]p. 9½ x 13. (The 1984 edition of [344] pages is slightly larger in format.) This massive book, beautifully illustrated with some 1000 color (mostly full-page photographs) contains an extensive account of the Georgian wine industry. Sections cover the early earthenware and chased metal vessels used, the earliest period of Georgian winemaking, the old Georgian wineries, a section on the old labels, a large section on grape harvesting (including a feature on "churchkhela," a delicacy of harvest-time, made from nuts and raisins threaded on a string and dipped into caramel), wine making factories, vintage dry table wines, semi-dry wines, naturally semi-sweet wines, fortified wines, champagne wine, Soviet champagne, sparkling wines, dessert wines, vintage brandies, and jubilee brandies. (Our Tendril thanks to Joe Lynch for this description of the book and the translation of the names of the book's contributors.)

WINE FICTION

F or those who enjoy a good novel with a wine theme, here are a few titles not previously listed. (See also "Wine Tales" by Warren Johnson this issue.)

• Cox, Irving E., Jr. *Murder Among Friends.* New York: Abelard-Schuman, 1956. 188p. A murder mystery with a California vineyard setting.

• Holt, Victoria. *The King of the Castle*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1967. 310p. Suspense and romance in the French wine country; rather old fashioned, slightly implausible, overly descriptive and dramatic, but still a good read.

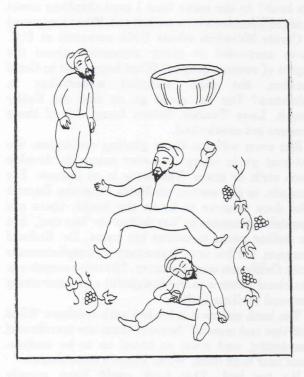
• Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc [Marie] (1868-1947). The Chianti Flask. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1934. 284p. British ed., 1935. London: Heinemann. 298p. A murder mystery set in rural England. "Everything turned—didn't it—on a bottle of that Italian wine which is sold in a queerly shaped bottle?" Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, a prolific writer of crime novels and other works, fiction and non-fiction, was the sister of author Hilaire Belloc, known in wine literature for his Advice and An Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine (see Gabler, p.39).

Murray, Lynne. A Ton of Trouble. New York: St. Martin's Minotaur, 2002. 227p. A Josephine Fuller Mystery, set in the Napa Valley. A "plus-size sleuth" and a "super-size porn queen" caught in the middle of a winery murder. Don't know.... • White, David G. *The Good Life. A Chris Garrett Novel.* Napa, CA: Harmon & White Publishing, 2007. 272p. Hardcover. \$25. A Napa Valley vintner is found drowned in a wine vat: accident? or murder? Author White, who has a degree in writing, is a winemaker's assistant at a Napa Valley winery.

 Fletcher, Jessica and Donald Bain. Blood on the Vine. A "Murder, She Wrote" Mystery. New York: Signet, 2001. 260p. Paperback. A breezy, enjoyable Jessica Fletcher story, this one set in Napa Valley.

TOKAJ-HEGYALJAI ALBUM

I nour January 2007 issue, Christopher Fielden reviewed the 2001 facsimile reprint by Tokay Renaissance of the original 1867 *Album of the Tokay-Hegyalja*, one of the classic wine books of its era. We had several requests for copies of the reprint (and no copies available from usual internet sources), so a correspondence was initiated with Tokay Renaissance in Hungary. To make a very long story very short, we did not succeed in getting any copies of the book (about \$50 US). Five copies arrived here, but were battered and bruised from a lack of proper packing; a replacement shipment would not be sent. Do any Tendrils have a Hungarian connection who might be able to obtain copies? Contact the Editor if you can help! tendrils@jps.net



From: HOW WINE CAME TO MAN. AN OLD PERSIAN TALE.

6

IN THE WINE LIBRARY by *Bob Foster*



• Women of the Vine. Inside the World of Women Who Make, Taste, and Enjoy Wine by Deborah Brenner. Hoboken, NJ: John Wiley & Sons, 2006. 242 pp. Softback. \$16.95.

"It's too bad ... Not recommended."

Ror centuries the wine world was almost exclusively a man's world. Women seldom managed to penetrate into critical leadership roles in teaching, making, or enjoying wine. But in recent years there has been a change and now women occupy pivotal roles in all aspects of the wine world. Having a book with profiles of these women is a terrific idea.

This book could have been superb, documenting the females of the wine world who have really made a difference in opening up the former male enclave. But, the book falls short of this goal. Again and again in reading the biographies, I kept wondering why some of the women were selected for this book. Some of them have a simple story: they went to college, went to enology school and then got a job in a winery. Other than their gender, why are they in this book? At the same time I kept thinking about all of the notables who were left out. What happened to Carole Meredith whose DNA research at U.C. Davis unraveled so many mysteries about the origins of various grapes? What happened to Carol Sheldon, the most medaled winemaker in California? The list could go on and on: Kathy Joseph, Lane Tanner, Zelma Long. All of these pioneers are overlooked.

But even without these glaring omissions, the text just plods along. It never seems to develop much style or grace. The focus is so narrow. For example, in the section on Heidi Peterson Barrett (who does deserve to be in the book), there are repeated references to "her father" or "her dad," but the author never mentions his name, Dr. Richard Peterson, nor his near-legendary accomplishments in the California wine industry. The one exception to this bland pattern is the insightful and interesting foreword by Gina Gallo.

The book claims it is loaded with sidebars "filled with tips and secrets." Some of them are terrific and interesting, and some so banal as to be useless. Pinot noir with duck. Wow. There's a revelation.

It's too bad. This book could have greatly expanded our knowledge of the women pioneers who did so much to change the face of the wine world. It could have shown their strategies for surviving and prospering in a male dominated environment. That goal is still, sadly, unfulfilled. Not recommended.

 Great American Wine. The Wine Rebel's Manual by Craig Renaud. Spokane, WA: Tornado Creek Publications, 2006. 224 pp. Hardback. \$24.95.

"It's insightful stuff well told"

There's a lot to like in this book. The author, an Idaho-based wine writer and wine broker, has written a very interesting, down to earth and very humorous book that covers everything from the "condescending trendy scheming wine-rating system" to the role of wine in various religions.

The author begins with a lengthy section analyzing and showing the flaws in the American wine grading scene led by Robert Parker. He has an entire page with a chart entitled "Robert Parker Wine Descriptions that will Baffle You." Among the descriptors are animal fur, forestry, and verbena. It's insightful stuff well told. Renaud has no tolerance for any of the pompous words used by some critics to describe wines.

I was particularly impressed by the chapter entitled "How to Drink Wine and Still Go to Heaven" where the author discusses each of the world's major religions and their attitude about drinking wine.

The sole disconcerting note on the book is its continual emphasis on events and places in the Western Washington-Idaho region. It seems oddly localized for a book devoted to American wines. With all due respect to the wine lovers of the area, no one would ever call the region the center or near-center of the American wine industry. These frequent references to the region or its noted Davenport Hotel seemed distracting from the main thrust of the book.

But the humor and the information in the book are solid. Recommended.

• *The Art and Science of Wine* by James Halliday and Hugh Johnson. New York: Firefly, 2007. 240 pp. \$30.

"Bravo!"

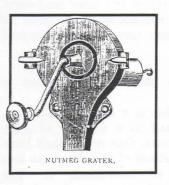
[IN SUMMARY] Take two of the best wine writers of our era and let them do a thorough analysis of the science and the art that go into every decision from the vineyard to the bottle. The result—one of the best wine books of the year. Bravo! Very highly recommended.

[Bob Foster, a founder of the Wayward Tendrils in 1990 and a frequent member of wine tasting juries around the country, writes a regular wine-book review column for the <u>California Grapevine</u>. The above reviews appeared in the April/May 2007 issue. To order a subscription or a sample issue of this excellent bi-monthly, you can send an e-mail to grapevine@san.rr.com. — Ed.]

Served Up from "The Barchives" by *Brian Rea*

[This is the fifth (no pun!) of Brian Rea's recent series on early Mixed Drink Books. He draws from his unmatched "Barchives" and his some sixty years in the adult beverage business (from bartender to executive). Salute, Brian! — Ed.]

American & Other Drinks. Upwards of Two Hundred of the Most Approved Recipes, for Making the Principal Beverages Used in the United States and Elsewhere, by Leo Engel, of the Criterion, late of New York City, U.S.A. (London, 1878).



Rollowing my recipe for serving up reviews of Cocktail /Mixed Drink books in a chronological sequence, I believe Leo Engel's *American & Other Drinks* should be the next up at the bar. Published in 1878 in London by Tinsley Brothers (8 Catherine

Street, Strand), its gilt-decorated cloth-bound 73 pages are filled with 202 beverage recipes, numerous black and white ads, and superb illustrations of bar utensils.

In the last issue of the Wayward Tendrils we reviewed Haney's Steward & Barkeepers Manual, published in 1869. Between that year and Mr. Engel's publishing date of 1878, there was only one other Bartender/Cocktail book published, and that was Jerry Thomas's The Bartender's Guide. Since we have discussed Mr. Thomas's 1862 How To Mix Drink's or the Bon-Vivants Companion in a previous issue, I believe we can move on to Mr. Engel. (But we will have to discuss Mr. Thomas's books in another issue, as there are some recent facts, and fiction, that have surfaced.)

First European-Published Book on American Drinks

Rel's book has created some controversy, at two levels. The first is the claim that this was the first European-published book about American Drinks. If I use my collection as a guide, as well as other bibliographic and reference books, I concur with this claim—the records indicate no other books of this genre published prior to Mr. Engel's American & Other Drinks. But, if per chance another European-published American Drink book printed prior to 1878 does surface, I shall purchase a round of adult beverages for the person submitting that find. Cheers.

The second controversy was whether or not Mr. Engel obtained most of his recipes from the 1862 and 1876 editions of Mr. Thomas' book. As far as I am concerned, why not. I believe most Cocktail/ Mixed Drink book recipes are derived from other books that contained recipes, especially early cookery books. And let us not forget Oxford Nightcaps, first published in 1827, with numerous subsequent editions over the years. Obviously there were many people purchasing this book, and be assured this included many authors, and potential authors. Many Cocktail/Mixed Drink authors duplicate these recipes, sometimes modifying the recipe, the portions, the ingredients, or as a last resort, changing the name of the drink to avoid a plagiarism accusation.

If I may inject a point that I firmly believe: a substantial portion of all Cocktail / Mixed Drink recipes are derived from a simple, basic concoction of the 1700s, the Toddy, which contained sugar, spirit, and water (frozen or liquid). A brief list of some of the Toddy family of popular, vintage drinks would include Bimbos, Caudles, Cobblers, Crustas, Cups, Daisies, Eggnogs, Fixes, Grogs, Juleps, Mimbos, Mulls, Negus, Punches, Sangarees, Shrubs, Sitchells, Slings, Smashes, Sours, and Syllabubs. Probably at least 75% of all concoctions served today have that formula as the base-and then on to infinity. In a future issue, I would like to discuss the latest trend of exotic garnishes emanating from the bar/kitchens, as well as the august titles bartenders are bestowing upon themselves these days. These observations will be served up in full in my B.A.S.T.A.R.D.S. (Bars, And Saloons, Taverns, And Random Drink Stories) later this year.

Now, back to American & Other Drinks. Again we have another eloquent preface that I feel should be part of this dialog, to wit:

"Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" These few words, culled from a work of the immortal Shakespeare, must speak volumes in favor of those "Cooling Drinks" so artistically concocted to tickle the palate of mankind. The Americans, to whom we are indebted for a great number of ingenious inventions that have added greatly to the human race, were the first to introduce these wholesome and invigorating Refreshers. For many years they only flourished in the United States, but have at last become acclimatized in every quarter of the globe, and are now the acknowledged drink in all Bacchanalian revels. Every great city now boasts of its "Alabama

Fogcutters," "Connecticut Eye-openers," "Lightning Smashers," "Boston Nose-Warmers," "Magnetic Crushers," "Galvanic Lippouters," "Josey Ticklers," and "Leo Coaxers." It occurred to the author of this work that it was only right that the public should be made acquainted with the precise manner in which these drinks are manipulated, there being a vast difference in both their flavour and effect if made from a proper recipe. Leo, during his lengthened sojourn in America, collected an unlimited number of original and other recipes for "Drinks," and has become a great benefactor to the British nation. Parr or Morison may have contributed by their skill to health, but it has been reserved for Leo to look after both health and spirit, and we feel certain that no one will deny that the social drinks he has popularized in this country have added to the comfort and enjoyment of all classes of the community, from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the most humble of Her Majesty's subjects. It is our intention to select from his gigantic catalog of recipes upwards of two hundred various compounds, each of which has been extensively patronized by the bon vivants of every country, and to explain in this little volume the best method of concocting them; so that in the future there will be no excuse for anyone that happens to have this book in the library ever again imbibing any of those "villainous compounds" so often met with. Having made this liberal promise, we shall now take our leave, make our bow, and, like the Peri in Lalla Rookh, exclaim-

> Joy, joy for ever, my task is done; The gate is passed, the haven is won.

Huzzah for brevity, aplomb, confidence, and a substantial portion of chutzpah.

One of the puzzling, unfortunate aspects of this book is that after all the praises of the aforementioned refreshers, their recipes are not included. How rude! I would imagine a reader perusing this book would have turned to those recipes first. Maybe the drink titles were too racy.

There are twenty-one recipes in the book for Leo's Specialties, and fifty-five recipes for Punches. One of the more interesting of Leo's Specialties is Leo's Knickebein:

"Keep a mixture ready-made to hand, thoroughly combined, of the following, in the proportions given: One-third each of Curacao, Noyeau, and Maraschino. When mixing a drink, fill a straw-stem port wine glass two-thirds full of the above mixture, float the unbroken yolk of a new-laid egg on the surface of the liquor, then build up a pyramid with the whisked white of the same egg on the surface of the latter, dash a few drops of Angostura bitters, and drink as directed.

> Directions For Taking The Knickebein (Registered)

- 1. Pass the glass under the *Nostrils* and *Inhale* the *Flavour.* Pause.
- 2. Hold the glass *perpendicularly*, close under your mouth, open it *wide*, and suck the froth by drawing a *Deep Breath*. Pause again.
- 3. *Point* the lips and take *one-third* of the *liquid contents* remaining in the glass without *touching* the *yolk.* Pause once more.
- 4. Straighten the body, throw the *head backward*, swallow the contents remaining in the glass *all at once*, and at the same time *breaking the yolk* in your mouth.

May I add, consume this drink only when in formal attire.

You have to admit this is a special concoction, and surprisingly is listed in a number of older Cocktail/Mixed Drink books. One day I shall have to experience the uniqueness of this drink, no less the precise method of consuming it. The "Registered" insertion makes me wonder if that would be similar to a patent, or is it just a Drink Registry. Will have to inquire.

Compliments to American Parentage

n explanation in the book for Eggnog is another compliment to American parentage.

Egg Nogg

Egg Nogg is a beverage of American origin, and has gained a popularity all over the world. In the South it is almost indispensable at Christmas time, in the East wise men imbibe it, in the West the egotist believes in it, and in the North it is a favorite of all seasons.



BUNDLE OF STRAWS USED IN SIPPING COBBLERS JULEPS, &c.

Juleps also receive their plaudits, to wit:

Juleps

The Julep is peculiarly an American beverage, and in the Southern states is more popular than in any other. It was first introduced into England by Captain Marryat, where it is now quite a favorite. The gallant Captain appears to have been a great patroniser of this drink, and published the recipe in his work on America [1839]. We give it in his own words:

I must descant a little upon the mint julep, as it is, with the thermometer at 100 degrees, one of the most delightful and insinuating potations that was ever invented, and may be drunk with equal satisfaction when the thermometer is at 70 degrees. There are many varieties, such as those composed with claret, Madeira, &c, &c, but the ingredients of the real mint julep are as follows; I learnt how to make them and succeeded pretty well. - Put into a tumbler about a dozen sprigs of the tender shoots of mint; upon them put a spoonful of white sugar and equal portions of peach and common brandy, so as to fill it up one-third, or perhaps a little less; then take rasped or powdered ice and fill up the tumbler. Epicures rub the lips of the tumbler with a piece of fresh pine-apple, and the tumbler itself is very often incrusted outside with stalactites of ice. As the ice melts vou drink. I once overheard two ladies talking in the next room to mine, and one of them said: "Well, if I have a weakness for any one thing, it is for a mint julep." A very amiable weakness, and proving her good sense and good taste. They are, in fact, like the American ladies, irresistible."

Well, we are back to the same old problem, portioning. No sizes indicated for the tumbler, or the peach and common brandy. This is a problem with any number of Cocktail/Mixed Drink books. Portions are in 1/4s, 1/3s, 1/2s, 3/4s, and so on, which can result in some rather unbalanced drinks.

Some other recipes of interest could be:

No.184 — Girard Flip

So styled after the famous grotesque dancers of that name, being their favorite beverage when thoroughly exhausted after their terpsichorean eccentricities. In a tumbler place the yolk of an egg, to this add about a tea-spoon of noyeaux; a dash of cayenne pepper; a half glass of brandy; a gill of ice. Fill up with new milk, shake well and strain.

No.189 — Our Swizzle

It occurred to the author of this little work, after a conversation with an Indian gentleman, to make a cocktail called in India a *Swizzle*. Take a small tumbler, half fill it with chipped ice; then add one and a half liqueur glasses of Boker's bitters; half a

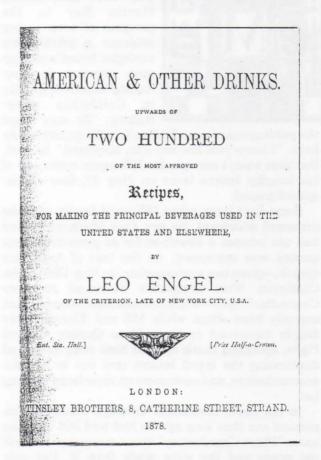
wine glass of brandy; and two or three drops of Noyeau to flavor and sweeten it. Now swizzle this concoction, with an Indian cane swizzle, to a froth; drink through a strainer. Tastes differ. An Indian likes a cocktail swizzeled; a North American, within the last few years, will not take one unless it is stirred with a spoon; a South American will have it shaken; an Englishman, who has traveled in America, is more particular than any one of the others (until you find out his taste), and is the most difficult to please.

Decisions, decisions, plus a goodly amount of bitters for contemplation.

No.195 — Heap Of Comfort

One new-laid egg; liqueur glass of Maraschino; liqueur glass of brandy; Cayenne pepper according to taste; gum syrup. Shake up well with ice and strain in a cocktail glass.

Not sure this is the appropriate name for this drink, and did they keep chickens in the bar area?



Engel's guide of 1878 is acknowledged the first Europeanpublished book on American Drinks. As per an ad in the book, "Professor" Engel was the manager of the American Bar in the Criterion Hotel, Piccadilly, where he offered a "choice of over 300 genuine American Drinks."

Vinaceous Correspondents: Martin Ray's Friendships with Eminent Oenophiles The Third Article in a Series / Twelfth Section by Barbara Marinacci

As with the last three installments of this long-running article about the friendship between California vintner Martin Ray and UC Davis enologist Maynard Amerine, this segment covers the critical period in mid-1955 when MR and his wife, Eleanor, were conducting their determined battle against prominent wineries and wine men in the industry's well-entrenched Establishment. They aimed to arouse widespread attention, especially among wine writers, retailers and connoisseurs, to their grand cause: pushing the better wineries into planting far more fine winegrape varieties and from them making unblended and honestly labeled varietals that would prove California's ability to produce world-class wines. By May, though, it was evident that Amerine, who disliked MR's pugilistic methods, might abandon their close alliance of almost 20 years. As before, the author thanks the staff of Special Collections of the UC Davis Library for providing access to the Martin and Eleanor Ray Papers and frequent assistance in copying documents.

PART III. MARTIN RAY AND MAYNARD AMERINE (1937-1976) - 12 -

aynard Amerine's note sent toward the end of May 1955 had alerted Martin Ray to the prospect of soon seeing evidence in print of his enologist friend's concurrent activism in promoting improved quality in California winemaking. "Be sure I get

the publication of your TAC talk," MR quickly wrote back. "I know you are not idle, Maynard," he said. But that wasn't enough, for MR again wrote one of his lengthy letters (sent on May 27, four singlespaced pages).

Some days later, when MR could finally read the promised document, he saw that Maynard indeed had not become a slouch so far as promoting wine quality was concerned. As the text of Amerine's speech—given two weeks earlier, on May 13th, to the California Wine Institute's Technical Advisory Committee (TAC)—would demonstrate, Amerine had scarcely been silent while MR and Eleanor were deeply immersed in their Wine Quality Control Fight, spending much of their time composing and duplicating the typed letters sent out to friends, acquaintances, and customers on their large mailing list.

In his above-mentioned message, Amerine also pointed out that long ago he had told MR that the name "Pinot Chardonnay" was a misnomer for both the grape and the wine made from it. But only recently had MR admitted his mistake. He changed his labels and price list accordingly, to plain "Chardonnay," while also alerting other growers to the correct varietal name used in France—as his adopted son Peter Martin Ray had confirmed in 1954 when visiting French vintners and viticulture researchers. (At the time, before DNA proved otherwise, it was also firmly declared that this white grape variety was *not* a mutant offspring of the Pinot Noir grape.)

So in his latest epistle MR couldn't resist reminding MA of a noteworthy UC Davis identification error in the past, which appears to have escaped the notice of wine scholars. The professional confusion during the post-Repeal period, even at Davis, over white grape identities may partly explain why—as MR invariably complained—most bottles labeled Pinot Chardonnay by other wineries didn't contain a wine with much, if indeed any, Chardonnay (or White Burgundy) identity. Sometimes growers and winemakers actually *thought* they had Chardonnay.

But don't forget the University was wrong in 1936 and before. They were giving out Pinot BlancVrai cuttings as Chardonnay and visa versa. It was I who first investigated and called [Harold] Olmo in. He said he would check when he went to France. Upon his return shortly thereafter he confirmed his mistake and my findings.

Now having said this, MR decided to compliment Maynard as a way to show gratitude and even display some humility.

I take no man's word unless I can know what he knows. You are the only man alive I would trust to buy wine for me. And you have aided me numerous times on vines, even as recently as last summer. My knowledge of vines is limited to very few varieties. I have gradually learned to know them well. In the beginning almost everything I did was wrong. Our friendship has matured sufficiently to permit us to speak out our minds and I won't hesitate to say what I believe and I expect the same of you. You can never peg a man who won't speak his mind. I am not comfortable with them.

When writing to Amerine at this turbulent time in their relationship, MR didn't entirely neglect technical wine matters A day after sending off the previous letter, he asked Amerine to correct statements made in a recent publication by two UC Davis enologists. They had said that pink was the proper color of a rosé-type table or sparkling wine, and that an orange tint indicated undesirable oxidation or overaging.

There are so many things coming out in print that have to do with wines and which are untrue I simply cannot keep up to correcting them! But I did not expect to have to address Berg and Webb. I am sending the letter to you and I will ask that you hand it to them because I anticipate you may wish to discuss it between you.

Then he wrote several paragraphs explaining why rosés made from Pinot Noir grapes should be orange as "a great achievement" and *not* pink—as exemplified by Masson's Oeil de Perdrix (his renowned partridge-eye champagne) and, now, MR's Sang de Pinot (Pinot Blood). He also pointed out that the popular pink champagnes, or sparkling wines, were usually made from "doctored" (or dyed) white wines, not lightly pressed red ones.

Now, since there is so very much being said right now about the Pinot Noir, I think this should be straightened out. A letter to me will be satisfactory so that I may quote from it. And I hope that you are able to accept my statements and employ them for whatever comments may be published hereafter. Already I have been told by two people that our color is not right. One is Dr. Crahan [an oenophile with whom the Rays had been communicating and sometimes socializing]. I don't know where he got the idea. And last night John Melville wrote me at length criticising the color in our wine. God only knows where he got the idea. I know it was not original with him. I have blasted right back at both of them! But at all times, as in the past, I want to work with the University and I will be distressed if you cannot accept this correction. I will not sue you, however! So please correct. And thank you very much. [5/28/55]

Perhaps MR mailed the letter on the day he wrote it. Or maybe on the next day he just delivered it in person to the addressee, in Davis.

The Trip to Davis Inspires an Enlistment Effort

O northeastward to Davis, over a hundred miles away, to dine with Amerine at his home, as had been previously arranged. But Maynard had warned them that they couldn't stay there overnight, as was customary, for he had a houseguest—actually the Dr. Salvatore Lucia, who, as MR reported to Amerine in 1954, had disparaged him. In the conversation at Amerine's table that afternoon, everyone may have initially skirted the entire touchy issue of the Rays' Wine Quality Fight—though it's hard to picture MR, once he'd imbibed sufficient wine, refraining from fixating upon the topic occupying the center of his universe. And if he did "carry on," as he was wont to do, his host wouldn't have been at all pleased.

There's good indication, though, that this culinary convocation stirred up a new strategic move. Shortly before taking the trip to Davis, Maynard had informed MR that he was deliberately maintaining a professional *hors de combat* stance.

I have discussed your letters or copies with no one. I have not even spoken to Winkler of my thoughts thereon. [Undated but sent toward end of May 1955]

Since it had become clear to MR that Amerine wanted no part of these agitations aimed at forcing (or at least embarrassing) the Premium Wine Producers of California (PWP) into accepting some form of quality control, he decided he needed a new confederate at UC Davis. Possibly while at Amerine's home in Davis, MR decided he should try to engage Dr. Winkler. Since Maynard had refused to do it, Winkler might be willing to design and propose a practicable quality control plan that the Premium Wine Producers of California might actually accept.

Two days later, MR wrote a letter to Dr. Albert Winkler, UC Davis's renowned professor of viticulture, who had hired young Amerine to join the faculty there in 1935, even before he'd received his PhD from UC Berkeley in plant physiology. Given the directive to learn as much as he could about wine science, Amerine rapidly became the staff's main enologist as well as an expert wine taster. Also, he and Winkler together began their six-year investigation of which winegrape varieties would best succeed when grown under the various climatic conditions within California's many winegrowing regions.

So who better to approach now than Dr. Winkler—who apparently knew nothing as yet about the Rays' Wine Quality Control fight? In a final grace note to his lengthy letter to him, MR perhaps indicated the very time and place of this new inspiration.

I am happy to tell you that over the week-end Mrs. Ray and I had the pleasure of dinner at Dr. Amerine's house which occasioned our meeting your Provost, and I proposed there a toast to you which we all drank. I told of a conversation with you in the early years after Repeal when you were building your staff of young professors and I said that while now they are all well known and established under their own names it was you who brought them to the University and that credit for their success must therefore always be shared. Were your ears itching? [5/31/55]

But first, of course, MR had needed to detail his intentions and recent activities.

Dear Dr. Winkler [MR was never on a first-name basis with him]: It has been nearly 20 years now since I asked you to come down to our old place [Paul Masson] and go over the vineyard with me. You will remember my interest from the first was in the better varieties and I set off on a replanting schedule at once. It was established as clearly justified by the straight unblended varietals when I finally brought them to market. And our new vineyard here has permitted a more concentrated effort on the wines themselves. We have held our varieties down to Pinot Noir, Chardonnay and Cabernet Sauvignon. As the vines became older we got from them better wines. 1948 was our first vintage at the new vineyard, 1953 has been our best. 1952 is the finest we have thus far brought to market.

During the past months I have been almost constantly in touch with retailers throughout the state. Our sales have been splendid and even at this early date in the reintroduction of our wines in many places I can say that our plan of operation is sound and profitable. But I have been greatly concerned to discover dealers have little respect for most California varietal wines, completely distrusting the varietal claims of the labels. They all know about the law permitting blending and they need no suggestion to visualize it being carried further than permitted. They know that there is little Pinot Noir, Chardonnay and Traminer in the state. Yet they see all the labels carrying these names. The sales people who sell California wines are poorly trained whereas those who sell imports are as a group more expert at influencing the thinking of retailers. Within certain price brackets all this has permitted the increased of imports, in 1948 500,000 gallons, to 1954's total of 3,000,000. These are Gomberg's figures. And this has brought on the organization of the Premium Wine Growers [sic] of California.

MR finally got around to explaining to Winkler why he was writing this letter.

Now, I have not wanted to involve you in the effort which I am making to drive the growers to some form of self imposed quality control. Nevertheless, when and if we ever get it, it is something that must tie in to your long and successful fight for the planting of fine varieties. For, it is well known in the industry and beyond that the University has pioneered in sponsoring the planting of fine varieties in California, and while the commercial aspect of bringing wine to market is out of your field, the control of quality in fine varietal wines would come as a magnificent climax to all your efforts. There has been rather an extensive accumulation of letters between Gomberg, Wente, John Daniel, Mondavi, the Marquise de Pins and myself—and involving other correspondence as well. So, I have kept a file of it for you and during the week it should be sufficiently complete to send along to you. It will give you the exact facts of the negotiation between us. Gomberg has agreed to submit my plan to the growers on June 2nd. [It's presented in #11 in the January 2007 WTQ.] Some of them are very bitter, as you may well understand. But their position is untenable and there has been and will continue to be sufficient hammering away at them to insure some form of quality control being brought a lot closer if, indeed it is not actually endorsed.

MR recognized that what he had been doing, and what he was doing now, was surely important to record for the interest and use of posterity, in the forms of nascent and idealistic vintners or wine scholars. Unfortunately for this vision of his, few people would ever learn about these documents, let alone actually look at them. Little is now known by the young, let alone remembered by the old, about those many dismal quality-dismissing years following Repeal, three decades and more, before the Wine Revolution began utterly transforming the high end of America's wine industry.

This file I will send you I would like to become a record for reference of viticultural students at Davis and all other interested parties, in the years to come when quality control has passed into history. I have found invaluable the old files of the San Francisco Examiner which in the years 1889 and thereafter so ably and completely reported the fight made by Professor Hilgard for improved quality and in which fight the growers opposed him so bitterly. For, it has showed a perfectly natural reaction which has continued right down to this day. He had nothing to back him up but his great prestige. Today there is an economic need for the growers to do something and it is my hope that they can see that this is their way out. It is the only way to meet the threat of growing imports-improve their wines sufficiently to meet the competition, then train those who sell their wines to intelligently present them and apply the stepped up sales effort which can then be insured. The years that have passed since repeal show very clearly that without some form of quality control our wines will not be made better. And in the years since the start of the last war we have seen what happens to quality when the growers have a sellers market.

In winding down his prospectus to Dr. Winkler, when telling of the highly positive responses he'd been getting from wine retailers and consumers, MR slyly hinted at one significant but unnamed approval-withholder, before moving on. It was Winkler's associate Amerine, of course.

You might be interested to know that of all those with whom I have had correspondence on this subject, all support vigorously my efforts, save only the growers themselves and one other person. Those who are going to give us the publicity referred to see in this situation which has developed a parallel to the struggle for quality which has extended into nearly all of man's efforts and it is to be presented as man's struggle for quality. If the growers line up for the plan they will be tied-in as symbols of man's ideals triumphing over his purely materialistic motives. [5/31/55]

Over the next several months, some back-andforth communications between Winkler and Martin Ray proceeded by mail, mostly in phone calls.

Further Doings with Melville

During May and June, while the whole quality issue raged on, the Rays were all agog about their new fast friendship with actor Burgess Meredith (portrayed in #8). They also had frequent contact—in letters, over the phone, and in person with John Melville, whose just-published *Guide to California Wines* had quickly become a bestseller in the state (discussed in #10). In a letter to Amerine, written a week after their social trip to Davis, first MR, then ER, described Melville's recent visit to Mt. Eden.

Melville came bringing us a magnum of Louis Martini's "Pinot Noir" and a bottle of Cresta Blanca "Pinot Chardonnay." The Magnum had <u>no</u> Pinot Noir in it so far as I could tell. It was obviously a blend but I would not try to guess what it contained beyond Zinfandel. I was surprised to find he would put Zinfandel in this particular wine but it was unmistakable. He evidently does not have a standard blend because the wine was entirely different than the last Pinot Noir of his I tasted. That is a mistake, too. He should at least stick to one blend. But it illustrates what usage and time do to a maker. Evidently he has by now come to believe no one can tell the difference. I wonder what the magnum cost? I must ask.

The Cresta Blanca wine was not good. Perhaps it was made of Chardonnay. All I can say is that it, too, was unlike their last bottle I tasted. And if it was Chardonnay it was Chardonnay wasted because it had none of the varietal character of that grape. Melville said the wine maker swore to him that it is 100% Chardonnay. But then he also told Melville that it needed two years in bottle to bring out its varietal character! That, to me, is an admittance that suggests he knows it is not Chardonnay. Anyway, the wine would not hold up two years in bottle because it was low in acid and, surprising enough, did not have excess sulphur in it.

Melville told us, "You know who I really would like to have dinner with is Dr. Amerine." Would you rebuff him? He is most anxious to get in with you because he knows you know all the things he doesn't know. His plans are really most amazing. He has even planned so far ahead now that he includes a trip to France and Germany and a book on French and German wines! I wonder what will become of him. I don't see what can stop him. He evidently has enough money to live on so he will presumably keep right on going. His publisher is really going to town for him. They have Radio and TV shows lined up for him, and Joe Jackson seems to think he is a very great authority. Books, Inc. ordered 200 or 300 copies of the book, their first order. It is unbelievable! I see someone reviewed for the Chronicle vesterday, the name was James Benet. Know him? He starts out: "It has been for some years inevitable and desirable that there should appear a guide to California wines such as this; what was not inevitable was that it should be so wholly and satisfying and brilliantly informative." I wish to God my success was that inevitable! But goes to show what a man can do, especially if he gets the right names behind him. Your name gave him [Joseph Henry] Jackson. Joe Jackson [book columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle] sold his manuscript and Joe Jackson is going a long way in selling the book now.

It's hard to imagine the existence of someone whom Martin Ray couldn't outmaneuver and outtalk. But with this brazenly assertive fellow at times MR actually found himself outmatched.

I like to watch people like Melville. He is so intent that it is hardly possible to even briefly mention anything he has not set upon to discuss. Knowing this I jotted down some things I wanted to tell him. I put them by my side and time after time tried to speak of them. But when he had left after about 2 hours, my list was still there—I had been unable to crowd my points into the conversation. He is now in correspondence with Andre Simon, and Simon is making over him! He really means to establish himself permanently as the authority. Barring some act of God, he is going to get there. The one really great weakness he has is that he cannot taste a wine even as well as the average unskilled person. But I have an idea when out in public he has a method that prevents disclosure. That is not uncommon.

When ending his letter, Martin Ray felt ready now to resume, at least for a time, his work as the winegrower who loved riding his yellow Caterpillar tractor in both directions through his mountain vineyard acreage, between the rows of the thousands of vines that stood singly, 10 feet apart. With their "basket-pruned" canes securely strapped to redwood posts, they were still busily leafing out while producing infinite scores of those tiny clustered inflorescences that became grapes.

Have just finished plowing the second time. Now I must roll the ground before a wind brings the canes down in

the aisles else it will be too late as last year happened. Eleanor wants to thank you for us for that beautiful dinner; we surely did have a beautiful day. Here she is.

So ER added a footnote to MR's letter. Similarly disliking Melville's wine gifts, in her inimitable, lighthearted way she portrayed how they turned rejection into a celebratory occasion.

Dear Maynard, we must be slipping, being so late in thanking you-or did we, and being still in worse shape than we even suspect, have lost track???? As usual it was all pure unadulterated pleasure at your house, and went by all too fast. Your little herbs you gave me are coming along, despite the really intense summer heat that hit here all of a sudden. It's been beautiful out on our veranda these past nights, full moon, wish your life allowed you time to sit out here with us and watch the moon rise for hours, as the orientals do-the past two nights we've done that, and it is so wonderful we had to go to bed-early last evening we drifted off to sleep out there, waking up just as the moon rose-we were tasting all these pretentious wines Melville left us, Rusty would just dump out the bottles, finally, letting them drain across the bricks and off the porch, somehow giving us a very satisfying gesture of contempt, rivers of the stuff flowing away from us into oblivion-then we'd drink some wonderful wine, sing to the guitar, laugh and talk—what a life, we couldn't pull ourselves away to bed till nigh onto 3 a.m.

If you can snatch away some time, do let us know, because you know how we'd love to have you up here with us whenever you can make it.

Much love from us both ... [6/6/55]

By early June, though, Maynard Amerine was pulling away from his intimate connection with the Rays and their Mt. Eden haven.

Amerine's Own Quality Crusade

Surely MR understood Amerine's need to maintain a careful distance from his Wine Quality Fight when in professional milieus. Yet he had expected better support from him in person, in the form of interested encouragement instead of cold censure. After all, in the past, in MR's and Elsie's, then Eleanor's, company, Maynard had often gossiped and complained about the overall situation in the state's wine industry. He would name people whose personalities he disliked or wineries whose methods he decried, and he'd dismiss or scorn many of their wines, some of which he and the Rays tasted together.

But Amerine had to be discreet; he couldn't, and didn't, behave this way publicly, whether vocally or in print. His position as an eminent professor and researcher at UC Davis required diplomatic behavior. Faculty members interacted frequently with the commercial vintners of all winery sizes.

Much of their enological and viticultural research was basically funded by the big producers, and over the years numerous cutting-edge experimental projects went on jointly with venturesome winemakers, especially in Napa Valley. So when Amerine was out tasting wine among connoisseurs, as frequently happened, he felt obliged to be a prime spokesman and promoter for California wines, thereby likely to incur (as MR had twice reported to him) the utter disdain of any vinous Francophiles. Except when he was in military service in WWII, Amerine had never halted in his own efforts to change how things were done-to persuade vineyard owners to grow fine varietal winegrapes and help wineries and winemakers to start producing wines of the highest possible quality. After all, ever since the latter part of the 1930s he and Albert Winkler had been advocating the extensive planting and separate vintaging (with no blending) of the fine varieties, even though their efforts-like Martin Ray's parallel ones-for the most part were minimally heeded. Few growers planting, expanding, or replanting vineyards consulted recommendations in their 1944 landmark publication, "Composition and Quality of Must and Wines of California Grapes."

And now in mid-1955 MR's strident attacks and squabblings with winery proprietors had virtually gone public, alarming the far more genteel and circumspect Amerine. When MR started exposing wineries' deceptions to retailers and cultivating national press representatives to reveal winemaking malpractices, his hot dispute with the wine industry took on a blackmail mien. This wasn't gentlemanly behavior. Ray's rough-house methods for bringing about better wine through quality control measures were unacceptably outré to Amerine.

Despite his friend's insinuation, though, Maynard wasn't abandoning his own wine quality advocacy. Apparently he hadn't told Martin much, if anything, about the presentation he was scheduled to give, and then gave, to attendees at the Wine Institute's Technical Advisory Committee (TAC) meeting on May 13, 1955. Later, of course, as he'd written MR in late May, he'd give him a copy, once his talk—"Some Facts and Fancies About Winemaking and Wines" got printed up. It would serve as evidence of his own consistently held, quality-promoting position.

Contemporary wine aficionados who know little or nothing about the much-delayed planting of fine winegrape varieties and the slow development of high-caliber winemaking in the U.S. might take interest. Professor Amerine's presentation of many hard-hitting facts of that time, delivered over a halfcentury ago. What he said indicates the kind of dialogues he and MR had been having over the years. But there was a significant difference between what the two men said. In his TAC talk the prudent Amerine didn't name names, as MR had been doing in specifying vintners' flagrant winegrowing sins and marketing deceptions. His talk discloses the wine industry's low point in the mid-1950s.

When Amerine received from the Wine Institute a set of mimeographed copies of his talk for his own use, he sent one to MR. It probably arrived in early June, just after the Rays had visited him. Much of the paper's contents the Rays, of course, had heard already from their UC Davis friend and discussed with him. But how good it was to see it here "in print"! Yes indeed, Maynard hadn't abandoned the battlefield after all, even though he no longer fought at Martin's side. So Martin was delighted now to read the tough talk Amerine had given. Amerine even started out by commenting, albeit obliquely, on the PWP's intention to widely promote California's "premium" wines.

It is much easier to say that we are producing the world's finest wines than it is to make critical suggestions about the quality of our wines. However, there is nothing to be gained by joining a mutual admiration society. What I propose is to outline some of the fallacies that I believe the California wine industry is operating under and to suggest certain other points of view which appear to me to be more logical. Nothing much that I have to say is new. But perhaps the organization of the material will be new to you. Many of these points have been discussed previously, both at industry meetings, in private conversations with my friends in the industry and with my colleagues in the University. The errors or misinterpretations which remain, however, are my own.

Let us consider, first of all, the varietal problem. During the last 20 years we have preached consistently, year in and year out, that our variety plantings needed to be revised. There have been some changes, but how many California Rhine wines contain any Riesling grapes? Even if you consider Sylvaner a Riesling variety, which is stretching the point pretty far. And, how many California Rieslings have a distinct and recognizable Riesling odor? And how many California white Riesling (not Johannisberger) contain more than 51% White Riesling? ... Just before the war there was a large howl from many producers because the ATU [California's Alcohol Tax Unit] took the attitude that Riesling was a varietal wine. The attitude of some is that if they buy 50 tons of Chardonnay [grapes] they should be entitled to sell almost any amount of Chardonnay wine. I have heard of one case where 500 gallons of Chardonnay were sold. This then became 1000 gallons of Chardonnay; in a second transfer it became 2000 gallons. Considering that the original 500 gallons was already blended the final wine was about 12% Chardonnay!

What is needed is a regular supply of high quality grapes. This we do not have.

Closely connected with this problem is the utilization of these varietal types and their proper naming.

A type name is intended to tell the consumer what he is getting: silk or wool or cotton or rayon or nylon or mixtures; small, medium or large white or brown eggs; ale or light beer; etc. The types are distinct first because of their unique origin or unique processing or both. The value of a type name is that it conditions the consumer to expect a certain type of product. And such a consumer is a most valuable one because his sales resistance is less and hence specific sales promotion is not so necessary.

Now, one does not need to be very perceptive to note that there is considerable confusion about types in California. After Repeal only generic names were employed. These proved limited in scope because they had no meaning. They still do not have except in a most general way. Claret to one is burgundy to another. Some bottle both out of the same tank-?one time out of the claret tank and the next time out of the burgundy tank. Moreover, where a firm does make a distinction between the two the distinction may be the opposite of another firm and a third may have entirely different ideas regarding the characteristic flavor which each should have. It is doubtful if any very marked distinction can be developed for generic table wine types separate from some distinction in the varietal components of each. At least it appears impracticable at present.

Several years ago the ATU approved sweet burgundy as a type name. At the time I protested vigorously in writing and was informed that some sort of industry need justified the name even though no such type existed in France.

Besides the numerous names for generic wine types, there was the matter of vintaging fine winegrapes and then marketing named varietals.

Even today [the meeting must have started with a wine tasting] you may have noted some of our so-called Cabernets had only a small amount of Cabernet aroma. A type name to have any value must cover a wine that is distinctive and different from all other wines.

There is another and more painful aspect of this. Tasting our generic type named wines, burgundy, chablis, sauterne, rhine, sherry, champagne, port, with their wide range in quality, odor, color, the public soon recognizes that each of them does <u>not</u> represent a single type but a variety of types. They also know that a French burgundy will always have some Pinot character. Therefore, the consumer sets up by that as <u>the</u> type.

Here Amerine seemed to address the matter of competition from foreign, especially French wines that so perturbed the California winegrowers in the Premium Wine Producers group—most of whom surely had representatives, their winemakers, at this TAC meeting.

What we are doing when we use European type names is to give European wines free advertising as the original prototype. I have long advocated dropping this free advertising service. In 20 years the invidious comparisons would disappear and our native types would stand on their own characteristics and not invite comparison with foreign types.

"Now, what is to be done?" Amerine then asked, pointing out that both the Wine Institute and this Technical Advisory Committee had asked specific faculty members at UC Davis to help set the wine industry standards. He made it clear, though, that leaders within the wine industry itself were the ones who had to make decisions and take the essential actions to change conditions that caused confusion and disapproval among wine consumers.

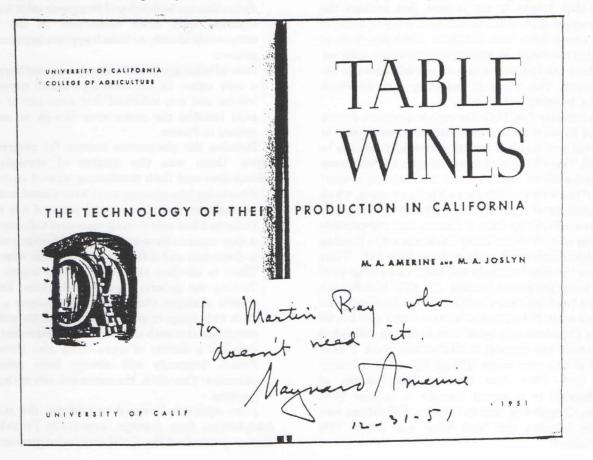
This is very well and we appreciate the confidence that the industry has in the University, but no standards can really be developed unless they arise out of the industry. The industry must recognize that the need for them is so great that they will respect and adhere to the standards set up even when there is a temporary inconvenience. But Amerine reminded his listeners of historic reality:resistance to new quality-enforcing measures in the past had come from the winery people implying that therefore they would likely continue.

When the present state Public Health Code was set up we tried to get the industry to put teeth into the wine standards. However, the sauterne sugar standards were removed entirely. The sherry standards, previously mentioned, were manipulated so as to allow pale dry sherry to be sweet and the total acid values were reduced until even Malaga Chablis was possible.

Saying that "The essentials are clear," Amerine began making strong recommendations for specific changes, such as tightening varietal regulations so that grape varieties should be properly named and overcropping eliminated. Also, the 51% varietal content regulation could be applied only if "the wine has the characteristic flavor of the variety named." The industry should also start a stricter control of generic names.

So how might improvement goals be reached? Amerine proposed that industry members "must be sold on wine as a beverage first." Mostly abandoning formal prose, he proceeded to make a series of suggestions, and even demands, in numbered entries.

Winery managers and employees should know



their jobs technically by improving "tasting mechanics," since wineries' tasters often "mark bad wines as good wines." So people should "Practice. Study. Practice." Great advances could be made even in generic wines through deft blending that might include "discrete use of old wine." Competitors' wines should be bought and sampled—tasted blind and using some sort of statistical rating system.

Amerine then provided painful evidence of the wine industry's poor support of technical training and continuing education in viticulture and enology, so vital in ensuring the production of quality wines. For example, the American Society of Enologists had only 83 industry members within California, and not all of them worked in the wine industry. The ASE's journal had only a small number of subscribers, and its meeting last year had less than one hundred attendees.

Table Wines by Amerine and Joslyn

A s for the book *Table Wines* authored by himself and Maynard Joslyn, and published by the University of California Press four years earlier, it had sold to date only 900 copies — even though "it represents the most authoritative treatise on the subject in English." The conclusion?—"This means little technical interest" among wine industry personnel. And with an underlying bitterness Amerine disclosed that the authors had been paid nothing at all for their writing efforts. (Separately, of course, he had told MR how he resented the popularity and sales of Melville's book.)

Amerine provided further evidence of poor interest in the technical aspects of winemaking. The highly useful, intensive "short course" program, which UC's Department of Viticulture had been giving for years to both outsiders and interested students had only 12 enrollees in 1952, 10 in 1953 and "As of today, there are only 4 for 1955." The low enrollment in the UC enology program was "a disgrace. Contrast Germany, Austria, and Italy, where enrollment is high and continuous. Even Spain has about 40 students in enology." (A half-century later, of course, the situation has changed dramatically, as reflected in enrollment statistics. During the recent academic year of 2005-06, a half-century since Amerine's complaint, the campus had 95 undergraduates majoring in viticulture and enology, and 22 enrolled in its M.S. program. Eight courses in viticulture were offered, and nine in enology. Not all applicants, by any means, seeking these degrees can be accommodated. The university's extension division offers a number of short courses throughout the year, and the Graduate School of Management helps to prepare MBA candidates for administrative positions in the wine industry—if they aren't working in it already. Various California state universities also offer

degrees useful in the business of winegrowing: notably Fresno, but also Sonoma and Cal Poly San Luis Obispo.)

Amerine asserted that wineries should employ many more technicians—and pay them far better. "They barely get more than unskilled, untrained labor today," he declared. "Every year prospective students call and ask about the wine industry prospects. I say—Go and talk to the technical people already in the industry. They seldom come back! While sales force bleeds off huge bonuses and commissions many technicians get little. The wine industry has lost a number of technicians for this reason alone in recent years. Competition for brains is very keen today. Of course, the technicians must perfect themselves professionally and this cannot be done in a day. They must have a thorough technical background."

When Amerine looked toward the future, he saw hope in "unrivaled climatic possibilities," observing from his own recent experience that "how they made wine in Germany in 1954"-under undependable, often adverse weather conditions-"should make us all be thankful to be in California." He moved on to some final suggestions. Though wineries' physical plants were mostly adequate, their fermenting rooms needed improvement; otherwise "much of wine quality's potential would be lost." Although winemaking itself was generally adequate, it "lacks imagination." Sodium dioxide was being overused as a "cure all. Anyone can make wine with SO₂." Since winery personnel tended to be ignorant about grape varieties, "How can you make varietal wines if you don't know how to recognize the varieties?" Improvements in crushing, pressing, and clarification should be made; "Also we will have more and more fermentation controls." Wineries could try out new wine types, such as vermouths and sherries, and new grape varieties, such as Gewürztraminer, Orange Muscat, Zinfandel. And they should introduce processes like continuous fermentation, fractional blending, and controlled aging systems.

Impatient to end his peroration, Dr. Maynard A. Amerine had jotted down notes that got reproduced in the text itself. "Theory and practice available. Time not a factor. It's 22 years since Repeal!" From his perspective there was no excuse for the wine industry's reluctance to advance rapidly into producing the best possible wines. He came to this conclusion:

The American people have the leisure to enjoy fine wines, they have the money to buy them, and they have an appreciation for them. California can produce such wines. We need the best grapes, honest type labels and the finest technical skills to do so. Our technicians must become our finest tasters if they are to produce such wines. Tasting and training are essential.

Amerine then ended his talk with a typically wry comment derived from Lewis Carroll's classical children's tale:

The Red Queen spoke to Alice in Looking Glass Land—"one must run fast to stay in the same place and one must run very fast indeed to get anywhere."

In his cryptic way, wasn't he telling California's better wine producers that they needed to make really significant improvements soon—if they wanted to stay competitive with their foreign competitors, let alone surpass them?

Martin Ray Storms the Wine Institute

or years, both vintner Martin Ray and enologist Maynard Amerine had been motivated, and in fact bedeviled, by a sense of urgency in delivering their similar messages to the wine industry-usually in very different ways. But few people in positions of power or influence, even if they heeded them, were ready to alter their ways of planting vineyards or to change how the harvests from them got vintaged, processed, and packaged for the growing wine-consuming American public. Yet much as Amerine wanted the wine industry in California to reform the making of its highest-quality commercial wines, he was extremely wary of Martin Ray's current tactics. Was it he or the Wine Institute that decided to issue a prominent warning at the top of the first page? -NOT FOR PUBLICATION OR GENERAL DISTRIBUTION.

In early June, when MR received a copy of Amerine's TAC talk, as soon as he began reading it he knew that a single copy would scarcely be sufficient for his aggressive agenda's needs. He phoned Maynard and requested more. Knowing only too well what MR would do with multiple copies, he declined. But he did furnish the name of a man at the Wine Institute whom MR could contact with this request for additional copies. Desiring them right away, MR drove the 50-some miles up to San Francisco, mostly on surface streets, for this was a time before swift highway travel was available.

"Now about the Wine Institute and your mimeographed speech before TAC," MR began in his letter to Amerine soon afterwards. His account displays—as his letters to Maynard often do—the close attention to details that characterized his work as a winegrower. This perspicacity also abetted his affinity for detecting sinister motives in other people's words and behaviors. Though some underlining malevolence might be wholly absent, MR routinely collected "evidence" that he might someday use either in broadside or covert attacks on foes, or else in justifying his own conduct.

I went to the Institute and asked for six copies. They told me I could have them. I went to the mimeograph room with the girl of the switchboard whom I had asked in the absence of your friend to whom you referred me. There I saw and examined a stack of mimeographed copies of your speech. It was more than 12 inches thick. Since 500 are about two inches thick, 12 inches suggests 3,000 sheets. Your speech being on two sheets, it looks like they had not less than 1500 copies. Yesterday I returned and found your friend in. He was very nice to me, extraordinarily so, in fact. But he stalled me and did not give me the six additional copies I requested. I did not tell him I had gotten six already and he made no reference to it. So I have no way of knowing if he knows I got them. But his secretary knew my name very well, I noted. We talked nearly an hour. I asked him for the copies three times, telling him I wanted to get going ahead of the traffic. Finally he said they had no copies. I said, none? He said they had only run off enough for the committee. I gave him the names of the six people I wanted them for. He knew of all of them. But he said he was sorry, but there were no copies other than those for the committee and a few for you, which had been sent off. I asked, how many members are there on the committee. He said 29! He talked on, saving that in any case he could not give out the speech without the approval of the chairman of the committee. I inquired who that might be. He mentioned a man I did not know. Upon inquiry I was informed he was of the Italian Swiss Colony. Then he went carefully into a long talk about how such material is not always best released as it may not be to the best interests of the industry! I thought than an interesting comment. If they are suppressing your fine speech what good will it do?

MR scarcely veiled his disgust at being stonewalled by the Wine Institute in his desire to spread the text of Amerine's talk to some of the important contacts he'd mostly developed during this fight over Wine Quality Control. How he would have liked to be positioned to investigate the political chicanery and financial vice that went on behind those doors closed against him!

The TAC is of the Institute and it is in fact underwritten by the Wine Advisory Board. As a tax-paying grower I am entitled to know about what goes on. In fact, even though I am not a member of the Institute they send me what material they wish and screen out what they do not want growers to have, I gather. If ever I had the time and interest I could learn a lot about the doings of the Wine Institute and, indeed, the Wine Advisory Board, too. How they spend their money would interest me. [6/10/55]

Amerine had doubtless warned his friend at the Institute not to provide Martin Ray with extra copies, since he'd probably ignore the prohibition on distributing the talk. He'd surely send them out to important names on his mailing list of wine retailers and well-heeled consumers, as well as to a few writers and magazine editors already primed to produce a "smashing" story (ER's descriptor) about MR's Wine Quality Control Fight. And sure enough, one of the fortunate few to whom MR sent a precious copy of the TAC reprint was the international wine connoisseur and author André Simon, in England. An informational letter accompanied it.

We are having quite a time with some of the better known California growers over my proposed plan for self imposed Quality Control—to prevent blending out all the fine varietals and to prevent the fraudulent labeling.

Dr. Maynard Amerine gave a speech on May 13th before the Technical Advisory Committee of the Wine Institute which they have suppressed on the grounds that the knowledge of what he said is not to the best interests of the industry! So the speech is "hot." I thought you might like to read it. The Institute has refused to release any copies but Dr. Amerine sent me a copy. You can see what it is the growers do not like.

We must force the growers to some form of honest labeling. It is absurd to be selling Pinot Noir and Chardonnay that are made entirely from other grapes or that have no varietal character left as a result of being so blended out. I think this time it will be a fight we will win. I lost it 20 years ago. The Wine Institute at that time prevented me from getting any press on the threat to the publications that they would withdraw their advertising if they ran anything coming from me. But the University has done a great job in the years that have passed and I have kept after them (the growers).

If I can ever be of any service to you I would consider it a favor that you so advise me. [6/22/55]

(Despite this fawning remark at the end, MR actually held little respect for Simon, on display in some letters to others. But he never refrained from using people for his own purposes whenever it suited him, and this wine authority, author, and publisher of the Wine & Food Society newsletter wielded undeniable influence.)

Encouraged and energized by all the verbal backing he'd been getting from disgruntled wine consumers and retailers, Martin Ray enjoyed a heady sense of impending triumph, as if picturing himself seated at the very top of California's winemaking hierarchy. Meanwhile, Amerine was trying to prevent having his own name and work inextricably linked up in wine industry people's minds with Martin Ray's latest crusade.



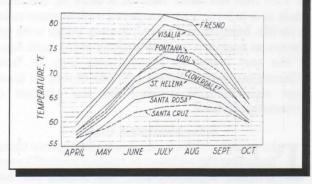
Grapes and Wines of California

A BRIEF CATALOG OF THE PRINCIPAL TYPES

by A. J. WINKLER Division of Viticulture University of California at Davis

GRAPE growing had its beginning in California with the founding of Mission San Diego by the Spanish Padres in 1769. During the Mission period grape growing was limited to the sphere of the church. The use of the grape and its products was limited to mission inhabitants and the rites of the church. It was not until after the gold rush that this industry became of considerable commercial importance.

Grapes are grown from the subtropical conditions of the Imperial Valley in the southern end of the state to the cool slopes of the north coastal valleys. The conditions of the several regions—variations in temperature, variations in rainfall and atmospheric humidity—adapt them for the production of grapes for different uses...



AN EXCERPT FROM A REPORT BY A. J. WINKLER ON CALIFORNIA'S PRINCIPAL GRAPE VARIETIES AND ITS GRAPE GROWING REGIONS. — From American Wine & Liquor Journal, September 1940

SOPHISTICATION: A Book is More than Just the Sum of its Parts by *Joel Silver*

[We welcome another fine essay on bookish matters by Joel Silver, Curator of Rare Books at the Lilly Library, Indiana University. His article originally appeared in "Beyond the Basics," his regular column in Fine Books & Collections (May/June 2007). Our sincere thanks to Joel and <u>Fine Books</u> for their gracious permission to reprint. — Ed.]

"It can safely be said that the more famous a book is, the more likely it is to have been tampered with at some point in its life."



erfection is an elusive goal for a collector. The condition of a book plays such a large part in its market value and desirability that collectors and dealers have often taken the time and the money to "improve" books that they own, for the purpose of

making them easier to sell or more satisfying to have on the shelf. Some improvements involve reinforcing a tear in the cloth binding, repairing a torn text leaf, patching a dust jacket, or the more drastic step of replacing missing leaves.

Some books with little financial value have great significance to their owners, who are willing to spend money to make a cherished family volume whole and attractive once again. In the world of collectors, however, the most heroic of cosmetic-surgery and transplant operations have repaired and completed the iconic books that are the capstones of collections, from early Bibles to Shakespeare Folios. It can safely be said that the more famous a book is, the more likely it is to have been tampered with at some point in its life. Many copies of well-known books were not always as complete as they appear today, and some of the text leaves or illustrations may be from different copies or different editions or may be much later reproductions created for the purpose of perfecting the book.

A Sophisticated Copy

The practice of doctoring books to improve them, including the addition or replacement of leaves, is called "sophistication," and a book that has been so improved is known as a sophisticated copy. The use of the word "sophisticated" to mean improved, debased, or adulterated has been in common use for several centuries. By the mid-19th century, making up books from other incomplete copies and improving books by the insertion of facsimiles were widespread practices, and "sophistication" was in general use as a term in the book world. As John Carter notes in *ABC for Book Collectors*, most booksellers today use the term in the negative—a practice that might well confuse beginning collectors, who are bound to wonder why "unsophisticated" copies of books tend to cost more. An informal survey of online listings suggests that dealers prefer the use of "unsophisticated" about thirty to one over "sophisticated" in their catalog entries.

John Hill Burton, author of *The Book-Hunter*, published in several editions in the 19th century, wrote about the sophistication of books. One of the hypothetical collectors that Burton described in his first chapter was Inchrule Brewer. (Burton based Inchrule on William Henry Miller, who lived from 1789 to 1848, and was known as "Measure Miller" for his practice of carrying a ruler to make sure that he was buying tall copies of the books he acquired.) Among Inchrule Brewer's other attributes and preferences, he detested made-up copies:

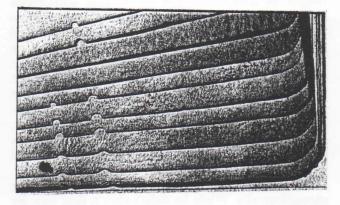
His experiences, aided by a heaven-born genius tending in that direction, rendered him the most merciless detector of sophisticated books. Nothing, it might be supposed on first thought, can be a simpler or more easily recognised thing than a book genuine as printed. But in the old-book trade there are opportunities for the exercise of ingenuity inferior only to those which render the picture-dealer's and the horse-dealer's functions so mysteriously interesting. Sometimes entire facsimiles are made of eminent volumes. More commonly, however, the problem is to complete an imperfect copy. This will be most satisfactorily accomplished, of course, if another copy can be procured imperfect also, but not in the same parts. Greatingenuity is sometimes shown in completing a highly esteemed edition with fragments from one lightly esteemed. [We] note the fact that whereas our friend the Archdeacon a collector previously described by Burton] would collect several imperfect copies of the same book, in the hope of finding materials for one perfect one among them, Inchrule would remorsely spurn from him the most voluptuously got-up specimen were it tainted by the very faintest suspicion of "restoration."

While the practice of making good books better would be less harmful if buyers, sellers, owners, and scholars were all aware of the true state of preservation of a particular copy of a book, this is usually not the case. Although the person who commissioned the restoration or improvement of a book may remember what was done, the details tend to get lost over time, and subsequent purchasers may be unaware that the copy has been perfected from other copies or that some leaves are in facsimile. The practice of sophistication is not as widespread as it was only a few decades ago. Still, it should be remembered that many prominent booksellers maintained "hospitals," where incomplete books could be made whole, using leaves from stocks of broken and unsaleable copies gathered and held for decades for that purpose.

"bookworms don't generally eat only a single leaf..."

ecause so many books have been rebound, detecting inserted leaves or other alterations can sometimes be difficult. One should always be suspicious of leaves that are shorter than other leaves in the book, though sometimes the leaves are shorter because of the way they were folded or trimmed, rather than from having been transferred from another copy. Another cause for serious doubt is a wormhole in a leaf that doesn't match the wormhole pattern in adjoining leaves. While there can also be logical and innocent explanations for odd wormholes, bookworms don't generally eat only a single leaf—especially one in the center of a book. If the wormholes don't match, you may also find that the dubious leaf has a different texture or staining pattern than its neighbors, or that the chain lines visible in the paper don't correspond to its conjugate (the leaf to which it is joined).

Detecting insertions and other evidence of sophistication can be difficult, but in most cases, it's not impossible. The more books you handle and the more you read about bibliography, printing history, and collecting practices, the more readily you'll be able to detect doctored, faked, or sophisticated copies. A book is more than just the sum of its parts. With practice, you can make sure that the parts of the books that you buy have had long and honest lives together.



The 3rd & 4th leaves from the top have been added: the lack of wormholes gives them away.

JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS COVER by Sarah Kemp

[Sarah Kemp is publishing director of <u>Decanter</u> magazine and decanter.com. The following appeared in the May 2007 issue of <u>Decanter</u>. Our thanks to Ms. Kemp and <u>Decanter</u> for their kind permission to reprint. — Ed.]

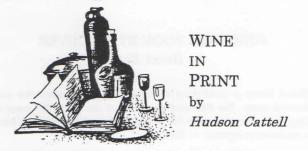
"What an eye-opener . . ."

The André Simon awards for food and wine books are the culinary world's literary equivalent of the Pulitzer Prize. They are meant to honour gastronomy, and create prestige for the winning authors and publishers, so I was delighted to be asked by the trustees to be the wine assessor this year [2006 award].

This wonderful title meant I was in an advisory role to the trustees who judged the awards. Sheila Dillon, the journalist best known for *The Food Programme* on Radio 4, was the food assessor, and while she ploughed her way through over 100 food books, I had just 24 wine books arrive through my letterbox. What an eye-opener. While the food books made me salivate with excitement, the majority of wine books could be best described as formulaic, badly designed and utterly disappointing.

The books fell neatly into categories: there were the usual shopping guides, cheery and banal in tone by the "expert"; the regional guides all with the key facts, though with their formulaic format they didn't make you want to go there, never mind try a glass of wine from the region; plus there were several amusing but limited books aimed at de-mystifying wine. The ones that made it to the shortlist were Oz Clarke's *Bordeaux*; the third edition of *The Oxford Companion to Wine*; Stephen Brook's *Bordeaux*: *Médoc and Graves*; and *Wines of Chile* by Peter Richards.

WAYWARD TENDRIL NOTE: Bordeaux-Médoc and Graves by Stephen Brooks was the 2006 winner. Previous winners include: Hugh Johnson, Wine: A Life Uncorked (2005); Nicholas Faith, Cognac (2004); Richard Mayson, The Wines and Vineyards of Portugal (2003); Andrew Jefford, The New France (2002); Stephen Skelton, The Wines of Britain and Ireland (2001); Michael Schuster, Essential Winetasting (2000); John Burnett, Liquid Pleasures (1999); Max Allen, Red & White (1998); Clive Coates, Côte d'Or (1997). There is a complete list of the award winners, beginning in 1978 with Nicholas Faith, The Winemasters at the André Simon Food & Wine Book Awards website. In the near future, we hope to do an article on the various wine book / wine writer awards, including Veuve Cliquot, Wine Appreciation Guild, André Simon, etc.



Thomas Jefferson on Wine by John Hailman. Jackson, Mississippi: University Press of Mississippi, 2007. xvi, 457 pp. Cloth. \$38.

I has been increasingly popular to link Jefferson and wine together, particularly in the East, and most notably in Virginia, Jefferson's home state. John Hailman's *Thomas Jefferson on Wine* follows *Jefferson and Wine*, a collection of essays edited by R. de Treville Lawrence in 1989, and *Passions: The Wines and Travels of Thomas Jefferson* by James M. Gabler in 1995. This latest book, which takes advantage of recent research such as the role Sally Hemings played in his life, is a very readable sevenchapter account of Jefferson's involvement with wine.

The first chapter starts with his early years in Virginia and ends with his departure for France in 1784. Chapters two, three, and four are devoted to the five years from 1784 to 1789 that he spent as the American minister in Paris. The period from 1789 to 1800 when he served as secretary of state in Washington's administration and as vice-president during the presidency of John Adams is the subject of the fifth chapter. The final two chapters cover the years 1801 to 1809 when he was president and, later, his retirement years at Monticello from 1809 until his death in 1826.

"one of the most knowledgeable...about wine" ach of these stages marked a deepening of his interest in wine from his early years in rural Virginia when the British-supplied Madeira and Port were among the more available wines, to his retirement when he was one of the most knowledgeable people in the country about wine. The years traveling abroad were formative in the evolution of his taste in wine and his travel notes and letters, many of which are quoted here, give an insight into what he saw and the wines he liked. Throughout the book are lists of wines he ordered and stocked in his cellars.

One appendix details the vineyards he planted at Monticello from 1770 to 1826 and his unsuccessful attempts to make wine from the grapes he grew. A second appendix, "The Latest Jefferson Controversy," examines the authenticity of a case of Bordeaux that surfaced in 1985 that either belonged to or was intended for Jefferson. [See Fairchild article. – Ed.] In his preface, John Hailman states that his book "is meant not only for those attached to Thomas Jefferson or just those who love wine. It is offered especially to those who know only a little about either wine or Jefferson, but would like to learn more about both in a relatively painless way."

Sometimes a valuable insight into a book may be gained by knowing how it came into existence. This is true with *Thomas Jefferson on Wine* as shown by an interview the reviewer had with John Hailman in March of this year.

In 1973, John Hailman wrote one of his wine columns for the Washington Post on the subject of old Madeiras. James A. Bear, Jr., director of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation at Monticello, read the column and called John to ask him if he would be interested in looking at copies of more than 300 letters that Jefferson had written. When they met, Bear told him that for political reasons there had been a real reluctance to publicize the fact that Jefferson drank at all. After talking it over, John and Jim Bear decided to prepare an 8-page pamphlet on Jefferson's tastes in wine and what wines he drank to be published on July 4th 1976, as part of the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the United States. The project turned out to be an overwhelming one and the pamphlet never came out.

John moved back to Mississippi in 1976 to take a job as a federal prosecutor in the U.S. Attorney's office. He stayed involved with wine by writing a nationally syndicated column for the Gannett News Service and out of personal interest continued to work on the subject of Jefferson and wine with Jim Bear. When the latter retired, he encouraged John to continue on his own.

"curious felicity of expression"

When going through Jefferson's writings at Monticello and then at Princeton and the Library of Congress, John's attention was caught by Jefferson's gift for writing memorable phrases. He found himself agreeing with John Adams who wrote that Jefferson had a "curious felicity of expression" —one reason why Adams asked him to be the author of the Declaration of Independence. John considers Jefferson and Lincoln to be the greatest writers in American history. As an adjunct professor at the University of Mississippi he teaches a "Law and Literature" course which includes writings by, and about, lawyers. "I try to persuade students that they don't have to write fiction in order to be good writers."

As a lawyer, John was in the habit of writing chronologically. While he didn't plan it that way, he realized after he had amassed 800 pages of Jefferson material, he had written an "accidental" biography. The publication of his book came about after he queried the University Press of Mississippi about a book on his experiences as a federal prosecutor. They asked him if he had written a book before and he said no, but he had an 800-page manuscript at home. He sent it to them and six months later they accepted it for publication. Both Richard P. Vine (co-author of *Winemaking: from Grape Growing to Markeplace*, 2002 rev.ed.) and Annette Gordon-Reed, author of *Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings*, recommended it, but it had to be cut by 40%. The 40% that had to be cut largely consisted of quotations from Jefferson's writings.

Despite the cuts, *Thomas Jefferson on Wine* is still based on many extensive quotes from Jefferson's letters and other writings, and this is one of the strengths of the book. Jim Gabler stated in the preface to his book that he personally followed Jefferson's footsteps throughout Europe and the United States and that this experience allowed him to "contemporize what Jefferson saw and drank." While both books cover much the same subject matter, their approaches are quite different but equally valid.

The strong attraction that people today have towards Jefferson is based on the recognition that Jefferson's vision of wine in America is finally being realized. His lack of success in making wine from grapes he grew at Monticello has been redeemed by wine being made today in all fifty states. John Hailman devotes several pages to the burgeoning wine scene in Virginia in a section titled "If Jefferson Returned," and concludes that Jefferson would be pleasantly surprised at the way his dreams have come true.

[We are pleased to reprint Hudson's review from the March/April 2007 issue of <u>Wine East: News of Grapes & Wine in Eastern North</u> <u>America</u>. A Wayward Tendril member since 1992, Hudson has generously shared his printed reviews with us. Our thanks to him and his <u>Wine East</u> publication. — Ed.]



Wall Street Journal: FAKE! by Jack Fairchild

A re there any Tendrils out there with a bottle or two of 1784 Bordeaux? Better yet, do they bear the initials of the third President of the United States? Not that I wanna make an offer, you understand – just asking – 'cause you probably have a fake on your hands. And, to let you down gently, other people far wealthier than you have been similarly swindled.

The scandal has been beautifully detailed in a <u>Wall Street Journal</u> article (Sept. 1, 2006) written by John R. Wilke.

Billionaire William Koch has been had, paying \$500,000 (in 1987) for four bottles of supposed Jefferson-owned wine. Mr. Koch owns the racing yacht that won the 1992 America's Cup, and he collects things, wine among them, and he has an inquiring mind.

But, cut to the chase:

The suspect in the case is Hardy Rodenstock (born Meinhard Goerke), whom Mr. Koch refers to as "a clever, intelligent and refined con artist." In the interest of journalistic fair play it must be said that Hardy/Meinhard admits of no wrongdoing, although he will probably not endear himself to orthodox Christians by proclaiming that "Jesus Christ was already a faker, as he changed water into wine."

The fakery was discovered by analyzing the engraving on the bottles, which indicated that they were made by a modern high-speed diamond drill. Prior to that it was a lively debate regarding authenticity, involving auction houses Christie's and Sotheby's, among others.

As you can imagine, William Koch has a large wine cellar. How large? Well, if Mr. Koch, now sixty-six years of age, consumes four bottles of wine a day, both he and his cellar will be exhausted by age ninety.

Part of my enjoyment in this story, apart from the schadenfreude attendant upon a billionaire's discomfort, was a bit of historical one-upmanship. Mr. Koch refers to the third President as "a framer of the Constitution." Ha ha ha, no, no, no! Thomas Jefferson was our ambassador to France during the Constitutional Convention (1787) and took no part in its proceedings, nor did he express an opinion, via post, with his friends in Philadelphia, primarily James Madison.

John Wilke's excellent article ends with a most apposite quote from the late Malcolm Forbes, who paid \$156,000 in 1985 for a bogus Jefferson Lafite: "I wish Jefferson had bloody drunk the thing."

[Tendril and wine educator, Jack Fairchild is an enthusiastic follower of the world of wine. We welcome and appreciate his latest contribution to our <u>Quarterly</u>. — Ed.]

I have always imagined that Paradise will be a kind of library. — Jorge Luis Borges

In the Vine Country, 1893: A Visit with Somerville and Ross by Gail Unzelman

"One can be more selfish in one's enjoyment of a favourite, little-known book than in any other pleasure: every bottle of wine is meant to be shared ... but not every book." *Cyril Ray*, 1971

The following little re-discovery turned up recently during a four-day incapacitation while awaiting the return of my back after it rudely went "out." To my good fortune, nearby was a shelf of Cyril Ray's masterfully edited series, *The Compleat Imbiber*. Perusing through volume after volume, I reacquainted myself with some really wonderful reading—pieces culled from other publications or commissioned especially for the *Imbiber*—written by some of the world's best writers. In *Imbiber Twelve* (1971), Cyril Ray's article, "From Cork to Claret..." featuring the Irish cousins Misses Somerville and Ross in the Médoc, caught my attention. The 19th century account of their travels around Bordeaux, *In the Vine Country* (1893), was on my bookshelf. Called by some a "glorified travelogue" and others "semi-fiction" (is there a difference?), here was a chance to read more about this delightfully written, and illustrated, treasure.

An Introduction



n the paperback reprint of *In* the Vine Country (London: Virago Press, 1991), I found this introductory material: Edith (Eone Somerville (1858–1949) grew up at Drishane, County Cork, Ireland. She belonged to the innermost circle of Anglo-Irish society, and appropri-

ately she shared its interests, particularly its craze for fox-hunting. But her leanings were always towards the arts. After a private education at home, she studied art in Düsseldorf, Paris, and London, and began her career as an illustrator. Though, after her meeting in 1886 with her cousin, Violet Martin, and the beginning of their long collaboration, she was best known as a writer.

Violet Martin (1862–1915) was born at Ross House, County Galway, Ireland. She took her pseudonym, "Ross" from her native place. She was educated first by governesses at home, and then at Alexandra College, Dublin. In 1898, Violet Martin was severely injured in a riding accident, which resulted in several years of invalidism, and which may have contributed to her early death.

Somerville and Ross lived together for most of their lives at the Somerville home in County Cork. They travelled a great deal together in Europe, and spent months at a time in Paris. Separately and together, they wrote some thirty books, mainly set in Ireland, as well as many articles, letters, diaries, and jottings. Their first collaboration was *An Irish Cousin* (1889), followed by *Through Connemara in a Governess Cart* (1893), a commission from <u>The Lady's Pictorial</u> to do a series of travel articles that would later make up a book. *The Real Charlotte* (1894) was their first serious novel and generally conceded to be their best. Their most popular books, however, were the rollicking Some Experiences of the Irish R.M. (1899) and Further Experiences of the Irish R.M. (1908), which had a success they were never able to duplicate.

When Martin Ross died, Edith Somerville, deeply affected by her cousin's death, said: "I have known her help and have thankfully received her inspiration. She has gone, but our collaboration is not ended." She wrote another thirteen books under the name of "Somerville and Ross."

"From Cork to Claret: The Irish Cousins in the Médoc" by Cyril Ray

From: Compleat Imbiber Twelve: An Entertainment (London: Hutchinson, 1971). Reprinted courtesy of Guiness United Distillers & Vintners Amsterdam.)

I used to congratulate myself smugly on being acquainted with, and admiring, not only those dashing fox-hunting stories of Somerville and Ross that deal with the adventures of the Irish resident magistrate, and Flurry Knox, M.F.H. (who "looked like a gentleman among stableboys, and a stableboy among gentlemen"), but their less wellknown and much more sombre novels of Irish life.

Indeed, I was unreasonably resentful when not long after the war, Oxford University Press published in its World's Classics series the tragic *The Real Charlotte*, which I had been hugging to myself, or at any rate, condescending to share only with those of my friends whom I considered worthy. One can be more selfish in one's enjoyment of a favourite, littleknown, book than in any other pleasure: every bottle of wine is meant to be shared—which is why a wine bottle is the size it is—but not every book."

I should not have been so complacent. If I was

knowing enough to have on my remoter shelves, safe from the casual caller, *An Irish Cousin* and *Naboth's Vineyard, The Real Charlotte* and *The Big House of Inver*, how could I have been so ignorant—I, who had lived for weeks at a time in the Médoc, and written for years about claret and its growers—how could I have been so ignorant for so long of *In the Vine Country*? How was it, come to that, that none of my hosts in those parts had ever mentioned it to me?

It is only during the last couple of years, when I read, in rapid succession, first Mr. Maurice Collis's (1968) and then Lady Violet Powell's (1970) biography of Edith Œone Somerville and "Martin Ross" (Violet Martin), that I have discovered that this strange pair of female, fox-hunting cousins, the closest of collaborators in authorship (and, it is clear, lesbian lovers of a sort), had travelled eighty years ago through the claret country and set down their experiences in a book that has been long out of print but is still far from unreadable. The title, In the Vine Country, refers not (as I had perhaps supposed, in ignoring it) to the country hunted by the noted north-Hampshire pack, as they might have written, say, In the Quorn Country, but to the country where the vine grows, and is transmuted into claret.

Indeed, Violet Martin's first proposed title for the work was *From Cork to Claret*, the book beginning, typically enough, with a disastrous early-morning's hunting in County Cork. But the publisher thought it too subtle a title for the book-buying public, the authors' previous travel book having been burdened with no more allusive or recondite a title than *Through Connemara in a Governess Cart*.

Both the Connemara and the claret book were collections of articles reprinted from The Lady's Pictorial, the editor of which paid the two young ladies (though as Edith Somerville was thirty-three in 1891 and her cousin almost thirty, it is likely that they were thought of at the time as almost middleaged spinsters) three pounds an article and expenses for a series on a tour of the vineyards. Not a vast amount, even in those days, for this was to include drawings in wash and line by Edith ("improved" for publication by F. H. Townsend of Punch), and the cousins were already established journalists and successful novelists, though success had not yet made them rich. Far from it, if we are to judge by Edith's diary entry, a week before they sailed for France: "Took out of the bank all the money I have, bar 3 pence - viz £10." All the same, Miss Somerville of Castle Townshend and Miss Martin of Ross had hardly been starving in garrets: there was more than a tenner behind an Anglo-Irish ascendancy lady of the time, even if it was not in her own private bank account.

By train to Dublin, passing pathetic groups of

emigrants at the little stations on the way, waiting for the down train to Cork; a bad crossing by steamboat to Holyhead; a night train to London for three days of shopping; another train to Dover, now laden with "two portmanteaus registered to Bordeaux" and a "cumbrous row of hand packages"; yet another steamboat journey to Calais-this time, though, "in the most brilliant of sunshine and the most refreshing of breezes"; a train to Paris and a flea-bitten night in an hotel bedroom there as big as "a good-sized opera-box"; and an eleven-hour train journey to Bordeaux next day. I write as a working journalist who also occasionally makes the journey to Bordeaux in the service of his papers (though at rather more than three pounds an article) when I express the hope that these predecessors of mine fiddled a bit on their expenses.

What I envy is their journey from Bordeaux itself to Pauillac—not, as now, a boring fifty or sixty minutes by motor-car along D1 or D2, but by the steamer "that plies between Bordeaux and Royan, calling *en route* at several dozen places on the Garonne and Gironde," affording in those days a view of the Médoc that prompted the observation, "the best wine in the world is made in places where there is no tall chimney or hideous range of manufactories." Every château-owner of Pauillac ought to read these words at a window looking out on to the oil refinery that Shell should never have been permitted to extend to its present monstrous size.

Somerville and Ross must have boarded the steamer after office hours, for there is mention of the Bordeaux merchants and bank clerks returning "by scores to the bosoms of their families," to be "no doubt epigrammatic at dinner on the subject of the two absurdly emancipated *Anglaises*, with their sailor hats and brown shoes."

Emancipated, certainly, but rigidly insular, these two *Anglaises*—the one with her sketch-book, the other with her Kodak—with their hold-all containing "a spirit kettle, a teapot, and half a pound of English tea" for brew-ups in hotel bedrooms, with their noses turned up at "grease and garlic" and the smell of "the mysterious compound known to the French middle classes as tobacco."

I wonder how much of this was genuinely felt, and how much was put on for the benefit of the readers of <u>The Lady's Pictorial</u>. Edith Somerville had lived in Düsseldorf, for the sake of the art school there, and then in Paris, working at Colarossi's studio in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière. It is hard to believe that the smell of garlic was all that shockingly unfamiliar, or that the sometime Paris art student (who had shopped and cooked for herself), spoke and understood French so badly as she made out. And Violet Martin, though she had not experienced *la vie* *de Bohème*, had been taught French, German, and Greek, drawing, music and dancing, and knew at first hand both high life in Dublin and how cottagers lived on her family's estate in Connemara. Not in any sense of the word were the two cousins innocents abroad.

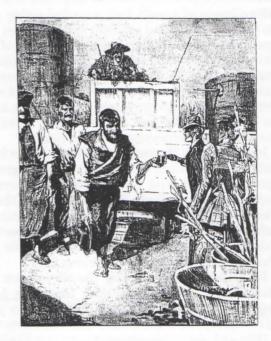
Still the Somervilles and the Martins were not Anglo-Irish of the hard-drinking sort, and their families were not even great amateurs of claret, as were many of their kind, so the writers were not perhaps putting it on too much when they wrote that "we felt a secret scepticism as to our fitness for this large and yet delicate mission," though it is hard to believe that before the journey Miss Somerville knew nothing of "Château Lafite or Mouton Rothschild, except that a glass and a half of the former had once compelled my second cousin to untimely slumber at dessert." Those who know such noble names and their significance are unlikely to be put to sleep by a glass and a half of the finest claret.

What was undoubtedly new and strange for them, though, was to see wine actually being made, and when they made their first excursion from Pauillac to a *pressoir* in the little neighboring village of St. Lambert,

... It must be admitted that we found it startling. In the mouth of the archway was a broad and shallow wooden receptacle, called the pressoir; heaped up in it were mounds of grapes, all black and shining, with their splendid indigo bloom gone for ever, and, splashing about amongst them. bare-footed and ankle-deep in the thick magenta juice, were the treaders of the winepress. It was those bare feet, crimsoned with juice, that took our whole attention for the first few minutes. We had been given uncertain warnings as to what we might or might not see, but we had always hoped against hope for sabots. I think the proprietor felt for us-not sympathetically, of course, but compassionately. He hastened to explain that the fermenting process purified everything. All this was very consoling and nice, but it did not in the least mitigate the horror that fate had in store for us. We had watched the carts unloading the big douilles packed with grapes at the mouth of the archway ... We had seen with considerable repugnance the wiry and handsome little blueclad workmen scrub the berries from the stems on the grillage ... We had watched them shovel the grapes in dripping shovelfuls into a small doublehandled barrel, which was then snatched up by two of them, who, with it on their shoulders, would trot across the dusty floor of the cuvier, up two ladders that leaned side by side against a tall vat. and, having emptied their load into this immense maw, would trot back, and jump into the

pressoir again. Through all these things we clung to the beautiful, purifying thought of the fermentation... At this juncture one of the barefooted blue-clad workmen approached with a small tumbler in his singularly dirty hand. "These ladies would like to taste the moût?" he observed, dipping the tumbler in a tub half full of the muddy juice that was trickling out the pressoir. He offered us the tumbler with a bow, and we looked at each other in speechless horror.

Bless them both, they drank it. There is no treading of the grapes now in the Médoc—precious little anywhere in Europe that I know of—and no reason nowadays for anyone to be so excessively ladylike about tasting the *moût*.



TASTING THE MOUT

Next day came visits to the grandest châteaux of the Médoc. The Irish ladies seem to have misunderstood the significance of one of the lordliest names—

... It would be neither kind or clever to call a newly-built house in the neighbourhood of Limerick, Pig Robinson or Pork Murphy; but in France, Sheep Rothschild is a very different affair, and a name held in uninquiring reverence by the *négociant en vins*.

And, they were suitably impressed by what, even before our own Baron Philippe's time, was—

... one of the great fermenting houses of the Médoc. Right and left stood the huge barrels on their white stone pedestals, spick and span in their varnished oak and shining black hoops, with a snowy background of white-washed walls to define their generous contour, and a neat little numbered plate on each... This was an *édition de luxe* of wine making—at least, so it seemed to us after what we had seen of dingy sheds, winestained barrels, and promiscuous rubbish, with magenta legs splashing about in juice, and spilt dregs as a foreground.

Baron Philippe would not be pleased, though, to be told that the authors found—

... It is not only in wine that Mouton Rothschild is beaten by its nearest neighbour. In the matter of a *château*, Lafite scores still more decidedly; of that no one could have any doubt who saw this old country-house, with its pointed towers, its terraced gardens with their ambushed perfumes that took the hot wind by surprise, its view over the soft country to other *châteaux*, and its delightful wood, where grassy walks wound away into the shadows. After these things, going to see the *cuviers* and the wine-making was like beginning again on roast beef after dessert; but the appetite came in eating. It was Mouton Rothschild over again, only more so...

It is odd that the two Irish women did not visit Château Langoa-Barton, which in 1891 had already been in the possession of fellow countrymen of theirs for more than half a century; but after expeditions to Libourne and the St. Emilion country, they were taken to spend a few days at the Gilbey's Château Loudenne, in time for the end-of-vintage dance.

This is the climax of a book that is still engagingly readable to those who know the Médoc of today, even though its naïveté, as I have already suggested, does not always ring quite true to those who have read about the cousins' background.

But there is no doubt about their having been enthralled by the dance and the dancers at Château Loudenne. They joined in themselves, "till our legs ached and the cement floor wore holes in our shoes," and—

... as we went back in the darkness to the *château* we felt as if the music had gone to our heads; when I lay down, the dark figures whirled and swung giddily before me, as if the spirit of the Médoc had been expressed in them as intoxicatingly as in its wine ...

That, though, was the only form of intoxication: for it was already on record, in the account of the dance, that—

... not one of these peasants of the most winemaking district in the world owed any of their hilarity to the claret in which they lived, moved, and had their being; in fact, not once during our fortnight in the Médoc did we see any man who had taken more than was good for him . . .

Perhaps this was what had impressed the *Irlandaises* most of all: it was a far cry to the claret country from County Cork, where a dance given by the Curranhilty Harriers ends with Flurry Knox's introducing a pack of hounds into the drunken Tomsy Flood's bedroom to convince him that he really has got the horrors . . .

It must have been a blessed relief for the foxhunting ladies to escape, if only for a fortnight, from that island of saints and scholars even to a land deprived of tea and redolent of garlic.



THE VENDANGEURS

[EDITOR NOTE: On pages 300-302 in James Gabler's Wine into Words (Bacchus Press, 2004), you will find a fine, annotated entry for Cyril Ray (1908-1991) and his works, including the Compleat Imbiber series that began in 1956. These entertaining books on all aspects of wine and its enjoyment, are highly recommended. — The original 1893 edition of In the Vine Country is rather scarce, and pricey, but copies have been occasionally available on the internet (last seen, between \$400 and \$800). It is a lovely book, in dark olive-green cloth with the title gilt-stamped on the front cover and the spine; the front cover is also decorated with a black- stamped illustrated scene from the book (which has almost four dozen illustrations drawn by Miss Somerville). There is a 1991 reprint (Virago Press, London), in paperback, and of course, of lesser quality than the original edition, but readily available and affordable on the internet.]



