

Being neighbors, my wife Soon-Yi and I have been invited for dinner many times. Always accept, always interesting. Wide variety of interesting people at every dinner just about. Politicians, scientists, teachers, magicians, comedians, intellectuals, journalists, an entymologist, a concert pianist. Anyhow, it's always interesting and the food is sumptuous and abundant. Lots of dishes, plenty of choices, numerous dessets, well served. I say well served - often it's by some professional houseman and just as often by several young women remding one of Castle Dracula where Lugosi has three young female vampires who service the place. Add to this that Jefffrey lives in a vast house alone, one can picture him ~~asleeping~~ ~~xxx~~ in damp earth. But back to the food. Dependably a fine dinner but this was not always the case. In fact, the first time we came over it was a very different story. We were invited with a list of accomplished types, men and women in journalism, in TV, even royalty. We were ushered up to the living room where everyone sat around prior to dinner being served and chatted. No drinks were served. You could get one if you asked for one. That should have been the first clue. When the meal was put out downstairs it was meagre. So meagre my wife the ones sitting next to her kept mumbling, is it this it? Is this all we're getting? After I leave I may have to go to a restaurant. We didn't want to say anything when we came the next time but my wife did say in that tactful way she has, there is going to be more food, isn't there? Under her badgering the situation gradually improved and subsequent dinners offered buckets of Chinese food ordered from a local restaurant and placed out on a buffet where one could get in line and help one's self. It all seemed odd for a man of substance who entertained many illustrious guests often. Under continued badgering by my wife arrangements were made for food to be cooked at home and served. She had to explain the order in which things come out. Not the main course and then the appetizer but the other way around. In time she bullied him into putting a few flowers in the middle of the table to make it look mildly warm and inviting. This took time and a number of corrections but his meals have been tweaked into some sense of normal, civil, dining. The large phone and computer at his right hand does take some of the relaxed home-cooking atmosphere out of it but but one can't have everything - not at Castle Dracula.

Woody

