

the most beautiful coffee house in the world



**The gentle kiss of a sea breeze dances with the aroma
of freshly ground coffee to the tune of lapping waves
at the Menegazzo, the celebrated Parisian café**



THE FIRST COFFEE HOUSE IN ITALY IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN OPENED IN 1645.

But convincing confirmation is lacking. In the beginning, the beverage was sold with other drinks by lemonade-venders. The Italian word *aquacedratajo* means one who sells lemonade and similar refreshments; also one who sells coffee, chocolate, liquor, etc. Jardin says the beverage was in general use throughout Italy in 1645. It is certain, however, that a coffee shop was opened in Venice in 1683 under the *Procuratie Nuove*. The famous *Caffè Florian* was opened in Venice by Floriano Francesconi in 1720.

The first authoritative treatise devoted to coffee only appeared in 1671. It was written in Latin by Antoine Faustus Nairon (1635–1707), Maronite professor of the Chaldean and Syrian languages in the College of Rome.

Oriental coffee house

During the latter part of the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth, the coffee house made great progress in Italy. It is interesting to note that this first European adaptation of the Oriental coffee house was known as a *caffè*.

The double f is retained by the Italians to this day, and by some writers is thought to have been taken from *coffea*, without the double f being lost, as in the case of the French and some other Continental forms.

To Italy, then, belongs the honor of having given to the Western world the real coffee house, although the French and Austrians greatly improved upon it. It was not long after its beginning that nearly every shop on the *Piazza di San Marco* in Venice was a *caffè*. Near the *Piazza* was the *Caffè della Ponte dell' Angelo*, where in 1792 died the dog *Tabacchio*, celebrated by Vincenzo Formaleoni in a satirical eulogy that is a parody of the oration of Ubaldo Bregolini upon the death of Angelo Emo.

In the *Caffè della Spaderia*, kept by Marco Ancilloto, some radicals proposed to [Pg 28] open a reading-room to encourage the spread of liberal ideas. The inquisitors sent a foot-soldier to notify the proprietor that he should inform the first person entering the room that he was to present himself before their tribunal. The idea was thereupon abandoned.

Among other celebrated coffee houses was the one called *Menegazzo*, from the name of the rotund proprietor, Menico. This place was much frequented by men of letters; and heated discussions were common

there. The coffee house gradually became the common resort of all classes. In the mornings came the merchants, lawyers, physicians, brokers, workers, and wandering venders; in the afternoons, and until the late hours of the nights, the leisure classes, including the ladies.

For the most part, the rooms of the first Italian *caffè* were low, simple, unadorned, without windows, and only poorly illuminated by tremulous and uncertain lights. Within them, however, joyous throngs passed to and fro, clad in varicolored garments, men and women chatting in groups here and there, and always above the buzz there were to be heard such choice bits of scandal as made worthwhile a visit to the coffee house. Smaller rooms were devoted to gaming.

In the "little square" described by Goldoni in his comedy *The Coffee House*, where the combined barber-shop and gambling house was located, Don Marzio, that marvelous type of slanderous old romancer, is shown as one typical of the period, for Goldoni was a satirist. The other characters of the play were also drawn from the types then to be seen every day in the coffee houses on the *Piazza*.

For the First Time in Venice

In the square of St. Mark's, in the eighteenth century, under the *Procuratie Vecchie*, were the *caffè Re di Francia*, *Abbondanza*, *Pitt*, *l'eroe*, *Regina d'Ungheria*, *Orfeo*, *Redentore*, *Coraggio-Speranza*, *Arco Celeste*, and *Quadri*. The last-named was opened in 1775 by Giorgio Quadri of Corfu, who served genuine Turkish coffee for the first time in Venice.

Under the *Procuratie Nuove* were to be found the *caffè Angelo Custode*, *Duca di Toscana*, *Buon genio-Doge*, *Imperatore Imperatrice della Russia*, *Tamerlano*, *Fontane di Diana*, *Dame Venete*, *Aurora Piante d'oro*, *Arabo-Piastrelle*, *Pace*, *Venezia trionfante*, and *Florian*.

Probably no coffee house in Europe has acquired so world-wide a celebrity as that kept by Florian, the friend of Canova the sculptor, and the trusted agent and acquaintance of hundreds of persons in and out of the city, who found him a mine of social information and a convenient city directory. Persons leaving Venice left their cards and itineraries with him; and newcomers inquired at Florian's for tidings of those whom they wished to see. "He long concentrated in himself

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POPULATION GROWTH**

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GLOBAL LOCATIONS

OPERATIONAL INFORMATION

He did not know where he was. Presumably he was in the Ministry of Love, but there was no way of making certain. He was in a high-ceilinged windowless cell with walls of glittering white porcelain. Concealed lamps flooded it with cold light, and there was a low, steady humming sound which he supposed had something to do with the air supply. A bench, or shelf, just wide enough to sit on ran round the wall, broken only by the door and, at the end opposite the door, a lavatory pan with no wooden seat. There were four telescreens, one in each wall.

There was a dull aching in his belly. It had been there ever since they had bundled him into the closed van and driven him away. But he was also hungry, with a gnawing, unwholesome kind of hunger. It might be twenty-four hours since he had eaten, it might be thirty-six. He still did not know, probably never would know, whether it had been morning or evening when they arrested him. Since he was arrested he had not been fed.

'Beg pardon, dearie,' she said. 'I wouldn't 'a sat on you, only the buggers put me there. They dono 'ow to treat a lady, do they?' She paused, patted her breast, and belched. 'Pardon,' she said, 'I ain't meself, quite.'

She leant forward and vomited copiously on the floor.

'Thass better,' she said, leaning back with closed eyes. 'Never keep it down, thass what I say. Get it up while it's fresh on your stomach, like.'

She revived, turned to have another look at Winston and seemed immediately to take a fancy to him. She put a vast arm round his shoulder and drew him towards her, breathing beer and vomit into his face.



A strident squeal of pipes, a rattle like castanets and the hoarse thump of drums.

A bird's wing, comrades, is an organ of propulsion and not of manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The distinguishing mark of man is the hang, the instrument with which he does all his mischief.

Now if there was one thing that the animals were completely certain of, it was that they did not want Jones back. When it was put to them in this light, they had no more to say. The importance of keeping the pigs in good health was all too obvious.

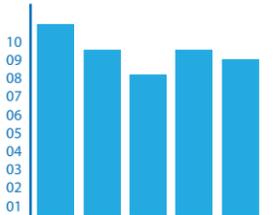
- 1 Whatever goes on two legs is an enemy.
- 2 Whatever goes on four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
- 3 No animal shall wear clothes.
- 4 No animal shall sleep in a bed with sheets
- 5 No animal shall drink alcohol to excess
- 6 No animal shall kill any other animal without cause.
- 7 All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.

I saw that it was an etiquette, like not wearing a white tie with a dinner-jacket, and shaved off my moustache. Afterwards I found out the explanation of the custom, which is this: waiters in good hotels do not wear moustaches, and to show their superiority they decree that PLONGEURS shall not wear them either; and the cooks wear their moustaches to show their contempt for the waiters.

He was going to shave--the second time that day--and he did not want Ko S'la to see him take shaving things into the bathroom. It was several years since he had shaved twice in one day. What providential luck that he had sent for that new tie only last week, he thought. He dressed himself very carefully, and spent nearly a quarter of an hour in brushing his hair, which was stiff and would never lie down.

Almost the next moment, as it seemed, he was walking with Elizabeth down the bazaar road. He had found her alone in the Club 'library', and with a sudden burst of courage asked her to come out with him; and she had come with a readiness that surprised him; not even stopping to say anything to her uncle and aunt. He had lived so long in Burma, he had forgotten English ways. At this moment the music burst out with a fearful pandemonium--a strident squeal of pipes, a rattle like castanets and the hoarse thump of drums, above which a man's voice was brassily squalling.

FORWARD LOOKING STATEMENTS



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BURMA

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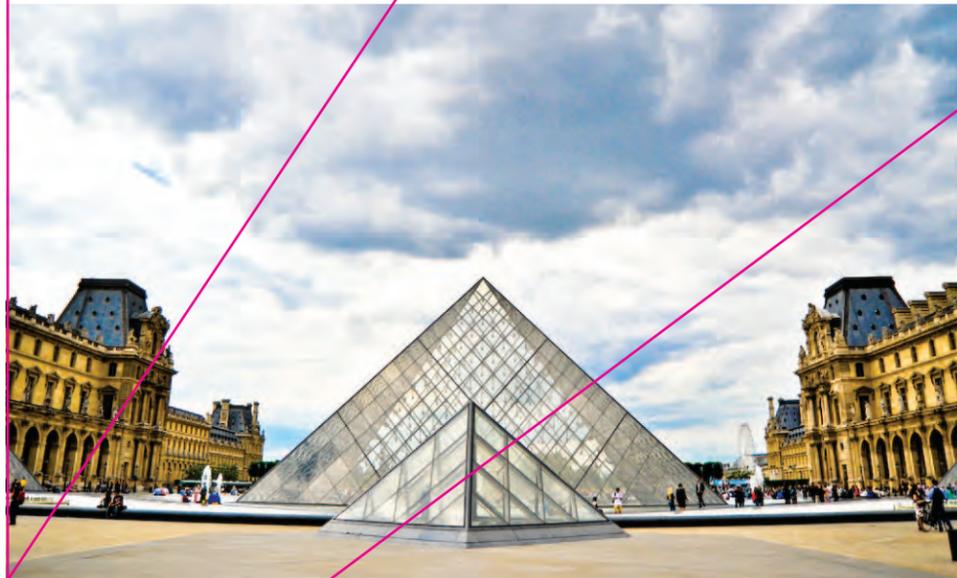
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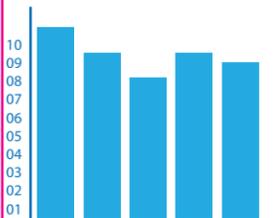
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