Melancholy and Mourning

Black Banquets and Funerary Feasts

Ay, in the very temple of delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

IN HIS *ODE ON MELANCHOLY* of 1819, Keats identifies the exquisite duality of the pleasure within the pain of the melancholic state and urges his reader not to wish for death when melancholy strikes, but to taste it, embrace it, and glory in it. Many melancholics followed his advice. Just as Victor Hugo found romance and passion in the melancholy underground worlds of early nineteenth-century Paris, and William Beckford reveled in his luxurious "ruin" at Fonthill in Wiltshire, England, so others with a Gothic or Romantic—and perhaps mischievous— sensibility throughout history have used images of death, ruin, decadence, and morbidity as entertainment. This is clearly expressed in the so-called "black banquets" given by various hosts from the Roman period to the Enlightenment. These morbidly styled dinners used darkness and death-related imagery to shock, entertain, and (occasionally) terrorize their guests. This use of deathly imagery and ritual had a heightened effect in periods of history when feasting still had a place in actual funerary practices, and when it was understood that in contrast to the grief felt at a death, "the fear and sadness of melancholy are *without cause*."[1] I will explore the heightening effect of this borrowing of symbols, contrasting the melancholic indulgence of the black banquet with the considered, if sometimes equally eccentric, contribution to effective mourning of the funerary feast.

The Ancient World

"Western cultural traditions assign to darkness a large collection of negative associations…Blackness signifies the other, the different, the abnormal and deficient."[2]

The earliest recorded black banquet appears to be that held by Emperor Domitian for some senators in about 89 CE, as part of the public celebrations following the Dacian War. In a completely black-painted room, each black couch was marked with an imitation gravestone inscribed with the guest's name, lit by a tomb-lamp, and attended by a phantom-like black-painted boy. The historian Dio Cassius describes the banquet in his *Roman History*:

All the things that are commonly offered at the sacrifices to departed spirits were likewise set before the guests, all of them black and in dishes of a similar color. Consequently, every single one of the guests feared and trembled and was kept in constant expectation of having his throat cut at the next moment, the more so as on the part of everybody but Domitian there was dead silence, as if they were already in the realms of the dead, and the emperor himself conversed only on topics relating to death and slaughter.[3]

Sent home in terror in the company of strange slaves, the diners were just beginning to calm down when a messenger arrived from Domitian, renewing their fears of execution. In fact the gravestones, which were silver, the dishes, which were delicious and costly, and the boys, who had been cleaned and adorned, were being sent to them as gifts.[4]

However, Dio Cassius's account does not allow this happy ending to redeem the senators' fear and anger. Some historical context perhaps tells us why. As well as effectively introducing an absolute monarchy into democratic Rome, "Domitian worked towards the political annihilation of the senate systematically and in cold blood; and that is why the senatorial party regarded him with such intense hatred."[5] Domitian was popular with the army, whom he paid well, and with the people, whom he entertained, but the story of his "funeral banquet" reflects the senate's—and many later historians'—negative perceptions. "When it comes to the Emperor, of course, inequality was a given, and someone like Domitian might humiliate or even terrify senators with impunity"[6]—but they wouldn't have to take this reminder
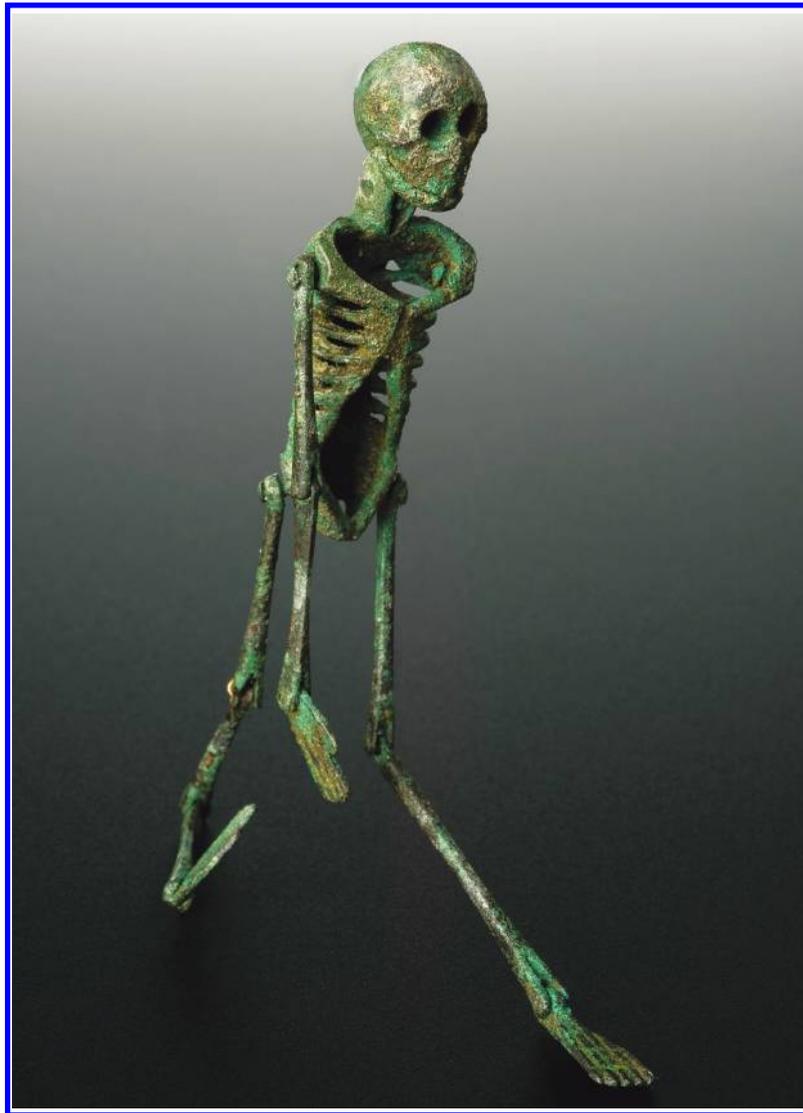
of their mortality and dependence on the Emperor for their very lives with good grace. Thus, a themed party with a generous end which might have been amusing had someone else given it became an object of terror and—ultimately—an excuse for assassination. The art historian Phyllis Pray Bober speculates that the origin of the banquet's theme may have been a not-yet-traced Greek dramatic production, but regardless of the originality or intent of the gesture, this feast is emblematic of Domitian's dark status as a murderous Emperor.[7]

In the case of an earlier, fictional, banquet held by Trimalchio in Petronius's *Satyricon* of around 1 CE (in the time of another murderous Emperor, Nero), the symbols of death are fuel for the satire: they promote mirth among the guests, rather than fear. Little *memento mori* skeletons called *larva convivialis* were frequently given to guests at banquets, an Epicurean practice to remind diners to "relish their least significant daily pleasures, for death awaits."[8] In

the case of Trimalchio, the skeleton's presence is an excuse for his recital of a piece of doggerel, a preamble to the arrival of a supremely vulgar bronze olive-carrying donkey surrounded by silver plates with Trimalchio's name and their weight engraved on the rims. A plate representing the signs of the zodiac with "in the middle, a whole hare, equipped with wings so as to look like Pegasus" follows, then ever more elaborate dishes like a boar filled with live thrushes.[9] Eventually, drunk and exhausted, Trimalchio starts to rehearse the arrangements for his funeral—the memorials he has commissioned for himself and the clothes in which he will be buried. Finally, a spontaneous rendition of his funeral music at top volume leads the night watchmen to believe the house is on fire, so they break in and break up the party with water and axes. In this case, the inappropriate

references to funerary practice are the death of the apparently endless dinner, bringing to a close the entertainment and providing a means of escape for the guests.

Proper funeral rites and regular propitiation of the dead were important cultural practices in the daily life of ancient Rome: there were a number of specific periods of the year when the dead of one's family were propitiated. In her study of death customs, Effie Bendann reconstructs rites like *Dies Parentales*, from the third to the twenty-second of February, a yearly renewal of the burial rite when families would visit the graves of their ancestors, bringing formal greetings and offerings of milk, water, oil, honey, and the blood of black sacrificial victims. In May the head of the house would celebrate and expiate the family ghosts in the ceremony of *Lemuria*, chanting and spitting black beans behind him, without looking around. The ancestral spirits were said to gather the black beans; the head of the house would exorcise them; and they would be gone. Throughout the Roman year, offerings would be taken to the *mundus*, a large flat stone in a shallow pit representing the union between the upper and lower worlds. Feasts in honor of the dead were also held regularly, with the food intended to effect "a communion of the upper with the lower world."[10] Black foods and beans seem to be a recurring theme in many such ceremonies. Besides being an important offering (and basic food source) throughout the ancient world, beans, both actual and representational (for example, in the form of biscuits), reverberate in many later Christian ceremonies associated with All Souls' Day, the day of commemoration of the dead.[11] The associations of the underworld with black foods in general—the beans, the sacrificial victims, the blood of black animals—demonstrate not only the important ceremonial role of food, but also the deep roots of the association with darkness of the symbols of death and melancholy.

In its mourning rites, Rome was building on older practices. Ancient Egyptian burial rites involved vast amounts of food, both actual and symbolic, as offerings to the gods and fuel for the dead person in the journey to the afterlife.[12] "Each god or goddess, each minor deity or nymph, every heroic being from a legendary past who might receive homage, had his or her favorite food."[13] Tomb excavations uncover lavish meals: in one case "grilled quail (entire, with head tucked underneath the wing); two cooked kidneys; a cooked fish (headless); beef ribs"; in another "a table of bread offerings displayed in flat and triangular shapes, some with leavening, and molded in the shape of a gazelle…baskets held figs, grapes, dates, and doum palm nuts."[14] There is less evidence of how food might have been

used by surviving mourners, but descriptions of ancient rituals around the world demonstrate the multiple uses of food and feasting in this context: as a means of laying to rest the spirits of the dead; of fueling them for the journey to the afterlife; of establishing a closer union with the dead by eating with them and in so doing ensuring that they leave the living in peace.[15]

For the ancient Greeks, too, this idea of the need to regale the dead spirit in order to lay it to rest was powerful.[16] On the night of Patroclus's death, his ghost—begging him to complete the rites, including the feast, to allow him to rest—haunts Achilles. He has already commanded that the ritual should be followed: "We will not unyoke our horses from their chariots yet, but mounted as we are, will drive past Patroclus and mourn for him as a dead man should be mourned. Then when we have wept and found some solace in our tears, we will unharness them and all have supper here."[17] The dinner is seen as the bridge between the past world, with Patroclus in it, and the new world that must remember him but continue without his presence. Achilles provides an extravagant feast and a blood ritual. "His soldiers then took off their burnished bronze equipment, unyoked their neighing horses, and sat down in their hundreds by the ship of the swift son of Peleus [Achilles], who had provided for them a delicious funeral feast. Many a white ox fell with his last gasp to the iron knife, many a sheep and bleating goat was slaughtered, and many a fine fat hog was stretched across the flames to have his bristles singed. Cupfuls of blood were poured all around the corpse."[18] Bober comments that Greek temple reliefs of funeral feasts depict heroes participating in exactly this communal process, in which the food is critical both for the performance of the ritual and the sustenance of the living. She wryly summarizes: "For the ancients, food represented a channel of communication in a multitude of ways…The Greeks appear remarkably ingenious in devising ways to share sustenance with the gods, all the while retaining the portion most favored by humans for themselves."[19] The living soldiers perhaps needed to celebrate the continuation of their own lives while mourning the loss of another's.

Renaissance Italy

In the Renaissance, when the Aristotelian view of the world, including dietary advice, was current, "brilliance and achievement are associated with black bile and the diseases of melancholy."[20] Perhaps this explains the repeated use of the melancholy symbols of death in spectacular Renaissance banquets. Italy had numerous dining

companies, known for their lavish entertainments. The art historian and painter Giorgio Vasari describes how the Company of the Trowel, formed in 1512, staged a striking dinner in Hades to celebrate Pluto's marriage to Proserpine, redolent with imagery of death and doom. Guests entered the dining room two by two through the hinged jaws of a sharp-toothed serpent. They found themselves in a faintly lit, dark circular chamber, decorated with pictures of the torments of the damned lit up in flames, where they were driven to their seats by a devil with a pitchfork. Besides this deathly scene,

The viands to be consumed at that infernal supper, moreover, were all presented under the forms of the most abominable, disgusting, and repulsive-looking animals; but beneath the hideous covering of pastry, or other materials, there were, in fact, concealed the most exquisite meats, in the richest and most costly variety. The skin, I say, and the external parts, caused these eatables to appear as if nothing less than serpents, adders, lizards, newts, great venomous spiders, toads, frogs, scorpions, bats, and animals of similar kind, were to be forced upon the guests, but within these articles were found to be the most choice and inviting preparations; these were placed before each guest with a fire-shovel, under the direction of the huge devil before-mentioned, while a comrade of his brought wines of the finest quality in vessels of hideous form, and these he poured into ladles looking like such as are used for melting glass, and which served the guests as beakers.[21]

The dessert course was equally challenging: "There were fruits placed on the table as if for dessert…but these fruits and confections which were cast about and rudely scattered all over the table, were apparently relics of the dead, although in fact the seeming bones were most delicate compositions of sugar, &c."[22] Suddenly, the lights went out, the cries of the damned recommenced, and while the company was distracted the real, magnificent supper was laid out to amaze them when the lights were rekindled.[23] The introductory melancholy spectacle enhanced the appreciation of the full entertainment to follow. Other "death banquets" of the period, like that held by Lorenzo Strozzi in 1519, were equally intended as entertainments, ostensibly in Strozzi's case as part of the preparations for Lent. His guests were greeted with a black draped room, *memento mori* skeletons and votive tapers, then amazed by the trompe l'oeil foods served, such as *trionfi di tavola* confectionary skulls containing roast pheasants, and bones hiding sausages.[24] In both cases, the trappings of death were used to provide a diverting spectacle and to show off the brilliance of the host's imagination and the achievement of the confectioner's and pastry cook's art. The use of

deathly imagery served as an extreme reminder that one was alive to enjoy the feast, which could only have enhanced the overall impression.

Early Modern England

At the same time as these lavish spectacles for the elite were being devised, feasting played an important role in the process of mourning in the real world. In England, the mourning party would meet at the house of the deceased before and after the funeral ceremony, taking a drink and a small cake or biscuit beforehand (in his diary entry of March 18, 1664, Samuel Pepys describes just such a pre-funeral meeting on his brother's death), and either a "drinking" of beer and biscuits in the churchyard or a meal at the deceased's house afterward.[25] Such feasts were important: "Food was definitely the most expensive single item in a funeral account, usually accounting for about half the total sum spent."[26] As with the Greek ceremonies, these events served the purpose of bringing the community together and comforting them, while stressing the continuing importance of the departed: "At such a time numbers and kinship were comfortable companions before the dark mystery of death."[27] They were also a status symbol: "A lavish table of funeral meats was thought to show regard for the dead as well as to prove the extent of the family's wealth."[28] For the wealthy, funeral feasts also established the heir's new place in the community: "By receiving food guests accepted the heir's accession and acknowledged their obligation towards him," as well as providing an opportunity to distribute "dole" to the poor in the form of leftovers.[29] On other occasions, the symbols of such feasts could be the trigger for further melancholy. Hamlet complains bitterly of the inappropriate meanness exercised by his mother and uncle in recycling the expensive meats from his father's funeral for their all-too-hasty wedding feast: "Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral bak't meates/Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

A separate practice known as "sin-eating" was common in the English countryside from the Middle Ages, and although it was banned during the Reformation the practice continued in some rural areas until the early nineteenth century, when it was recorded in the Cambridgeshire fens. The family of the deceased would hire a poor person for a loaf of bread, a bowl of ale, and a small payment, "to pawn his own soul for the ease and rest of the soul departed."[30] In the Lansdown Manuscript John Aubrey records that "when the corpse was brought out of the house, and laid on the bier, a loaf of bread was brought out, and delivered to the

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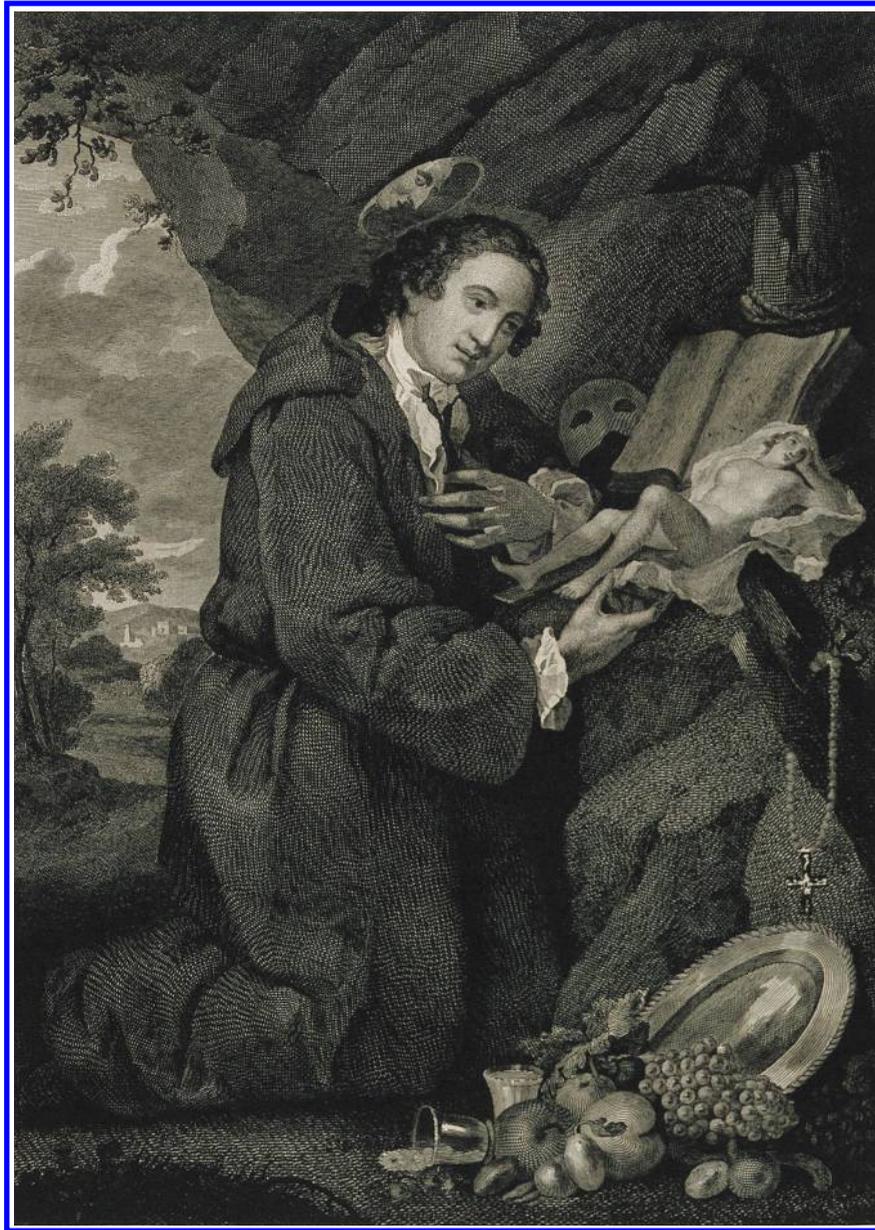
sin-eater, over the corpse, as also a mazard bowl, of maple, full of beer (which he was to drink up), and sixpence in money: in consideration whereof he took upon him, ipso facto, all the sins of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead."[31] Clare Gittings, a historian of death, remarks that "This ritual is illustrated in a crude woodcut decorating an eighteenth century funeral invitation; a large chalice-like cup is shown actually placed on top of the coffin, with a man and a woman standing on either side of it."[32] There is not such a great leap from the idea of consuming the sins of the deceased to consuming the deceased themselves. Later "Freud noted how funerary rituals nearly always included a special meal, in which the dead were symbolically consumed, indicating not only an incorporation but also a celebratory victory."[33] Anthropologist Mary Douglas further describes this magic

Above: Sir Francis Dashwood at His Devotions, 1757. *Engraving after William Hogarth.*

malleability of foodstuffs, especially their ability to take on any properties we might need in a ritual. Through their consumption or decay, foodstuffs may become the vehicle for the destruction of the thing that is feared, just as Papua New Guinean warriors ate the brains of their slain enemies.[34] The purchase of eternal rest for one's relatives by employing sin-eaters seems a maudlin, if inexpensive, indulgence for the well-off at the expense of their already-unfortunate neighbors, but at the same time it underlines the symbolic import and potential of food.

The Enlightenment

In March 1769, the duc de Chartres gave a pre-wedding supper party for the comte de Fitz-James, christened the *souper des veuves* (the widows' supper). He assembled all of the Count's former mistresses and married and engaged male friends, dressed in mourning clothes. Throughout the evening in the black-draped dining room, the torch-flames of the goddess of Love were repeatedly quenched by those of Hymen (marriage): "In a word, everything characterized the tomb of Pleasure and the empire of Reason."[35] The same ceremony was supposed to be repeated when the duc de Chartres himself got married the following June, only with still more solemnity. This was a knowingly fanciful entertainment to "mourn" the Count's forthcoming loss of freedom. In the same period in England, numerous clubs, notably the Society of Beefsteaks and Sir Francis Dashwood's Brotherhood of St. Francis of Wycombe (later referred to as the Hell-Fire Club), shared the sentiment if not the elaborate mode of marking it.

The Hell-Fire Club, in fact, celebrated the experience of forbidden pleasures of all kinds, adopting the symbology of darkness and the occult as a means of representing their core beliefs and of reinforcing their antireligious sentiments. "They realized that while life might be lived joyously and rumbustruously, it contained an element of melancholy and mystery that was worth preserving."[36] Their founding principle, *Fay ce que voudras* ("Do What You Will"), was adopted from the motto of Rabelais's imagined utopian "abbey" of Thélème in *Gargantua*, but the style of the Hell-Fire Club's "doing" was filled with melancholy imagery of death, ruin, sadism, and debauchery. At the meeting-place of his "friars" in Wycombe, Dashwood built "a carefully ruined tower" and "cloisters, training ivy up the stone pillars, in whose Gothic twilight owls might brood and bats obscurely cluster," all on the site of a ruined church.[37] This served as the entrance to vast, deep caves, with a banqueting hall at its center. No wonder local legend had it that they toasted the Devil with Port drunk from human skulls. Their dinner menus included absurdly named dishes (it is hardly likely that they really ate a stewed lion), many of which were deliberately sacrilegious. "Holy Ghost Pie," said to be depicted among the deliberately vulgar fruits at the bottom right of William Hogarth's in-costume portrait of Dashwood, was an imitation of the communion host made with angelica-root (one of garden angelica's common names being "holy ghost"). The sadistic darkness of the Hell-Fire Club's aspirational melancholy is taken to an extreme by the Marquis de Sade, who in *Juliette* has his

giant Russian Minski eating "aphrodisiac" human flesh in a dining room whose "furniture is made of live girls 'cunningly arranged.' Their vaginas are used as candleholders. When hot dishes are placed on the living table, resting on bare breasts and buttocks, there is 'a pleasant convulsive stir' like 'the rippling of waves.'"[38] In these cases, food and dining provide opportunities to live out the darkest fantasies.

In late eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century Paris, Grimod de La Reynière, the author of the earliest food guide (the *Almanach des Gourmands*, 1803–1813), hosted two of the most bizarre black banquets, later used as inspiration for Des Esseintes, the hero of *À Rebours* (Against Nature). Grimod was born in 1758 with deformed limbs: he used mechanical false hands covered with white gloves to overcome the deficiencies of the bird-of-prey-like claw at the end of his left arm and the webbed pincer on his right. The impact on his character of these deformities and the resulting rejection by his ill-matched parents is demonstrated by one of his party tricks, which was apparently to show people who didn't know he had metal hands that it was safe to warm their own by placing them directly on the red-hot stove.

The first of Grimod's banquets, recorded after the fact in the *Correspondance philosophique de Caillot Duval*, has been described as "a prime example of the dinner party as an act of aggression," but it is also interesting for its relentless use of macabre symbols.[39] The invitation, which escaped the censors by being modeled on a funeral invitation (these were not subject to approval), and which was so exotically beautiful that Louis XVI is said to have had a copy framed, depicted a cross mounted on a catafalque on a black background punctuated with tears. The dinner took place on February 1, 1783, the beginning of Lent. On arrival, guests were disarmed and stripped of their decorations before being led into a darkened room, examined by an advocate, and then allowed into a black-draped dining room lit by 365 candles with a catafalque as centerpiece and a balustrade for invited observers around the periphery. Grimod introduced two of the known courses, of pork and foods cooked in oil, with bizarre and untrue speeches referring to his father's family; when one of his lawyer guests attempted to leave in disgust, he locked the doors so that the rest were forced to stay all night; most apparently fell asleep during the magic lantern show that followed the dinner.[40] The motive for this spectacle is unclear; but as with Domitian, the pleasure seems mostly to have been the host's. For the guests and spectators, melancholy seems to have been fueled by discomfort, uncertainty, and boredom.

Grimod's second black banquet was held in 1813 before his departure from Paris to live at La Seigneurie, a fifteen-room chateau by a ruined keep—apparently a fine example of melancholic ruin. Friends who thought Grimod had only been somewhat unwell were shocked to receive an invitation to his funeral and, all the more shockingly, at four o'clock: dinner time. When they arrived, the guests who had decided to sacrifice their appetite for their friend were met by black drapery, a torch-lit carriage with a coffin, and all the signs of a house in mourning. Then, as they stood around exchanging the usual funeral pleasantries, "two leaves of the door flew open to reveal a splendid table draped in black and lit by a thousand candles."[41] Grimod himself appeared at the head of the table, exclaiming: "I know that today I will dine with my true friends!" His face glowing, he begged them to come to the table."[42] Such a "macabre and sardonic" performance would certainly test the limits of most friendship.[43]

The death-like imagery of both banquets, as well as the design of Grimod's first invitation, was adopted and exaggerated in *À Rebours* to extreme effect: "While a hidden orchestra played funeral marches, the guests were waited on by naked negresses wearing only slippers and stockings in cloth of silver embroidered with tears."[44] Des Esseintes's use of color is a consistent theme in the description of his attempts to live a solitary, melancholy life outside human experience, and the funeral banquet he stages to mark the temporary loss of his virility takes this drive to the extreme. The dining room, the garden, and the food are all blackened:

Dining off black-bordered plates, the company had enjoyed turtle soup, Russian rye bread, ripe olives from Turkey, caviare, mullet botargo, black puddings from Frankfurt, game served in sauces the colour of liquorice and boot-polish, truffle jellies, chocolate creams, plum puddings, nectarines, pears in grape-juice syrup, mulberries, and black heart-cherries. From dark-tinted glasses they had drunk the wines of Limagne and Roussillion, of Tenedos, Valdepeñas, and Oporto. And after coffee and walnut cordial, they had rounded off the evening with kvass, porter, and stout.[45]

Over the years, Des Esseintes attempts to distance himself further from the world by attempting to deny his body's need for food. He eats repetitive, seasonally pre-selected meals inside a sealed box within the true dining room, designed to ensure that he will not be subjected to the sounds or smells of food. Gradually, his digestive system becomes so weak that he thinks he is dying. As he listens to *Des Mädchens Klage*, he weeps: "For in this *lamento* there

was something more than sadness, a note of despair that tore at his heartstrings, something reminiscent of a dying love affair in a melancholy landscape…Steeped in bitterness and filled with disgust, [he] felt alone in the midst of tearful Nature, all alone, overcome by unspeakable melancholy." Des Esseintes is forced to call a doctor, who, to his delight, prescribes injections: "His taste for the artificial had now, without even the slightest effort on his part, attained its supreme fulfillment," releasing him from the "vulgar, bothersome business of eating."[46] When, eventually, the doctor tells him that the only sure cure is to go back into society, Des Esseintes's profound melancholy takes on a new edge of despair. Far from being released from the troubles of the world, his cure is to face them. Living through symbols is insufficient sustenance for body or soul.

Conclusion

It can be difficult to understand the motivations of one's own contemporaries for certain types of entertainment, let alone those of people in previous centuries. How can we effectively unpack what people in the past intended to convey through particular actions? As the philosopher Ernst Bloch reminds us, we have a propensity to forget that "now" does not even mean exactly the same thing to everyone living in the same time. This lack of synchronicity can be startling and used to great effect. "Among the most shocking and at the same time most important experiences in working one's way into a time, strange to us as a later generation, is that of the synchronicity of the non-synchronous, of the coexistence of terror and normality, of the everyday and the sensational."[47] In the fictional and fictionalized cases discussed here, such sensational synchronicity can be seen at work in several symbolically melancholy black banquets and their participants' responses to them. In a post-Freudian world, "in mourning, we grieve the dead; in melancholia, we die with them."[48] In the case of funeral feasts, which are a consistent component part of mourning, the ceremonial aspects related to food—whether feasting, "drinking," or "sin-eating"—actually help to construe the final death of the individual, the laying to rest of their souls, and the elaboration of their new external role in the living community. In the black banquet, the spectacle may help the Epicureans among us to face the truth that life is short and should therefore be sweet. Nonetheless, in many cases, it is difficult to see these deathly extravaganzas as reflecting much more than the self-indulgent expression of a melancholic sensibility—albeit a magnificently entertaining one. ◉

NOTES

1. Jennifer Radden, *The Nature of Melancholy: From Aristotle to Kristeva* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), 57.

2. Ibid.

3. Dio Cassius, *Di's Roman History*, trans. Earnest Cary, IX vols., vol. VIII (Cambridge, MA and London: Harvard University Press; William Heinemann Ltd, 1961), 337.

4. Ibid., 335–339. Domitian seemed to enjoy food-related jokes of this sort. Juvenal relates another in which senators were summoned late at night to the Emperor's house. Assuming they were to be punished for some crime or other, they waited outside in the dark only to watch a huge turbot being delivered in tribute. They were then granted an audience to be consulted on whether to serve the mighty fish in pieces or to commission a special platter to serve it whole (they chose the latter). See John Bagnell Bury, *The Student's Roman Empire. A History of the Roman Empire from Its Foundation to the Death of Marcus Aurelius. 27 B.C.–180 A.D.* (London: John Murray, 1893), 396.

5. Bury, *Student's Roman Empire*, 386.

6. Phyllis Pray Bober, *Art, Culture, and Cuisine: Ancient and Medieval Gastronomy* (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1999), 180.

7. Phyllis P. Bober, "The Black or Hell Banquet," in *The Proceedings of the Oxford Symposium on Food & Cookery 1990: Feasting and Fasting*, ed. Harlan Walker (London: Prospect Books, 1991). 57.

8. Bober, *Art, Culture, and Cuisine*, 162.

9. Arbiter Petronius, *Dinner at Trimalchio's: An Extract from the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter*, trans. G. J. Acheson (Johannesburg: Witwatersrand University Press, 1950), 15.

10. Effie Bendann, *Death Customs: An Analytical Study of Burial Rites*, in *The History of Civilisation*, ed. C.K. Ogden (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, 1930), 160.

11. Gillian Riley, "Beans for the Dead," in Walker, ed., *Proceedings of the Oxford Symposium*, 173–174.

12. Bendann, *Death Customs*, 155.

13. Bober, *Art, Culture, and Cuisine*, 110.

14. Ibid., 329.

15. Bendann, *Death Customs*, 160.

16. Darian Leader, *The New Black: Mourning, Melancholia, and Depression* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 2008), 116.

17. Homer, *The Iliad*, trans. E. V. Rieu (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1982), 412.

18. Ibid., 412–413.

19. Bober, *Art, Culture, and Cuisine*, 110.

20. Radden, *The Nature of Melancholy*, 55.

21. Giorgio Vasari, *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects* 5, trans. Mrs. Jonathan Foster (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1914), 79–80.

22. Ibid., 80.

23. Ibid., 80–81.

24. Bober, "Black or Hell Banquet," 56; John Varriano, *Tastes and Temptations: Food and Art in Renaissance Italy* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2009), 182.

25. Samuel Pepys, *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, ed. Robert Latham and William Matthews, XI vols., vol. V (London: Harper Collins, 2000), 89–90. Pepys also says that he had the soles of his shoes blacked, perhaps to be in fullest mourning when kneeling in the church; Clare Gittings, *Death, Burial and the Individual in Early Modern England* (London: Routledge, 1988), 155.

26. Gittings, *Death, Burial and the Individual*, 157.

27. Lu Emily Pearson, *Elizabethans at Home* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1957), 483; Gittings, *Death, Burial and the Individual*, 159.

28. Pearson, *Elizabethans at Home*, 483.

29. Jennifer Woodward, *The Theatre of Death: The Ritual Management of Royal Funerals in Renaissance England, 1570–1625* (Woodbridge, Suffolk: Boydell, 1997), 36.

30. Sylvanus Urban, "Popular Customs and Superstitions in Herefordshire," *The Gentleman's Magazine* 92 (March 1822): 222.

31. William Hone, *The Year Book of Daily Recreation and Information Concerning Remarkable Men and Manners, Time and Seasons, Solemnities and Merry-Makings, Antiquities and Novelties, on the Plan of the Every-Day Book and Table Book* (London: Thomas Tegg, 1832), 430.

32. Gittings, *Death, Burial and the Individual*, 155.

33. Leader, *The New Black*, 144.

34. Mary Douglas, *Implicit Meanings: Essays in Anthropology* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1975).

35. *Mémoires Secrets De Bachaumont, De 1762 a 1787, Tome Deuxième*, ed. M. J. Ravenel (Paris: Brissot-Thivars, 1830), 419. My translation: *en un mot, tout y caractérisait le tombeau des plaisirs et l'empire de la raison.*

36. Donald McCormick, *The Hell-Fire Club: The Story of the Amorous Knights of Wycombe* (London: Jarrolds, 1958), 16.

37. Ronald Fuller, *Hell-Fire Francis* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1939), 87; 150–151; R.P.T. Davenport-Hines, *Gothic: 400 Years of Excess, Horror, Evil and Ruin* (London: Fourth Estate, 1998).

38. Geoffrey Ashe, *The Hell-Fire Clubs: A History of Anti-Morality* (Stroud: Sutton, 2000), 217.

39. Alphonse Toussaint Fortia de Piles (Comte de), *Correspondance philosophique de Caillot Duval* (Anancy 1795), 31–35; Barbara Ketcham Wheaton, *Savoring the Past: The French Kitchen and Table from 1300 to 1789* (New York: Scribner, 1983), 227.

40. Ned Rival, *Grimod De La Reynière: Le Gourmand Gentilhomme* (Paris: Le Pré aux Clercs, 1983); Giles MacDonogh, *A Palate in Revolution: Grimond De La Reynière and the Almanac Des Gourmands* (London: Robin Clark, 1987).

41. MacDonogh, *Palate in Revolution*, 101–102.

42. Rival, *Grimod De La Reynière*, 208. My translation: *Je sais qu'aujourd'hui je vais dîner avec de vrais amis!" Le visage rayonnant, les éplorés à pasèrent à la table.*

43. Wheaton, *Savoring the Past*, 228.

44. J.K. Huysmans, *Against Nature*, trans. Robert Baldick (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1973), 27.

45. Ibid., 27.

46. Ibid., 205–209.

47. Hans Magnus Enzensberger, *The Silences of Hammerstein: A German Story*, trans. Martin Chalmers (London: Seagull Books, 2009), 296–297.

48. Leader, *The New Black*, 8.