THOSE TWO BOTTLES

Posted on January 2, 2010 by Keghart



Category: Opinions

By Avedis Kevorkian, Philadelphia, PA USA, 30 January 2010

It was one of those informal lunches, during the recent holiday period, where not everyone knew everyone at the start but we were all friendly and comfortable with each other about mid-way through. The restaurant wasn't busy and no one wanted to leave, so the conversation was free-ranging and, in time, got around to discussing the wine we had ordered and wines in general.
I made my contributions and then, when that discussion was beginning to lag, I asked "How long can Champagne be kept in the refrigerator?" No one really knew, and the consensus was that if the temperature was relatively constant and the bottles undisturbed they should probably be all right for a long time. But, no one was positive. Then someone asked why I had asked the question, and I mentioned that, "I have two bottles in mine."

By Avedis Kevorkian, Philadelphia, PA USA, 30 January 2010

It was one of those informal lunches, during the recent holiday period, where not everyone knew everyone at the start but we were all friendly and comfortable with each other about mid-way through. The restaurant wasn't busy and no one wanted to leave, so the conversation was free-ranging and, in time, got around to discussing the wine we had ordered and wines in general.
I made my contributions and then, when that discussion was beginning to lag, I asked "How long can Champagne be kept in the refrigerator?" No one really knew, and the consensus was that if the temperature was relatively constant and the bottles undisturbed they should probably be all right for a long time. But, no one was positive. Then someone asked why I had asked the question, and I mentioned that, "I have two bottles in mine."

The most obvious question was asked: "Why don't you drink it?" One fellow--he is an old friend, so I excused him--suggested, "Why don't we adjourn to your place and finish both bottles? It is, after all, the holiday season."

I smiled as I said that I was still saving them for an important occasion and, naturally, a couple of them asked what that occasion could be. I realized that I had erred in bringing up the matter, but I went on, bravely (or foolishly?), and said that I was waiting for the Congress to pass an Armenian Genocide Recognition bill and the President to issue a Genocide-recognition statement. Those who knew me before the lunch--like anyone else who knows me knows, also, about the Armenian Genocide--raised no questions, but there were quizical expressions on the faces of those who were meeting me for the first time. So, I briefly related the main points of the Genocide and about Turkey's denial and. . .well, you know the story..
I then explained that for years the Armenians have been trying to get such a non-binding resolution through the Congress and a statement by the President but that the Turks, who run things in

Washington, have prevented it. I mentioned how close it came to realization until the Liar in the White House, Mark I, put a last-minute stop to it, and how the Liar in the White House, Mark II, also prevented such a measure, and I mentioned how the current Liar in the White House--like the others before him having promised to push for such a resolution--has failed to do so.

We were discussing the subject when a friend interrupted to ask about the Champagne, and got us back on the subject.

I explained that in 2006, the Dummycrat Party won both houses of Congress and the Armenians were so overjoyed that "At last, there will be a Recognition Bill" that I went counter to my better judgment, and I put a bottle of Champagne in the refrigerator. Then, when the new Congress met and the new leaders of both the House and the Senate were announced, those same Armenians were so overjoyed that I figured the "recognition" was such a sure thing that I put the second bottle into the refrigerator with the aim of having one remarkable celebration.

"I'm still waiting," I reminded everyone. "What bothers me," I added, "is that I should have known better."

"Why so?" someone asked.

"Because I listened to the Armenian voices, when I should have remembered Kevorkian's Second Law." With that, I had everyone's attention.

"What's that?" I was asked almost in unison.

"People Like To Be Lied To, and The Bigger The Lie, The Easier to Believe."

They were now listening with rapt attention. So, I explained how the Armenians--otherwise reasonably intelligent people--allow themselves to be lied to by the politicians and how they also try to outdo each other in impressing other Armenians about their influence on those politicians, when the simple fact is that Turkey dictates policy to Washington in matters-Armenian, matters-Hellenic. That comment pleased the two Greeks present.

We now have a new administration and a new Congress, I explained, and new recognition bills, and still the Armenians believe that they are going to get a resolution approved.

Someone wanted to know how the Turks work. I explained that the Armenians--in their zeal to impress other Armenians--tell the Turks which members of Congress are co-sponsors and will vote for the measure. So, after the Turks tell the White House and the Congressional leadership to forget about the bill, the Turks concentrate on the so-called supporters and the bill eventually dies from inaction. "But, still, the three lobby groups in Washington make noises raising the hopes of the Armenians," I said.

"Three?" asked several around the table.

"Don't get me started on that," I said.

We were the last people at a table, by then, and the waiter presented our bill unasked, and we took the hint.

As we left, I realized that though world has entered a new year, I still don't know how long I can keep two bottles of Champagne in the refrigerator.