

In my Father's house are many mansions

Henry R. Rollin

All this begins the day a young man, ruddy by complexion and dull of visage, but with an accent you could cut with a shillelagh, was presented to me at HM Prison Brixton for psychiatric assessment.

As a matter of routine I began with an attempt to determine his intellectual level, which seemed, from initial impression, to be not quite on a par with that of, say, an Einstein or a Wittgenstein. To this end, I carefully explained that I was going to tell him a little story after which he would explain to me its meaning. He nodded his understanding.

"Well", I began, "in a posh house in Dublin you see a succession of people go in and, after a

varying interval, come out. First is the doctor, then the priest, then the lawyer, and finally the undertaker. What has been going on in that house?"

For a while he seemed nonplussed. And then his face suddenly began to glow with comprehension like the dawn of a Caribbean morning. "Why, by Jeezus", he proclaimed triumphantly, "It's a brothel!"

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