

Toward a Theology of Pipesmoking

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of the ultimate gifts of the Holy Ghost and brings its

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of God, which arguments are diligently supported

with unassailable proof texts and incontestable logic.

by Arthur D. Vunker

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TEXTS AND INCONTESTABLE LOGIC

by

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FORWARD

Light up your pipe! Sit in your most comfortable chair and let this genial young theologian instill in you some of his love for the stuff of God's good creation. His antique literary style is a cunning disguise for a wholesome modernity of outlook. A little verse by the eighteenth century Scottish poet Ralph Erskine, however, might remind us that the affirmation of the Old Creation in the celebration of the New is both as ancient and as modern as Christianity itself:

Smoking Spiritualized

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the Plant of great Renown,
Which mercy sends for nobler ends.
Thus think -- and smoke tobacco!

I owe this reference to the man who taught me that the warmth of a father's chest is inseparable from the aroma of a stout tobacco.

Walter J. Bartling
April 13, 1970

PREFACE

This all began innocently enough. I began smoking cigarettes when I was fifteen. My parents didn't like it. (Nor did the school authorities, but they didn't count either.) When I was seventeen I began smoking openly. My parents still didn't like it, but they knew how futile it was to say so. So, as I prepared to leave for college my mother (a shrewd old dear) proposed a compromise: "If I get you a good pipe, will you promise to quit cigarettes?" I promised, suspecting that I probably wouldn't. So Mom, the shrewd old dear, commissioned my father to pick me out a good pipe. He didn't. (I can't hold it against him. He's a phenomenal man. I've never really been able to match him. But with respect to pipes at least, I have been his teacher the last few years, and while he pretended to disagree with whatever I said, his taste in pipes and tobacco has improved greatly. But don't tell him I said so.) Anyhow, Dear old Dad chose me one of those dingbats with the metal stems and interchangeable bowls. Since then I've helped several young men get started with pipes. I'd never do them such a turn. A beginner should get a pound of pot (heavy pipe, not you-know-what). Still, it was a beginning. Dear old Dad also bought me some tobacco: a domestic blend, mostly burley, in a foil pouch with hunters and horses on the label. It was ghastly, although I didn't realize it then. And Dear old Dad told me how to break the pipe in slowly. I ignored his instructions and got what I deserved. But once Dear old Dad was safely out of town and I was safely alone in the dorm, I put my new pipe in a desk drawer and never saw it again until Christmas. Little did I then dream. . .

About a year later I bought a churchwarden. It was cheap and never did taste very good. It still doesn't. But it was a revelation to me: I had never considered that a pipe could be whimsical. I became a collector. My collection

was cheap, of course. I had never heard of tobacconists. I did all my shopping in drugstores. (That's where Dear old Dad had got my good pipe.) In other words, I was typical. But I began buying the most outlandish shapes I could find. Then, just before my junior year I was introduced in quick succession to cavendish, meerschaum and Friendly Tobacconists. My fate was sealed. And I was really hooked when, in 1966, I was given my block meerschaum.

In the fall of 1969 Les Weber (the younger) invited me to do some writing for *Spectrum*, the Concordia Seminary student paper. I wrote an occasional column, *Signs of the Times*, which still appears now and then. In that column I began the series, "Toward a Theology of Pipesmoking." This book is a collection of material from that series, with the addition of three new chapters and the appendices.

The column had unexpected results: I found myself smoking fewer cigarettes. That was a welcome development, so I began, with anti-cigarette polemic, deliberately to paint myself into a corner. Soon I had quit altogether. But later I became quite vain (not unusual for me), and thought I had conquered the nasty weeds completely and could safely indulge on occasion. Naturally I got rehooked. (The infernal things *are* addicting.) And naturally I got cordially hooted by my schoolmates. That was salutary. Just heed my example. Let him that thinketh he standeth. . .

Such vanity is nothing new for me. In fact I am still vain enough to have second thoughts about writing this paragraph. But I am told that integrity is a *sine qua non* of authorship, and I'm willing to try almost anything once. There is hardly an original thought in this book. I'm not really ashamed of that fact... I keep telling myself. There are a few creative geniuses granted to each generation, and I am not one of them. There was a time when I thought I was, but if I have learned anything in my twenty-five years, it is what talents I do not have. Whatever of substance is here, therefore, is shamelessly appro-

priated from the writings of better men than I. I can take some pride in being a disciple, although even in discipleship I lean heavily on G.K. Chesterton's epigram, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing badly." For what a twenty-five year old's opinions are worth, I consider that the ultimate in human wisdom.

I must confess one error. In Chapter One I wrote that there is no other theological treatise on pipesmoking. I have since discovered that in the early 1600's, in reply to James I's *Counter-Blaste to Tobacco*, a group of Polish Jesuits wrote a book entitled *Antimisocapnos*. I have never seen the book, and even if I could my Latin is probably not up to the strain. But what a project for an enterprising graduate student! Why, a translation of this work would be a contribution to theological thought second only to the *Summae* and the Brief Statement! Any Latinist seeking a subject for his dissertation, here is your chance!

Thanks are due to Ray Horrel, Don Hinchey and others who persuaded me to collect the material for this volume, and to the Seminary Press for printing what I'm sure no reputable publisher would touch. Quotations are used by permission and are acknowledged *ad loc*. Thanks also go to Shrewd old Mom and Dear old Dad for getting me started on pipes -- not to mention getting me started. And many thanks indeed to Professor Walter Bartling, one of the brotherhood, for writing the forward.

Art Yunker
St. Louis
Misericordias Domini, 1970

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Forward	iii
Preface	iv
Chapter One: Dogmatics	1
Heresies Refuted:	
that smoking involves risk and should simply be avoided	1
that the pipe is merely a high-church way of doing to the body what cigarettes accomplish more efficiently	2
that pipesmoking is bourgeois and has no place in relevant theology	4
that pipesmoking is materialistic self-indulgence	5
that a pipe is merely a furnace to consume tobacco	7
that one pipe is as good as another as long as it's sincere	8
Truths Affirmed:	
that pipesmoking is a divine idea	10
that meerschaum is the most sublime of the creatures of God	11
that pipes are to be treated with reverence	12
that pipe collecting is part of the <i>Imago Dei</i>	13
that Romans 8:19-25 applies to pipes	15
that we shall smoke in heaven	16
Chapter Two: History	18
Martyrology	18
Hagiology	21
Chapter Three: Ethics	23
Responsibility to the Cosmos	24
Choice of Tobacco	25
Treatment of the Pipe	26
Smoking Technique	27
Responsibility to the Neighbor	28
Pastoral Ethics	31
Chapter Four: Liturgics	36
Concerning the Selection of Pipes	37
Concerning the Breaking-in of Pipes	39
Concerning the Seasoning of Pipes	40
Concerning the Proper Display of Pipes	41

Concerning the Smoker's Dinguswhatsis and Other Articles	42
Concerning the Choice of Tobacco	44
Concerning the Storage of Tobacco	44
Concerning the Blending of Tobacco	46
Correct Procedure from the Filling of the Pipe to the Going Out Thereof	48
Other Considerations	49
Chapter Five: Pastoral Theology	50
Appendices	
Appendix 1: Illustrations	60
Appendix 2: Glossary	62
Appendix 3: Buyer's Guide to Brand Names	67
Appendix 4: Blending	69
Appendix 5: Bibliography	72

TOWARD A THEOLOGY OF PIPESMOKING

CHAPTER ONE

DOGMATICS

I. HERESIES REFUTED:

- A. that smoking involves risk, and should simply be avoided
- B. that the pipe is merely a high-church way of doing to the body what cigarettes accomplish more efficiently
- C. that pipesmoking is bourgeois and has no place in relevant theology
- D. that pipesmoking is materialistic self-indulgence
- E. that a pipe is merely a furnace to consume tobacco
- F. that one pipe is as good as another as long as it's sincere

II. TRUTHS AFFIRMED:

- A. that pipesmoking is a divine idea
- B. that meerschaum is the most sublime of the creatures of God
- C. that pipes are to be treated with reverence
- D. that pipe collecting is part of the *Imago Dei*
- E. that Romans 8:19-25 applies to pipes
- F. that we shall smoke in heaven

Why a theology of pipesmoking? (a) Because there isn't one already, as far as I can tell. (b) Because one is needed. (c) Because the pipes compel it, *viz.* the following prooftext from Thackeray:

The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent and unaffected.

(Which doesn't prove much, really, but it's impolite to begin without a proof-text.)

I. Heresies Refuted

- A. that smoking involves risk and should simply be avoided

Ridiculous! That smoking involves some risk is obvious enough, but let us consider for a moment what risk it really is. The danger of lung cancer, mouth cancer, heart disease and respiratory trouble to pipesmokers is called

by the Surgeon General, "not statistically significant." Sing for joy, you lovers of pipes! Wail, you slaves of cigarettes!

"Wait a minute," you say. "Are you saying that there is *no* risk involved in pipes after all?" No, there is indeed risk. The Surgeon General's report mentions the appearance of certain non-malignant alterations of mouth and nose which disappear after smoking is stopped. And there is plenty of risk if you are stupid enough to smoke with an open sore in your mouth. And then, if you are occasionally intemperate (and who of us is not?), then you risk having your tongue swell like a Zeppelin, and your palate taste like the Great Sewers of Paris.

But it's absurd simply to avoid risks. That is a course proposed only by fanatics, like the prohibitionists of the last generation. I know their kind! They warn against pepperoni pizza too, because it can cause tummy trouble. And they suggest that we all join them in their happy state of *ataraxia*, where nobody gives a damn about anything.

But let's not be silly. All loves are inconvenient. What are the risks of smoking (pipes, that is), compared to the risks of courtship and marriage? or compared to the risks of ordination and of faithfulness to a vocation? or compared to the risk that is faith? All life -- at least all life that is worth a hill of beans -- involves risk. To stop taking risks is to stop being a man.

B. that the pipe is merely a high-church way of doing to the body what cigarettes accomplish more efficiently

This heresy is taught by the fanatics, who would abolish smoking altogether, and by cigarette smokers who seek to justify themselves. While there may be forgiveness for such error, the job of the True Believers is to enlighten the Infidels.

Therefore, O Infidel, hearken to your enlightenment: pipesmoke, which should never be inhaled, is simply unable to provide the kind of stimulation which a cigarette affords. The inhalation of cigarette smoke promotes the absorption of nicotine, an addicting (!) drug. (Nicotine does not cause cancer! It's the other garbage in cigarettes that does that. The only moral question involving nicotine is whether addiction is evil *per se*.) Nicotine can act, at various times, as a stimulant or a tranquilizer. It is effective only when inhaled.

A pipe, on the other hand, is designed for sensory gratification. If anyone claims cigarettes gratify the senses, he is either ignorant or lying. They irritate the senses. It's only the kick from the drug that makes the irritation tolerable. When the cigarette gets too beastly (toward the butt end), it is discarded. Then, when the craving hits, another cigarette is lit. But a pipe's primary appeal is esthetic: the bouquet of the tobacco smoke, the tactile stimulation of hand and mouth, and the appeal of attractive lines and infinite varieties of grain, in which a knowledgeable lover delights.

Contrary to the Puritan mind, there is nothing sinful about sensory gratification. One mark of distinction between man and the beasts is that man not only receives sensory data, but creates his own. And some of those creations are wondrous indeed!

Let me give you fair warning: when the fanatics have finished doing us out of our pipes, they will resume their attacks on wine and love-making, and probably start in on music, warm baths and garlic. (Of course, garlic *can* be sinful if taken in preparation for a visit to the dentist, or before a session of courting and sparking -- but then, so can a pipe.)

Cast out, therefore, the bondswoman and her son. This world is dehumanizing enough without letting the Puritans do us out of one of the last marks of our manhood. To smoke a pipe is to cling defiantly to the glory of man, to our dominion over the beasts of the field.

C. that pipesmoking is bourgeois and has no place in relevant theology

On the contrary, it is cigarette smoking that is bourgeois. The principal mark of bourgeoisie is manipulation. The bourgeois mind approaches people and things with the question, "How can I use him, her or it?" When this is done in business it is evil enough, but in encounters with people or with God it can be devastating. And the bourgeois mind extends also to things. That is why the cigarette was invented. It is useful, convenient, uncomplicated. You simply light it, get the kick you were after, and discard it (preferably where it will singe your hostess' coffee table, burn a hole in her carpet, or start a forest fire). No entanglements. It's rather like the Playboy ideal: don't get emotionally involved, and then there won't be any hurt feelings when you break it off. Nice and platonic. Ugh!

I have to admit, there are bourgeois pipesmokers. But they have their reward. They use their pipes without care, and the pipes' revenge is swift and sure. The smoker gets a noxious gurgle and the most obscene tastes and smells. Why? Because he has set out to use something which simply refuses to be used! People who approach their pipes in such fashion ought to go back to cigarettes -- it would be more honest -- and more safe. Because pipes are solid, intractable pieces of materiality, and they must be approached on their own terms. If you come at them with the intention of *using* them -- well, hell hath no fury.

On my wall hangs a framed reminder:

Some men prefer their women like cigarettes -- just so many, slim and trim in a case, waiting in a row to be selected, set afire, and when the flame has died -- discarded. More fastidious men prefer their women like cigars -- the brand is better, they last longer, but they too are set aside when the fire has died. But real men -- real men prefer their women like pipes. They knock them gently and care for them always. No man shares his pipes!

D. that pipesmoking is materialistic self-indulgence

Materialistic it is! Praise to the Lord!

I think I hear you. I think I understand your hangup: I've had it too. If you have heard the sermons I have heard during the last fifteen years or so, materialism is a bad word to you. For as long as I can remember, preachers have railed against me for being a materialist. And, good boy that I was, I sat there and felt deliciously guilty about my materialism. I was twenty-one before I learned that I had never been a materialist, that no one I knew had ever been a materialist, and that unless the preachers were fantastically lucky, they had never met a real live materialist.

"Hold on," you say. "Materialism is the disease of our age. Our culture is full of it. Look at the mass consumption, the mindless waste, the careless and unthinking use of things. If that isn't materialism, what is it?"

What it is, I reply, is not materialism at all, but rather a very sneaky form of spiritualism. (I would say "spirituality," but that is generally considered a virtue and I don't want to make schput of it, even though in some forms it can be overdone. I realize also that "spiritualism" conjures up notions of spooks and ouija boards. Just bear in mind that I'm not picking fights with ghosts. Still, "spiritualism" is a pejorative word for us, and it deserves to be. So I use it here.)

Spiritualism is less than Christian. It snuck in from the Christian lunatic

fringe. But the dogmas of the Incarnation (that God considered materiality desirable enough to take it upon himself in the womb of Our Lady) and of the Resurrection of the Body should show where God stands on the matter. He is a materialist. Christ certainly is. Undeserved as his reputation as a glutton and winebibber surely was, it had some foundation in fact. He was evidently enjoying himself.

But we are so alienated from reality that we can sit, surrounded by more things than emperors ever dreamed, and not give a damn. Delight is practically unknown these days. The world, if it matters at all, is considered worthy only of manipulation -- or worse. *This is my first and my last saying, that it had been better not to have given the earth unto Adam, or else, when it was given to him, to have restrained him from sinning. O thou Adam, what hast thou done? for though it was thou that sinned, thou art not fallen alone, but we all that come of thee. For what profit is it unto us, if there be promised us an immortal time, whereas we have done the works that bring death? And that we should be shewed a paradise, whose fruit endureth forever, wherein is security and medicine, since we shall not enter into it? (For we have walked in unpleasant places.)* If there is any hope for us at all, it must lie in a revival of Christian materialism. And, if the ecologists are right, it better happen soon. Somehow things must again come to matter to us -- on their own terms.

Enter therefore the pipe as a sign of hope. If the last few pages settled anything, it was that pipes have one great virtue: the ability to force a would-be manipulator to respect their own uniqueness and materiality. There is no way simply to use a pipe without being viciously punished. And so a pipe may be our teacher as we struggle to learn again to care about the world.

That, of course, is law. The pipe is our pedagogue to lead us -- potentially. Is there also a way to say "pipe" in a gospel mode? I think so. For (again potentially), a pipe is a creature so gracious that it takes a hard man indeed not to respond with care.

E. that a pipe is merely a furnace to consume tobacco

This is another piece of the heresy of manipulation. Why can't men see that the pipe considers itself a creature in its own right? After all, it is the pipe itself which punishes the uncaring smoker, and this ought to alert us to something which is fairly obvious: a pipe does not merely hold tobacco. It interacts with the tobacco to bring forth something entirely new and different: Pipesmoke, tobacco smoke glorified, *Smoke in Excelsis*.

With one or two demonic exceptions. There is on the market today a pipe with an upper case definite article, made of graphite, the product of our space-age technology, requiring almost no care at all. I own one through no fault of my own. Dear old Dad smoked it a while and then with a straight face bestowed it on me. The bowl is deservedly full of cobwebs. It really *is* merely a furnace to consume tobacco. It has no porosity. It doesn't interact with tobacco. It just sits there. Really, all it is, is reusable cigarette paper. It's a model of indifference, a triumph of lovelessness. It doesn't even taste very good.

Actually I overstate my case. Such a pipe does testify to the care of technicians and die makers. But it is *dangerous to faith and morals*. Excellence has already taken enough of a beating in this age. These space-age pipes with the upper case article simply compound the damage. They demand no care. They are too easy. They have no character. They call forth neither love nor hate. *So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.* One puff from that abomination and I start spuing.

To a lesser degree, the same goes for those modern pipes with disposable filters or fancy, intricate, oh-so-scientific plumbing inside, that are supposed to relieve us of the need for fussing with our pipes. They make life much more efficient and sanitary -- and sterile. Insofar as such pipes are briar and can interact with tobacco they are not beyond hope. And since we can still fuss over the finish and polish them up, I suppose they are redeemable. But they, too, are dangerous, for they threaten to rob us of our need to fuss, to care about the matter at hand. If we use them at all, we must exercise caution.

Sooner or later some enterprising jackass is going to come up with a disposable pipe which can be discarded when it becomes dirty or inconvenient. When that happens we must be prepared to inform him that it is no pipe at all. And if he refuses to repent, as he probably will, and a heresy trial becomes necessary, so be it. The faith must be defended. Remember, I told you so. *Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt. Vigilemus!*

F. that one pipe is as good as another as long as it's sincere

This error, another aspect of the heresy of manipulation, is the ruling spirit of our age. What matters today is not what things *are*, but how useful they may be. All the real differences between things are written off as merely superficial -- subjective judgments, and therefore not to be taken seriously. The Greatest Theologian in the Whole Wide World writes:

Modern man's alienation stems, not from the incidental advances in his technology, but from a philosophy which has turned him into a metaphysical freak: he is the last, inexplicably substantial being in an otherwise relative world. No *thing* keeps him company. . . . Having forsaken the concrete individuality of things -- having made care about differences philosophically disreputable --* we are left only with diagrams of reality to keep us going.

* Robert Farrar Capon, *An Offering of Unoles: the Priesthood of Adam and the Shape of the World* (New York: Sheed and Ward, 1967), p. 167.

Did you think that concern for excellence had just disappeared by accident? No indeed; we are victims, you and I, of a hideous plot! And unless we are on our guard, the Spirit of This Age will con us out of our few remaining connections with reality -- including our pipes.

When a sane man looks at his pipe collection, things are put into their proper perspective. Because there is a real difference between pipes, a difference based upon concrete canons of judgment and not just on subjective whim. A meerschaum is different from a \$20 briar, and a \$20 briar is different from a \$1.98 briar. And not just difference, in fact: the meerschaum is *better* than the \$20 briar is *better* than the cheapy. Only the hopelessly perverse could possibly deny it.

Trouble is, I know some men with a passion for excellence in all other matters, who have been conned out of it with respect to their pipes. Such men are to be pitied -- and helped, for they are not beyond cure. They should be provided (perhaps at government expense) with a good meerschaum and a fine briar. With such therapy no man could stay bereft of reason for long. Someone once said, "There is something about a pipe that can make a man stable in mind."

II. Truths Affirmed

A. that pipesmoking is a divine idea

What else? We should hardly have thought of it by ourselves. God makes tobacco. That much is obvious. It wouldn't be here had the Creator not thought it a good idea, and had he not taken the trouble to provide us with it.

Witness also the fact that Indian legends declared that the first brave smoked the first pipe under the inspiration of God. Witness also the fact that the infidel Turks had meerschaum for centuries and never did anything with it more exciting than to carve it into beads and cute little toy elephants. It took the Christian, Karl Kowates, to discover meerschaum's true purpose -- surely the greatest discovery by a Hungarian since the creation.

It was C.S. Lewis, I think, who made the profound observation that Hell has never yet been able to invent a single pleasure. Only God can create pleasures. So far the best Hell has been able to do is to pervert a few of them. (Of course, we all know what the perversion of tobacco is, don't we?)

How did this perversion, the cigarette, get started? I think we can trace it to a reductionism, which considered that the purpose of smoking was to obtain the effects of nicotine in the system. After all, nicotine does have its effects, and at times they can be pleasant. But the fact is that no sane man has a consuming interest in nicotine. It's colorless, tasteless, and highly toxic. And it is by no means the principal ingredient in tobacco smoke. It is only one member of a large committee. It is only effective when inhaled, which is when the rest of the ingredients lose their opportunity to titillate the senses. We talked about this earlier in I-B. Anyone who wants the bare effects of nicotine will never get them from a pipe. True pleasures are more complex than that. Perhaps that's why Heaven has maintained its monopoly on pleasures all this time. Hell always has been reductionist. It was reductionism that brought about the down-

fall of Lucifer, and he hasn't changed since. He always was too practical to comprehend the divine *sensus lusus*.

Out then with the reductionists and their perversions! And up with good, honest pipesmoke, an eloquent witness to the whimsy of our Creator, at whose right hand are pleasures forevermore.

B. that meerschaum is the most sublime of the creatures of God

Meerschaum, less romantically hydrous magnesium silicate, still less romantically $H_4Mg_2Si_3O_{10}$, was originally supposed to be petrified sea foam. Hence the name. With this age's genius for debunking worthwhile notions, it is now declared to be fossilized sea creatures. It is mined in Asia Minor.

So what makes it so superlatively superlative? For one thing its weight, or rather its lack of weight. There was a reason for thinking it was sea foam. It's amazingly light.

And what makes that sublime? Porosity. The meerschaum is an alembic like no other. It absorbs and distills, to return aromas and flavors a thousandfold in its old age. And here lies the real sublimity. Someone recently asked me if I weren't biting off more than I could chew, with such sweeping exclusions of God's other sublime creatures -- such as women. But not counting the utter selflessness of its giving, and the awesome quality of its forgiveness, meerschaum's chief grace is its aging.

Few women age gracefully. To be sure, they may, as they mature, show remarkable inward development, which quite compensates for the deterioration of the outside. But with a meerschaum even the exterior increases in loveliness as it gradually changes color from creamy white with tones of pink, to light yellow, to sherry red, to brown, to dark brown, to an eventual black. *Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te.*

Sublimity of any sort is hard to come by in this evil age. The sublimity of which meerschaum is capable should not be taken lightly. If you don't own one (and are a pipesmoker), get one by all means. But don't be in a rush about it. It takes a lot of experience to be worthy of such a pipe. I know. I received mine prematurely and mistreated it horribly. Fortunately it was too gracious to hold a grudge, but I never smoke it without a twinge of guilt. But then, if you wait too long to get a meerschaum, you may not live long enough to really enjoy its maturity. So I guess my final word must be, Sin Boldly.

Whenever you see a meerschaum, reverence it -- not in *latreia*, of course, for that belongs only to God, but with the *hyperdulia* we reserve for the most sublime of his creatures. It is more faithful than you ever will be.

C. that pipes are to be treated with reverence

What I am talking about here is "good" high-church. Not the orchid underwear stuff against which so many Protestants rebel, but the behavior which follows naturally from a sober appraisal of just what great mysteries these are with which we have to do. A lot of Protestants rebel against that, too, mistaking it for "bad" high-church. That's unfortunate. Guilt by association is always poor logic.

It is possible, in other words, for the same action to be either good because it proceeds from reverence, or bad because it proceeds from affectation. I should think it would take a pansy to miss the difference.

We shall see, in the chapter on ethics, that some smoking techniques (which many would call high-church) are ethically determined. There are some others which are not precisely necessary, but which are called forth by the reverence a pipe demands. For instance:

Rubrics governing the treatment of briar pipes:

1. Before filling, remove the pipe cleaner from the stem, look into the bowl, blow through the stem and knock the bowl gently in the palm of your hand to dislodge any particles which may block the draft.
2. While you smoke, rub the bowl occasionally along the side of your nose. Briar has an affinity for your natural oils.

(They'd only go to waste otherwise; why not put them to constructive use?)

Rubrics governing the treatment of meerschaum pipes:

1. Same as 1 above.
2. Do not touch warm meerschaum. Meerschaum does not have an affinity for your natural oils. They stain the pipe and retard the proper coloring.
3. Do not lay a warm pipe on a cold surface (like a marble table) or it may crack. Meerschaum is especially delicate in this regard.

Other rubrics appear in the chapter on liturgics. These make the point.

Of course it's possible to overdo the high-church. For instance, I know some people who are so stuffy that they won't smoke a pipe in the bathtub. I admit, it took me a while to get over my own hangup about the propriety of that sort of thing. But it was a concern for my own dignity, not for the pipe. Once I got used to how ludicrous I looked (silly bit of vanity that: consulting a mirror to discover how you appear when no one else will ever see you anyhow) all naked and flabby with a pipe in my face, I discovered that one of life's greatest pleasures is to be able to settle down in a warm bath, with a good book, a toddy and a pipe.

You can't overdo reverence, but you can become affected. Avoid that. God invented pipesmoking. Nothing could be more natural. Keep it that way.

D. that pipe collecting is part of the *Imago Dei*

(I use the term not in the strict Lutheran sense, but in its wider, more Catholic meaning: that man tends, never mind how darkly, to mirror the personality of his Creator.)

Properly speaking, a pipe on the dealer's shelf is no pipe at all. It is a piece of carved burl of the white heath. Or it is a carved piece of hydrous magnesium silicate boiled in beeswax. But it is only potentially a pipe. It is only when I behold this piece of potentiality, detect its possibilities for greatness, and by the fiat of the checkbook call it forth from nonbeing, that it becomes a pipe. I place it in my collection. I pronounce it Good.

Of course, it is not precisely necessary that I make this piece of potentiality a pipe. I already have several adequate pipes -- thirty-eight at last count. I don't *need* another. In fact, were you to ask my father, he would tell you I have too damn many pipes. And in a way he's right. Anyhow this new acquisition is unnecessary.

And here is the clue to the *imago* business: *unnecessary!* Capon suggests that all the pictures of drudges slaving away on watches are nowhere near as good an analogy for God as one child blowing soap bubbles through his fingers. That's the secret, you see: God collects unnecessary things too. There were plenty of reusable designs for snowflakes: why invent zillions more just for this winter? Or what about you? God didn't make you because he needed you. There were already adequate people here before you. You and I are part of his collection -- for no reason -- just because he likes the idea -- like that Larsen virgin I've been eyeing all year, or the Andreas Bauer meerschaum I'm drooling over.

I'll let you in on a secret. Sooner or later I'm going to own that Andreas Bauer. And the Larsen. Of course they're both fantastically expensive. And yes, there will always be things I need more. It will give my father and his kind another chance to tell me how impractical I am. *Why was not all this sold, and the money given to the poor?* But I shall have them.

To be sure, too much of that sort of thing is what fiscal disasters are made of. But it's part of our nature. And I wouldn't want to give it up entirely. It's too much fun. So, within reasonable limits of prudence I steadfastly refuse to be practical. Why should I be? God isn't. And I shall continue collecting. Why shouldn't I? God evidently thinks it's a good idea.

E. that Romans 8:19-25 applies to pipes

I have the feeling I'm losing my audience. You begin to suspect me of fanaticism. You consider the multitudes who couldn't stick with a pipe, and you wonder how much of the truth I'm not telling.

I am no fanatic. Pipes are not easy to love. They are inconvenient -- even dangerous. The defection of the many is a tragedy, to be sure, but it is no sin. Pipes are frustrating. It's a rare individual indeed who gets beyond the frustration to the delight that lies in wait for him. But this, after all, is true of all our encounters. The woes our pipes inflict upon us are not their fault. They are a sign of our fallenness, a fallenness in which our pipes as well are caught, subjected with us to vanity in hope.

But what a hope it is! The joys the pipe now offers to him who endures are but a shadow of what is to come when our bodies are set free. Imagine! Tobacco without carcinogens. Unlimited smokes without dragon mouth. Why, the very thought makes the mind boggle!

But it is still only a hope. The inconvenience remains. Our pipes and we groan in travail together. There is no Easter without Lent. The white heath is redeemed only by the wood of the cross. $H_4Mg_2Si_3O_{10}$ is saved by the earth in which its Maker was buried. Our pipes and we are rescued, not by avoiding the Passion, but by embracing it. Deliverance comes in vanity. The meaning of it all becomes apparent in absurdity.

Perhaps that is the ultimate truth about pipesmoking -- and about all the loves to which we commit ourselves. All the neat little meanings we attach to our lives and our loves turn out in the end to have been false. Only the absurdity remains. The wise man lights his pipe in fear and trembling. Who knows whether this is the smoke that will finally undo him? Who knows if perhaps this pipe will begin the murderous reproduction of cells gone mad? God knows, but he isn't telling. We commit ourselves in darkness and ignorance. We never discover, until it is too late, the meaning of what we have done. That is the way it has always been. And that is the way it will always be -- until our bodies are set free with all creation, to fill a new earth with new smells, and to treat our new bodies to tastes, new and yet wondrously familiar.

F. that we shall smoke in heaven

We generally concede that God made the world for joy. What we too frequently forget is that he holds the world in being for joy *now*, and that he will consummate it for the same reason.

O ye fire and heat, bless ye the Lord; O ye coal and ash, bless ye the Lord.

O ye white heath and rosewood, bless ye the Lord; O ye porcelains and clays, bless ye the Lord.

O ye corncob and calabash, bless ye the Lord; O ye meerschaums, bless ye the Lord.

O ye churchwardens, bless ye the Lord; O ye cutties and nose-warmers, bless ye the Lord.

O ye compauls and bulldogs, bless ye the Lord; O ye Canadians, bless ye the Lord.

Oh, let Israel bless the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Cavendish and Virginia, bless ye the Lord; O ye Djubec and Latakia, bless ye the Lord.

O ye Savinelli and Bari, bless ye the Lord; O ye Larsen and Andreas Bauer, bless ye the Lord.

Bless we the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost: praise him and magnify him forever.

Blessed art thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven: and above all to be praised and glorified and highly exalted forever.

There you are. The delights for which our God created us are even more varied and wonderful than that. What counts is that we catch the goodness in God's good gifts.

One final word: Lucifer wasn't booted out of heaven for nothing. He was told to take his reductionism and his perversions, and to go spread them around where they would be appreciated. Heaven has no use for such things. So cigarette smokers will have to learn, if not here, then there, how to enjoy a pipe. They will be expected to check their weeds at the door.

It is true that only those who steadfastly refuse the joys of heaven will live eternally without them. Part of the divine courtesy is that a place is prepared where men who cling defiantly to their pet sins will be allowed to keep them. But only pipes will be permitted in heaven. All cigarettes will be shipped off to the other place. There will be chainsmoking and gnashing of teeth.

This is most certainly true.

CHAPTER TWO

HISTORY

I. MARTYROLOGY

II. HAGIOLOGY

Smoking has from the beginning been an occasion of controversy, and many have been called upon to suffer for their attachment to the custom. In subtle fashion pipesmokers are still persecuted today. It is gauche, for instance, to smoke a pipe in the presence of the queen of England (Prime Minister Wilson notwithstanding). Likewise it would not be wise to light a pipe at a fancy dinner at the White House. In Monte Carlo you can be ejected from the gaming rooms for smoking a pipe. There has always been, in short, an anti-tobacco prejudice.

One of the earliest examples is to be found in the writings of Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes, a historian who served with Columbus and then spent several years among the Indians. In his *Historia General y Natural de las Indias* he wrote,

Among other evil practices, the Indians have one especially harmful, the inhaling of a certain kind of smoke which they call tobacco in order to produce a kind of stupor.

The tobaccophobes have resorted to all kinds of tactics to punish smokers, ranging from social ostracism to execution. Some examples follow.

I. Martyrology

As far as we can discover, the earliest European advocate of smoking to suffer for his opinions was Pliny the Elder. Pliny was a physician in Pompeii,

and for chronic cough he prescribed the inhalation of coltsfoot *per arundo* (through a reed. Hence our recommendation that each seminary ought to have a chair of *arundology*). Pliny's idea never caught on. Rather the gods, who seem to have disliked such notions, reduced Pliny to ashes in the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

The greatest of all martyrs for the pipe was Sir Walter Raleigh, who popularized pipesmoking in England. Sir Walter was a real missionary, and made many converts in the court of Queen Elizabeth I. He even persuaded Her Majesty to try a pipe herself. Apparently once was enough. But by the end of Elizabeth's reign smoking was so popular that there were even schools of the pipe, where professors trained their pupils in such esoterica as inhaling smoke through the nostrils. In order to graduate one had to master the art of blowing smoke rings.

On one occasion at court Sir Walter began to fill his pipe. Observing the disapproving look on the queen's face, he wagered that she could not measure the weight of the smoke in his pipe. The queen took the wager, but not one of her court scientists could figure a way of weighing the smoke. So Sir Walter asked for the most delicate scales available, and weighed the pipe filled and unlit. He then smoked it, and weighed the pipe with the ashes still in. Said he, the difference between the first weight and the second was the weight of that which had gone forth in the air, namely the smoke. Queen Elizabeth paid up, saying that she had seen many alchemists convert gold to smoke, but that Raleigh was the first ever to convert smoke to gold.

But the day finally came when Elizabeth died. She was succeeded by James I. One of the first things James did when he became king was to issue a tract, *Counter-Blaste to Tobacco*, in which he fumed,

Stinking and unsavourie. . . . Shall we, I say, without blushing, abase ourselves so farre as to imitate those beastly Indians? Why doe we not as well imitate them in

walking naked as they doe? Yea, why doe we not denie God
and adore the devil as they doe?

He advised every husband to kick the habit and avoid polluting his wife's "sweet breathe," and so deliver her from a "perpetuall stinking torment." And, James concluded thunderously, pipesmoking was

a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmfull
to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stink-
ing fume thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stigian
smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse.

James fortunately went on to greater literary accomplishments later in his reign.

At any rate, James disliked Raleigh, who smoked incessantly. His Majesty found an excuse to imprison Raleigh for conspiracy. Later Raleigh was released, and given command of a fleet to discover the land of El Dorado. He was warned not to engage the Spanish in battle, but he got caught in a fight anyhow. When the smoke cleared, Raleigh's own son lay dead on the decks. King James showed his sympathy by signing Raleigh's death warrant. But Sir Walter had the last word. Before he went to the block he insisted on smoking one last pipe.

Meanwhile the controversy raged elsewhere. In the early 1600's one writer in London declared, "Four people have died from tobacco within a week. One of them voided a bushel of soot." In 1612 the Emperor of China forbade the planting or use of tobacco. In 1634 the Czar published an edict providing that "for the first offense, smokers shall be whipped; for the second, executed."

The Greek Orthodox Church declared that tobacco had intoxicated Noah, and issued an edict against smoking. Pope Urban VIII promised immediate excommunication to any Catholic who smoked. (Up to then priests had been saying Mass with their pipes in their mouths.)

The Emperor Ferdinand III was also opposed to tobacco, and under pressure from him smoking was banned in Cologne, Bavaria, Munich and Stuttgart. In May

of 1653 smoking was forbidden in Saxony because a barn had burned down there. The clergy began a persecution of smokers in Zurich. The Swiss National Assembly followed suit and edicts were published in Berne, Lucerne, Unterwalden, Fribourg and Soleure. Police in Vienna had orders to fire on anyone seen smoking.

Surely the most piteous of all the martyrs were the unknowns who died under Sultan Murad the Cruel in Turkey. Murad used to enjoy prowling the city after dark and lurking in the corners of coffee houses. If any man was unlucky enough to be seen smoking, his mutilated body would be found in front of the coffee house the next morning. Smokers would be hanged with a pipe through the nose and a bag of tobacco around the neck. (We aren't told whether the pipe was lit or whether the tobacco was coarse or ribbon cut.) Murad even had the noses and ears of Persian ambassadors cut off, and sent them home with their dispatches nailed to their wounds. On the battlefield he enjoyed catching soldiers smoking. He would have them beheaded, hanged, quartered, or he would crush their hands and feet and leave them helpless between the lines.

Then suddenly governments the world over hit upon a beautiful idea: why ban tobacco when you can tax it? Prohibitions were lifted everywhere. The age of persecution was over.

II. Hagiology

First mention, of course, goes to the unknown Indian who started the whole business. Second mention goes to the sailors who served under Columbus, who discovered the Indians and their customs. (Of course there is some debate here, as to whether the Vikings may not have discovered the Indians' smoking before Columbus did. But the only record of the Vikings' journey into the American north country has suffered from exposure to the elements and has become an utter rune.)

During the reign of King James I of England, His Majesty convened an assembly to hear arguments about tobacco and to judge the debate.

Many learned men, who knew where their bread was buttered, held forth at length on the evil effects of the foul weed, and the king nodded with approval. Then a Doctor Cheynall stepped forward, pipe in mouth, and delivered a witty speech in defense of tobacco. He convulsed the audience, and even the king laughed. It took enormous courage. Cheynall fortunately escaped the fate of Raleigh, and remained in the king's good graces. After the debate, however, James reiterated his own opinions from the *Counter-Blaste* and the assembly all agreed that smoking was a dreadful custom.

In the early 1700's Pope Benedict XIII revoked the edict excommunicating smokers. He was an avid pipesman himself. And he permitted clergy and laity alike to take snuff in St. Peter's.

Nor should we forget our own C.F.W. Walther. William Goerss tells of the time when Walther, who always had a pipe in his mouth, was escorting a candidate to his new charge in Ontario, as was his custom. They journeyed by sleigh to Buffalo. (In Buffalo there was a Pastor Grabau, with whom Walther was in controversy over the doctrine of the ministry. Walther felt obliged to commune at Grabau's church to demonstrate the efficacy of the sacrament, even when administered by an unworthy priest. But that's another story.) Walther and the seminarian then continued on to Canada. Along the way their horse bolted, and threw Walther and the young man from the sleigh. When the candidate came to, Dr. Walther was nowhere to be found. He might have stayed buried forever (for nothing ever melts in Ontario), but for his pipe, which melted a spot in the snow. Walther was dug up, and lived to fight in the *Gnadenwahllehrstreit* and to do other interesting things.

Other famous pipesmokers were Rachel Jackson, Prince Albert, and Gandalf.

CHAPTER THREE

ETHICS

- I. RESPONSIBILITY TO THE COSMOS
- II. CHOICE OF TOBACCO
- III. TREATMENT OF THE PIPE
- IV. SMOKING TECHNIQUE
- V. RESPONSIBILITY TO THE NEIGHBOR
- VI. PASTORAL ETHICS

To this day the sentiments of the *Counter-Blaste* are invoked by a disgusted segment of the population. And I think we must face the fact that even if James overdid it a bit, he had a point. We have to admit that there are smokers who ignore the ethical demands of the pipe, and so invite such denunciations. It is because of them that the pipe is blasphemed among the heathen. So the next chapter is directed to pipesmokers themselves. Others are welcome to read, but they must remember that they are eavesdropping on an intramural conversation.

The point to be made is that various relationships (to the pipe itself, to the cosmos, to one's own body, to the neighbor, and to God) will determine, among other things, the choice of tobacco, the treatment of the pipe, the techniques of smoking, and the occasions on which an ethical man will choose to smoke or to abstain from smoking.

I might mention in passing that I hold the cigarette responsible for the advent of unethical smoking into the life of the race. More on that later.

I. Responsibility to the Cosmos

Pipesmoking, like every other gift of God, has enormous consequences for body and soul. It also has cosmic implications. That isn't to say we should avoid the problem altogether by simply not smoking. We shot that canard in Chapter One, I-A. Rather, like every other gift of God, pipesmoking is a stewardship; what matters is that the steward know what he is about.

The simple fact is that smoking can cause environmental pollution. I don't mean air pollution from the tobacco smoke. That's no problem. Tobacco smoke dissipates rapidly and does not upset anything. (Corruption of the air in a closed room is another matter, but it belongs under offenses against the neighbor.) I do mean pollution of the earth. Here pipesmokers are rarely as guilty as cigarette users. How can a smoker of filter cigarettes justify corrupting the land with his old filters? They are synthetic and do not decompose readily. They are full of poisons and may be eaten by small animals and birds. Not to mention the unsightly mess! People who drop filters on the ground ought to be incarcerated in a walled, paved enclosure where they can litter to their hearts' content without offending our sensibilities or corrupting God's good earth. Write your congressman!

This doesn't absolve pipesmokers of their responsibility for the environment. The most obvious problem here is that smoking is a fire hazard. The pipe isn't as dangerous as other means of smoking, since the fire is contained. Still, the ethical smoker will be careful (1) to be sure his pipe is completely out before he empties it. That is obvious. Not quite so obvious is (2) that an ethical man will not smoke outdoors on a windy day or indoors in a draft without precautions to prevent sparks from blowing out and doing damage. All good pipeshops carry wind caps. If your store doesn't, complain to the manager. And if you don't own a wind cap you are neglecting your responsibility. Repent.

The dottle which is left after your smoke decomposes rapidly. You may empty it on the ground, as long as the fire is absolutely out.

II. Choice of Tobacco

The ethical pipesmoker will not smoke aromatic tobacco. I should think this would be dictated as much by enlightened self-interest as by anything else: aromatic tobaccos contain more carcinogens. Besides, the aromatic additives tend to burn hotter and are more likely to irritate one's insides.

Beyond that, respect for the pipe suggests that the smoker cultivate a taste for plain tobacco. Aromatics (unless they are outlandishly expensive) are generally produced by impregnating tobacco with glycerine and other stuff. As combustion occurs (so I'm told) the glycerine converts to glucose. The result, besides the hotter burning, is that the pipe's porosity is obstructed by the residue. What had been a nicely absorbant piece of briar becomes (Horrors! see page 7) merely a furnace to consume tobacco. The pipe never mellows. It always smokes rough. And when absorption is prevented, juices collect in the heel of the pipe, resulting in foul odors, eloquent gurgles and disgusting feedback. If a man wants that kind of thing, let him get one of those space-age plastic jobs with the upper case article to start with, instead of corrupting an innocent piece of briar, which someone with taste could season into loveliness.

Further, an ethical pipesmoker will stick to plain tobacco because it is less objectionable to the neighbor. Oh, I know the aromatics attract more compliments. But note that the compliments always seem to come early in the encounter, when the victim catches his first whiff of the stuff. Later, as the room fills with smoke, the poor wretch will regret having said those nice things. Aromatic smoke is denser than the straight stuff, and in sufficient quantities it can be overwhelming.

Why do so many men want their pipes to smell like a ladies' john? I should know, I guess, for I once inclined toward that sort of thing myself. For years I smoked a Dutch mixture, concocted from vanilla extract and slightly used powder puffs. But I learned, and non-smokers should be glad I did. Maybe my smoke isn't as sweet, but in the long run it's more merciful. "*De gustibus non est disputandum*"? Bull!

III. Treatment of the Pipe

The ethical pipesmoker will keep his pipes clean and dry. If he doesn't, he deserves what he gets. A dirty pipe always smells foul and repels people. It always tastes less than delicious. It gurgles viciously. And wet heel is simply dangerous, since the sludge sooner or later has no alternative but to ooze through the mouthpiece, down the inside of the lower lip, across the floor of the mouth, down the throat, etc., etc. Along the way it has a grand old time, devouring your insides and opening up gloriously variegated sores.

More needs to be said about the smell of a filthy pipe, but I don't have the stomach for it. Suffice it to say that usually (there *are* exceptions) if a pipe smells really foul, it is because the smoker is a slob who doesn't keep his pipe clean. And by analogy, if he is a slob with his pipe he is probably a slob across the board, in which case the smell may not be exclusively the pipe's. In my less charitable moments I sometimes wish such boors would switch to cigarettes. It would be a happy day for humanity if they all quickly smoked themselves to death.

Therefore the ethical pipesmoker will clean his pipes regularly. If he is one of those unfortunates who salivate (it always happens to me when I'm working with my hands and can't take the pipe out of my mouth), then he will make liberal use of pipe cleaners. This, by the way, is the advantage of not having filters or traps in your pipe: if you drool and your pipe starts to

gurgle, all it takes is a pipe cleaner down the stem to clear up the problem -- unless there is an obstruction halfway down.

The ethical pipesmoker will own several pipes (two is an absolute minimum), so that they can dry out between periods of use. (But you needn't be legalistic about this.)

About cleaning: a pipe cleaner down the stem should be a habit. It should go in after each smoke, and can be left there until the next time the pipe is used. About once a month (more often if you own few pipes), the pipe should be dismantled and thoroughly cleaned with brushes or doubled-up pipe cleaners, and even a sweetener if you like that sort of thing. If your pipe collects goo, you can get rid of it by putting a little baking soda in the bowl, adding vinegar, and covering the bowl (quickly!) with your thumb. *Be sure to point the mouthpiece away from you!* Soda and vinegar are a violent combination, and one good squirt can destroy clothing -- as I know from bitter experience. Never use fluid cleaners on meerschaum.

IV. Smoking Technique

Every now and then a novice asks me how to smoke a pipe. I give him a long, carefully prepared lecture about the mysteries of the art, and when I'm done, he stares at me in disbelief. I probably frighten him back to cigarettes. It's all just too much high-church popery jiggery for him. And that's unfortunate. I sometimes wish I could lighten the load. But I can't, for a lot of technique is ethically determined.

The ethical pipesmoker will take extreme care that his tobacco burns evenly, and he will smoke slowly. This is where most smokers err. They seem to do so from ignorance rather than laziness or malice. But the fact is that some pipes smell bad because the tobacco is burning too fast, or is burning unevenly. It

can happen to the best of smokers, but the ethical man will take what care he can to prevent it.

For one thing, rapid or uneven burning can harm the pipe. It can result in a burn-through. But more important, concern for those who have to smell your smoke demands that you exercise proper care. What does this involve?

First, fill your pipe carefully in small layers. *Do not just stick your pipe in the jar and ram in tobacco with your forefinger!* Light the pipe. (A fluid lighter poisons the aroma and scorches the pipe, but butane is all right if you absolutely insist on being modern.) Tamp down the ash with your smoker's dinguswhatsis. Light again. Don't be ashamed to use a dozen matches if you must. The important thing is that the tobacco burn evenly all across; if the tobacco is moist it may take some doing to achieve that. Tamp down the ash regularly as you smoke, and if you find later that the tobacco is burning unevenly (if there is an unburnt residue on the sides) use more matches.

It's a lot of fuss, I know. But it needn't be unpleasant. And it helps to develop that famous pipesmoker's temperament: meticulous, reliable, contemplative. Just remember, this isn't an idle baroque ritual; it's designed, every bit of it, out of respect for the matter at hand, and with a consideration for other people's noses. Unless you are impossibly arrogant, that should make a difference.

Finally, smoke slowly. Fast burning tobacco is hard on your insides and offensive to your neighbor. Tobacco's reputation is in enough trouble without your making things worse.

V. Responsibility to the Neighbor

Before I go into what smoke can do to non-smokers, I want to mention in random fashion some of the other ways in which a non-smoker's sensibilities (and, indeed, a fastidious smoker's) may be offended by unthinking slobs.

The ethical pipesmoker will not spill ashes on his host's upholstery or carpet -- or on his host. This means refraining from grand gestures with pipe in hand. They look affected anyhow. It also means not laying a pipe full of ashes on a table.

The ethical pipesmoker will not burn his host's house down.

The ethical pipesmoker will not empty his pipe into a small ashtray. It's practically impossible in such a case to avoid getting ashes all over the furniture. If it's your house, you can afford a bigger ashtray. If you are a guest, put the pipe in your pocket and let the ashes spill out there. You can always vacuum them out later. (It is advisable to make sure the fire is out before you do this, of course.)

The ethical pipesmoker will not bash his pipe against glass ashtrays, china ashtrays, furniture, mantelpieces, brick walls, shoes, or other objects. You might break something -- if not the pipe, then whatever you're bashing against. It's surprising, by the way, how many men think their pipes are indestructible. They're not; given certain conditions of heat and grain they can be very fragile indeed. It's safer all around just to refrain from any kind of bashing.

The ethical pipesmoker will not clean his pipe in public if he can avoid it. If he can't, he will clean his pipe with a minimum of fuss, trying not to attract attention to what he is up to. He will *never* clean his pipe at table! Better to give up and let it go out. You'd think that would be obvious, but I can remember a fancy banquet once, where an acquaintance of mine took his pipe apart, rammed a pipe cleaner down the shank and withdrew it, dripping with goo and, gesturing grandly as he talked, waved the rank, foul, vile, disgusting thing under the noses of the people at the table. One lady nearly fainted, and strong men wanted to be sick.

You'd think, as gentlemanly an avocation as pipesmoking is, such obnoxious behavior would be unheard of. I hold the cigarette responsible for this kind of thing. Before the advent of cigarettes and the consequent universal brutalizing of all smoking, nonsense like that just didn't happen. The pipe was surrounded by a system of etiquette which has all but disappeared. Here's one vote for its revival. Ethical smoking demands good manners.

By now it should be clear that what is a joy for the pipesmoker isn't always so well received by others. There are unfortunately people, as well as higher animals, who are allergic to pipesmoke, and their discomfort ranges from mild irritation to unspeakable anguish. In this connection there is one thing to remember: pipesmokers are not addicts. They can abstain for long periods with no difficulty.

A sensitive pipesmoker will also remember that there are people so unselfish that they would rather suffer than ask a smoker to surrender what is obviously giving him pleasure. So the burden falls on the smoker to be alert for signs of discomfort and to respond accordingly. The ethical pipesmoker will **abstain** from smoking if he suspects he might cause discomfort to others, and he will stop smoking the moment he detects signs of such discomfort. The best way I know to illustrate the implications of this principle is to draw on the traditional smokers' etiquette, now generally ignored. To be sure, some of it may need updating: some public conveyances, for instance, now have such efficient air conditioning that pipesmoking is no longer discouraged. Still, these guidelines are good.

1. Never smoke if a sign prohibits it. I am consistently amazed by the monumental arrogance of people who ignore "no smoking" signs. Who the heck do they think they are?
2. Don't smoke in a public place where you can sense or see that you are annoying someone. This requires sensitivity.

3. Don't smoke in a bus, elevator, etc. There are exceptions, but they are still rare.
4. Don't smoke in a crowd.
5. Don't smoke in a sickroom unless the patient himself is smoking.
6. Always ask permission to smoke if you are a guest; always ask permission of a lady who is your guest.
7. If, while you are smoking, you hear a cough or see someone using a handkerchief, assume the worst. Apologize and put away your pipe.

If you are anachronistic enough to have good manners in this evil age, you will be a source of pleasant surprises for lots of people. You could do worse.

VI. Pastoral Ethics

First, an aside to cigarette smokers: I know better than to expect much from you. I've been there. But the least you can do is to abstain before distributing the Holy Communion. No amount of scrubbing can remove the smell of a recent smoke from your hands. If you can't manage even that much, then smoke left-handed on Sunday morning and distribute with your right. It's unpastoral to shove a stinking finger under someone's nose.

Pipismokers don't have as many problems in this area, but there are a few I could mention.

The pastoral pipesmoker should be aware that his breath is not the most delightful. There is nothing sinful about having bad breath, as long as you don't inflict it on someone. Keep your distance, therefore, unless you take precautions. And don't be too trusting of the precautions, either.

The pastoral pipesmoker will abstain before making sick calls or hospital visitations. This should be obvious. If you go calling with the odor of a recent smoke about you, the patient may vomit when you enter the room. That's

hardly the way to establish a pastoral relationship. This is one good reason for making sick calls in the morning. Then you may smoke during the rest of the day. Unfortunately some hospitals have hours only in the afternoon. Then, take a bath and change clothes if you have been smoking.

The pastoral pipesmoker will abstain while visiting people's homes, unless he *knows* they smoke. This is not a question of hypocrisy, of pretending not to smoke when you really do. It's a piece of simple courtesy extended into the area of pastoral care. You can't be a good pastor if you make a habit of annoying people. From this follows a corollary that ought to be applied universally. I mention it here because clergymen (at least in my denomination) are frequent offenders:

The pastoral pipesmoker will not smoke where there are no ashtrays, and will *never* request that an ashtray be brought out. Clerical arrogance can do some shocking things, and this is one of them. If your host has no ashtrays about, it is obvious that he prefers you not to smoke in his house. With good reason. Smoke fogs up windows, clings to upholstery, lingers in the air. Even if the smoke doesn't bother him much at first, the residual odor may. The memory of your visit becomes more unpleasant every time he enters his living room.

A little more than the ordinary consideration is a good pastoral rule of thumb.

Non-smokers often contend that smoking is simply contrary to the law of love. I think we have seen that it often is, but needn't be. That is why smokers' ethics are necessary. This isn't news. Man consistently botches his stewardship of God's good gifts. And so ethics must consistently speak to the

misuse of creation. Ultimately, I suppose, you could trace the need for smokers' ethics back to the Primal Fall. (I doubt if Adam smoked, but if Ussher is right, he must have, for ancient pipes have been carbon-dated back to as much as 6,000 years ago.) But the real Fall of pipesmoking is comparatively recent. (Like all historical constructions, what follows is overdrawn, but substantially correct, I think.)

When pipesmoking was introduced in Europe, gentlemen knew they could cause discomfort to others, and they were careful about it. This state of affairs lasted through the Victorian period, when a gentleman donned a smoking jacket and cap to avoid offending his wife with the smell of his clothes and hair, and retired to his den to smoke. Then came the cigarette. I have already mentioned the mentality that gave rise to this demonic invention. *Corruptio optimi pessima*; drug addiction knows no manners. A man in the throes of a nicotine fit is hardly likely to consider the feelings of others. Through sheer weight of numbers cigarette users succeeded in arrogating to themselves the privilege of smoking almost anywhere at almost any time. They regarded "no smoking" signs as personal affronts, and devised all sorts of ways to circumvent them. Gradually, by the Sauce-for-the-Goose principle, pipesmoking became similarly brutalized. The bourgeois mind took over with a vengeance. It's significant, I think, that this trend originated in the middle class. The aristocracy still holds out on some fronts: it's still rude to smoke in the presence of the queen of England.

Oh, what a beastly age we live in! The prevalence of rude and arrogant smokers shows how far we have fallen. I hold no hopes for a utopia where cigarette smokers will become polite, but I do think Christian pipesmokers will attempt to do something a bit redemptive. Occasional abstention is a small grace, but it just might accomplish great things.

We have now thoroughly confounded our enemies: the unscrupulous pushers of cigarettes, the humbugs who peddle space-age-plastic-pipes-with-upper-case-articles, and the con artists who ruin perfectly good briars with their pseudo-scientific plumbing. We have exhorted the separated brethren: the slaves of cigarettes, the Puritans, and the bourgeois pipesmokers. And we have successfully refuted all heresies, with incontestable evidence and unassailable proof texts.

"And you have shot your wad," you suggest hopefully.

"No, I have not," I reply, mildly resentful of your lack of appreciation for such sublime mysteries.

"But surely you're running out of material?"

"With thirty-eight pipes, seven tobaccos and nineteen blends of my own, how could I ever?"

"Is there no hope?"

"You are no better than the others. You are unworthy of what you have received so far. Pearls before swine and all that."

"I mean, is there no other subject about which you could write?"

Perhaps. But there are few, I think, as relevant to good theology. After all, in a cosmos stamped with the personality of its Lord, who must be tasted to see how gracious he is, sensory gratification may be the clearest sign. . . sacrament, if you will, of his nature. Jesus, the Gospels tell us, was fond of good tastes. Why else did he choose wine? And the Father's love of aromas is legendary. And if I read my Scriptures correctly, the kingdom of heaven shall be abundantly provided with both.

In a world which has forgotten that matter matters, perhaps pipes and such things contain our hope. Anyhow, Capon has stolen my thunder on wine and cheese.

We must choose our loves where we can find them. So, ignoring your rude interruption, I resume:

CHAPTER FOUR

LITURGICS

- I. CONCERNING THE SELECTION OF PIPES
- II. CONCERNING THE BREAKING-IN OF PIPES
- III. CONCERNING THE SEASONING OF PIPES
- IV. CONCERNING THE PROPER DISPLAY OF PIPES
- V. CONCERNING THE SMOKER'S DINGUSWHATSIS AND OTHER ARTICLES
- VI. CONCERNING THE CHOICE OF TOBACCO
- VII. CONCERNING THE STORAGE OF TOBACCO
- VIII. CONCERNING THE BLENDING OF TOBACCO
- IX. CORRECT PROCEDURE FROM THE FILLING OF THE PIPE
TO THE GOING OUT THEREOF
- X. OTHER CONSIDERATIONS

When *Toward a Theology of Pipesmoking* first appeared in serial form, none of the following material was included. I quickly learned that there was a great demand for what I had left out. This was surprising, for there are many experts on pipesmoking around. (Just ask any pipesmoker, and you will learn that he is an expert.) There are some books on the subject, which you will find listed in the bibliography. But these books are generally sold in tobacconists' stores (where young pipesmokers seldom shop). So many people are at a loss: they are all gung ho about beginning, but have no idea how to begin. Finally, in desperation, they fill the pipe to the top and smoke it as well as they are able, searing their insides to a frazzle. Most of them promptly go back to cigarettes.

If they are to persevere with pipes after such an experience, it will take an extraordinary gift of the Holy Ghost, and some advice from an expert. I am not that expert. Others must fill that need. I have been smoking a pipe for only six years, and only for three could I be said to have had any understanding of what I was up to. There are plenty of things I don't know. For instance, despite my learned answers to some questioners, I do not understand exactly what it is that makes meerschaum color. I know it has something to do with beeswax, but that's all I know. Likewise, I am relatively ignorant about the grains of briar pipes, and what they do to the smoke. I have a vague notion of what to look for within my own price range. Beyond that you must find better teachers than I.

In the following chapter, therefore, I speak from partial ignorance. I'm not ashamed of that, really. I am still young. I know more about theology than I do about pipes, and not many of my readers would consider me an expert on theology. They have been through the System too, and they know how much I don't know.

I. Concerning the Selection of Pipes

First Advice: If you can find a tobacconist's shop, buy your pipes there. You get better merchandise than if you do your shopping in drugstores or department stores. Most of the brands you see in drugstores are cheap junk cleverly disguised as pipes. Don't trust the famous American names. Generally you're better off with an import. Bring on the Inquisitor.

Second Advice: Ask your Friendly Tobacconist what he recommends. He won't try to take you. Pipesmokers are repeat customers: if you like the first pipe the dealer sells you, he will get your business for many, many years. You might even buy all your tobacco from him, which is where he makes most of his profit.

So you can trust his advice.

Third Advice: Spend as much as you can afford. Tell your Friendly Tobacconist how much money you're prepared to spend, and ask for recommendations in that price range. Don't go below five dollars. Go higher if you can.

Fourth Advice: From the pipes your Friendly Tobacconist recommends, select one that appeals to you. Try it on in front of a mirror. The shape of the pipe is purely a matter of taste.

Fifth Advice: Put your finger in the bowl and rub it around to find any rough spots or "fuzz" inside the bowl. Rough spots can result in a burn-through.

Sixth Advice: If the Friendly Tobacconist will let you, take the pipe out into the sunlight and look for fills. It doesn't matter if there are some. You can't get a pipe without fills these days unless you spend a fortune. But make sure they don't go all the way through the wood, and make sure they are well done and won't look ugly when the lacquer (if there is any) finally comes off.

Seventh Advice: Take the pipe apart and remove the trap. Throw it away. If the trap doesn't come out, don't buy the pipe.

Eighth Advice: Pay the nice man and go on your way rejoicing. If anything goes wrong, return with your pipe to the Friendly Tobacconist, and raise hell. He buys his pipes on consignment, and if there is a burn-through, or a fault in the workmanship, he can hold the manufacturer responsible. So he doesn't lose money. Your pipe will be replaced without static, or fixed if you prefer and if your Friendly Tobacconist has the tools. (Don't count on similar treatment in department stores.)

Ninth Advice: Once you have found a Friendly Tobacconist, do all your business there, and get to be friends with the nice man. Buy all your supplies (including your tobacco) from him. Any time you break a pipe, take it to him for

repairs. When you bite through a mouthpiece, take it to him for replacement. (Never throw out a pipe just because you break it. If the pipe is any good at all, it's worth repairing, and the prices on pipe repairs are very reasonable.) If you do all your business with your Friendly Tobacconist, he will look after you well. It's amazing how friendly Friendly Tobacconists can be once you get to know them.

II. Concerning the Breaking-In of Pipes

If you have bought a non-briar pipe (clay, meerschaum, etc.), ask your Friendly Tobacconist for instructions on breaking it in. Follow his instructions to the letter. Then, if anything goes wrong, he can't blame it on you. (Don't worry. Nothing is likely to go wrong. Pipes are carefully made, with strict quality control. You can generally count on getting an excellent piece of craftsmanship.)

When you get home with your new briar, admire it in its virgin state for a while. It will never look the same again. Then moisten the inside of the bowl with your finger (unless the inside is already lined with charcoal), and place a small pinch of tobacco in the bottom of the bowl. Light it with a match, taking care not to scorch the bowl. Smoke all the tobacco, let your pipe cool, and then empty it gently. Let it rest until the next day. (Unless the pipe is a wonder, your tongue will need a rest too.) Smoke other pipes for the rest of the day.

On the second day, moisten the inside of the pipe a trifle, and put in a larger pinch of tobacco. Smoke it all the way down, let the pipe cool, and empty it and put it away. Keep this up, increasing the amount of tobacco each day. In three or four days you should be ready to fill the pipe to the top.

Whenever you smoke, smoke the pipe all the way down, no matter how many times you have to poke the ash and relight. Don't put out a half-smoked pipe if you can help it. (Sometimes ethics may force you to, but try to avoid such pinches.) Better to fill the pipe only halfway if you don't expect to have time for a whole pipefull. You owe it to your pipe to smoke it all the way down. Pipes that are heavily charred at the top and lightly charred at the bottom are mistreated pipes. Anyone whose pipe you see in such condition is an ignoramus, and you may correctly feel smugly superior to him. (If your pipes look like that, I am sorry for having called you an ignoramus. But you are.)

III. Concerning the Seasoning of Pipes

After you have smoked your new pipe for a few weeks you will discover a cake of carbon forming along the sides of the bowl. This is desirable, since the cake protects the wood from burning. The cake also contributes (don't ask me how) to the flavor of the smoke. I like a thick cake.

There are others, however, who disagree with me, and they are experts. Too thick a cake, they say, can be dangerous, since the carbon expands and contracts at different rates from the wood. Too much cake, they say, can make the pipe crack. Therefore, they say, the cake should be trimmed regularly, and kept to about the thickness of a nickel.

I am generally less careful: I let the cake get thick enough that I have trouble filling the pipe. Then I trim it until I can get my forefinger into the bowl without difficulty.

For trimming carbon cakes, you need a carbon cake trimmer. It is called a reamer. A pocket knife is all right if you are very careful not to chip the cake, but a reamer is a desirable thing to own.

A lot of men are bothered when they see char crawling over the top of the bowl and down the outside. Don't be. It's just one charm more.

IV. Concerning the Proper Display of Pipes

If you've got it, flaunt it.

Once you have the beginnings of a collection, you will want to display your pipes. A rack is needed. There are all kinds of racks available in pipe shops. They are adequate. Take your pick.

You may choose to make your own. The simplest rack is a piece of wood, attached to the wall, with holes in it for the pipe stems. You then hang the pipe, bowl up. If you do this, it is imperative that you clean your pipe after every smoke. Otherwise the goo in the heel will run down the shank, and collect in a single drop on the lip. When you go to smoke the pipe again, the drop of goo will melt and land on your tongue, and you will probably switch to cigarettes. It's just as important to clean your pipes regularly if they stand bowl down, of course, but you don't get punished quite so viciously if you don't.

Some men hang their pipes on nails. This is perfectly safe once the pipe has enough cake in it to grip the nail head.

Still others prefer racks in which the bowl rests and the stem pokes in the air.

Others just put all their pipes in a shoebox. This isn't much of a display, of course. And it's not really advisable, since the pipes can slip around and get chipped. Unless your pipe is terribly fragile (like meerschaum), it belongs on a rack.

With your pipes on display, you will, of course, want them to look good. A polishing cloth is needed. One English pipe maker sells polishing cloths treated

with something to keep the pipe and bit gleaming. I think it costs a dollar. Ask your Friendly Tobacconist. Chamois is also good. Polish your pipes whenever the spirit moves you. You can also use your nose to good advantage (see page 13).

One problem with most pipes is the bit. Vulcanite (the hard rubber of which most pipe bits are made these days) eventually rots. It turns green, and develops a scum that looks horrendous. Compounds are available to take the scum off. If it gets beyond your control, take your pipe to the Friendly Tobacconist. He will polish the bit on an emery wheel and it will gleam like new. And, if you have been doing business with the nice man regularly, he might not even charge you for the service!

V. Concerning the Smoker's Dinguswhatsis and Other Articles

Every smoker should have a dinguswhatsis. It has a thingamabob on one end for tamping down the ash, and generally is also equipped with a spoon and a pick. (Mine has a knife blade and a file too, but I always was high-church.) They run in price from a quarter to five dollars for plebeian dinguswhatses, and even more for show-offs.

Use the thingamabob frequently during the course of the smoke, to tamp the ash. Use the spoon, at the end of your smoke, to clean out the ash. (If you smoked properly there should be almost no dottle -- unburnt tobacco in the bottom.)

Use the pick only if, after you have filled the pipe, you can't draw on it. This usually means that something is clogging the draft. Insert the pick gently along the back side of the bowl, trying not to disturb the filling. Run it down until you reach the draft, and then wiggle it a trifle to clear away whatever is down there. Then re-press the tobacco with your thumb and draw. If that

didn't do the trick, you have no choice but to empty your pipe and refill it. (Of course, you will use the same tobacco.) This time do it right (see page 48).

In addition to your smoker's dinguswhatsis you will wish to carry with you lots of matches (unless you insist on using a butane lighter), pipe cleaners (in a pipe cleaner case, which your Friendly Tobacconist will sell cheap for advertising purposes), tobacco pouch (unless you buy your tobacco in two-ounce bags), and if you are really fastidious, mints for after your smoke. You will also want to carry a wind cap in your pocket in case a zephyr suddenly wafts your way.

This means, of course, that smoking a pipe away from home is a difficult business, what with all the stuff you must carry along. When leaving home for any length of time you need

- a. at least two pipes
- b. your smoker's dinguswhatsis
- c. tobacco
- d. matches
- e. pipe cleaners
- f. wind cap

and if you are taking a journey of any length you also need

- g. polishing cloth
- h. reamer
- i. more pipes.

This isn't all bad. It makes pipesmokers some of the best dressed men around, since it's almost essential to wear a suit or sport coat, in order to have enough pockets to hold all the stuff.

If you can't wear a coat you must make your own compromises: get a pipe holster if you like.

Do not put a pipe in your shirt pocket! You may carry tobacco there (although your hip pocket is ideal, since it is warmer, but it is also inconvenient). To put a pipe in your shirt pocket is to beg for a broken pipe. Sooner or later you will forget the pipe is there, and you will bend over. With your luck the pipe will break when it hits the ground. (If it's meerschaum, it will shatter to smithereens.)

VI. Concerning the Choice of Tobacco

Do not buy aromatics (see page 25). Apart from not buying aromatics, I cannot advise you, really. I like cavendish because it is mild, virginia because it is sweet. I do not like burley in large proportions in a blend. I like a touch of Turkish. I am partial to Latakia. But tastes differ. Apart from not buying aromatics, you are free to choose what you like. Keep trying tobaccos until you find one you like which is not aromatic. Then keep trying tobaccos in case there is another even better than what you've been smoking. If someone offers you some of his tobacco, find out what it is. If it isn't an aromatic, try to remember if you have smoked it before. If you have, and didn't like it, politely decline, saying something subtle about how lousy his taste is. Offer him a sample of your tobacco. If you haven't tried it, and it is not an aromatic, accept. It might just be better than your own brand. (It might also be more expensive, but that's a risk we just have to take, isn't it?)

Only one warning: do not buy aromatics.

VII. Concerning the Storage of Tobacco

Once you have finished not buying aromatics, and have arrived at home with your supply of tobacco, you have a new problem: what to do with it until

you are ready to smoke it. Of course, if you just buy your two-ounce pouch, smoke it, and then buy more, you needn't bother worrying about it: your tobacco will keep adequately in the pouch.

If you buy your tobacco by the half-pound, you probably needn't worry. It should keep well in the can, as long as you seal the can carefully between smokes.

But if you buy your tobacco by the pound or more, you positively need some decent method of storing tobacco, to keep it fresh for long periods. This section is for you.

Friendly Tobacconists carry all kinds of humidors, and most of them aren't worth the powder to blow them to hell. Now and then you'll find a good one. The ideal humidor (1) holds at least a pound of tobacco, (2) has a tight fitting gasket to keep the lid sealed, and (3) has a moistener which is more bother than it's worth.

I prefer not to use humidors because good ones are expensive. I use dime-store apothecary jars, with big rubber bands for seals. They are nice and cheap (the most expensive is a dollar), they come in varying sizes, and if you break one you don't feel such a tightening sensation in the wallet. I generally use big apothecary jars (1½ lb.) to hold my bases: virginia, burley, cavendish; middle size jars to hold my additives: perique, latakia, djubec, deer tongue; and little jars to hold my blends. I have fifteen jars in different sizes with all kinds of stuff in them, which looks very impressive. If you decide to go in for that kind of thing, I recommend apothecary jars in various sizes. If you don't particularly want to collect exotic tobaccos, apothecary jars are still cheaper than humidors.

My apothecary jars have no moistening agent in the lid. Which is just as well, since I'm always forgetting to moisten the moisteners when I'm supposed

to. But you can tell by touch whether your tobacco is moist enough. If it isn't you can simply add a few drops of water. If the jar stays tightly sealed (which most humidors don't), the tobacco will keep quite nicely. Some of mine has gone a whole year without drying out.

Tobacco can also be moistened with whiskey or rum, with felicitous effects. Some people use a slice of apple to keep their tobacco moist. I do not like the taste of apple in my smokes, so I don't do that. Other people, who also do not like the taste of apple in their smokes, use a slice of potato. I have never tried a slice of potato in my tobacco, but I am told it adds no taste. But I can't help thinking it's easier just to add a few drops of water when the tobacco starts to dry out.

Do your own thing.

All this reminds me: you *must* protect your tobacco from unwanted smells. Tobacco absorbs odors from its surroundings. (This is why some sort of something for storing tobacco is necessary.) If you don't believe me, try this experiment. Put a chunk of limburger on a windowsill, and lay some tobacco near it. Leave it there for a few hours. Then smoke the tobacco. Then you will believe me.*

VIII. Concerning the Blending of Tobacco

There are many blends of tobacco on the market. If you have tried lots of commercial blends and are not entirely satisfied with any of them, there are two options open to you. (a) In a large city you may find a Friendly Tobacconist who blends to order. Then you and he together can experiment, and you won't have to learn too much about tobacco. (b) If you are not near a large city, or if you are an individualist, or if you don't want to pay the outrageous prices

*If you don't have limburger, you may substitute a road apple.

for custom blended tobacco, you may choose to blend your own, all by yourself, without any Friendly Tobacconist to help. In that case you will need the following instructions.

1. You need a base. You may like burley (I don't) or a cavendish, or virginia (which does bite, however). Your base should be a coarse cut. (Later you may want to experiment with ribbon cuts and other cuts, but they will be additives; your base should generally be coarse.) Coarse cuts burn more slowly and are reasonably mild, whatever they are.

2. Get a flavorer. You can take your pick. Latakia is very musty and mysterious. Perique has a tang to it. Deer tongue gives tobacco a vanilla cast. Djubec is strong and rich (and always used sparingly). I have never tried adrianople, samsoun, smyrna or xanthi. Yenidge is delicious, but costs \$12 a pound. I use djubec instead, since it comes from the same family, tastes similar, and is about \$6 a pound cheaper. (Don't let the price throw you: you buy these flavorers by the ounce, and you use only a very small amount in blends. A couple of ounces can last for months.)

3. Find a method of measurement. I measure by weight, since I had a friend with a balance scale he didn't want any more. But I am told that you can measure adequately by volume, as long as you measure consistently (in packing or not packing the tobacco into the measurer).

4. Mix about one part of your flavorer to about ten parts of your base. You toss the tobacco with your fingers the way you would a salad, until the flavorer is evenly distributed. Let the mixture sit a day or so, and then try it out. (It takes a few days for tobacco oils to intermingle -- tobacconists say "to marry.") After that you can adjust the proportions by trial and error.

5. Keep a record of what you did, and how you liked it. Every time you try changing the proportions, keep a record of the changes.

6. Have fun.

IX. Correct Procedure from the Filling of the Pipe to the Going Out Thereof

The following material is available elsewhere in the book, but I'm putting it all together here since this is the question most asked by novices.

1. Blow through the stem and tap the bowl gently in your hand to make sure the draft is clear.
2. Fill your pipe in small layers. Pack each layer gently into the pipe and press it down gently with your finger.
3. After each layer, puff on the pipe to be sure the draw is still clear. If you do this after each layer, you won't have problems with packing the pipe too tight. Then you won't have to empty the pipe and start over, as you must if it doesn't draw right.
4. Light the tobacco evenly, using as many matches as you need to get it lit all around.
5. Tamp down and relight.
6. Smoke slowly and enjoy
7. Tamp the ash occasionally with your smoker's dinguswhatsis.
8. If your pipe goes out, relight it. If you can't get it lit, dump out some of the ashes, poke the tobacco with your sticker, tamp and relight.
9. When you reach the absolute bottom the rules differ depending on the age of the pipe:
 - a. if the pipe is new, let it cool off entirely before you empty it. Then gently spoon out the ashes, taking care not to disturb your nice new cake which is forming, God bless it.
 - b. if the pipe is mature, empty it at once, using your spoon. Do not just bash the pipe against things to empty it.
10. Insert a pipe cleaner into the stem and leave it there. Put your pipe on the rack and thank it.

X. Other Considerations

I have been asked several times whether there are any proper churchly rites for the big occasions in the smoker's life. There aren't, I'm sorry to say. The Church, apart from Pope Benedict XIII's Edict of Toleration, has neglected to do much in this regard. So I have undertaken to suggest a proposed rite, which hopefully the Church will adopt in some form.

ORDER FOR THE SOLEMN BLESSING OF A NEW PIPE

Ideally a new pipe should be blessed by the bishop, but in his absence a lower cleric may be authorized. The Canticle Benedicite (page 16) should be sung. In Eastertide the antiphon, A pillar of cloud went before them by day and a pillar of fire by night, may be added. Then shall be read:

A reading from the prophet Isaiah: In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and his train filled the temple. Above him stood the seraphim; each had six wings: with two he covered his face, and with two he covered his feet and with two he flew. And one called to another and said, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." And the foundations of the thresholds shook at the voice of him who called, and the house was filled with smoke.*

R. Thanks be to God.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray: God of incense, burning coals, and of the pillar of fire, vouchsafe to + bless this pipe, that it may become a source of enjoyment and a constant reminder of thy goodness, at whose right hand are pleasures forevermore; through Christ our Lord.

R. Amen.

All shall then retire for a smoke as the choir and organ break forth joyously in the Te Deum.

* From the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, Copyright 1946 and 1952 by the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.

CHAPTER FIVE

PASTORAL THEOLOGY

I have a confession to make. There really is a theology of pipesmoking. Admittedly up to now it may not have been entirely obvious. In this chapter I spell it out in more blatantly theological language. If you have no taste for that sort of thing, I'm sorry. You were warned.

I have another confession to make. The reason for all the light-hearted stuff so far was to con you into reading this chapter. If you resent that kind of people-manipulation, you have a legitimate gripe. *Mea maxima culpa*. But the damage is done, and I do hope you won't bear a grudge.

One more confession and I am done. I am in dead earnest.

The problem of alienation has been billed in recent years as the number one order of business for theology. We have been barraged with books on the subject, most of them helpful to some degree, but almost all of them woefully inadequate. My criticism isn't that alienation is an unimportant problem. It's a crucial one. Rather my objection to the works I have read is that they fail to grasp the real depth of the predicament. They fall prey to reductionism. In the process they overlook not only much of the problem, but the solution as well. Either they discuss alienation in exclusively interpersonal terms (working Buber to death as they go), or giving theism a perfunctory nod, they posit an estrangement from God that lies at the root of men's isolation from each other. And while all this is true enough as far as it goes, it isn't enough. It misses the real depth of man's plight by ignoring (or slighting) the whole question of our involvement with the physical universe. The best one can ex-

pect in this regard is some mention of it as a symptom of the real disease, the estrangement from other men.

The reason for this inadequacy is that no matter how new the new theologies may be, they are still products of their heritage. Theology has long been victimized by the same demonic trends it sought to analyze. Ever since God-knows-when, we have accepted, almost without question, a worldview which was responsible for much of the damage in the first place. This is understandable, I suppose, because this worldview can unfortunately claim biblical support. It sees man as the divinely appointed exploiter and dominator of the earth -- of which he is himself relatively independent. Therefore, the scope of the atonement is restricted to sins against God and the neighbor, and soteriology sees Christ's work as reconciling men to God and to each other. But man is left in relative isolation from the rest of the universe.

Worse yet, this understanding of the work of Christ is part of a larger package which includes a relegating of eschatology to an extra-historical never-never land; an ascetic contempt for nature and things physical; and the idea that the transaction between God and man is an individual thing, and that each Christian has his own personal pipeline from heaven through which he receives from time to time whatever grace he may require. Once this package is bought, even the promised reconciliation between men fails to materialize. Rather, individualism reigns, whether rugged or sentimental, and the churchly piety which Our Lord and the inspired authors seemed to have in mind never happens.

This kind of thing was not congenial to the apostolic faith, but it found a home on Christianity's lunatic fringe, in the various gnostic sects. Later it weaseled its way into Catholic Christianity, and we had trouble. Misread-

ing Saint Paul on the subject of the warfare between flesh (fallen human nature) and spirit (God the Holy Ghost), and adding a smattering of half-baked Platonism, theologians came up with the notion that the redemption was essentially a matter for souls, and that bodies were merely the unfortunate baggage with which we had to contend until God in his mercy set us free from things physical and admitted us to that great spiritual party in the sky. In the meantime, they said, our job is to obey the injunction of Genesis and subdue the earth.

With the opening of the new world, Puritan earth subduers went to work with a will. Generations of Americans grew up with an unhealthy contempt for nature, and with the opinion that since nature was there for man's benefit, we were free to do with it pretty much as we pleased. The result, to which we all pointed proudly, was a technology unrivaled anywhere else in the world. But at the same time, in a single generation, fertile plains were converted to dustbowls. Wildernesses were eradicated. Rivers and streams were befouled. Who knows how many species of wildlife were simply exterminated. Ecology is just beginning to catalog the unforeseen effects of man's arrogance. It's anyone's guess whether men will be willing to make the sacrifices soon to be demanded of them in order to avoid extinction themselves. But I'm not counting on the fat cats to surrender their gains willingly. Their record so far is not exactly encouraging.

All this because of a worldview which deprived us of our essential unity with the rest of creation, a worldview which coned us out of the equally biblical notion of a personal universe, an integral universe, over which man rules but upon which he is ultimately dependent.* The Church goofed. Had it been

*Conrad Bonifazi, *A Theology of Things* (New York: Lippincott, 1967), pp. 171-191. Bonifazi's description of Hebraic thought concerning man's essential unity with the earth is particularly enlightening.

willing to listen even to so lowly a discipline as dogmatic theology, we might not have strayed quite so far from home. The Church's dogmatic tradition testifies (and not just seminally, either) to the involvement of matter in the atonement. The best example I know is Saint Irenaeus' *Adversus Haereses*, Book V, which expounds the biblical themes of the cosmic lordship of Christ and the effects of the redemption upon the universe.

An article in a recent issue of my denomination's organ aroused a storm of protest in the right wing press. It proclaimed, "Alienation is a Lutheran concept." It is indeed. So is reconciliation. I think the job of this generation, in whatever time remains to us, must be to announce that alienation is a cosmic concept. And so is reconciliation. This dimension needs to be recovered if the Church is to be faithful to its Catholic heritage and to the Scriptures. It must be recovered if the Church is to speak with relevance to the disease of our age. Glib diagnoses haven't helped. And in fact, it must be recovered if the earth itself is to survive the next thirty years and be healed of the damage man's arrogance has done.

In 1953 Reuel Howe stated that people are to be loved and things are to be used.* I know what he was trying to say. I've said the same thing myself in a couple of sermons. We have all seen the devastating results of what appears to be loving things and using people. But I submit that appearances are deceptive. The problem is much worse than loving things and using people. The problem is manipulation as a trait of character, a "fixed condition of the will."

*Reuel Howe, *Man's Need and God's Action* (New York: Seabury Press, 1953), p. 24.

A manipulator is a manipulator; he will use people and things indiscriminately, for whatever self-authentication he can derive from them. To start loving things would be a great step forward for such a person.

Perhaps it was because Howe wrote before the Age of Ecology (a more pertinent title than the Age of Aquarius), that he was able to say what he said. But we ought to amend him. The survival of the earth and proper anthropology demand it. People are to be loved. And things are to be loved too. The injunction to rule the earth still stands, but it must be a reign in humility, in which we meet things on their own terms without trying to bend them to our will by ignoring their own natures. Man's dominion will have to be patterned after the dominion of Christ, who rules not in manifestations of power but in charity, not from a throne (even a computerized throne) but from the cross. If I am any kind of prophet at all, the austerity which ecologists will soon ask of us will be a cross of sorts. Pray we are up to it.

What is clearly demanded, therefore, by the dogmatic tradition of the Catholic Church, by the Scriptures, and by the need of the age, is a revival of love for the inanimate universe. If that love "degenerates" into a kind of animism, perhaps it is a risk worth taking. Perhaps, in fact, animism is superior to the kind of theology which restricts the results of the atonement to man and excludes the universe from grace. Besides, the notion of a personal, mystical universe has perfectly respectable Christian credentials. Saint Francis. Most of us, I suspect, smile condescendingly when we read of Francis' exhorting the little birdies to praise the Lord. We marvel perhaps at the naivete of the man, or think wistfully of those simpler days when you could get away with such unscientific sentiments. But what we fail to grasp is that Francis was probably a more competent theologian than we. Not, of course, in a systematic way, but intuitively he caught the meaning of a concept which already in his day was all but lost,

the idea of a personal universe which is intimately involved in the fate of mankind. In the process he caught on as well to the grandeur and truth of the *Benedicite Omnia Opera* and of the Psalm *Cantate*, that man is only one voice in the vast choir which God has created to sing his praises.

"If he dares to drag pipes into this," you say, "I shall scream."

Start screaming. I think that the relationship which grows up between a man and his pipe is a fairly good diagram of the kind of feeling we must recover for all things inanimate. A smoker enters into what is almost (forgive me) an I-Thou relation with that thing he holds in his hand and mouth. He easily falls into the habit of personalizing it, of crediting it with feelings and temperament. And there is good biblical warrant for that. In Hebrew thought property partook of its owner's personality. There is no question but that pipes do. My pipe, if I make the mistake of letting someone else smoke it, returns to me tasting different. We tend, in short, to think mythologically, anthropomorphically about our pipes. And it is my contention that this is a good thing, and that we ought to be doing it with the rest of the universe as well.

The essential thing, at any rate, is that such a love for things inanimate be learned. It may be learned apart from pipes. That's no problem. Pipes are merely a paradigm. They are a fairly unique vestige of reality, in a world which has been pretty well conned out of it. Most of us recover that reality only in our contact with the eucharistic bread and wine. Capon finds it in strudel and cheese. Great. The only advantage the pipe has there is its ability to gratify the senses without being consumed in the transaction, and it shares that ability with many things. But whether we find our loves in pipes or electric trains or

old clocks, or whether we go into the woods and commune with nature, or whatever, what matters is that somehow we manage again to grasp the world on its own terms and love it.

The Scriptures tell us that we are pilgrims and strangers. The unfortunate effect of that statement has been that we have feared to form any kind of attachment to our surroundings here, that we have deliberately avoided taking the earth to our bosoms, because we knew that sooner or later it would be taken from us -- or rather, we would be taken from it. So rather than face the pain of separation, we simply avoided involvement altogether. By so much we sacrificed our humanity.

The real purpose of that passage and others like it was not to prevent our forming attachments to the earth, but to insure what kind of attachments we form. To avoid entanglement altogether is to avoid life. We disposed of that already in Chapter One. Inaction of that sort is paralysis. And most of us have been paralyzed to one degree or another.

If you are a Catholic Christian I can hear you muttering, "Hah! What becomes then of all the admonitions of the Fathers? Has asceticism no more place in the Church? Is there no cause left for fasting and mortification? Has concupiscence suddenly ceased to exist, and does the body no longer need subduing? What kind of Protestant is this character, anyhow?"

Relax. I'm not *that* Protestant. There is still plenty of need for abstinence. But there are two kinds of asceticism: Good and Bad. Bad asceticism comes from that worldview we have just shot down. It assumes that since matter is dangerous to spirit, all attachment to matter must be severed for the soul's health, and all attention must be riveted upon God, who is the Highest Good. And there is an

unhealthy amount of this kind of asceticism in the Catholic tradition, unfortunately.* Good asceticism, on the other hand, seeks not to downgrade matter but to uplift it. (To be sure, God remains the Highest Good, but creation is good too.) The Christian practices abstinence, not to sever his attachment to the world, but to enhance it. The best way to learn to appreciate something is to do without it periodically. And more important, abstinence of this sort is a mystical participation in the Passion, to the end that the portion of creation with which we have to do may be touched by our part in the sufferings of Christ, and, by so much, be lifted into his dominion.

The pilgrims and strangers business was not meant to have us sit loose upon the world in anticipation of leaving it. It was rather to point up the nature of the world's condition: it is a pilgrim and stranger too. We and the world are in pilgrimage together. The fact of the redemption is not that we shall be removed from this world to another different and somehow better one, but that this world itself shall be made new. There is therefore no danger in attachment to the earth. We shall not be taken from it. Rather we shall be buried in it, and raised up again to walk upon it. It is our habitat. Remove us from this world and put us in another, and we should be creatures in a zoo. This is our rightful home.

It is this world and no other, with which we are to become one. And it is this world which shares our groaning in the hope of the redemption of our bodies. And it is this world that has been subjected with us to vanity until now -- and

* In Protestantism -- especially the heirs of Puritanism which dominate our culture -- there was a paradoxical attempt at *ascetic consumption*, if I am making sense. In other words, by a type of mental gymnastic, a man was able to use things to the hilt without becoming involved with them. He was encouraged, mentally to alienate himself from creation. This approach, I think, is typical of American Religion-in-General, and is responsible for many of our domestic ills.

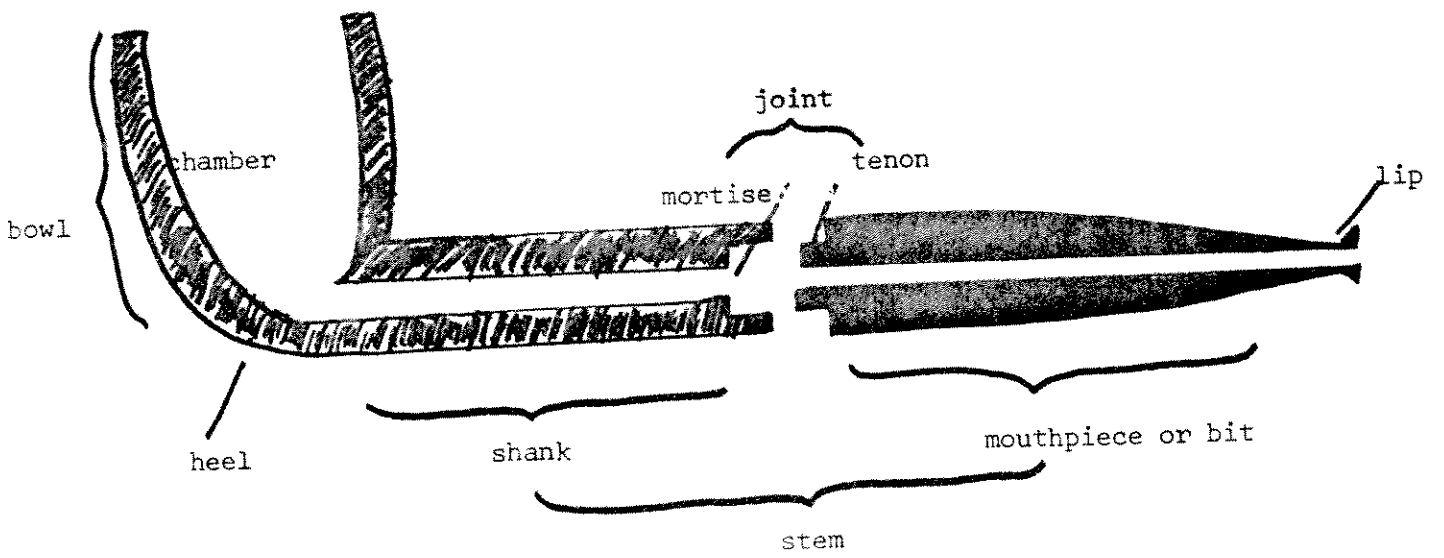
subjected as well to all the mischief we could and did inflict upon it. Man is different from the beasts. He fouls his own nest. (Maybe that's the real meaning of original sin.) At any rate, it is into this world that the Incarnate Son was born, to redeem all creation and to make all things clean again. And it is over this world that he Incarnate reigns until his coming again.

The sooner we dispense with spiritualized versions of Christianity and latch on once more to a good, honest Christian materialism, the sooner we can start calling ourselves true sons of God, images of the Son who shows forth his grace in the things of creation -- water, bread, wine -- even pipes -- and who rules the cosmos in love.

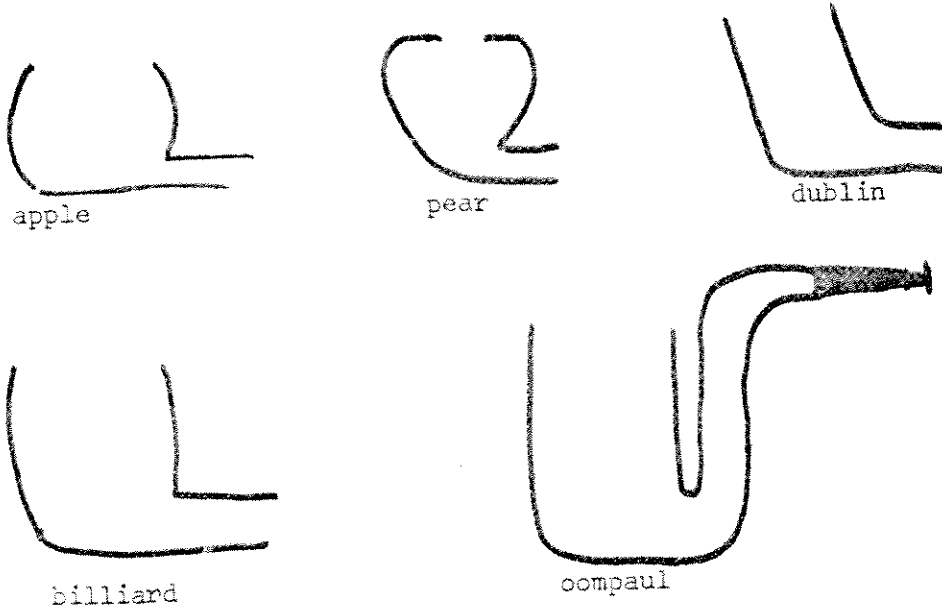
APPENDICES

APPENDIX I
ILLUSTRATIONS

Parts of the Pipe



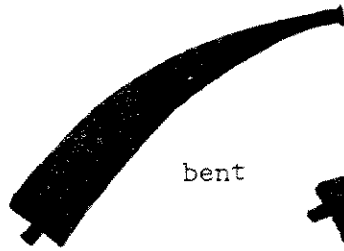
Bowl Styles



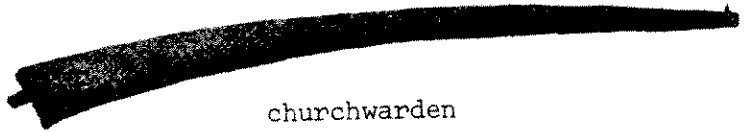
Mouthpiece Styles



cutty



bent



churchwarden



saddle



setter

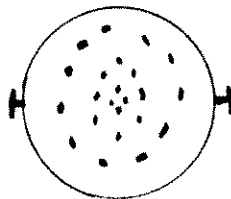


military stag

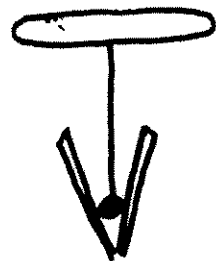
Other Things



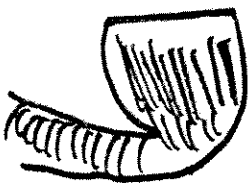
smoker's dinguswhatsis



wind cap



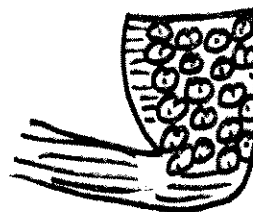
reamer



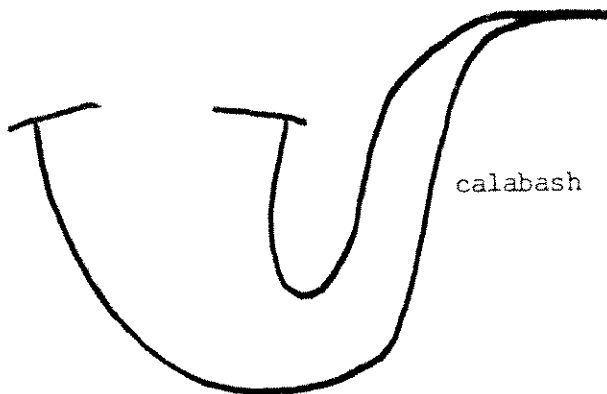
vertical flame grain



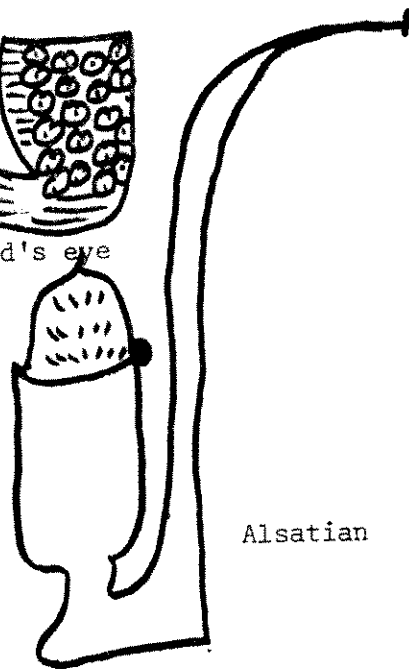
horizontal flame



bird's eye



calabash



Alsatian

APPENDIX 2

GLOSSARY

- Alsatian** a pipe of porcelain or wood, with a lid, and with a chamber pot below the bowl to collect foul substances. These pipes are great to look at and lousy to smoke. The chamber pots are impossible to keep clean.
- Amber** a resinous substance, traditionally used in luxury pipe bits. Amber is hard to come by these days (since it comes from Communist Estonia), and costs about \$15 an inch. So many meerschaums are now fitted with bits of synthetic amber, which looks about the same and has the same feel as the real thing. The synthetics have the advantage of not becoming brittle with age, as genuine amber does. Synthetic amber is called amberline, cloudy yellow, or bakelite.
- Aroma** See "Smell."
- Aromatic** a blend of tobaccos with "aromatic" on the label.
- Bird's Eye** a grain found in briar pipes. Pipes with uniform bird's eye grain are collectors items, and fabulously expensive.
- Block Meerschaum** a pipe carved from a single piece of hydrous magnesium silicate, which has been treated with beeswax and spermaceti, and otherwise treated. There are sixty grades of meerschaum: twelve qualities in each of five main categories. These go by the Turkish names, *Siramali*, *Birimbirlik*, *Pamuklu*, *Daneli*, and *Ortodokme*. They correspond to the Viennese classifications of *Lager*, *Grosse Baumwolle*, *Kleine Baumwolle*, *Polierte Kasten*, and *Geputz*. Shavings from block meerschaum pipes are used to make pipes of inferior quality. See "Vienna."
- Bouquet** the aroma of smoke rising from a pipe bowl. This is the principal source of a smoker's pleasure. He draws smoke into the mouth chiefly as a means of keeping the fire going in the bowl. The real flavor is obtained via the olefactory system. Hence the popularity of bents, compauls and calabashes.
- Breaking In** See pp. 39ff.
- Briar** a pipe carved from the burl of a white heath. See "White Heath."
- Bruyere** Norman spelling of "briar." French name for the white heath. See "White Heath."
- Burl** the tightly gnarled portion of a root from which pipes are made. Also the knotted grain of a briar pipe. See "White Heath."
- Burley** a tobacco grown in Kentucky. Most domestic commercial blends are up to 90% burley. Not much is exported. Europeans prefer other American tobaccos. Note that most imported tobaccos are American-grown, then cured and blended in Europe and shipped back to us.
- Burn Through** If the inside of a pipe is not protected by carbon, it can burn. If it burns long enough, a charred spot will appear on the outside where the wood has singed clear through. If that happens, you may kiss your pipe good-

bye. Most manufacturers guarantee their pipes against burn-throughs, so you can get a replacement, but it's a pain in the neck to have to break in yet another pipe. Better to shop carefully the first time. See "Fuzz."

Calabash a gourd, grown in Turkey, from which pipes are fashioned. The gourd is hollowed and dried, provided with a meerscham or porcelain bowl and a mouthpiece. They are deceptively light and smoke very cool. The calabash was made famous by Sherlock Holmes and Mark Twain.

Canadian a pipe with a billiard bowl and a long oval shank. The extra wood in the shank makes for a sweet smoke.

Cavendish a cut of tobacco. Tobacco, usually virginia, is pressed into cakes, and the cakes are sliced. Cavendish is often sweetened with honey or other agents. It is generally very mild, and burns slowly.

Churchwarden originally a clay pipe but now sometimes of briar. A churchwarden has an extremely long stem, providing a cool smoke and lots of bouquet.

Cigarette an invention of Satan.

Cloudy Yellow See "Amber."

Companion a smoker's dinguswhatsis.

Condenser See "Trap."

Corncob a corncob.

Cube Cut tobacco chopped into little squares. Most domestic commercials are cube cut. They generally burn hot. Cube cut differs from coarse or plug cut, which is more irregular and leaves tobacco in larger chunks.

Cured in Bond tobacco which has been sprayed with whiskey and then sealed in casks to age.

Deer Tongue not really a tobacco, but a green herb which imparts a vanilla flavor to a tobacco blend.

Djubec a Russian strain of the Turkish Yenidge family. Very rich.

Dottle (a) the first layer of tobacco placed in a pipe during filling; (b) the last few minutes of a smoke, when the flavor is richest; (c) the tobacco at the bottom of a pipe which refuses to burn (indicating that the smoker is salivating too much); (d) the few grains of unburnt tobacco left at the end of a smoke.

Draft the hole in the bottom of a pipe bowl, leading into the stem, through which smoke is drawn. Also called the "draw," or the "hole in the bottom of the bowl."

Ebonite See "Vulcanite."

Flame a horizontal or vertical grain in briar pipes.

Fidibus a strip of paper, used by C.F.W. Walther for lighting his pipes.

Fill plastic wood or putty used to plug a pit in a briar pipe. Surface fills are unavoidable in medium-priced pipes. If a fill goes all the way through the wood, however, it is a good place for a burn-through. Don't buy the pipe.

Flaw (a) an insignificant pit on the surface of a briar pipe; (b) a discoloration in meerschaum or clay.

Fuzz (a) a rough spot on the inside of a pipe bowl. Fuzz can smolder and result in a burn-through. (b) an officer of the law. Also capable of smoldering and resulting in a burn-through.

Goo See "Sludge."

Humidor a tobacco jar. See pp. 44ff.

Instant Cake a compound, usually containing sugar, brushed on the inside of pipe bowls to hasten formation of a cake. As with most shortcuts, I find this a dubious procedure. Sometimes the cake thus hastened falls out. Better to let nature take its course.

Joint (a) the connection between mouthpiece and shank. (b) See "Pot."

Latakia a Turkish or Syrian tobacco, smoked over fires of aromatic herbs and (so rumors say) camel leavings. The most popular of the Orientals. Named after Laodicea.

Light Pipes are best lit with matches. Butane is also acceptable, since it gives a "soft" flame which does not scorch the pipe. The ultimate in luxury is to light your pipe with an ember from a wood fire. Find an ember the size of your bowl, place it on the tobacco and leave it there for the entire smoke. The result is soporific. Hickory embers are the greatest. Pine and ash are also delightful. But any ember is a joy.

Meerschaum See "Block Meerschaum."

Naked description of a pipe which has no trap or filter.

Nicotine Tobacco smoke consists of tar (the greatest contributor) and four alkaloid bases: Nicotine ($C_{10}H_{14}Az_2$); Nicotinine, an isomere; and two other alkaloids, $C_{10}H_{12}Az_2$ and $C_{10}H_{10}Az_2$. Nicotine is a colorless fluid with a nauseous smell, occurring in tobacco in a proportion of 1 to 8 per cent. When allowed to collect in a pipe through poor cleaning practices, its odor can be overwhelming. It is hardly contributory to the flavor of tobacco: that comes from the aroma of the burning tars (see "Bouquet").

Nose Warmer a very short pipe often smoked by sailors. Also called a "pug" (not to be confused with "pig"; see "Fuzz").

- Patina** the dark sheen of a well-smoked pipe. Virgin pipes color most noticeably. Finished pipes also develop a patina, but of inferior loveliness. See "Virgin."
- Perique** a tobacco grown only in St. James Parish, Louisiana. It has been planted all over the world, and refuses to grow anywhere except on that thirty mile square tract of land on the Mississippi delta. Perique is fermented in its own juices for a year. The recipe was an old Indian one, discovered by a French Canadian named Pierre Chenot. Hence the name, *Tabac de Perique*. ("Perique" is Pierre's nickname.)
- Pipe Cleaner** a wire with fuzzy bristles.
- Pipe Sweetener** a liquid, generally alcohol, sometimes with oil of wintergreen added, used for the monthly scrubbing of a pipe. Pipe sweeteners should not be permitted to touch the outside of a pipe, since they can destroy the finish.
- Plug** See "Cube Cut."
- Plumbing** See "Condenser."
- Pot** (a) a fat, heavy, dumpy pipe. It is generally squat with vertical walls, but pots can also be had with apple-shaped bowls. Some are really grotesque. (b) a substance sometimes smoked in lieu of tobacco.
- Pouch** a portable thingamajig for carrying tobacco. Pouches are generally of two kinds in this country: zipper and rollup. The zipper type is worthless: tobacco dries out instantly in one. Rollup pouches are more convenient (since they have a large flap to catch spilled tobacco), and they keep tobacco fresh longer. Rollups also have the advantage of being cheaper.
- Pre-Charred** a pipe whose bowl is lined with charcoal at the factory. These pipes are generally easier to break in, since they already have a head-start on cake formation. I have never had any trouble with them.
- Pressed Meerschaum** See "Vienna."
- Reamer** an instrument for trimming a carbon cake. Most reamers have adjustable blades. Some don't, but they claim to fit all sizes of pipes. They don't. They are worthless. There are two types of adequate reamers: scrapers and cutters. Cutters are superior -- and more expensive. Scrapers do quite nicely, as long as they're adjustable.
- Rhodesian** a silly looking pipe with a bulldog bowl, a fat round bent stem. Differs from a true bulldog, which has a straight, diamond-shaped stem with a saddle bit.
- Seasoning** See pp. 40ff.
- Shank** the wood part of a pipe stem.
- Sludge** See "Goo."
- Smell** See "Bouquet."

Tabacologist a botanist whose specialty is the study of tobacco plants.

Tenon the part of a mouthpiece which plugs into the shank. An extremely vulnerable part of a pipe.

Tobacconist a merchant who deals in tobacco and related articles. Always prefixed with "Friendly."

Trap a metal tube, also called a condenser, which some manufacturers put in their pipe stems. It is supposed to keep the smoke dry. Usually it just makes the pipe gurgle and prevents regular cleaning. Most traps are removable.

Vienna an inferior meerschaum pipe, made from the shavings of block meerschaum, molded under heat and pressure. Viennas are sometimes artificially colored with oil. See also "Block Meerschaum."

Virgin a briar pipe with no stain or lacquer applied to the wood. Virgin pipes are generally oiled or waxed. They color beautifully. (See "Patina.") Virgin pipes are highly desirable, and since flaws are hard to hide without lacquer, they may also be expensive.

Virginia a tobacco grown in Virginia and neighboring states. The highest grade is Virginia Bright.

Vulcanite compressed rubber, used in making mouthpieces for pipes. Note that Vulcan's name in the Homeric epics was Haephastus. Imagine a pipe bit made of Haephastusite.

Wet Heel collection of tobacco juices and saliva in the bottom of a pipe bowl, resulting in gurgles, bad smells, and unforgettable flavor. See also "Sludge."

White Heath the shrub from whose roots briar pipes are made. Grows all over Europe. Where the climate is good, this shrub becomes a bush, putting out luxuriant foliage, and does not expend much energy in sinking roots. Only in rocky, lousy terrain does the white heath put out the gnarled roots so highly prized for pipe making. The best briar today comes from Algeria, Corsica, and the French and Italian Alps. Better briar pipes are made from burls at least 100 years old. American pipes are sometimes fashioned from roots 25 years old or younger. They are naturally cheap junk.

Yenidge a Turkish tobacco used for flavoring luxurious blends.

APPENDIX 3

I don't *think* I can get sued for what I'm about to do. A beginning pipe-smoker has no idea what to look for. Below is a list of brand names, with which I am somewhat familiar, with some information about each. This is not authoritative, of course; it is purely a result of my own experience. May it be helpful. And may none of the manufacturers ever find out about it.

- Andreas Bauer** a carver of meerschaums in Vienna. I've seen one Bauer pipe and I want it.
- Bari** a Danish company which makes nice briar pipes in Danish modern shapes. Around \$20.
- Barling** the oldest pipe maker in London, Barling produces some nice pipes in the \$15 range.
- BBB** (Best British Briar), a reputable English maker of good solid middle class pipes in the \$10+ range.
- Charatan** a prestigious English company, whose pipes are in demand among discriminating smokers. Fairly expensive.
- Comoy** a reputable name, in great demand. English. in the \$20 range.
- Dunhill** a good English name, Dunhill makes a line of pipes especially for the American market. (Americans prefer pipes with larger bowls than Englishmen like. But then, I think the other British companies do the same.) In the upper-middle range, \$15 and up.
- Everyman's London Pipe** a second line made by Comoy. Some nice pipes for around \$7.
- GBD** a British pipe in the medium price range, greatly in demand. GBD's virgins are extremely desirable.
- Dr. Grabow** an American name. These pipes are provided with filters and are "already broken in." Below \$5, cheap junk. Above \$5, not much better.
- Hilson** generally novelty pipes. Their "Fantasia" line is of "pipenite," with a meerschaum cup. My bosom buddy swears by his. He's welcome to it.
- Jobey** English pipes of high quality, \$15 and up. I have a Jobey Canadian which is tremendous.

Kaywoodie a famous American name, \$5 and up. These pipes come with a condenser tube, which can only be removed with a hacksaw. I've never had one yet that was worth a damn.

W. Ø. Larsen a Danish maker of original shapes for upper class prices -- \$30 to \$500 and higher.

Loewe British. Good pipes in the \$15+ range.

Longchamp French maker of briar pipes, generally covered with leather. I've never tried one: it always seemed like buying a pig in a poke. But I doubt if anything is wrong with them. If you like the looks of leather, this is one reputable manufacturer which does that kind of thing. \$10 and up.

Mastercraft an American manufacturer of \$5+ pipes. The quality of the merchandise is not dependable. Shop very carefully if you buy one of these. There are some nice pipes with this name, but it takes a knowledgeable eye to avoid the duds.

Medico American manufacturer of pipes with disposable filters. Run from about \$3.50 up, with pressed meerschaums for about \$20 (a real gyp). Now and then you'll find a nice one, but most tobacconists don't carry this line. Medico does its selling in drugstores.

Mountbatten a second line made by Charatan. Beautiful pipes for \$10. The bits turn green prematurely, but the pipes themselves are beautiful enough to make up for it.

Pioneer manufacturer of novelty pipes, especially meerschaums and calabashes. Some of them are quite nice. Nothing too outstanding, though. The meerschaums look mass produced. Reasonable prices.

Sasieni an Italian name for an English pipe. \$15 and up for some nice merchandise.

Savinelli an Italian manufacturer located in Milan. Savinelli has a reputation for fine pipes. I own two of their cheapest models (around \$10) and love them. Generally about \$15 and up.

The Pipe Out with it! Ugh!

Weber a reputable American maker of dependable pipes in the \$5+ range. They're not awfully exciting, but nice enough. Occasionally you will find a beauty.

APPENDIX 4

BLENDING

Not many pipesmokers get hooked on do-it-yourself tobacco blending. Those who do generally start from scratch, with no knowledge at all, and operate by trial and error. Tobacco blending is an art, which demands a shrewd appraisal of all kinds of factors: cut of tobacco, flavor of tobaccos, difference in flavor caused by the cut, rate of burning in types of tobaccos and their different cuts, differences in flavor caused by the rate of burning, etc. I can't pretend to know very much about it all, but I have had fun, and have been fantastically lucky in turning out some pretty nice results. So, in case you want to follow me (which you probably don't), here follows a description of some of my better moments.

One problem is measurement: my scale measures in grains and tenths of grains. (A grain is 1/437.44 of an ounce.) It's hardly necessary to be quite that precise. So along with the grain measures, I include a measure in parts: you can set up your own weight or volume proportions from that.

I don't know whether this is kosher either, but I get my cavendish, burley, virginia bright, perique and latakia from Jon's in Clayton, Missouri. I get my djubec from Wally Frank in New York. I get my golden virginia plug from Dengler's in St. Louis. Just about anything else you might want is available from Churchill's, in Birmingham, Michigan -- except samsoun, which can't be had anywhere these days, it would seem.

- #2 Extremely sweet and mild. Slow burning. I'm not too fond of it any more, but there was a time when I thought it was the greatest. You still might.

2 parts Latakia coarse	42.5 gr.
5 parts Perique ribbon	106.5 gr.
40 parts Cavendish coarse	851.0 gr.

Makes 1,000 grains (a little over 2 ounces). Sprinkle with bourbon whiskey, and allow a couple of days to marry.

- #5 A mild mixture, with a rather "English" taste.

1 part Latakia coarse	53.7 gr.
5 parts Burley coarse	268.8 gr.
10 parts Cavendish coarse	537.5 gr.

Makes 860 gr. (about 2 ounces). Sprinkle with bourbon and allow time to marry.

- #11 I invented this one for a schoolmate last year. He wanted something to give his father for birthday. It was fabulously successful: he bought two pounds in the same month! I like it myself. It's slow burning and mild, fairly sweet, but with a touch of the "English" about it.

1 part Djubec ribbon	93 gr.	46 gr.
3 parts Perique ribbon	278 gr.	139 gr.
3 parts Latakia coarse	278 gr.	139 gr.
10 parts Cavendish coarse	925 gr.	463 gr.
10 parts Burley coarse	925 gr.	463 gr.
	<u>2500 gr.</u>	<u>1250 gr.</u>

The larger batch is about 5 ounces; the smaller, about 2½ oz. Sprinkle with bourbon.

- #16 One of my favorites. I smoke it a lot, since it is smooth enough to be a regular smoke, and yet has enough flavor not to get dull.

1 part Djubec ribbon	45 gr.
2 parts Latakia coarse	90 gr.
10 parts Cavendish coarse	445 gr.
5 parts Virginia Bright ribbon	220 gr.

Makes 800 grains, not quite 2 ounces. Sprinkle with rum. Great! (Bourbon can be substituted with almost the same effect.)

- #17 A poor man's Balkan Sobranie. Actually I like it better: it's a trifle smoother, I think. I didn't have Yenidge (which is used in Sobranie), so I substituted Djubec. One tobacconist I talked to couldn't tell the difference between Djubec and Yenidge anyhow, except by the label.

5 parts Djubec ribbon	250 gr.
5 parts Latakia coarse	250 gr.
2 parts Cavendish coarse	100 gr.
10 parts Virginia Bright ribbon	500 gr.

Makes 1100 grains, about 3 ounces. Tastes best if it has a couple of weeks to marry.

#19 My all-time favorite so far. It is stronger than most, but has a rich flavor, and almost no bite. The deer tongue was a new experiment for me, as was the Golden Virginia Plug. Later I tried increasing the amount of deer tongue, and got a heavy vanilla taste which was really lousy. But in this blend, the deer tongue enhances the other flavors without becoming really noticeable itself.

1 part deer tongue	46 gr.
1 part Djubec ribbon	46 gr.
3 parts Latakia coarse	139 gr.
3 parts Perique ribbon	139 gr.
10 parts Cavendish coarse	463 gr.
10 parts Golden Virginia plug	463 gr.

Makes 1296 gr., about 3 ounces. Allow several days to marry. Extremely slow burning stuff. When fresh, a pipe full can last over an hour.

One last thing: ribbon cuts are bulky. I measure them by weight, and they take up a lot more room than the coarse cuts do. Therefore, if you measure by volume, you may have to double or even triple the proportions of ribbon cut tobaccos to approximate what I have here.

There. I have shot my wad. I have twenty-one blends to date. The last two were duds. May you have such good luck.

APPENDIX 5

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The following select bibliography is by no means exhaustive. I divide it into two sections: recommended books about pipes, and recommended books about Christian materialism. There are three books by Capon. They are generally tangential to the subject of materialistic Christianity, and occasionally hit directly on it. I recommend them as required texts for a course in Elementary Humanity. They are tremendous.

Books on Pipes

Herment, Georges. *The Pipe: a serious yet diverting treatise on the history of the pipe and all its appurtenances, as well as a factual withal philosophical discussion of the pleasurable art of selecting pipes, smoking, and caring for them. With special illustrations.* Translated by Arthur L. Hayward. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1955. paperback.

Everything I could say about this book is already said in the title. I have one gripe about Herment's work: he dislikes pipe racks which allow pipes to rest bowl-down. Says he, "We shall leave such stupidity to expose itself." The only stupidity I see exposed is M. Herment's. As other authors more expert than I have pointed out. Apart from that one prejudice, however, this is an entertaining and informative book.

Weber, Carl. *The Pleasures of Pipesmoking.* New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1965. a Bantam paperback.

This book is well written, entertaining, and inexpensive. It gives a discussion of pipes from just about any angle you would want: historical, practical, liturgical.

_____. *Weber's Guide to Pipes and Pipesmoking.* New York: Cornerstone Library, 1962. paperback.

Not quite as complete as *TPOP*, which was a later book; this one is almost entirely concerned with practical considerations. Has one highly informative chapter on how briar pipes are made, with photographic illustrations made in the Weber pipe factory.

Books Not on Pipes

Bonifazi, Conrad. *A Theology of Things.* New York: Lippincott, 1967. hardback.

A serious work and highly informative. Bonifazi is extremely careful, and goes into detail. His conclusions are cautiously thought out. I recommend them to your consideration.

Capon, Robert Farrar. *Bed and Board*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1965. Now available in paperback.

A highly amusing discussion of marriage and just about everything else that's important in life. Required reading for any student of reality.

_____. *An Offering of Uncles: the Priesthood of Adam and the Shape of the World*. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1967. Now available in paperback.

This volume won the National Catholic Book Award for pastoral theology in 1967. It has the same delightful prose style as Capon's other books, but the subject matter is more serious. I consider it Capon's most profound work so far.

_____. *The Supper of the Lamb: a Culinary Entertainment*. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1969. hardback.

This is a logical sequel to the first two books: a cookbook, in which Father Capon mixes equal parts of theology, gourmandise, and plain delight in the goodness of everything good, along with a few light-hearted attacks on the spirit of this age. The recipes are delicious (once followed, that is; the paper is hardly appetizing). This book taught me to make strudel and my waistline has shown the results. *The Supper of the Lamb* was given a big photo spread in *Life* magazine when it was first published. Enjoy!

It should also be noted that while Father Capon mentions the subject only once, as I recall, he too is a pipesmoker. *H^ene ma tov uma naim!*