

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

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\*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.*

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\* 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

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\*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."

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\*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

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\* 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.



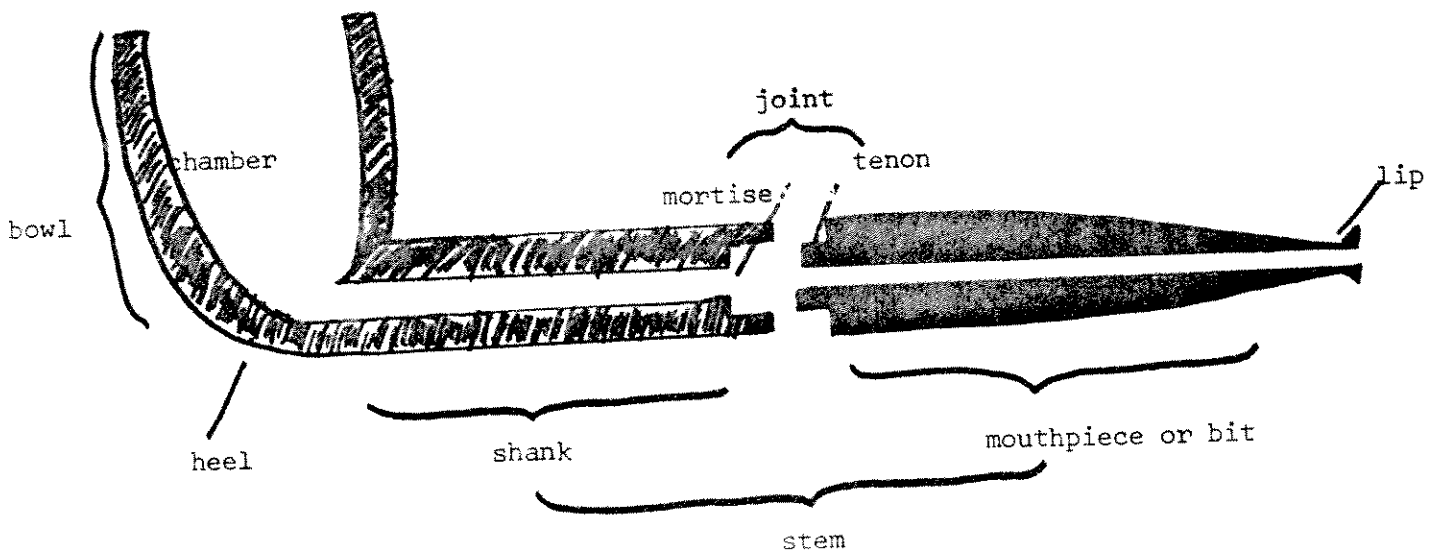
subjected as well to all the mischief we could and did inflict upon it. Man is different from the beasts. He fouls his own nest. (Maybe that's the real meaning of original sin.) At any rate, it is into this world that the Incarnate Son was born, to redeem all creation and to make all things clean again.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

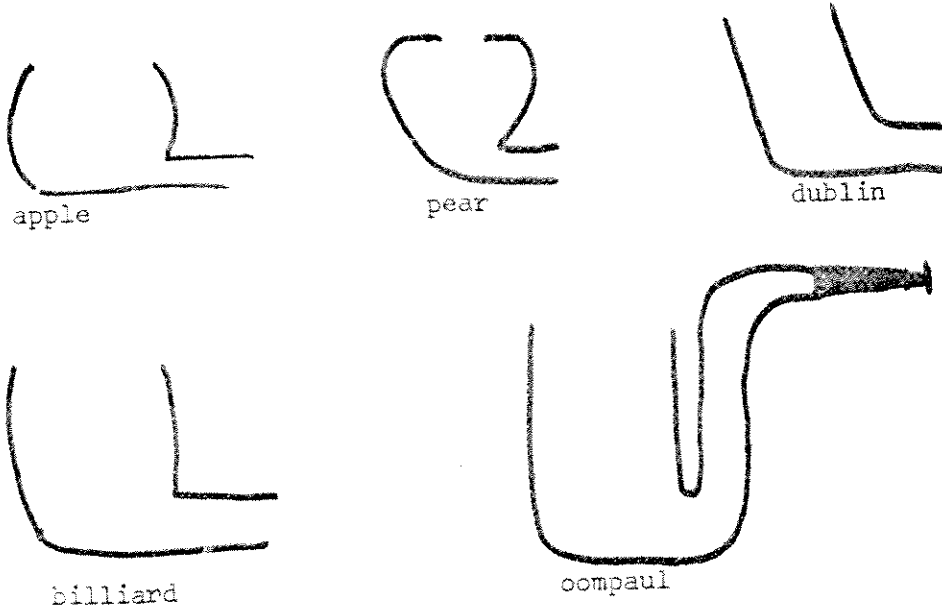
# APPENDICES

APPENDIX I  
ILLUSTRATIONS

Parts of the Pipe



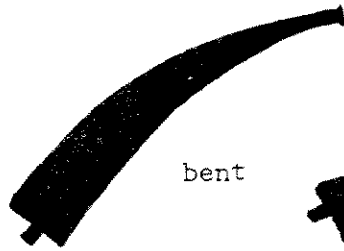
Bowl Styles



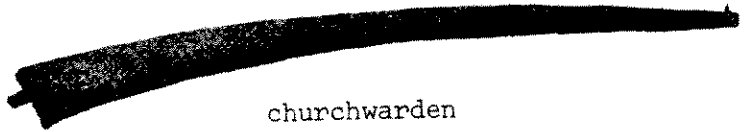
Mouthpiece Styles



cutty



bent



churchwarden



saddle

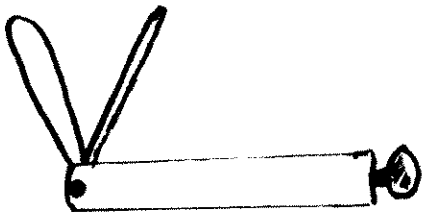


setter

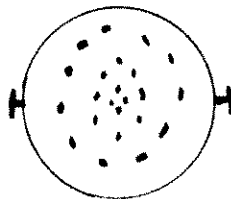


military stag

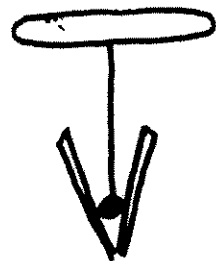
Other Things



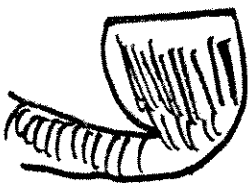
smoker's dinguswhatsis



wind cap



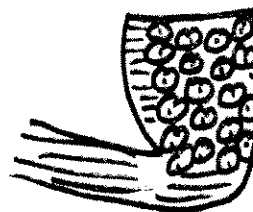
reamer



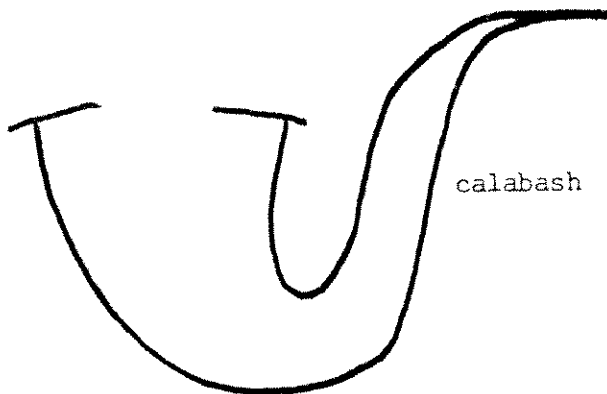
vertical flame grain



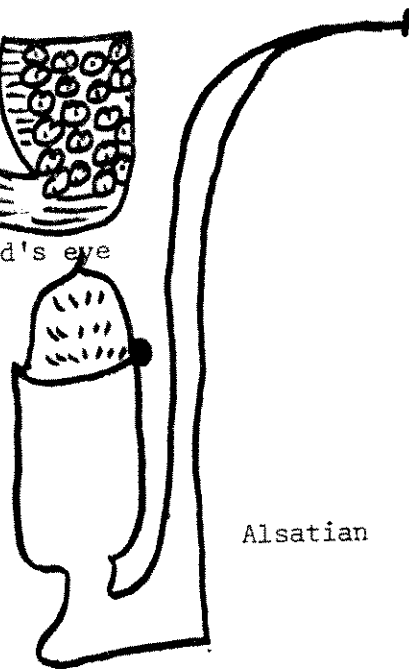
horizontal flame



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<sup>e</sup>ne ma tov uma naim!*