

**JOURNAL OF THE  
ACADEMIE INTERNATIONALE  
DE LA PIPE**



Edited by  
Anna Ridovics and Peter Davey

**VOLUME 3  
2010**

**JOURNAL OF THE  
ACADEMIE INTERNATIONALE  
DE LA PIPE**

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Académie Internationale de la Pipe  
Liverpool  
2010

## INVITATION

### *The Gift of the White Goddess*

Meerschaum carvings from the Pipe Collection of the National Museum

The exhibition has been organised to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the International Pipe Academy, on the occasion of its annual conference held in Budapest, October 2009.

Date: 8th of Oct. 2009 at 18.30

Place: Hungarian National Museum, Banquet Hall

Greetings:

*Dr. Tibor Kovács*

General Director of the Hungarian National Museum

*Dr. Peter Davey*

President of the International Pipe Academy

Opening address:

Mr. Ben Rapaport

Founding member of the International Pipe Academy

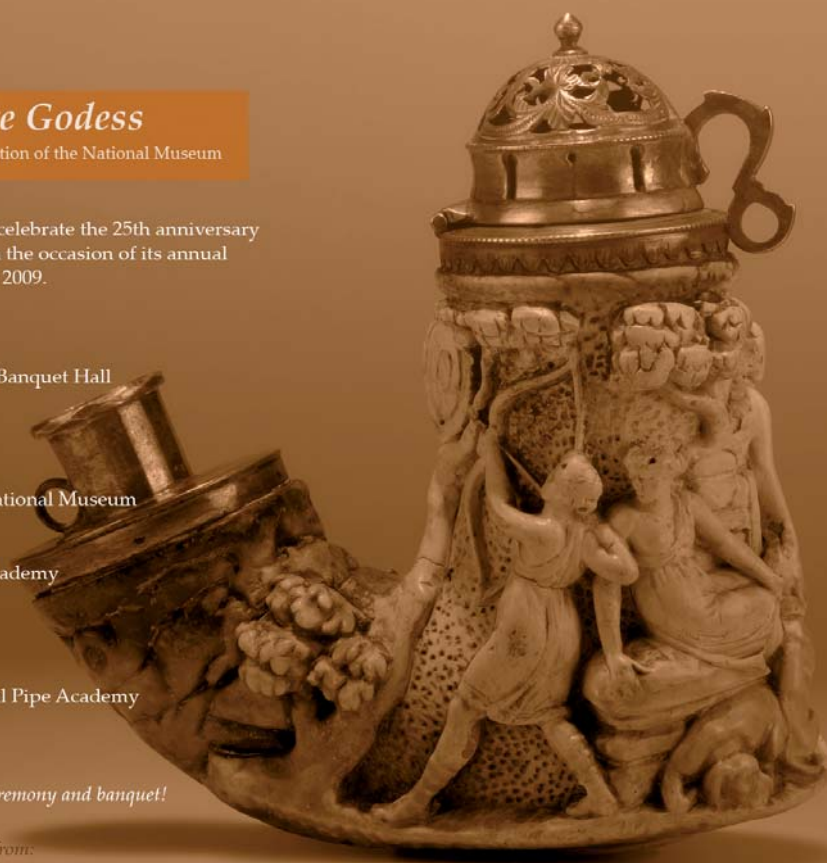
Music: Istvan Csörsz Rumen

*You are warmly invited to the opening ceremony and banquet!*

*The exhibition will be open to the public from:*

*17th Oct to 31st Oct 2009.*

*Organiser: Dr. Anna Ridovics*



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## Foreword

### History – through a cloud of smoke

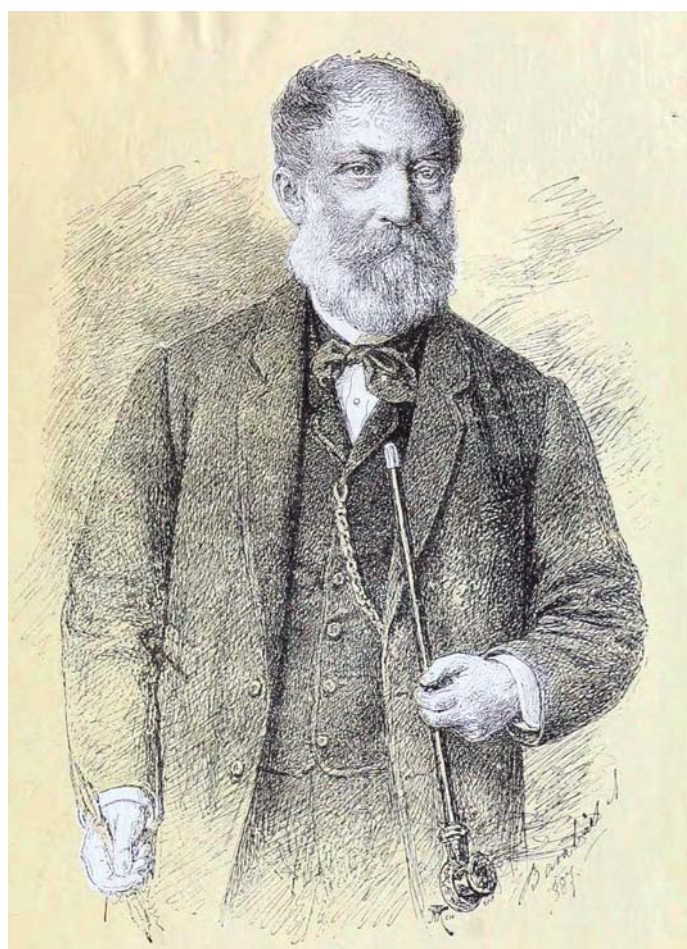
We often see history through a cloud of smoke. It's frequently a sign of horror: the smoke of burning villages, towns and cities; the smoking barrels of cannons; the smoke of exploding ammunition. But let's not forget that there are also peaceful clouds of smoke: the smoking chimneys of houses; the smoke of campfires which provide warmth and light in the darkness; or the smoke of flames that merrily crack and pop beneath a cauldron of steaming hot stew. And the smoke of a pipe is also of the peaceful kind.

As far back as I can remember, history has always fascinated me – and the pipe has always been there in history. I can recall three distinct memories connecting its smell to visual images. My father was a heavy smoker and along with cigarettes, he sometimes smoked a pipe as well. He kept the necessary equipment in a copper bowl on his desk and we loved to search through it with my brother and sisters. His pipes themselves weren't particularly old, but the accessories and tools were: yellow crumbs of tobacco fell out of an old, twisted leather bag and his collection of pipe-cleaning equipment was akin to medieval torture devices. Above his desk there was a framed lithograph depicting my great-great-grandfather – he was a master painter and he drew this self-

portrait with a long pipe in hand. I often studied his bearded face and his typical nineteenth-century clothing (with a pocket-watch on chain) and that pipe, which was used as a visual aid for any discussion (Fig. 1). The third memory comes from the adventure novels of my youth about the Old West, where the smoking of the 'peace pipe' was an essential part of friendly relations with the Native Americans. All this I experienced without being taken by the lure of the pipe or having a passion for smoking. It never gave me that sense of adulthood which rings so loud in the words of Mark Twain's child protagonist, Tom Sawyer, while playing at pirates with his friends, when Tom, the Black Avenger of the Spanish Main asks Joe Harper, the Terror of the Seas: "Joe, you got a pipe? I want a smoke".

This beautiful volume contains studies showcasing the role of pipes in cultural history throughout the centuries. A tranquil and peaceful conversation by the smoke of a pipe is called *pipaszó* or 'word of the pipe' in Hungarian. In that spirit I recommend this book and its 'words of the pipe' to the kind attention of the reader.

*Csorba László*  
*Director of the Hungarian National Museum*  
*Christmas 2011, Budapest*



**Figure 1:** Self portrait, 1887- Miklós Barabás (1810-1898).