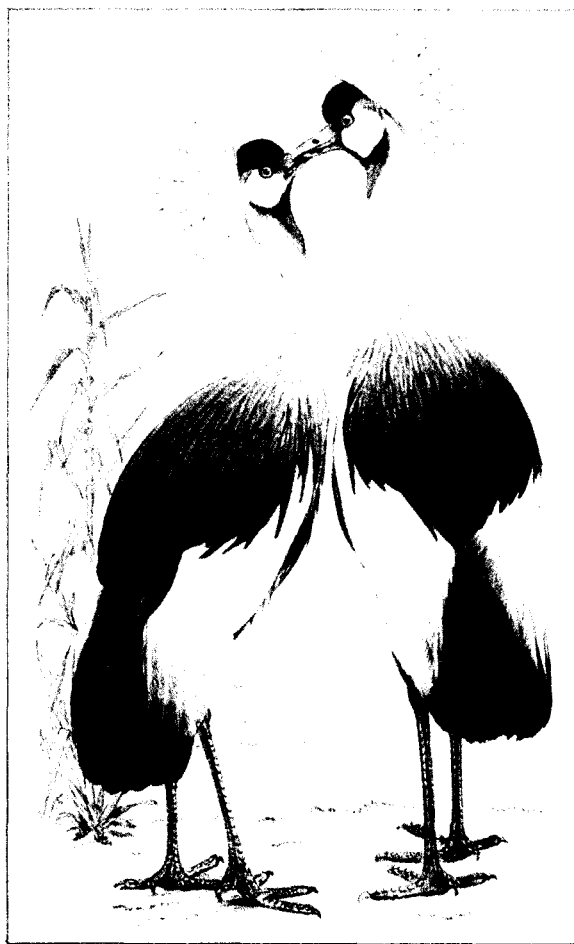


# Hearts and Flourishes

## A Valentine Scrapbook

### Here's Where Thou Art, Romeo

**I**F THOU ART romantic, thou goest to Verona, on the plains near Venice, the hometown of Romeo and Juliet. Tradition says the story of the Capulets and the Montagues dates from 1303, with Shakespeare picking up an Italian tale first published in 1524 and serving up Romeo and Juliet in 1596. In Verona, visitors can see what is suggested to be the home of the Capulets, balcony intact. Juliet's tomb rests in the crypt of the Convent of St. Francis, a thirteenth-century church where the secret ceremony uniting the lovers was said to have been performed. The town continues to hire a letter writer to answer the lovelorn who leave notes on Juliet's tomb. Mozart, Goethe, Heine, and Maria Theresa of Austria were among Verona's many visitors. All of them stayed at the Due Torri, an inn that was redone in 1958. Its 100 rooms are decorated with period pieces, each room in a different style. It is probably the only hotel where visiting romantics (and others) can choose their quarters by consulting a set of 100 color slides kept at the front desk.



*When these three-foot-high crowned cranes stretch their necks and begin to bow and leap and dance, they're not eager to waltz to Lawrence Welk; it means they're ready for action, rated PG.*

### Mating Calls Among the Fauna

Male birds sing to establish their mating territory and to attract a partner. Peacocks fan their tails and bighorned sheep butt their heavy-horned heads together with a crash that can be heard for miles. Bull wapiti bugle their challenge to other males until the valleys ring with their power and proclamations. In a pond a frog sings and puffs himself up, displaying his splendor to another of his kind. At 10,000 feet a male eagle

whirls through an incredible aerial display, working himself into a premating frenzy while his aerobatics are paralleled far below by a fragile winged insect who may hatch in the morning, mate at midday and die before the sun sets.

—Roger Caras

*The Private Lives of Animals*  
Grosset & Dunlap, 1974

### Valentine

*Chipmunks jump, and  
Greensnakes slither.  
Rather burst than  
Not be with her.*

*Bluebirds fight, but  
Bears are stronger.  
We've got fifty  
Years or longer.*

*Hoptoads hop, but  
Hogs are fatter.  
Nothing else but  
us can matter.*

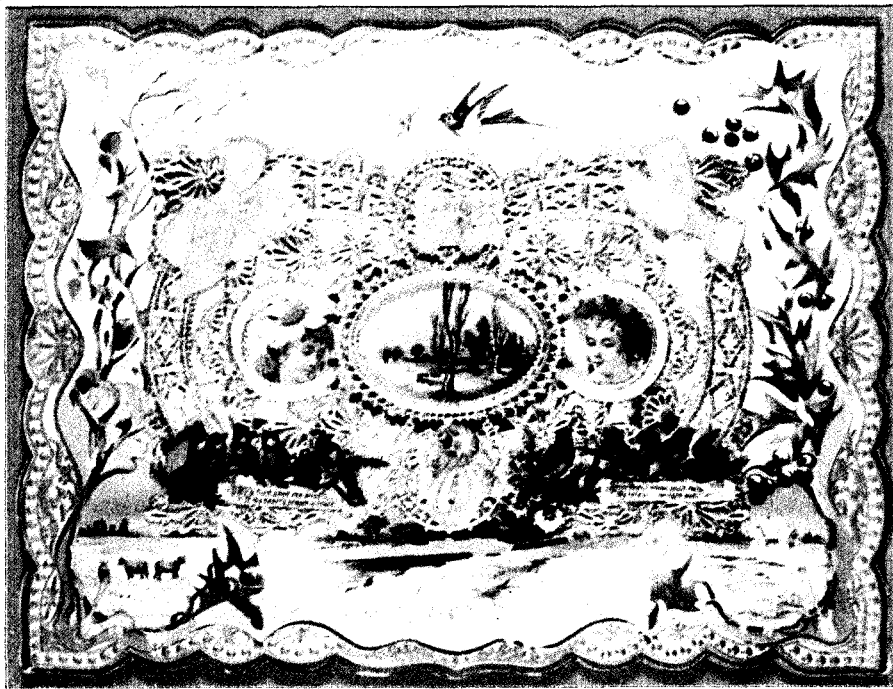
—Donald Hall \*

Love is time and space measured  
by the heart. —Marcel Proust

### A Deux

*I twist your arm,  
You twist my leg,  
I make you cry,  
You make me beg,  
I dry your eyes,  
You wipe my nose,  
And that's the way  
The kissing goes.*

—William Wood \*



## Penpersonship

**B**EFORE THE DAYS of printed commercial greetings, valentines were composed by the sender. For those who were inept at phraseology or at rhyme, a French publisher in 1669 produced the first valentine writer, a book from which swains could copy messages to be dispatched to their heart's desire. Some writers contained only slushy verse, appearing under such titles as "The Turtle Dove" and "Poems of Love—A Manual for the Valentine Writer." One advertised itself as a valentine writer for "dandies, whimsies, quizzes, odd gentlemen, odd ladies, and lovers of mirth and glee." A circumspect message from a writer published in 1850 went like this:

CHARMING LADY—

Your beauty long since attracted my admiration. Since then, your amiable qualities have won my most devoted love.

If you can accept of one whose strongest claim to your regard, is his sensibility to your merits, you will permit me to subscribe myself, with the fondest devotion, your

VALENTINE

## Juliet

*How did the party go in Portman Square?  
I cannot tell you; Juliet was not there.*

*And how did Lady Gaster's party go?  
Juliet was next me and I do not know.*

—Hilaire Belloc\*

## I Wish I Were in Love Again

*The furtive sigh,  
The blackened eye,  
The words "I'll love you till the day I die,"  
The self-deception that believes the lie,  
I wish I were in love again!  
When love congeals  
It soon reveals  
The faint aroma of performing seals  
The double crossing of a pair of heels  
I wish I were in love again!*

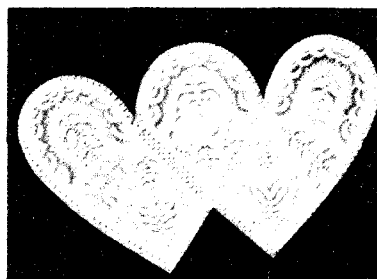
—Lorenz Hart

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## Queen of Hearts

*Oh, life is a glorious cycle of song  
A medley of extemporanea  
And love is a thing that can never go wrong  
And I am the Queen of Rumania.*

—Dorothy Parker



## Turn-Ons

**A**PHRODISIACS have turned people on for centuries. They range from hot chocolate to bull urine, sweetened wine to strychnine, and heart of turtledove to bat's blood with ass's milk. Everyone knows what an apple did to Adam, and "Love Potion Number Nine" was a hit as recently as 1959.\*

Today, many people think that only men took aphrodisiacs. Many did. Tiberius ate chervil, exacted from Germans as tribute; and Louis XIV ate peas, despite his mistress's complaint that at sixty-six he wanted to make love twice a day.

Others, however, were not so lucky. Lucretius, Ovid says, died from an amatory potion, and Caligula went mad, some believe, from hippomanes—a devastating elixir derived from pregnant mares.

Nevertheless, women have used love charms liberally, too. Medieval German girls rolled in wheat to make themselves fertile; Indian women put peacock bones crushed with charcoal\*\* on their eyelids to make them more alluring; and Mme. de Pompadour drank celery soup with truffles to arouse her own sexual appetite as soon as she felt the king's attention waning.

For a very special aphrodisiac, here is a seventeenth-century recipe: Collect 200 ants' eggs, 200 millipedes' eggs, and 250 bees' eggs. Crush together and leave for a month. Pour off the clear fluid and drink. —Jean Campbell

\*The Clovers, United Artists.

\*\*During peacock scarcity, blue jay's eggs can be substituted; but being more common, they are probably less effective.

## A Fine Romance

**T**HE GAME OF Hearts, unlike the game of love, is descended from an eighteenth-century Spanish card contest called Reversis. The object is to score fewer points than one's opponent, a circumstance that is achieved by unloading high cards, especially hearts. When it comes to settling accounts, each player must part with one chip for every heart in his hand. The player with the fewest hearts wins the pot. Or, to put it another way, he who is rich is heartless.

## Darling Clem

"My marriage was the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life, for what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought."

—Winston Churchill

## The Look

*Strephon kissed me in the spring,  
Robin in the fall,  
But Colin only looked at me  
And never kissed at all.*

*Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,  
Robin's lost in play,  
But the kiss in Colin's eyes  
Haunts me night and day.*

—Sara Teasdale\*



## Gifts of Love

OF ALL THE GIFTS of love, the most famous and the most opulent is the Taj Mahal, that magnificent architectural billet-doux built by Shah Jahan, at Agra, India. It stands as a memorial to Mumtaz Mahal, the shah's wife for 19 years, who died in childbirth in 1631. The Taj took 22 years to complete. Three hundred years later, it was still being called "[closer to] perfection than any other work of man."

While Elizabeth Taylor was married to Richard Burton, she fancied a perfect pear-shaped 69.42-carat diamond and bid \$1 million for it at a Parke Bernet auction. It was sold to Cartier's for \$1,050,000. Elizabeth was desolate, so the next day Burton bought the sparkler, big as a peach pit and for 24 hours known as the Cartier diamond, from the jewelers. It was the beau geste of 1969.

A dozen years earlier, publisher S. I. Newhouse chanced to ask his wife, Mitzi, what she fancied as a present for their thirty-third wedding anniversary. "Oh, just get me *Vogue*," she said diffidently. So Newhouse, no dealer in single copies, peeled off \$5 million and bought her *Vogue*—and along with it, *House and Garden* and *Glamour*.

## Love Lines

Love does not dominate, it cultivates.

—Goethe

Love is a talkative passion.

—Bishop Wilson

What is irritating about love is that it is a crime that requires an accomplice.

—Baudelaire

What is love? Ask him who lives, what is life? Ask him who adores, what is God?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

Love and religion are the two most volcanic emotions to which the human organism is liable.

—Havelock Ellis

## Treacle Talk

French:	<i>Mon petit chou</i>	(My little cabbage)
Spanish:	<i>Mi chata</i>	(My little nose)
Russian:	<i>Moi puzik</i>	(My tummy)
German:	<i>Mein(e) Schnuckiputz</i>	(My little pussycat)
Yiddish:	<i>Mein(e) tübele</i>	(My little dove)
Greek:	<i>Poulaki mou</i>	(My little bird)
Hebrew:	<i>Duvshani Shelee</i>	(My little honeycake)
Danish:	<i>Min due</i>	(My dove)
Italian:	<i>Tesoro mio</i>	(My treasure)



## Love at the Opera

Mary Garden, a great Salome, as she slithered up to Marcel Journet, the evening's Jokanaan, whose head she would later demand: "Bon soir, Papa."

Maria Callas, as Tosca, to Tito Gobbi, as Scarpia, for deftly, inconspicuously squeezing a smoldering spark from a wig that had been ignited by a candle: "Grazie, Tito," as she stabbed him to death.

Carmen to a Don José, during their love duet in act two: "If you can't stay away from garlic, stay away from me."

Admirer to singer, after a fine performance: "Your partner seemed so in love with you tonight—especially in act two, such an embrace!" Singer: "He was holding me so tight because my zip had come undone at the back."



Gene looks for wilder shores of paradise in *The World's Greatest Lover*.

\* from *A Book of Love Poems*, edited by William Cole.





## The Cupids of Kansas City

ONE OUT OF TEN of the truckloads of valentines sold every year by Hallmark, the world's largest purveyor of greeting cards, are mushy, traditional expressions of undying devotion. Most are prepared by in-house writers working in the modern Hallmark plant in Kansas City. In this category, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How Do I Love Thee?" continues to be a best seller, as does Shakespeare's verse, reprinted with an additional 16 lines of iambic pentameter provided by the Kansas City cupids.

The company's line of contemporary cards—buzz words for funny valentines—is manufactured from the offerings of contract writers, free-lancers, and amateurs who send in card ideas or verse or both. The editorial staff looks at 70,000 ideas for the 80 valentines it publishes each year. Nearly 90 percent of the buyers are women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-nine. No card is left to chance. Each is tested before groups assembled from local PTAs, churches, or universities. There is also a computerized test that tells which cards are succeeding at the counters.

The language on cards tends to run behind the pacesetter fast-talkers of New York and the West Coast. Hallmark isn't eager to get too far ahead of the audience, so two years from now the line of cards will still be using phrases like "no way" and "messin' around," as well as that current term of debasement, "turkey."

The fiftyish generation inclines toward sarcasm, sexual innuendo, and a bold approach. Young people believe sex ought to be discussed openly, not implied leeringly. Yet, women are coming on stronger, in a way that would have been unheard of 10 years ago. Among this year's offerings are these winners: (cover) "On Valentine's Day, let's try a little restraint!"; (inside) "Goodness knows, we've tried everything else!"; (cover) "Before I agree to be your valentine, I have two questions. First: Are you after my body?"; (inside) "And second: Why not?"

It is far safer to be feared than loved.

—Machiavelli

## The Love Troubadour

FIVE NIGHTS a week in most seasons, Bobby Short sings about love in a salon of Manhattan's Carlyle Hotel. He also sings love songs in concert, on television, and—for the yacht-and-private-plane people—at private parties. He is the modern love troubadour, enunciating the lyrics of Berlin, Hart, Gershwin, and Porter with great clarity and wringing every heartfelt droplet of emotion from the words. Who was the greatest love lyricist? Well, don't leave out Berlin, or Oscar Hammerstein, "who wrote lovely, lovely love songs." But in the runoff, it comes down to Lorenz Hart and Cole Porter.

"Hart embraced the idea of falling in love, God knows, but he also talked about all the wounds and hurts. In more cases, Porter's love was returned. I felt that Porter was able to stand up and declare the feeling of being in love like no

American composer ever did. Porter loved saying, 'I'm in Love,' 'I Love You,' 'At Long Last Love?' When it comes to love songs, he wins out, for me.

"Maybe, in Porter's sophistication he understood that tomorrow it could all be over, but for the moment it is everything. Look at the song 'After You.' Such all-out adoration! Porter was celebrating love. The idea of falling in love is some kind of marvelous experience. It's what we're here for. I think it's marvelous if it only lasts for a weekend—which is something else Porter wrote about. He really looked forward to the chance of falling in love. 'You'd Be So Easy to Love,' 'At Long Last Love?'—that kind of thing. I don't think he was ever afraid of it. I sing about love, and I think it's sensational. I see it being enacted every night on all levels. It's fascinating to observe the glance, the hands, the look, the tears, oh, the absolute tears."

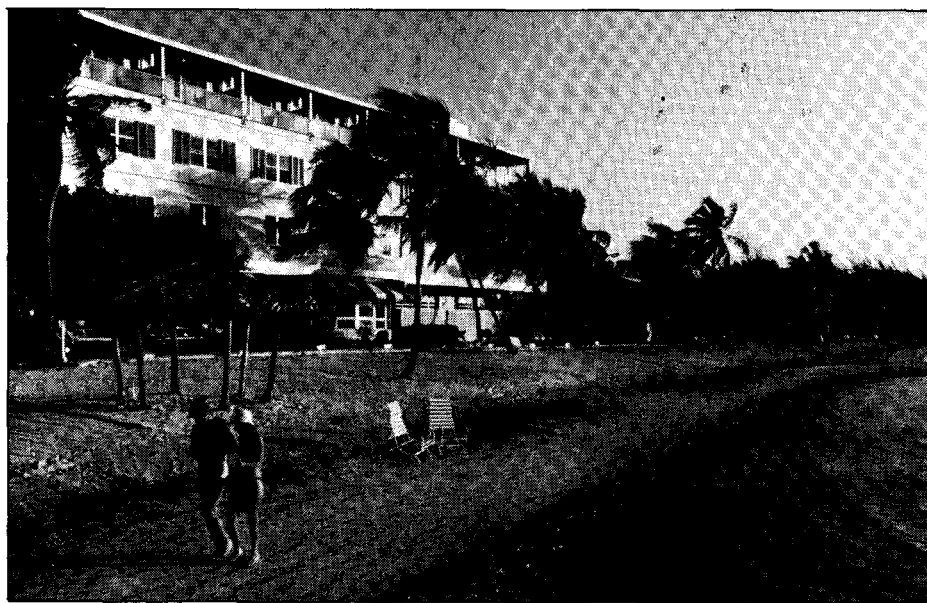


## Give Her a Punch

WILLIAM CLIFFORD, the wine writer, suggests a fruity punch to be served on St. Valentine's Day. Mix a bottle of white wine (he pushes French Colony Colombard, from California) with a cup of Boggs Cranberry Liqueur, a cup of orange juice, and a quart of soda water. Add ice cubes or a block of ice in a punch bowl. It makes enough for eight parched lovers.

## Booked for Travel

# Fishing, With a Cast of Thousands



*Cheeca Lodge—"Sauntering out of one's room and walking to the fish."*

by Horace Sutton

**W**HAT DO YOU DO when you have journeyed 1,300 miles to have a go at the fish, when you've spent the prior sunshiny afternoon on dry land getting the fine points on the proper employment of a casting rod, when the morning you have chosen erupts in the angry growl of thunder, when you're sitting there in the open boat and the sheets of rain come down as they did on Noah and his friends? Do you stay out there in the foul weather wrapped in your foul weather gear and fish, or do you take your gear and your guide and all your hopes and get out of there?

It must be recorded here for all time, and for all men to see, that this fisherman beat it and was shortly at a table in the establishment known as Papa Joe's, at mile marker 80, which is how addresses are designated here in the Florida keys.

The signs are pushing scallops and oysters, stone crabs and key lime pie, but it is only ten after seven in the morning, and I am looking at the young face of The Guide over a cup of coffee. In the keys, the weather is the great determinant. It creates balmy days in seasons that make it warmer here than anywhere else in the country. It also manufactures hurricanes of monstrous

force that have blown out men and ideas and run up frightful death tolls.

It was that way on Labor Day in 1935, when the hurricane flooded the Overseas Railroad, the tides washing over the embankments that had been built between the islands. When the rescue party finally got there, it found over 400 bodies. Some of those who perished on a wind-lashed coral atoll in Florida had survived Belleau Wood. They were members of the Bonus Expeditionary Force, which in the nadir of the Great Depression had marched on Washington to seek relief. The hard core protesters, who would not return home, were banded into a construction force that was sent south to work on the Florida Overseas Railroad. Near the center of Upper Matecumbe Key, which goes under the more exotic name of Islamorada, stands a monument that marks the mass burial plot for the casualties of the last battle of the Bonus Expeditionary Force. There is that to remember them, and Jack's Bar, which was built at the place where the rescue train sent to pluck them to safety was overturned.

So, the weather is *the* factor in the keys, and this morning it has put The Guide and me at a table in Papa Joe's, looking at each other over coffee and talking fish. The offshore people are called charter captains,

The Guide explains. There is no wistfulness in his voice, even though he acknowledges that on days like this, the charter captains have the edge; their craft have cover from the elements.

Those who take clients out in open boats for small game fish or for eating fish are called fishing guides. Some of the boats have bonnets, but most do not. Either way, they are exposed to the elements. Fishing for small, sporty game fish is less expensive than renting a large powerboat to set out for sailfish or marlin. A fishing guide rents his services and his boat, fully equipped, for \$110 for a full day; \$70 for a half day. A charter boat, on the other hand, costs \$125 for half a day, \$200 for a full day.

The fishing guide sets up for tarpon or bone, both of which put up a tremendous fight and neither of which is edible. In fishing tournaments, great effort is made to keep the fish alive until it is weighed. If a fish looks to be in the contender class, the guide must keep it wet and alive while he rushes it back to the nearest weighing station. Then the fish is quickly returned to water so, presumably, other sportsmen may have a crack at it.

Tarpon feed while drifting in deep channels, around bridges, and between Islamorada and Flamingo, at the bottom edge of the Everglades. The fisherman can drift-fish, cast, or, with the current running, use a float. The fish will come by and take the hook. Tarpon can be caught with an artificial lure, which requires sighting a school or an individual fish and casting for it. In this method, the fisherman can see the big mouth open up and take the offering. With a disgruntled tarpon as long as eight feet, mouth to tail, on the line, the action can get, as The Guide says, laconically, "extremely exciting." The largest tarpon taken on a fly rod weighed 187 pounds. But two

### Wit Twister No. 111

Edited by Arthur Swan

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.*

The stable's — — — — —  
— glow red at break of day.  
Light — — — — —  
— inside as sunlight floods the vale.  
The colt, awakened, — — — — —  
— — — — —, then seeks his hay  
And whisks his wispy — — — — —  
— — — — — of a tail. A.S.