



"It is not possible to hurry up to pleasure. The more you increase the speed, the longer it takes to find the calm. That is where filling of a pipe, to light it and light it again when it has gone out is a part of coming to rest. Find the moment and enjoy it. The smoke rises meditatively towards the sky in slow motion. "

Lars Svahn

The picture and the text above illustrate in an excellent way exactly what we associate with pipe-smoking - peace, harmony, contemplation and enjoyment.

### Double winner

The name Lars Svahn is certainly familiar to most readers of our magazine, as he last year was the winner of our pipemaker competition for amateurs. In addition, it was not the first time he won; he was also the winner in our first competition a few years ago. Now, however, it will be no more victories of that kind for Lars, as he is selling his pipes on the net, and is no longer considered to be an amateur. Instead, we have the pleasure to welcome him into the circle of Swedish pipemakers.

I met Lars when he was visiting Anders Nilsson and Martin Vollmer in Malmö earlier this year. Lars then reminded me that we had met once before, which I had forgotten. That happened many years ago, when I visited the pipemakers Love and Sara Geiger. At that time, they had a young

man as a guest and that young man was Lars Svahn.

### From Falun to Gotland

Lars was born in Falun in 1979 but has since moved around a lot. First, he moved to Umeå, where he studied at the university. Then he and his family moved back to Falun, but a few years ago they settled on the island of Gotland. There they live on a



*Lars (in the middle) with Martin and Anders in Malmö.*





farm in the northeastern part of the island, a farm that was built in 1912 and has been owned by Lars's wife's family ever since.

Lars is a trained anesthetist and works

at the ambulance helicopter stationed on Gotland. So, for Lars a flight over to the mainland is a daily routine. Lars's wife is engaged in growing vegetables on the farm,



*Lars' workshop*



*A spectacular pipe called the Ram. If you hold a finger on the tobacco hole, you can blow smoke through the nostrils.*

which are delivered to several nearby buyers. They also have animals like sheep and pigs. In addition, Lars and his wife have three children, 2, 4 and 6 years old, so I can understand that the time Lars can devote to pipe-making is extremely limited.

### **A chimney for hunting**

Lars's interest in making pipes began when he studied in Umeå. He wanted to



*Lars' son Love helps his dad to choose blocks when visiting Manno in Italy*

make a pipe that he could use when he was out hunting, one of his great interests. But at that time, he knew absolutely nothing about pipes, so he had to start from scratch. This was in 2005 and the first blocks of briar he bought from Herrmans in Denmark.

In the autumn of 2015, he and the family were on a holiday trip to Italy, and Lars took the opportunity to visit a briar supplier, Manno in Tuscany, and bought as many bricks as he could take with him on the flight home.

Today, Lars only stamps his pipes with the logo that is visible in the vignette. However, for the future he has plans to stamp the pipes with his full name.

We, who had the pleasure of sitting in the jury for the two pipemaker-competitions our club has arranged, have been extremely impressed by what Lars has achieved. His design in combination with a great deal of accuracy in all the small details that are so important on a pipe, has amazed us. I am convinced that we will hear a lot more about Lars in the future and as the children grow up, we hope he will have more time for pipe-making.

**A versatile man**

Lars is not only good at making pipes. He is also a very talented photographer and all the pictures in this article (except for the one showing him with the brothers in

Malmö) are taken by him. In addition, he has a great verbal talent, as evidenced by the introductory text and by the English text below, which is found on his website.

*Jan*

I slowly walked up the gravel path. The big timber house towering in front of me. This house had always been a little scary. I hesitated a few seconds in front of the door. Didn't really have to knock on this, could just skip it and go on to the next house. I was selling gingerbread cookies to earn a few extra coins and was around eleven years old at the time. Not so daring, but curious. Finally I gathered enough courage to lift the door knocker. I jumped at the sound of it hitting the massiv wooden door. Nothing happened. I wanted to leave but something kept me standing there. Knocked again. Did I hear something? No. One last knock before leaving. Yes, I could definitely hear something now. A voice? I turned the door knob and the heavy door slid open. Hello, I called out. "Come in" I heard more clearly now. Took a few cautious steps toward the voice. Hello! Yes? The voice came from a room deeper inside the house and I steered my steps towards it. Now standing at the thresh hold of a big room, shelves of books running all along the walls. There in the middle of the room stood an old leather armchair, the back of it facing me. A man was sitting in the chair with a pipe hanging out of his mouth. I watched the smoke rise towards the roof. "What do you want" he asked as he laid down his book, still not turning around to face me. I slowly walked towards him, so that I could see his face. His pipe was glowing, and it ignited a glow deep within me too.



