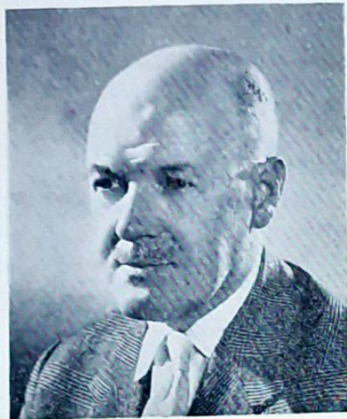


Starke

AND
UNASHAMED





INTRODUCING LESLIE STARKE

What kind of man is Leslie Starke? He is, according to himself and his friends, the laziest man in London. He is so lazy that he will only make small drawings which fit the pillar-box outside his front door . . . so lazy that he will only go when forced to the Post Office round the corner . . . so lazy that he always leaves his car outside his house, by the pillar-box, because he really cannot be bothered to open and close the doors of the garage. Leslie Starke does not believe in wasting energy. 'The art of living,' says Leslie Starke, 'is the art of not wasting energy.'

This is the man whose cartoons appear in such different and well known publications as the *New Yorker*, *Punch*, *Lilliput*, and *Saturday Evening Post*. His work, now offered for the first time in book form, is as popular in New York as in London . . . and yet, of course, he has never been to America, being too lazy to cross the Atlantic. (continued on back flap)

7s 6d net

Starke

AND
UNASHAMED

LONDON
MAX REINHARDT

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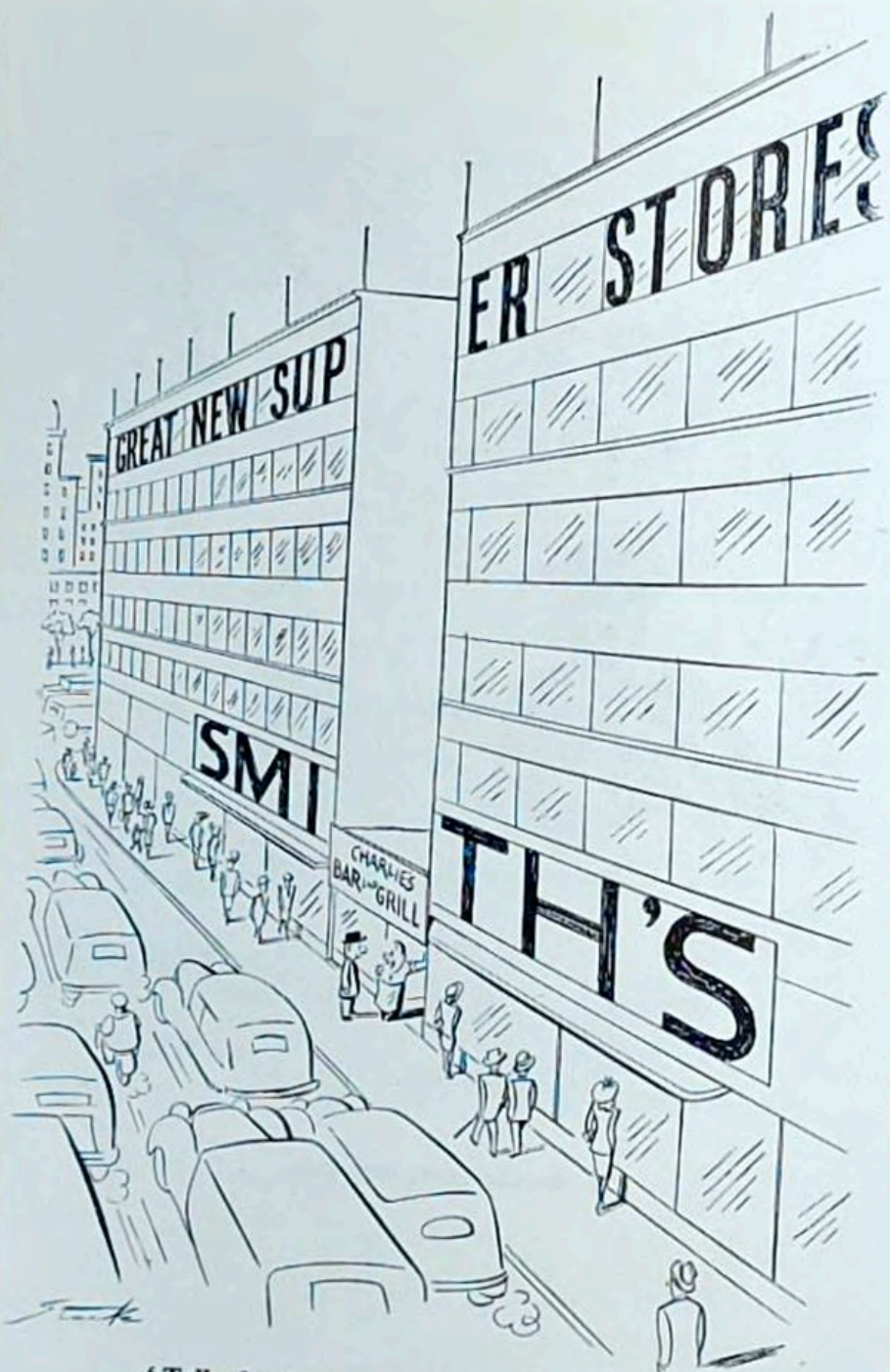
'I make her leave it as she found it.'



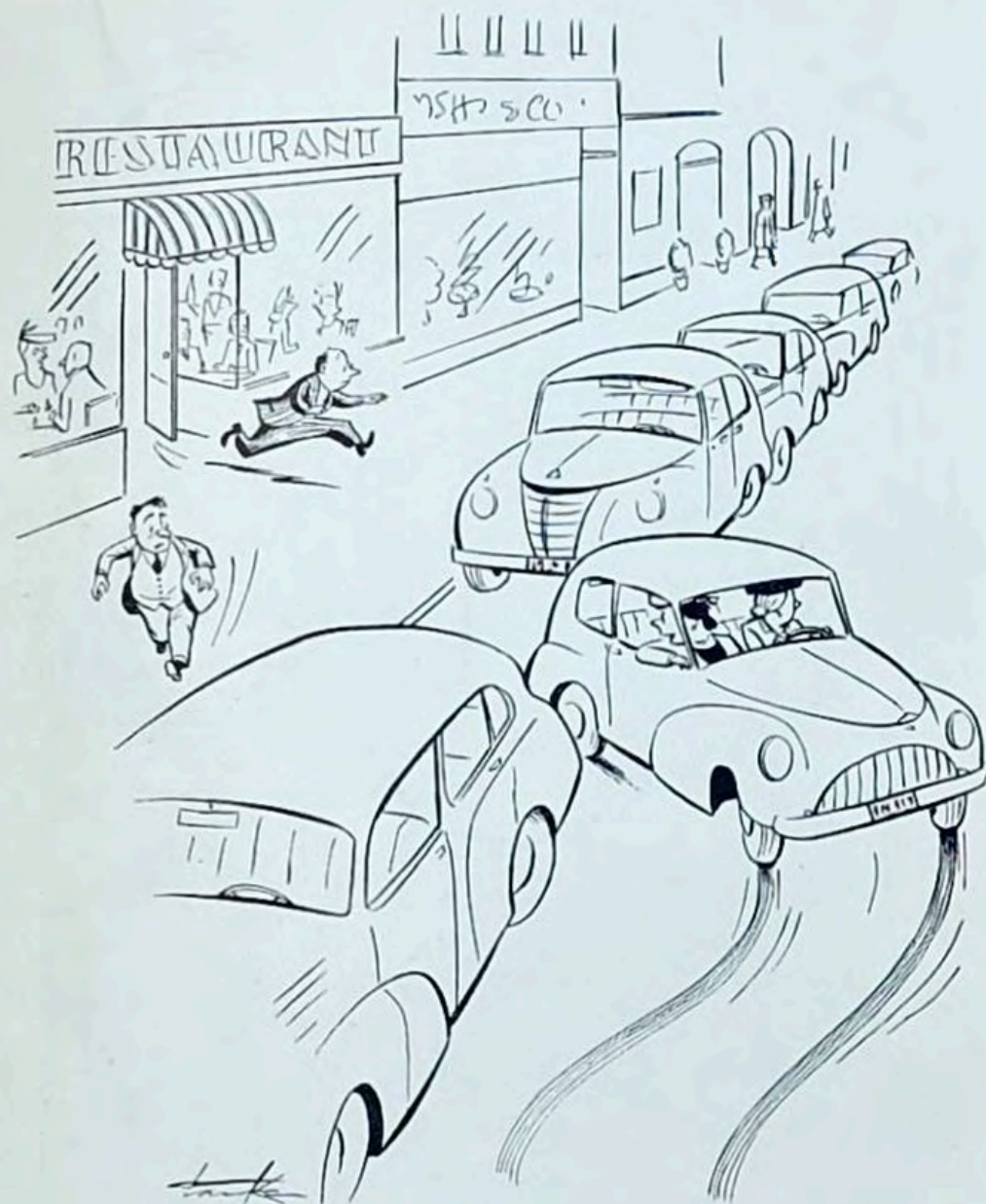
'I'd just like to try out the acoustics.'



'I remain, Yours very truly . . .'



'Talk about argument, cajolery, threats . . .'



'Hold it, Emily. Someone seems to be pulling out.'



‘What do you suppose she paid for those dreadful curtains I admired so much?’



‘Good boy, Rover — there’s a fine chap Rover —
OH MRS. PILKINGTON — good old pal Rover, nice
dog Rover . . .’



'Roll up your window, Charles. I don't want to get pneumonia with that draught blowing on the back of my neck. And for heaven's sake don't squat right in the middle of the seat and cut off my rearview mirror. And please, please stop fidgeting . . .'



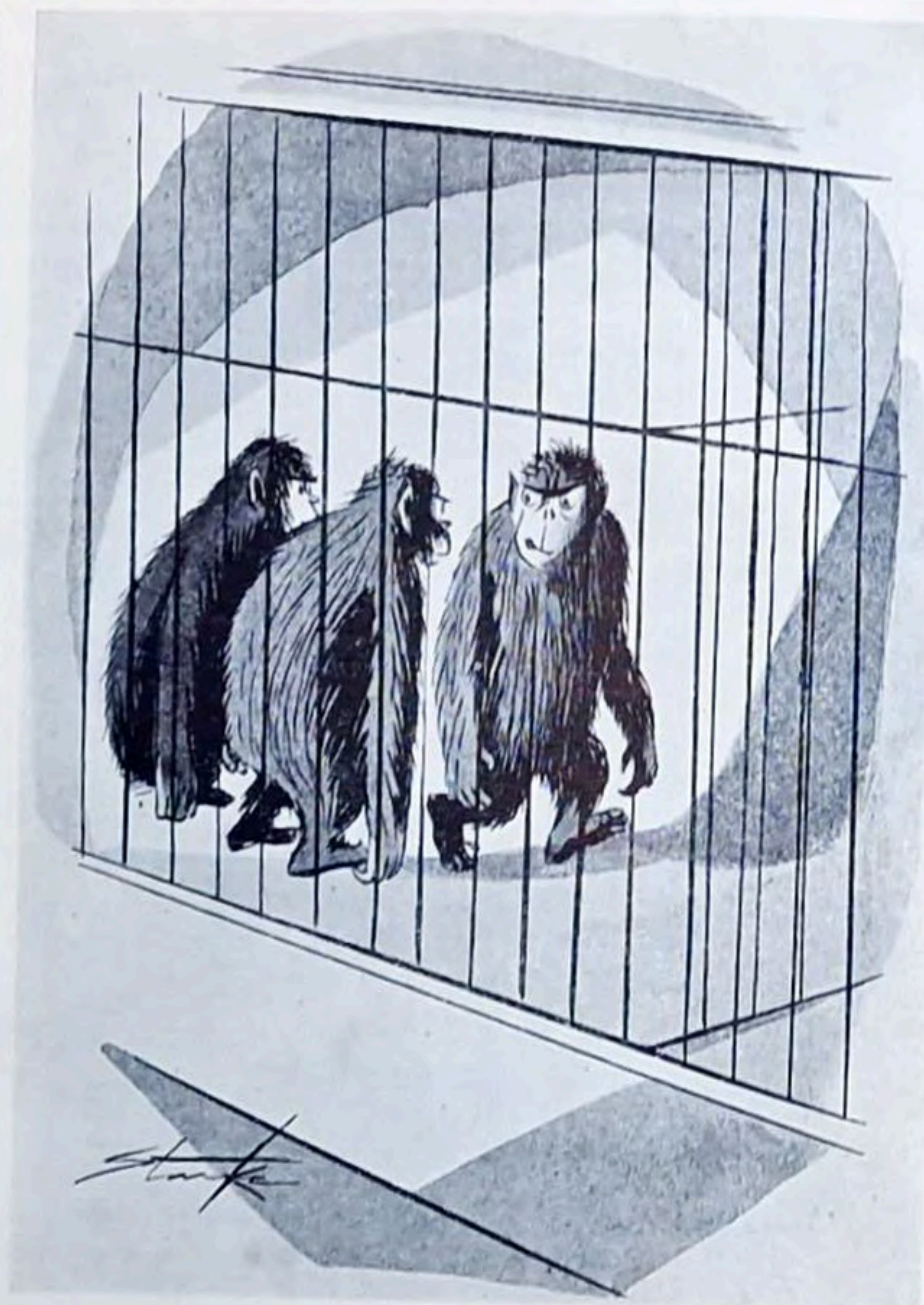
'P-s-s-t, is that you, Delaney?'



'No, he isn't my husband. He's just a friend of the family.'



'That's right — you simply pick them up like this and move them about on the little squares.'



'Tonight — 10.30 — pass it round.'

22



'It's really much quicker to walk, but the exercise does me good.'



'Ah! Here comes the anaesthetist now.'



'There, Mr. Fluthers. You'll find when price is mentioned you'll hardly feel a thing.'



‘This is Mr. Millgate who has the reputation of being very well-informed and always abreast of the news.’



‘Hello — is that the Vortex Puzzle Company? Well, look here — this return of yours . . .’



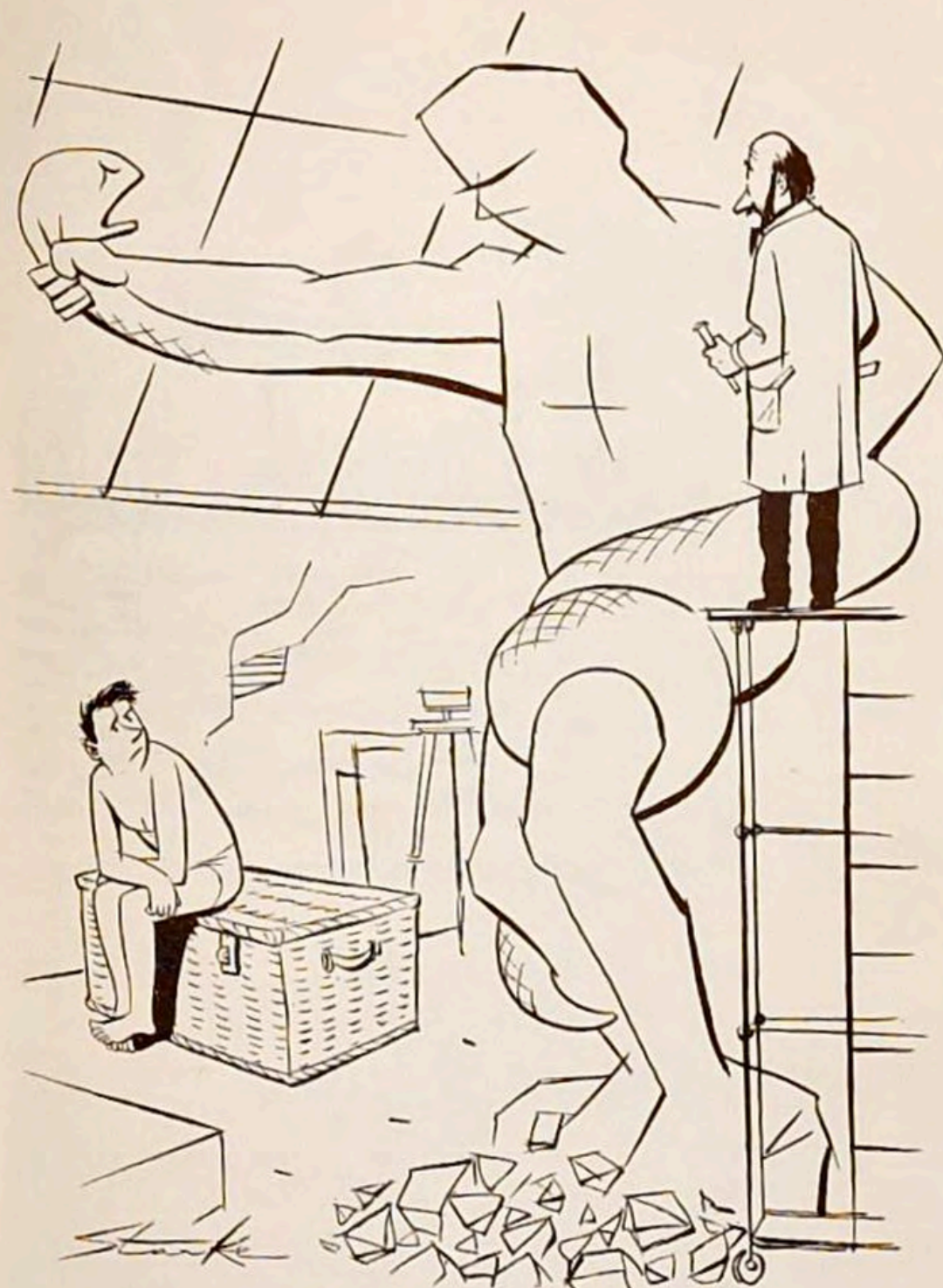
'This right for Whipsnade, son?'



'Ahem.'

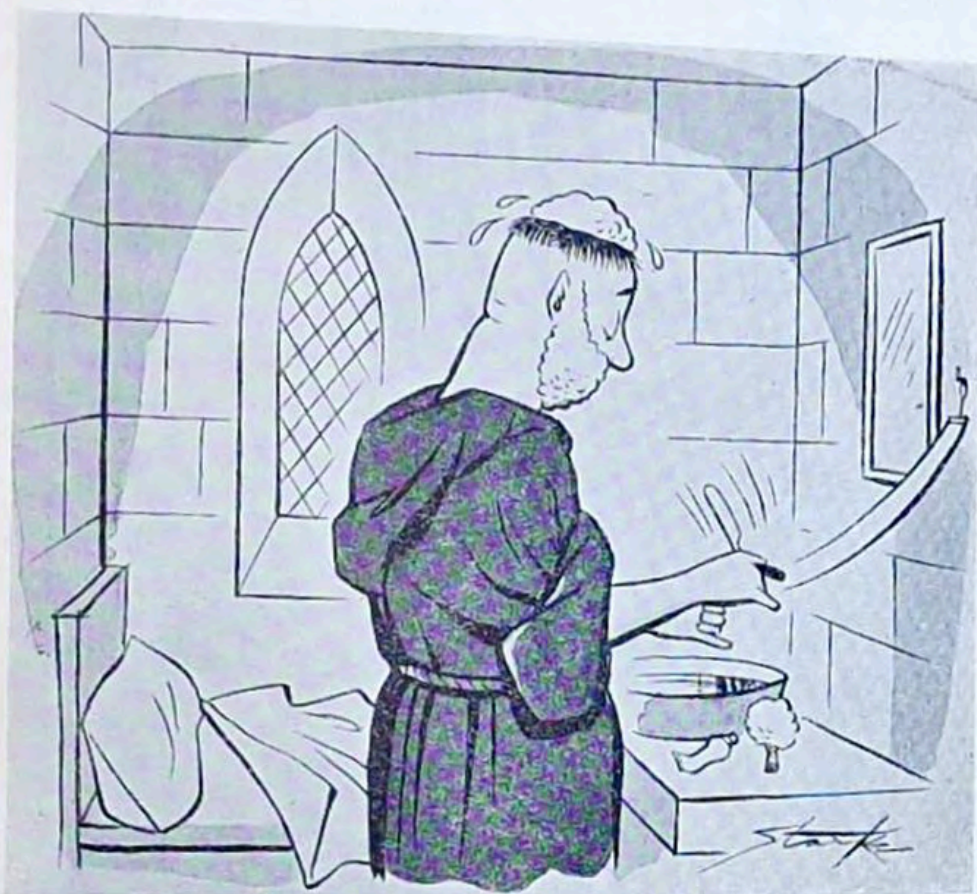


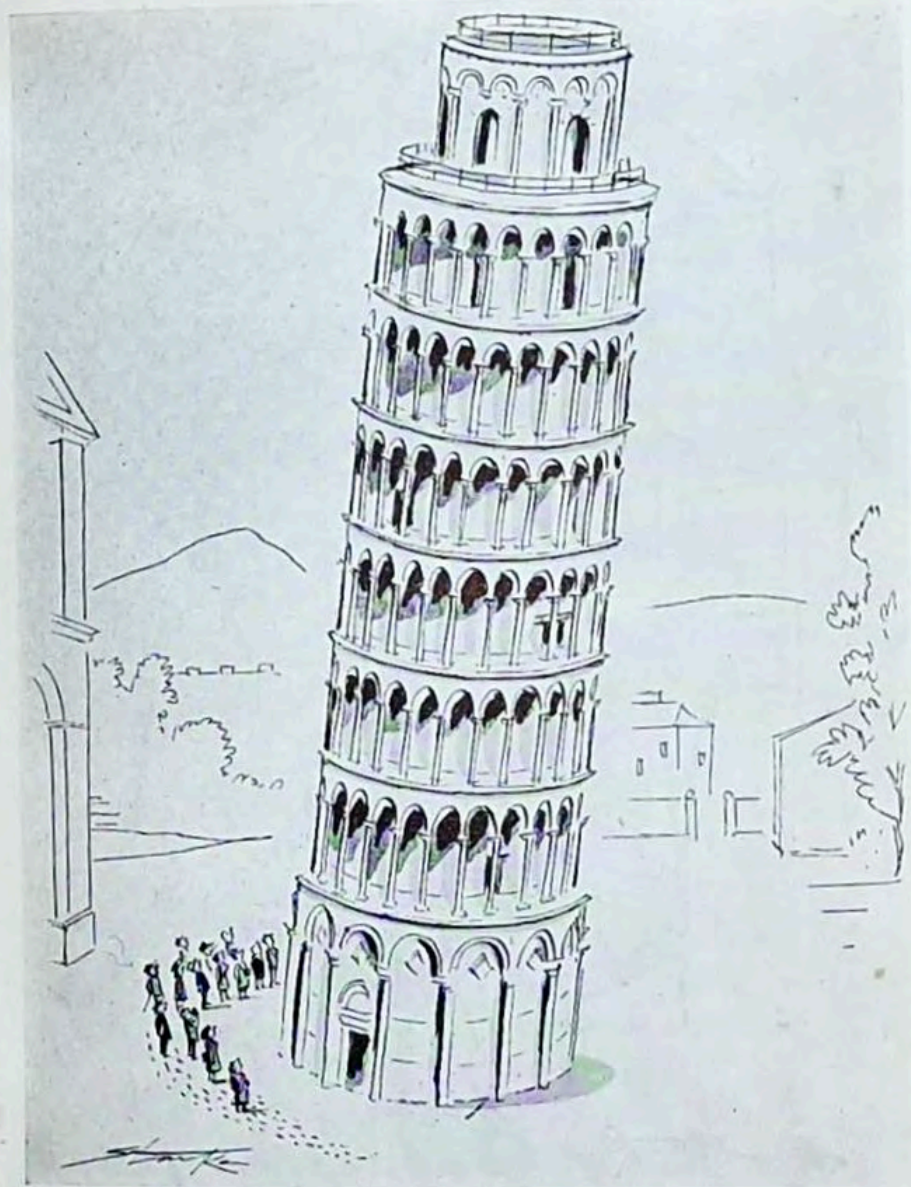
'Oh, Pablo, do you *have* to? You've wooed me and won me and we're married and everything.'



'Whenever you're ready, Mr. Rolland.'





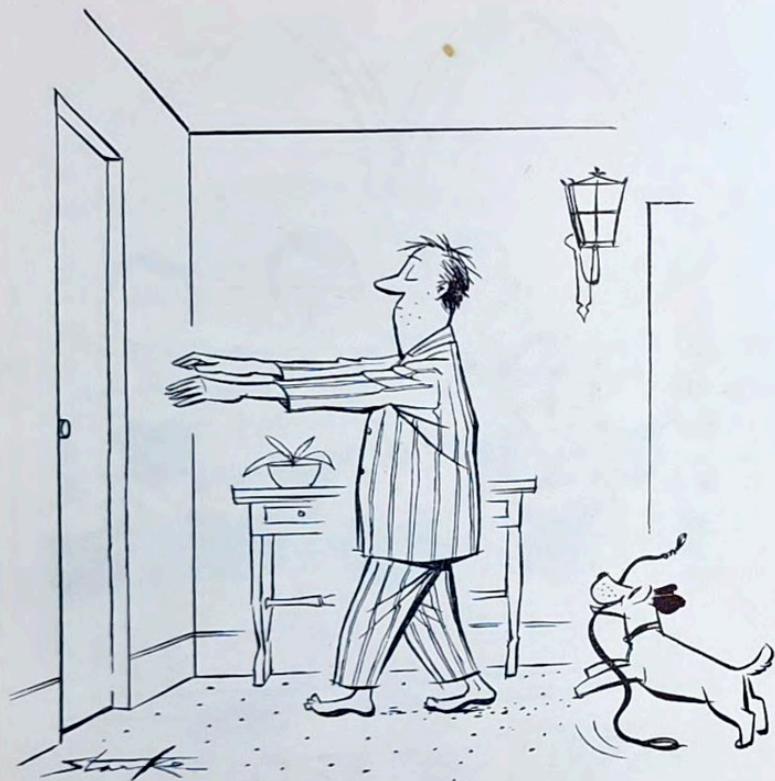




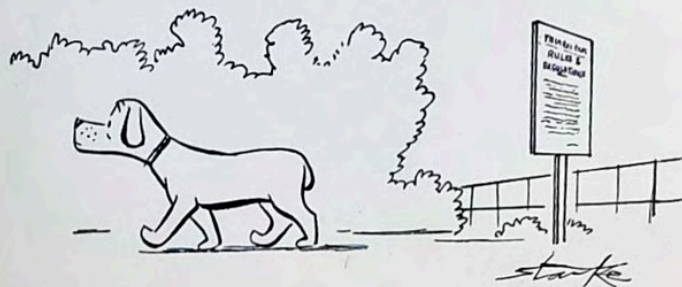


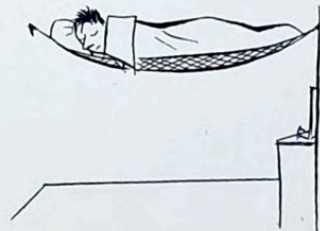




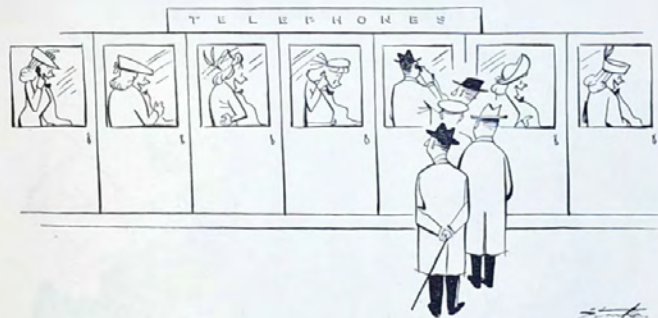


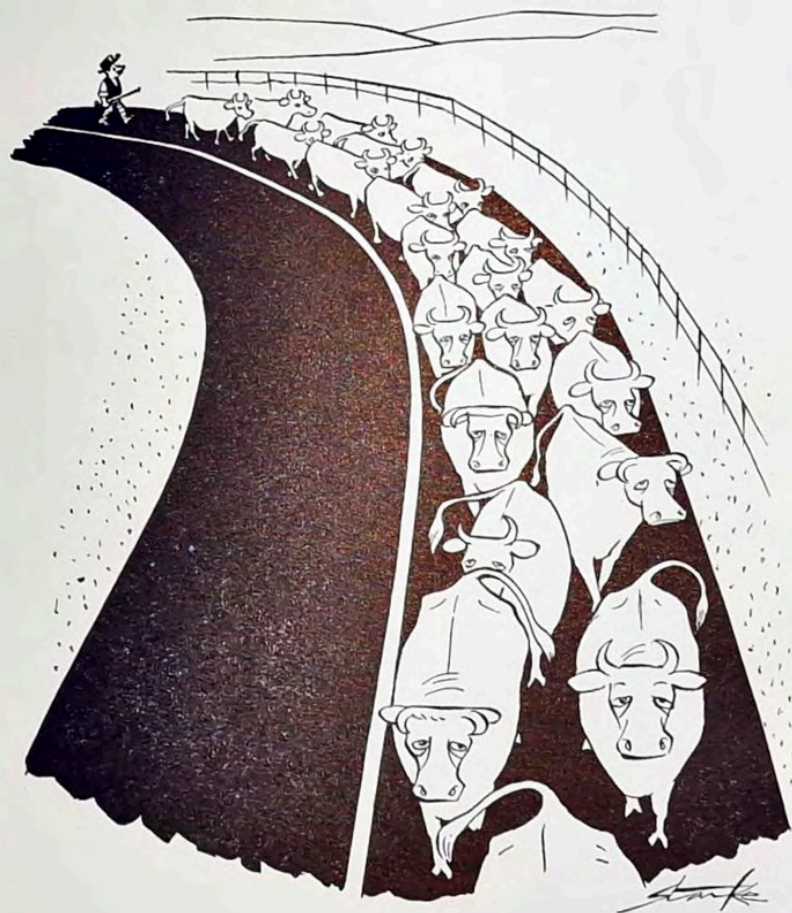






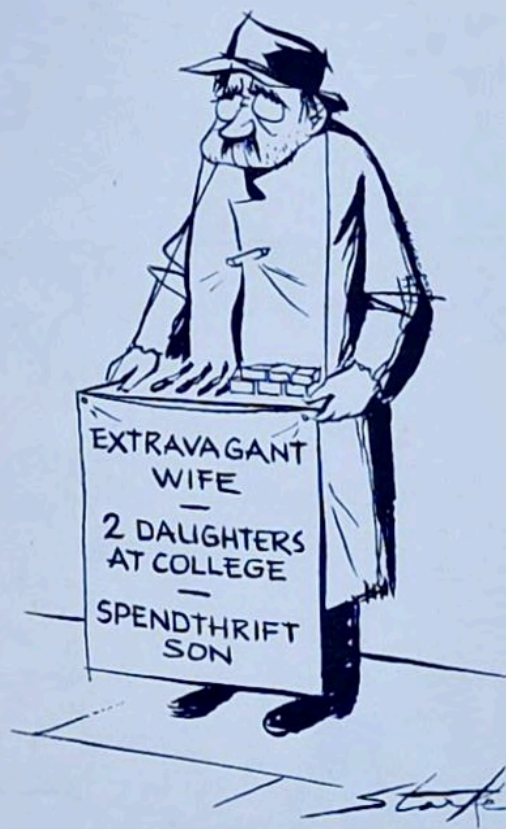
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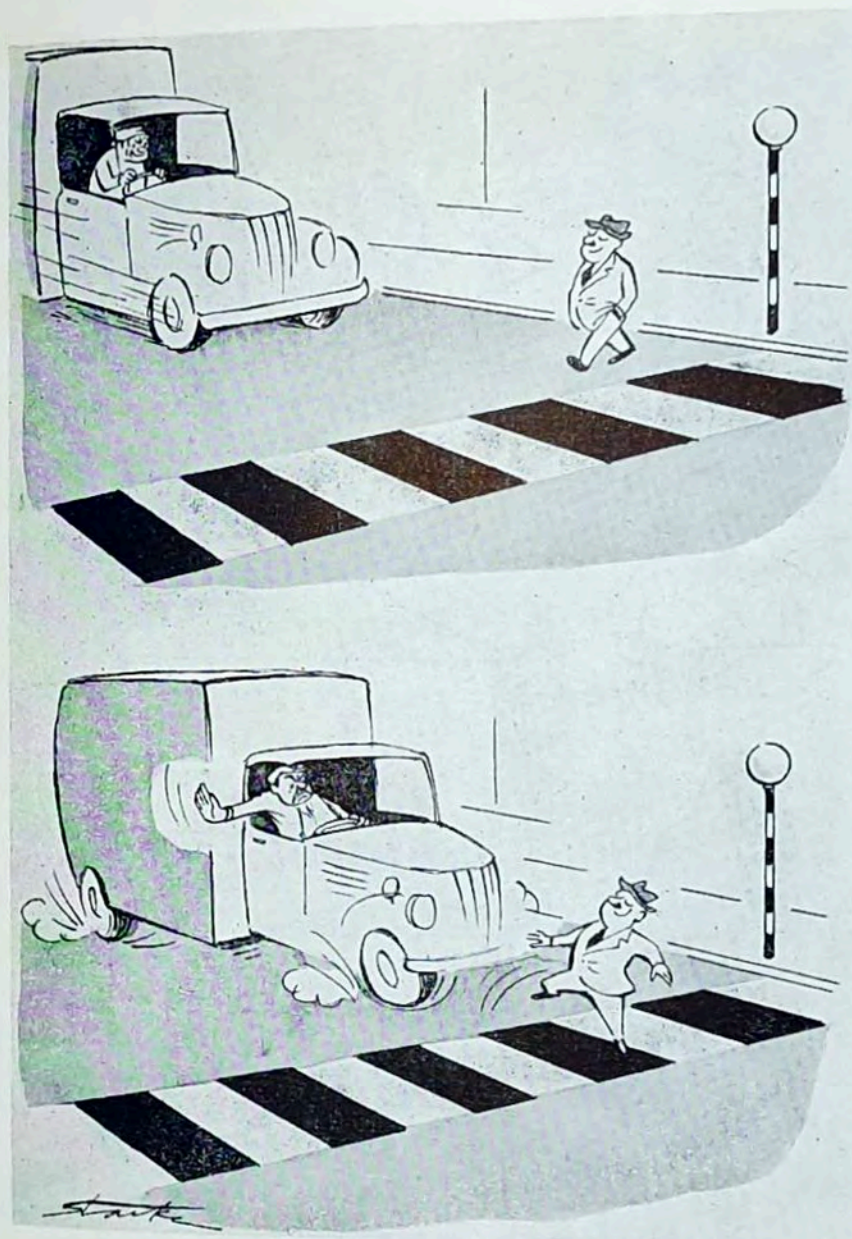
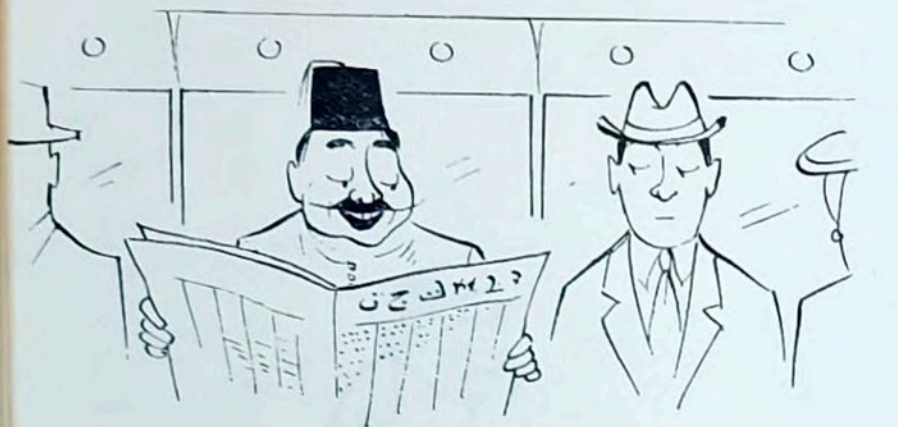








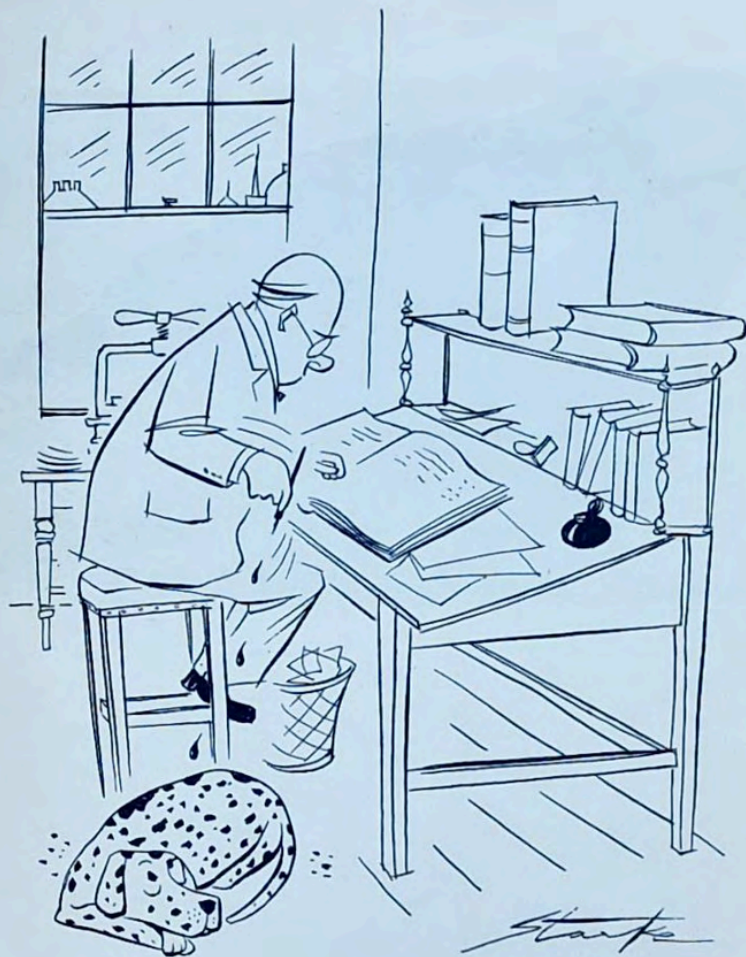
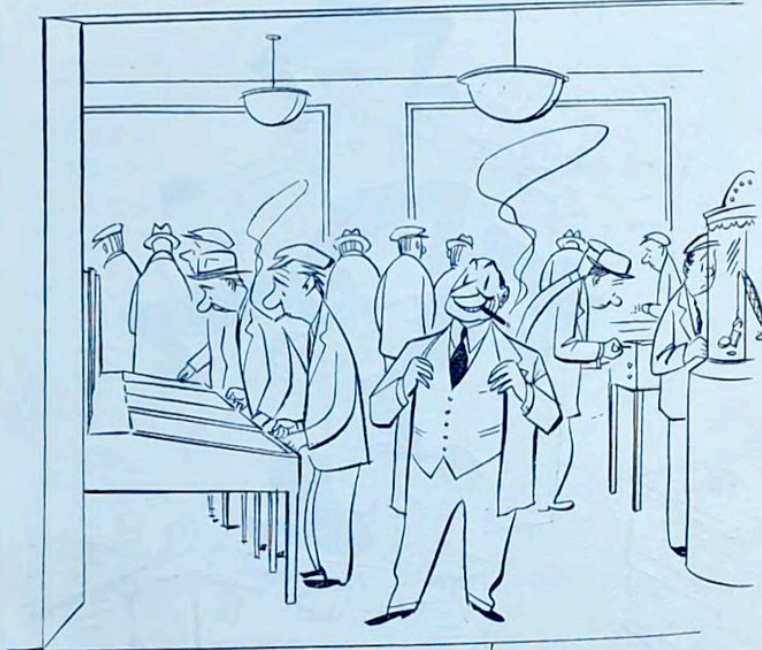


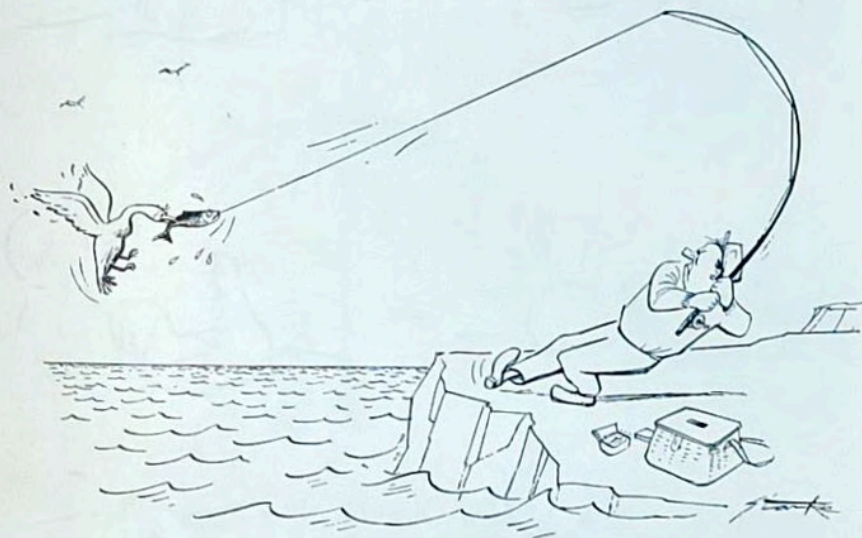
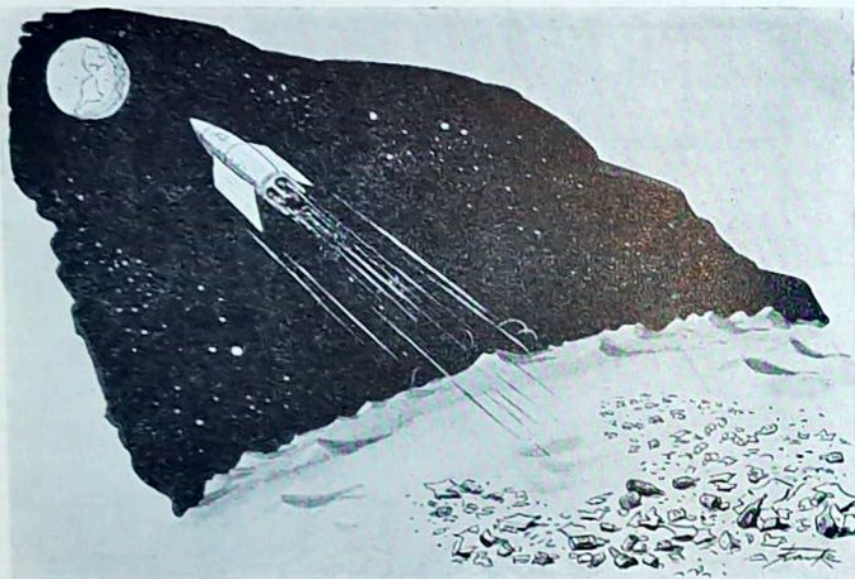


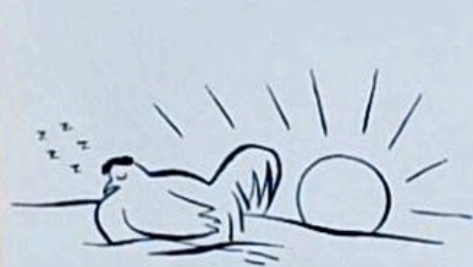




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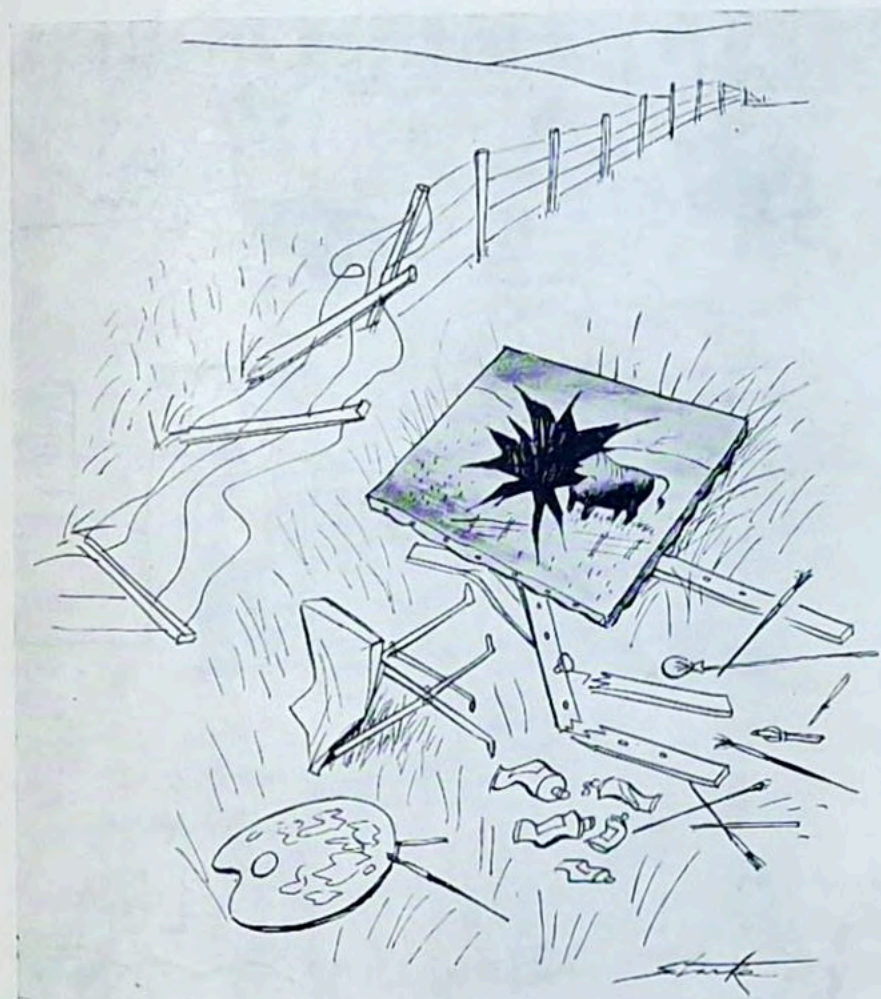
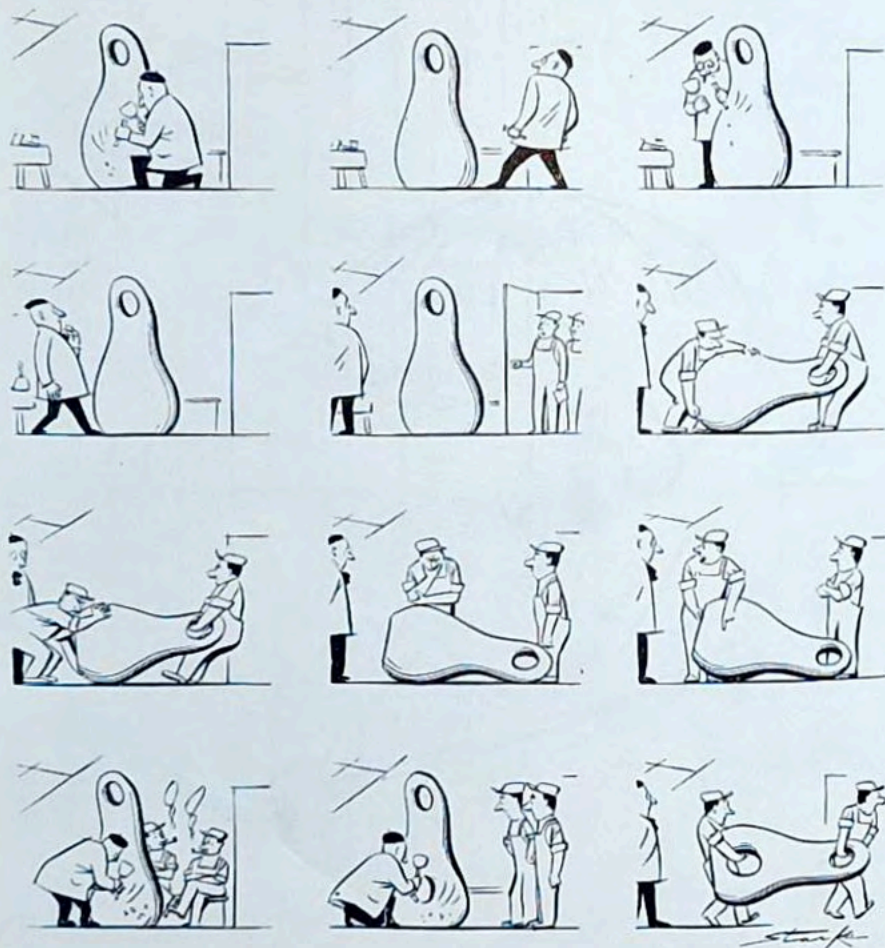


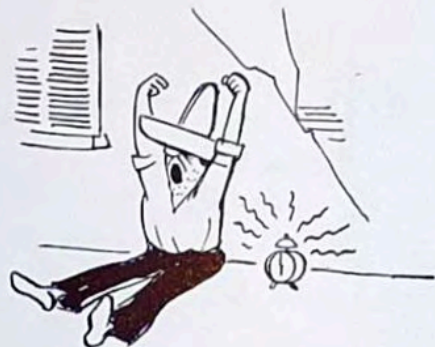
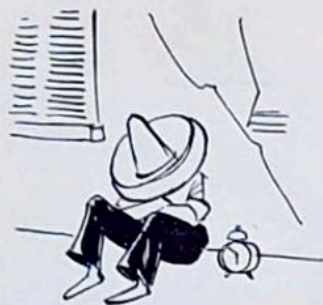


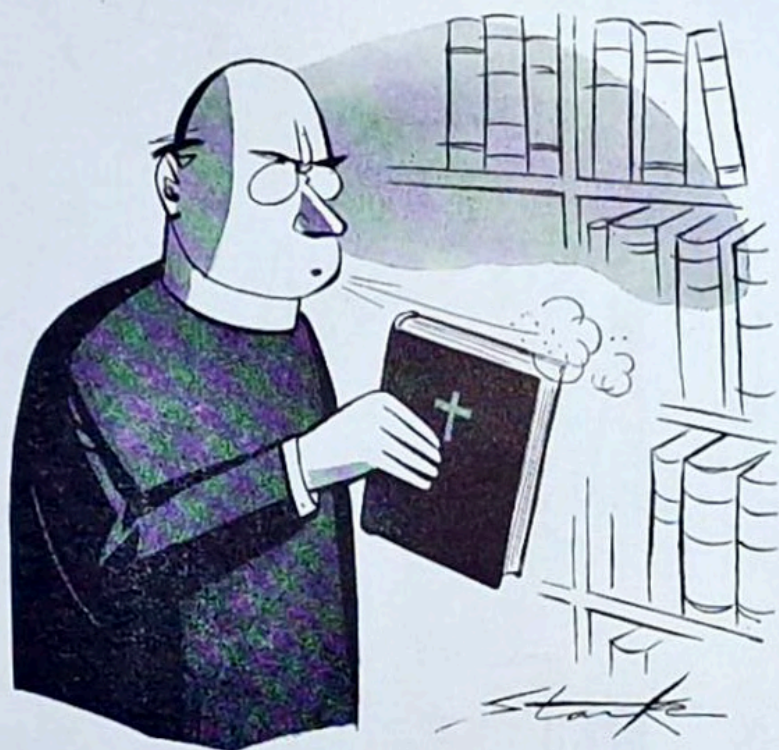
Stark



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71, 74, 75, 77, 78.

LILLIPUT
pages 5, 13, 14, 16, 21-23, 27-29, 32,
38-41, 43, 44, 47-51, 58, 63, 64, 76.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
pages 7, 11, 15, 17-20, 34, 37, 61, 62,
66, 72.

Leslie Starke dates his success as a cartoonist from the time his work was first published in the *New Yorker*. He is frequently asked how this was achieved by an unknown free-lance artist living in London.

'Well, it was quite simple. A cartoon of mine was turned down,' says Leslie Starke, 'by every editor in London. No one would pay me as much as three guineas for it. So one day I put it in the pillar-box, addressed to the *New Yorker*, and received a cheque for sixty guineas in return.'

Leslie Starke, a Scotsman, began to draw during the time of his war service in the R.A.F. He says that he hates drawing but likes thinking out comic ideas. Drawing, he explains, is far too difficult . . . and also, he points out, is such a tiring occupation for a man as lazy as himself.

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