



COVARUBIAS

IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW: STALIN VERSUS SCHIAPARELLI

STALIN: What are you doing up here, Dressmaker?
SCHIAPARELLI: I am getting a bird's-eye view of your women's fashions, Man of Steel.

STALIN: Can't you leave our women alone?
SCHIAPARELLI: They don't want to be left alone. They want to look like the other women of the world.
STALIN: What! Like those hip-less, bust-less scarecrows of your dying civilizations?
SCHIAPARELLI: Already they admire our mannequins and models. Sooner or later they'll come to our ideals.
STALIN: Not while Soviet ideology persists.

SCHIAPARELLI: Look below you, Man of Steel. Look at the beauty parlours and permanent-wave machines springing up. The next step is fashion. In a few years, you won't see kerchiefs on heads any more.

STALIN: You underestimate the serious goals of Soviet women.

SCHIAPARELLI: You underestimate their natural vanity.

STALIN: Perhaps I had better cut your parachute down!

SCHIAPARELLI: A hundred other couturiers would replace me.

STALIN: In that case, cut my ropes!



Impossible interview

Frances Perkins vs.

Shirley Temple

PERKINS: Little girl, don't you know that child labor is a blot on America's escutcheon? SHIRLEY: What is child labor, Aunt Fannie? PERKINS: Child labor is when little girls like you have to work. SHIRLEY: Poohie, I don't work. I dance and sing and make faces. I'm cute. I bet you'd like to have Gary Cooper play he was your daddy. PERKINS (*primly*): Certainly not! (*then musingly*) Besides, Bill Green is more in my line. (*abruptly*) But, tut, tut with that nonsense. Don't you know that, as Secretary

of Labor, I fight child labor tooth and nail? SHIRLEY: Come on, Aunt Fan, I'll go you another round. Yipee! PERKINS: You poor misguided child. What do you get out of it all, anyway? SHIRLEY: I got a gold statuette from the Motion Picture Academy and a kiss from Irvin S. Cobb. PERKINS: Now I know you're being exploited! SHIRLEY (*tossing a curl or two*): Yah, you're jealous cuz you aren't an actress. PERKINS: Well, the coal miners voted me their favorite comedienne. SHIRLEY: Besides, I get \$1,250 a week. PERKINS (*startled*): What's that? Good land, child, why didn't you say so in the first place? Let the workers of the world unite! California—here I come!

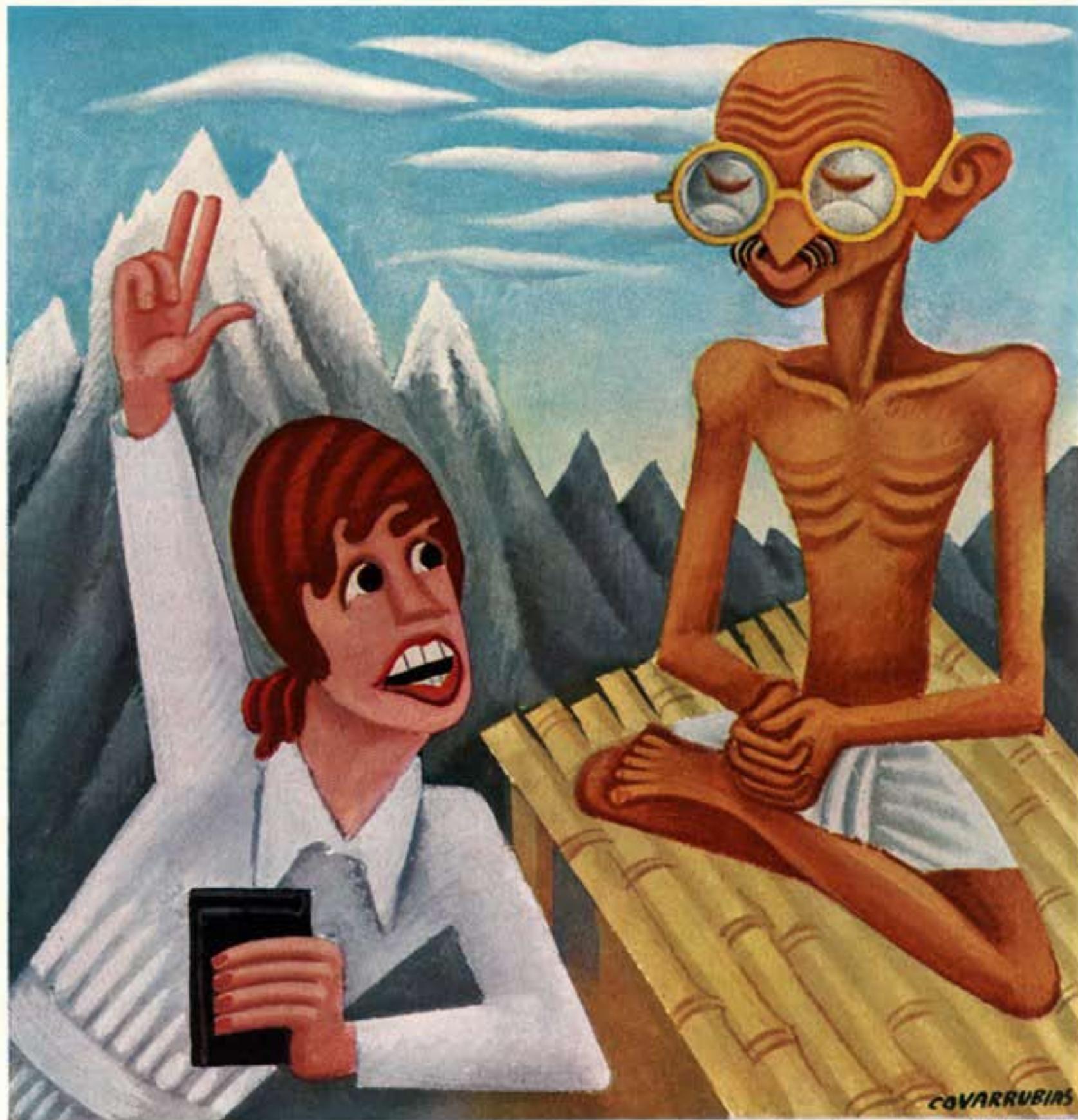


Impossible interview

Will Rogers vs.
Noel Coward

WILL: Of course, all I know is just what I write in the papers. NOEL: All you need is a little polish. You must move in the best triangles— WILL: There, now, Null, I wisht I'd 'a' said that. Do you suppose if I spruced up an' wore dinner-clothes I might be took for a wit? NOEL: Clothes do not make the man, Will, but a man's clothes frequently make the ladies. (*Laughing through pursed lips*) Aheu, heu, heu! WILL (admiringly): That's what I mean, Null. If I could git off them slick cracks, instead of keeping up this phony Mark Twain act an' tryin' to make out I'm jest folks, mebbe people might not think I was old stuff. NOEL: A woman is as old as

she looks, but a man isn't old until he stops looking. (*Tossing his head gaily*) Heu, heu, heu! WILL (trying it): A woman is as old as she feels, but a man isn't old until he stops feeling. (*Tossing his head*) Haw, haw, haw! NOEL (nodding): Topping, my dear Will. WILL (adjusting his tie): How do I look, Null? NOEL (critically): My dear Will, you look rather like a pick-erel. You should trade your ten-gallon Stetson for a top-hat and stop chewing that gum— WILL: Where would I be without my hat and gum? NOEL (gazing across the vast ocean): Just where I'd be without my *savoir faire*. Drifting . . . drifting . . . drifting . . . —JOHN RIDDELL



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DRAWING BY COVARRUBIAS

Imaginary interviews—no. 1

Aimée Semple McPherson
vs. Mahatma (Stick) Gandhi

SISTER AIMÉE: "I got it all figured out, Mahatma. It's a natural. Come to America and I'll make you as famous as I am. Do what I tell you, kid, we'll stack 'em in the aisles. It's a cinch. It's like taking Gandhi from a baby—" (*The Mahatma says nothing*). SISTER AIMÉE: "In the first place, Mahatma, you haven't got Appeal. That's what you need to put over your act in America! Passive resistance never makes the tabloids, like a good

kidnapping. A new husband is worth more space than all our economic problems! Give 'em Hell, Salvation, and a little Sex. Lift your voice! Lift your soul! Lift your face—" (*The Mahatma says nothing*), SISTER AIMÉE (gesturing excitedly): "Here's my proposition! Let's you and me combine! You bring 'em in, I'll take 'em over! If you could preach like me, and I could dress like you, we'd fill the Angelus Temple every day. Think of the possibilities! With your mind and my body—" THE EDIRON (tactfully stepping up and tapping Sister Aimée on the elbow): "I am sorry, but this is Mr. Gandhi's day of silence."



DRAWING BY COVARRUBIAS

* EVANGELINE ADAMS: Ah, yes, ah, yes, Mr. Einstein—you said the name was Einstein? It was very wise of you to consult me. (*Making rapid calculations on his horoscope.*) Let's see: you were born March 14, 1879 . . . the moon in Pisces, the Sun in Jupiter . . . where was your mother?

EINSTEIN: In bed.

EVANGELINE ADAMS: Just as I thought! (*Reproachfully, as Einstein, fascinated, looks over her shoulder.*) Don't try to understand what I'm doing. You will not be able to comprehend. (*With melancholy pride*) I sometimes think I'm the only person in the world who understands my science!

EINSTEIN: I know just how you must feel.

EVANGELINE ADAMS (*magnanimously*): You were born to be a poet, Mr. Einstein, a poet! Your soul soars to the stars, if I may use a metaphor. But I see by your horoscope that your means of livelihood is an earthly one, a business dealing with material facts. You are an earth-bound soul, poor Mr. Einstein!

EINSTEIN: Well, it's all a matter of relativity, gnädige frau . . .

Impossible interviews—no. 2

**Albert Einstein vs.
Evangeline Adams**



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Impossible interviews—no. 3

**Howard Chandler Christy
versus Pablo Picasso**

Mr. C.: May I tell you, Mr. Picasso, why there is no sale for your stuff in America; why I make ten times as much money there as you do?

Mr. P.: Please do. I am agog with interest.

Mr. C.: It is because you don't paint girls; young girls, cute girls. You paint too many men; funny-looking men. The public doesn't like men. They like girls—girls with smiles, and golden curls, and puppies, and tennis racquets, and—

Mr. P.: And, very possibly, bathing suits?

Mr. C.: Right! The public likes sex—When you paint girls you put square legs on them, cubes, geometrical forms—and the pictures never sell. When I paint them, I always make a sale. Why? Because I put round legs on them.

Mr. P.: Then the public likes round girls?

Mr. C.: Very round.

Mr. P.: But I simply can't see girls that way.

Mr. C.: That's because you see the wrong kind of girls. Now, I think I can be of very great help to you. When you come to New York I'll be delighted to lend you my little red address book



CARTOON BY COVARRUBIAS

Impossible interviews—no. 4

Governor Huey Long
vs. Benito Mussolini

GOVERNOR LONG: I'm the Mussolini of Baton Rouge. I reckon you're the Mussolini of Rome, Italy. SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: I am *il Duce!* GOVERNOR LONG: You said something, Big Boy, but I don't know what. Well, anyway, I'm glad to see you're wearing a black shirt, just like they said you were. . . . Now, here's a great big idea! You oughta make your gang wear night-shirts, like the Klan does. Then you can get the monopoly

on selling 'em to your people and I'll get the monopoly on selling 'em to you. It'll help the cotton planters and won't hurt you and me. How about it? SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (*brutally, and in Italian*): Italy can look after herself. GOVERNOR LONG: Well, let's see if we can't trade something else, then. SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: How about wines? GOVERNOR LONG (*eagerly*): That's it! Pot-likker's what you need. Just you make pot-likker the national drink of Italy and you will get a cut on the dago red racket in New Orleans and I will get a cut on the pot-likker in Milan. How about it? MUSSOLINI: Nothing doing. GOVERNOR LONG: Nuthin' doin'? And you call yourself the boss of forty million Italians?



CARICATURE BY COVARUBIAS

Impossible interviews—no. 5

John D. Rockefeller Senior
versus Josef Stalin

JOHN D: I never thought that even I would live to see Russia turn into a commune. Dear, dear! All that iron and steel and oil, crying out for intelligent exploitation. And nobody profiting a bit by it. STALIN: The people profit. JOHN D: The people? Oh, yes. Of course they profit—afterwards. STALIN: Afterwards? JOHN D: After decent

intervals of character-building deprivation, during which industrial leaders prepare lovely periods of progress and prosperity for them. STALIN: Now that sounds like my five-year plan. JOHN D: (*delighted*) It does? (*peering at him*) Do you run this plan? (*Stalin nods*) Can the people still take it? STALIN: Take it from me, they take it. JOHN D: Well, well. (*drops a dime in Stalin's outstretched hand*) Thank heavens, dear boy, you've restored my faith in human nature



CARICATURE BY COVARRUBIAS

Impossible interviews—no. 6

Greta Garbo versus

Calvin Coolidge

GRETA (who has been keeping cool with Cal) : You haf been here three hours, and what haf you said? Nothink, absolutely nothink.

CAL: Words are cheap. There are over four hundred and fifty-five thousand four hundred and twenty-three words, not counting vowel sounds, in the Webster's Standard Dictionary. But it was not words that made this great country what it is today. It was

actions. Actions speak louder than words. It is possible to calculate that there have been four hundred and sixty-four major actions—

GRETA: Stop! (a half-hour's silence)

CAL: Stop what?

GRETA: Stop talking. I wish to t'ink.

CAL: (Three quarters of an hour elapse) And, what are you thinking, Miss Garbo?

GRETA: I t'ink I go home.

CAL: Oh, Miss Garbo! (The next silence lasts an hour). Wal, I reckon that whether I choose to or not, I must run. The missus is waiting.

GRETA: Vel, I'm sick of this argument, anyway.



CARICATURE BY COVARRUBIAS

Impossible interviews—no. 7

**Marie of Roumania
versus Mae West**

DOWAGER-QUEEN MARIE: . . . feel so neglected these days. Nobody reads what I write, nobody wants my autobiography, takes my picture for the newsreel, or interviews me or asks me to endorse a cold cream. Nobody cares if my little heart breaks—into print. MAE WEST: What I mean, Sister, lemme put you wise. Royalty don't get you any place, any more. Today they only want the kind of a Queen they can hold on their

laps. Lookit me, for instance. Every other inch a Queen, from hips to whoozis.

MARIE (*proudly*): Do you mean I'm not a Queen?

MAE WEST: In that outfit, Sister, you ain't even a two spot. Why, you haven't got a royal air.

MARIE (*thoughtfully*): You may be right although Carol gave me the royal air a year ago.

MAE WEST: If you want to be a real Queen like I am you got to grin and bare it! Take off those black veils. Be yourself, Queen! Show 'em a royal flush!

MARIE: Then will I really be a Queen, like you, Mae?

MAE WEST (*reassuringly*): Of course, dearie. Aren't we all sisters under the skin?



CARICATURE BY COVARUBIAS

Impossible interviews—no. 14

**Mrs. Ella Boole vs.
Miss Texas Guinan**

TEXAS: Greetings, dearie. Glad to see you here. ELLA: And surprised, no doubt. TEXAS: Not at all. We have so much in common. . . . Take this Dry racket . . . you're for it, I suppose. ELLA: If you refer to the noble cause of Prohibition, I am ardently in favor of it. TEXAS: Me too. . . . Our only difference is that you are for the gloomy side while I support the gay. Listen, dearie, let's get this straight. We're both honest, hard-working girls. And what do we live by? Prohibition. I earn my living

running night-clubs. You make yours running the W.C.T.U. You edify your customers—I amuse mine. They both love it. But just suppose that the Eighteenth Amendment were finally repealed— ELLA: Perish the thought! TEXAS: . . . we'd both be out of a job. ELLA: Miss Guinan, I'm afraid I've done you an injustice. If you can make present conditions so attractive that people won't want a change, perhaps you'd better carry on. TEXAS: What does you in, does me in, and girlie, the present is ours, but I'm not thinking too much about the future. . . . Waiter, another pint of Grade A, for Mrs. Boole. Now, suckers, meet the new girl-friend. I want you all to give her a GREAT BIG HAND! ! !



Impossible interviews—no. 16

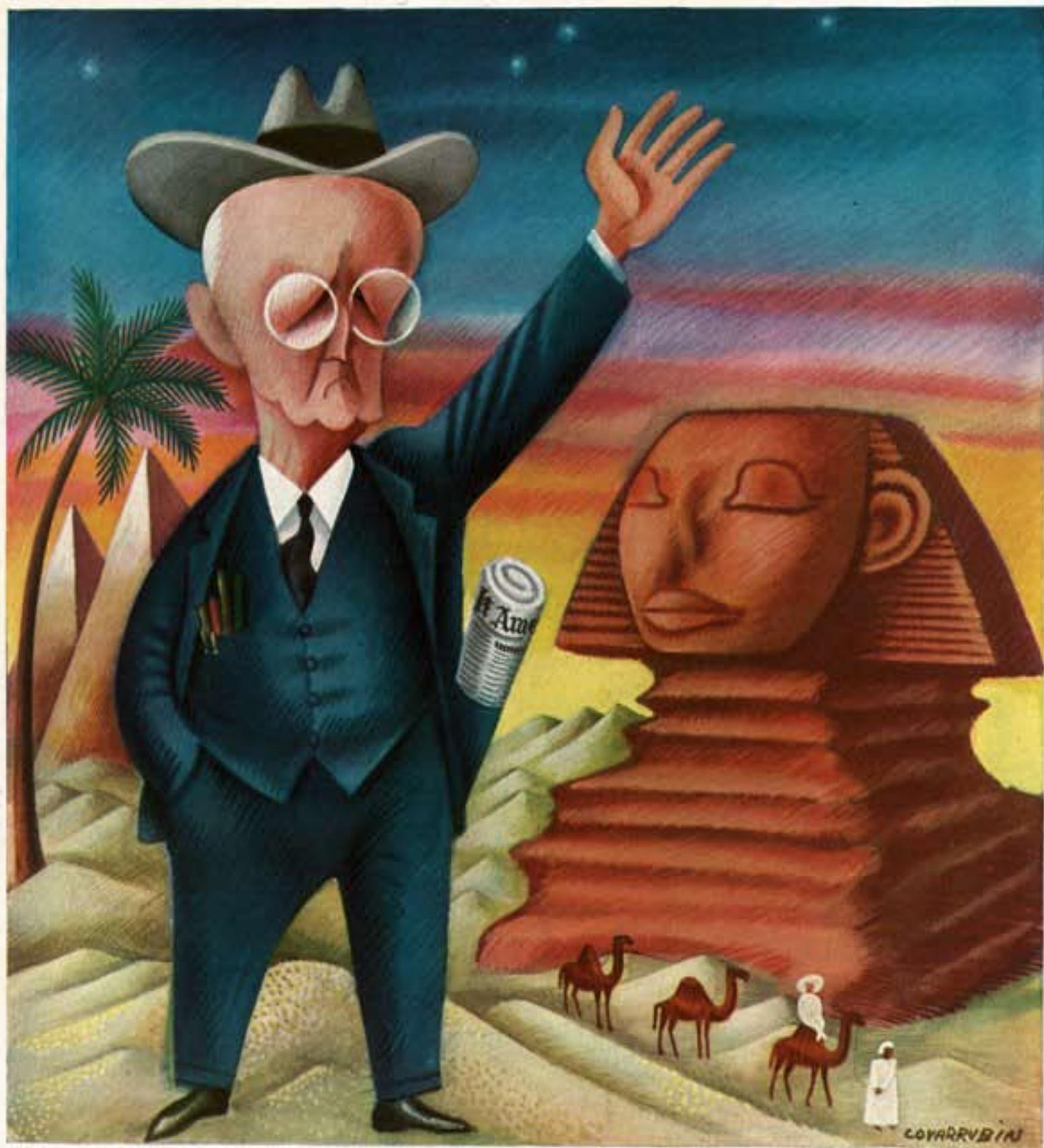
Walter Lippmann vs. Walter Winchell

WINCHELL: Of all things, Lippy, you and me ankles together down the Main Stem. . . . Is my face red? . . . As Techs Guinan would hand it to me, "It's a small world, but there's still pah-lenty of suckers to go around." LIPPmann: The world, Mr. Winchell, is in a position where only confidence in the ability of its leaders and the conviction that a comprehensive program for recovery is to be resolutely pursued can avert international catastrophe—WINCHELL: That's the trouble with

you, Lipp, you take the world too serious. As one Park Rougue to another, you and the cosmos ought to have the handcuffs melted . . . or get things Reno-vated. . . . LIPPmann: When the country is bewildered by conflicting testimony and contradictory voices concerning the present economic order, it is not Utopian to hold that it is the mission of every public-spirited citizen to view the cosmos as a whole and achieve the international outlook, even in a daily newspaper column.

WINCHELL: But can't you jazz up your column just a little, old kid? . . . For instance: As pah-lenty of the cinemoguls from Bawleywood tell us, China and Japan have pfff-f-ff. . . . A scallion to France for renigging on her blessed expense. . . . Now Franklin D. ("Old Potato") Roosevelt and Congress are pouting. . . . What stout ex-President with a large celluloid collar is that Way about 1936? . . . Recommended to diversion seekers: The Congressional Record,

"Hooey" Long, and Ogden Mills Budget figures. LIPPmann: The execrable prose-style which you suggest, Mr. Winchell, is not suited to the international character of my daily opinions. When I write, I feel that posterity is just around the corner. WINCHELL: After all, Lipp, maybe we're just a couple of Walters under the skin. You see the world through a telescope, and I see it through a keyhole—but it's the same world after all. O.K., Walter? LIPPmann: Oh-ha-a-ay . . . Walter!



CORRAIVEAU

Impossible interviews—no. 17

Arthur Brisbane vs. The Sphinx

Mr. Brisbane (New York, Apr. 18) : "An ordinary silver dollar, invested at compound interest at the time of Christ, would be worth one hundred billion dollars today. This was a large amount of money then, and it is a large amount of money now—" *The Sphinx*: "~~Yea, verily!~~" *Mr. Brisbane* (Miami, Fla., Apr. 22) : "Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney were champions in the 'ring'. Yet an ordinary gorilla, with one hand tied behind its back, could DEFEAT with ease the greatest prizefighter in history—" *The Sphinx*: "~~Yea, verily!~~" *Mr. Brisbane* (Chicago, Ill., May 4) : "At the age of seven months, Evolutionists tell us, the human embryo is entirely covered with hair. On the other hand, many human beings are BALD at seventy—" *The Sphinx*: "~~Yea, verily!~~"

Mr. Brisbane (San Simeon, Cal., May 13) : "Here at the Hearst Ranch with wise old John D. Rockefeller, wise old Mussolini, wise old Capone and wise old William Randolph Hearst, we sit in this beautiful California sunshine. Today in New York, according to a report, FIFTY THOUSAND tenement children are suffering from 'rickets' as a result of lack of this same sun. In fifty million years, scientists tell us, THE SUN WILL BE EXTINCT—" *The Sphinx*: "~~Yea, verily!~~" *Mr. Brisbane* (Egypt, May 19) : "Tell me, wise old Sphinx, what in hell does that mean?" *The Sphinx* (breaking the silence of centuries, copyright King Features Syndicate) : "It's an old Egyptian saying, Art. It means: 'I say nothing and know everything; you say everything and—'"



Impossible interviews—no. 19

Theodore Roosevelt versus
Franklin Delano Roosevelt

T.R.: Well, Franklin, you're having some bully fireworks for a maverick. F.D.R.: I thought they'd make you feel at home. T.R.: Deelighted! Like the old days, when it was *always* Fourth of July around here. But what's all this talk about a New Deal, and giving the old boys the gate? F.D.R.: You ought to know, Cousin—you gave them a rough ride. T.R.: Well, in exchange for it I took

Panama. What have you taken? F.D.R.: It seems I've taken a lot of people by storm. As for territory, we have our hands full with it already. T.R.: And tell me, what do you do about Trust Busting? F.D.R.: Well, Coz, everybody, including the Trusts, were pretty well busted when I got here. T.R.: But not the Brain Trust, eh? (*They give each other a knowing nudge.*) F.D.R.: Now, why do you bring your ghost around these grounds? T.R. (*plaintively*): I'd like to win a place in history too—as the fifth cousin of a famous man



Impossible interviews—no. 20

Lucrezia Bori

versus Kate Smith

KATE: Hello everybody! BORI: *Hola! Hola!* KATE: Who dat? BORI: I am Lucrezia Bori. Who are you? KATE: Ah's de liddle songbird o' de South. BORI (*clicking her castanets like mad*): *Carramba!* KATE: *Carramba* is a horrid word. (*Steps to microphone.*) And now, dear folks, I love you all and I want each and every one of you to remember that the most mellow, the brownest, the blackest, the most *soigné* tobacco in all the world . . . BORI: *Ohé! Ohé!* What kind of a singer are you, anyway? KATE: Ah's a lady crooner, sho-nuff. BORI: You're in the right church, but the wrong pew—as we used to say back in Seville. You ought to be the opera singer, not

me. You look the part. You should sing *Faust*. What a Marguerite you would make! *Dios!* KATE: Dat's de Faust time anybody ebber tolle me dat. BORI: Well, it's true. You would be the biggest Marguerite the world has ever seen—and baby, there have been some big ones. KATE: I want to sing *Carmen*. Whee! I want to dance the fandango. I want life and love and color. Hotcha! BORI: Listen, *chica*, I would advise you, as a friend, not to try *Carmen*. I have a feeling that you in a Spanish shawl would be too much of a good thing. KATE: Why Missy Bori, what does you-all mean? BORI: If the shoe fits, put it on. KATE: Nothing fits me. I'm an out-size. BORI: That's a great pituitary, Kate. KATE: Anyway, I'm going to sing *Carmen*. (*Sings.*) *Tor-e-a-dorr . . .* BORI: (*Sings.*) When the moon comes over the mountain. . . .