

OAK PARK: HEMINGWAY'S FOUNDATION

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DOWN SOUTH: KEY WEST AND CUBA

|

Q&A: THE HEMINGWAY SOCIETY

2nd & Church

WHERE AMERICA'S WRITERS READ

The Hemingway Issue

Robert F. Burgess: Meeting Papa in Pamplona



Issue No. 5: Summer 2014
www.2ndandchurch.com

Across the Great Divide

Literary reports from our national correspondents

ESSAYS
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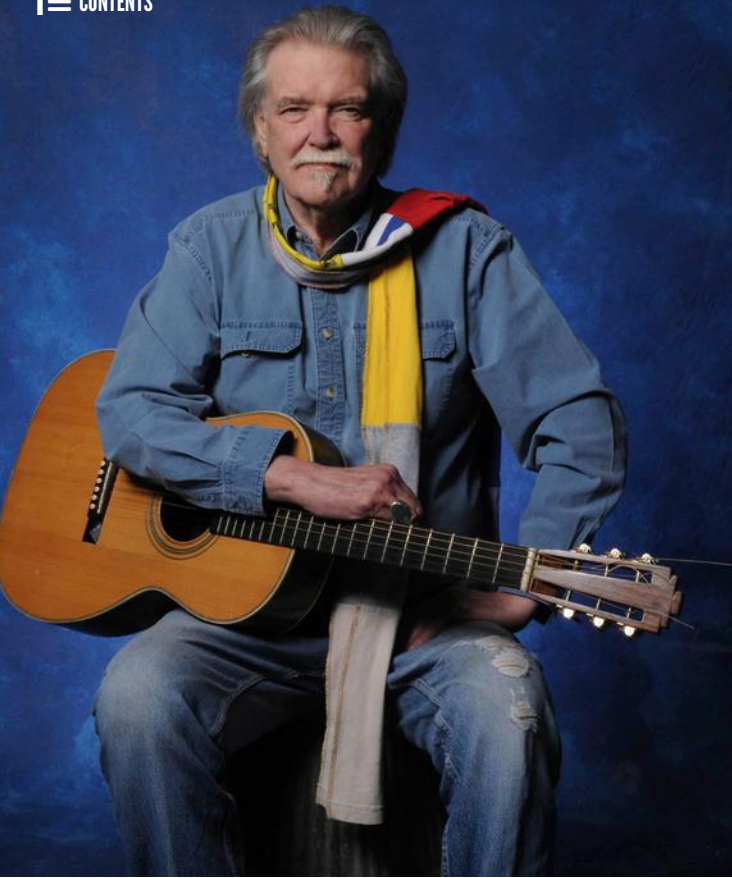
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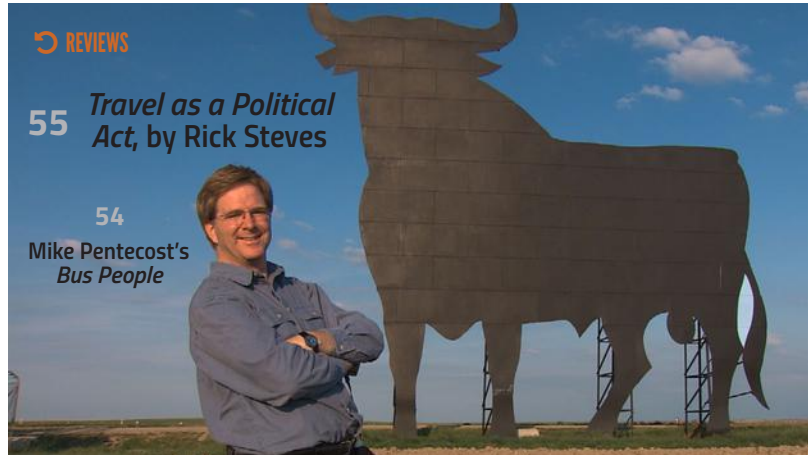
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A Word From the Editor ...

Featuring Burgess's Hemingway stories another proud moment

I remember the day, the moment, when I read Ernest Hemingway's work for the first time. I was sitting in the front seat of my car during my lunchtime escape from corporate America. I had been writing features for *The Tennessean* (Nashville's daily newspaper) each weekend, and those features were becoming longer each week. My move to fiction writing felt natural, and for that first year, I gave myself the gift of guilt-free reading of fiction. No writing, other than journal entries and letters.

Somehow, I had never read a word of Hemingway, so I started with his short story collection, *In Our Time*. I found those Nick Adams stories enchanting, probably fueled by my time at Percy Priest Lake, a nice place to relax during lunch. With people fishing, hiking, and boating all around me, I read "Indian Camp" and "Big Two-Hearted River."

Once finished, I didn't move on to another writer, as planned. Instead, I thought I would read one more Hemingway book. Over that year, I *more'd* my way right through the author's cannon of work: the short story collections, the novels, his newspaper stories... whatever I could find.

My search for another new book (at least for me) connected me with the Ernest Hemingway Society. Of course, I joined, and I've been a member on and off all these years (sometimes I forget to pay my dues).

One of the unexpected consequences of my membership has been the gift of friendship and generosity. Over the years, I've communicated on a regular basis with people all over the world, including writer and photographer Robert F. Burgess. (He's known on the Hemingway listserv as Bob.) I forget how we first connected. I suspect that I read his book, *Hemingway's Paris & Pamplona: Then, And Now*, made some positive comments about it on the listserv, and then he appeared to say thanks.

Since that time, we've been in touch on and off as life has allowed, and I was first introduced to his kindness when he developed one of his original Hemingway prints one year, signed it, and sent it to me as a Christmas gift.

Planning future issues of *2nd & Church*, I wondered if it would be possible to have an issue focusing on the life and work of Ernest Hemingway. Holding my breath, I reached out to Bob and asked if he would like to spearhead it, sharing some of his Hemingway stories and photos. Even with my confession that we could not afford to pay for the use of his photographs, he still said yes; I couldn't believe it.

Actually, I could believe it.

That's how this project started and continues—because of the selfless kindness of so many people in so many places.

Notice that we have a wonderful re-envisioning of this journal, thanks to the generous, hardworking folks over at Three Loons Media, part of a company recently acquired by a group that includes our creative director, Kristy Dye.

Each issue brings more team members, new relationships.

In addition to the Hemingway material, we introduce new correspondents from Los Angeles, Louisville, and La Crosse. Writers and photographers are working hard in these cities, and they're doing great work. We'll add Portland (the one in Oregon) next issue as Charlotte transitions from columnist to correspondent. And our Mobile correspondent will have something special to share in our next issue, as well.

I'm excited to say that we are now expanding our coverage of genres.

In the fiction issue, we'll add Writing for Children (W4C). Now, Literary Publicist Julie Schoerke, founder of JKSCcommunications, joins us, covering the book business and publishing industry.

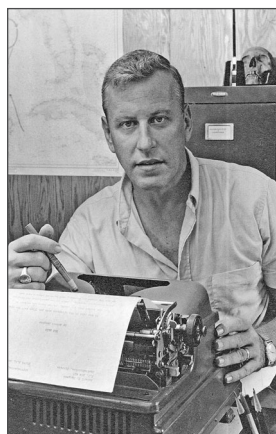
If you've seen our web site lately, you may have noticed a link at the top of the screen labeled, "JKSCcommunications." Julie has joined forces with us to promote the written word in a variety of ways. One of the ways in which we're saying thanks is to give her company a modest home on our web site. JKSCcommunications is a

full-service literary publicity firm that represents some of the finest publishers, authors, and books in the United States, and it serves our literary communities out of their offices in Nashville, New York, Chicago, and Denver.

And with this issue, you'll see our first venture toward advertising with something on Chapter16.org. Chapter 16 is a service of Humanities Tennessee. It provides education in the humanities to Tennesseans. We support Chapter 16 and Humanities Tennessee, and we encourage our readers to do the same.

In addition to many wonderful pieces related to Hemingway's life and work, look in these pages for plenty of book reviews, Q&As, a feature story on Yeoman's in the Fork (a rare book and document gallery), an interview with singer/songwriter Guy Clark, and a whole lot more.

I hope you'll enjoy this issue as much as we've enjoyed the process of getting it to you. Stick around: *next up is our fiction issue!* ☑



Robert F. Burgess, c. 1968

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A Word From Poetry Editor Alvin Knox ...

Rethinking Hemingway's versatility

My college students, when faced with a conversation that they have no particular response to, use the expression, "cool story, bro." As a poet faced with Ernest Hemingway, adopting the saying makes a degree of sense. Like my students, who use the expression to represent a variety of reactions—distain, ambivalence, speechlessness—I too can take advantage of its multi-functionality and ambiguity. I mean, what is a contemporary poet supposed to say about Hemingway? "Cool story, bro!"

Since Hemingway was mostly renowned for his fiction, the saying is most appropriate in the surface layer of its meaning. Hemingway did, indeed, write some "cool" stories, stories which have captivated readers for over half a century. The sparse prose and sometimes sparse characterization of some of those stories, may strike some readers as literally "cool," even cold. Hemingway's appeal as a fiction writer is not universal.

Neither is his appeal as poet. Yes, in case you didn't know, Hemingway wrote poems too. Of course, there may be a reason you didn't know Hemingway wrote poems. Let's say, perhaps, that they are as sparse and gritty as his stories. Many seem written as an imitation of poetry, or perhaps as an experiment in poetry, exploring word play and rhyme with the pen of one better suited to prose. In an online republishing of some of his poems, they are referred to as suppressed; this is not the adjective I would have selected. You can decide for yourself: bit.ly/1kBH9r7.

But a lot has changed in the world of poetry since Harold Krebs went away to war, and maybe I'm too quick to judge Hemingway's poetic abilities. If I adopted the open-mindedness and accepting nature of contemporary poetry, could I more wholly accept Hemingway's poems? A great deal of modern poetry is sparse...and gritty. Or maybe I should consider his prose as poetry, as suggested by the prose poem and the growing movement toward euphony in prose rhythms. If I just examine his images, just manipulate his language...

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

A sandwich from the lunch basket,
the fine print on a transatlantic steamship ticket:
it seems more like a castle.
The sun had burned it to white gold.

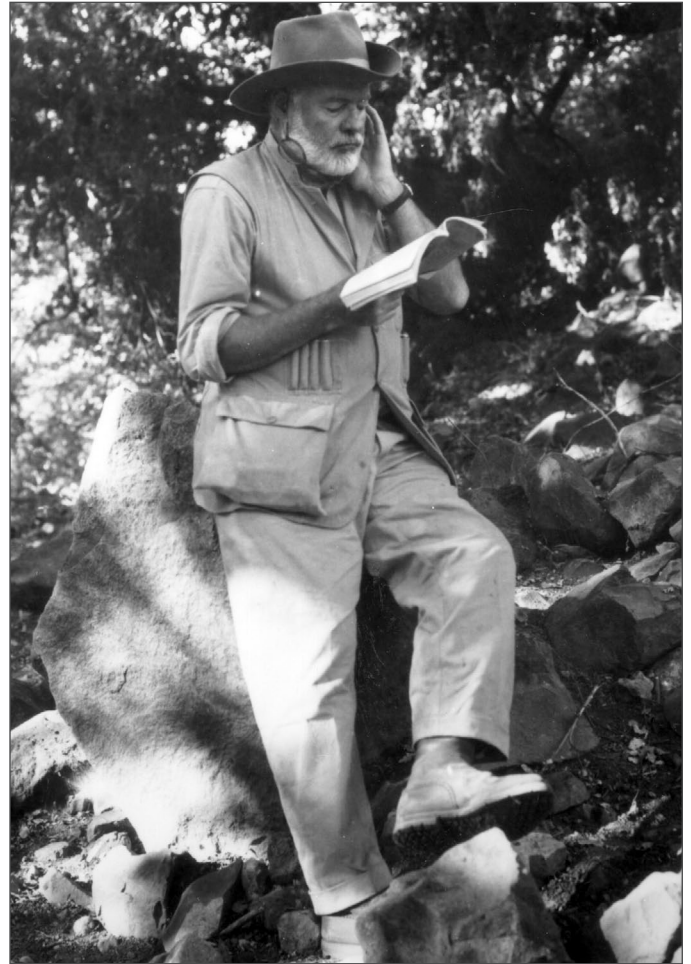
Do you think it was a dream? Don't wake.

Far away, beyond the river, were mountains,
revealed like deserted galleries or catacombs,
the broken purple line of mountains, and beyond,
in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved
slightly in the wind, past where the mountain dropped
into the sea, everything tastes of liquorice, especially
all the things you've waiting so long for.

You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music.

An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.
Now she would show the dark things in the light,
but her screams are not important. I don't hear them
because they are not important.
Let's go under once together holding tight.
There's going to be a moon tonight.

Okay, maybe the theme and sing-song-y rhyme at the end are more reminiscent of Poe than Hemingway, but every word is Hemingway's, culled from *The Garden of Eden*, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," "The End of Something," "Hills Like White Elephants," and "Indian Camp." This is



Earl Theisen

Ernest Hemingway, pictured here in 1953, was also a prolific poet.

not a "found poem," which my *Longman Dictionary of Poetic Terms* insists is "a piece of writing that, without change in conception or major reorganization or substantial distortion, could be considered a poem." No, I did plenty of major reorganization and can probably be accused of distortion as well, but it does serve a point: despite Hemingway's sparse style, his images, when he chose to employ them, can be powerful, and perhaps they're better used infrequently over the course of a longer narrative. The world may not need another poet, or another critic trying to turn everybody into one.

Hemingway executed his terse stylistic vision better than anyone else, and maybe, even as a writer of prose, he helped set the stage for the minimalism I admire in the works of so many modern poets, poets who write on the edge of truth and reality, whose works initially leave you with a mere sense of something greater that lies beneath the surface and challenge you to find it. As Hemingway stated in an interview with George Plimpton, "From things that have happened and from things as they exist and from all things that you know and all those you cannot know, you make something through your invention that is not a representation but a whole new thing truer than anything true and alive, and you make it alive, and if you make it well enough, you give it immortality." And that's an aspiration that all writers, of fiction or of poetry, should strive for. ☐

Gallery of Poems

Selected works from poets in Tennessee and beyond

A Man Leaves the Building

by Levi Bradford

When the anchor announced that some
 goon flew into the World Trade Center,
 I turned the TV off.
 It was black
 but still reflected my image
 as the microwave buzzed--
Hey, I was watching that.

I stared out the window of my front room
 at a cardinal hunting for a place to land.
 He tired, perched in front of me,
 and stared back.

In the blacks of his eyes, I see nothing familiar.
 And, like a desperate man on the edge
 of God's windowsill,
 he turns,
 jumps,
 and takes flight.
 And if someday I woke up in a coffin,
 I'd go back to sleep.

Skin

by Ralph Angel

You're tired. You're
 troubled. Your
 skin's gone
 thinner. When
 you died
 I became
 you.

Everyone's
 got to be
 somewhere. What
 were we there
 to be.

Green Yarn

by Ralph Angel

There are streets
 there are wires
 there is a
 broken curb
 "ouch"—your word
 not mine, my
 mouth your one
 vocal-chord
 raspily
 sexy from
 my lips
 voice!

And when you
 roll over
 on to your
 side and stretch
 your legs just
 so—so that
 your toes point
 away from
 it all—it
 all goes "boink"
 in the sand
 and the blue
 sea even
 the lesser
 blue sky too
 is beside
 itself!

—"floatingly,"

my love, that's
 what I say
 when the mind
 goes away
 pelicans
 make a line
 of their own
 across the
 emptiness
 a couple
 wet frisky
 dogs leap through!

Such easy
 privacy
 you and me
 in public
 places
 especially

—you leaning

your head on
 my shoulder
 fast asleep,
 me with a
 map in hand
 and also
 asleep—will
 we be on
 this blanket
 forever!

Burkhead, 2nd & Church at forefront of writing renaissance in Nashville

By Julie Schoerke

I have lived in Nashville for years, moving to Chicago to open the JKSCcommunications offices there two and a half years ago. When I moved back to Nashville in May, 2013, Nashville had been transformed into the new 'it' city for everything.

Best new restaurants, coolest new celebrities moving to town, et cetera. And, most of all, it had morphed into the 'it' city for books and literature. There's the uber-hip East Side Story bookstore, the monthly literary salons in downtown Nashville where readers rub elbows with well-known authors living in the area, the new Artist Spotlight filmed in Nashville to feature authors on HTV, the Hospital Television Network, owned by Donnie Vick that provides original content to more than 200 hospitals nationwide, and on and on.

But at the forefront and a celebrated leader is Roy Burkhead and his creative team of designers, writers, poets, fact checkers, and photographers whose vision spawned *2nd & Church*. Within a week of moving back to my beloved Nashville, *2nd & Church* was on the lips of everyone in the publishing industry here –

NYT bestselling authors, bookstore owners, Big 5 Publishing acquisition editors based in this southern city, agents, and other literary journalists.

One of my first calls when moving back was to Roy to meet the man whose love of books, authors, and the literary community was having a great impact in the renaissance of this city. This quiet man, unassuming man, has brought so much unique and original content to the literary conversation that goes beyond the boundaries of Middle Tennessee.

I am honored to be invited to write a column about book publicity and the industry. As the founder of JKSCcommunications in 2000, a literary publicity firm, I have seen much change in the publishing industry, and we're still in the midst of a "Wild Wild West" moment in the book business. What an exciting time to be on the cusp of some of the biggest changes in publishing since the printing press. You'll learn things by reading *2nd & Church* that will put you in the know ahead of the curve of traditional media.

*JKSCcommunications: A Literary Publicity Firm
Serving our literary communities out of Nashville, New York, Chicago, & Denver*

Welcome to 2nd & Church

2nd & Church is a literary journal by, for, and about writers, poets and readers. We publish several issues a year, and readers may view a digital copy and/or purchase a traditional paper copy by visiting us online at www.2ndandchurch.com. Own an iPad? If so, then check out the Mag-Cloud app. It's free and allows you to download all sorts of free publications, including *2nd & Church*.

Our mission

Our goal is to be inclusive of many different types of writers and writing: creative nonfiction, technical writing, literary fiction, W4C, poetry, translation, songwriting, and commercial fiction.

2nd & Church explores the creative writing life. What does it mean for a writer, poet, or reader to live a life of fine arts? Where can writers, poets, and readers gather? What do you write and read about? Which experiences make it from their lives to the pages? How are they engaged, entertained, and provoked? And in turn, how do they engage, entertain, and provoke readers? These are some of the questions we seek to answer.

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We welcome unsolicited manuscripts, but the expectation is that the work will support our mission. Send up to six poems and/or about 1,000 words of prose. For work over 1,000 words, query first. We will consider novel excerpts, but the selection of material must be able to stand alone – be self-contained. We prefer to assign book reviews and criticism; please don't submit those to us.

And in general, we don't publish essays on craft.

Please visit us online at www.2ndandchurch.com for complete writing and submission guidelines.

"Scott took LITERATURE so solemnly. He never understood that it was just writing as well as you can and finishing what you start."

-Ernest Hemingway

A Midsummer in a February Night's Dream

By Chuck Beard

Amidst the most random of recent winters past, filled with instant overnight freezes, windstorms that have blown out and over plenty of customers and trees alike, and countless afternoon breezes that have chilled this region to the bone, Saturday, February 22, 2014, was much more than just another ray of sunshine and hope. With no winter vortex in sight and the sun topping 70 degrees smack dab in the middle of our cold season, two authors on the rise graced East Side Story and warmed my heart out of the blue. I had the absolute honor of hosting Nashville author Tom Wood and Alabama golden boy Robert Bailey (Roll tide!).

A brief preface and introduction before the action of the signing day aforementioned:

Tom Wood is a longtime Nashvillian who retired not long ago after many years as a veteran sports writer and copy editor for *The Tennessean*. He traded in reporting on everyday Tennessee stories for creating freelance and fictional stories of his own. Author of his first novel, *Vendetta Stone*, Tom has seldom stopped selling copies to everyone who passes his way since it was published and released late last year. In fact, Tom was fresh off of recording a half-hour on the set of Nashville Public Television's (NPT) *A Word on Words* with John Seigenthaler this past week that should air sometime in July.

Robert Bailey is an exceptional civil defense trial lawyer by day and an amazing writer and storyteller by night. He resides in Huntsville, Alabama, but lately he has been spending more than his fair share of time on the road at every worthy book festival near you. After releasing his first novel, *The Professor*, at the start of this year, he has constantly been hitting the road and selling out copies of his phenomenal debut everywhere he goes.

And so, when a little birdie emailed me to see if I would provide a platform for Robert Bailey to share his story and sell some books on his current rock star book tour, I was ecstatic to meet the author and to pair him up with a fellow scribe who he would enjoy getting to know while in Nashville. Someone new to town sharing time and words with a local from a city in the middle of a literary sonic boom, it all felt like a perfect recipe for a good time.

When the day came, the authors arrived with the sun and the best weather of the year in tow. I loved the thought of sitting and chatting with the two all day long, but quickly I opted to put a table and the authors outside in the sunshine so they could bask in the warmth of the weather and welcoming committee that came out. And the people came out in tidal waves.

To let somebody else talk about the scene, Julie Schoerke—a local, successful literary publicist with JKSCcommunications—said “To see a Nashville bookstore packed to the gills with happy people buying books and connecting through books made my heart soar. Since

Davis-Kidd closed several years ago, we've needed a bookstore that had heart and soul and smiling faces greeting you - with local authors! Robert Bailey has sold out in every city he's been in, and this event hit it out of the ball park too for *The Professor*.”

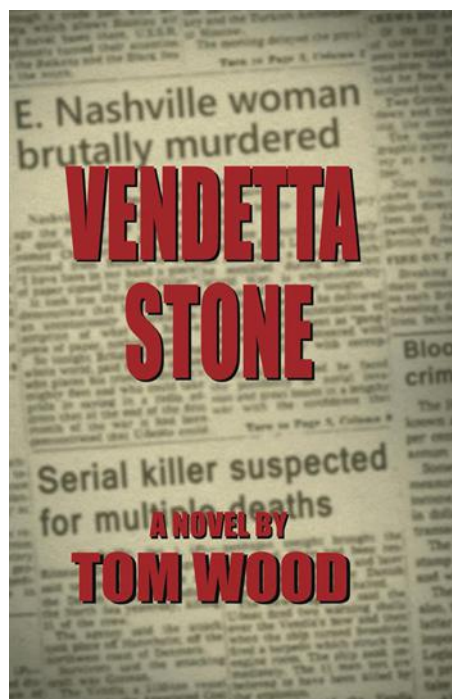
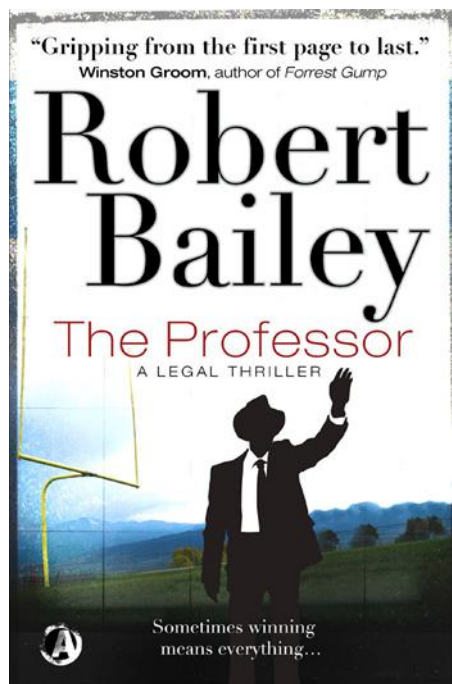
For about two solid hours, there were about as many people smiling and talking about books in one location as there are boots on Broadway. I sat at the desk, and I was able to have a front row view of two stellar, budding authors joining forces to delight a crowd eager to hear and read more. Like the weather at hand, the view was perfect and epitomized what East Side Story was built upon, helping Nashville authors tell their best stories and bringing outside scribes on the inside to help broaden and enlighten the local literary scene without having to travel too far.

But it wasn't just the two successful authors I was keeping tabs on. There was a HTV crew filming B-role for a segment on Robert Bailey, Michael Turner from Nashville Writers Meetup was on site, and we even had the always wonderful *Publishers Weekly* correspondent Paige Crutcher at the bookstore, as well. East Side Story and the patio out front was jam-packed with family, friends (new and old), and so many talented people working it while doing what they love. The inspiration and good tidings were all around.

Tom Wood was in a great spot. His first novel was set in the streets of East Nashville, and several of the book's key scenes take place mere steps from where the signing took place. Tom smiled and mentioned, “I made a lot of new friends and made some good connections in Alabama through fellow author Robert Bailey. We hit it off from the outset, and I'm sure our paths will cross again as we both follow our dreams.”

And just like a dream, the books all sold out, and the party was over as the sun began to set over 5 Points. The good people went home, probably to start both of their newly purchased books, and then a few of us walked up Woodland Street to celebrate at Lockeland Table. It was Robert and his wife's first trip to East Nashville, so we decided to show him the best of what we had to offer before hitting the honky tonks downtown. We capped off one of the best Saturdays I can remember by enjoying some local spirits, food, and chocolate to call it a night.

Leave it to the rock star author on the meteoric rise, Robert Bailey, to sum it up just right. Robert said, “All in all, it was a fantastic and memorable trip to the Music City.” Here's to the next chapter, book, and Saturday at East Side Story.



After heading out of Nashville, Robert Bailey spent the night of February 27 being featured on the legendary Thacker Mountain Radio show in Oxford, Miss. If you are planning a road trip any time soon, he has additional signings scheduled for *The Professor* later this summer in Birmingham, Tuscaloosa and Prattville, Ala., Seaside and Rosemary Beach, Fla., Pawleys Island, S.C., at the Litchfield Movable Feast, and Greensboro, N.C. Find Tom at tomwoodauthor.com.

The man behind Hemingway's Whiskey

Les Kerr sits down with Guy Clark

Guy Clark is one of my songwriting heroes. The Texas native is a "song-writer's songwriter." It was an educational experience for me to visit with Clark in his Nashville home to talk about the song "Hemingway's Whiskey," his songwriting, and career. On top of that master's lesson on how he does it, he offered to let me play a couple of guitars he built, a real privilege. Late one September morning, I was able to spend a comfortable hour with Clark as he rolled his own cigarettes and spoke casually and candidly.

Often a turn of phrase or a couple of words placed in a certain order will lead to a good song. That's what happened with "Hemingway's Whiskey," a song Clark wrote with Ray Stephenson and Joe Leathers.

"I didn't come up with that [title]," Clark said. "A friend of mine that I write with all the time [Stephenson], said, 'Hey, man, I've got an idea for a song this friend of mine told me about, 'Hemingway's Whiskey.'"

Album Review: *My Favorite Picture of You*

Genre comes second for Clark

By Les Kerr

In an era that finds country music radio scared to death of waltzes, Guy Clark includes two on his newest album, *My Favorite Picture of You*. But is Guy Clark a country artist? That's a subject often debated by music pundits. He's been embraced by the Americana genre, although his songs have been recorded by country stalwarts Johnny Cash, Ricky Skaggs, Emmy Lou Harris, Kenny Chesney, and others.

But what about the waltzes on Clark's new CD? They are the "Waltzing Fool," written by Lyle Lovett, and "Cornmeal Waltz," penned by Clark and Shawn Camp.

"It just happened that way," said Clark. "I've always liked the 'Waltzing Fool' by Lyle since some of the first tapes of his that I heard. I've just always been partial to that song."

The story of "Cornmeal Waltz" is as organic as, well, throwing cornmeal on the floor to make dancing a little smoother.

"I had that melody and I was just sitting around playing it one day and Shawn said, 'That sounds like a song.' It was

really interesting because I had never heard of cornmeal on a dance hall floor. Shawn was just talking about playing those kind of dances and he said, 'Yeah, somebody'd just grab a big ol' handful of cornmeal and throw it out on the floor.' And I just started laughing because that whole image just came to me. You knew exactly what it meant the minute you heard it."

Those two pleasant tunes will get any listener thinking in three-quarter time.

Clark draws on real people as subjects often in his music. In "The Death of Sis Draper," the person was an influence on co-writer Shawn Camp.

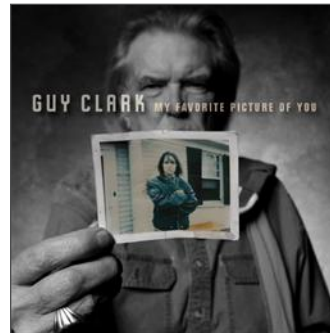
"Sis Draper is a real person," Clark said. "She's

Shawn Camp's mentor about playing fiddle, a friend of the family. A lot of times she'd come through that part of Arkansas and they'd put her up and people would come from miles around to play with her. She was a travelling fiddle player."

Clark and Camp pay homage to the fiddle tunes Sis played by incorporating the melody of the traditional *Shady Grove* in the song. In "Sis Draper," the song's predecessor on a previous album, another fiddle tune was utilized.

"We did that on purpose," Clark said. "I just like preserving those old melodies. Every one of that group of songs about Sis is an old fiddle tune. It was just something Shawn was talking about, about the way he learned to play the fiddle and I said, 'Man, there's a song.' It had never occurred to him to write a song about her."

In addition to waltzes and fiddle tunes, Clark makes listeners think, as always, with songs that deal with immigration ("El Coyote"), veterans ("Heroes"), and love ("Hell Bent on a Heartache"). The poignant title song, inspired by his late wife Susanna, paints a picture worth so much more than a thousand words. □



Track list

Cornmeal Waltz
 My Favorite Picture of You
 Hell Bent on a Heartache
 El Coyote
 Heroes
 Rain in Durango
 Good Advice
 The Death of Sis Draper
 Waltzing Fool
 The High Price of Inspiration
 I'll Show Me

"I said, 'Well, that's a great idea. Let's get together and write it.' So he brought the guy who gave him the idea and I don't think he ever said two words. I don't even remember him being there but he got a third of the song. I really wouldn't recognize him [Leathers] if I saw him right now. Anyway, that's how it came about. It was an obvious good idea for a song."

That good idea led to a fine recording on Clark's 2009 CD, *Somedays the Song Writes You* and became the title track of Kenny Chesney's sixth album to rank number one on the Billboard Charts in 2010. It helped that Guy Clark is a fan of Ernest Hemingway.

"Well, I am," he said. "The last thing I read [by Hemingway], I got all of his short stories under one cover and thoroughly enjoyed that. I also really like 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro.'"

Beyond Hemingway, Clark likes to read historical novels. Among his favorite contemporary authors is Larry McMurtry, another Texan, famous for writing *Lonesome Dove* and other best-sellers. The songwriter appreciates the author's ability to remove himself from the story.

"I'm a big fan of McMurtry. Something about his writing is just so easy. By the time he gets it down on paper and it's published in a book, you don't know he's there. He's just telling the story, which I think would be one of the hardest things to do."

One of the verses of "Hemingway's Whiskey" focuses on the writer's search for a muse. The same theme emerges in the "High Price of Inspiration," a song from Clark's 2013 album, *My Favorite Picture of You*. I asked him about looking for his own muse.

"Well, everybody is [looking for a muse]," he responded with a chuckle. "If you write, it doesn't matter how you get it or chase it down. It's all you need. A good muse."

When asked if he went to particular place to look for his muse, Clark replied, "Just downstairs in my shop, my writing room, or right here," referring to the room in which we sat that overlooked a big stand of trees outside. About specific song ideas, he said they can come from anywhere. "It's different every time. Sometimes, it's something I read, something I saw, something somebody said to me. What you do have to do is be prepared. That's have a sharp pencil and a bar napkin. I've got one bar napkin that says, 'my life was a blank bar napkin 'til I met you.'"

I couldn't help ask if that napkin thought would end up as a song. "I'd like it to, someday," he laughed.

When his muse is found, Clark uses very simple tools to write. No computers or word processing programs, just pen or pencil, paper and guitar. Graph paper, to be specific, because, "It keeps me going straight."

Clark also believes his chosen time of day to create helps.

"I like writing in the morning. I never was one to stay up late at night and write. First thing during the day I'm brighter and quicker."

In addition to Hemingway, an author, as a song subject, Clark has used references to visual artists and musicians to draw comparisons to perfection or, at least, high standards. In "Dublin Blues," he mentions Michelangelo's sculpture of David, Da Vinci's Mona Lisa, and guitar virtuoso Doc Watson's version of the song "Columbus Stockade Blues" to illustrate excellence. In "Picasso's Mandolin," the title itself brings a vision of a great painting to mind.

"I consider what I do art," he said about those references. "I'm a painter, as well. I've always appreciated good art and, I don't know, it just seems to fit with songs."

All of this points to communicating through his music. Although his songs have been recorded and performed by many artists, Clark's own concerts and records show the power of this songwriter to speak to those who hear him. He prefers to play intimate venues rather than huge auditoriums.

"Some of my favorite gigs are 500-seat, sit-down [shows], whether it's a club like the Birchmere in Washington, D.C., or small concert halls. That's about my favorite size. I just feel like I communicate with that size audience better. I don't like big outdoor things. I mean, it's fun to do the first time you do it but it's not something I would like a steady diet of. I like to be in a more intimate situation."

We ended our visit the way we began by talking about Hemingway. I asked Clark if he had adapted any of the author's prose style to the way he writes lyrics.

"I never consciously thought about it," said Clark. "I like that style of 'less is more.'" Relating that concept to music, the songwriter said, "It's not the hot licks you play, it's the holes you leave." □

Writing Out Loud

By Gayle Edlin

The first time I recall reading my writing out loud to other writers was during my inaugural visit to a local writing group. I'd seen an advertisement in a local publication and astonished my introverted self by showing up, notebook in hand, to see what it was all about. We sat around a table, just four or five of us, as I remember. I was warmly welcomed and after the other women introduced themselves to me—and I awkwardly introduced myself to them—we listened as one of the more established members shared a poem she was working on.

I don't recollect much about what I said about the poem, if anything. I was delighted to be in the company of other creative writers, but I was concerned about how I might fit in and what I would have to offer in the way of critique, not to mention, actual writing. But then came the free-writing exercise I will never forget. The group leader flipped open a book of writing prompts, laughed out loud, and then told us that the prompt she'd selected at random was to write a scene in which sex was interrupted.

With a grin for me—much as I wish I were a poker-player with my emotions, I know that I am not; that smile was meant to reassure the nervous newbie that I was—the leader set a timer for ten minutes, and the assembled group bowed their heads and began to write. I may have hesitated a moment before I did, too, but after that, words flowed from my pen, drawn like water through a perfect siphon. I'd not tried writing prompts before, and the experience was as exhilarating as it was confounding! I'd barely gotten to the focal point of the scene (a dog, whose cold, wet nose was to play the pivotal role in the disruption of the "romantic interlude") I was writing when...

"Time's up! Who wants to read first?"

And then I knew. We'd be reading these scrawled tales aloud, sharing our respective minds' most first-drafty words to the others, each speaking what we had conjured out of the ether. Speaking those scribbled words as if they were something that deserved an honest breath of air! To say I was "afraid" would be an understatement worthy of its own diminutive trophy. I was horrified.

And yet, I enjoyed the words of the other women. We laughed, we cringed, we joked about the characters and scenes we'd created. When my turn came, I read my own words with breathless gasps where I neglected to inhale properly between sentences; I was that uncertain of my own work, that fearful of imbuing my written story with spoken life. When I ran out of words, I was chagrined; when the group leader gave positive feedback, I was thrilled.

It's hard for me to believe that it's been



Gayle Edlin

around a decade since I made my first appearance at that writing group. On occasion, I still have to be coerced to share my work out loud, but I have become better with practice and appreciation. It's not the value others place on my writing that inspires me—though that doesn't hurt—but rather the understanding I now have for the importance of reading our stories aloud to others... including and perhaps especially those initial renditions, the ones that we pour out without due consideration for grammar, punctuation, or even plausibility.

So much of writing entails singularity. As writers, we frequently tuck ourselves away in an attic or another secluded corner, plying our craft with dedicated, solitary focus. Aloneness, if not loneliness, ensured with headphones or earplugs when public space is the only one available, can be necessary to focus and is understandably enforced. But while certain phases of writing do indeed occur with as little interference as selective isolation can ensure, other parts of the process can profit through the collusion of the sonance of each writer giving voice to her written words.

Dialogue is an obvious arena in which speaking written words can be a boon to refining them. If a phrase sounds awkward and isn't meant to, after all, it doesn't take a writing group to show an author that there's a problem. If you look up at your audience

while you're reading—I'll go ahead and admit that I'm still working on this—you can tell by the tilt of a head or a furrowed brow that there's work to be done. Likewise, a sudden smile or snicker brings instant gratification to a writer that the humor he tried to infuse into a scene is coming through as intended.

There is much more that reading to others can reveal. When a writer reads his words aloud to a group of his peers, his inflection can provide insights that his listeners can mirror back to him, helping him to extrude the critical intent of a scene, or adding something that was inadvertently lost during the creation process. Sometimes, a writer reading her words to others may alter those words without realizing it; an astute listener who is following along on a printed copy and notes the change can then return this on-the-fly self-correction to the writer for her consideration.

This subtle proofreading is not restricted to creative writers, though technical writers may cringe at the idea of reading their "day-job" work aloud. Modulation of tone doesn't add much to this type of writing, but the nuances of technical writing can be critical in a way that creative writing cannot. If a fellow writer can't understand a step when it is read to him, there may be too much jargon or some component may be missing entirely. Without clear, understandable processes, a technician might discard a piece of installation literature, thinking she can figure out the process on her own. This means, at best, that the documentation was not valued, and at worst, it can put the should-be user in jeopardy.

In reading to a group of fellow writers, I never fail to be surprised at the breadth of knowledge and experience—topics and worlds beyond "mere" grammar and style—to be found. Not long ago, I read a scene that included a horse to a horse-loving woman. She provided excellent feedback on a variety of items, but the most important to me was the offer to read my story, when it was complete, and help me with horse behavior. Since I know as little about horses as might be expected for one with a borderline phobia of the large—though lovely—animals, I was delighted to accept her offer.

Writers need readers in the strongest sense of the word "need:" a writer can exist without a reader, but it would be base existence. Before any material is released into the wild, where readers of any level might commandeer it for reading pleasure or specific, technical intent, the writer should engage trusted advisors, critical thinkers, and thoughtful friends to provide feedback. When this process incorporates the writer reading his or her writing out loud, the feedback can be priceless indeed. ☐



Terry Price

Yeoman's Effort a Labor of Love For Cotter

By Suzanne Craig Robertson

Mike Cotter is living an independent bookstore owner's dream. After founding an online bookselling business in 2007 he caught the interest of a businessman with a love for supporting the arts and, specifically, antique and rare books.

"I was working out of offices in East Nashville," Cotter says. And one day in 2009, something he describes as magical happened. Charlie Martin, a customer and supporter, walked in and engaged the group in a conversation about selling the business and setting up shop in Leiper's Fork, Tennessee. The business "seemed to fit the magic," Cotter says, that was going on in the quaint rural Williamson County town outside of Franklin. Now, Cotter, Keith Wallace, and Greg Snider operate Yeoman's in the Fork: A Rare Book & Document Gallery. The bustling business is based in a home they have dubbed *Square Pillars* that was built right about 1881. The home is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

"It's very nice to be supported by folks who love what you love and have the ability to support you, to get you started, to see the dream, and totally validate it in a way that you never thought possible," Cotter says of Martin and his wife, Shannon.

Cotter can't stop smiling as he describes his good fortune — his books, his custom-



Terry Price

ers, and the store. Standing in the first floor of the house in comfortable shoes and jeans, pencil behind his ear, he explains how he ended up there and how it's working out. The job requires a lot of creativity, he says but "in order to want to be in this business you've got to be kind of nuts."

"I watched *Indiana Jones* one too many times when I was a teenager," Cotter says. "From a very young age I had this dream of having a business in antiques of some kind."

He would go to "these magical things called flea markets" and wonder, "who are the cool guys who get to come to sell baseball cards?" From that time he said that he knew he wanted to be in an antique business.

He is a bookseller for sure, but he is also a treasure hunter.

"Books just seemed to fit," he says, admitting that "collecting books is a little bit different than buying the latest copy of the Patterson novel. Collectors collect." He explains how many of their customers are collectors from other fields, not just books, because when people collect one item, he says they likely collect another.

"If you are collecting butter knives or Star Wars cards, the [collecting] 'switch' is on. You grew up that way. Then you make your way into books. You reach a place in your life where you love books — not just a love of reading books but of *having* books," Cotter says. "Some of the greatest moments in my personal life have been, have come from sharing my love of book-collecting with my 13-year-old daughter," he says, a glint in his eye as he recounts showing her a First Edition, First Printing copy of *A Night To*

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Meeting Hemingway in Pamplona

Condensed from *Hemingway's Paris & Pamplona: Then, and Now*

By Robert F. Burgess

Looking up and seeing him standing beside me inside the yellow portico of Pamplona's bullring is more than a little surprising. I'm surprised to see him standing there by himself, and surprised to see that he's less of an imposing figure than he seemed from across the plaza surrounded by the crowd.

His broad face, white hair and beard set him apart from everyone. His hair contrasts sharply with his broad tan brow and slightly pink cheeks. His face looks fuller with the white beard that squares his features. He's about my height, six feet, but he looks taller with his squared shoulders hunched up, a little like a boxer with no neck showing, just white head perched on broad shoulders. He's all shoulders and barrel chest, red-checked shirt open at the collar, his bulk enclosed in a loose-fitting tan vest. Wearing wire-rimmed glasses he looks at his tickets and then glances up at the numbers over the concrete aisles. Oddly, no one is crowding us. People flow around us but keep their distance. We're alone.

Without really intending to speak to him, I hear myself in a low voice saying, "I guess you know you're to blame for all this."

He looks at me. His lips hardly move but his voice rolls out of the depths of his barrel chest, "Whatdayamean by that?"

"If you hadn't written *The Sun Also Rises*, we wouldn't be here?"

He glances at my beard, old army bush jacket, faded GI bill cap and grins. "Who're you, one of Castro's boys?"

"They thought so last week in Tunisia." We shake hands and I introduce myself. Too gun-shy to tell him that I'm a freelance writer working for a Madrid magazine I tap the Rolleiflex hanging from my shoulder and tell him I've come to photograph the bulls.

He shakes his head. "Hope you find some worth photographing. What you doing in Tunisia?"

"Backpacked in with a buddy trying to find Hill 609 where his brother fought in the war. With our beards and gear the locals took us for Cubans."

"What American outfit was that?"

"894th Tank Destroyer Battalion."

He nods slowly. I notice the raised scar high on his left forehead where he once accidentally pulled a skylight down on himself.

"Landed at Oran," he says.

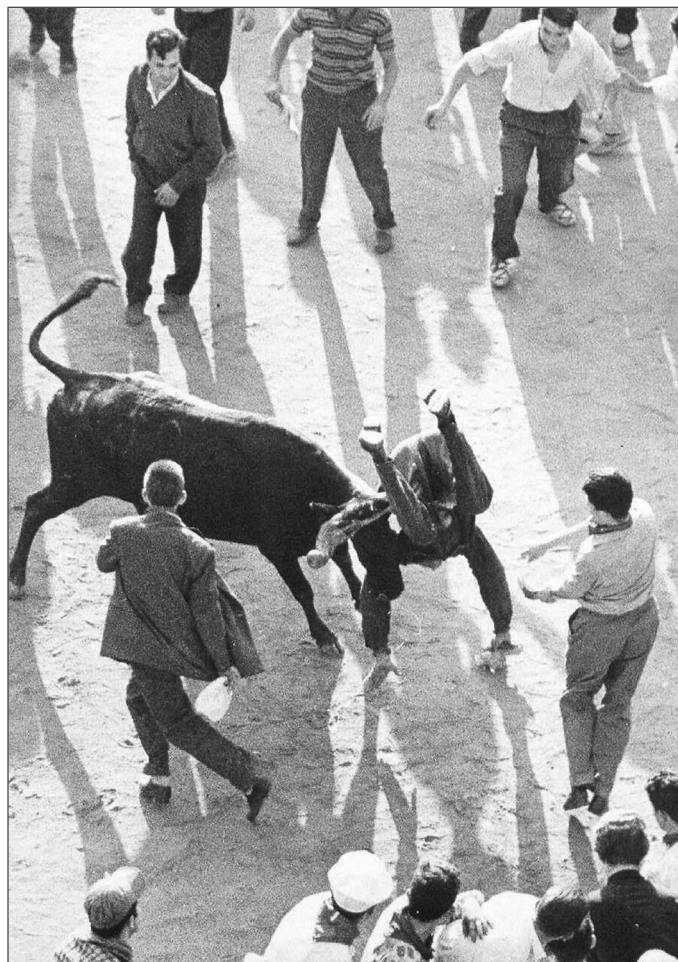
"That's right." I start to say something else but a sudden flood of sound and people drowns it out. Out of the crowd appears a small wiry woman with bright, sharp blue eyes and deeply tanned, deeply creased features. I recognize Miss Mary, his wife. She focuses totally on him, grabs his arm just above the elbow and says, "Okay, let's go."

Without hesitation she plunges into the crowd dragging him side-ways. He still looks back at me with that fixed grin on his face, the grin slightly askew now. His hand lifts and waves as if in apology. "I'll see you later," he says. Then the crowd swallows them.

A couple days earlier the gray concrete highway north of Madrid stretches straight and endless before me under a light blue sky leading toward the Guadarrama Mountains. Beyond them, in the high Basque country of Navarre in Spain's northern mountains lies Pamplona and Ernest Hemingway. I was a freelance writer living and writing in Madrid. I had just returned from backpacking North Africa on a story assignment. Returning to Madrid a month later I found I had missed by a day a chance to interview Ernest Hemingway.

"He's been here and left for the running of the bulls at Pamplona," said my Dutch photographer friend, Jan Berghege. "You're out of luck."

Pamplona suddenly sounded like another good piece for *Argosy* or *True* magazines. Both were always looking for fast-paced men's action. That fit Pamplona. The chance of getting the story while Hemingway was there was doubly enticing.

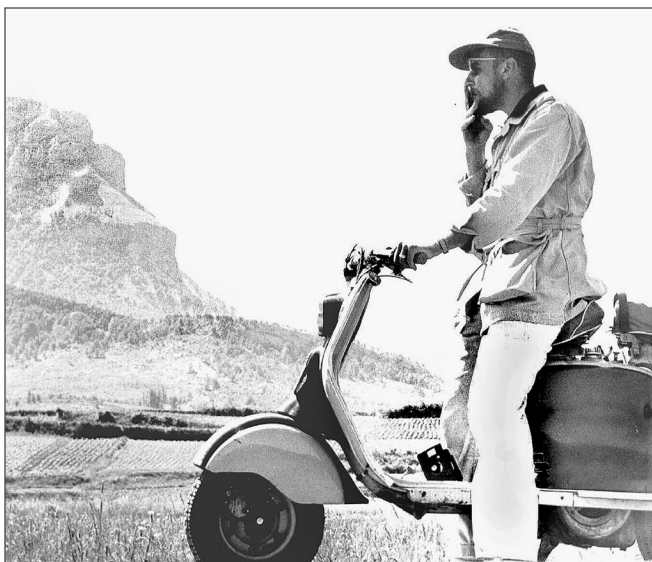


Photos by Robert F. Burgess

Top: During the amateurs, boys test their bravery with a young bulls with padded horns.

Above: One of the injured is unceremoniously carried away out of the arena.

Facing Page: As the morning sun rises over the arena, his fans are there.



Robert F. Burgess

In the Guadarrama Mountains Bob stops for a smoke.

But the Fiesta of San Fermin had already begun. Hotels were booked a year in advance. Trains and buses were jammed. That left my only transportation the motor scooter that had carried my wife and I across Europe three years earlier.

It would do just fine. I packed light. A road map and sandwich in one jacket pocket, film in another. With my Rolleiflex over one shoulder and a goat skin *bota* of red wine over the other, I kick-started the Lambretta and headed north from Madrid toward the Guadarrama Mountains and Pamplona, 266 miles away.

At 6 p.m. that afternoon I reach Vitoria, 56 miles from Pamplona. It is as far as I want to go that day. I have driven ten hours and covered 351 kilometers, 211 miles. No need to arrive in Pamplona at night. I take a room at an inn near the highway.

Early the next morning I continue into Pamplona to meet Papa, and start the adventure that I return to complete 40 years later.

The centuries old celebration is self-perpetuating. Celebrants change, but the celebration lives forever. That afternoon, July 8, for 145 pesetas, I purchase my ticket in the *sombra* (shade) section, for the afternoon bullfights. As usual, everyone in Pamplona seems to be going. The crowd flows inside the large tree-shaded concrete structure through the same main gate that earlier funneled fast-moving people and bulls for my camera lens. Now, there are no bulls, just people, moving with the swiftness of that same mudslide. Just inside the arched paint-chipped yellow porticos, I step aside to check my ticket to see where I should go. Then I look over and notice Ernest Hemingway standing beside me. He is completely alone. Otherwise I probably would not have spoken to him.

After he and Mary disappear in the crowd, I'm still stunned from the coincidence of meeting him so suddenly, so much alone in all that uproar. Like an old film, I rerun it, frame by frame. We were alone, surrounded by a stream of noisy humanity. Then, but for that one, brief moment, the crowd was silent.

Unlikely, of course. I must have been so totally focused I never heard the crowd. But later I puzzle over that detail. The silence, then hearing only our words. What an odd thing.

It is not a memorable bullfight. Everyone seems attracted to the antics of the crowd. In the early fiestas, or in 1923 when Hemingway and his friends thought they were the only Americans in town, the bullfights were more exciting. But as Hemingway recalled, so too were the antics of the crowd, especially with the bulls.

When the corrida ends the crowd pushes out of their concrete step-shaped seats and floods the aisles, singing, yelling, swigging their *botas*, waving banners proclaiming something important to them. I stand up and wait for the crowd to thin.

Hemingway and his friends have *barreras*, ringside seats 14 rows below me. During the corrida I mark where he sits by the back of his white head. But with the crowd up and down and generally sprawling all over themselves, I don't see much more than that and the large arc of sand tinged red around its sides.

But as the bleachers empty in front of me, I see Hemingway striding purposefully up the middle of them, climbing the steep grade from concrete seat to seat. He sees me standing alone and angles toward me. Miss Mary is not with him. Again, I'm surprised to see him alone. I look beyond him but there is no trailing entourage. I assume he left the others to the mercy of the crowd.

Nobody seems to notice him. As he comes up he smiles in recognition and stops to talk. We stand together on the top of a long concrete seat looking out at the bullring and the crowd crushing to get out of the concrete ring. He stands to my right. Across from us on the other side of the ring a brass band blares a *Pasa Doblé*, the crowd pulsates in rhythm, banners wave and the giant bass drum booms through the humid heat of the afternoon like a continuous artillery barrage.

Again I see him eyeing my beard, beat-up bush jacket and old GI suntans. It flashes through my mind that he may seriously think I'm a wayward Cuban from Fidel's army, maybe sent to spy on him. For lack of anything better to say I ask him what he thinks of the corrida.

The exact words are lost now, but I remember he has little to say about the quality of the bulls or the bullfighters he has seen so far. The corners of his eyes crinkle as he watches the pushing, chanting, clamoring crowd around us. A skinny kid wearing an oversized football tee shirt breaks away from a bunch of look-a-likes flowing down the aisle, shoves a goat skin wine bag into Hemingway's hand and asks for an autograph.

Hemingway takes a pen from his shirt pocket and graciously obliges. When the kid snatches back the wine bag without a word and is gone, Hemingway shakes his head.

"My wife and I come here to enjoy ourselves, and everyone pesters us." As he speaks he turns toward me and suddenly throws an arcing clenched right fist punch at my stomach, stopping it just short of my shirt. Being fake-punched by Hemingway is so unexpected I don't flinch but instinctively tense my stomach muscles. Hemingway must approve; he doesn't even break stride in his sentence. "But I don't mind," he says with a grin. He's looking back at the empty ring now talking about the crowd. I see he's still grinning. I think, Wow, not since high school! Throwing a punch to see if a guy can take it. Most of us did sit-ups until we rubbed our tail-bones raw. But our stomach muscles were rock hard. We used to punch each other's gut the same way to make sure we were as tough as we thought we were. And here's Hem still doing it. I smile to myself.

After we leave the arena Hemingway is again engulfed by his friends and the crowd. He beckons to me. "C'mon and have a drink with me and my mob."

"Okay," I say.

The crowd surges back to the tables in the shade of the arcade in the Plaza del Castillo. The bands come again, the dancers perform as before and the characters out of fiction take firm grips on their table and begin to fortify themselves for the long night ahead. At Hemingway's table in front of the Bar Choko, I see him nod toward me and tell someone he has just captured one of Castro's photographers. The table is crowded with a ragtag assortment of Hemingway's old and new friends. Miss Mary is not there. No one seems concerned. She probably has more important things to do than to watch Papa drink wine with Hemingway aficionados.

After drinking several rounds of red wine with the group around the table, I ask Hemingway if he minds me taking photographs of him. "Sure, I guess it's okay," he says with a tough guy growl. "Just don't ask me to pose."

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A Conversation with Robert F. Burgess

One of the unexpected consequences of my membership in the Ernest Hemingway Society has been the gift of friendship and generosity. Over the years, I've communicated on a regular basis with people all over the world, including writer and photographer Robert F. Burgess. (He's known on the Hemingway listserv as Bob.) I forget how we first connected. I suspect that I read his book, *Hemingway's Paris & Pamplona: Then, And Now*, made some positive comments about it on the listserv, and then he appeared to say thanks. Planning this issue, I reached out to Bob and asked if he would like to spearhead it, sharing some of his Hemingway stories and photos from his private collection of images. Even with my confession that we could not afford to pay for the use of his photographs, he still said yes; I couldn't believe it. Actually, I could believe it. I was able to believe it because that's how this project started and continues—because of the selfless kindness of so many people in so many places, as is illustrated in Bob's words, which are as follows:

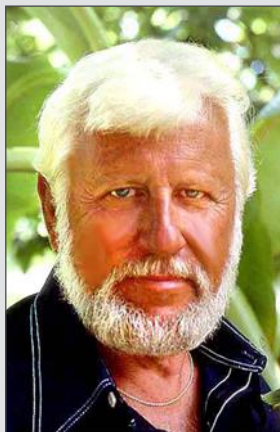
Q: Talk a little about how you got started in this profession. Do you enjoy one over the other, in terms of writing or photography?

A: My interest in writing came about after my time in the military and after my return-to-Europe adventures. I wanted to share what I had seen and learned about how the war and the desperation had drawn people together and despite their post-war poverty everyone was happy and eager to help each other... the same "togetherness" we know here when there is a major disaster. People instantly help each other. Ten years after the war when the Italians were more affluent, that togetherness was gone and it was a competitive society again. By then I wrote about things of importance to more peaceful times.

As a teenager Paul de Kruif's *Microbe Hunters* fired me up to want to be a medical researcher. Before I joined the Regular Army I had a year of Pre-Med behind me and hoped that after Medical Basic the military would put me where I could learn more about medicine. It had no intention of doing that. So I joined the Ski Troops and my life changed. At Michigan State University years later, still pursuing de Kruif's example, I suddenly realized that he had given me the wrong goal. He was a doctor who had become a writer and that realization made me switch my major to journalism. De Kruif had found a way to write about science and make it as fascinating as a good novel. That's what I wanted to do.

Q: Even though technology has moved on from traditional dark room technology, I suspect that you had to go old school with the process when you developed the images for us to use. (Thank you, by the way!) What was it like all these years later to see Hemingway's images appear during development?

A: In the 1950s starting out as a freelance writer/photographer I had to learn photography to sell articles. Back then I developed film in my bathroom, printed it at night in the kitchen and spent the next day drying and glazing the 8x10 prints. Just the thought of doing those things in minutes using Adobe Photoshop was beyond our wildest imaginations. In 1956 when my wife and I returned to Europe I bought a Rolleiflex to go with my 35mm Edixa and a Miniature Speed Graphic camera that I carried in a sewing machine box. Since I wrote freelance for several magazines in Europe and abroad I used local film labs for processing and printing my work. The Hemingway photos were all shot with my Rolleiflex and developed by my Dutch photographer friend working in a German lab in Madrid. He said I was always so demanding in the quality I required in my 8x10 prints that he learned a lot from me in that respect.



Robert F. Burgess

Q: You're a lucky man, being able to take a fake punch by Papa. I know you've written about it. Looking back, is that moment your favorite memory of the experience or something else?

A: Yes that moment certainly is a favorite memory. It was just between him and I, and he was doing the kind of thing we teenagers did in high school. Hem and I both laughed about it. It was one of the few times we shared something together. After that we were always with others and it was not a one-to-one relationship then. Everyone wanted a piece of him, and I snapped a few photos. I should have taken more, but none of us knew how important those times were then. We were all having the time of our lives. Especially Hemingway. He relished every moment as though he knew it was his last time. But all the hoopla and idolatry for her husband was not too enjoyable for Miss Mary. I never saw her other than the first time when I met him. And she never looked at me then, just was intent on dragging Hem off into the crowd while he looked back with a crooked grin and said with a wave, "See ya, later..." And he did. Miss Mary had no love for his fans. They bored her.

Q: What was it like the first moment that you realized that you were looking at Ernest Hemingway? Had you read a lot of his work before you met him?

A: I had just come back from back-packing through Tunisia on a story and was sorry to know I missed seeing him in Madrid. My Dutch photographer friend even had a picture taken with him. But to me Hemingway was just another well-known personage. There were a lot of them visiting Madrid in those years. More often movie stars making films there. Since I worked for two Madrid news magazines I had to go to the promotion parties and interview them for the magazines. My trip to Pamplona was more for the story of the running of the bulls than for meeting Ernest Hemingway. Even there he was so mobbed by the crowd that I gave up any hope of getting near him. It was our chance meeting that changed that and the fact that he came back to talk to me rather than the other way around. Otherwise I would never have seen him again. Only long after his death did I go back to Europe with the idea of turning that meeting into a more developed subject for a book. Before that I had read all of his short stories and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Of special interest to me was his *Death in the Afternoon* because I was photographing the bullfight action as black-and-white slow-motion abstracts then.

Q: Do you have a favorite Hemingway novel or short story?

A: "Big Two Hearted River" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" are my favorite short stories. Two-Hearted because as a teen I had fly fished many of the same trout fishing rivers and streams as Hemingway in Michigan, and Kilimanjaro because he used a stream of consciousness style of writing briefly to describe scenes I loved in Paris. My favorite books are his *The Moveable Feast* and *The Old Man and the Sea*. Parts of his other novels I thoroughly enjoy because of his accurate descriptions. Once you have done those things yourself you see how he makes his scenes real -- he incorporates those details...the wetness on your hands as you crawl out of a tent in the pre-dawn morning; even the smell of the tent. No smell to tents today but in his day it was the smell of the paraffin water-proofing on the canvas; the sound of snow crunching under ski boots or the way a big fish fights. From doing those things myself I knew that he knew and that there was nothing phony about what he wrote.

Q: You took your photos after Hemingway's two plane crashes in Africa, and much has been written about the impact of those events upon his mental and physical health. Looking at your photos, Hemingway seems like a man in charge and in control of himself. He appears engaged. When you were with him, how did he appear and act? Was there ever anything in his behavior that indicated to you that he was not himself?

A: No never. When we all sat together there was some drinking but it was always mostly the watered wine and when one is used to drinking lots of hard stuff, the wine never seemed to bother him. He spent more time greeting old friends than in drinking.

I step back with the Rollei as he shakes hands with someone while being serenaded by a young guitarist strumming some fine calypso music. I snap a shot. I have no idea who else is in the picture but learn later that the talented calypso player is Hugh Millet who is singing and playing one of his own calypso compositions. And to Hemingway's right, seldom speaking, but quietly listening and puffing a cigarette, sits A. E. Hotchner, Hemingway's friend and business partner.

When there is a lull in the rounds of wine, Hemingway decides it's time for everyone around the table to chip in to buy another round. Scrupulously he figures out how much each owes.

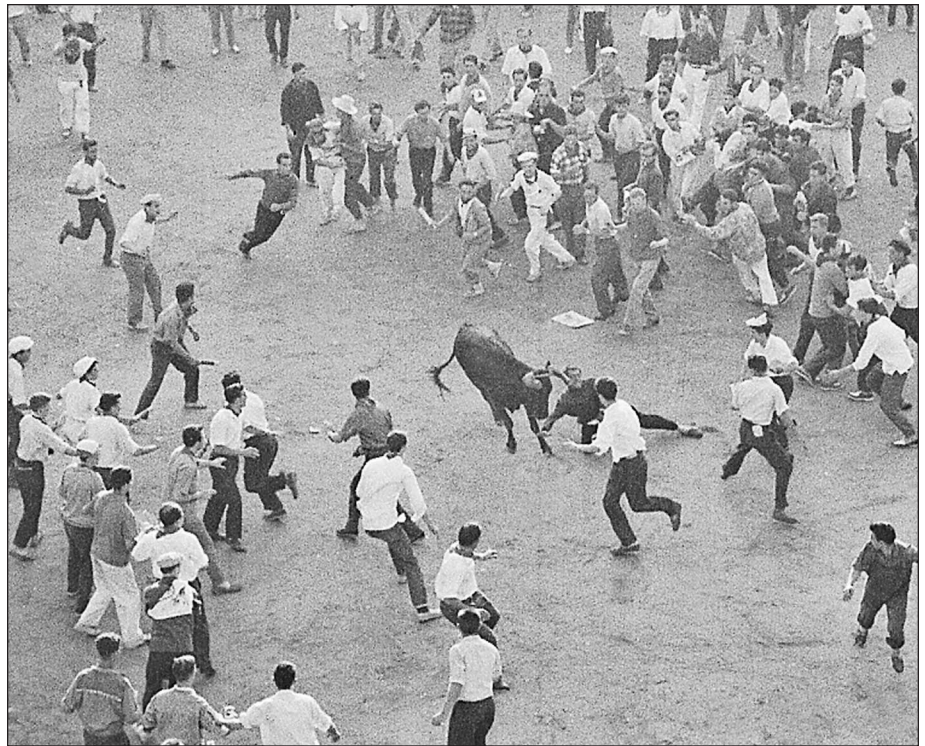
"It's such and such for everyone except Bob, our photographer here." He grins at me. "Photographers always have to pay double." I dig into my pocket and gladly put my small amount of pesetas on the table.

Everyone else antes up his or her share and Papa orders more wine. Hemingway hardly has time to wet his lips with the new libation before some of the Basques try to scoop him up to carry around on their shoulders. But on his feet Papa resists, grinning broadly, his white hair musses up in some friendly tussling and backslapping. For a moment everyone is bear-hugging each other, then the musicians enter the fray and to rhythmic finger-snapping, men face off, arms held high, snapping fingers like castanets. I see Hemingway laughing, his white head bobbing up and down as he dances an improvised Basque jota with them. I grab a picture of it but all I can see is bobbing heads. Then Papa gets swept away with his Basque admirers. I glance back at the table. The mob looks grim.

Later, I'm seated with others near Hemingway's table when I see an unexpected sight. It's an American sailor decked out in a spotlessly white dress uniform. Black shoes, white uniform, white cocked hat. Poster picture of a Seaman First Class. How in the world he got this far inland or where he came from is a mystery. He looks about as out of place in this mob of hell-raisers as a Dominican nun. But under these circumstances, this sailor isn't the least out of character. From the slant of his decks as he staggers up to Hemingway's table, he looks about as sober as everyone else does. His cap perched pristine white and perfectly flared like the mouth of a fine porcelain vase, defies gravity on the back of his head. His straight black hair is sweat-plastered to his glistening brow. His sleeves are folded twice neatly up his hairy forearms and his left hand clamps tenaciously to the neck of a bloated goat skin wine bag.

Standing behind Hemingway's shoulder he reaches over and slams the bag down on the table in front of him and says, "Autograph that!"

Hemingway never looks up. He has no idea an American sailor stands behind him. But he does respond. His big hand reaches out and clamps onto the bag and in one swift upward



Robert F. Burgess

When young, Hemingway performed in this event.

movement, the sailor's wine bag sails over the heads of the crowd. Back tilts the fellow's head as his bleary eyes watch his flying wine bag. Then, very purposefully, he tacks off on a swift course to recover his property.

Hemingway never skips a word or a sip. The sailor is swallowed up instantly in the crowd. We all see it and think that's the end of it. But we're all wrong.

In a few moments, out of the seething revellers appears the pristine white uniformed figure of the same sailor, his neat white cap still perched miraculously on the back of his head. Gripped tightly in his left hand is the same bloated wine bag, only this time its top is off and dangling by its thin red string to the horn-shaped tiny-holed spout designed to shoot a thin stream of wine wherever it is directed.

Once again the sailor sails an oblique course up behind Hemingway and this time says loudly, "I said, sign that damn thing!" Again he reaches over Hemingway's shoulder and slams the bloated wine-skin onto the table in front of him.

This time a fountain of red shoots high in the air to shower Hemingway and his friends.

Even before the gusher subsides, Hemingway leaps to his feet, pivots, lowers his head like a battling ram and lunges after the sailor. Only one man in that entire drunken town is one whit faster than the enraged Hemingway. It's the sailor. His black-shoed white legs almost seem to windmill him through the crowd before the rest of him catches up. A heartbeat behind him is Hemingway looking for all the world like an old silver-tip

grizzly, back arched and bristling, powerful legs driving, forepaws reaching, fingers claw-curved for the kill, all moving at full charge in a blur through the astonished crowd. For once in all these days, everyone is momentarily stunned to silence. It lasts just an instant before the crowd parts and gulps them down. Then it's bedlam again.

For all we know Hemingway may have caught the guy and stomped him into the cobblestones. The sailor's only salvation is that when last seen, just before being gobbled from view, everyone grabs at the enraged bear, trying to calm Hemingway before he catches and kills the fellow.

Frankly, I don't know how it ends. All I have etched on my mind is that one vivid scene that will be with me for the rest of my days. It's a little like seeing a horrendous accident in slow motion. I see a split second freeze frame of the sailor scrambling all arms and legs flaying the air, that neat white cap gone, no longer perched precariously on the back of his head.

Then the crowd consumes them. The sailor is lucky if his hat is all he loses. We never see him again. But moments later the crowd parts as it hauls a grinning Hemingway back to his table, back safely to the heightened adulation of his wine-bespattered, still somewhat shaken table of friends.

It's all over. It's all in fun. Hem is no longer mad at the navy "Have a drink!" he growls.

Ah, what a night! What a bear! We all hoist toasts to the old grizzly. Nothing slow about this old silver-tip! He's made us believers again. May he live forever! ☐

Unlikely Meeting a Welcome Addition to Hemingway Tale

By Roy Burkhead

Part biography and part autobiography with the flavor of a travelogue, *MEETING HEMINGWAY IN PAMPLONA: A Personal Memoir*, by Robert F. Burgess is the sort of tale one would expect from an author whose nearly two dozen published book covers contain images of sharks and submariners, deep sea divers and treasure, and oh yes, Ernest Hemingway.

Many writers could have written a book similar to this one, but only Burgess could have written this particular one.

July of 1959, then a young freelance writer based in Spain, Burgess had returned to Madrid from Tunisia where he had been on assignment to find and climb Hill 609, a honeycombed mountain fortress held by the Germans during the Second World War. When he learned that Hemingway had just left Madrid for the running of the bulls, Burgess took off—on a Lambretta motor scooter no less—to do a photo story on the event for a Madrid magazine. Hemingway was at the Fiesta de San Fermin in Pamplona as a working journalist for *Life* magazine, reporting on the series of mano-a-mano bullfights being fought that summer across Spain by the two top matadors, Antonio Ordóñez and Luis Miguel Dominguín.

The intersection of these two writers is what makes this book unique, setting it apart from others and securing its place as a valuable addition to the Hemingway canon.

And that intersection—that first meeting—is the foundation of the book's authenticity, so much so that Burgess structures the book in such a way as to present that encounter twice, artfully and without repetition. Strengthening the book is the fact that Burgess does not embellish his time and interaction with Hemingway. As the following sample of their meeting reveals, Burgess did not need to do so:

"My wife and I come here to enjoy ourselves, and everyone pesters us."

As he speaks he turns toward me and suddenly throws an arc-jerk clenched right fist punch at my stomach, stopping it just short of my shirt.

Being fake punched by Hemingway is so unexpected I don't flinch but instinctively tense my stomach muscles. Hemingway must approve; he doesn't even break stride in his sentence. "But I don't mind," he says with a grin.

The author's easy-going writing style allows this book to read like a novel rather than what it is: a structured and organized approach to answering a question the author asks early on in the story: How fictionalized were Hemingway's novels? To explore this question, Burgess injects himself into the characters and topography of Hemingway's first novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, and this question is the catalyst that propels the reader into and throughout this book.

After beginning with the author's insights and memories of his encounter with Hemingway, Burgess takes the reader back to Hemingway's earliest years in France and Spain, the locales that provided the background noises and influences as Hemingway wrote and polished *The Sun Also Rises*.

Next, the author flashes forward to the present and backtracks that novel's literary landscape (or what remains of it today), following Hemingway and his characters from the Paris cafes to the Pyrenees fishing holes and beyond, rediscovering factual details of the things fictionalized in the novel.

To his credit, Burgess is not the all-powerful, all-knowing biographer. His casual, creative-writing approach to the subject matter

makes this book an excellent beginning for someone searching for an introduction into Hemingway's work or for a person who may be familiar with the novelist but in need of a little literary hand-holding. This is not to say that this is not a well-researched book. It is. Burgess develops this story through the use of his own primary, on-site re-

search done throughout Europe, as well as through historical facts, literary history and documentation, and the statements of those who knew Hemingway: sons and wives, friends and foes alike, biographers and historians, and even a bartender have put their version of how it was on paper, and Burgess pulls from that source material.

Adding to the power of Burgess's research and words are his photographs. As the author stated in the book,

"After drinking several rounds of red wine with the group around the table, I ask Hemingway if he minds me taking photographs of him.

"Sure, I guess it's okay," he says with a tough guy growl. "Just don't ask me to pose."

The images reveal a type of truth present in black and white film, and they are not the haphazard snapshots of an awe-struck fan. In addition to being

a writer, this graduate from the Michigan State University Journalism Department is a professional photographer (both above and below the water). The photographs are thoughtful and revealing, capturing Hemingway being Hemingway with his mob of friends and fans at the Fiesta de San Fermin in Pamplona.

With *The Sun Also Rises* in mind, the reader can almost see the author in his archive of negatives from that early visit to Pamplona, searching for those shots that would conjure up Hemingway and the lore of that novel. The result is a series of pictures that seem to come with their own action verbs: 1) pushing, chanting crowds at the bullfight; 2) shouting, clamoring amateurs running with the bulls and in the ring; and 3) a montage of a bullfight: matador and bull in action, shots taken for maximum contrast and slow shutter speeds to capture the basic movement in stark black and white.

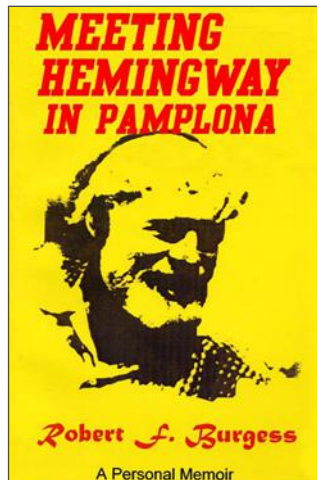
The camera continues as Burgess enters the world of Hemingway's novel, the photos of the cafes, the bookstores, the gardens, and the hotels as they survive today, all combining with the earlier images to form a sort of adhesive to bind the text throughout the book.

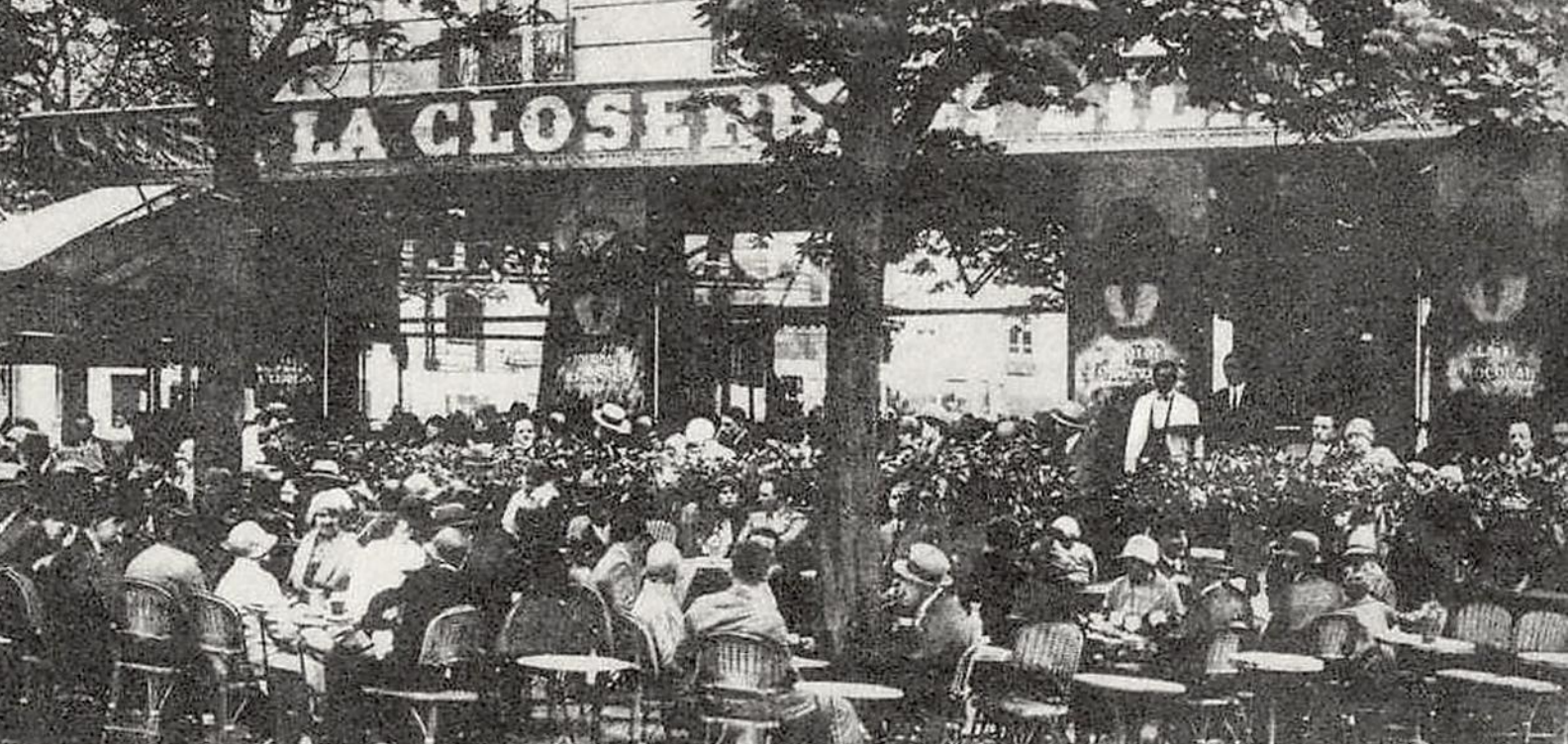
MEETING HEMINGWAY IN PAMPLONA: A Personal Memoir is a well-crafted book, consistent in pacing and tone with a strong, reliable narrator and point of view.

Navigating through this book, it is easy to believe that one is sitting at a table with Burgess at one of Hemingway's favorite European cafes. And from time to time, Burgess leans over and whispers something like:

"Only one man in that entire drunken town (Pamplona) is one whit faster than the enraged Hemingway. It's the (U.S.) sailor. His black-shoed white legs almost seem to windmill him through the crowd before the rest of him catches up. And a heartbeat behind him is Hemingway looking for all the world like an old silver-tip grizzly, back arched and bristling, powerful legs driving, fore-paws reaching, fingers claw-curved for the kill, all moving at full charge in a blur through the astonished crowd."

Who is the sailor? What so-enraged Hemingway? How does it end for the sailor? Well, you'll have to read this book to find out. And don't bother looking in any other biography. You won't find this story and so many more like it anywhere but here. I know; I've read them all. ☐





A Café Crème at the Closerie

Condensed from *Hemingway's Paris & Pamplona: Then, and Now*

By Robert F. Burgess

The first thing you notice is that the *Closerie des Lilas*, Hemingway's favorite café for writing on cold Parisian mornings, sits partially hidden by shrubbery just in from a sharply-formed street corner.

Looking a bit modern with a glassed-in terrace, this is where Ernest sought to keep warm while he nursed a hot cup of fragrant *café crème* and laboriously penned his tightly-worded thoughts in blue-covered French notebooks. In his day, however, there was no glassed-in terrace.

Today, the café is still on the corner of Boulevard du Montparnasse, and Boulevard St. Michel next to the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and the Avenue de l'Observatoire. As in the past, *Closerie des Lilas* (which means a small enclosed lilac garden) still sits apart from the three other popular literary cafés: the *Dôme*, *Select* and *Rotonde* several blocks west where the broad Boulevard Raspail cuts across Boulevard du Montparnasse at Carrefour Vavin.

Ernest preferred the Lilas to the others for two reasons: it was just around the corner from his rooms over a noisy sawmill on Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and it was a bit out of the way for everyone else. Most of the literary crowd and tourists flocked to the cluster of cafés down the street at the Carrefour. Hemingway occasionally visited them too, but when he wanted to work undisturbed, it was the *Closerie des Lilas* and a hot cup of French coffee and cream that claimed him.

Today, the café is not remiss in claiming him as one of its famous patrons. Immediately inside is a polished mahogany, low-lighted, red-leather, brass-and-chrome-mirrored bar. We ask the white-jacketed bartender if he remembers Ernest Hemingway.

Not only does the genial bartender remember him but he can point to the very spot at the bar where he says Hemingway sat to write, a barstool site bearing a brass marker on the bar with the author's name engraved on it.

The brass nameplate reads: "E. Hemingway." In fact, along the entire upholstered bar and at all the tables are small brightly polished brass nameplates of notable literary and artistic personages of the past who supposedly sat there.

Hemingway's likeness also appears sketched on the cover of the café's menu, which offers, "*Le pave de rumstak au poivre Hemingway*" said to be a fine, peppery flavored beef dish served with peas. Whether or not Ernest ever ordered it is questionable.

Common sense suggests that unless he was in a hurry, Hemingway would never have sat at a bar with his back to the boulevard in easy view of anyone who cared to interrupt him. He would have sat at a side table, away from the bar with his back to the wall so he would have a clear view of the field in front of him.

In fact, he sat at several favorite places at the Closerie. In the mornings he regularly sat at a table to the right of the bar and away from it. With the sun rising from the east it afforded a clear, well-lighted place for him to write and he could look over his left shoulder out past the shrubbery for a clear view down the Avenue de la Observatoire to the distant green of the Luxembourg Gardens. In the late afternoon he chose a corner table with the low light from the west coming in over his shoulder, drinking half of his *café crème* when it cooled and leaving the rest to wait as he wrote about what was to be his short story, "Big Two-Hearted River."

In his book, *The Best Times: An Informal Memoir*, [The New American Library, New York 1966] Hemingway's friend John Dos Passos recalls a spring day when they both sat outside at a table in the garden triangle under the shade of the chestnut trees and how amused Dos was to actually see a lilac blooming in the shrubbery of the café named for its lilac garden.

If you wonder how the *Closerie des Lilas* looked in Hemingway's day, the friendly bartender will give you a souvenir postcard with a picture of the café as it appeared then. The black and white photograph lacks the full, luscious greenery that now makes the garden area a pleasant cul-de-sac of privacy.

In nice weather Hemingway sat at the square marble-topped tables outdoors where there were no walls of glass then, and where he enjoyed the openness of it. There, with his two short pencils, pocket pencil-sharpener, and blue-backed notebooks, he wrote, savoring the smell of early morning and the sounds of waiters sweeping out and mopping the café, accompanied by the sharp, hollow clomping of the horses' hooves as wagons rumbled over the cobblestones of the Boulevard du Montparnasse in front of him.

In his right pocket for luck he carried a horse-chestnut and a rabbit's foot, both rubbed so many times for luck that the chestnut glowed ebony black and the rabbit's foot had long since lost its fur until all that remained were the rigid bones and sinews, the claws scratching through the thin lining of his pocket letting him know that its charm still worked.

Certainly something was working for the young writer. He felt good about writing "Big Two-Hearted River" at the Lilas. He had written the country so that a reader could walk through it reading his words and see the timber, the clearing, the hill, the river and everything as they were. That was pure rabbit's foot luck, plus hard work. And again later at the Lilas he finished the first draft of his novel, *The Sun Also Rises*. He knew the luck had held with that one too.

The tall trees that surrounded the café to give it a touch of shade and a touch of country were horse chestnuts in Hemingway's early years. Today they are London plane trees that perform the same function and convey the same feeling as the chestnuts



Robert F. Burgess

The statue Ernest most admired as he wrote in the early mornings at La Closerie des Lilas.

did in the past. But no horse-drawn wagons rumble over the cobblestones today. All one hears from the boulevard is the steady hum of vehicular traffic.

What always caught Hemingway's eye from his vantage point at the Lilas was the impressive bronze statue of Marshal Ney just forty feet from the café, standing dark and tall atop its stone pedestal. Appearing quite dashing, the figure looks east up the divided boulevards, legs spread, arm raised, Ney's sword brandished defiantly overhead. A most imposing heroic figure that Hemingway couldn't help but notice each time he stopped at the café. At the base of the greenish bronze twelve-foot-tall statue is inscribed:

Et la MEMOIR DU MARECHAL NEY,
DUC DELCHINGEN
PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA 7 DECEMBRE
1853

This statue of General Ney beside the Closerie where Hemingway often wrote became his friend and grew to have special significance to the struggling young writer. He too was fighting for a cause he believed in.

Michel Ney, who was marshal of France and once Napoleon's most trusted general, turned traitor for the restored monarchy after he was sent to track down Napoleon when he escaped from Elba. General Ney promised to return the ex-emperor to Paris in an iron cage, but instead when he found him, he knelt before Bonaparte and presented him the gift of his 60,000-man army. Together, they charged into the battle of Waterloo where Napoleon and his armies were defeated. For his traitorous action, the Royalists executed Ney against a wall across the street from where his present statue stands.

Executed on December 7, 1853, Ney is buried in Paris' Pere Lachaise cemetery.

Seeing the statue gave Hemingway the courage to remember the evening that he was walking home and he stopped by the Lilas to see his old friend, the statue, and found him in glowing late afternoon light with the shadows of the tree branches on the dark green bronze.

He thought of Gertrude Stein calling them the lost generation. He thought about General Ney and the mess he made of Waterloo and he recalled that all generations somehow lost something. Then he drank a toast to the general thinking about how many days he had fought, personally involved in the rear-guard retreat from Moscow while Napoleon escaped through the snow in a horse drawn sledge with Caulaincourt.

Ney's fidelity to Napoleon made Ernest remember how close he and Gertrude Stein had been. He pledged to do his best to serve her and to see that she received the just acclaim due her for all the good things she had done "as long as I can, so help me God and Mike Ney. But to hell with her lost generation talk."

After that Ernest headed home to his rooms over the sawmill where his little family (his wife Hadley, his son, Bumby and their cat F. Puss) sat happily around the warm fire in the fireplace.

Inside the Closerie my friend and I sit at one of the small, highly polished mahogany tables and order two *café crèmes* as we talk about Hemingway. The friendly white-jacketed waiter smiles knowingly as he switches on the controls of the tall shiny chrome cylinder of the steam pressure coffee machine.

After it appropriately hisses, bubbles and steams, the waiter brings us our steaming *café crème* order in heavy porcelain cups on a silver tray with two small white paper napkins.

The fragrant rich blend of hot French coffee and cream surely tastes just as rich and pleasing as it did when Hemingway ordered it on those cold winter mornings in Paris. Some things never change. French coffee is one of them. Perhaps not too much of the café has changed either except for certain modern additions. In my notes, I write:

"The under-the-awning outdoor part of the Lilas is pleasantly surrounded by green shrubs creating a quaint area of secluded tables that Hemingway would have liked, because they would have prevented him being seen sitting outdoors in this area."

A large part appears to have been added on under the awning that extends out toward the Ney statue. This table area is enclosed in glass for the patrons' comfort during inclement weather. Extending out considerably from the original facade of the building, it strikes me as too artificial, taking too much away from the idea of the outdoor café. With its artificial climate and its glass walls one may see but not feel the outdoors. Today's version is an imitation of the real thing. A faux French sidewalk café. Papa would have called it phony.

At least it is not all that way. When designers are clever, the glass walls fold away so that the phoniness can be withdrawn on warm spring days.

Closerie des Lilas is a small café; the inside has little depth to it. It is there to maintain service to the larger outdoor café part. Inside the café its warmth is quickly apparent. It has the same warmth as a classically-bound old book with rich maroon leather covers, incised with gold leaf. All the café's appointments suggest this: warm, red leather and polished brass on the bar stools, reddish mahogany and brass name-plated tables, long red leather and mahogany upholstered wall benches. Large gold-gilt mirrors behind the bar keep company with a framed painting of the author as a young veteran in a woolen army uniform from World War I. On the right, over the doors are framed old photographs of the bar as it appeared in Hemingway's time.

What strikes us most about the inside of the *Closerie des Lilas* is the lush richness of its colors. The ceiling is reddish brown; even the red-shaded wall lamps radiate this light. Glittering glasses and bottles at the bar with lots of mirror behind them reflect the same rich images. The tables of polished mahogany with their small one-by-three-inch brass nameplates on their corners impart a golden glow of richness, their engraved names of literary figures mindful of a long gone golden age of literature. Our table to the left of the bar and against the wall contains the name of Samuel Beckett (1906 to 1989), the Irish dramatist and novelist.

The *café crèmes* are delightful and our waiter typically has no interest in hurrying us. This is not the rush hour. It is the early morning hour when Hemingway would have been there and patrons are few.

Later I visit the *Closerie* in the afternoon between three o'clock and six o'clock, after the midday meal but before the evening meal, a time when all Parisian cafes fill with people of all ages and occupations. Most at the *Lilas* appear to be French. They sit over their drinks reading books, newspapers, or racing forms, savoring the amber light of a waning day as they sip coffee, a glass of wine, or perhaps a milky pernod with its anise flavor tickling the taste buds. A pleasant stimulant to celebrate the end of the day before one has to return indoors to the family or to the loneliness of a hotel room.

As you sit there alone in this café and shut your eyes, you again hear much of what Hemingway heard in his day at this time: street noises, the occasional sharp click, click, click of high heels on the sidewalk immediately outside, rustling newspapers, the distant hissing of the coffee-maker, a blurred babble of voices, waiter's taking orders, metal trays lightly clattering on marble-topped tables, and the steady wind-chime tinkling of glassware. Unique music, much the same tune that plays in Paris cafés for every generation, whether it is lost, beat, or just looking.

Suddenly it occurs to me that this is the same background music Hemingway heard when he wrote his Nick Adams story about trout-fishing in Michigan after World War I, and when he wrote his hopeless love story about Jake Barnes and Brett Ashley in *The Sun Also Rises*. I listen intently to what he heard. No doubt about it, it's the same song.

The *Closerie des Lilas* still has enormous charm, the kind that seems to resonate the historical richness of its past. I order another *café crème* to savor a bit more of young Hemingway's Paris, understanding a little better what he was about, and what so appealed to him in this clean, well-lit place. ☐





Hemingway in the Pyrenees

Condensed from *Hemingway's Paris & Pamplona: Then, and Now*

By Robert F. Burgess

Rufino Lasaoa

A Bus to Burguete

In *The Sun Also Rises* Ernest Hemingway (as Jake Barnes) and his friend Bill Gorton board the bus to the Pyrenees village of Burguete in Pamplona's *Plaza del Castillo* where it picked up passengers in 1924. Today, however, you board it at a modern bus station some blocks away from the square. In Hemingway's time the bus was so crowded that some of the people and the baggage sat atop the bus' roof. Passengers got there by ladder. Hemingway said that Bill went up on top with Robert Cohen (Harold Loeb) behind him and sat down on a board seat to hold a place for Jake Barnes (Hemingway) who had returned to the hotel to get two bottles of wine to take with them. It was hot that July day and people sat all over the bags and boxes on the roof, the women passengers fanning themselves briskly.

Now, 74 years after that 1924 event which he detailed in *The Sun Also Rises*, our modern bus is one of the huge touring types. It boasts large sightseeing windows, air conditioning, a thirty-inch-wide television screen mounted in the middle over the driver for the passengers' entertainment, with good popular listening music playing quietly in the background on the bus' stereo speakers. No need to stack our luggage or passengers on the roof, the behemoth's belly swallows our bags easily and the chatty weekend crowd of mostly college age people seems quite content in the soft, plush comfort where they are.

Like Hemingway I am traveling with a happy-go-lucky crowd, mostly students with a few senior citizens scattered among them. Most carry backpacks and walking staffs and plan to hike in the mountains. It is a cosmopolitan bunch: French, German, Dutch, English and Spanish on weekend holidays or vacations. I sit directly behind the driver so that I can see well out the front and side windows and can ask him questions if necessary.

Hemingway observed and described every detail in *The Sun Also Rises*, detailing the country as it appeared. His bus rattled off down the long dusty road.

We do likewise, following the same road but one that is now nicely paved. At first the bus follows across the plateau with the road constantly rising, occasionally passing over a shallow water rock-filled river that looks perfect for trout-fishing. The road continues up past steep hillsides whose walls alongside us are nearly vertical gray granite. And always it is a gently winding serpentine highway.

We pass the small town of Zabaldica where we cross over the nar-

row Arga River and after that we parallel this fine shallow, clear rock-strewn waterway for many miles.

At Larrasoana, beautiful stone houses are built right out to the road. There are no sidewalks. The large bus maneuvers carefully around corners, watching out for iron balconies on the fronts of houses that stick out dangerously close to us. This is a sparkling clean little town and it only takes minutes to pass through it.

Young people walking along the roadside carry hiking staffs, which suggests what they are anticipating. This may have been the town that Hemingway describes though he gives it no name. His bus stopped in front of the posada or inn and the driver picked up several packages before they started up again.

Outside of town the road started to climb and Hemingway wrote that they went through farming country with rocky hills sloping into the fields. He described how the fields of grain grew up the steep hillsides and as their bus climbed higher, the wind blew through this grain. He wrote that it was a white dusty road and the clouds of dust stirred up by the wheels hung heavy in the air behind them.

And then the road angled up into the hills and left the wheat fields behind and below them. Now all he saw were patches of wheat on the bare hillside and on both sides of the waterways.

Our bus reaches another stone village with houses of stucco and concrete, iron or wood balconies. Heavy with blooms, purple bougainvillea cascades over walls. All the houses have red-tiled Spanish roofs. This is rolling country, low foothills to the mountains. One sees rows of green trees, fine lush pastures rising up around us, above the white stucco houses.

As we continue we pass an occasional commercial mining area with great piles of gray material that suggests this is another cement-making factory. Half a dozen tall gray silos and a gray escalator are there for moving the gray material.

Zubiri is another quaint village of new buildings, stone houses and gardens. Just beyond it the road divides and we take the right fork. A road sign announces this as the way to Burguete 21 kilometers away. At this point the road starts climbing steeply through a forest of young pines.

Occasionally our bus slows and moves carefully to the far side of the road as it goes around a corner, then pauses as it makes room for several cars and a group of hikers waiting for it to get around.

In *The Sun Also Rises*, Hemingway mentioned a similar incident on the narrow winding road in which his bus turned sharply out to one side of the road to make room for a string of six mules, one after the other pulling a tall loaded wagon. Everything, the wagon and mules are layered in white dust. Right behind them is another mule train; this one pulling a wagonload of lumber with the driver hauling back on the long wood brake lever as the mule train passed the bus. He said they were now in country that was quite barren with rocky hills and clay shoulders that were deeply rain furrowed.

Hemingway wrote that as their bus came around a curve into another village the terrain flattened out into a surprisingly green valley with a stream that ran through the center of town and large fields of grapes that touched the houses. This was probably the town of Zubiri, the only point where the Arga River passes through the town and then crosses under the road as it makes its way north while our highway turns abruptly right for Burguete and goes into a series of steep twists and turns as it climbs higher and higher.

In the notes that I took there, I wrote, "The road becomes winding and serpentine, well-paved, lots of blind curves and warning signs, the bus begins its labors now. We pass middle-aged hikers on their way downhill."

Hemingway wrote that the bus stopped at an inn, possibly at Zubiri and everyone got off to stretch their legs. Lots of baggage carried atop the roof under large tarpaulins was now uncovered and passed down.

Hemingway wrote that Jake and Bill took this opportunity to go into the inn where they found a long, cool dark room with leather saddles, harnesses and white oak hay forks along the wood walls. In this cool place there were also clusters of rope-soled canvas shoes, bunches of garlic, long links of smoked sausages, hams and slabs of bacon hanging from the low ceiling.

Two women behind a counter served them glasses of sparkling water to drink and Jake gave them a generous tip. He noted that behind the women were shelves of various supplies and food items for sale. In a moment, two of the Basques traveling with them came in and insisted on buying Bill and Jake a drink. In a few moments everyone was slapping each other on their backs and buying drinks for each other back and forth.

After several rounds, the good drinking buddies trooped outside and climbed back atop their bus. There was plenty of room for everyone now since some of the freight and passengers were no longer with them. In a moment the bus driver arrived with two leather letter pouches, everyone waved and they rumbled off.

Hemingway said that the road left the green valley and climbed up into the hills. Ernest picked up his description of the country again, saying the bus climbed steadily up the road through barren country with jagged rocks sticking up out of the clay. There was no grass around the road whatsoever. But looking back he saw the country spread out far below them.

After we leave Zubiri we pass Agorrepa which is another little town of red tile roofs. Then the road gets serious about its uphill whip-backs. It develops a series of convulsive steep, sharp hairpin curves. Our bus really begins to labor now as the roadway steepens higher and higher. The people behind me are strangely silent. I glance back. They are not talking, just holding on as the tall vehicle sways and turns, leans and tilts. It's an uphill rollercoaster ride turned sideways. We swerve sharply right and then left up the narrow zigzag road with solid rock walls to our left and empty oblivion to our right, just over the windowsill. (I can't help but believe that at this point of their journey Hemingway's roof riders were now clutching their plank seat and holding on for dear life ... but Ernest never mentioned it.)

Our driver is in a shifting frenzy now, down-shifting his gears repeatedly to cope with the grade. The vehicle's transmission whines in different keys up and down the scale, its hulk jerks and bucks, then begrudgingly roars ever onward and upward. A road sign warns that

we still have another three more breathless kilometers of these leaning, jerking, bus-wrenching curves ahead, its symbol a thick black line tightly folded back upon itself.

It doesn't lie.

These are soon 180-degree sharp turns. We creep past people who have stopped their cars at a turnout point to view the sunset over the valley. The deep valley and mountain shoulders on our left flank host healthy green pines and short evergreens.

Hemingway described this section of the trip with the stunning view he and Bill and the others got from the roof of the bus. He wrote that looking back they saw it all spread out in green and brown squares of the fields far below them with strange-shaped mountains on the horizon. He wrote that as their bus ground slowly along the route the steeper they climbed; the skyline changed its shape as more rugged mountains came into view.

(Hemingway's eyes may have been fixed on the long view but ours were riveted on the short view of the mountain edge we were trying to fall off of into that distant valley he saw as a patchwork quilt!)

Then Ernest said that finally the road came over the crest and leveled out as it went into a forest of cork oaks.

As our laboring bus huffs and puffs up a thirty-degree incline all I hear now are excited mixed languages. At least now people behind me have stopped holding their breaths and are talking again!

Once over the first mountain range we make our way down the steep grade, downhill this time at a thirty-degree angle, to arrive at a village called Erro. It is a charming little cluster of stone houses, church, and shrubs, with stone walls leading to the village that lay further down in this lush valley on the road to Burguete. One charming white stucco or stone house follows another, amid a colorful scattering of wild flowers, domestic roses, bougainvillea, geraniums, each house spotlessly clean, everything seemingly fresh-painted, roofs in red pastels, enough

shapes, textures and colors to delight any artist.

Another sign indicates a narrowing of the road, the constriction allowing barely enough room for the bus let alone an occasional small European car to pass downhill. Wondering what happens when two of these giant sightseeing buses meet on a narrow road such as this, I notice that always the smaller of two vehicles stops while the larger one passes.

An hour into the trip and we're into the mountaintops where gray clouds scrape across ragged peaks that shred their undersides and send the white tendrils drifting down into the valleys as wispy fog. Ahead sprawl flat green pastures with white stone and stucco houses that crowd tightly up to the road as though seeking comfort. Behind them, gardens and barns and crumbling stone walls fall away. Then suddenly we are approaching the mountain town of Burguete.

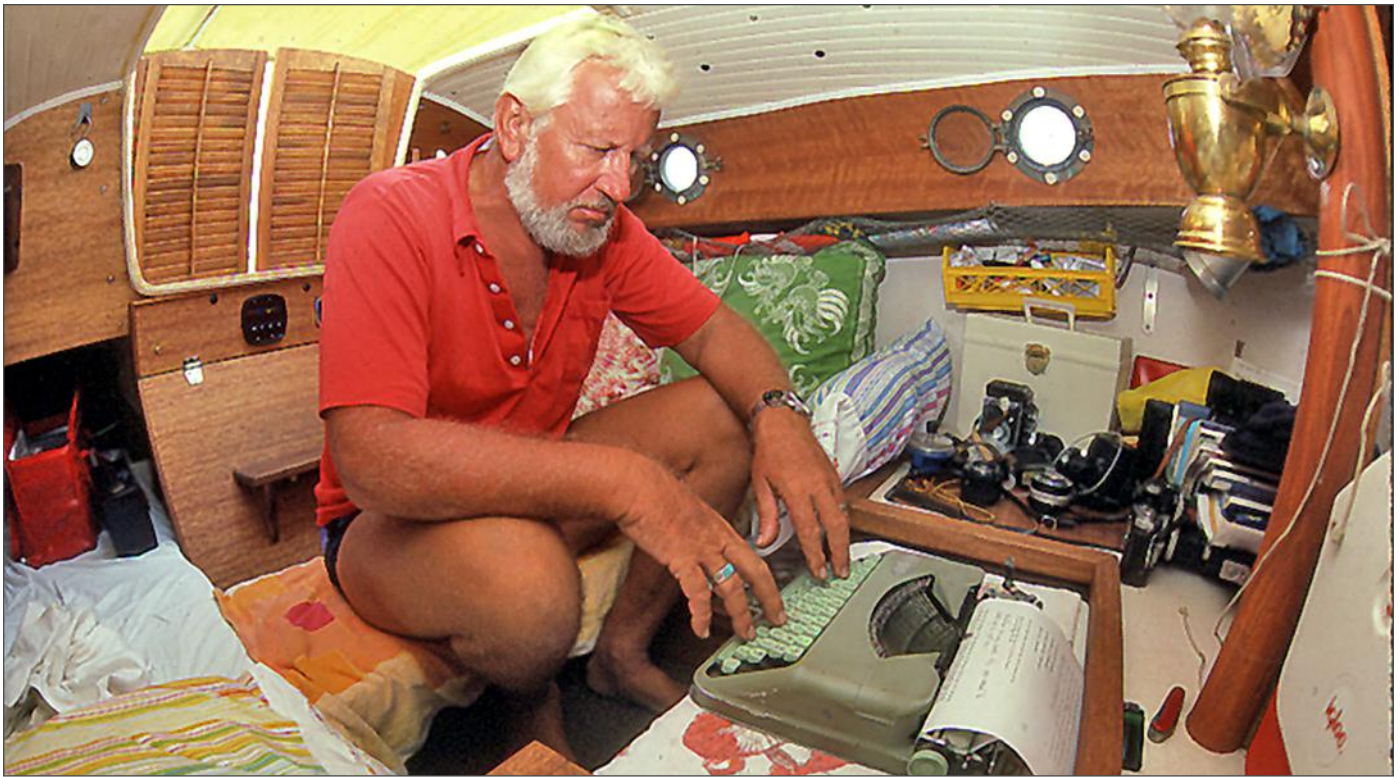
Hemingway wrote that at this point they came into a rolling green plain with ominous dark mountains behind it. He described them as not being the typical brown heat-baked mountains they had had before, these were heavily wooded and the clouds were coming down from them. The green pastures stretching out in front were marked off by fence lines, the white dusty road they followed passed across this green expanse heading north and as it rose over a hill they saw the red-tiled roofs of Burguete, its houses like pearls lined up ahead of them. And far away on the flanks of one of the dark mountains he made out the gunmetal gray tin roof of the ancient monastery at Roncesvalles.

As his bus slowed it moved into the village of white houses that lined both sides of the narrow street. Bill complained of feeling cold as they entered Burguete whose altitude is just under 3,000 feet above sea level. Whether it's May or July, this country is dry, cool and always refreshing. After the rigors of a weeklong fiesta at Pamplona, no wonder this country appealed to Hemingway. With its coolness, its pines, and its clear, cold trout streams it was northern Michigan country, the country he grew up loving. In Spain it was about as close to coming home as he could get. ☐



William Berezka

Burguete Church.



Robert F. Burgess

Aboard his sailboat in Key Largo, Bob works on an article.

A Conversation with Robert F. Burgess

► From Page 17

Someone was always interrupting him for an autograph which he kindly gave. He always had a kind word for the old Basques that sometimes pounded him on the back and wanted him to dance with them. He was always at his best. He only got angry at that wild sailor. No one would have believed he had suffered so many traumas before that last Pamplona fiesta. He enjoyed it to the hilt and when I read other accounts of him during that time they always rang true to what I knew about how he acted and what happened.

Q: Your images give us a glimpse into Hemingway's inner circle, known as the Cuadrilla, a name taken from the bullring and meaning a group of assistants to the matador in a bullfight. What were your impressions of the Cuadrilla? What was it like to be a part of it, even if for a little while?

A: To me they were a bunch of strangers. The only one who seemed cheerful was Hemingway when fans greeted him. The rest of the people at the table, his usual crowd, seemed pretty dour... or maybe hung over. No one bothered to introduce themselves. The focus was entirely on Hemingway. Even his later biographer A. E. Hotchner had nothing to say. He just puffed a cigarette and listened. Days and nights of continual revelry wears one down. What the photos are unable to record is the incredible noise going on

around us at all times. No one could have a decent conversation unless you talked into their ear...so we all just looked on...grinned, sipped and snapped pictures from time to time. None of us had slept decently for several days. You napped where you sat until the racket woke you up...to go to the bullring at 4 o'clock in the morning. I have no recollection of ever eating. I must have but I have no memory of it.

Q: e-Books and self-publishing are finally catching on, but am I correct in thinking that you've been using this approach for a long time? How has it been working out for you?

A: Yes, all 20 of my books are still in soft-cover print editions, but I was eager to get them into e-books, along with new ones. Interestingly sales for them both here and in English speaking countries around the world have been better than for the traditionally published books. I carry a library of books in a Kindle reader no larger than a thin paperback. I love it. One or more Kindles are always in my backpacks (my Kindle Fire 8.9 is loaded with both books and a large number of my favorite works of art and photographs.) The large format shows them beautifully. It's a handy way to keep books and art with me.

Q: What's next? You working on a new book or article? How can readers best find your work?

A: It's all about e-books now. New ones. I am about three or four books ahead of myself all the time. They are works in prog-

ress. One is a guide to all of our Florida State Parks written mainly for divers with detailed descriptions and photographs of underwater caves and spring sites in freshwater Florida. Another is titled *After the War: Paris*. In pictures and text it examines what it is about Paris that so attracted artists and writers after each of the World Wars. Both Robin Bird (Professor Emeritus Robert E. Gajdusek, international Hemingway authority, poet, scholar, photographer; author of *Hemingway's Paris*) and I lived and loved in Paris immediately after the Second World War when we were 20-year-olds, and I detail our experiences as well as Hemingway's after WWI. Included will be the remarkable letters from Robin. Another of my non-fiction books that was well received as a traditionally published book was titled *The Cave Divers*. This will be its fourth edition but as an e-book. After that hopefully I'll write some fiction. The writing of a book, designing and preparing the illustrations for it, then having it sell is too much fun to stop. For the first time writers are able to create their books from cover-to-cover and make them just the way they want them and that is totally great. The inexpensive price of e-books today and the ease of their availability mean that everyone is reading more and paying less for the pleasure of their company. Best source for all of my books is Amazon. The link is: <http://www.amazon.com/Robert-F-Burgess/e/B002ZHFOPOQ> □



Never a shortage of fans. A.E. Hotchner sits to Hemingway's right.

Hemingway and fans enjoying some Calypso music by a gifted guitarist.



Hemingway in Spain

Photos by Robert F. Burgess

Writer Robert F. Burgess is a novelist and author of nonfiction adventure books, as well as a sports writer and professional photographer. For more than three years, Robert and his wife lived in Spain, where he met and photographed Ernest Hemingway. This work became the foundation and inspiration for his 2001 memoir, *Hemingway's Paris & Pamplona: Then, And Now*.

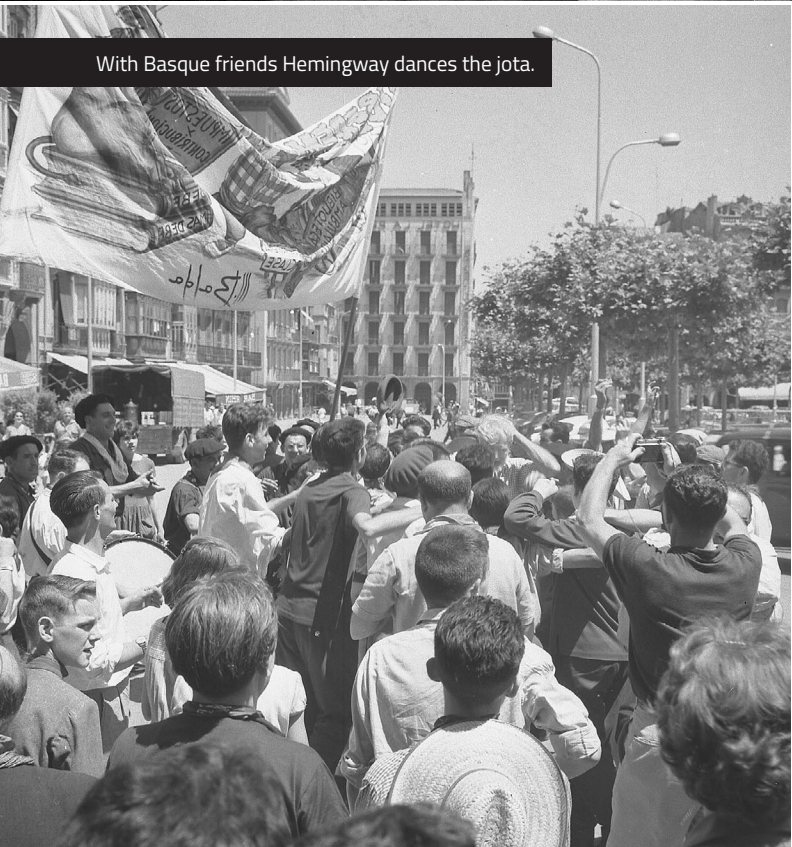
Here is a collection of photos from Burgess's private collection.



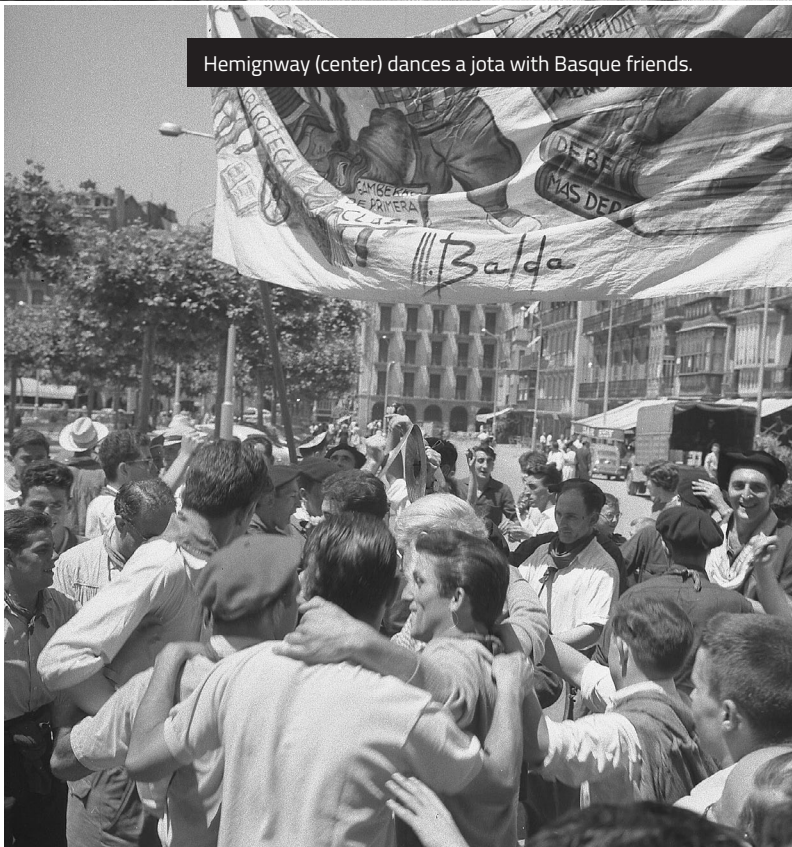
He always took time to talk with fans.



Surrounded by his fans, he could not have been happier.



With Basque friends Hemingway dances the jota.



Hemingway (center) dances a jota with Basque friends.



Gracias, Papa, Gracias!



He always had time for serious talk.

Additional photos are included in the excerpts from Robert F. Burgess' 2001 memoir, *Hemingway's Paris & Pamplona: Then, And Now*, on pages 14-18.



Applauding a guitarist's performance for Hemingway.



To Have and Have Not

Truth and Fiction in Hemingway's Key West Home

By Molly McCaffrey

As we approached the former home of Ernest Hemingway in the southernmost city of the United States—Key West—I saw a figure sitting on the front porch in a wheelchair. An elderly man with white hair and a stocky build. He looked to be well over a hundred years old. All that was missing was the beard.

And for a moment I thought, *Could it be him?*

At the steps to the front porch, I tried not to stare, but I wanted to get a good look. I wanted to study him, to make certain he was not a ghost. But the tour guide shuffled us inside so quickly, I was never able to look directly at his face.

Hemingway's Key West residence is a Spanish Colonial style house built in 1851 on Whitehead Street. My husband, Dave, and I are both fiction writers, so we'd wanted to make the trip to Key West—and to Hemingway's former home—for as long as we'd known each other, a little more than twenty years at that point.

The tour began in the living room, where arched floor-to-ceiling windows framed the room like glowing sentries. The adjacent dining room featured the same windows as did the bedrooms upstairs, and in every space, I peeked out, trying to get a better look at the man in the wheelchair.

In the dining room, we paused next to a large table so the tour guide could explain that the portraits on the wall depicted Hemingway's four wives—Hadley Richardson, Pauline Pfeiffer, Martha Gellhorn, and Mary Welsh—even though he'd only lived in Key West with Pauline, his second. I gasped when I realized that these women had been enshrined there forever, harem-like, in a completely inappropriate tribute to Hemingway's reputation as a ladies' man.

We made our way upstairs where we entered Hemingway's bathroom, which—at about ten-foot square—was unusually spacious

for the time. The gold-and-black Art Deco tiles on the floor were also unique, featuring graphic depictions of an open-mouthed fish and a quacking duck. Our guide explained Pauline had them shipped all the way from France at some expense.

Next to the bathroom was the master bedroom, and, though quite large, what I noticed was the average-ness of it. An old chenille bedspread was exactly like the kind my grandmother had on all of her beds. The bed appeared lumpy, the furniture shabby. The only notable thing in the room was one of the keyhole chairs Hemingway collected. *This was where one of the greatest American writers laid his head at night?*

From the bedroom, we stepped onto the porch that wrapped around the entire second floor of the home. Our guide pointed to the Key West lighthouse, visible from the southeast side of the porch, explaining that Hemingway used to follow the light home after a drunken night out with "The Mob," which included Charles Thompson, Joe Russell, and Capt. Eddie "Bra" Saunders as well as some of Hemingway's Paris friends. Then, as if it were the most normal thing in the world for her to do, our guide gestured casually towards the carriage house.

The carriage house: Hemingway's studio.

The holy grail.

She explained that Hemingway was so anxious to get to work every morning he'd had a walkway built between the porch and his studio, which sat across the courtyard in the second floor of the carriage house. Though the walkway was no longer there, I could still see it—floating like a secret passageway to Hemingway's treehouse.

Since the walkway was gone, we were forced to climb down the stairs at the back of the house, shuffle across the tiled courtyard on foot, and climb a rickety staircase to the second story of the carriage house en masse.

The metal staircase that butted up against the carriage house was too narrow for people to be walking up and down at the same time, but that's what we were doing, elbowing and brushing up against each other to get a glimpse of the room where Hemingway penned one novel, *To Have and Have Not* (1937), several short stories, and two books of nonfiction, *Green Hills of Africa* (1935) and *Death in the Afternoon* (1932).

Ironically, it was *before* he and Pauline moved to the house on Whitehead Street that he wrote *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), the most well known of his Key West books. Hemingway started that book on the ship from Paris and completed it in an apartment above the Key West Ford dealership, where he and Pauline waited three weeks for their Roadster to arrive.

When Dave and I finally reached the top of the stairs, we saw that one large room took up the entire second floor of the carriage house. A round wood gateleg table with an old fashioned black typewriter sat in the middle of the room, the light from several tall windows streaming around it in a celestial fashion. Simple white bookshelves lined the walls, and unusual black figurines sat on top of them, silently observing our comings and goings. The far wall was adorned with two ornate sconces and the mounted head of an African antelope.

As we turned away from the studio, I glanced back to the main house, again picturing the man himself lumbering across a shoddy walkway and pushing aside bamboo and palm leaves to get to his typewriter every morning. The idea seemed somewhat admirable and completely nuts at the same time—*would it really save him any time?*—making me wonder if he'd only installed the walkway just to have something to boast about.

When we arrived back downstairs at the in-ground pool—the first, largest and, at \$20,000, most expensive in Key West—the guide told us how angry Hemingway was about the exorbitant cost. Apparently Hemingway had been so furious when he returned from the Spanish Civil War and discovered how much Pauline had spent, he reached into his pocket and said, "Take the last penny I've got!" pressing it in the still wet cement around the pool, where it remains embedded to this day.

Hemingway supposedly showed his unhappiness, too, by putting a urinal he'd dragged home from Sloppy Joe's—which was being renovated—at the base of an expensive fountain Pauline had brought home from Europe.

It was a cocky attitude for him to have given that it was Pauline's Uncle Gus who had bought the house for them. Hemingway hadn't paid for the property, but was still brash enough to complain when she spent money on upgrades he didn't think were worth it.

Still, it's hard not to suspect that these



Andreas Lamecker

Hemingway's Key West home as it appears today.

tales have been exaggerated over time, like the fish that grows with each telling. Looking back, it's easy to imagine that the two of them fought over the pool and the décor given that it was one of the most luxurious homes on the island, but hard to believe that their fights were so memorable, so precise and witty, that they've stood the test of time with such clarity. Perhaps they've been embellished or polished to the point that they contain merely a trace of what was once true.

It seemed appropriate, though, that the home of one of the world's most famous fiction writers existed inside such a world of stories—possibly fictional, possibly not. Though we can never know which stories were true and which were fabricated, what seems most important is that the legend of Ernest Hemingway lives on, capturing our imagination well into the future.

These were the thoughts in my head as we finished the tour and entered the gift shop located on the first floor of the carriage house, a space not as well preserved as the rest of the estate and smelling of mildew and old books. Hemingway's six-toed cats were everywhere—underfoot and on top of the displays—the true heirs of the estate. Even the cats raised questions about what was true and what wasn't—Hemingway's son, Patrick, has said that his father never had cats in Key West, but rather had them later, in Cuba, and, instead, raised peacocks in Florida.

As we walked back around the front of the house—through a lush and well tended garden, around six-toed cats, and past a pet cemetery so large it would have given Stephen King the creeps—I wondered if any of it could be trusted.

And just as I was processing that thought, it finally happened...

I turned the corner of the house and came face to face with the old man in the wheelchair. He was slumped over a navy blue blanket spread across his lap and wearing a white panama hat with a black band around its crown. He looked at me, catching my eye, and I wanted to ask him, *Is it you? Are you still with us?* But before I could say anything, the young man pushing the wheelchair turned away from us, off toward the back of the house.

At the gate, we found that we couldn't leave without inquiring further. "Who's the old guy in the wheelchair?" Dave asked the attendant.

"Oh, him," the attendant said, nodding in the direction where the wheelchair had disappeared. "He's here all the time. He used to be a professor. He just likes to hang out."

That explanation made perfect sense, and I felt a small wave of disappointment pass through me.

"So it wasn't him," I said to Dave.

"I guess not," he said. "Or maybe that's just his cover." ☐



Jerry Barnaby

In 1939, Hemingway rented "Finca Vigía" in San Francisco de Paula, Cuba, and it soon replaced Key West as his winter home. He bought the property in 1940.

Across the Sea: Hemingway's Cuba

By Stone Shiflet

As a long-time resident and aficionado of Tampa, Fla., Cuba is always with me. My son is educated in schools alongside first, second, and third generation Cubans. Some define themselves as Cubans, and some define themselves as Cuban refugees. Most speak of family members still living on Castro's island. Some see those family members as prisoners, while others imagine the simpler life that cousins and aunts and in-laws must be enjoying. All wish it was possible to visit at will, in Tampa and in Cuba.

While many Tampons with Cuban roots talk about family and friends in Cuba, few that I know ever actually find the means and opportunity to go. So in 2010, when my husband and colleague, Dr. James Meredith, was invited to go to Cuba with me in tow, I couldn't wait to go. To my surprise, my Cuban-American friends in Tampa had mixed reactions. So many were upset with me. How can you go to Castro's island to talk about your work? How can you bring something good to the government that we've worked for so long to strangle into submission? Others were proud to tell me about places and things and people they remembered; they wanted me to go to their old haunts and take pictures...they wanted me to hear the music and the laughter and the promise of the Cuban people. These mixed reactions were alluring to me, but it wasn't until I landed in Havana that the dichotomies of Cuba became real to me.

Everyone cheered when the pilot bumped us to the ground after our short and anxious flight from Miami. Some cried. I walked down the stairs to the tarmac, and my chest got tight. Who has barbed wire around a tarmac? The 'Bienvenidos a Havana' sign thrilled me so much that I handed my husband our camera and dashed underneath to capture the welcome. A young man dressed in an olive-colored military uniform and armed with some sort of machine gun appeared from somewhere before I could get to the sign and waved me off in Spanish. While I didn't get his full meaning, I sure got the idea.

I put the camera away and tried to blend----right. I took my luggage, which had obviously been searched with vigor, and somehow

made it to the rental car kiosk across the parking lot.

In a blur of pigeon Spanish and 'claro, gracias' articulations that just wouldn't stop coming out of my mouth, I made it to Havana Vieja and to the armed guards who promised to leave my car in the parking lot for a fee that I would pay my hotel.

When I checked in to the hotel and showed my American passport, the clerk seemed, well, surprised, and ran to get his manager. She explained in curt mix of Spanish and English that they didn't get many Americans here. Oh, right....

Our travel arrangements had been made by a for-hire company that got us our visas, hotels, rental cars. It was impressive that things went so smoothly; we seemed to have all of the many, many documents required in order inside the bulging blue pouch the agent had sent us.

The company had arranged a stay in the old part of town, and while I would discover that it was among the most modern areas of Havana, I felt like I had walked back in time to the 1950s...right down to the plumbing and in keeping with majestic tile floors and exposed wooden timbers running across the arched ceilings. What a dichotomy—what an exhilarating world in which fine China in small cafes is pilfered by roaming roosters when the patrons surrender their tables. What an odd mixture of rationed water (our hotel gets an allotment of water each week, and when that water runs out, patrons wait to access this basic item until the next shipment arrives) and elegant, proud, dark-eyed people. Those people looked me in the eye and greeted me in English, one-by-one. When I replied with my Southern drawl, almost all were confused. Where in Canada are you from? Are you from England? Australia? After my actual answer yielded a quick departure by a couple of locals, I simply answered 'yes' when they guessed at my country of origin.

Having traveled to Europe and South America, I was not surprised to find that many folks find Americans, well, off-putting. But this was different. It seemed as if these Havana residents had lived under what they call the blockade for so long that they just didn't know what to make of someone who had somehow made it past America's iron wall

to visit their city. Hmm. Perspective—it's a funny thing. One man's embargo is another's blockade. And yet, despite the obvious differences in their reality and mine, what had brought me to Cuba turned out to be a great equalizer—the study of Ernest Hemingway, at once an American icon and a Cubano sato.

Hemingway is everywhere in Cuba—and I do mean everywhere. He is taught in Havana's well-respected Jose Marti School of Journalism, and he is read through well-worn copies of his own writings in English that are pawned about in the street markets by locals and tourists. While so many of his works are not translated into Cuban Spanish (some sort of on-going battle with those on the island and those who own the rights to Hemingway's writings), an entire nation knows who he is and why he matters to Cuba. Either they have read him or they have seen pictures of him or they have gone on a school trip to his Finca Vigia in Cojimar, the sleepy little fishing village that marks the center of town with a statue honoring him.

Still today, Hemingway is the namesake of the very powerful and well-funded Marina Hemingway that hosts the annual Hemingway Billfish tournament. This international event draws the top angling teams from around the world...pero nunca the Americanos, of course. In 2010, the tournament turned 60, as did the legend of the alleged meeting of Castro and Hemingway—mano a mano at the first annual tournament. Having witnessed the well-archived and clearly revered footage showing Ernest handing Fidel the award for 'best fish of the day,' I can see why those who call it a blockade read the images as an exchange between close friends. For those who call it an embargo, I'm not so sure. The larger point is that the relationship between the two men, real or imagined, allowed me, my husband, and visitors from around the world a chance to see the significance of this American writer in Cuba's modern-day psyche.

We know that Hemingway was a popular member of the community around his Cuban estate while he lived there for more than 20 years. We know that he hired the locals and gave them relics of his writing career in the hopes that those relics would one day provide financial access to opportunity. We know that he won the Nobel Prize in part for writing his Cuban-based classic, *The Old Man and the Sea*, in 1954, and we know that he gave an interview to the Cuban media upon winning that award. That interview, much like footage of Hemingway's meeting with Castro at the first Billfish Tournament, is considered a treasure in Cuba, and it is played on any occasion in which a hero's name needs to be evoked. In fact, they played it at the 60th Annual Hemingway Billfish Tournament, and they broadcast it, along with the fishing tournament coverage, on Cuban radio for several days.

During that speech, a 55-year-old Ernest Hemingway described himself as a Cubano sato—loosely translated, a regular Cuban. -A regular Cuban...not a famous person who liked Cubans, but a regular guy living in country as one of the people. To one who calls the situation between the US and Cuba an embargo, that statement seems like a kind gesture made before the 1959 Revolution that led to communism and, ultimately, to today's so-called socialist system. But to the Cubano satos who live and learn and love on that island, those words still align their culture with greatness. A Cubano sato told a tale of a regular Cuban on an 'everyman' journey. Living as one of them, he witnessed, captured, and defined the soul of a people...not a race, but a melding of races all united under one adjective—Cuban.

Of course, for the rest of the world, the story applies as a tale of man against his natural world. But back in Cuba, bigger than life, bigger than politics, and bigger than the day-to-day realities of life on an island of rations and limitations, Ernest Hemingway is everywhere. He is a beacon for the potential of Cubano satos everywhere, just as he is for individuals everywhere. As I traveled around Cuba on an academic visa granted to study Hemingway, Cubano satos of all ages told me what he means to them. He has touched the life of the female minister of culture, and he has defined potential for our translator who dreams of one day going through a Taco Bell drive through in Miami in her own car. Through these exchanges, I was able to see them, and they were able to see me, Americana sato. While they say blockade and I say embargo, we all say that Hemingway captured what it feels like to struggle and to persist.



Photos by Jerry Barnaby

Located about seven miles from Havana, the Cuban government assumed possession of the home after Hemingway's suicide. It was opened to tourists in 2007 and features many of Hemingway's possessions, including his famous boat, *Pilar*, which rests in a shed on a former tennis court.

Almost three years after my visit, the small, over worked, and typically underfunded staff at the Finca Vigia continue the work to keep Hemingway's shoes and shirts and books and effects just as he left them. The blockade/embargo is still in place, though the process for visiting Cuba is a bit more lax. In my part of Tampa, three travel agencies that specialize in trips to Cuba have opened and seem to be staying in business. My guess is that American visits may not be the odd occurrence they were during my trip, but, again, the blockade/embargo is still in effect.

As I watch the dynamics between my country (my state, really) and Cuba expand and contract, I often find myself wondering "who came to visit the Finca today?" While I was there, I saw three groups of school children peer through open doors; I saw a few Canadians stop and speculate and work to connect the house to the urban legends they had heard about Hemingway. I saw blooming flowers crawling across the lattice work, and I saw blueprints to restore the garage. I saw the parked red moped that belongs to the archivist whose job title also includes driving the charming and dedicated director around town. I saw the home of Three Peaks as both relic and reminder of the Hemingway code. And in a wistful way, I hope someone else saw that today, too. ☹



Shakespeare and Company 2.0: Festivals, Forward Thinking Ignite New Century for Age-Old Paris Bookshop

By Roy Burkhead

A Prelude:

Back then, things were a bit different at this legendary Paris bookshop, located on the Left Bank opposite Notre Dame. After going to university in England, Sylvia Whitman had returned to Shakespeare and Company just after the turn of the century to run the store for her father, George Whitman. George (everyone called him George) was over 90 and had recently retired. (He passed away on Wednesday, December 14, 2011, two years shy of being a century old, and he was/is survived by a world of grateful writers, poets, and readers.)

By the time I started corresponding with Sylvia, she had already held her first successful festival to celebrate the history of Shakespeare & Company and its continuation. That was in 2003. Not long after that festival, she was generous enough to distribute a literary journal I was editing and publishing (*The Trunk*) to her customers.

A decade later, Sylvia's success at the bookshop has been well documented in the press, and she's positioned the store to do well in this century thanks to an assortment of improvements, including this festival, which has become a reoccurring literary event known

forevermore as FestivalandCo. One was in 2008, exploring memoir and biography. 2010's gathering covered storytelling and politics. This feature story is on neither of those two events. I became involved with the 2006 festival, the one that celebrated travel literature.

To show my appreciation for her placing *The Trunk* in her shop, I promoted Sylvia's festival throughout May of 2006, writing and sending press releases to media outlets throughout North America. In addition, I worked with Sylvia to write a feature story on the event. The only problem was that no one was interested in publishing 4,500 words—especially from an unknown writer. As a result, this piece has been resting gently on my hard drive for over a decade, as if it knew about this Hemingway issue way back then. We are thrilled to print it now, in its entirety and original form, for the first time.

Today's Shakespeare and Company wasn't Hemingway's Shakespeare and Company; the Second World War played a part in bringing Papa's place to an end. But it's our Shakespeare and Company, and after exploring it through these pages, it's our hope that you'll enter its doorway at your earliest possible convenience.

—Roy B.

She's back. After departing Paris in 1962, she has returned. "She's absolutely gorgeous; she's beauty and brains, very intelligent," said John Emerson. Emerson—an Andes, New York native—recently spent three months as the official Writer in Residence at France's Shakespeare and Company bookshop. "She doesn't weigh anything, so, she doesn't make any noise: she was always busting me, opening a bottle of beer in the shop, which is not allowed officially."

At 25 years of age, she is a living, breathing allegory, and since the turn of this century, she has moved about literary Paris and the Left Bank's Latin Quarter—invigorating this age-old shop with renewed focus.

She's Sylvia Beach.

Well, sort of.

She's Sylvia Whitman.

The youthful daughter of George Whitman, the 90-something-year-old Massachusetts native who started this literary oasis over five decades ago, carries the namesake of her predecessor—Sylvia Beach, who opened the original Shakespeare and Company a few streets away on rue de l'Odeon in 1921.

As part of this renewed focus, Sylvia and George invited nearly 30 international writers, authors, poets and journalists to spend four days in June talking about the *ins and outs* of travel writing. And *tout la monde* was invited to attend the whole shebang for free.

All the World's a Stage As You Like It (II, vii, 139-143)

From June 15 to 18, the duo unveiled a taut literary canvas under a tent in the Rene Viviani Park next to the shop, located on the Left Bank opposite Notre Dame Cathedral. And using a sharpened Number 2 pencil, Sylvia threw out a fan of paint to create the bookshop's second literary festival entitled, *Travel in Words: A Four-Day Literary Celebration*.

With a paint can full of French, English, Scottish, Canadian, Irish, Iranian and American writers with at least 109 published books between them, Sylvia punched a hole in the bottom of it and splattered, poured, globed, swirled and dripped its contents upon the canvas to form the festival's public readings, panel discussions, writing workshops, documentary screenings, writing contest and walking tours.

"Starting a festival was a natural decision," Sylvia said. "Working at the shop, we were constantly talking about its history; we wanted to breathe new life into it—an institution filled with so many rich literary memories.

"So, we wanted to talk contemporary, do something new."

American Composer David Amram was the featured performer and speaker at the first festival (*Lost, Beat and New: Three Generations in Literary Paris*) back in 2003, and he wrote about the event in his new book to be published in 2007, *Nine Lives of a Musical Cat*.

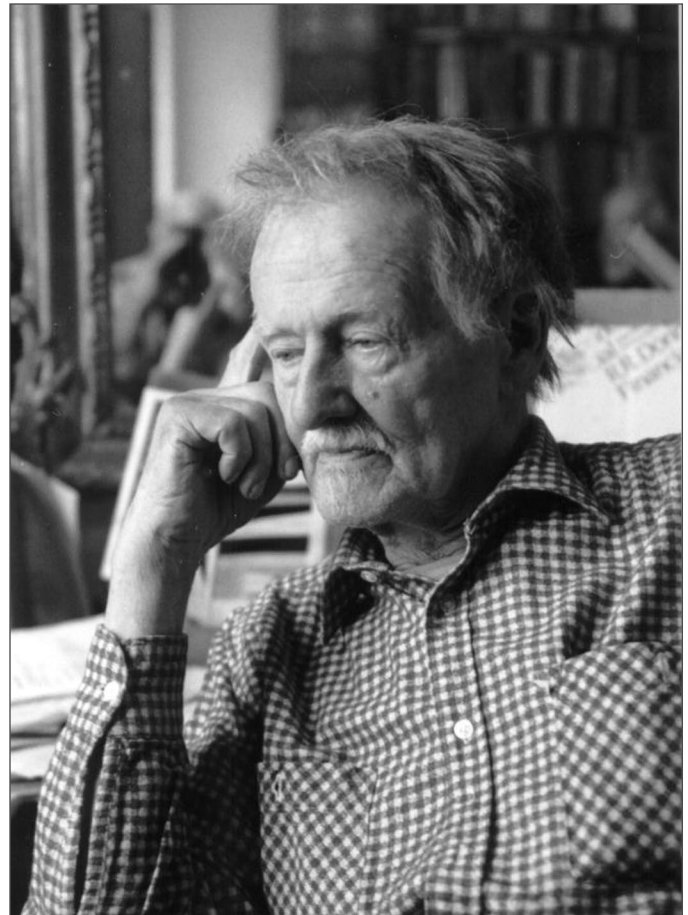
"Sylvia spent months planning the entire eight days of non-stop events with two other young women her own age who ran the whole show!" said the composer of over 100 orchestral and chamber works and the writer of many scores for theatre and films, including *Splendor in the Grass* and *The Manchurian Candidate*. "The three of them were extraordinary, and people from all over Europe, the USA and Canada attended."

"That shows how naïve we were," Sylvia said of the event. "At 21, we didn't realize how much work something like this takes, but it was a huge success."

Back to the present, Sylvia said that the prep-work for June's festival was "exhilarating, exciting and exhausting."

With such themes as *James Joyce's Bohemian Paris*, *Left Bank Paris* and *300 Years of Café Life and Politics in Paris*, walking tours launched each day's activities, and the festival was book ended each evening with networking opportunities that include a reception at the bookshop, a dinner, a documentary screening at a near-by cinema and cocktail parties.

Throughout each day, the panels, writing contest, readings and presentations received an extra punch by the caliber of writers, poets, editors, teachers and columnists in attendance—all offering the benefit of their experiences to those attending the festival.



Robert F. Burgess

Owner George Whitman: Dec. 12, 1913 - Dec. 14, 2011

"Before you even approach the marketplace, the key thing is to get your writing up to speed," said Jonathan Lorie. "Think of yourself as an athlete: you need to train and practice and be capable of winning before you start to compete."

Lorie is the director of the London-based travel-writing agency Travellers' Tales, and he spent seven years as editor of *Traveller* magazine. In addition to judging the festival's travel writing contest, Lorie served on a variety of panels and offered a separate travel-writing workshop on June 19 and 20 at the bookstore.

Travel Writer Rory MacLean said that aspiring travel writers should simply approach this profession, "by writing. Write. Write. Write. Then write some more. That's my advice. And if they feel they've had enough, it'd probably be a better idea (for them) to do something sensible like becoming a dentist or raising rabbits."

A Canadian-born author who lives and writes in London, MacLean was heavily involved in the festival, participating in panels and delivering the inaugural reading from his new book, *Magic Bus: On the Hippie Trail from Istanbul to India*.

The panels proved to be one of the more interesting aspects of the festival.

"There are a lot of authors coming whose works specialize in the Middle East, as this is an important topic politically," Sylvia said. "We thought we might explore this topic in a panel entitled, *Travels in the Muslim World*."

Lorie said that "Travel writing is a hybrid form that mixes the storytelling techniques of the novelist with the real-life reportage of the journalist; those are vital sources for the writer to know and use. You also need to be adept at describing places, people and atmosphere, which are the building blocks of our trade."

This line of thinking was explored in another panel entitled, *The Frontiers of Fact: Fiction and Non-fiction in Travel Writing*.

And another key aspect of the festival was a travel photography exhibition by artist Gillian Thompson: "The exhibition was a documentary of my journey around the world without ever leaving Paris," Thompson said. "It celebrated the diversity of cultures found within Paris."

Thompson said she worked with Sylvia on the first festival, and she completed an artist residency at the shop in 2003: "Shakespeare (and Company) allows dialogue for artists from around the world and in the case of the festival introduces the topic for dialogue. It is important for many artists to have a community, politically and intellectually."

MacLean said that "first and foremost, a literary festival brings an author to his or her readers; festivals remind writers that they are part of a living, changing community. It also gets us out of the house."

According to Sylvia, there was no charge to the public for the festival. "I couldn't imagine charging a fee for any events," Sylvia said. "With the help of our sponsors (Eurostar, *Time Out*, *Granta*, Travellers' Tales, The American University of Paris, Mairie du 5eme, *GoGo* magazine, the British Council, Ernest & Julio Gallo, and Chateau de Fieuzal) we were able to break even, and that was our aim. I think these kinds of events should, as much as possible, be open and free to all."

Whether a media mogul, international organization or regular bloke, everyone has a chance to support the bookshop and help keep its next literary festival free with membership in the *Friends of Shakespeare and Company*.

"With budgets so small that shoestrings seem long, we're always looking for ways to finance new jam jars, scratch pads and pencils," Sylvia said. "Rest assured that all of your money would go directly to supporting our biannual festivals."

What a Piece of Work is Man! *Hamlet* (II, ii, 115-117)

And Woman! Sylvia manages the planet's largest small business at 37 Rue de la Bucherie. She has everything but an apron, broom and a little wooden bench in front of her shop.

Wait, there is a bench out front, after all.

When the store opens at noon, its many residents work hard and fast to transform the modest real estate in front of Shakespeare and Company into a makeshift Italian piazza, a place where people can mix and mingle, as well as eat and drink and rest and laugh and read, a place that has long-operated under George's (everyone calls him George) motto of "Be not inhospitable to strangers lest they be angels in disguise."

The stone slab sidewalk and leafy trees conspire with the outside bookshelf, old-fashion chalkboard and vibrant yellows and reds of the shop's masthead to serve as a sort of adhesive that binds this world together.

"We hold readings (outside) every Monday evening," Sylvia said. "They are diverse: play readings, prose, poetry and even sometimes a song or two."

After studying Eastern History at University College in London, Sylvia returned to Paris just after the turn of the century to run the store for her dad, George. When talking about the differences in management styles between the two, Sylvia said, "Absolutely and not at all: We are different in our methods and similar in our outlook."

The lifestyle—the personal credo—of no living human being has embodied so many action verbs and present participles while traveling so little physical distance in doing so, than that of Mr. George Whitman.

But it was not always so.

"I once expected to spend seven years walking around the world on foot," George said. "I walked from Mexico to Panama where the road ended before an almost uninhabited swamp called the Choco Colombiano. Even today there is no road."

But his road brought him to Paris and gave to the world his Shakespeare and Company bookshop, located just a few meters from Kilometre Zero. A small, bronze star embedded in the ground facing the main entrance of Notre Dame, Kilometre Zero marks the start of all French roads, and the star is considered the official center of Paris.

"When I opened my bookstore in 1951 (then called Le Mistral), this area in the heart of Paris was crammed with street theatre, mountebanks, junkyards, dingy hotels, wine shops, little laundries, tiny thread and needle shops and grocers," George said. "Over the years I have combined three stores and three apartments into a bookstore on three floors that Henry Miller called 'a wonderland of books:'"





Jocelyne Genri/Paris Tourist Office

Thanks to the G.I. Bill, George stayed in Paris after the Second World War, studying French. After starting the shop in August of '51, he changed the name to Shakespeare and Company in 1964 in honor of the late Sylvia Beach. Beach's store served as an anchor for a generation of writers, including Ernest Hemingway and James Joyce; it was the first publisher of *Ulysses*.

Sylvia reflected on her namesake: "Sylvia Beach is a role model for all booksellers. I would have loved to have seen Paris in the 1920s and the group of artists that frequented her shop—it was truly a unique epoch."

But she doesn't need to see it because she is inside it, and since the 2003 festival, she has been working to get the shop shipshape.

"She's good at her job," Emerson said. "She's more of a disciplinarian, which is needed there."

"People have been asking us, 'When is your next festival?' But I needed to focus on the bookshop, on the stock, weekly events, fixing things—an endless task in a 17th century building," Sylvia said. "So, I did not have the time or energy to start another project, but it felt right this year."

"George may have been secretly excited about the travel theme, as he wandered the world as a hobo and dreams of traveling, still."

And George?

The following words may be found on his Web site: "Perhaps it is time for me to resume my wanderings where I left off as a tropical tramp in the slums of Panama."

I Go, and It is Done; the Bell Invites Me *Macbeth* (II, i, 62-64)

"Travel writing has always interested me, and it is a popular section at the bookshop," Sylvia said. "Paris is a crossroads in Europe, and travelers are always passing through before their next stop to Amsterdam, Prague, Barcelona and Berlin; so, it seemed a topic that was ideal for such a city and for such a bookshop."

According to Sylvia, it is common for Shakespeare and Company to have a thousand visitors in a single day during the summer months. And last summer that number included three Americans from Texas, Georgia and Colorado, each traveling through Paris, but all pausing at the bookstore to reflect and recharge before continuing on.

"A few exchanges with local students in my extremely limited and quite bad French led us to Shakespeare and Company," said Darrin McCullough. From Savannah, Georgia, McCullough said that he was passing through Paris with his art historian wife to attend a friend's wedding in Toulouse. "As we entered, I was overwhelmed by one of my favorite smells: the distinctive, slightly musky odor of a *serious* bookstore; it was cramped, fairly dark and packed with books—and I mean packed with books."

Another traveler in the shop was Colorado Snowboard Instructor Gordon Sauer III: "It (the shop) was smaller than I had imagined with books in every corner of the store. You walk in and become surrounded by books, and the hallways are narrow and you can go passed the register up the little stairs into the back portion of the bookstore, and then you become enclosed by books with little couches here and there to sit on and those ladders you fine in libraries to reach the top shelf."

Sauer said that recently he graduated from college, and the Paris stop was a short pause on his self-congratulatory backpacking trip across Europe.

"I've been to Paris for all kinds of reasons," said Austin, Texas Resident Tom Adams. "Business trips, technical and travel shows, taking the family, but mainly playing tourist."

A long-time member of the Ernest Hemingway Society, Adams said, "I have been to Shakespeare and Company three or four times. It is a great place to meet people and a 'must see' if you have any interest in American literature and Paris of the '20s."

Sylvia said that the shop contains about a hundred-thousand books, shelved on three floors: "It's mainly English, but I'd say twenty-five percent were in foreign languages."

And before every one of them leaves the store, each will be sent out into the world with the shop's official stamp of approval: a circular, black and white stamp with a mug shot of the Bard Himself in the middle with the words "Shakespeare and Company; Kilometre Zero Paris; Sylvia Whitman Foundation" around the edges.

"I remember being disappointed at first thinking that the woman who sold me my book had forgotten to stamp it because it wasn't on the first page," Sauer said.

"An old habit of mine when I find a unique book," McCullough said, "is to get the stamp of the bookstore inside the cover. I have them from the Faulkner House, an edition of Shakespeare from Stratford, etcetera."

Sitting at his window above the shop, George said, "I have let my imagination run wild with the result that a stranger walking the streets of Paris can believe he is entering just another of the bookstores along the Left Bank of the Seine, but if he finds his way through a labyrinth of alcoves and cubbyholes and climbs a stairway leading to my private residence, then he can linger there and enjoy reading the books in my library and looking at the pictures on the walls of my bedroom."

To Sleep, Perchance to Dream *Hamlet* (III, i, 65-68)

Three generations of writers have taken shelter under the name Shakespeare and Company, from the Lost Generation of Hemingway and Joyce to the Beat Generation's Ginsberg and Burroughs and even reaching into the end of the alphabet with the Generation X-ers of today.

Regardless of the label and the date, the spirit of the name continues to give aspiring writers nourishment to go back to the blank page with enthusiasm.

"It's magic to be there, to live in the same place that housed the likes of Ginsberg," Emerson said. "It's inspiring to be with other writers, to see them writing and to be surrounded by books and books and books, using typewriters and writing by hand; it's a bohemian lifestyle that makes you feel like a writer."

Since the shop opened, thousands and thousands of struggling artists and writers passed through the shop's doors, exchanging a few hours of work each day for a safe spot to sleep and a quiet place to read and write.

"George likes to call the writers staying, 'the tumbleweeds who float in and out,'" Sylvia said.

Looking to the shop's history on its Web site, some of George's motivation is revealed: "George had spent many years walking through South America and was touched by the hospitality of locals who would often feed and accommodate him."

While George recently retired, he continues to sit as figurehead above his store, insisting that those staying at the shop write a short autobiography and read a book a day. (The shop's Web site hints that George believes himself to be living in a novel.)

The Tumbleweed Emerson floated into the shop from Hollywood, where he worked for nine years as a freelance studio engineer on such popular television shows as *Jeopardy*, the *Arsenio Hall Show*, and *Who's the Boss*.

"I got tired of the uncertainty of the business," Emerson said.

And so he came to Paris, but he wrote a letter to the shop, first.

According to Sylvia, while there are some periods in the year when the shop may not have many residents sleeping in the beds, bunk beds, and benches, those interested should plan ahead.

"We need to meet people before saying yes (to staying with us); a letter of introduction is the number one way to approach us," Sylvia said.

While at the shop, Emerson said that he saw many scenarios: "A guy with three friends walked in off the street and stayed, but he had stayed in the shop before. One guy just showed up with nothing, and he slept on the floor and rolled up in a rug to keep warm. If you plan on staying there, you need to bring a sleeping bag, unless you like rugs."

But people rarely come to Shakespeare and Company exclusively to sleep.

Pas du tout.

"The most that ever stayed there was about eight people, mostly guys but a few girls," Emerson said, "and we stayed up a lot of nights late (particularly late once it is realized that the shop doesn't close until midnight), listening to jazz and drinking beer, wine and whiskey."



"And we had groupies," Emerson said. "Just because we were writers and living at Shakespeare and Company, women would hang out with us. One day, we put up a sign: 'Photo with Writers-One Euro,' and someone paid a euro to have her photo made with me."

Emerson said that they were not rowdy, but there were times when they would try Sylvia's patience: "You're not supposed to drink in the library, but we were in Paris, and as Hemingway said, 'What's a meal without wine?'"

In preparation for June's festival, the shop solicited volunteers, an essential ingredient to the recipe that is Shakespeare and Company. The only official rules for those staying there are working two-hour shifts each day, but Emerson said that "I didn't have to since I was the Writer in Residence, but I would still do chores, make keys for Sylvia, and so on."

That tradition continued this summer.

According to Sylvia, "a lot of the beds at the shop were filled by literature students, interns and young writers who wanted to be a part of the festival by being helpers during the events; so, most of the places (in the shop) during the festival went to these people."

But beyond any work (or anything else) that the tumbleweeds may be doing, Sylvia stressed her rules for the writers sleeping in the store: "Read, read, read; then, write, write, write."

O, What Men Dare Do! *Much Ado About Nothing* (IV, i, 19-21)

"Now that I am coming into my second childhood I wonder if all along I have just been playing store on one of the back alleys of history," George posted to his Web site, "putting obsolete books on dusty shelves while people are riding the Information Superhighway from one end to another of the global village."

When Shakespeare was writing just across the English Channel in the 1600s, George's home was a monastery in the middle of a slum,



Amélie Dupont/Paris Tourist Office

and over the last 400 years the oak beams have twisted, plaster crumbled and floor tiles rusted and cracked. (In fact, it was on the Bard's 400th birthday in 1964 when George renamed his shop just as the Beatles were conquering the world.)

The centuries-old journey from monastery to a metabolized mixture of bookshop, library, writer's residence, hostel, museum and overall shrine saw the invention and introduction of much technology into the human experience.

The shop continues to evolve and adapt with plumbing and virtual wires.

"During my stay, Sylvia did put in a new toilet, which had been missing," Emerson said.

According to Sylvia, "to others we are just entering the 20th century, let alone the 21st. But we will get there."

Looking around the place, both the actual building and its virtual presence in the world, it is easy to understand that born not long after the end of the Disco Era, Sylvia is part of the up-and-coming new century, and her marketing methods reflect her commitment to technology. Her arrival at the shop has witnessed the installation of credit card machines, surveillance equipment, a telephone—yes, a telephone, and even the Internet with www.shakespeareandcompany.com.

In the 1600s, a frere lampier would light the lamps in front of the building at sunset. George once said that he seemed to have inherited this role because for fifty years, he had been the shop's frere lampier; Sylvia continues the tradition on the World Wide Web.

"Our Internet site is a communicating tool," Sylvia said. "We try and update it as much as possible to encourage people to look again and again: the event listing is the main page to change regularly."

And using popular media to promote the store extends beyond its Web site.

"We get asked to do a lot of publicity work," Sylvia said, "and it is a pleasure when it is done well; we had no idea what to expect from the PIXAWAY team, but I think they did a great job."

A French Internet media company, PIXAWAY creates monthly and bi-monthly television programming for the Net, as well as allows registered viewers to post their own videos. One of the latest episodes is entitled *Paris in a Box* and contains Paris features on restaurants, cabarets, Notre Dame and Shakespeare and Company.

For a little under five minutes, viewers enjoy a video story narrated by Sylvia. Sitting on the bench in front of the shop, she gives the world the Nickel Tour.

The music in the background is hauntingly familiar since it was the same score used in the 2004 Warner Independent Pictures film, *Before Sunset* with Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy. The motion picture opens at Shakespeare and Company.

"This was a huge excitement for all of us," Sylvia said. "We were happy to work with such a talented and creative film crew."

The modern artist is living in a mechanical age, and as such, artists have created mechanical means of representing their art. Such was the case with Thompson: "I create art work that responds to the history of buildings. Originally, this is how I became involved with Shakespeare and Company. I completed an artist residency in 2003 and produced a sound installation. There were many hidden speakers installed in the bookshelves which played a collection of recorded voices, whispering the words of books back to unassuming customers."

Looking forward, Sylvia said that her goals for Shakespeare and Company include creating a gallery, a film room, theatre space...a café.

"Not so many plans, really!" she said.

And she is developing her own blockbuster movie, as well.

"I am in the midst of making a documentary which will be on sale in the shop," Sylvia said. "It is called *Shakespeare, Pancakes and Me*, and it aims to tell the story of George's life and the history of the bookshop, as well as portray a little of the magic that exists there."

Now Go We in Content As You Like It (I, iii, 139-14)

"When I arrived at the bookstore, I brought a gallon of Vermont Pure Maple syrup with me," Emerson said in reference to the Sunday morning pancake breakfast in George's upstairs apartment, which is mandatory for all residents. "He seemed to like it."

Emerson continued.

"I remember one Saturday morning. I walked out of the bookstore and happened to look up. George was hanging out the window on the second floor, yelling 'Pancakes, Pancakes!' I replied, 'George, it's Saturday.' And he said 'Oh, it's Saturday,' and he disappeared back inside the window."

And on the last day of the festival (a Sunday), visitors were encouraged to pause on their way to the Rene Viviani park and look up at that same window. Perhaps one or two saw Mr. Whitman's silhouette up there with his raw ingredients, traveling along the topography of his tiny kitchenette like a great athlete or ballet dancer—mixing the flour and salt and whatnot out of the center of his body and creating what for half a century has been known as the Sunday breakfast, while just a few meters away, his daughter had a few raw ingredients of her own spread out over another canvas.

"Sylvia Whitman has always supported and valued the relationship between art and literature," Thompson said. "We hope that people who came to the festival took away a greater sense of the environment that surrounds them. Beauty and inspiration comes in many forms, you've just got to be open and aware."

Above it all, Amram's words about the writing process may still be audible: "Be prepared to bring more to life than is expected or required, pay attention to everything and everybody and have respect for the treasures of the past and beauties of the present."

And as it should be, George gets the last words:

"I may disappear leaving behind me no worldly possessions—just a few old socks and love letters, and my windows overlooking Notre Dame for all of you to enjoy, and my little rag and bone shop of the heart. I may disappear leaving no forwarding address, but for all you know, I may still be walking among you on my vagabond journey around the world." ☐

The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park: Community Outreach, Top-Notch Museum compliment Two Decades of Renovation

By Roy Burkhead

They don't have to do what they're doing, but they are, and we are all the better for it.

They could turn on the cruise control and glide through the years, charging people to step inside and see the home where one of America's most important authors was born.

That could be enough, probably.

But that's the past, and the past is...well, it's gone.

Instead, The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park has structured its operations in a way that allows it to both preserve the past and prepare for the future.

The story of the Ernest Hemingway Birthplace Home at 339 N. Oak Park Avenue is well documented, but what may not be as well known is the community service, volunteerism, and community outreach that's been done by the Foundation in the author's name.

A new, successful writer in residence program, user friendly web site and apps, birthday celebrations, lectures, presentations done in conjunction with Chicago's major museums, and a pop-up book fair: all just a sampling of what has happened during the foundation's first couple of decades since purchasing and renovating the birthplace. Heck, even the local community business district has renamed itself the Hemingway Business District with all the planning and branding that goes along with that endeavor. And don't forget the museum; have I mentioned the top notch museum?

It's shocking that the Foundation has been able to accomplish so much over the years given its modest staff and the fact that volunteers do the lion's share of the work.

Sure, there's a board of directors, 18 of them representing the community, as well as an eight-member honorary board consisting of Hemingway family, scholars, and community members. But the Foundation was an all-volunteer organization until the first executive director was hired in 1993. Still today, over two hundred volunteers help each year by donating over 8,000 hours of time.

That equals out to about four full-time employees, or over \$100,000.

"We're the best value in Oak Park," said Conni Irwin, volunteer coordinator and museum store manager. (She's been a volunteer since 1992!)

Which is more popular, the museum or the birthplace?

"I think visitors are interested in both," said Virginia Cassin. "The birthplace gets a lot of spill over.

"About 30 percent of visitors are international!"

Virginia Cassin is a Hemingway Foundation board member, a former chairman, a former Oak Park village clerk, and so much more. She'll be





Photos courtesy of The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park

The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park has worked to preserve the author's birthplace and advance Hemingway research.

back later in the story.

In the meantime, Conni Irwin's 2012 museum attendance numbers support the fact that so many visitors come from all over the world to see the museum and birthplace.

The 2012 data reveals that 5,218 people from the United States visited the museum that year, and an additional 2,682 came from outside the country.

"That doesn't include people on specialty tours," Irwin said, indicating that in May alone, about 500 people (mostly students) visited the museum.

Walking around this 3,250 sq. ft. facility in the Oak Park Arts Center—It's a short, easy walk from the birthplace—with Conni and John W. Berry, the chairman of The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park, it's fun, being a part of this multi-media homage to Papa's life and work.

Visitors are able to navigate around and among the small structures that remind viewers of columns or jigsaw puzzle pieces, each containing rare photos, artifacts, writing samples, letters, and memorabilia, all presenting a different stage of the writer's life experiences. There's even a quality gift shop that has items actually worth buying. Some of these exhibits are permanent, others are temporary.

Just when you think the tour is over, rounding a corner reveals that it's showtime! Numerous state-of-the-art flat-screen televisions show documentaries on Hemingway's life and work, including something that can only be seen in the museum.

"There's a four-hour-long BBC documentary on Ernest Hemingway that's not for sale in the United States," said Irwin. "It's in four parts; we show the first hour, and visitors can come back to see the other three hours."

The museum opened in 1991, and the Foundation's collection stretches back to a couple of significant contributions in early 1990s. One was from a Minneapolis collector, and the other was from the family of Marcelline, Hemingway's older sister. Her collection includes hundreds of photographs, household items, accessories, printed materials, and such gems as Ernest's 1917 high school commencement program, his personal senior yearbook copy, the 1921 invitation to his wedding, and typescripts of Mrs. Sanford's book, *At the Hemingways*.

"And the Oak Park Public Library has a nice collection of first editions," Berry said.

The museum even has the famous letter from nurse Agnes von Kurowsky, terminating their engagement.

Oh, and there's another important Italian connection.

Nestled in one of the kiosks is a relic of the First World War, a gray trunk. It belonged to a

To Become a Volunteer

Volunteers are the key to the Foundation's ability to maintain and operate the Hemingway Museum and Birthplace Home, which are open to the public seven days a week 360 days a year. Working with the Ernest Hemingway Foundation is personally gratifying, and their volunteers tell them that they feel better about themselves, their community, and their lives. Some of the benefits of working for the Foundation are meeting people who share similar values and interests, growing intellectually about writing, in general, and about Hemingway's writing, in particular.

Over two hundred volunteers help them each year donating over 8,000 hours of their time which is equivalent to four full time employees or over \$100,000. Of course, they need volunteers to help with such ongoing needs as conducting tours, collecting admission, running the gift shop, and greeting international visitors. But there's also a need to help with the following special projects:

- preparing mailings and newsletters;
- answering phone and email questions;
- helping with the Boxing Day Celebration;
- organizing public lectures and speakers;
- planning the annual Hemingway Birthday Celebration;
- assisting with the annual benefit dinner;
- running errands; and
- writing articles for our semiannual newsletter "Despatch."

Mr. William Dodge (Bill) Horne, Jr.

Ernest and Bill became lifelong friends, but Berry said that “they started out as volunteer ambulance drivers for the American Red Cross during World War I. They were stationed in Schio, Italy, and the two drove together on the same ambulance.”

“His grandson shipped it up here, and it’s in pretty good shape,” Berry said. (Horne’s grandson donated the trunk.) “We don’t know what happened to Hemingway’s trunk.”

These treasures from Hemingway’s early life help establish the museum as a cornerstone of the Hemingway academic world and as a significant resource for the public.

Throughout the years, the Foundation has undertaken many successful programs. Ever see that U.S. postal stamp honoring Hemingway in 1989?

The Foundation helped secure it. And 2013 was a pretty darn good year, too. The Foundation enjoyed such homeruns and milestones as:

- With the blessing of Patrick and Carol Hemingway, the former Avenue Business District has renamed itself the Hemingway District, one of three business districts in the Village, including new logos for the District and Foundation and new signage for visitors exiting the El at Oak Park Avenue.

- John Barr, president emeritus of the Poetry Foundation, gave the illustrated talk “Hemingway the Hunter: On Safari,” in which he discussed how the hardships and dangers of African hunting served the writer’s purpose to make great art out of the most intense human experience.

- Hemingway’s birthday celebration expanded to two days of festivities, welcoming more than 300 people.

- There was the Hemingway Hijacker app, which took more than a thousand Facebook fans on their own virtual adventure.

- The Foundation hosted an annual conference of international scholars. Topics included such lectures as “Ernest Hemingway: The Oak Park Legacy;” “Hemingway and Other Writers: Contemporaries and Influences;” and “A Hemingway Toast to James Joyce.”

- And over the years, the Foundation has provided tours for Hemingway scholars and the public to the Ernest Hemingway homes in Cuba, Key West, Michigan, and Idaho.

Back on the porch in the birthplace, don’t think that anyone is taking a break.

Berry indicated that 2014-15 will see a program emphasis shift toward Hemingway and the Arts, including visits to the Art Institute of Chicago to view paintings Hemingway would have seen as a young man, lectures on his collection of early Modernist paintings, and his record collection at the Finca Vigia.

According to the Foundation’s web site, they intend “to continue expanding our reach and exploring new ways to bring the Hemingway story to life. Watch for news of a new Hemingway app, a pop-up book fair, and an exhibit of never-before-seen treasures from the Hemingway archives.”

“Hemingway Letters Project General Editor Sandra Spanier (Penn State) will be this year’s Birthday Celebration lecturer on July 19,” Berry said. “Sandy will talk about volume two of the letters published last November and featuring the years 1923-25, the Paris years--the years that launched Ernest Hemingway’s fiction career.”

There’s one...more...thing, something exciting and important:

The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park continues its commitment to community outreach through its writer in residence program at the birthplace.

“Susan Hahn, our current writer in residence, completed her second novel in December 2013 while working in the renovated office in the birthplace home’s attic,” Berry said. “An award-winning Chicago poet, novelist, and playwright, Susan Hahn was selected as the 2013-14 Ernest Hemingway Foundation Writer in Residence at the historic writer’s home in Oak Park.”

According to the Foundation’s web site, each writer chosen works in this newly-redesigned office, outfitted as a safari

To Help the Foundation’s Mission

YOU can help the Ernest Hemingway Foundation carry out its mission, and the charitable gifts, large or small, are completely exempt from federal taxation. And, there are other ways to give that may be better suited to your needs. The Hemingway Foundation will be happy to work with you and your financial advisor to accomplish your philanthropic goals and put you in touch with an expert if you are not already working with one. Contributions to The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park, a tax-exempt organization under Section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code, are deductible for computing income and estate taxes.

Life Insurance: Your insurance company can give you information on how to make a gift of life insurance. For pennies on the dollar, you can endow the Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park with a substantial gift and at the same time enjoy tax benefits and income. You may decide to assign your annual dividends to the Foundation, donate a paid-up policy, or donate a policy on which you are still paying premiums and deduct each premium as a charitable gift.

Gifts of Real Estate: Receive a charitable income tax deduction equal to the full fair market value of the property and save capital gains taxes.

Appreciated Securities and Real Estate: Donors who contribute appreciated securities or real property held for more than one year (long term) get a double income tax benefit.

Remembering the Hemingway Foundation in your will: This is a special way to ensure that the Foundation’s work will continue for a long time to come. Any charitable gift by a will is deductible for estate tax purposes, so no tax will be due on assets given.

Unrestricted Bequests: allows the Hemingway Foundation to direct your gift where it is needed the most.

Restricted Bequests: permits the Hemingway Foundation to use your gift in the manner you designate, such as a specific area of interest (Lectures, Birthplace or Boyhood Home buildings, Collections, Exhibits etc.).

Specific Bequests: gives a specific asset to the Hemingway Foundation, such as cash or securities.

Residuary Bequests: gives all or a percentage of what remains in your estate after all other specific bequests have been satisfied and all debts and expenses have been paid.

Contingent Bequests: gives all or a portion of your estate to the Hemingway Foundation when a named individual beneficiary dies before you.

Annual Campaign: Contributions are absolutely critical to fulfilling the Ernest Hemingway Foundation’s mission. Ticket sales and other earned income cannot completely cover the costs of underwriting the Foundation’s numerous programs - only private funds can make these programs possible.

Sponsorships: The Foundation has several sponsorship opportunities available. Its annual Ernest Hemingway Birthday celebration on July 21st and its Boxing Day Celebration on December 26th are the most popular sponsorships. It also has sponsorships available for the annual Fund Raising Dinner, as well as many of its lecture and education series.

Memorials: The Ernest Hemingway Foundation welcomes gifts made in honor or in memory of someone. A card is sent to the recipient or family of the recipient. This has proven to be one of the most meaningful ways to show your love and/or admiration for someone else. Your gift can be designated for a particular program or directly into the general fund benefiting the entire foundation.

Membership and Gift Memberships: Give the gift that keeps on giving - year round! A gift card is sent to the recipient informing him or her of your generous present. A gift membership in The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park gives access to the museum, educational programs, and much more.

Matching Gifts: Many employers sponsor matching gift programs and will match any charitable contributions made by their employees.

In-Kind Gifts: When you make an In-Kind donation to the Hemingway Foundation, the Foundation will automatically send you a letter stating the value of your gift for tax purposes. In addition, your generous donation will either be offered as an auction item at one of its fundraisers or designated for use in one of its many programs.

writing retreat by Thomasville of Oakbrook and featuring their Hemingway Collection of furniture and décor.

"It's office space, not a full residency," Berry said. "The writer can be there when the birthplace is open to the public, and it gives someone who is serious about writing a place to work."

In exchange, the writer is asked to provide cultural programming – lectures, workshops, presentations, or other programs – to the general public.

"The attic was floor-to-ceiling stuff," said Allison Sansone, executive director of The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park, about the year-long effort to transform the attic into a place a writer could create. "It's been a lot of work."

According to Sansone, there were some family treasures discovered in the attic while cleaning it out, including a Victorian silk ballgown owned by Hemingway's mother and an antique violin played by Marcelline Hemingway.

In this Queen Anne home, on July 21, 1899, Ernest Hemingway was born in a second floor bedroom, in a suburb with Chicago to the east and the prairies to the west. He would stay in this house, built by his maternal grandparents, for the first six years of his life.

Over time, Ernest would go off to war, off to Europe, off to his literary future, and the house would find itself one day in another decade, divided into apartments.

And then along came The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park, who acquired the birthplace in late 1992. Since zero cash had been budgeted for restoration or period furnishings, a capital campaign was the viable option for returning the home to its original condition. That effort resulted in about a half million dollars being raised, enough to get the first floor open to visitors in June and the second floor in November of 1993.

Around the same time, the Foundation



Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park
Ernest Hemingway's father was a doctor.

had embarked on a grant from the Illinois Government to commemorate Hemingway's centennial birthday. In early summer of 1999, the Foundation learned that an \$800,000

grant had been approved, and at the Centennial dinner, the governor increased that grant to \$1 million dollars, allowing the completion work to restart.

And that brings us back to that Hemingway Foundation board member and former chairman, Virginia Cassin.

"I took on this project, and I was in charge of the restoration," Cassin said of her seven year mission to decorate and furnish the house.

Already a retired clerk from the Oak Park village, Cassin became the Chair of the Restoration for the three-person interiors consultation team. Equal parts Victorian historians and sleuths, Cassin said that they used the memoir *At the Hemingways*, written by Ernest's sister, Marcelline, to locate photos and details about the home's condition when Hemingway lived in it.

"We used it as a guide to what we could do to the home," Cassin said.

Looking back on Oak Park to Ernest's time there, Cassin said that it was a place "on the edge of change."

"There was no running water in Oak Park, and there was a coal-burning stove in the kitchen," Cassin said. "It was very dim in the home at night.

"It was too urban to be suburban, too suburban to be urban."

Cassin and her crew reached their restoration goal by the deadline, ending it with a celebration on November 10, 2001. Over the years, the entire outfit has continued its ongoing mission, reaching out to the community with thousands of Hemingway scholars, fans, and students streaming through the home and museum each year. And they have more restoration work planned for the coming years—they'll probably always be working on the place and always be in need of the public's generosity and support. And they're doing it all with sincerity and affection.

As Conni Irwin put it, "I always be writing and sleeping with Hemingway." □

To Become A Member

Your membership supports the work of the Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park. Enroll as a member in the Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park and with your membership card you also receive:

- Free Admission to the Hemingway Museum and Birthplace
- A subscription to the Hemingway Despatch newsletter
- A 10% discount on gifts and books from the museum's store
- Discounts on selected events

Hours & Admission

The Ernest Hemingway Museum, Birthplace Home, and Museum Store Hours: Sunday - Friday: 1:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.; Saturday: 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. (Hours are subject to change.)

Admission (To both locations) Adults: \$10; Seniors (65+): \$8; Youth (18- or college student with valid ID): \$8; Children (5-): Free

The Museum and Birthplace Home are closed on New Year's Day, Martin Luther King Jr. Day, Easter Sunday, Memorial Day, Labor Day, Christmas Day, the Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving.

Group Reservations (10+ People)

Advance reservations are only required for groups larger than 10 people. To make a reservation, call **at least two weeks prior** to your intended tour date. Tours begin at the Hemingway Museum, 200 N. Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois, unless otherwise arranged with EHFOP staff, and include the Hemingway Birthplace Home. Depending on the size of the group, the full tour can last anywhere from 1.5 to 2 hours.

Contact Information

Mail: The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park P.O. Box 2222 Oak Park, IL 60303

Phone: Foundation Offices & Group Tours (Groups of 10 or more): (708) 848-2222; Hemingway Museum (708) 524-5383; Hemingway Birthplace (708) 445-3071

Email: ehfop@sbcglobal.net

Facebook: fb.com/TheErnestHemingwayFoundationofOakPark

Twitter: @ehfop



John F. Kennedy Presidential Library

A Visit to the JFK Library Hemingway Collection

By Janice Byrne

In the mid-1980s I was involved in a three-summer institute held at Illinois State University and sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities. Toward the end of the first summer, a small group project on Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* supplied my first contact with the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library, located in Boston, Massachusetts. Because my group was perplexed about the primary source material for the novel, we placed a call to Boston to ask if the Kennedy Library might send us a copy of an early draft of the manuscript. The answer was a firm but cordial "NO." We would need to come to Boston to examine those materials. The following school year a student's question about the diction of a chapter in *A Farewell to Arms* further spurred my desire to study original Hemingway manuscripts. Then a careful reading of Michael Reynolds's *Hemingway's First War* cinched it. I contacted Dr. Reynolds who told me to take some time off of work to visit the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library's Hemingway Manuscript Collection. Only then would I find the answers to my questions.

September of 1989 found me at Columbia Point, Massachusetts, briefcase in hand ready to begin three weeks of solid research. Upon arrival at the Kennedy Library and Museum, I reported to security for clearance to the main reference room where I would obtain a library card. The archivist for the Hemingway col-

lection would then escort me to the research room. These preliminaries took about three quarters of an hour, in which time I learned a good deal about the library's collection of presidential papers, Kennedy family artifacts, the audio-visual collection, and the on-going research for museum exhibits.

Walking into the Hemingway Room at the JFK Library was like walking into someone else's life. One glass case held Ernest's medal from the Italian government for bravery, pieces of shrapnel from his leg wound in World War I, and a number of other artifacts related to *A Farewell to Arms*. A second case contained first editions of works by internationally known Hemingway scholars and one by Mary Hemingway, *The Way it Was*, number one of edition one. Other furnishing included lion and zebra skins from Ernest's African safaris. In these extraordinary surroundings I hoped to uncover answers to some, if not all, of my questions about Hemingway's writing process. Without delay, I requested the first box of manuscript materials by catalog number.

At this point it is important to say that when one uses the manuscript materials at the JFK, she does not handle the originals with white gloves and velvet cushion as in the case of most rare book libraries. Rather, she reads photocopies. These are good photocopies, but like all photocopies they have some inherent problems, like dark splotches that make words illegible, side notes that

disappear from the edge of the paper, or passages on the obverse side of a page. When encountering obstacles like these, the researcher needs to ask someone to check the copy against the original. That means a trip into the nether regions of the vault below the museum where only vetted national archive employees are allowed to venture. Asking someone to do this means a major incursion into that employee's work day. Similarly, in 1989 it was still possible for a researcher to obtain copies of the photocopies of manuscripts. Copies would be made and mailed if and when the staff had time. The service was convenient for researchers, but posed problems with copyright restrictions. For a number of reasons, that policy has since been changed, although photographs are still available for a nominal fee.

My adventure at the JFK included an invitation to the anniversary celebration of *A Farewell to Arms*. Charles Scribner III was the featured speaker at the ceremony attended by library dignitaries, scholars, politicians, and a number of Hemingway family members. At the reception afterward I particularly recall meeting Madeline "Sunny" Hemingway Mainland and her sister Carol Hemingway Gardner. At that time I did not appreciate how important Sunny would be in my later studies of Hemingway in Michigan, nor did I know that Carol designed sets for top New York theater productions. Meanwhile Charles and

►► Continued on Page 46

Hemingway's Childhood Scrapbooks now online

Last summer, the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum released digital versions of five scrapbooks documenting Ernest Hemingway's childhood. Created and annotated by the author's mother, Grace Hall Hemingway, the scrapbooks chronicle the first eighteen years of her son's life and include photographs, letters, drawings, homework assignments, and other childhood keepsakes.

"From the everyday minutia of childhood, to priceless early correspondence and writings, the scrapbooks are a treasure trove for anyone interested in the early life of Ernest Hemingway," said Tom Putnam, Director of the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum.

Spanning the years 1899 to 1917, the scrapbooks tell the story of Hemingway's childhood growing up in Oak Park, Illinois, and vacationing at the Hemingway family's cabin in Northern Michigan. Grace Hemingway's annotations throughout all five books provide context to the family photographs, letters (both to and from young Ernest), school work, and ephemera that she collected and preserved.

Mrs. Hemingway opened the first book with a lyrical account of her son's birth, writing: "At 8 o'clock on the morning of July 21st. 1899 Ernest Miller Hemingway came to town wrapped in a light blue comforter. It was a very hot morning. The sun shone brightly and the Robins sang their sweetest songs to welcome the little stranger to this beautiful world."

Mrs. Hemingway's observations hint at personality traits that would later become themes in the author's writing.

In the second scrapbook, she wrote "Ernest Miller at almost 4 years of age, is able to go hunting with Daddy many miles through the dense woods and carry his own gun. He is a natural scientist loving everything in the way of huge stones, shells, birds, animals, insects and blossoms."

As Hemingway gets older, his own work begins to populate the scrapbooks. There are cards and drawings, including a crude painting titled "First Landscape done by Ernest Miller in Kindergarten. 4 years old."

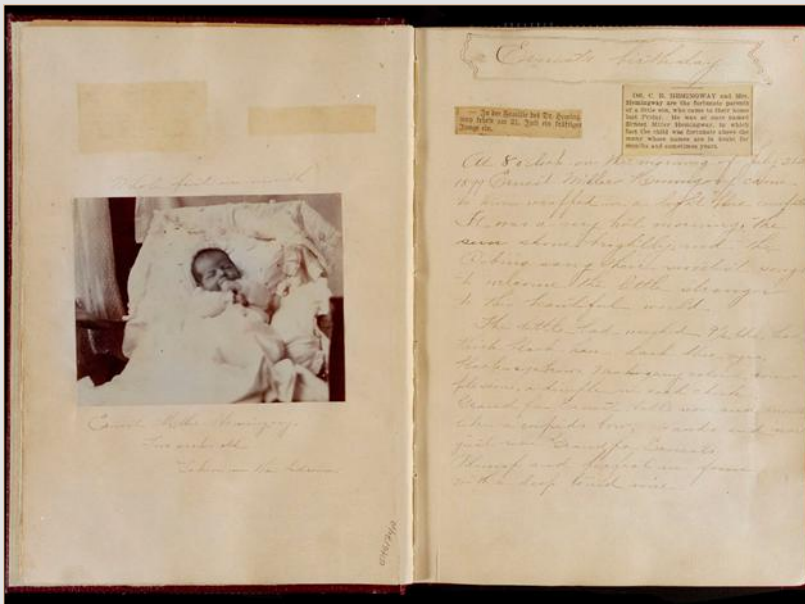
Early glimpses of his storytelling skills can be seen in a document from the seventh grade titled "Class Prophecies" in which he predicts the fate of various classmates.

According to Hemingway, a young girl named Sadie will have "an ostrich farm in the Sahara desert," Jane will run "a home for the aged and infirm monkeys," Caroline will be "President of a South American womens suffrage republic," and Jean will be "an old maid." Multiple drafts of the list show Hemingway's habit of re-writing his material.

The final scrapbook provides glimpses into Hemingway's development as a writer. It includes clippings from some of Hemingway's first assignments as a reporter for his high school newspaper, a sonnet, and a short story that appeared in his school's literary publication.

For an appointment to conduct research visit jfklibrary.org/onsiteresearch or call 617-514-1629.

Scrapbook page scans courtesy of Grace Hall Hemingway, Ernest Hemingway Collection/John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum



Mrs. Scribner showed interest in my teaching Hemingway novels to high school students, particularly *A Farewell to Arms*. Dr. James Nagel asked if I might attend the meeting of the International Hemingway Society at the JFK in summer of 1990. Mrs. Onasis would host the opening banquet.

Other days at the JFK held little surprises. One found me in the audio-visual department looking at Mary's colored slides from Cuba or her Kodak box camera black and white snap shots from Africa. Another revealed a box of World War I Italian postcards that depicted scenes in *A Farewell to Arms*. On a third afternoon I bumped into Senator Edward Kennedy as he exited the elevator. A fourth surprise came the morning I answered the phone in my work area. The caller turned out to be the curator of the Museo Ernest Hemingway, Cuba. By that time my study of *The Old Man and the Sea* was complete. I had read the preliminary magazine articles, the manuscript and typescript, the transcript for the Spencer Tracy movie with Mary's marginal notes, and Mary's accounts in her autobiography. All that was left was to visit Cuba--and I was speaking to the person who could make that trip possible!

My research in 1998 resulted in an article for *The Hemingway Re-*

view, presentations for the Illinois Association of Teachers of English, the National Council of Teachers of English, and two units for use in my own classroom upon my return from sabbatical. The trip wet my appetite for additional work on other Hemingway titles, including travel to the University of Virginia to research *The Green Hills of Africa* and a return to the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library in spring of 1998 for research on *Across the River and Into the Trees*. During that visit, Patrick and Carol Hemingway shared the Hemingway room with me. Patrick reviewed his father's sources on what was to become *True at First Light* while Carol polished her play, *It Just Catches*.

Altogether research at the Kennedy Library was a heady experience. Between the thrill of finding the answers to difficult questions, meeting great scholars, and being in the presence of history, one becomes a bit giddy. Nevertheless, it is an experience that anyone serious about Hemingway studies can have. It is not limited to doctoral candidates, scholars writing books, or cinematographers. It is also for the teacher who wants answers to key questions so that she might improve her teaching and that of others. I recommend highly that others take Mike Reynolds' advice: take time off of work, call ahead, and visit the JFK. They will not regret it! ☐



Q&A with James Meredith, Past President of the Hemingway Society

In 1965, Mary Hemingway established the Ernest Hemingway Foundation, also referred to as the Hemingway Society. As the organization's web site indicates, the Society exists "for the purposes of awakening, sustaining an interest in, promoting, fostering, stimulating, supporting, improving, and developing literature and all forms of literary composition and expression."

The Hemingway Society's activities have emphasized "the promotion, assistance, and coordination of scholarship and studies relating to the works and life of the late Ernest Hemingway."

James Meredith spent nearly a decade leading the organization. As his last term ended at the start of this year, Mr. Meredith spoke with us about Hemingway and the Society.

Q: When did your interest in Hemingway begin? Do you have a favorite book? A favorite short story?

A: I started reading Hemingway seriously in 1973 when I was 18 years old. I had just gotten interested in American literature in the local high school that I was attending in Summerville, Georgia, located in Northwest Georgia, just south of Chattanooga, Tennessee. I bought the 40th anniversary edition of *Esquire*, largely due to the cover that had all of the greats of early to mid-20th American fiction in it. So when I read through the magazine, Hemingway's writing stood out distinctively, partly due to his signature style, but also due to the fact that it was set in what was for me an exotic location. I had read his "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" in my high school literature book and enjoyed it immensely, although I was somewhat ignorant of a lot that was going on in the story. My fiction reading had not been all that developed yet. But it was this story in this *Esquire*, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," that got me initially hooked on Hemingway. Africa is a long ways away from the foothills of Appalachia, where I grew up.

My favorite Hemingway novel, *In Our Time*, is probably considered by most to be a short story collection or sequence, but I have always considered it an experimental form of a novel. No matter how you think about its form, I believe it to be the best Hemingway publication. If you want to consider a novel, simply, I think *The Sun Also Rises*, is my favorite.

My favorite short story is very hard to determine, because every one of them are simply incredible, but I would have to say that I think "Fathers and Sons" is his richest for me. He is the greatest short story writer in the English language.

Q: Who is the new president, and if you could pass along one piece of wisdom from your term, what would it be?

A: The current president, who took over as president in January of this year, is H.R. Stone-



Tom Adams

A view of Lake Geneva.

back, who is a senior Hemingway scholar, poet, and teacher. He was one of the founding members of the Society in 1980, and he has a wealth of experience leading literary societies. The only piece of wisdom that I would offer him, and I do it only because it is something that had been offered me as well, is not to get in the way of the Hemingway phenomena. Every generation seems to read Hemingway and transforms him and his work into something that works for them. He is bigger now than at any time. He just seems to grow larger and larger, primarily because he becomes transformed by every subsequent generation. I never tried to get in the way of that.

Q: The Society held its 16th biennial international conference in Venice, Italy, in June. What have been some of your favorite conference locations and why?

A: My favorite conference site would have to be Key West, Florida, in 2004. Besides it being such a wonderful Hemingway location, it also where I met my wife Stone. Besides Key West, it would have to be Ronda and Malaga, Spain, in 2006. That location proved to be such an overwhelming experience. That part of Spain is real Hemingway country.

Q: Are these conferences only for members or may non-members register and attend?

A: You have to join the Society to register and attend a conference, but our membership fees are reasonable for what you get from them. Moreover, our conference fees are reasonable as well for what you get out

of the conferences. It is really important to understand that our conferences are not just for academics, but for all people interested in Hemingway.

Q: It was announced recently that direct passenger flights between Key West and Cuba, suspended in 1962, will resume on November 15. Have you had a chance as Society president to go to Cuba, and if so, how was that experience?

A: Yes, I have been to Cuba. Stone and I went in 2010 for the 60th anniversary of the Hemingway Bill Fishing Tournament that he started there. We also visited the Hemingway Museo that is his restored house. That was an overwhelming experience. Hemingway really still lives in Cuba, and he remains a larger than life figure for the people there. I hope that more people will start going there to see his house. It was a life-changing experience for me.

Q: For someone coming to the Hemingway Society for the first time, what are some of the things that the Society can offer?

A: I highly encourage everyone to join the Society. It has a lot to offer people interested in Hemingway, and it is a very vibrant and active organization. It is also a place where people can contribute to perpetuating Hemingway's huge legacy. It is a place where people can make a difference. Please come join us. We could certainly use your help.

To learn more and join the Hemingway Society, visit it online at: hemingwaysociety.org

Exploring a Famous Friendship Opens Door to an Era of Very Different Fame

By Molly McCaffrey

The True Gen—an expression used by Ernest Hemingway to distinguish truth from rumor... the real from the phony.

There is no shortage of films or books about Ernest Hemingway these days... Woody Allen crafted a story about a wistful man traveling back in time to meet Hemingway and his "Lost Generation" contemporaries in *Midnight in Paris*. Clive Owen and Nicole Kidman starred as Hemingway and his third wife, Martha Gellhorn, in *Hemingway and Gellhorn*. Paula McLain wrote *The Paris Wife*, a fictional retelling of Hadley Hemingway's time as Hemingway's first wife.

And now there's *Cooper & Hemingway: The True Gen*, a documentary by John Mulholland chronicling the long friendship of Hemingway and mythical actor Gary Cooper—known as Papa and Coop to their friends.

The film opens with quotes by important writers and politicians—President Barack Obama, John McCain, former President Bill Clinton, Tom Stoppard, Joan Didion, Junot Díaz—asserting the influence these two legends had on their individual lives, collectively sending the message that everything in life ultimately goes back to Ernest Hemingway and Robert Jordan, the character Cooper played in the film version of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. It's an assertion the film essentially proves by connecting them to everyone from Elmore Leonard to Indiana Jones.

And that's a fitting beginning to a film that details what it was like to be a famous writer and actor in the 20th century. What's interesting is that, though the same is still true of actors, it's not as true of writers, and as a result this documentary serves as a glimpse into a time that appears to be gone—a time when writers had a real voice, a time when writers were as celebrated as actors, when writers were so well known that journalists wrote about it every time they hit the local pub or went on a fishing trip, often embellishing and exaggerating to fulfill the fantasies the public had created about writers such as Hemingway.

Yes, we have our Stephen Kings and J.K. Rowlings today, but beyond that, writers aren't really household names anymore, and they certainly wouldn't be mobbed at a bullfight the way Hemingway was in his later years. In that sense, this film feels like an ode to another era, an era when you had to be famous for *doing* something rather than for just *being* someone. This celebrity wasn't something Hemingway or Cooper seemed to mind either, both of them cultivating tough guy images and hiding their intellectual sophistication. At one point in the film, Cooper complains about the press running an untrue story about Hemingway getting in a bar fight, but Hemingway scoffs, claiming the stories helped his image.

It also, in some ways, feels like an ode to a different kind of man, a man—the film's voice over claims with obvious longing—we don't see anymore: strong, silent, rugged, masculine, even macho. The kind of man epitomized by Hemingway and Cooper. But even though the film makes that point—somewhat offensively—the footage and letters and interviews actually characterize these two men as sensitive and thoughtful rather than overly brutish, depicting their friendship as a relationship based on trust, loyalty, supportiveness, and intimacy rather than a bond formed over fishing and hunting or drinking and carousing. In fact, Hemingway's image as an obsessive sportsman is challenged when it's explained that, more than anything else, Hemingway was consumed by books, traveling with a small library and often locking himself away for hours to read and write even while vacationing with Cooper and their wives. Hemingway's image as a lover of war is refuted, too, when one interviewee insists, "He hated war" and claims Hemingway didn't like to talk about his time in WWII—this

despite the fact that other interviewees talk of how often the younger Hemingway exaggerated his involvement in WWI. But apparently after witnessing first-hand the storming of Normandy, Hemingway became disgusted with war and refused to talk about it with anyone.

He did, however, discuss his relationship with Cooper, writing, "Cooper and I have the same style: Less is more. We don't spell it all out." They also shared a dislike of talking about their craft, believing it "emptied the well." Though Hemingway's letters make it seem like the two were friends because they had so much in common, the film demonstrates that their connection was just as much based on their differences as well as their commonalities.

They were, of course, opposites on the surface—Hemingway a liberal from the Chicago suburbs, Cooper a conservative from Montana. Hemingway short, squat, and disheveled; Cooper tall, slim, and fashionable. Hemingway was honest, too, about liking Cooper because he wasn't a writer and obviously not a threat either. And though Hemingway was somewhat moody—he talked frequently about his "black-ass" moods—he saw Cooper as a calming influence. On one notable occasion, Hemingway lost his temper with a hotel employee who had interrupted him while writing, but Cooper wouldn't stand for that kind of behavior, making Hemingway apologize and act civilized, leading the viewer to believe that Hemingway was drawn to Cooper for his cool demeanor as much as his manliness.

And their ability to help each other went both ways.

Hemingway criticized Cooper for his philandering and talked his friend into returning to his wife after a prolonged fling with actress Patricia Neal, advice Cooper took, saving his marriage. This image of Hemingway as the pro-marriage intermediary directly challenges the one often put forth in the media of a misogynistic womanizer who changed wives with every decade. Instead, in this film Hemingway is shown to be a thoughtful man who regretted the mistakes that had led to the end of his own marriages and hoped to avoid such issues in the future.

Hemingway is also, notably, portrayed as having the same concerns as other writers, obsessing over his work to the point of being miserable. As he once said about himself, "I have to write to be happy... and obsession is terrible." He was also intensely jealous of his contemporaries—so much so that he often picked fights with younger writers to assert his dominance over them. He was haunted by the idea of failure and plagued with insecurities about his writing—often making deprecating statements about his career out one side of his mouth while lambasting awards committees that hadn't chosen his work out of the other side. Like many writers, he worked on too many projects at once and sometimes missed his deadlines and page limits. He disparaged Hollywood but understood, too, that film would change the way people saw stories. And he was frustrated with what he saw as his publisher's inability to market and promote his work, writing his own promotional taglines. In other words, he was as anxious as any other writer, always worrying about whether or not he had it in him to write another great book. Honestly, the Hemingway depicted in this film makes this writer feel relieved to know he suffered from the same issues the rest of us do. In that way and many others, *The True Gen* offers viewers a story not merely about Hemingway and Cooper but about what it means to be human—the dreams of youth, the tentative steps into adulthood, the self-doubt and restlessness that follows early accomplishments, the wisdom that comes with maturity, and the fear of death that accompanies aging.

►► Continued on Page 51

Two American Icons
Actor...Writer
Utter Opposites
A Fascinating Friendship

"Hemingway's shadow ... his echoes ...
are to be found almost everywhere."

JUNOT DIAZ,
Pulitzer Prize,
The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao



COOPER & HEMINGWAY THE TRUE GEN

NARRATED BY
SAM WATERSTON

TRANSMULTIMEDIA ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS
"COOPER AND HEMINGWAY: THE TRUE GEN"

VOICE OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY LEN CARIOU ADDITIONAL VOICES NORMA CRAWFORD MUSIC BY BYRON JANIS
EDITED BY WILLIAM WELLES ASSISTANT EDITOR BRIAN MC NULTY ASSOCIATE PRODUCER KAREN O'HARA
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A Peek behind the Processual Art of a Modern Literary Classic

By Catherine Chen

For the Yolngu people of northern Australia, the process of creating art in and of itself is the art. Since the product is often erased or covered up after its conception, art lies essentially in its development. Simultaneously transient and complete, the art favored by the Yolngu exists in direct contrast to that of its Western counterpart, a school of thought which traditionally favors the final form over its process of creation.

Western art is not characterized by its practices so much as its results; thus, works that otherwise defy this attitude are in the minority. Scribner's latest effort, *A Farewell to Arms: The Hemingway Library Edition*, falls squarely in the latter category; for though it remains, so to speak, a completed work, it nevertheless reveals Ernest Hemingway's processual art of drafting, revising, and editing.

Hemingway was, of course, known for his utmost devotion to "getting the words right." Famously, he claimed to have taken thirty-nine tries to write the ending which has haunted and devastated readers since the initial publication of *A Farewell to Arms* in 1929. Appropriately so.

The final lines belie the emotional restraint and lyricism Hemingway crafted with precision. Although it would be easy to assume his prose fell in place effortlessly and naturally, that was not at all the case. Indeed, Hemingway was forthright about his approach to writing. Terming it the "iceberg theory," he maintained a minimalist style that relayed understated details which hinted at a subtextual truth. His work was the outcome of multiple rounds of omissions.

We are now shown, in effect, the omissions. For the first time in printed form, readers have access to forty-seven (as opposed to thirty-nine as Hemingway boasted) alternate endings, early drafts of essential passages, and a list of working titles. Along with Hemingway's 1948 introduction to the novel, a foreword by son Patrick Hemingway, and a new introduction by grandson Seán Hemingway, the Library edition is a scholastically rich opportunity to further examine Hemingway as a writer.

Accordingly, these unofficial endings represent Hemingway's artistic process and should be appreciated separately from the work itself.

They are perfect and imperfect, shallow and profound. A few endings, such as the first one listed (The Nada Ending), are plainly pessimistic: "That is all there is to the story. Catherine died and you will die

and I will die and that is all I can promise."

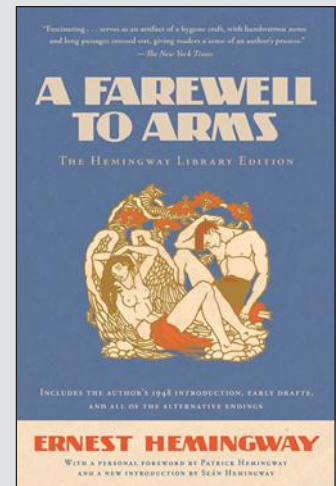
Another ending, called The Fitzgerald Ending because it was suggested by Hemingway's friend, F. Scott Fitzgerald, states: "You learn a few things as you go along and one of them is that the world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places"—here, the phrase "But those that will" is crossed out before continuing—"Those it does not break, it kills."

The remaining endings cover a spectrum of possibilities, fates, and hopes: God figures strongly in endings four, five, and six; the baby (a boy) is alive in endings seven, eight, and nine. Some endings visit Frederic Henry, the protagonist, in the morning after Catherine's death. Still others consider the war's aftermath for various characters.

Whether readers prefer or dislike these work-in-progress endings is irrelevant to the edition's task at hand: to highlight Hemingway's extensive drafts and illustrate the iceberg theory in action. From crossed out lines to false starts to repeated phrases, nothing escapes our attention. In many ways, we are forced to prioritize these rough copies over the published version, which can be as jarring as it is refreshing. Therefore, rather than regarding these alternate endings as the end itself, but instead as the means to an end, we are invited to read these drafts as a series of private literary performances; sketch-like glimpses, to be sure, but beautiful in their own manner.

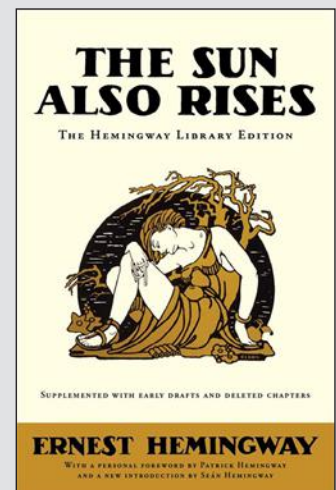
Perhaps we will never understand how or why Hemingway chose the final ending. No matter how close our scrutiny, there is always an element of the unknown in the decisions which take place between revising and finishing. The performance is purposefully left ambiguous to its audience. Despite our voyeuristic ventures and gleaning of Hemingway's alternate endings, rough drafts, and titles, his fundamental mantra—his attempt to write, as depicted in *A Moveable Feast*, the "one true sentence"—remains just that: a mantra.

On the other hand, realizing this should not dissuade us; we must continue onward, just as Hemingway did. In the author's 1948 introduction, he recalled: "The fact that the book was a tragic one did not make me unhappy since I believed that life was a tragedy and knew it could have only one end. But finding you were able to make something up; to create truly enough so that it made you happy to read it; and to do this every day you worked was something that gave a greater pleasure than any I had ever known. Beside it nothing else mattered." ☑



Ernest Hemingway famously said he rewrote the ending to *A Farewell to Arms* thirty-nine times. This edition collects all of the alternative endings together for the first time, along with early drafts of other passages, offering new insight into the author's craft and creative process and the evolution of one of the 20th century's greatest novels. It features Hemingway's own 1948 introduction to an illustrated re-issue of the novel, a personal foreword by the author's son Patrick Hemingway, and a new introduction by the author's grandson Seán Hemingway.

A paperback version is now available in most bookstores.



The Hemingway Library Edition of *The Sun Also Rises* includes a personal foreword by Patrick Hemingway, the author's sole surviving son, and a new introduction by Sean Hemingway, grandson of the author. Hemingway considered the extensive rewriting he did to shape his first novel the most difficult job of his life. Early drafts, deleted passages, and possible titles included in this new edition elucidate how the author achieved his first great literary masterpiece.

You'll find it in most bookstores.



As one interviewee says, they were “ordinary men facing extraordinary circumstances,” and the great achievement of this documentary is that one can’t help but feel more connected to these two giants after realizing that their concerns were more real than their larger-than-life images made it seem.

The only real problems in this otherwise airtight documentary are that it comes with its own inherent sexism and some awful voice-overs. Like a bad audio book, all of the women—and some of the men, including Hemingway—sound like little old ladies. The disappointing irony of this film is that it tells the story of two artists who took their crafts seriously depicted by unserious, even cartoonish performances by the voice-over actors. This unfortunate detail is in stark contrast to the dignified, almost stately, delivery of Sam Watterson, who narrates the film. Also, the film sadly uses Hemingway and Cooper to perpetuate the myth that a strong silent man is a better model than the man who communicates his feelings, and the film’s narration repeatedly bemoans the current state of the American male. It’s a strange assertion given that the film simultaneously appears to debunk the myth that these two men were much more than stereotypes.

Still, none of these problems mitigate the fact that this documentary offers viewers a moving story about two best friends—who, like brothers, were supportive and loyal to each other from the day they met until the day Cooper died, just six weeks before Hemingway took his own life—as well as a complex portrait of a tortured, thoughtful man who is too often reduced to a sexist brute. □

Inside the Cuadrilla: The Enduring Modernism of Ernest Hemingway

By Roy Burkhead

Imagine: You’re a fresh, raw reporter, and your newspaper sends you to Europe. You are assigned to cover Stephen King or Anne Rice or John Grisham, and in addition to getting a great interview, the author invites you to come along to Pamplona in Spain for the Festival of San Fermin to witness the bullfights. And even more miraculous, you become an essential ingredient in the writer’s literary inner circle, known as the Cuadrilla, a name taken from the bullring and meaning a group of assistants to the matador in a bullfight.

But you cannot imagine, can you?

In today’s world, a fresh, raw newspaper reporter would be lucky to be assigned the story at all, let alone penetrate beyond the publishing houses’ web-based request forms, chatrooms, and general publicity machines. And even if it did happen, bullfights aren’t politically correct enough for today’s successful American authors to endorse, publicly. So, there would be no trip to Pamplona. That’s too extreme, way beyond the world’s reality television shows. But that is precisely what happened to Valerie Danby-Smith in 1959.

A freelance reporter with *The Irish Times*, the 19-year-old Dubliner’s chance encounter in a café in Spain with Hemingway, known by that time in his life to all the world as “Papa,” forever blended her life and career with the Hemingway surname. And now, over 40 years later, she wears down seven number-two pencils as she records in an honest, neutral journalistic fashion a roller coaster ride that started with her as Papa’s personal assistant and continued long after his passing.

For those unfamiliar with the man beyond a short story in an anthology or the copy of *A Moveable Feast*, it is essential to remember that Ernest Hemingway was one of the earliest risk takers. Prose was his extreme sport, and he went for big air every time, rejoicing in the pure screw-you guts of it all. He was the Steve Jobs of iPods, Jackson Pollock of drip painting, and Bill Gates of Windows.

Bittersweet as some of it can be, Valerie Hemingway’s *Running with the Bulls: My Years with the Hemingways* is more sweet than bitter, and it reveals in a tasteful manner

background information that can only come from the primary source. Unlike other books on Papa, this one is a true addition to the Hemingway canon.

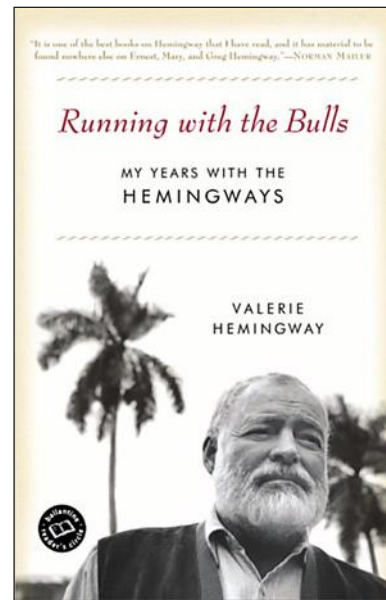
Inescapable atmosphere and absorbing characters fill the anecdotes in these 302 pages, and that is an excellent trick since Papa is buried halfway through the book. Throughout it, part biography-part autobiography, Valerie Hemingway is ubiquitous as the Internet, seemingly everywhere all at once as she takes the reader with ease to Spain and France and Cuba and Key West and Ketchum and New York and Montana, and nothing is ignored: Castro, reading, four wives, writing, booze, lunch with Orson Welles, depression, and ever-present genius.

With threats of fines and imprisonment, we Americans are often barred from Cuba, and it is on this small island where some of the more full, rich, and telling scenes emerge, both before and after Papa’s death. Before, Valerie Hemingway arrived at the Finca Vigia (the Hemingways’ Cuban estate) just before Castro’s revolution and stayed by the writer’s side through tropical days and insomniac nights, writing out his correspondence and typing from his long-hand something that he had come to call his “Paris Sketches” on a manual typewriter.

Afterwards, after the Hemingways and Valerie left Cuba, after the

Bay of Pigs, and after Papa’s burial, Valerie and Ernest’s wife Mary returned to Cuba with the help of the Kennedy Administration and the permission of the Cuban Government to pack up the house. Their work would bring them in contact with a helpful Fidel Castro, a Russian antiquity official from Moscow (who wanted to catalog Papa’s possession for delivery to The State), and with the owner of a small boat, which they used to slip Papa’s artwork into America.

The vast majority of the book is a well-written page-turner, and Valerie Hemingway does a tasteful job of dealing with the many characters she has encountered while with Papa, some of whom are alive. She uses tales from her life to bookend the work, and much of it is effective, including her story of how she came by the Hemingway name. □



Are You Sure Papa Done It This Way: My First Year as a Published Novelist

By Jason Hunt

When I was a teenager learning to play guitar, I used to perform a song by Waylon Jennings called “Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way?” In the song, Waylon looks at his journey through country music and thinks about how it compares to the journey of one of his heroes, who happened to be the genre’s first superstar.

In many ways, Hemingway is the Hank Williams of modern American literature. Both were brilliant in that they used simplicity to provide their audience with a view into the complexities of being human. Both were immensely popular during their lifetimes. And both lived large, drank hard, died too soon, and changed forever the course of their respective art forms. So it is only natural that, as I contemplate my first year as a published novelist, I wonder if Papa really done it this way.

I know that Horace advises writers to start *in medias res* – in the middle of the things – but I have always preferred Virgil, Ovid, and Catullus to Horace, so I’ll ignore his advice and give a quick timeline of my life as a (creative) writer to set the stage:

- 1962: Born.
- 1967: Wrote “3 Little Fishermen,” lavishly illustrated flash fiction. Received 25 cents from my father.
- 1967–77: Wrote hundreds of short stories of varying quality.
- 1977: Elvis died; I bought a guitar.
- 1977–1986: Wrote hundreds of songs of varying quality.
- 1986: Moved to Nashville.
- 1986–2000: Wrote hundreds more songs, most good, many published.
- 2000: Wrote “Bluegrass and Blackmail,” a hardboiled short story in the style of Raymond Chandler
- 2000–2004: Wrote dozens more stories, most good, many published.
- 2004: Wrote *Cold, Cold Heart*, a hardboiled novel. No agent. Not much interest. Unpublished.
- 2005: Moved to Boston.
- 2006: Wrote *So Lonesome I Could Die*, my second hardboiled novel. Had representation. Lots of interest. Unpublished.
- 2010: Wrote *A Midsummer Night’s Gunfight*, my first Western novel.

(I have left off all the other types of writing I have done over the years—newspaper reporter, marketing copywriter, speech writing, corporate communications manager, et cetera—because, to be honest, it is kind of boring in contrast to the creative stuff.)

So now that you have a snapshot of how I got here, I can share my experience of what is it like to be published and to try to promote a first novel.

The first thing that seems different now than in Hemingway’s day is the ubiquitous discussion of “platform.” A while back, I read an article in *Forbes* magazine that discussed this. The old concept of an author’s platform, according to the article, was “the writer’s public visibility and reputation that the publisher’s publicity department used to promote and sell the book.” By that standard, Hemingway had a pretty good platform—veteran of the Great War, big game hunter, fisherman, amateur boxer, expatriate—effectively leveraged by the solid publicity department at Scribner’s. It is no wonder that publications like *LIFE Magazine* loved him.

Platform today, however, is a different creature. The *Forbes* piece did a nice job describing it, as follows:

“The New Author Platform requires a focus on developing an unobstructed back and forth between authors and their readers, with the authors—not the publishers—controlling the flow. Now it’s the author, not a publicist, who inspires readers to buy the book. The New Author Platform allows not only well-established authors, but unknown, first-time beginners to do an end run around the conservative gate-keepers and reach readers directly.”

I think I got my working list of the “elements” of an author platform from *Writer’s Digest*. What follows is a list of those elements and my self-assessment of how I’ve done with them:

Website: www.JasonRHunt.com (I don’t update it very often.)

Blog: TheRealJasonHunt.blogspot.com, which replaced slicd.blogspot.com (I did some funny Adobe Photoshop work plugging my book into various celebrities photos, but, again, I don’t update very often.)

An e-newsletter and/or mailing list: Nope.

Article/column writing: Not really.

Guest contributions to websites, blogs, and periodicals: Minimal.

Personal contacts (organizational, media, celebrity, relatives) to provide blurbs, promotion, et cetera: Some.

Public speaking appearances: Just libraries, so far.

Social media presence (Facebook, Twitter, YouTube, et cetera.): www.facebook.com/The-RealJasonHunt (Used to some advantage, but... you got it...don’t update very often.)

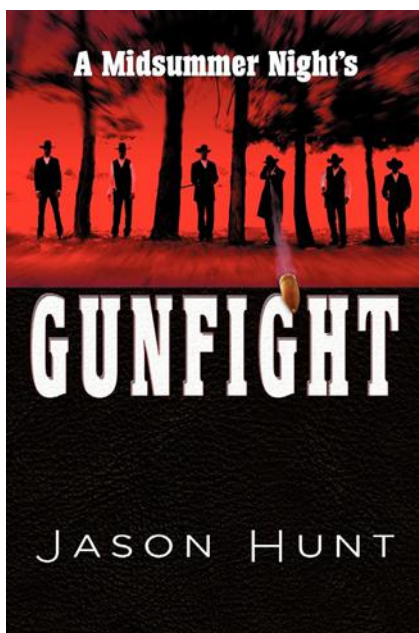
Organizations (e.g., Western Writers of America, Mystery Writers of America, etc.): Joined Western Writers of America, but didn’t make it to the summer conference.

Media appearances and interviews (print, radio, TV): A couple of newspaper articles.

The first thing I did when the book was going to be released was to contact my local paper and set up an interview. The reporter was great, and she wrote an excellent story (“Hopedale writer finds success in Shakespeare, New Mexico”) which was on the front page of the *Milford Daily News* with a big picture of yours truly in a cowboy hat. The story

was so well written, in fact, that it got picked up by the Associated Press and appeared in all sorts of papers across the country. The only problem was that the Amazon release was delayed, so when people read the article and decided to check out the book, the page said “Not yet available.” I imagined dozens, maybe hundreds, of potential sales disappearing into cyberspace. The paper did a follow-up when the book was at last available, but it appeared several pages in and didn’t get picked up by the AP.

While this was disappointing, it did not deter me. I started doing the obligatory book signings and library talks. I signed books at Barnes and Noble and even did a signing at Barbara’s Booksellers in the South Station Train Terminal in Boston. Thousands of hurried commuters saw me, sitting at my table, wearing a cowboy hat, and surrounded by books. At this event, like all of the others, I got to talk to lots of interesting people (many of them would-be authors), and I gave away lots of business cards, bookmarks, and other marketing materials, but I only sold a handful of books.





Fabian Charaffi/Paris Tourist Office

Having a minimal marketing budget (i.e., lunch money), I tried some off-beat things that leveraged my years of playing music. I got a busking license, so that I could play guitar and sing songs on the streets and in the subways of Cambridge and Boston. I made a big poster of my book cover and carried it everywhere I played, and I sold books out of a box. Since I could purchase books at half of the suggested retail price, this was a pretty lucrative little racket.

To continue leveraging the musical angle, I wrote a song called "A Midsummer Night's Gunfight" and posted it on YouTube. The response was very positive, but I don't know if it helped sell any books. On road trips to and from Nashville, I autographed, sold, and gave away copies of the book at truck stops, diners, rest areas, and bookstores. Again, I'm

not sure how effective that was in terms of driving sales, but it was fun.

So, no, Hemingway didn't do it this way any more than Hank did it Waylon's way. But, to be completely honest, Waylon and I should be thankful. I never fed breadcrumbs to pigeons in order to grab the healthy ones, break their necks, and take them home to my apartment in Paris and cook them. And Waylon didn't pass away in the backseat of a Cadillac on the way to a New Year's show in Canton, Ohio.

It reminds me of something Michelangelo is alleged to have said to an admirer who remarked on how wonderful it must be to be so talented:

"If people knew the price I have paid to gain my mastery, it would not seem so wonderful after all." ☐

Review: *Bus People: 30 Days on the Road with America's Nomads*

Unique Adventure Brings Tale of Modern Americana

By Mary Popham

"Day One—Nashville, Tennessee. Riding the Greyhound bus is about as American as it gets." With the opening sentence of Mike Pentecost's first book, *Bus People: 30 Days on the Road with America's Nomads*, we feel the excitement of discovery that a road trip inspires. Since the 1950s, the slogan "Go Greyhound and Leave the Driving to Us" has brought images of smiling passengers floating dreamily across America seeing her wondrous landscapes laid out from spacious windows—all in reclining armchair-like comfort. From the author's perspective, we get a real-life up-to-date-account of the routes, the ride, the schedules, and tons of anecdotes about the passengers and drivers.

With his wife and two sons' full support of his month-long odyssey, Pentecost begins the trip from his local Nashville Greyhound station. He notices dozens of smokers outside the port-a-lets and eight people waiting in line to buy tickets—it soon becomes a typical scene.

Why do people take the bus? Pentecost answers with extensive journaling during his experience of a "progressive dinner party [where] only the dinner guests change." He finds that people will usually talk... and answer questions that might seem intrusive in other situations. "If you show you care, people will open up and share their stories." Their trust seems to be given through the bond formed by traveling together, breathing the same air, encountering the same fortune and misfortune that lie at the whim of fate. Travelers feel that "...it's safe to unload deep secrets and feelings you have because you know that in another three hours or two hundred miles, you'll never see that person again." The gentle nature of the writer is shown by his dialogue and recorded interaction with *bus people*. Surely, this plays a big part in getting to know them, finding out where they are going and why they choose to take the bus.

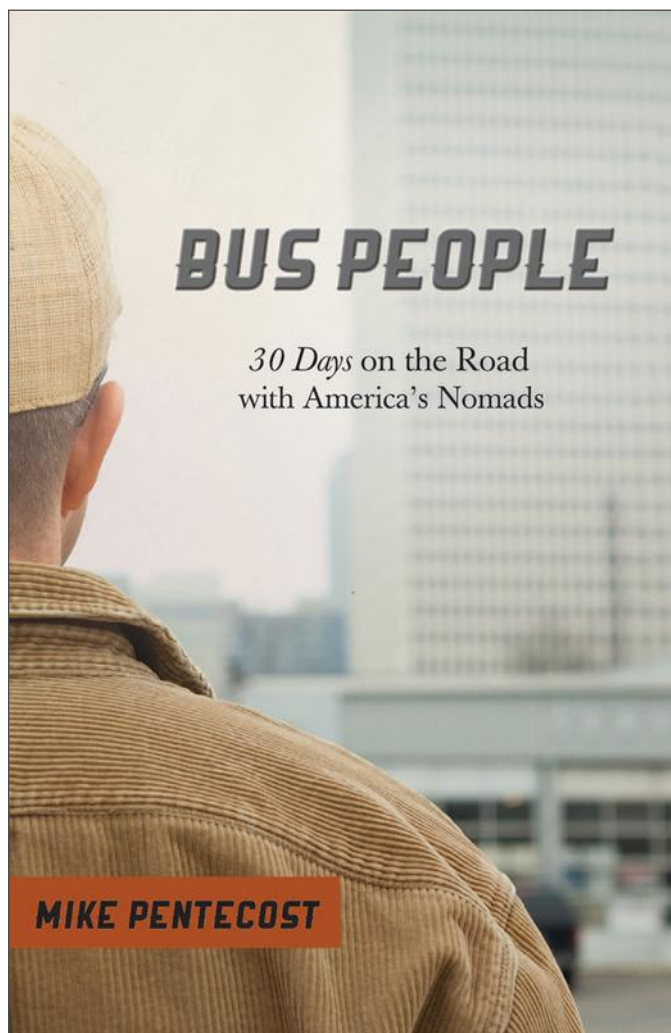
Reasons for bus travel vary. Probably the main purpose is to save money: the author pays \$439.00 for a "30-day discovery pass." Much thriftier than "See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet." And tickets for shorter distances are much less than train or plane fare. "In most parts of the country, the bus is for poor people...in New York, people take the bus because driving is a pain."

Also, the bus does not require a driver's license of its passengers—however, one should have a valid form of I.D. since new laws, especially in the Southwest, mean that a bus can and will be searched by immigration authorities looking for illegal aliens.

Pentecost documents each day in various towns where the bus stops. He describes the stations, ticket sellers, the general mood, activities and dress of those on his rides. He paints the scenes "...a grandfather and his grandson sharing a package of Twinkies...people curled up against their windows, somehow sleeping despite the bright sunlight...a young African-American woman... listening to music through her headphones." He is excited and "...eager to talk to people and learn about their stories," but does not want to intrude or impose. He finds that small, short friendships develop under the commonality of circumstances. Unexpected delays, missed connections, confusion, panic or emergencies among passengers, closed and out-of-order facilities, the lack of sleep, and irregular food all contribute to the shared harassment.

There are also joys in bus traveling: a guitar-playing folk singer, a happy baby, unexpected smoke breaks—good forces which also unite those who are confined with strangers.

The author allows us to be voyeurs of what goes on in the lives of others. In the accounts of *Bus People*, we find that most of the riders have "bought one-way bus tickets to Somewhere Else..." They have "...a permanent kind of tired that you could just see in their faces, as if they were tired of being tossed around by life. Addictions, broken relationships, abuse, and loneliness are realities of life that transcend socioeconomic barriers..." but the poor have a harder time finding help. He chats with a guy who has teardrop tattoos to the left of his left eye—an evangelist who "...found the Lord there in prison," and was



able to get out early. A young woman who has finally left her boyfriend of four years because he spent all his money on video games and clothes. She's going home to her parents in Fort Worth. One fellow is looking for a job—has just turned down an offer to be in a porno movie. Another is going to take care of his buddy's farm while he's in the service. But despite the problems in their pasts, the author finds the persistence of hope. "The excitement that I heard in the voices of people who were just checking out of their old lives was fascinating...a change of scenery seemed to be all the elixir these travelers needed."

Pentecost has an easy style of writing, meticulously noting fact sources, conditions of the stations, the attitudes of the drivers. His own bus story is told with honesty about his personal objectives and blunders. Although there are descriptions of being robbed in Reno by a guy he had come to trust, of trying to nap in a bus seat beside a large snoring man, of being solicited by a drug-addled woman who'd had her kids taken from her, there are also revelations that keep the trust in mankind alive. He met a prototypical "granola type" young woman who rides the bus for environmental reasons; a contractor who took a job transporting trucks and riding the bus between times in order to visit his son; a bus driver who believes in smiling and treating her passengers with respect; and a recently married Spanish couple who wanted to explore their new country.

The reader will not find a thirst to "Go Greyhound" slackened—*Bus People* will only heighten the desire. As the author says, "This was a slice of Americana that I couldn't have created in my mind...you can't plan memories. They just happen." ☐



Photos courtesy of Rick Steves' Europe

Reivew: *Travel as a Political Act*

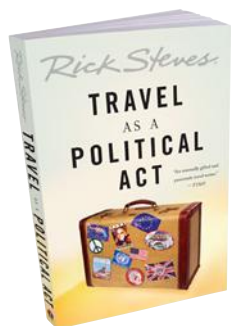
Broaden Your Horizons with a Guided Tour

By Ray Zimmerman

"After our whirlwind trip, it's time to wrap up our journey. No matter where you go, the final stop is always the same. And, thankfully, home is the best destination of all." – Chapter 9

Rick Steves writes with a definite point of view. His comments at the start of the story indicate that many Americans are isolated from the larger world beyond their borders and lack knowledge of geology and history. He encourages us to travel "like a court jester," one who read the larger world and then appeared in the king's court to speak the truth. Jesters went unpunished for doing this because the kings regarded them as a valuable source of information that they could not gain through regular channels. The author encourages us to broaden our perspectives and return home refreshed and with a renewed understanding of the larger world.

His book, *Travel as a Political Act*, is a journey which begins in the former Yugoslavia, split into the three modern nations of Montenegro, Croatia, and Bosnia-Herzegovina. He describes villages, back roads, and the struggle of ethnic groups, still living side by side after the ravages of war. The rubble of bombed neighborhoods remains, but exists right beside seeds of growth and hope, like the rebuilt Old Bridge in the city of Mostar.



From there, Steves moves on to give us a broader view of the European Union. He speaks of how European nations struggle with the issue of immigrants, some now in their country for second and third generations, a struggle familiar to Americans. Further outside the average American's comfort zone, he describes a different European attitude toward public art,

and specifically nudity and content in the art. One step further he comments on a casual attitude toward nudity and the human body at spas, health clubs, and saunas that some Americans might find offensive.

From Europe, Steves jumps across the globe to El Salvador. He is candid about the violent history of Central America, and his view of the role of American foreign policy in the history, politics, and economics of these nations. In his description of the poverty of single room cinder block houses and the shanty towns of people who mine dumps for commerce, he includes the smiles, the hopes, and more of the story of individual residents. These stories give a human face to the people and counteract the official studies that reduce people with stories to mere statistics.

Steves then returns his readers to Europe where he describes the



life of Danes, a people with high taxes and high expectations from social services. He then takes his reads to Christiana, a sort of hippy squatter commune which began on an abandoned military base and grew into a city in its own right. Even the Danes find this community somewhat problematic, and the future of Christiana remains an unresolved mystery.

Steves is also outspoken about the approach Denmark and Switzerland have taken toward drug addiction, treating it as a disease rather than a social problem. He believes that this is wisdom and that our own culture could learn from them. He believes that European nations are "neither hard on drugs nor soft on drugs, but smart on drugs."

Along this journey, Steves introduces the readers to three Islamic nations: Morocco, Turkey, and Iran. In the first two nations, the governments face growing fundamentalist factions, but maintain their identity separate from the mosque and the religious hierarchy. In the third, he identifies the people as genuinely friendly to him, and to individual travelers, but not to American government. He states that the faces of religious leaders get more press and coverage than those in government, and that many citizens regard the religious control of their nation as a moral issue. He sees no easy solution to the conflict between America and Iran.

The final stop is home, where he enjoys a typical American breakfast at a restaurant near his home in the state of Washington. Fondly, he remembers other breakfasts where hosts abroad seemed equally at home with different food. His book is no substitute for the education of travel, but it will certainly tell the reader what to expect when traveling abroad. □



Deidre Woollard reports from Southern California ...

Hollywood's Most Glamorous Destination for Writers



Nikolas Koenig

The Chateau Marmont has long been popular with writers as well as actors.

Ernest Hemingway reportedly said that the only way to deal with Hollywood was to collect money at the California border and run. It could be said that he missed all the action. Hollywood has always been a haven for dreamers and drifters, the gifted and the garrulous... perhaps nowhere more so than at the Chateau Marmont, the infamous castle-like hotel/apartment building that still pops up in celebrity gossip blogs. Inspired by a castle the developer had seen in France's Loire Valley, the Marmont is, like so many things in Los Angeles, a concoction of memory and desire, a dream made real through liberal infusions of cash.

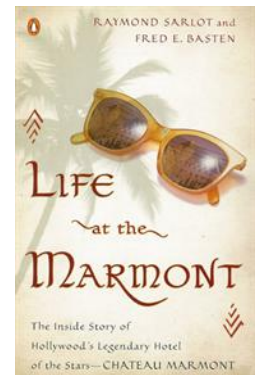
The building opened in 1929 and is known for its famous movie star clientele, but writers came here too and come still, finding inspiration in this folly of a structure and making their way in a world that seemed to have few rules and endless opportunity. Los Angeles was a wild town in those early days, still trying to find itself, transitioning from orange groves and strawberry fields to a sprawling land of glittering promise.

Nearby also on Sunset Boulevard, the Garden of Allah, an apartment complex that sadly no longer exists, tempted decadent revelers including F. Scott Fitzgerald with its massive pool and endless parties. Marmont has been no less sybaritic at times with Hollywood bad boys from Errol Flynn to James Dean in residence, but it offers something else: glamour and mystery along its labyrinthine hallways. Even before it entered middle age it seemed ancient, the antiques and vintage furniture in the rooms imbued the Marmont with a strange homeliness, like staying at the home of your rich and eccentric aunt.

Gore Vidal set part of his novel *Myra Breckinridge* here, and Dorothy Parker once stalked the halls generally in famously bad spirits. William Goldman wrote the screenplay for *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* while staying at the Marmont. The 1970s brought George Plimpton—among others—possibly because the Marmont, for all its glamour and debauchery, has always maintained a certain sense of history and decorum that offers more than just a good time. Jay McInerney penned the screenplay for his novel *Bright Lights, Big City* here, and his partner in 1980s, jaded boy lit Bret Easton Ellis, continues to pop in at the Marmont, if only to coolly observe and perfect his heavy-eyed stare of pained ennui. In the 1990s, the hotel served as an office for Dominick Dunne as he covered the O.J. Simpson trial.

A book written about the legend of the Chateau, *Life at the Marmont: The Inside Story of Hollywood's Legendary Hotel of the Stars--Chateau Marmont* by Raymond Sarlot and Fred E. Basten, years ago was recently reprinted, partly because in 2012 Aaron Sorkin announced plans to turn the book into a miniseries. Sorkin is always, it seems, fascinated by places where smart people gather and amazing things happen in rapid-fire speed whether they be the White House, Silicon Valley, or a newsroom. The Marmont viewed through the window of the book is a hub of ceaseless energy, a place where you can go to find inspiration or to run from it.

Hollywood is like a glittering snake shedding its incandescent skin of cool every year. Some things endure--too much a part of the city and its heritage to be forgotten--the Hollywood sign, the Griffith Park Observatory, and Marmont, our castle. Clubs may close off their velvet ropes, but Marmont's allure is accessible to those buying drinks (as long as they are willing to abide by the hotel's ban on social media). They come not just to see the latest starlet in oversized sunglasses pretending she's trying not to be noticed, but also to feel for a moment part of the past, the present, the great whooshing spectacle of Hollywood. ☐





Luke Seward

Katy Yocom reports from Louisville ...

Louisville's InKY Reading Series invites you to listen

When the editors at Lonely Planet named Louisville the top domestic travel destination of 2013, they called it a “lively, offbeat cultural mecca on the Ohio River” and gave a nod to converted warehouses-cum-breweries, hip restaurants and shops, and bourbon microdistilleries. That they didn’t mention the InKY reading series must have been an oversight. InKY, which celebrated its tenth season of readings in September, 2013, embodies much that is hip in the literary life of the Ville.

But if Lonely Planet didn’t recognize it, the editors at online writers’ resource LitBridge did, in December, naming InKY one of the Top 10 Southern reading series.

A program of the nonprofit Louisville Literary Arts, InKY is the little reading series that could. It takes place in a battered-around-the-edges lounge at The Bard’s Town, a restaurant and performance space in the Highlands. Admission is free, but quality is high. Over the past decade, InKY has become a platform for established, nationally known authors as well as local and regional up-and-comers. Thirty minutes are set aside for open-mic readings. Pre-show entertainment usually takes the form of a band.

The December 2012 edition of InKY embodied the spirit of the series. Walk into the room at about 6:30 p.m. to nab a good seat—attendance beyond about 45 people qualifies as standing room only—and you’ll find the InKY organizers gathering at a corner table. There’s Wesley Fairman, curator of the 2012 season and an MFA student at Murray State University, looking for a server to bring her a vodka and soda. There’s Jerriod Avant, the evening’s emcee and an MFA student at Spalding University, reading over bio sheets as he prepares his introductions. There’s Lynnell Edwards, president of Louisville Literary Arts.

Onstage, there’s a bear, a chicken, a turtle, and a golem.

Those last four are puppets, courtesy of Squallis Puppeteers, and they’re the pre-show entertainment, performing sophisticated humor with a literary twist. The sketch involves a poetry critique group that starts with a sex poem (charming in its earnestness) by a turtle, moves on to accusations of poetry fraud, and culminates in a poetry slam competition complete with hilarious, highbrow lit-crit commentary and an overhead-projected Bob Dylan reading “Bears in Chairs.” It’s a little anarchic and highly funny, and the audience cheers.

Next onstage is Rodney Wittwer, a Wisconsin-born, Boston-based poet reading from his first collection, *Gone & Gone*, published by Los Angeles-based Red Hen Press. A scruffy-looking fellow, dressed modestly in jeans and an untucked shirt, Wittwer reads poems that “take place,” he says, “at the juncture of desire and despair.”

Wittwer’s poetry is muscular and intimate, set in all-night diners and laundromats. Raw and honest, his poems grapple with the domestic world and struggle with what it means to be a son, a brother, a lover. From the poem “Isn’t, Isn’t Here”:

“Sometimes / you flash by mirrors: tangled / hair tide-parted & I remember / seaweed, the salt of lasting, / the briny blast of love mid-air.”

The audience listens closely even as a server works her way through tables in stealth mode, silently delivering food and drink.

After an open-mic set, Fairman talks with a reporter about the literary scene in Louisville, which has “absolutely blossomed,” she says. “It’s become one of the most nurturing and caring literary centers in the region. We’ve got Sarabande Books and Typecast (Publishing). We’ve got the number-nine brief-residency MFA in Writing program in the country at Spalding University. We’ve got independent literary magazines like *Catch Up*. We’ve got a literary festival (the Writer’s Block) with attendance in the hundreds.” She mentions Stone Soup and Subterranean and Speak Social—all new reading series this year. “We’ve got things that a city of our size by rights shouldn’t have.”

And what about InKY? “Coming up on our tenth season,” she says, “it’s a bit of a staple. Because we’re a nonprofit, we’re able to bring people from all over and give our audience exposure to authors they might not see otherwise.”

As if on cue, host Jerriod Avant introduces the second featured reader, Margaret McMullan. McMullan thanks the audience and jokes, “Keep drinking.”

A Mississippian by birth, McMullan is the author of six award-winning novels and teaches writing at the University of Evansville (Indiana). She’s reading “The Swing,” a story that appeared in *The Sun* and was anthologized in *Christmas Stories from the South*. Tall, blonde, and conservatively clad in a dressy black outfit, McMullan reads of a rumpled protagonist named Catch—a joint-smoking, socially isolated Vietnam vet—and his interactions with the snowbirds who pay him to tend to their lawns on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. As the story unfolds, Catch finds himself roped into playing Santa Claus for an unhappily coddled seven-year-old named Teddy who gets everything he wants and lacks only for “a surprise, that’s all.” Perhaps there’s a moment of grace near the end of the story, when Teddy swings on Christmas morning in the wooden swing Catch made for him and hung from the branch of a live oak. But grace is tempered in the final paragraph, which shows the same setting eight months later, when Hurricane Katrina wipes out the Mississippi Coast, flattening houses but leaving the swing “hanging in the tree, unharmed,” amid the wreckage.

Afterward, McMullan is all smiles. “This has been so much fun,” she says. “Usually I read at school, during the day. It’s fun to read here. It’s night, it’s relaxed.” She’s echoing something Wittwer said earlier, when he paused during his reading to mention, “I asked a friend who’d read at InKY before for advice. She said, ‘It’s a bar, it’s Friday night, and people are drinking. Read your most entertaining poems.’”

For more information, visit <http://louisvilleliteraryarts.org/> □

Gayle C. Edlin reports from Wisconsin ...

Art Inspired by Words

"Mark my Words Again," presented by the Pump House Regional Arts Center in La Crosse, Wis., was exhibited in the fall of 2013, from September 5 through October 19 at the Pump House and from October 21 through November 24 at the La Crosse Public Library. Connecting poets and artists through a "blind" process, 25 artists worked to create a piece inspired by the work of 25 selected poets in various media: paintings, photography, carvings, and sculptures.

"When writing and art connect, something else happens—a kind of magic," said Lynne Valiquette, introducing the program on October 19, 2013. The featured poets and artists, some of whom were meeting for the first time, presented their works in tandem. Each poet summarized what had inspired his or her poem and then read the poem aloud under dimmed house lights and before a blank projection screen. Then an image of the artist's work, inspired by the poem, appeared on-screen, and the artist explained his or her inspiration.

The pairings of poet and artist were diverse. One woman was included in two poetry/art relationships: once as a poet and once as an artist. Another duo, brought together through a selection process that was unaware of their real-life connection, were friends who had published a book together. The result of all that creative energy was an amalgamation of abstract and concrete design, of light-hearted verse and poems heavy with meaning. Each connection forged between the written word and the visual arts bespoke the give and take that is present in all interactions and pierced the heart of the shared humanity and experience that surround us all every day.

If one were to judge solely by the clasping of hands and hugs exchanged as artist and poet met at the podium, the associations wrought by mutual inspiration would be impressive enough. But it would fail to capture the murmurs of wonder as poets read their works, the gasps that routinely occurred as each new work of art lit the screen. The public audience, along with affiliated friends and family, had the opportunity to view each pairing at the reception prior to the presentation. Yet the personal readings, coupled with the enlarged image on-screen, elevated each connection when it was brought to the stage.

Individual inspirations, too, were telling. It is a marvelous thing to read a poem and to view a work of art. But the creators of the written and visual works brought a unique perspective that poetry and art aficionados rarely see in person. Whether they spoke with deliberation or nervousness, whether they were comfortable in front of the audience or edgy, the appeal generated between the honored celebrants and the assembled, appreciative populace added one more thrilling element to the presentation of poetic words and their inspired art.

Awards were given, including the Best Connection Awards (presented by Odin Arts Cooperative Regional Awards Fund) and Merit Awards (presented by the La Crosse Public Library), and the winners were as gracious as they were deserving. But more than the artists and poets, the public received the best prize, connecting not only to what we saw and heard, but also to each other as we marveled in the craftsmanship and beauty evoked by the works exhibited. As a "testament to the power of creativity in our region," the poetry-art pairings of "Mark my Words Again" were incomparable.

And the mystery of powerful interconnection on display is inspiring in its own right. ☐

Yeoman's in the Fork

► From Page 13

Remember by Walter Lord that would one day be hers. In addition to his teen, Cotter, 38, is the father of an infant.

After college at Austin Peay State University in Clarksville, Tennessee, where he studied business, American literature, and modern poetry, he went to work where the work was. He found himself working for several *big box* retailers over the years, but he knew that he wanted and needed more. When he revealed to his wife that he wanted to quit his job to sell old books on eBay for a living, she was supportive. His father-in-law, however, tried to talk him out of it. Not deterred, Cotter also knew it would take cash to start the venture, and he knew exactly what he would have to do.

"I had a large collection that I had been hoarding all my life," he says explaining that as a child he went with his father to baseball card shows. "I was one of those kids who saved all the Star Wars and Batman cards. We started selling all these things." In the first six months he made almost \$80,000 selling "old junk on eBay."

He used the money to buy reference materials, to study, and to learn the market. Today he is not only making a living, but the store employs seven people full-time, has a major web presence, and uses social media extensively. There are about 3,000 books on display and about 22,000 catalogued and stored down the street from the main store.

With about 90 percent of Yeoman's business happening online, Cotter says the store is vital to the business, too. He says much of the store's success has to do with finding a niche and filling it. "We have a social need for the bookstore. Big box retailers are doomed," he says. "They have focused on the handbag and the coffee cup and the bookmark, and they forgot what they were about."

"We ignore almost all rules that so-called book-selling experts have told us over the years, because we want collecting to be fun," he says, pointing out that they don't just carry extremely expensive and rare books, but they have thousands of books for sale that are not antique or collectable.

"I can't forget," he says, "we also cater to the guy who wants to buy a \$20 book and go read it on the porch." Of course shoppers can also spend \$80,000 on a small collection of pamphlets, the *Great Awakening of Religion*, from the mid-1700s.

Cotter and Wallace buy a lot of books to keep their supply up, scouring estate sales, book fairs, antique malls, and any place they suspect books can be found.

And some books come to them.

"You wouldn't believe what walks in that door. A First Edition, First Printing copy of *Gone with the Wind* walked in that door. One of the greatest aspects of having an open book shop is you give people a destination to bring their items for sale."

Every other month, the store hosts Appraisal Day, where people are invited to bring their books, and Cotter will tell them what they are worth. One rule of thumb, he says, is that "scarcity does not always equal value. Owning 100-year-old pasta noodles is rare, but doesn't make it worth a lot of money," he points out. "A collectible book is like a perfect storm. Interest in the book, the author or the subject is usually coupled with scarcity or condition." Another thing to look for: dust jackets, which are harder to find; therefore, a book with one is usually going to be worth more.

He does know what he's talking about. He has studied at the Rare Book School at University of Virginia and has been a book expert on multiple episodes of the Discovery Channel's *Auction Kings*. He has donated time appraising books at an antique fair as a Nashville Public Television fundraiser.

"There's not a class that will teach you," he says. "Almost everything we know about this industry is from the school of hard knocks."

Cotter says his favorite days are Saturdays, when he spends more time in the store and less dealing with online sales.


"People come from all over the South because we're in Leipers Fork. Saturdays I get to spend time telling stories and sharing my love of collecting," he says. "Talking to people about books is fun. It's the reason we get up each morning, grab that cup of coffee, and rush to put the OPEN sign out by the street."

Look at all that Yeoman's has to offer at yeomansinthefork.com or visit the store at 4216 Old Hillsboro Rd, Franklin, TN 37064, Wednesday to Saturday 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and Sunday 1:00 to 5:00 p.m.

Meet our Authors




A look at the folks who contributed to this issue of *2nd & Church*:

Ralph Angel

 ralphangel.com

Ralph Angel's latest collection, *Your Moon*, was awarded the 2013 Green Rose Poetry Prize. *Exceptions and Melancholies: Poems 1986-2006* received the 2007 PEN USA Poetry Award, and his *Neither World* won the James Laughlin Award of The Academy of American Poets. In addition to five books of poetry, he also has published an award-winning translation of the Federico García Lorca collection, *Poema del cante jondo / Poem of the Deep Song*.


Chuck Beard

 nashvillesheart.com  eastsidestorytn.com  [@eastsidestorytn](https://twitter.com/eastsidestorytn)
Chuck Beard is a thinker by trade (will think for food; food for thought if you will), people observer-questioner/mental note-taker by habit (self-taught mind you), and curator of meaningless words searching for a dome near you. He works part-time at Oasis Center, is the editor for *Number.*, contributor for *Nashville Galleries Examiner*, a blogger, freelance writer, published author, and sole proprietor of East Side Story (Nashville's only all-local bookstore).

Levi Bradford

Levi Bradford is from Sarasota, Fla., and is studying economics at Covenant College in Chattanooga, Tenn. He plays in two bands and enjoys music, dancing, laughter, and well-stoked fires. Levi hopes to see the Northern Lights this year and to be a dad someday.

Robert F. Burgess

 amazon.com/Robert-F-Burgess/e/B002ZHFOQ

Robert F. Burgess grew up in Grand Rapids, Michigan and as a youth often trout-fished the same creeks and streams as Ernest Hemingway. He served with the U. S. Army Ski Troops in northern Italy. After the war he returned to Europe to study foreign languages at universities in Italy and Switzerland then completed his education in Journalism at Michigan State University. He became a *Florida* magazine writer/photographer specializing in sport fishing and scuba diving. Later he returned to Europe with his wife to travel and write for various magazines there and abroad. While working as a freelance writer in Spain he met Ernest Hemingway who inspired the book, *Meeting Hemingway in Pamplona*. Burgess' over twenty published books range from adventure novels to non-fiction books dealing with cave diving, sunken treasure, and underwater archaeology. Currently the author lives in north Florida.

Janice Byrne

Janice Byrne enjoys most things Hemingway. Like Ernest, she was born in Oak Park, Illinois. She belongs to the International Hemingway Society, The Ernest Hemingway Society of Oak Park, and sits on the Board of Directors of the Michigan Hemingway Society. She has spoken at numerous national and international conferences. While actively teaching she developed materials on a number of Hemingway stories for classroom use and has shared these with hundreds of other educators. Now fully retired, she occasionally submits columns on her favorite author.

Catherine Chen

Catherine Chen studies English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University. Her primary field of study is 20th century American literature with particular interests in modernism, performance, and gender. Her scholarship aims to articulate and reveal the intersectionality of textuality, identity, and politics. Currently, she is at work on a study of Hemingway's posthumous novel, *The Garden of Eden*.

Gayle Edlin

 gcedlin.com

Gayle Edlin excelled in undergraduate mathematics and chemistry but floundered in graduate studies in physics. Through an unlikely sequence of employment events, Gayle made her way into technical writing where she flourished ... at least on the surface. Technically satiated but creatively starving, Gayle stumbled across a writing group and seized the chance to join it. Sparks flew and before she knew it (i.e., five years later), Gayle finished her first novel, which she is now revising in preparation for seeking a publisher. Gayle also enjoys photography and takes frequent walks to indulge both this interest and her love of nature. She is seldom at a loss for words in the written form, but frequently stumbles over them in speech.

Jason Hunt

 fb.com/theRealJasonHunt

Jason Hunt went to Cornell University to study writing and worked with Pulitzer-Prize winner William Kennedy on fiction. Upon graduation, he moved to Nashville to write country music, and he caught the eye of two of his songwriting heroes, John Prine and Guy Clark. After learning firsthand the difference between a songwriter and a large pizza—a large pizza can feed a family of four—Jason went back to school and earned a master's degree in English. From there, he went into corporate writing for companies like General Motors and Deloitte, and in the evenings he wrote hardboiled detective fiction, getting published in *Hardboiled*, *Pulp Pusher*, *Plots with Guns*, *Beat to a Pulp*, a *Twist of Noir*, and *Yellow Mama*. He has written three novels: *Cold*, *Cold Heart* and *So Lonesome I Could Die* (detective) and *A Midsummer Night's Gunfight* (western). He is currently working on a third detective novel called *Didn't Hear Nobody Die*, a second Western called *Much Ado about Dying*, and a business book (title undecided).

Les Kerr

 leskerr.com

Les Kerr is a songwriter, recording artist, and performer who merged Cajun music, blues, Rockabilly, bluegrass, and New Orleans music to create his own genre, "Hillbilly Blues Caribbean Rock & Roll." A Nashville resident since 1987, the Gulf Coast native was born in Louisiana and raised in Mississippi. Kerr has recorded six CDs and performs his original music at concert venues, festivals, nightclubs, and special events throughout the U.S. He is also featured periodically in broadcasts, including *Civil War Songs and Stories*, a PBS TV documentary aired nationwide in 2012. Having earned a journalism degree at Ole Miss, Kerr is a former broadcast news director. He co-authored *The All-American Truck Stop Cookbook* (Thomas Nelson) and *Tennessee* (Graphic Arts Books), and two of his original lyrics were included in the New Orleans poetry anthology, *Maple Leaf Rag IV* (Portals Press). Allusions to works by authors as diverse as Hemingway, Dickens, and Hunter S. Thompson have found their way into some of Kerr's music.

"Most of my songs tell stories or describe people, places, and things I've done," Kerr said. "I have always been influenced by authors and others who tell great stories in person or in print."

Alvin Knox

 mtsu.edu/english/Profiles/knox.php

Alvin Knox received his MFA in Creative Writing--Poetry from Vermont College in 1999. Currently an Instructor of English at Middle Tennessee State University, he is one of the founding mentors of MTSU's Writer's Loft program. His poems have appeared in various publications, including the *Southern Indiana Review*, *Algonquin*, *Frisk Magazine*, and *Tar Wolf Review*.

Molly McCaffrey

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Molly McCaffrey is the author of the short story collection *How to Survive Graduate School & Other Disasters*, the co-editor of *Commutability: Stories About the Journey from Here to There*, and the founder of I Will Not Diet, a blog devoted to healthy living and body acceptance. She received her Ph.D. from the University of Cincinnati and has worked on films with Academy Award winner Barbara Kopple and *World War Z* author, Max Brooks. Nominated for three Pushcart Prizes, an AWP Intro Journals Award, and Scribner's *Best of the Fiction Workshops*, she teaches at Western Kentucky University and works for Steel Toe Books in Bowling Green, Ky.

Mary Popham

Mary Popham's fiction, nonfiction, poetry, essays, and book reviews have appeared in *The Courier-Journal*, *The Louisville Review*, *ForeWord Reviews*, *New Southerner*, *2nd & Church*, and *Appalachian Heritage*. She has produced short plays and published short stories in anthologies, holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Spalding University, and is an active member in two writers groups. In November 2013, her essay "The Kindnesses We Give Each Other" was published in *This I Believe: Kentucky*, and in October 2013, her novel *Back Home in Landing Run* was published by MotesBooks. She is currently writing a collection of short fiction.

Suzanne Craig Robertson

Suzanne Craig Robertson has been editor of the *Tennessee Bar Journal*, a statewide legal publication, for more than two decades. In the course of this work, she has written about members of the state and federal judiciary, recovering alcoholics and drug addicts, lawyer-missionaries, low-income people in need of legal services and those who helped them, pioneer women who broke through glass ceilings, and more. She received her bachelor's of science degree in communications/public relations from the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, a certificate in creative writing from The Writer's Loft at Middle Tennessee State University, and has been a workshop participant at the Maybom Literary Nonfiction Conference in Grapevine, Texas.

Luke Seward

Luke Seward is a Kentucky-based photographer studying for a BFA in photography at the Hite Art Institute, University of Louisville. Seward is managing documentation of all public art works within the Louisville Metro Government through the Commission on Public Art. His work is presently on display at Spot5 Art Center in the Clifton area of Louisville.

"Finding myself in the midst of a constant concrete jungle drove me to seek refuge behind a lens. While lurking through the streamline of urban environments I found myself stepping outside its systemic nature to observe. I find an appreciation for my surroundings by taking time to slow down, compose, and capture. Pumping the breaks in a fast paced world allows me to soak up the little details we are surrounded by, permitting me to find truth and authenticity within scenes carefully composed."

Julie Schoerke

🏠 jksccommunications.com

In 2000, Julie Schoerke founded JKSCcommunications, a book publicity firm in New York, Chicago, Nashville, and Denver. The firm represents traditionally published books with "The Big Five" and is the publicity firm of record for several boutique-publishing houses, and it sometimes publicizes hybrid and self-published books. JKSCcommunications is proud to represent books that have received scores of awards and several who have become *New York Times* best-sellers. Julie speaks nationally about book promotion and the changing tides of the book industry including appearances at University of Chicago, Decatur Book Festival, Oxford Creative Non-Fiction Workshop, Highlights Foundation, Southern Festival of Books, Alabama Book Festival, and others. She also is a frequent guest on radio programs to discuss literary topics.

Stone Shiflet

Stone Meredith, PhD, has been involved in Hemingway Studies since her graduate work at the University of South Florida. A journalist in a past life, Stone is engaged in advancing and reviving the importance of Hemingway's journalism through work on *Esquire* writings and dispatches from The Spanish Civil War. As a part of this work, she traveled to Cuba to visit the Jose Marti International Institute of Journalism in May of 2010. Stone's shared writing for our journal is a reflection on larger lessons learned during that visit to Cuba.

Deidre Woollard

🏠 MFAnotMBA.com  [@Deidre](https://twitter.com/Deidre)

Deidre Woollard is a writer and social marketing strategist living in Los Angeles. She writes about real estate, luxury, and new media for a variety of websites. A graduate of Spalding University's MFA in Creative Writing program, she also teaches as part of UC Irvine Extension's Digital Journalism program.

Katy Yocom

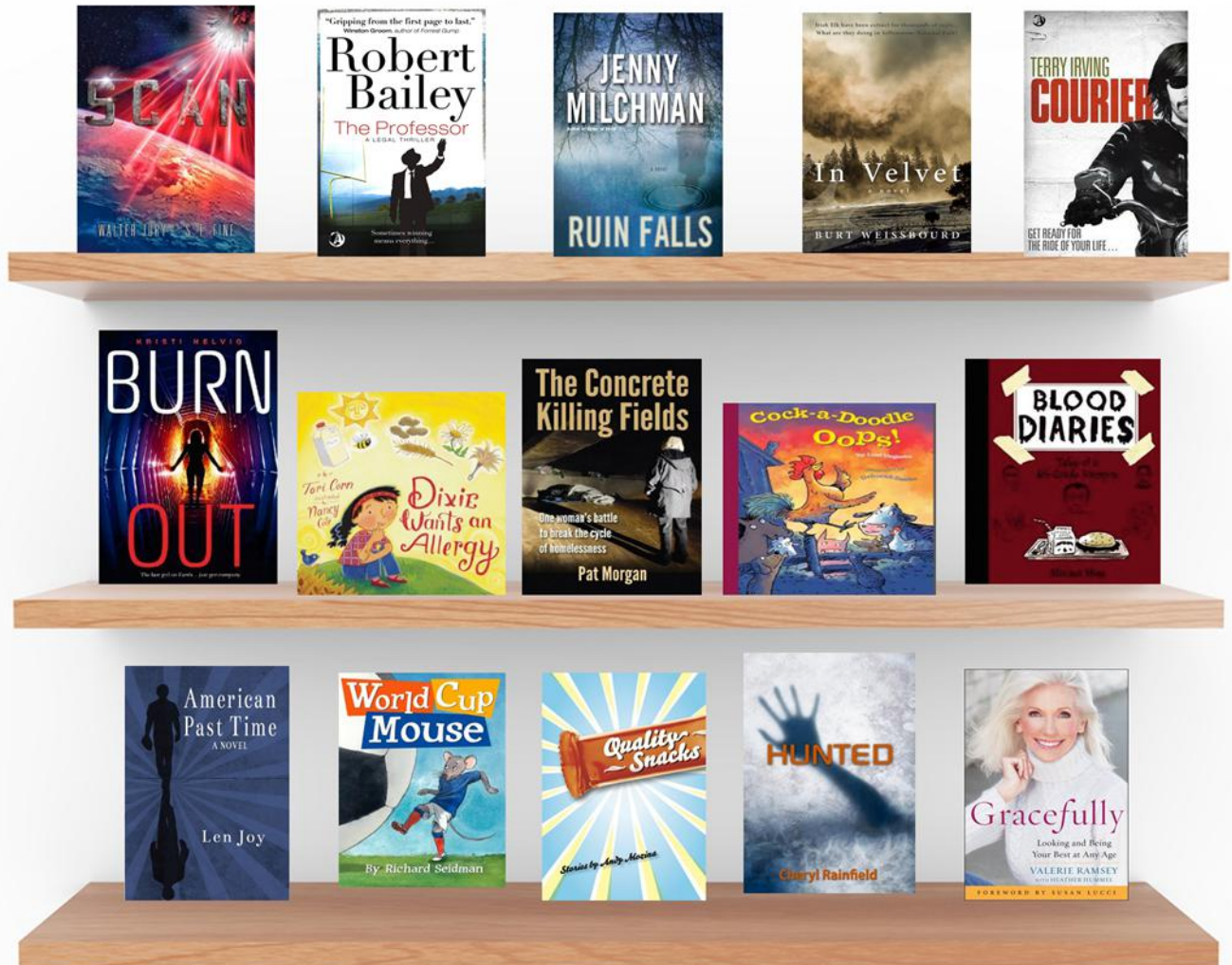
Katy Yocom's fiction, poetry, essays, and journalism have appeared in publications including *The Louisville Review*, *New Southerner*, *Open 24 Hrs*, *Louisville Magazine*, *LEO Weekly*, and *Food & Dining Magazine*. She has received grants from the Elizabeth George Foundation, the Kentucky Foundation for Women, and the Kentucky Arts Council and has completed writers' residencies at ISLAND Hill House (Michigan), the Kimmel Harding Nelson Center for the Arts (Nebraska), Hopscotch House (Kentucky), and the Mary Anderson Center (Indiana). She is Associate Administrative Director of Spalding University's brief-residency MFA in Writing Program and is a graduate of the program. She is at work on a novel.

Ray Zimmerman

Ray Zimmerman is the Executive Editor of *Southern Light: Twelve Contemporary Southern Poets* and a former president of the Chattanooga Writers Guild. He produces poetry readings and spoken word events in Chattanooga, and Ray was the subject of a feature article in *Blush* magazine.



We salute the tireless champions of the written word: 2nd & Church, authors and bookstores



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