

The Hemingway Newsletter

Publication of The Hemingway Society

No. 23/January 1992

Pamplona Conference Director Plans "Hemingway Excursions"

Excursions to various places that Hemingway visited and which are prototypical for the days immediately preceding the fiesta for Jake Barnes and Bill Gorton are on the agenda at the Fifth International Hemingway Conference this summer in Pamplona, Spain.

Allen Josephs (Univ. of West Florida), on-site director for the conference, is planning excursions to Roncesvalles, Burguete, and the Irati River. H. R. Stoneback (SUNY/New Paltz) will lead a walk from the Irati River back to Burguete. And, according to Josephs, arrangements are being made to visit Akelarre at Zugarramurdi, the cave of the witches' Sabbath. A tour of the *plaza de toros* in Pamplona is also on the schedule.

Josephs urges those interested in attending the conference to make travel and hotel reservations "now." The two hotels which are reserving rooms for the conference are the 4-star Tres Reyes (13,000 pts. or about \$130 per double during the conference) and the 3-star Hotel Maisonave (9,500 pts. or about \$95 per double during the conference). Rates are guaranteed in *pesetas*, not in \$US, so check the exchange rates. Both Visa and Master Card are good in Spain this summer. Josephs also says that Delta Airlines is running 3-4 non-stop flights a week from Atlanta to Madrid/Barcelona. For further information, contact Josephs: Department of English and Foreign Languages, Univ. of West Florida, Pensacola, FL 32514 (904) 474-2925.

Ken Rosen (Dickinson College) is program director for the conference, and all matters concerning papers, inquiries, and suggestions about the program should be directed to him: Department of English, Dickinson College, Carlisle, PA 17013 (717) 245-1268.

Call for Papers Made for 1992 MLA

Topics have been chosen for the two sessions on Hemingway scheduled for the MLA Convention in New York next December.

Send papers on "*The Old Man and the Sea*: 1952-1992" to Prof. Robert A. Martin, Dept. of English, 201 Morrill Hall, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing, MI 48824; send papers on "Hemingway in Multicultural Perspectives" to Prof. Kenneth Kinnamon, Dept. of English, 333 Kimpel Hall, Univ. of Arkansas, Fayetteville, AK 72701.

Deadline for submission is March 1.

Hofstra Hosts Fitzgerald Meeting

The First International Fitzgerald Society Conference is scheduled for September 24-26, 1992, on the campus of Hofstra University in Hempstead, NY. Ruth Prigozy (Hofstra Univ.) is director of the conference. For further information, write Prof. Prigozy or call (516) 463-5454.

Topics suggested in a general call for papers include Fitzgerald and other writers, new theoretical approaches to Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald and Long Island, Fitzgerald and film, Fitzgerald and politics, and Fitzgerald's foreign reputation. Send abstracts, papers, and suggestions for panels to Natalie Datlof, Hofstra Cultural Center, Hofstra Univ., Hempstead, NY 11550.

The Fitzgerald Society, with 156 members at the end of 1991, is also working on plans to hold a joint conference in Paris in 1994 with The Hemingway Society. Jack Bryer (Univ. of Maryland), president of The Fitzgerald Society, and Gerry Kennedy (Louisiana State Univ.), representing The Hemingway Society, are co-directors of the conference.

SAMLA Papers Solicited

The director of the Hemingway session for the Fall 1992 South Atlantic MLA has set a March 1 deadline for papers on the topic "Women Reading Hemingway." For more information, see story in the fall 1991 issue of *The Hemingway Review*. Send papers to Debra Modellmog, Dept. of English, 421 Denney Hall, Ohio State Univ., 164 W. 17th Ave., Columbus, OH 43210.

Oak Park Plans Meeting for 1993

The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park will sponsor a conference devoted to all aspects of the relationship of Oak Park to the life and works of Hemingway, including the role that the Hemingway family and the community played in his development as an artist.

The conference, July 17-21, 1993, will feature scholarly papers, presentations by members of the community, and exhibits. The conference director is Scott Schwar, P. O. Box 2222, Oak Park, IL 60303. The program director is James Nagel, Dept. of English, Univ. of Georgia, Athens, GA 30602.

New Editor Named for *The Review*

Susan Beegel (Nantucket, Ma.) is the new editor of *The Hemingway Review* and will begin her work with the fall issue, 1992. She was named editor at the fall, 1991, meeting of the Board of Directors of The Hemingway Society. She replaces Charles M. Oliver (Ohio Northern Univ.), who is retiring from teaching at the end of this year.

Beegel, Ph.D. from Yale and former professor of English at the Univ. of Massachusetts, Nantucket Field Station, is accepting manuscripts for the fall issue and for all subsequent issues. Send Mss. to her, 180 Polpis Road, Nantucket, MA 02554.

Oliver will continue as editor of *The Hemingway Newsletter*, continue sending items for the newsletter to him, Ohio Northern Univ., Ada, OH 45810. All subscriptions for both publications and for membership in the Society should go to President Robert W. Lewis, Department of English, Univ. of North Dakota, Grand Forks, ND 58202.

First Hinkle Golf Tournament Held

The first Jim Hinkle Memorial Golf Tournament was held in San Diego, January 27, and between \$1,000-\$1,200 was donated in entry fees or private donations and will be included with the on-going contributions to the Hinkle Memorial Fund at the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston.

Seventy-three golfers played in the tournament, including all seven of Jim's children, his wife, Nancy, and two sons-in-law. Son Lon, a golfer on the pro tour, and Jim's daughter Jennie were co-directors of the tournament. There were three categories of players: professionals, intermediates, and beginners. Jim Almond, a San Diego-based professional, had the low score.

There will be a second tournament, scheduled for next December.

"Farewell to Arms," the Song.

The 1933 Paramount Pictures release *A Farewell to Arms* adapted from Hemingway's novel and starring Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper, contained a song entitled "Farewell to Arms" with words and music by Allie Wrubel and Abner Silver. The words are as follows: "Here at the Crossroads we've come at last,/ Our dream is ended, our love is past./ A farewell kiss dear, A farewell sigh,/ I'll always love you tho' it's goodbye./ Farewell to arms, to arms that caressed me,/ Goodbye to love that once was mine./ Farewell to lips that tenderly kissed me,/ Goodbye to dreams that were divine./ No matter where I go, my heart will be with you,/ No matter where you are I'll always worship you,/ And so farewell to arms that caressed me,/ Farewell to arms,/ Farewell to love."

Any information about this song concerning its popularity and/or recording status would be appreciated.

—William Kuziel
(Raleigh, NC)

Horton Bay Store On Nat'l Register

Thomas BeVier's column in *The Detroit News* (October 6, 1991: 7C) reports that the Horton Bay General Store, made famous in the Nick Adams stories, has recently been added to the National Register of Historic Places. The store was included on the tour during the "Up in Michigan" meeting in October (see photo below).

Hemingway's family summered in the Horton Bay Area at nearby Walloon Lake, and young Ernest was a frequent customer. The store, furnished with a coffee counter, deli cooler, and a few shelves for groceries, is presently owned by Melissa Creasy, who intends to keep the store as it was in Hemingway's youth.

Hundreds of tourists and Hemingway enthusiasts visit the Bay Area every year making good business for Ms. Creasy. However, when asked what her personal literary preferences are, she replies, "Hemingway was a good enough writer, I guess. Personally though, I prefer F. Scott Fitzgerald!"

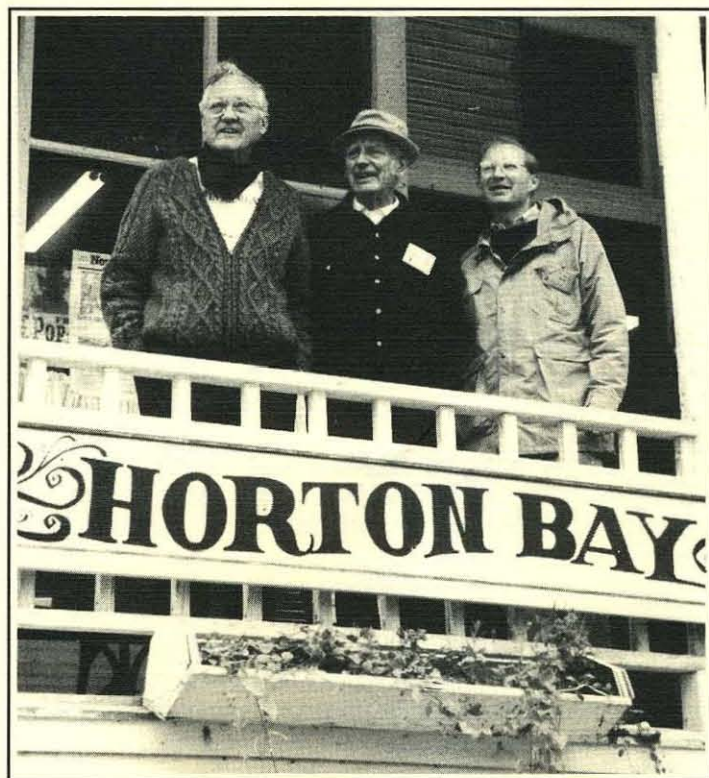
—Robert A. Martin
(Michigan St. Univ.)

Oak Park Contest Deadline Nears

Deadline for entries in the Hemingway/Castro caption contest, sponsored by The Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park, is April 1. The winner will receive two first-class airline tickets to Spain, courtesy of the Spanish Tourist Office.

The rules are simple enough: write a caption for what Hemingway is saying to Castro in the one known photograph taken of the two men together, during a fishing contest off Havana. What is Hemingway saying to Castro? Send entries and \$1 for each to Lily Bolero, Ltd., 805 W. Chicago Ave., Hinsdale, IL 60521.

ON THE PORCH OF THE HORTON BAY STORE ARE, LEFT TO RIGHT, JOE WALDMIER, "UP IN MICHIGAN" CONFERENCE DIRECTOR, BILL OHLE, HISTORIAN OF HORTON BAY, AND KEN MARIK, CONFERENCE TOUR GUIDE. PHOTO BY SANDY FORMAN.



Hemingway in Stone and Sculpture

On a recent trip through the Hudson Valley, near Hyde Park, I was pleased to discover that not all of our allusions to Hemingway in popular culture are in the form of advertisements or commercials. Driving down a country lane near the Hudson River, in an area of old estates, I noticed this inscription carved in stone on one of the large stone gate-columns of a driveway leading to an old manse: "Ah que cet cor . . . *La Chanson de Roland*." The line haunted me for a few miles before I made the connection; I remembered the decades-long efforts of H. R. Stoneback (in *The Hemingway Review* and elsewhere) to get Hemingway readers to recognize that Roland was central in Hemingway's work and vision, and that this particular line was one of Hemingway's favorites. So I turned around, drove back down that lane, to have a closer look.

On another stone gatepier was the carved word "Durendale," presumably the name of the estate. Seeing no one around, and remembering that the proper business of the literary critic is trespass (if not deconstruction) I investigated until I saw, also carved in stone, "The Sun Also Rises." A short distance away, half-embowered in woods behind an old stone wall, I saw some large totemic yard-sculpture. One massive abstract piece was entitled "Hemingway in Schruns"; it was constructed from old wooden skis, snowshoes, and a tortured 10-foot length of four-inch corrugated drainage tubing (most engaging!). Another totem, with breasts, pregnant belly and phallus, was entitled "Le Grau du Roi." I was tempted to linger and ponder this allusion to *The Garden of Eden*, but a dog barked ominously nearby and as I walked quickly to my car I only had time to note that these two Hemingway pieces flanked another abstract, heavy-metal industrial-looking piece with the title, "For Henry Adams at Chartres: or, The Virgin and the Dynamo." I felt like Nick Adams, on the lam. (And if I was trespassing on the property of a reader of this newsletter; or, in fact, no matter whose property it was, I apologize. I could not resist such a tempting display of Hemingway items. And I shall simply blame it all on Hemingway.)

—C. Philip Smith
(Groton, NY)

Parade Reprints Hemingway Story

Honoring its 50th anniversary in publishing, *Parade* magazine recently reminded readers of an article Hemingway wrote for the June 21, 1941, issue (not in Hanneman), in which Hemingway tells how a British general had disparagingly referred to his Chinese counterpart as "John Chinaman." Whereupon the Chinese officer told Hemingway that the reason the British wore monocles in one eye was that they did not wish to see more than they understood.

"I will tell that officer when I see him," Hemingway said. "Very good," said the Chinese officer. "Tell him it is a little message from Johnny."

Books Recent and Forthcoming

- Alexander, Karl. *Papa and Fidel: A Novel*. New York: Tom Doherty Associates, 1989.
- Beach, Sylvia. *Shakespeare & Company*. Intro. by James Laughlin. Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1991. 230 pp. \$8.95 pbk. Index and photographs. [New edition of Beach's 1956 book.]
- Donaldson, Scott, ed. *New Essays on A Farewell to Arms*. New York: Cambridge UP, 1990. 140 pp.
- Fitch, Noel Riley. *Walks in Hemingway's Paris: A Guide to Paris for the Literary Traveler*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1990. 195 pp. Includes bibliography, index, and photographs.
- Reynolds, Michael S. *Hemingway: An Annotated Chronology*. Detroit: Omnigraphics, 1990. 155 pp. Index and maps.
- Wagner-Martin, Linda. *The Modern American Novel 1914-1945*. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1991. 162 pp. \$9.95 pbk. Lists primary works discussed, bibliography, and index. [Numerous references to Hemingway.]

One Man Show in Production

Thomas Prosser of Cappuccino Productions, Riverside California, has written and performed a one man show about the life of Ernest Hemingway entitled "Ernest Hemingway—In His Time."

The play is approximately one and a half hours in length and Prosser is willing to perform and answer questions at any facility. Fees charged depend on individual circumstances. For more information, contact Thomas Prosser, Cappuccino Productions, 1045 Monte Vista Dr., Riverside, CA 92507 (or call 714-686-1534).

Bad Hemingway Redux

A second volume of *The Best of Bad Hemingway*, with all new stories, is in the bookstores and announces the return of the International Imitation Hemingway Competition. The deadline for 1992 is February 15. For an official entry form and/or information for the next contest, send S.A.S.E. to Harry's Bar & American Grill, 2020 Ave. of the Stars, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

—Carl Grimm
(Peoria, Illinois)

"Friends" Lecture Announced

Gioia Diliberto will give the 1992 Friends of the Hemingway Collection lecture on March 25 at the Kennedy Library. Diliberto's biography, *Hadley*, is scheduled for publication this spring. For further information and reservations, write to Friends of the Hemingway Collection, JFK Library, Columbia Point, Boston, MA 02125, or call (617) 929-4524.

Peterson New Hemingway Lawyer

Patrick Hemingway has recently announced that William O. Peterson of the law firm of Vedder, Price, Kaufman and Kammholz will be replacing the late George Bobrinskoy as legal counsel for the Hemingway sons. The address for Peterson is 222 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, IL 60601-7510. By phone, (312) 609-7510. Bobrinskoy died in August.

Hemingway "Rhet as Writ"

Here are the first entries for the new *Newsletter* column, "Rhet as Writ."

From freshman students of H.R. Stoneback (SUNY/New Paltz):

1. "Nick changes alot between the times of 'Three-Day Snow' and 'Cross-Country Blow.'"

2. "When Jake arrives in the Spanish village of Montoya, the first man he talks to is the aficion named Pamplona, who touches him significantly."

From some of Stoneback's student answers to identification questions:

3. "Aficion—the name of the maid in 'Cat on the Street';"

4. "Roncesvalles—the name of the bullfighter in *Sun*";

5. "Roncevaux—a french sportswriter specializing in bicycle races";

6. "It's sort of what we have instead of God—Jake says this, describing his feelings about sex."

From a Chinese student who didn't quite have the idiom down but who nevertheless had the verb right in one sense, sent in by Neal B. Houston (Stephen F. Austin Univ.):

7. "Ernest Hemingway, tired and wounded from his experiences in Italy, returned to his home in Oak Park and mooned around the house with his parents."

From a student known by Jackson R. Bryer (Univ. of Maryland):

8. "Jake always has and always will love Brett but the reader sees that his omnipotence will always stand in the way."

From Robert W. Lewis (Univ. of North Dakota):

9. This is from a student paper on *The Garden of Eden*: "Catherine directs the characters of roles: man and wife, wife and lover, husband and lover, harem, menagerie et troie, husband and lover."

And from Nina Fournier (Lewis S. Mills High School):

10. A student was asked to write on Hemingway and comment on the significance of the line, "There isn't anything dog." A high school sophomore wrote, "It was something Catherine said to Frederic at the hotel in Switzerland. It's a game they play. He calls her Cat, and she calls him Dog."

Editor's note: This is a good start, thanks to all of the above contributions. Send all your favorite "Rhet as Writ" entries to the editor.

Haldeman Novel Wins Awards

The novella version of Joe Haldeman's novel *The Hemingway Hoax* won the Hugo Award and the Nebula Award for best novella of the year in 1991, and it was nominated for the World Fantasy Award. The shorter version appeared in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*.

Who Created "The Bellini Coctail"?

Fellini's Restaurant in Charlottesville, Va., has in its menu "The Bellini Coctail" with a photograph of Hemingway and the question: "Do you know who he is? The Bellini Coctail was created for this man."

JFK Library Grants Still Available

Three grants are currently available for study at the Hemingway Collection of the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston.

1. The Kennedy Library Foundation research grants of between \$200 and \$1,000 are meant to help defray living, travel, and related costs while studying at the JFK. Deadline for Spring 1992 grants is February 15; for Fall grants, August 15. Address inquiries to Hemingway Research Grants, JFK Library, Columbia Point, Boston, MA 02125 (617-929-4524).

2. "The Jim Hinkle Memorial Fund," in honor of the former San Diego State Univ. professor and scholar, who helped many generations of students and scholars, will be used to support graduate and undergraduate student research in the Hemingway Collection. Note that between \$1,000 and \$1,200 was added to the Memorial Fund during the First Annual Jim Hinkle Golf Tournament, held in San Diego on December 27 (see story p. 2). Contributions are still being accepted; send to "Jim Hinkle Memorial Fund," JFK Library, Columbia Point, Boston, MA 02125 or for information, call Joseph Dever at (617) 929-4539.

3. "The Jim Friend Award" (\$500) will be presented to a Hemingway scholar at the Fifth International Hemingway Conference in Pamplona this summer. Beverly Friend has donated the money in honor of her husband, a charter member of the Hemingway Society and professor at Chicago Univ. Deadline for applications is April 1, 1992. Address inquiries to the Jim Friend Award, Hemingway Collection, JFK Library, Columbia Point, Boston, MA 02125 (617-929-4524).

Hemingway Facsimiles Available

Four Hemingway novels are now available in facsimiles of their appearances as first editions. The First Edition Library, which began to publish its facsimile editions in 1987, now has 20 titles and expects to publish 100-150, according to the library's founder, Henry Reath.

The four Hemingway novels now available are *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and *The Old Man and The Sea*. Other titles include Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sound and the Fury*, Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*, *The Great Gatsby*, and *Tender is the Night*, and Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat*, *Of Mice and Men*, and *The Grapes of Wrath*.

Each book is identical to its original, except that it is printed on acid-free paper and that both the dust jacket and the book are marked as published by the First Edition Library—except for the first three titles, including *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which do not have the library's imprint on the dust jacket, making it a pain for collectors (see story in *HN* #21, January 1991: 4). For more information, call 1-800-345-8112.

"Hemingwayesque" Magazine On Line

According to a *New York Times* wire service story, Straight Arrow Publishers, the company that publishes *Rolling Stone* and *US*, "is starting a magazine for men that will emphasize adventure, travel, and participatory sports."

The magazine, the first issue of which is due out in April, is described as "Hemingwayesque," covering sports "like backpacking, scuba diving, skiing, golf, tennis and other outdoor activities that men like to do on vacations and weekends."

—John F. Cox
(Univ. of Arizona)

Hemingway: Insider's Investment Secret

A recent brochure from Investment Tradition, Inc., publisher of *History-Makers*, an autograph market publication, urges collectors to acquire "Great words and works written by the greatest lives ever lived" and places Hemingway in company as follows:

What a source of pleasure and inspiration it is to possess original letters of history-makers such as Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ernest Hemingway, Winston Churchill, Florence Nightingale. . . . They enrich our lives, exalt our senses, preserve our heritage, lend distinction to our home and office, and, with proper selection, bring us a great return on our investment.

Ah yes.

—H. R. Stoneback
(SUNY/New Paltz, NY)

Moveable Feast References Continue to Flourish

On an interview program with Tom Vitale, entitled "A Moveable Feast," with production credits to "In Our Time Media Arts" (PBS May 12, 1991), Joyce Carol Oates talks about herself on boxing and about Hemingway on boxing. She says that "Hemingway has a boxer in *The Sun Also Rises*" whose name is "Jake Cohn." She allows as how Hemingway's depiction of this boxer named Jake Cohn is not very good. Earlier on the same show she mentioned in passing that Hemingway was one of those writers who always wrote about himself. Will she ever get anything right about Hemingway?

—H. R. Stoneback
(SUNY/New Paltz, NY)

A mail-order company, *Solutions* (Fall 1991: 3), offers a mini bird feeder that "provides a truly moveable feast." The company's address is Portland, OR 97118-6878.

—Robert W. Lewis
(Univ. of North Dakota)

U.S. News & World Report (June 10, 1991) had a brief "analysis" column about the food shortage in Ethiopia which began:

To Ernest Hemingway, life was a movable [sic] feast. In the Horn of Africa, only a privileged few have ever been able to sit at the table.

—Jack Bona
(Delray Beach, Fl.)

Over a photo feature on the push-cart sales of ice cream, fruit, and hot dogs in Phoenix, the *Arizona Republic* (July 9, 1991) carried the headline, "Movable

[sic] Feasts Can Be Found in the Streets."

—John Reinhold
(Sun City, Az.)

Five More for "The Sun Set"

The current movie *Soapdish* parodies soap operas. The soaper in which stars Sally Field and Kevin Kline appear is called "The Sun Also Sets," with no other reference to Hemingway.

—Peter L. Hays
(Univ. of California/Davis)

From *Flash* (October 11, 1991):

The sequelizer: Now that there's a sequel to *Gone with the Wind*, what's next? *Time* magazine envisions: *The Sun Also Sets* in which the emasculated hero gets a sex-change operation and emerges as a suffragist and campaigner against alcoholism.

Bool!

And in the United Airlines magazine *Vis à Vis* (March 1991: 74), there's an article on hockey player Brett Hull, son of hockey star Bobby Hull, titled "The Son Also Rises."

—Robert W. Lewis
(Univ. of North Dakota)

The box office smash, *The Addams Family*, includes a reference, bizarre though it may be, to Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*.

All of the books in the Addams' expansive library are not merely reading material; each has a unique property. For instance, *Gone With the Wind* creates a small hurricane when its pages are opened. *The Sun Also Rises*? It's used to catch up on a suntan.

—Kathleen E. Kindle
(Ohio Northern Univ.)

From "Sports Friday," *New York Times*, August 16, 1991, by George Vescey:

The former commander of troops at the Bay of Pigs was giving a state of the games news conference yesterday. He said, "Hotels are still available for tourists, and we still have food for our people." Well, as Lady Brett says at the end of *The Sun Also Rises*, "Isn't it pretty to think so?"

—Don Junkins
(U. Mass/ Amherst)

Two More "Farewell" References

Over a story about "malodorous body fluids" in *The Nanaimo* (British Columbia) *Daily Free Press* (July 30, 1991) is the heading, "A farewell to armpits."

—Steve Lane
(Malaspina, BC. College)

And on the "McNeil-Lehrer News Report" (July 31, 1991), Judy Woodruff had a segment on the Moscow disarmament talks entitled, "Farewell to Arms."

—John F. Cox
(Univ. of Arizona)

Guns across the river and into the trees

Ed McBain's new novel *Vespers* carries the following indirect reference to Hemingway:

The gun laws were tough in this state. You needed a permit before you could walk into a shop and pick one off the shelf. . . . So how far would she have to travel to buy a gun? . . . How far across the river and into the trees?

—Ove G. Svensson
(Farsta, Sweden)

Rush Reads Hemingway?

The Canadian rock band *Rush*, known for other references to the literary world, paraphrases Hemingway in their latest single "Roll the Bones." The line reads, "... and sometimes the winner takes nothing."

—Steve Lane
(Malaspina College)

Hemingway's "True Grit"

From *The New Yorker* (Dec. 2, 1991: 163):

Movie: ****"True Grit" (1969) John Wayne, Glen Campbell. One-eyed Marshal "Rooster" James observes a Masai initiation ceremony and faces a charging elephant while tracing the route of Ernest Hemingway in Africa. (1 hr.)—TV listing in the *Seattle Times*.

Who says there are no new plots?

—Robert W. Lewis
(Univ. of North Dakota)

Hemingway Cap Still Popular

Two recent catalogs have carried ads for the Hemingway cap: *The Competitive Edge* (with '92 "ski fashion preview"): 19, offers a "Rossignol" cap; ("Show your sporting style in these leather trimmed caps made famous by Ernest Hemingway. One size fits all . . . \$19.95"); and *The J. Peterman Company Owner's Manual No. 12* (Fall 1991): 57, offers "Hemingway's Cap" for \$33 ("He probably got change from a five when he bought the original").

—Donald J. Witter
(Lima, Oh)

"China Beach" Finale Mentions Hemingway

The last episode of the TV program "China Beach" featured two Hemingway references.

Colleen: Did you lie about anything? What else don't they know . . . don't I know?

K.C.: Just answer the questions, MacMurphy. They're not that tough. You haven't done anything wrong.

Colleen: Isn't it pretty to think so?

Later in an American Express commercial a couple gives the man's mother a Spanish vacation because she likes Hemingway (and her cat's name is Ernest).

—Allan Fesmire
(Lexington, Tn.)

Chocote's Barman Plans Retirement

From *The European* (July 12, 1991):

You speak to your doctor and your lawyer in confidence—but not, alas, your barman. Antonio Romero, who has served the glitterati at Chocote's, the legendary Madrid watering hole for 50 years, is about to retire and he tells me [the reporter] he feels at liberty to discuss his innumerable clients.

Romero discusses with the newspaper story's author Ava Gardner, Hemingway, Lana Turner, and matadors Manolete, Antonio Ordóñez, and Luis Miguel Dominguín ("whom he saw picking up Ava Gardner").

—F. L. Archer
(St. Barthélemy, Fr. West Indies)

More From Cheever's Journal

From John Cheever's *Journals*, *The New Yorker* (August 19, 1991: 38):

I think of Hemingway: what we remember of his work is not so

much the color of the sky as the absolute taste of loneliness. Loneliness is not, I think, an absolute, but its taste is more powerful than any other. I think that endeavoring to be a serious writer is quite a dangerous career.

—John F. Cox
(Univ. of Arizona)

Hemingway Restaurants in Sarasota and Orlando

In response to *The Hemingway Newsletter* request (June 1991) for information about restaurants named after Hemingway, I happened upon a charming "Hemingway's" in the renowned St. Armands Circle shopping area of Sarasota, Fl., last April and had an excellent lunch there. I also conversed with the owner, John M. Georgi, who is quite a collector of Hemingway memorabilia and later sent him information about The Hemingway Society.

—Joan E. Riley
(Wilmington, De.)

Enclosed is a drink coaster obtained from Hemingways, a restaurant in the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Orlando, Fl. I wrote the manager for a menu which I recall had items such as "matador steak," "African Safari salad," etc. The restaurant is designed in a modern indoor-outdoor Key West setting and decorated with large photos of Hemingway's first African safari.

—Jack Bona
(Delray Beach, Fl.)

Editor's note: Here's a question for English teachers. Noting the different spellings of the two restaurant names above, how should a restaurant owner spell the name when he or she wants to name it after Ernest Hemingway? "Hemingway's" seems wrong, since EH doesn't own the place; "Hemingways" is plural and so, one would think, wrong; "Hemingway" seems okay but awkward. What name would you recommend?

Bulls and Bar Stories Recorded

Here are stories from two New England newspapers, connected only by the Hemingway references. From the *Boston Globe* (July 7, 1991), in a Reuters release:

Havana — Thirty years after Ernest Hemingway committed suicide, Cuba has remembered the writer and adventurer by reopening one of his favorite bars in Havana, the Floridita.

The restaurant and bar at Monserrate and Obispo streets in Old Havana, a popular drinking place in the city in the prerevolutionary days of the 1940s and 1950s, formally reopened Friday night after nearly three years of renovation.

And from the *Maine Sunday Telegram* (July 14, 1991), a story (with photo) of Spike Lee, the film director, running with the bulls on the sixth day of the San Fermin festival in Pamplona. The photo captions says that Lee was "unscathed, but three Spanish youths were gored and seriously injured."

—Larry Martin
(Hampden-Sydney C.)

What's in a Name?

In the May-June issue of *Country Journal*, Jerry Dennis describes his pilgrimage to the Two Hearted River in Michigan's Upper Peninsula:

I came to canoe it, to camp along it, and to fish for brook trout in the quick, shallow rapids in the upper reaches. I came to burrow to the heart of the river and fully expected to comprehend the impulse behind its name.

Then at a gas station near the river he asks the attendant about the poetic name:

"I guess the French explorers named it, or something," he said. "Well, the Indians named it first, I guess, but the French messed up the translation, or maybe the English messed up the French translation. I forget.

"What was it?" I asked. "What was the original name?"

"I don't know. Something like 'Place Where the Fat Eels Spawn.'"

—Robert W. Lewis
(Univ. of North Dakota)

Here's Answer to Trivia Quiz No. 5

The question (see *HN* for June 1991) was "Who was Vera Gordon Bloodgood? And where have you seen her name recently?" The answer: She was Charles Scribner Jr.'s mother, and she is mentioned in his book *In The Company of Writers* (Scribner's, 1991: 9). Correct answers to the first part of the question (but none to the second) came in from Carl Grimm (Peoria, Ill.), John T. Calkins (Washington D.C.), and John F. Cox (Univ. of Arizona).

Here's One for the "What Next" Department

The *Fallen Empire* catalog advertises "The Hemingway Clock," with a face that profiles Hemingway's face and including a card providing certain "facts" about Hemingway:

He was married twice, had two children, attended two wars, was blown up in one, worked for three newspapers, spoke four languages, and hobknobbed with some of the best writers in history by the time he was twenty seven.

And he looks swell on a clock face.

The catalog ad reads, in part:

There seems to have been a direct corollary between drinking Absinthe and creating great art. Degas, Van Gogh, Lautrec, Ezra, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Henry Miller, and others fueled up on it. France legalized it in the twenties and Spain shortly thereafter. Today we have blank white canvases hanging on the walls of the best museums, people simulating defecation in front of audiences . . . but no Absinthe. In protest against this horrendous situation we've created a clock. Tick Tock.

The clock is black, ten inches in diameter, and \$26. Order: 1-800-367-0151.

—Jenny Craig
(South Deerfield, Ma.)
and John T. Calkins
Washington, D.C.

Oak Park Permanent Exhibit Opens

Hemingway Despatch (Summer, 1991), the newsletter of the Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park, announces the opening last July 21 of an exhibit of Hemingway items, focusing "on Hemingway's family, education, outdoor life, and return to Oak Park from the war in Italy." The exhibit, located at the Oak Park Arts Center, also includes "photographs, letters, and memorabilia from three important collections which have been donated to the Foundation."

Hemingway "Was a Hobo"

In the "premiere issue" of *Reminisce* (1991: 20-21), Roy Reiman writes, in an article titled "The Day a Hobo Called Me," that Hemingway and Jack London "had spent a number of years as hobos, gathering experiences and backgrounds before they began their writing careers."

—John F. Cox
(Univ. of Arizona)

Add to FWBT References

An editorial in *The Sacramento Bee* (November 10, 1991) laments phone rates from Pacific Bell with, of course, "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

—Peter Hays
(Univ. of CA/Davis)

Over an article in *Time* (August 5, 1991: 49) on the seven local telephone companies, the "Baby Bells," is the well-traveled title, "For Whom the Bells Toll."

—John F. Cox
(Univ. of Arizona)

And Pete Waldmier borrows the same reference, (when are reporters complaining about the phone company going to come up with some original material?) in his column for the *Detroit News* (Monday, November 11, 1991). He says, "Ask not for whom Ma Bell tolls—lobbyists hope that she tolls for thee."

—Robert Martin
(Michigan State Univ.)

The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* (September 4, 1991) celebrating the new school year, headlines with "For Whom the Bells Toll."

—Marvin Heffner
(Richmond, VA)

Camille Paglia's *Sexual Personae*, a study of the Apollonian and Dionysian influences on Western art and literature includes a reference to the famous John Donne quotation borrowed by Hemingway. It reads:

There are no lines in the Venus of Willendorf, only curves and circles. She is the formlessness of nature. She is mired in the miasmic swamps I identify with Dionysus. Life always begins and ends in squalor. The Venus of Willendorf, slumping, slovenly, sluttish, is in a rut, the womb-tomb of Mother Nature. Never send to know for whom the belle tolls. She tolls for thee. (57)

Other references to Hemingway, including a description of the swamp in "Big Two-Hearted River," occur throughout the work.

—Nadine De Vost
(San Francisco State Univ.)

Here's the lead paragraph over a short, biographical essay on Hemingway's drinking habits, titled "For Whom the Booze Tolls," in *Men's Health* (August 1991: 86), taken from the book, *Intellectuals* (Harper Collins, 1990), by Paul Johnson:

Ernest Hemingway's ability to hold his liquor was remarkable. He also demonstrated an unusual ability to cut down his drinking or even to eliminate it altogether for brief periods, and this, in addition to his strong physique, enabled him to survive. But the effects of his chronic alcoholism were nonetheless inexorable. Drinking was also one of the factors in his extraordinary number of accidents.

—Robert A. Hovis
(Ohio Northern Univ.)

Stein Story More "Open" Than "Mr. and Mrs. Eliot"

The *Chronicle for Higher Education* (January 16, 1991: A5, 8) has an item in its "Research Notes" with the following lead:

In a comparison of short stories by Gertrude Stein and Ernest Hemingway, a scholar at Stanford University [Marjorie Perloff] says that Stein's language is more subtle, complex, and open to interpretation than Hemingway's.

The item is taken from Perloff's article in the December, 1990, issue of *American Literature*, which presents a comparative study of Stein's "Miss Furr and Miss Skeene" (1922) and Hemingway's "Mr. and Mrs. Eliot" (1924) and which concludes "that Stein's story is superior to Hemingway's in its suggestiveness and in its use of language that is at once elusive and precise."

—Claude C. Smith
(Ohio Northern Univ.)

T.E. Lawrence Collector Offers Services

Here are parts of a letter received from a T. E. Lawrence collector, residing in Israel, who offers to help Hemingway collectors find translations:

I do bump from time to time into Hemingway's works translated into Hebrew and European languages (Polish, Rumanian, Hungarian, Russian, etc.). I presume that some Hemingway collectors collect editions in languages they do not read (as do T. E. L. collectors) and I believe I can help in this respect. [Please encourage anyone interested to contact me.]

Write to: Jacob Rosen, 22/1 Aharon Eshkoli Str., Romot "B", Jerusalem 97230, Israel.

Hemingway in Bullfighters' Heaven?

Pablo García-Mancha, bullfight critic for the Pamplona newspaper *Navarra Hoy*, published a "Letter

to Hemingway" each morning of the San Fermín fiesta last summer. The letters began with a parody of the Lord's Prayer ("Dear Ernesto Hemingway who art in the arena") and commented on the previous day's *corrida*. As usual in recent years, most of the bullfights were disasters. The critic concluded his series of letters in the maudlin style of many Spanish writers when they invoke Hemingway:

Adiós forever dear Ernesto, I hope that in the infinite arena of paradise Belmonte has taught you how to fight heavenly bulls and to leave your soul in each verónica.

—Edward F. Stanton
(Univ. of Kentucky)

Hemingway and Tennis?

Here's the lead paragraph on a *Los Angeles Times* story (September 5, 1991: C7), by Sports Editor Bill Dwyre about the "aging" tennis star Jimmy Connors, following his successes at the U.S. Open Tournament:

In about a week's time, Jimmy Connors has become the most revered elder sportsman since Hemingway sent a wrinkled remnant out in a rowboat to catch a marlin. Clearly, at 39, Connors is an old man in a sea of hard servers and hard bodies.

—Clare Colquitt
(San Diego State)

Cruise Ship Names Library After EH, But . . .

The *Star Princess* of the Princess Cruises Line has a lending library for its passengers, named "Hemingway's Library." But, alas, there are no books by Hemingway in Hemingway's Library!

—Peter L. Hays
(Univ. of California/Davis)

The Hemingway Newsletter

Publication of The Hemingway Society

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The Hemingway Symposium In Guilin, China: July, 1989

By Donald Junkins
(University of Massachusetts/Amherst)

Editor's note: In spite of compelling reasons not to, particularly the conclusion to the Tiananmen Square demonstrations the month before, Prof. Donald Junkins, teacher and poet, went anyway to the International Symposium on Hemingway held July 23-26, 1989, in Guilin, China. Following is his story of the trip, particularly of the friendly reception given him by the Chinese people, both those responsible for his welfare at the conference but also those he merely met in passing.

In the first few days after the Tiananmen massacre in July 1989 I had decided that going to China for the Hemingway Symposium, despite wholesale Western evacuations from Beijing, would lead me to uncertainties and gambles and a host of China-emotions accumulated from childhood: Terry and the Pirates comic strips, Fu Manchu radio dramas, movies like *Flying Tigers* with John Wayne, and Pearl Buck's *Dragon Seed* with Turhan Bey and Katharine Hepburn. I also had recently seen *The Last Emperor* and wanted to walk through the square in the Forbidden City where 5000 Buddhist monks prayed in their fiery red robes. Not in my most exotic fantasies did I envision that I would be in that square on July 27 with 5000 Chinese troops from the 27th Army on rest and rehabilitation.

I flew to Hongkong from Paris and booked into the Regency Hotel overlooking the harbor. The concierge discovered that my Dragon Air flight to Guilin on the morning of the 16th had been cancelled. It was now late Saturday afternoon of the 15th. I checked out and walked up Nathan Road into Kowloon Park. Several times I sat in the shade and fought drowsing off. The heat was terrific. I visited the Hongkong Space museum, bought two silk neckties for eight Hongkong dollars each (\$1.00) and took the limousine to the airport to stand by for a flight to Guilin at 7:50 p. m., the last plane until Monday. At the end of flight boarding, I stood third in line for the last two seats. When the ticket agent suggested that I fly to Guangzhou and take the train to Guilin, I said I would. I didn't know where Guangzhou was but thought it must be a few hours from Guilin. He told me to come back in an hour and he would put me on standby for the 9:00 p. m. flight.

I ate a chicken sandwich, drank two small draft beers, and walked around the airport until just before 9:00. All three of us in the standby line were issued tickets. In the air I relaxed enough to begin a conversation with Terry Tsoi, a young Chinese businessman from Hongkong who was director and general manager of Primax Group dealing in industrial bamboo. He told me that Guangzhou was 12-18 hours from Guilin by train and that it was "not safe" to go alone if I could not speak Chinese. He asked me where I was staying in Guangzhou.

"I have no idea."

"Would you like to stay at the Garden Hotel?"

"Sure. That would be great."

"I am staying with business friends elsewhere but I will go with you by taxi to the Garden Hotel first."

The flight attendant served box containers of cold honey-chrysanthemum tea which could be sipped with a straw. The plane arrived in Guangzhou at 11:00 p.m. summer time, one hour ahead of Hongkong. The customs officials did not open my bag and Terry Tsoi was waiting for me as I exited the gate for foreigners.

Inside the opulent Garden Hotel, Terry Tsoi left me his

business card with a local telephone number and told me to call him if I had any difficulties. I booked a room for 273 Yuan (\$74) and the desk clerk upgraded me when I told her I wanted a large bed. The hotel was practically empty. Large standing Chinese vases on the mezzanine were priced between \$1500 and \$10,000. A large cabinet with pearl women figures on the doors cost \$230, and I inquired about shipping it to America. The concierge said it could be arranged very economically. The desk clerk had been calling the airport for me about a flight to Guilin and found one at 7:50 a. m. for the following morning. Gordon Shen, the concierge, booked a 6:30 a.m. hotel car and driver for me, and marked my 5:45 a. m. wakeup call.

I was too tired to sleep well. (My alarm went off before the front desk telephoned.) The dining room was empty except for one Chinese businessman at a nearby table. I ordered cereal and juice but it was too long in coming and I drank my coffee and changed 700 Hongkong dollars to Yuan and left with my driver. The sun was just rising. We drove by a lake with pagodas on the other shore. We passed joggers and one lady doing arm exercises while walking and hundreds of bicyclers everywhere, concentrating. One pedaled his wife or girlfriend, who sat sidesaddle behind him clutching him with her head nuzzled into his back, seemingly asleep as he pedaled quietly though the streets.

My driver, who spoke only Chinese, parked at the airport and stayed at my side for forty minutes, negotiating several lines as he purchased my ticket and saw me through the boarding gate. On the plane I sat next to a young Chinese couple with a new baby who were trying to wake it for takeoff by pressing its ears and snapping its feet but it continued to sleep soundly. A well dressed, happy woman several rows in front passed nicely wrapped bags of dried fish to friends around her and they were gay and animated. The interior colors of the airplane matched the mood of the flight: two tones of light blue and two tones of light grey with aqua seat coverings and a white ceiling. As we levelled off at cruising altitude, the sun came through the windows. Attractive flight attendants distributed cold honey-chrysanthemum tea and packages of peanuts. One person on the plane smoked.

Descending after 45 minutes, I saw the jagged peaks of the Guilin mountains, many with green tops, row after row. I had read of these mountains in Freiburg where I was teaching; Robert Lewis, president of the Hemingway Society, had sent me offprint pages of Colin Thubron's book, *Behind the Wall: A Journey Through China*. Thubron wrote that "nothing gave me to expect the crags which suddenly muscled into the sky" (204). Neither was I prepared. I thought of Hemingway and Martha Gellhorn landing at this airport in 1941 and seeing these strange mountains for the first time. I wondered if by some magical administrative prescience I would be met by the conference organizers.

With my shoulder bag and small carry on suitcase I walked in the hot sun across the tarmac and through the airport checkgate. Many people yelled "Taxi?" at me. I smiled and yelled "Maybe!" to them. Standing in line at an outside information booth, a young man approached me and said in English, "You said you might need a taxi?" I told him that I was going to an international conference on Hemingway at the Ronghu Hotel in Guilin, and needed to go directly to the hotel. He found a cab, rode with me, gave me tourist information all the way into the city, but pleasantly refused a tip when we parted. He wished me a happy stay in China.

Inside the Ronghu Hotel, desk clerks and bellhops and

managerial assistants walked around in an empty reception area with plush couches. No one had heard of a Hemingway conference. The concierge spoke English and after several minutes told me that there would be a Hemingway conference later. An enthusiastic young woman behind the check-in counter encouraged me to stay there, that it was a nice quiet hotel and I would be happy there.

"I would like very much to stay here, but I must find the Hemingway conference."

I only then remembered that I had requested housing at the Holiday Inn and asked the concierge if the Holiday Inn were nearby.

"I will take you there," he said.

The two of us and a bellhop carrying my bags walked around Banyan Lake a few hundred yards to the Holiday Inn where the concierge wished me a happy stay in China and refused a tip for him or the bellhop. Inside the Holiday Inn, no one had heard of a Hemingway International Symposium. They did not have a reservation for me. I checked into room 1909 on the 9th floor and gave the desk clerk Professor Zhang Shuning's card with his Guangxi Teacher's University phone number and asked her to try to reach him. I decided that if the conference had been cancelled, I would stay here anyway. My room opened on a balcony overlooking Banyan Lake. I could see the Ronghu Hotel three hundred yards across the water and remembered that Nixon and Carter had stayed there. The sun blazed down and the heat was incredible. I had a grand view of the nearby mountains.

I started to unpack and the telephone rang. Zhang Shuning greeted me and asked if I could be ready in half an hour to come to the Pine Garden Resort Hotel where the Chinese participants in the conference were being housed.

"Am I glad to hear your voice," I said.

"I am sorry, I would have met you. We are very glad that you are here. Some of the plans have changed slightly, but I will explain everything. Is half an hour OK? Welcome to China."

Crossing the Lijiang River bridge by taxi with Zhang Shuning, I saw fishermen standing to their thighs in the river next to what I thought were large ostrich-like birds sitting on the water next to them. I wanted to film them with my Super-8 camera but Zhang Shuning said that I would see them again many times. I never did, however, and the big river birds remain a mystery. Later I realized that Zhang Shuning thought I meant cormorants, but I hadn't. As we drove he showed me the conference schedule and Robert Lewis' telegram of greeting which said in part that

Although many of our colleagues are not here, and I regretfully am among them, we are united in the spirit of a world-wide solidarity kindled not only by our mutual respect for the work of Ernest Hemingway but also by our mutual respect for each other's work in classrooms, in libraries, and in public forums such as this conference.

Zhang Shuning explained that 37 of the expected 40 foreign guests had cancelled, and that the Chinese organizers of the Symposium debated heavily among themselves whether to call it off. He said they divided 50-50, then decided to go ahead in order to be able to plan another conference in the future. He said that my telex on June 18 (in response to his telex stating that I would be safe and comfortable in China and asking for confirmation) made a difference. Zhang Shuning asked me if I would give the opening remarks on behalf of all foreign guests, and if I would read Robert Lewis' telegram. He expressed, quietly, disappointment that more

foreign guests did not come. At one point later in the day, coming back to the hotel in the cab, he said that it was a literary, not a political conference. He was visibly pleased with Robert Lewis' telegram. Near the Pine Garden Resort, several new hotels under construction, bracketed with bamboo staging, had stood unattended for months. Zhang Shuning also observed that last year at this time most of the city's hotels were filled with foreign tourists.

At the Pine Garden Resort on the western side of the city in a new development area, I met Prof. Ho Hsianglin, the conference chairman, and Yang Renjing and Lu Yutai, the co-chairmen. In a special luncheon room around a large table, we ate small delicate ribbons of fried chicken; also sliced pork and vegetable mounds in a sauce, several dishes of fish and small whole and fried onions, and rice. We drank tea and Liqueur beer brewed in Guilin. Each person turned a central rotating table with the dishes of food, but Yang Renjing always served me. They asked if I preferred a fork to the chopsticks, and the waitress brought a dish with special large serving spoons, but I somehow made the chopsticks work.

Yang Renjing from Xiamen University on the Southeast China coast reminded me that he had attended the Second International Hemingway Conference in Lignano, Italy, and asked me to greet his friend Robert Lewis on my return to America. Professor Ho, a member of the Standing Council of the Foreign Literature Society of China, had taught at Wake Forest University and attended MLA meetings in the 80's in Atlanta and New York City.

Earlier, Zhang Shuning had asked me if I might consider moving into the Pine Garden Resort for the duration of the conference, and I had agreed.

"Does it have a swimming pool," I asked.

"I think so."

Walking across the grounds toward lunch, the conference directors had pointed out the swimming pool to me and Zhang Shuning said that it would be full of water by evening. Walking back after lunch, I saw fifteen Chinese women wearing large round white hats in the sun on their knees scrubbing the bottom of the pool.

In the lobby of the Pine Garden, a Chinese graduate student, Shen Jianqing, wanted me to "advise" her about Hemingway. She wanted especially to tell me that there is more to Hemingway than the idea of grace under pressure, that although there is loss, the loss always means something. She talked about "In Another Country" and *The Old Man and the Sea*.

The conference itself lasted four days. Thirty-nine Chinese participated and three Americans: Nagyuayalti Warren, Emory University ("Hemingway's Africa"), Michael Yetman, Purdue University ("Reading Hemingway with the Chinese, the Shorter Fiction"), and myself ("From Novel Fragment to Short Story: Hemingway's Creative Process"). Three of the morning sessions featured papers (with such titles by the Chinese participants as "Female Images in Ernest Hemingway," "*The Sun Also Rises* and Half of Man is Woman," "Structural Features of Hemingway's Novels," "Hemingway's Outlook on Women," "On Ernest Hemingway's Psychological and Ideological Basis of Creation.") Afternoons included tours of the downtown Guangxi campus, the Sanlidian campus, Reed Flute Cave, Folded Brocade Hill, Wave-Subduing Hill, and provincial and municipal leaders' interviews with foreign guests. The opening-day noon banquet was hosted by the Guilin Vice-mayor. The third day featured a day long excursion down the Lijiang River and an evening farewell dance. Evenings were otherwise devoted to videotapes about Hemingway on the Pine Garden Resort's closed circuit TV and individual visits to the

city. The whole conference was televised and portions of it broadcast throughout China. The rest of Lewis' message to the conference read:

This conference on the life and writings of Ernest Hemingway is an important and historic occasion. It is, I believe, the first such conference on Hemingway that was initiated, organized, and realized by scholars outside the United States. One of the most distinguished modern authors, Hemingway with his vision and powerful style has brought us to a greater understanding of life in our time, and he has brought us together here. . . . I hope that this conference will provide the beginning for a mutually rewarding bond between the Hemingway Society and the Center for Hemingway Studies and indeed between the Hemingway Society and all professors and students of American Literature in the People's Republic of China. My hearty congratulations, my warm greetings, and my best hopes for our future work together.

I entered China five and a half weeks after the Tiananmen Square massacre and in a post-conference tour visited seven cities. The Chinese people were shy, courteous, pleasant, and friendly. I was repeatedly moved by their dignity and their openness toward America. In Guilin I met fifty students, teachers, professors and members of families from all parts of China, many of whom asked to talk to me in the hotel lobby or in my room. Some invited me to accompany them to local scenic spots not included in the conference itinerary. They wanted to talk about China. They were excited and grateful that I had come to the conference, though they did not speak specifically about the massacre—they spoke of China's difficulty at the moment, how hard it was now for Chinese students to go to America, how different from America things were in China. Through their outwardly cheerful sadnesses, however, I sensed a suppressed rage over the events of June 4, not only in Beijing but in many cities throughout China. Some spoke of demonstrations that collapsed immediately after Tiananmen Square because of local military confrontations. Many others, however, talked about their work with Hemingway and talked to me of their publications. Several gave me books in Chinese they had written on Hemingway. I was given books to bring back to America for Lewis and the Hemingway Society, and one beautiful travel book describing the Lijiang River, for Patrick Hemingway.

Not only in Guilin, but in the six other cities I later visited, people would often begin a conversation with, "America is a beautiful country." (I was told later that the Chinese characters for America mean "beautiful country.") One young man who had walked up to me as I milled through thousands of Chinese tourists at the Summer Palace in Beijing said, after I had replied that China is a beautiful country too, "Yes, but in America you are free to love or hate." Earlier he had simply walked up to me and said "Hello!" He was a metallurgical engineer whose father had been killed in the Cultural Revolution when the young man was four. We talked for two hours above the lake and he gave me his card and asked if he could write to me in America, which he later did. Clearly my American clothes, my face, and my Super 8 movie camera made me the most conspicuous person wherever I went, and scores of adults and children called "hello" to me, especially in the countryside where we visited crowded tourist attractions outside of Kunming (the Stone Forest), Xi'an (the underground Terra Cotta Warriors), Beijing (the Great Wall, the Tombs of the Emperors), Shanghai, and the lovely city of Suzhou and Tiger Hill Pagoda.

Touring China, until we got to Beijing was non-political. The seven hour boat trip down the Lijiang River from Guilin to Yangshou (where I found a street-booth restaurant called *Hemingway's*) brought us past Mural Hill with its shapes of nine horses, Yellow Cloth Shoal and its legend of the seven maidens, and Yangdi Village with its mountain wonders called "Gold Chicken Pecking at Rice," "Three Old Men Gathering," and "Carp Hanging on the Wall." The landscape obliterated my former suspicions that the mountains in Chinese wall hangings are romanticized. Our river boat with 80 Chinese tourists on vacation (one of 20 boats in the excursion) negotiated through the most compelling mountain and river scenery I have ever seen: water buffaloes in the river, cormorant fishermen on bamboo rafts, river-grass pickers up to their waists in water, naked young swimmers frolicking in groups and unintentionally mooning while diving to avoid boat-passenger cameras. Occasionally our boat passed the boat in front of us with great horn-blowing as it stopped to buy river carp or vegetables from peasants who poled their bamboo crafts out to meet the tourist boats, or to take on fuel. Our lounging captain replaced his naked foot on the wheel, slowly arc-ing the sweeping curvature of the river with his big toe.

At the stern of each excursion boat, several cooks prepared the mid-day meal, and as our boat passed others we could see the dishes being prepared: fresh river carp, deep-fried whole softshell river crabs, steam-green chardlike vegetables, tiny brown eels. Nine courses plus Guilin beer. The dining room was enclosed by glass so we could see the mountains looming over us as we ate. After the meal, I was zooming my Super 8 at peasant women washing clothes at the river's edge when I heard singing from *The Sound of Music* coming from the upper deck. I climbed the stairs. Fifteen Chinese from the Hemingway Symposium, sitting on the edge of the boatrail or standing with heads leaning toward one another, were singing in English in perfect pitch and perfect accent. "The hills are alive with the sound of music." I had not been thinking about America or the West, but was instantly clearheaded about the intimacy these young Chinese students felt with the von Trapp family and the Austrian Alps. One beautiful girl from Shanghai, round-faced with black bangs, began to sing "Country Roads" about West Virginia and I walked to the front of the boat and looked at the long dark line of endlessly exotic mountains ahead.

Landing at the Kunming airport, whose runways were built by Americans in 1941, I imagined Flying Tigers landing and taking off. Later that day, my guide Sun Xiao-Chun (hired because I didn't trust the English fluency of the government guide assigned to the tour) brought me to Bamboo Temple, seven miles west of the city, where a sculptor and three apprentices from Sichuan Province made 500 lifesize statues of Buddha's Chinese disciples in the late 19th century. Inside one of the temple chapels we talked with a tiny Buddhist nun who had been in a temple since the age of sixteen and in this one for the last fifty years. She was reading Scripture with the pages held within an inch of her eyes when we entered, and rapped a bronze bell with a wooden mallet each time a pilgrim knelt to pray in front of the Buddha, to send the prayer to the god. She said to us, "I entered the temple when I was sixteen because I knew that if I stayed in the world of power I would wake up one day and it would have been all a dream."

Leaving in our tour bus from the hotel at dawn, we passed Green Lake and drove through the sycamore trees past the main square where hundreds of workers were doing exercises to Chinese music. Several hours of slow, bumpy roads to the

Stone Forest. Several Sanyi minority women selling hand-made goods attached themselves to me as tour guides through the maze of giant stalagmite formations in the hope that I would buy from them on the way out (I bought two embroidered aprons and a pocketbook). Vendors sold exotic mushrooms and live miniature gardens. In one shop I purchased ten Mao Tse-Tung lapel buttons and later in the day Sun Xiao-Chun told me that we had been followed for 45 minutes after we left the shop.

On July 25, we visited Tiananmen Square. I was riding in a mini-bus with two Chinese tourist guides, Mrs. Warren and Ali, and a Pew Foundation Grant couple with their infant baby and two pre-teenagers. The bus driver told us through our interpreters that he would not be responsible for our safety if we took pictures through the windows as we passed through the square. He drove thirty miles an hour past Mao's mausoleum and hooked a left down the main thoroughfare. Soldiers were all over the place holding machine guns. The driver revved the engine, shifted, and increased speed as we shot past several hundred army trucks packed into the middle of the square.

Inside the Forbidden City we mounted the steps leading into the Palace Museum. Then court after court after court. I kept seeing scenes from *The Last Emperor*. I had my eyes on the gilded unicorn and the black turtle across the square when I saw scores of Chinese soldiers dog-trotting in twos and threes into the courtyard from the far left corner. A hundred were already squatting in groups in the left center. As they entered they sat in formation before their regimental and battalion flags. Officers with bullhorns directed traffic. They were coming in by the droves. Now several hundred had congregated like huddled quail in their brown summer uniforms. I walked down the steps and moved closer, debating with myself whether to film. I recorded a few feet and kept walking. I got to within thirty yards and had completed several seconds of footage when an officer with a bullhorn yelled at me in Chinese (Sun Xiao Chun later told me what he said),

"Hey Foreigner! Stop taking pictures. Get out of here with that camera!"

I lowered the camera to my waist and smiled and waved with my left hand,

"OK, OK."

I waved again and smiled some more and Sun Xiao Chun was taking the camera away from me,

"Give me the camera. It's alright for me to film them, but not you."

Minutes later, around the corner of one of the court buildings, I zoomed my lens to take more footage, several thousand soldiers now in the courtyard. I could see high ranking officers and I wanted to get closer but I was afraid the soldiers would confiscate what I already had and shot only from behind until most of them had gone further into the city. They were on holiday, a rest and rehabilitation outing for the Tiananmen troops. I followed them from behind and took more footage. Across the way, Mrs. Warren and Ali were standing near steps where the troops were ascending, and Ali was the center of attention with his Kareem Abdul Jabbar glasses. The soldiers were smiling and waving. Those with cameras were taking pictures of Ali and of Bill and Elizabeth Moss's infant daughter. A general passed me unsmiling and I did not film him.

"They loved it," Bill said. "They're conquering heroes. They're the country's saviors."

We stayed two nights at Peking University. Soldiers with machine guns stood at all the corners and entrances to the

university grounds. At breakfast, a Texan who was participating in a summer language institute told Bill Moss that last summer there were 600 in the program. This summer there were 12. On the last evening before dinner, Sun Xiao Chun and I walked on the grounds in the sweltering July heat and sat by a small pond. The lotus flowers were so thick we could not see the water.

At the Shanghai airport on the early morning of August 1, Sun Xiao Chun waited on the other side of the glass partition as I stood in the customs line with my official letter from the government office in Guilin explaining the contents of the video in my suitcase. The organizing committee of the Hemingway Symposium had obtained permission from the government for the television crew filming the proceedings to put together a video for me to bring back to America. The customs officials never looked in my bags, and I passed through the gate.

Now I write this in America in the autumn when the aroma of osmanthus pervades Guilin, but as I remember China in the deep summer I am again standing on my balcony of the Holiday Inn there: the heat reminds me of August in New England, wet and heavy. Rows of pillar-cone mountains rise like broken vases around the distant rim of the city. The streets bulge with bicycles. Vendors sell long slices of watermelon and small yellow bananas or whole round watermelons piled mountainously on the sidewalk. Some of the bicyclers pedal girlfriends sitting sidesaddle behind them. Occasionally a car or an old truck moves fast through the bicycler and walkers, its horn tooting. Half-finished hotels webbed with bamboo staging stand abandoned. Workers are piling sand and lime in the evening humidity while thousands sit at the edges of the Banyan Lake and in front of open shops and street dwellings. The evening heat has the feeling of a calm, already-decided agenda.

Inside the lobby, a string quartet is playing Schubert's *Death and the Maiden*. I am the only person listening. They have played for three hours in an empty room. When I talk to them between pieces, they show me their instruments. I tell them that one of my sons plays the cello in America.

Driving in from the airport, my young Chinese guide said there are 420,000 people in Guilin and 400,000 bicycles. Then we are in the middle of a miles-long procession of office workers, laborers, marketeers—on foot, on bicycles, on rototiller-like vehicles moving toward the outskirts and the city itself. The bike riders are 4-5 deep all the way in, some dressed for work, many hauling goods to the free market: melons, lettuce, exotic squashes. One man is carrying three tree gardens on his bike. Men and women walk with tremendous loads on shoulder-poles. We pass workers in fields wearing round, broad straw hats. My new friend says that it is a problem in the city to recognize your own bike. Many of the women are chic. They wear silk stockings rolled just above or just below the knees. Then we are outside the Ronghu Hotel. My friend wishes me a happy stay in China and drives off. I enter the hotel. I am the only foreigner who disembarked the plane from Guangzhou, I am in China, and I have no idea what will happen next.

Published at Ohio Northern University
Ada, Ohio 45810
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