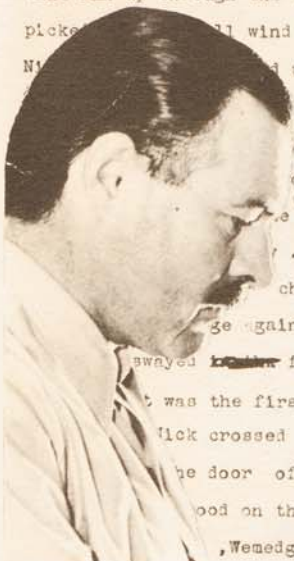


THE THREE DAY BLOW



The rain stopped as Nick turned into the road that ~~ran~~^{went} up through the orchard . The fruit had been picked . All wind blew through the bare trees . Nick picked up a Wagner apple from beside the grass from the rain . He put the apple in his Mackinaw coat .
of the orchard on to the top of ~~the house~~^{Cottage} , the porch bare , smoke . In back was the garage , the chicken coop and the second growth against the big woods behind . The wind swayed ~~to~~ far over in the wind as he . It was the first of the big autumn storms . Nick crossed the open ~~field~~ field above the door of the cottage opened and Bill stood on the porch looking out .
"Wedge " he said .

The JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY

presents:

PAPERS OF A WRITER

a conference celebrating
the dedication of the

HEMINGWAY ROOM

and as a special tribute to

MARY HEMINGWAY



July 17-19, 1980

John F. Kennedy Library and

Thompson Island Education Center, Boston

THURSDAY, July 17

8:45 - 1:30 Registration

11:00 - 12:45 Lunch

1:45 - 2:45 First Session

Jo August, *Welcome*

Michael S. Reynolds, *Unexplored Territory:
The Future of Hemingway Studies*

3:15 - 4:30 Second Session

A. Scott Berg, *Max Perkins: "My most trusted
friend as well as my God damned publisher"*

E.R. Hagemann, *"Dear Folks . . . Dear Ezra":
Hemingway's Early Years and Correspondence,
1917-1925*

Moderator: Paul Smith

5:30 - Clambake

Music Good for the Head

— Last boat from the Island: 10:00 to Kelly's

FRIDAY, July 18

8:00 - 8:45 Breakfast for Islanders

9:00 - 10:15 Third Session

Bernard Oldsey, *Beginnings and Endings*

Linda W. Wagner, *"Proud and friendly and gently":
Women in Early Hemingway*

Moderator: Mary Anne Ferguson

10:15 - 10:45 Coffee Break

11:00 - 12:30 Fourth Session

Nicholas Gerogiannis, *Angry Notes: Subject and
Theme in Ernest Hemingway's Poetry*

Scott Donaldson, *Hemingway of "The Star"*

Moderator: Erik Nakhdjavani

FRIDAY, July 18

12:45 - 1:45 Lunch

4:00 - 5:45 Fifth Session

Auditorium, Kennedy Library

James D. Brasch and Joseph Sigman, *The History of Hemingway's Library*

Allan B. Goodrich, *An Audiovisual Presentation . . .*

6:00 - 7:30 Ceremony and Reception

7:30 - 9:30 Dinner

Presentation of the Hemingway Award

by Charles Scribner, Jr.

Address to the Guests by George Plimpton

— Last boat to the Island: 10:15

SATURDAY, July 19

8:45 - 9:30 Breakfast for Islanders

9:45 - 11:00 Sixth Session

Jacqueline Tavernier-Courbin, *The Mystery of the Ritz Hotel Papers*

Zvonimir Radeljkovic, *Initial Europe: 1918 as a Shaping Element in Hemingway's Weltanschauung*

Moderator: Charles W. Mann

11:00 - 11:30 Coffee break

11:30 - 12:15 Final Session

Philip Young, *The Papers, Prospect and Retrospect*
Jo August, *Farewell*

Papers from this conference will be published in the October issue of *College Literature*, West Chester State College, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

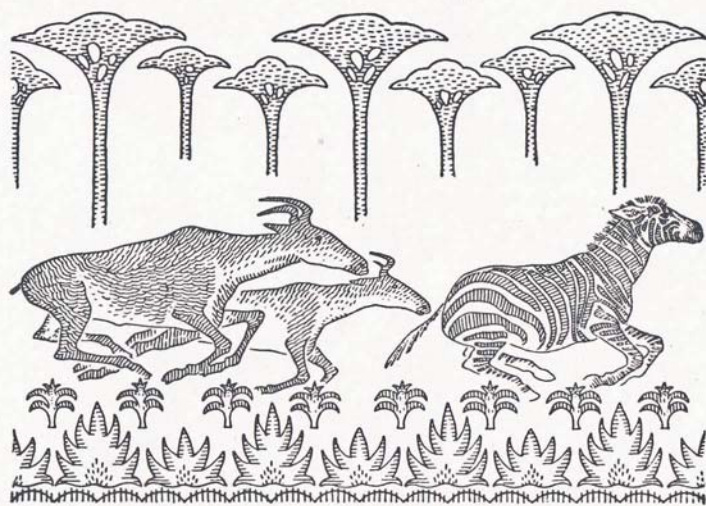
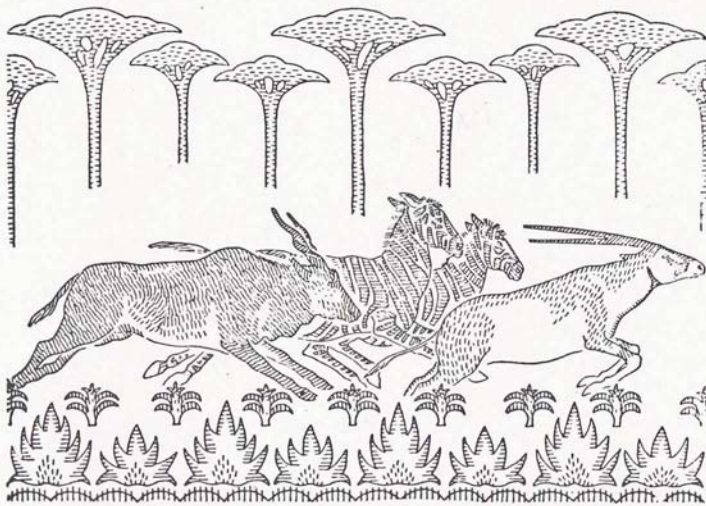
With special thanks to:

The Director, Dan H. Fenn, and Staff of the
Kennedy Library
James Blake and the Staff of Thompson Island
Education Center

Tillie Arnold
The Kennedy Library Corporation
Archibald MacLeish
Commodore Roy Mahoney and the
Savin Hill Yacht Club
Jeanne Nakhdjavani
Bernard Oldsey
Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis
Alfred Rice

and especially to:

Mary Hemingway



DEDICATING THE HEMINGWAY ROOM

THE JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY LIBRARY

**BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS
FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1980
JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY
PAVILION**

Tonight we celebrate the dedication of the room which houses the extensive archives of Ernest Hemingway, generously given to the Library by Mary Hemingway. Following dinner, Charles Scribner, Jr. and Ann Beattie will present the 1980 Hemingway Foundation Award, administered by P.E.N., American Center. Then, George Plimpton will speak to the guests.



Decorations are by Edward Shenton from *Green Hills of Africa* by Ernest Hemingway, Charles Scribner and Sons, 1935.

He had drunk double frozen *daiquiris*, the great ones that Constante made, that had no taste of alcohol and felt, as you drank them, the way downhill glacier skiing feels running through powder snow and, after the sixth and eighth, felt like downhill glacier skiing feels when you are running unroped.

Islands in the Stream

We had lunch at the square Louvois at a very good, plain bistro with a wonderful white wine. Across the square was the Bibliotheque Nationale.

"You never went to the track much, Mike," I said.

"No. Not for quite a long time."

"Why did you lay off it?"

"I don't know," Mike said. "Yes. Sure I do. Anything you have to bet on to get a kick isn't worth seeing."

"Don't you ever go out?"

"Sometimes to see a big race. One with great horses."

It was a quick walk to Lipp's and every place I passed that my stomach noticed as quickly as my eyes or my nose made the walk an added pleasure. There were a few people in the brasserie and when I sat down on the bench against the wall with the mirror in the back and a table in front and the waiter asked if I wanted beer I asked for *distingue*, the big glass mug that held a liter, and for *potato salad*.

The beer was very cold and wonderful to drink. The *pommes a l'huile* were firm and marinated and the olive oil delicious. I ground black pepper over the potatoes and moistened the bread in the olive oil. After the first heavy draft of beer I drank and ate very slowly.

A Moveable Feast

"You give my love to all those dear boys. I've got lots of things to bring.

A Moveable Feast

“We had filete four times,” I read from the chart. “\$26.62. We had chicken three times, only \$6.97.”

“I like your *Chicken Tarragon* the best,” my husband said. “Maybe we should cut down on the paper towels.”
How It Was by Mary Hemingway

As he told me about himself that evening in the galley, Gregorio was making us *beef stew* for supper. As with nearly all his other dishes, we thought it the best in the world of its genre, and I asked him its secret. You do the sauce first, he said, with plenty of garlic, onion, tomato puree, a can of pimiento chopped fine, lard, sherry, oregano and laurel. No water. You cook the sauce for fifteen minutes, stirring and improving seasonings, then add the beef in one- or two-bite sizes, turn the fire low and let it simmer slowly for an hour. Add raw potatoes in small chunks and cook another half hour. He usually served his stew with white rice.

How It Was by Mary Hemingway

“Or take this recipe home,” he continued. “It comes from *Ratatouille*, in France. It’s great served with pheasant, great as a stuffing for a turkey, too. But when you want to stuff a bird, cook it until two-thirds done first.”

Hemingway in *Hemingway: Life and Death of a Giant* by Kurt D. Singer

After dinner we walked through the galleria, past the other restaurants and the shops with their steel shutters down, and stopped at the little place where they sold sandwiches; ham and lettuce sandwiches; and anchovy sandwiches made of very tiny brown glazed *rolls* and only about as long as your finger. They were to eat in the night when we were hungry.

A Farewell to Arms

“Do you remember us having *fruit cup* at Biffi’s in the Galleria with Capri and fresh peaches and wild strawberries in a tall glass pitcher with ice?”

A Moveable Feast

Wine is one of the most civilized things in the world and one of the natural things of the world that has been brought to the greatest perfection, and it offers a greater range for enjoyment and appreciation than, possibly, any other purely sensory thing which may be purchased. One can learn about wines and pursue the education of one’s palate with great enjoyment all of a lifetime, the palate becoming more educated and capable of appreciation and you having constantly increasing enjoyment and appreciation of wine even though the kidneys may weaken, the big toe become painful, the finger joints stiffen, until finally, just when you love it the most you are finally forbidden *wine* entirely.

Death in the Afternoon

“Sun and sea air, as they dry your body, make for almost effortless *beer* consumption. The body needs liquid of a nourishing kind. The palate craves coolness. The optic nerve delights in the sensation of chill that comes from its nearness to the palate as you swallow. Then the skin suddenly blossoms with thousands of happy beads of perspiration as you quaff.”

Hemingway in *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway* by Leicester Hemingway