

Life with Monsieur Pamplemousse

Mi Vida con Monsieur Pamplemousse



Lionel Martin
Adrienne Hunter



LIFE WITH MONSIEUR PAMPLEMOUSSE

The drawings in this book were made by my husband, Lionel Martin, mostly in the first year of our marriage over a period of time when we lived in the *Hotel Nacional* in Havana, Cuba.

Lionel and I met in late January 1972, just days after my arrival in Cuba as a member of a CUSO (Canadian University Service Overseas) team of English language specialists. My fellow CUSO volunteers and I had been to the Field Staff Officer's for dinner on a Saturday evening. As we drove up to the hotel, where we were staying until an apartment was found for us, our 'boss' said, "Oh ... there's Lionel Martin, an American journalist who's been here for over ten years." I was astonished. I was under the impression that there would be no Americans in Cuba; certainly none who had been there since almost the beginning of the Revolution. And ... he was tall and handsome, and had a lovely smile.

He was standing on the front steps of the hotel with a small group of fellow journalists from the UK, all of whom, like us, lived there. We introduced ourselves, and continued on into the hotel and up to our rooms. The next morning he joined us at breakfast. A romance quickly blossomed and on April 1st – just over two months later – we were married and moved into a double room together at the same *Hotel Nacional*.

Before our marriage, I had begun to teach Lionel French, a second language for me, and one he was very keen to learn. Lionel's whimsical nature inspired me to give him a whimsical-sounding French name: Monsieur Pamplemousse. (Unfortunately the whimsy is not captured in either the English or Spanish equivalent translation: Mr. Grapefruit or Señor Toronja.)

Just days after our marriage, Lionel began to draw himself as Pamplemousse, with a characteristic yellow grapefruit face and fanciful spring green hair. He would leave me comments and notes which I found upon returning from a day of teaching. I loved them! And it lightened the load of preparing Cuban engineers to study in English for a master's degree in engineering.

Madame de Pamplemousse soon appeared in the depiction of Pamplemousse's life as his partner, playmate and companion, along with Pamplemousse's 12-year old son, Curtis. He was Little Pamplemousse, or Pomegranate. Pamplemousse's teenage daughter, Julie, was busy being an adolescent and didn't participate in the juvenile rough-housing antics that Senior and Junior engaged in. She would join us for more grown-up activities such as dining in the hotel dining room.

By August 1973, tourism was slowly starting up again. The government decided that the *Hotel Nacional* should revert to accommodating tourists rather than foreign correspondents, language specialists, technicians, sports teams, visiting filmmakers, and the like.

Sadly, we moved out of the hotel into an apartment. Although the apartment was lovely – very airy and spacious – it meant that the daily household chores of making beds, cooking, cleaning and laundry did not leave much time for dreaming and drawing.

*Adrienne Hunter
Havana, Cuba
November 2017*

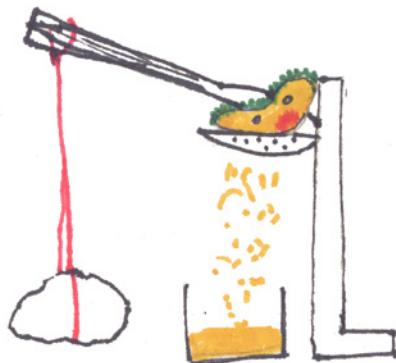
self-portrait



This is me, Monsieur Pamplemousse.

The Saga of Monsieur Pamplemousse

Before
April 1

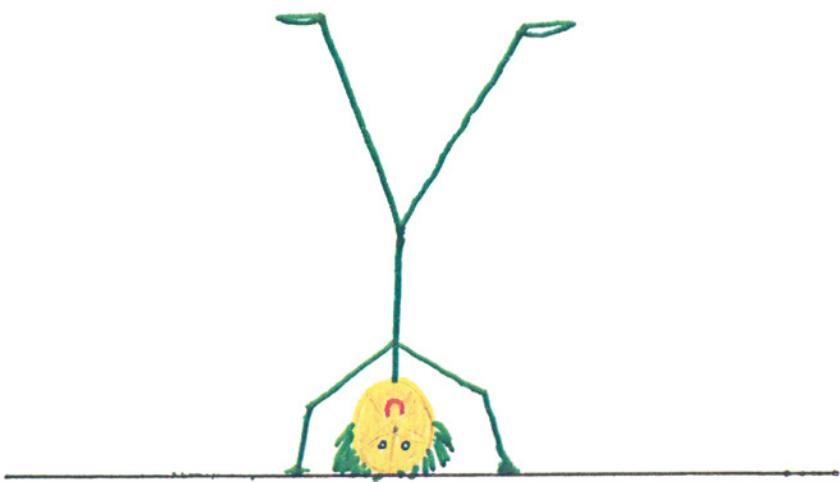


After

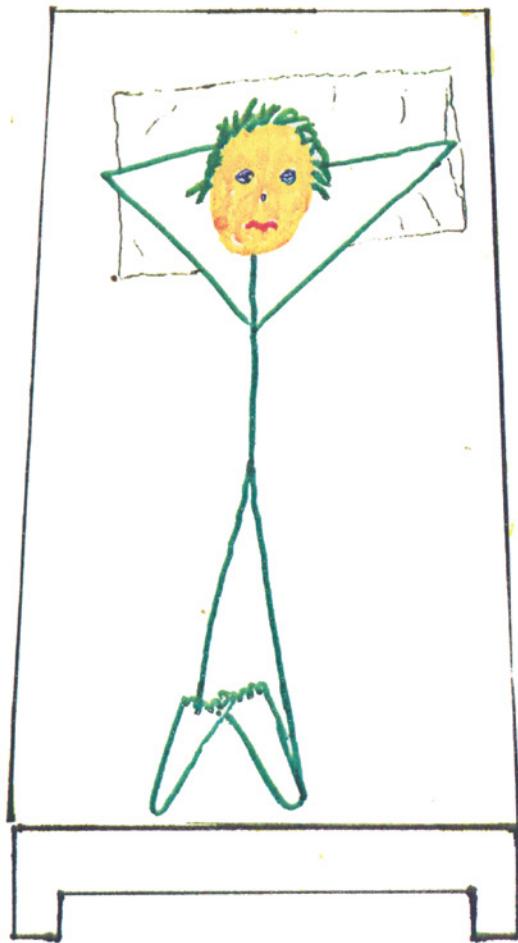


Before – squeezed by life.
After – uplifted and healthy.

See... it's easy

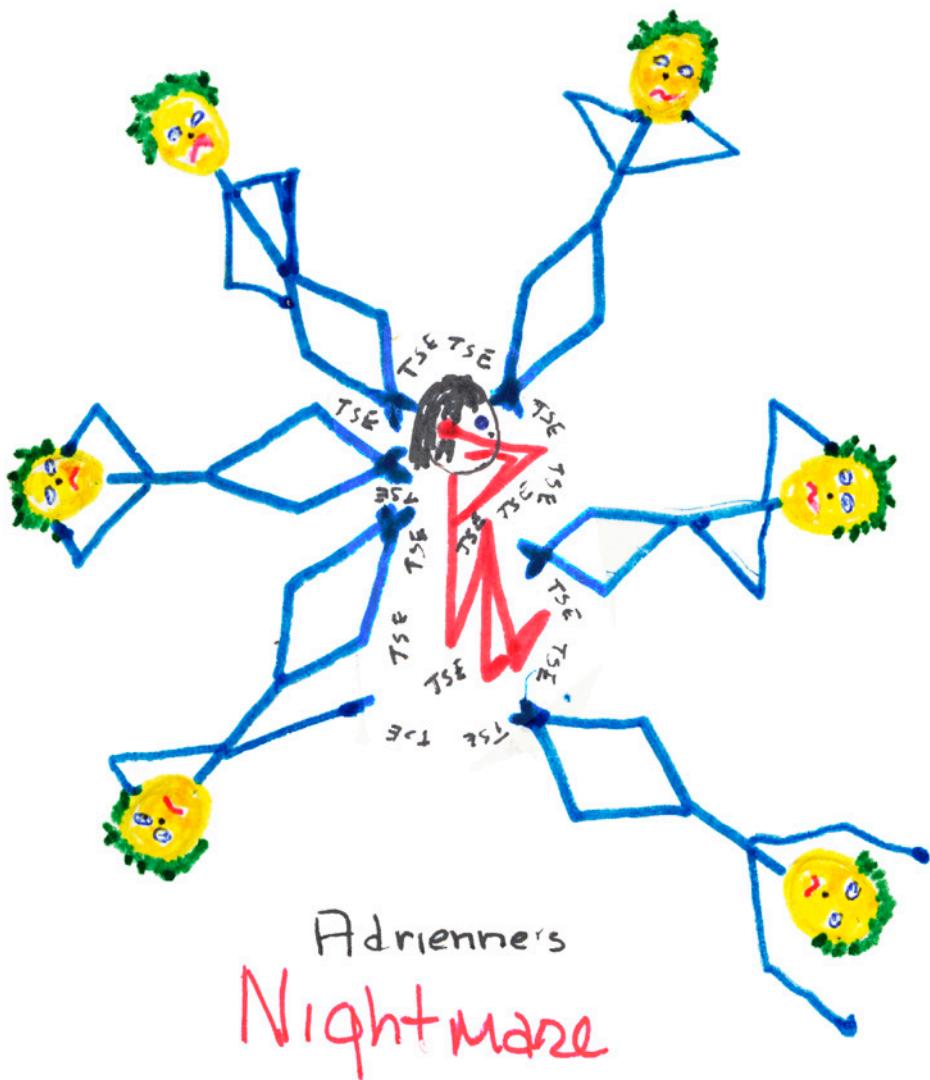


You too can do it.



Der fussentlicker

Flicking my toes relaxes me ...

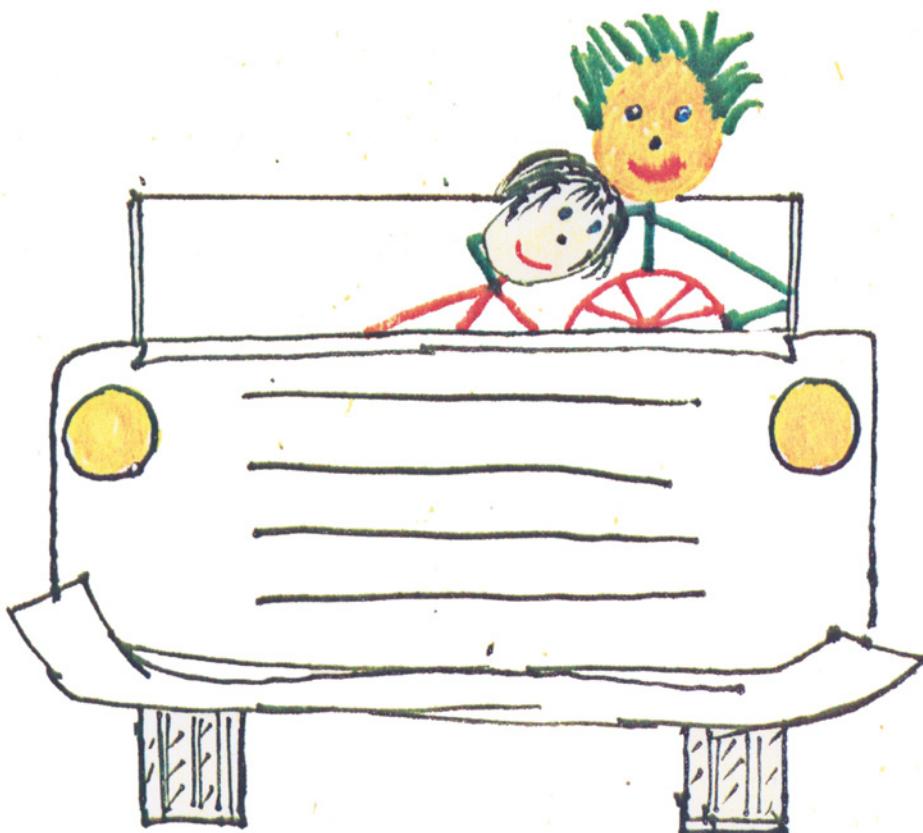


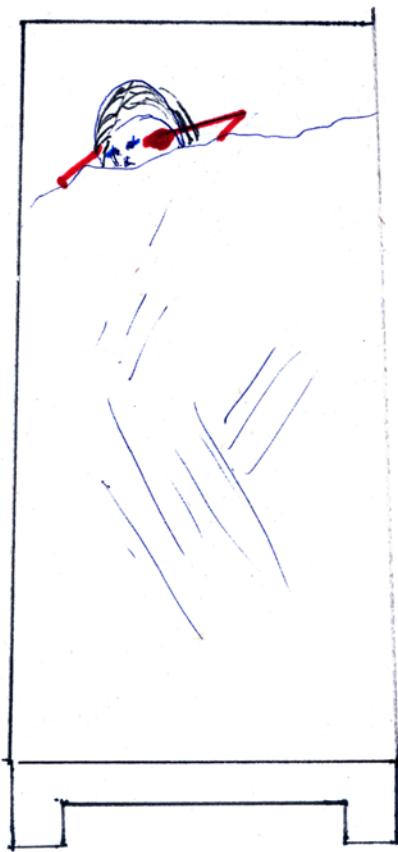
... but it drives Adrienne crazy.



Curtis, get down immediately!

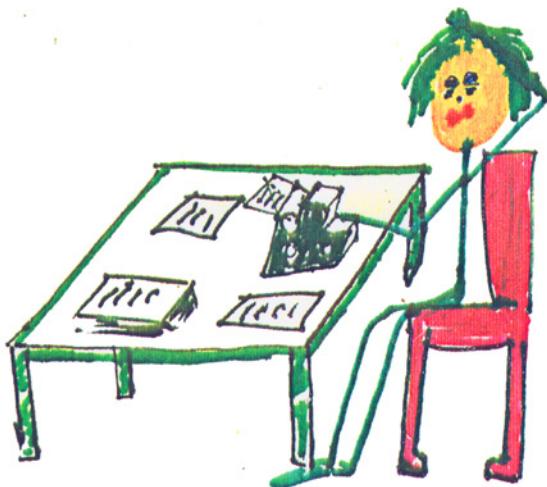
Vacation
time





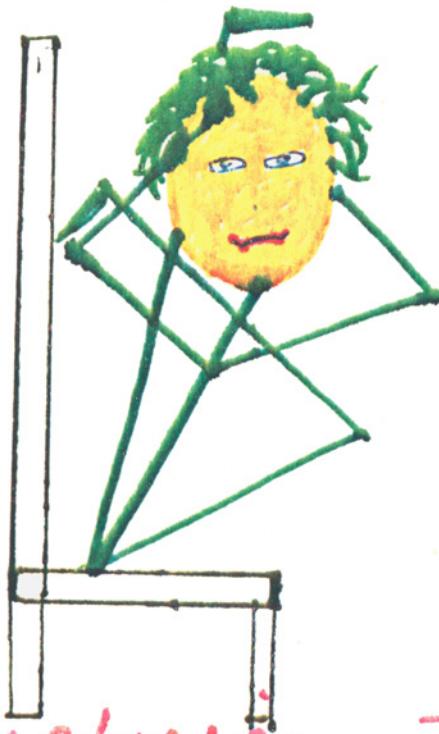
Sorry, lovely, I have to finish this chapter.

JUN						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28



Deadline

Doing my best to meet the deadline
– Adrienne's leaving on the 16th.

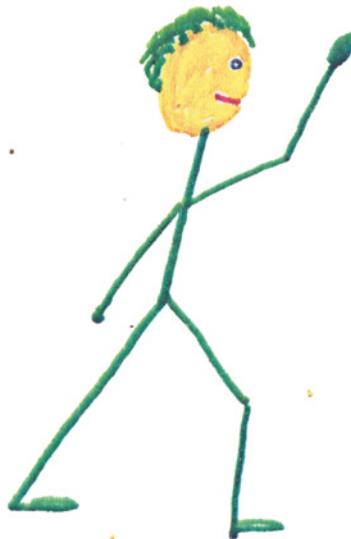


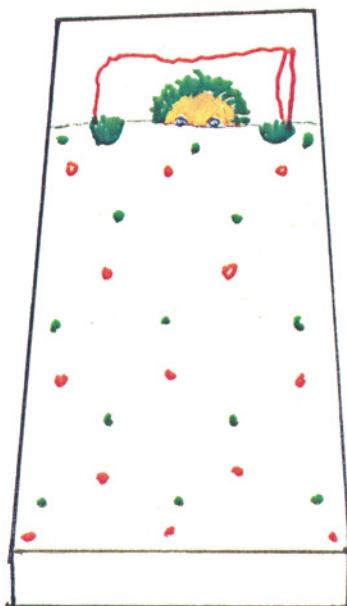
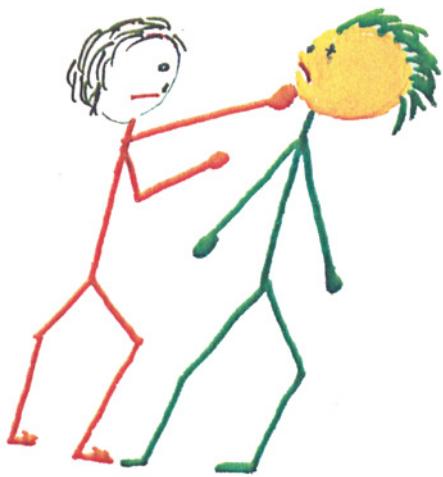
Sometimes I
feel all tied
up in knots

Indecision

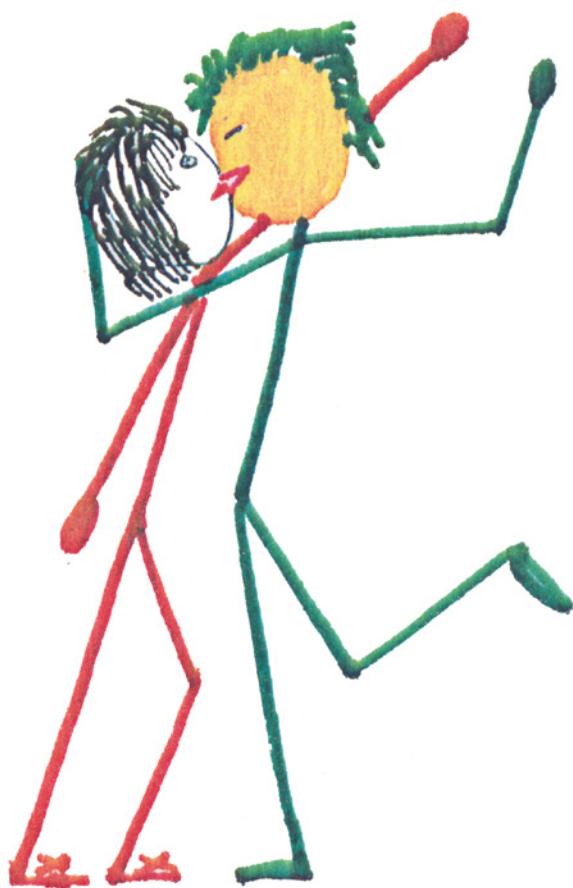


Decision





First fight . . . I'm hiding.



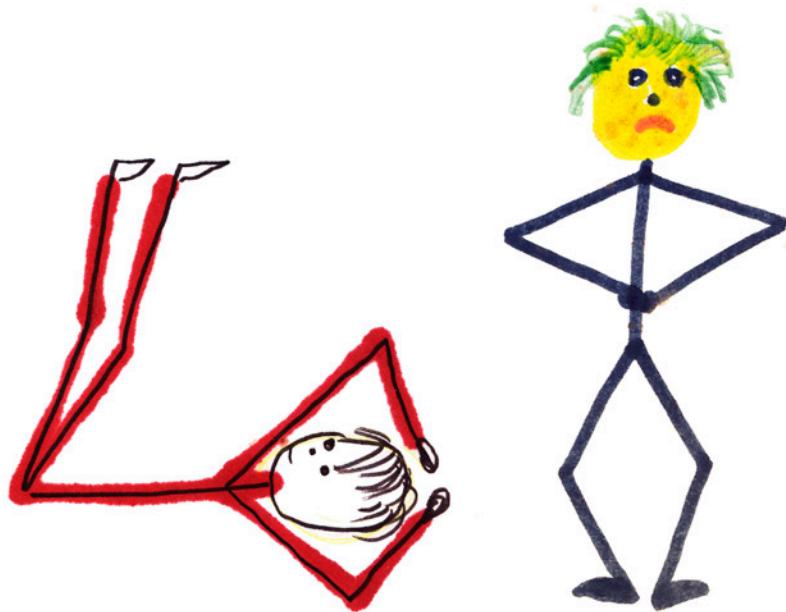
Kiss and make up.



Matrimonial bliss

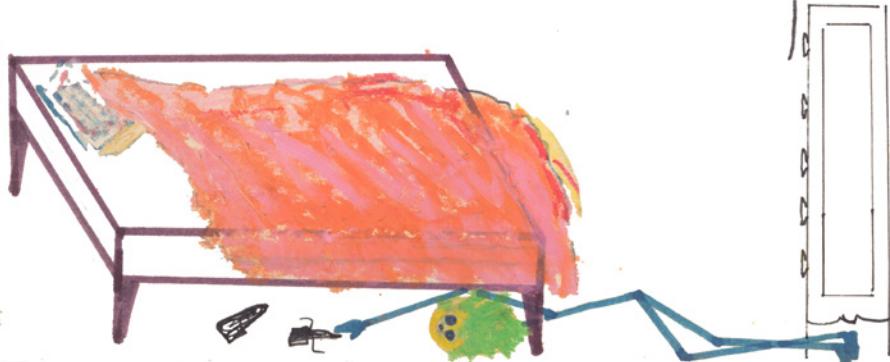
Fancy Free



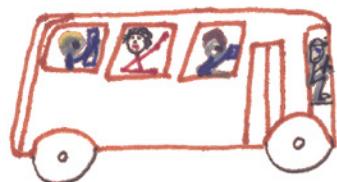
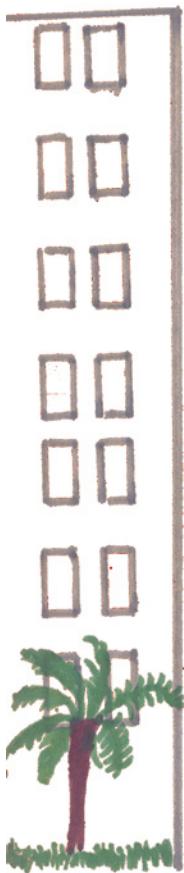


6:30 A.M

Starting the day.

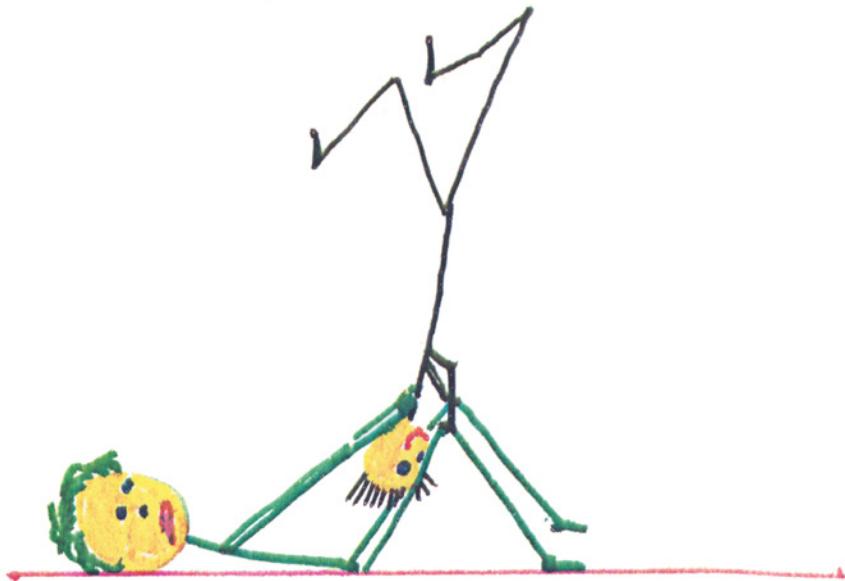


Where are my shoes?

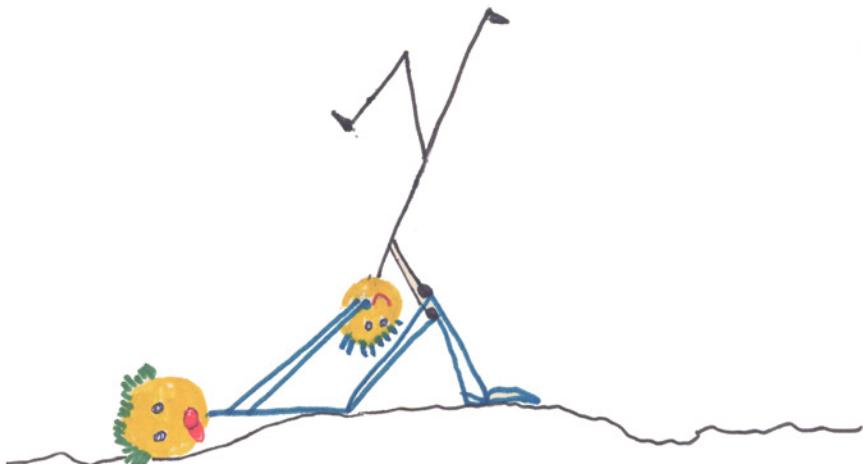


7:30 A.M
SOME MORNINGS

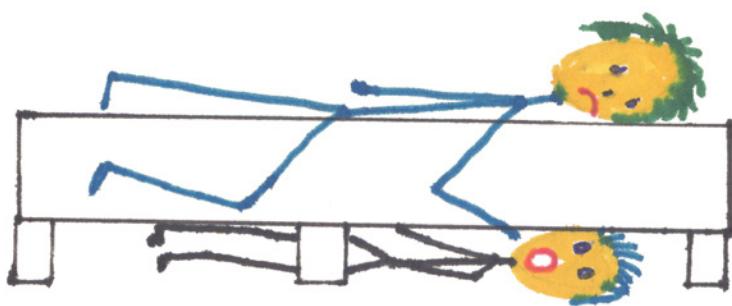
I'll miss you. See you later.



Horsing around with Curtis.

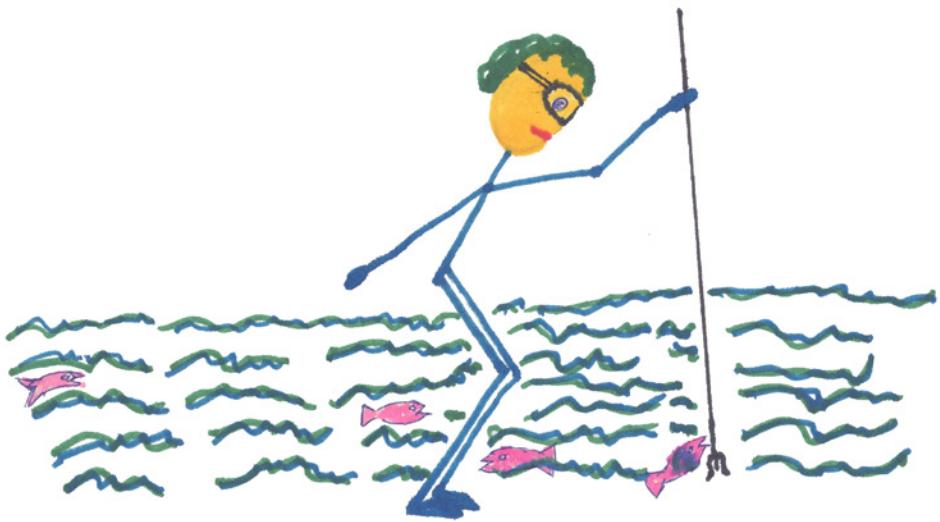


I'm too old for this . . .



I'M not coming out!

Allergic to school.



I love fish.



Monsieur Poisson Pamplemousse

Fish is my second name.

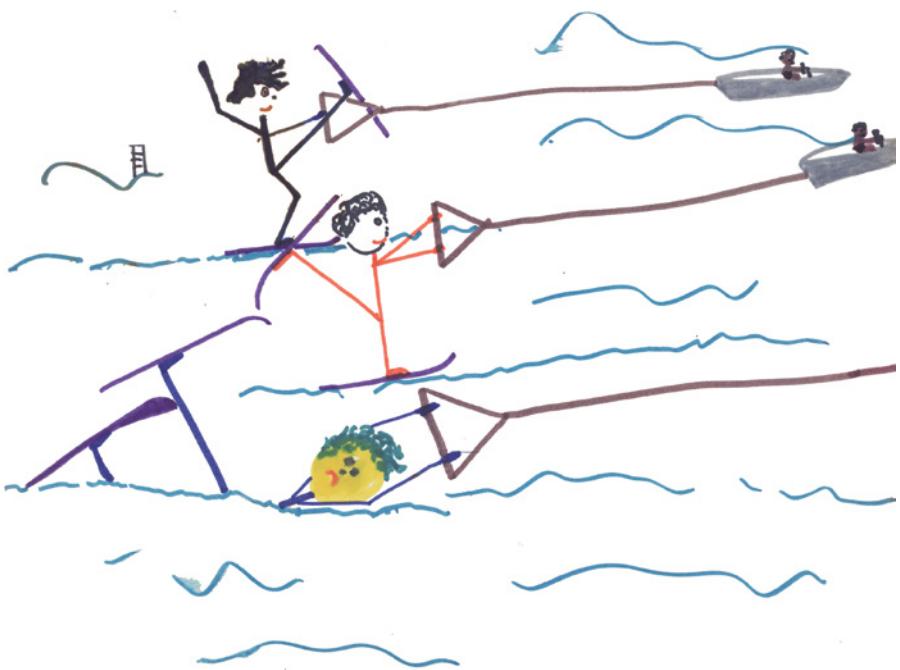


I DO MY EXERCISES
EVERY DAY... ALMOST, ANYWAY



I've studied yoga, too.





Can't keep up with the young ones.



Vive Pamplemousse, Champion!

Dream sequence



Longing for greens.

honey in

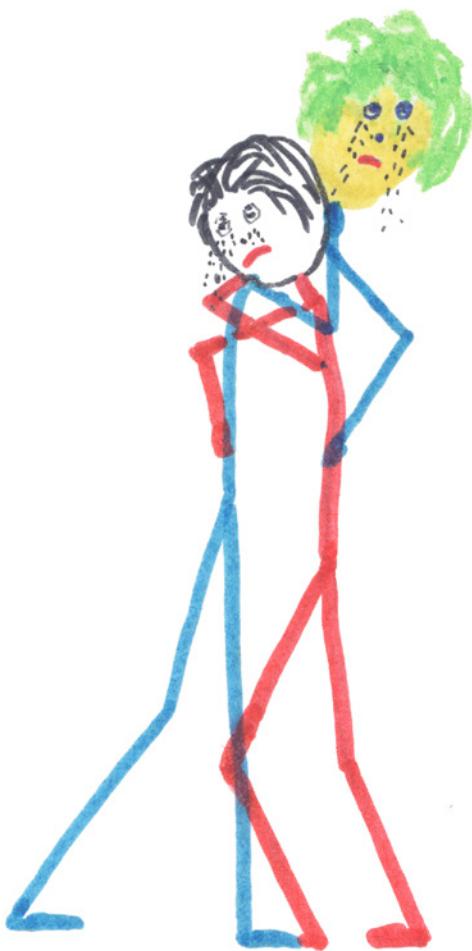


FOR



honey

Did you phone Julie to come for dinner?



Some days are just like this.



LOVELY.
Forgive me
for my foul
mood last
night.



Miracle of miracles —

The interview with Guevara
came through — for 11:30 this
morning

The first interview for my book about Fidel.



4:30 PM

Off to an important
interview

I'll be back
before 7 (maybe
earlier)

WAIT! We can
make supper or go out

Love to ~~look~~
Lionel

Lovely —

I ~~—~~ have an interview at the Japanese ambassador's house at 7:30 tonight.



I will have to return early, dress and run...

I'm taking Koichi and Takunaga.... So.. make arrangements for eating with some friends if you don't want to be all lonely



Adrienne —
Oh my ~~aching~~
back!

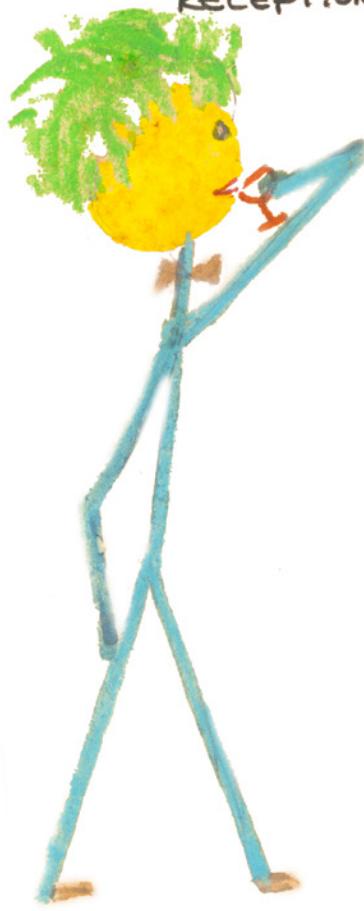
I could hardly
move all day.

The VW electrician called
up + I went off to
Carlos' house to see
him (at 5:30 PM)

I Love You

Lionel

LET'S NOT GO TO
THE EMBASSY
RECEPTION

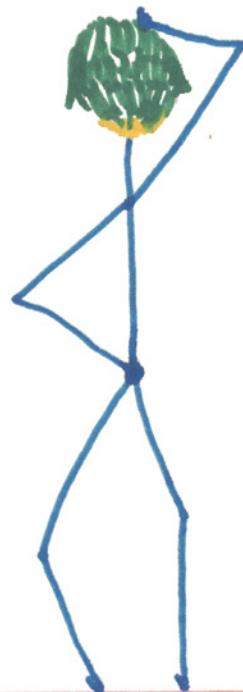




Adrienne....
let's go to a
Movie tonight
Ok.?



14



Will the elevator never come?



For your writing on
plastic + glass

Here are some tools for you.



PAMPLEMOUSSE PICKLES INC



Dreaming in Springtime



Pomegranate takes up the pen.