

# *Life with Monsieur Pamplémousse*

*Mi Vida con Monsieur Pamplémousse*

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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*

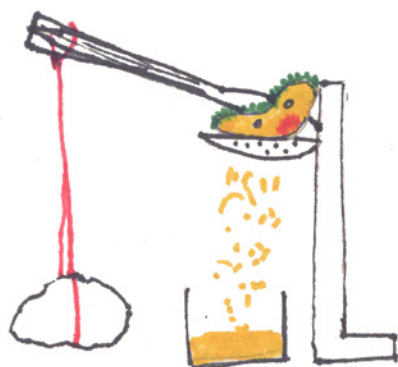
# self-portrait



This is me, Monsieur Pamplémousse.

# The Saga of Monsieur Pamplémousse

Before  
April 1

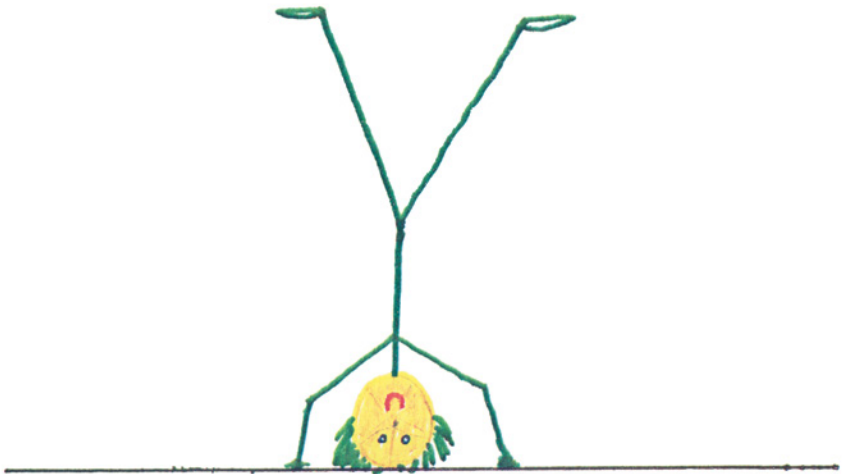


After



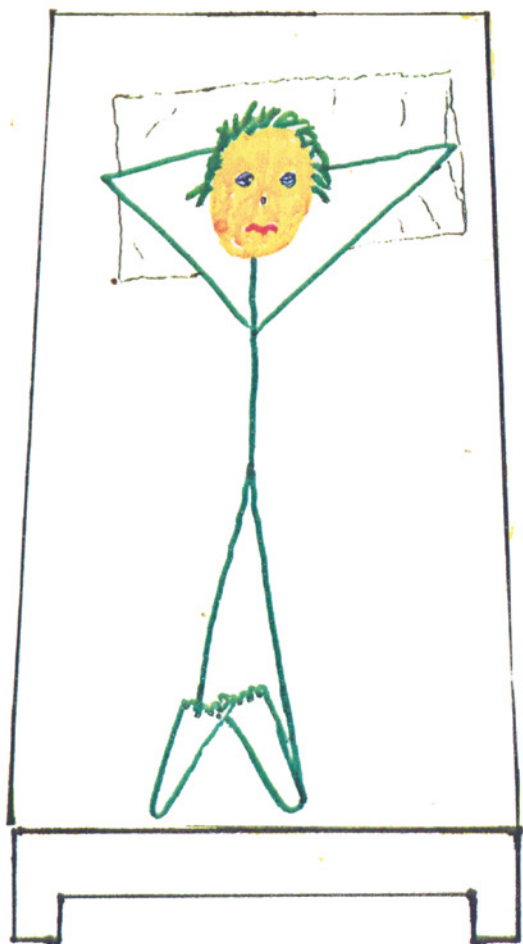
Before – squeezed by life.  
After – uplifted and healthy.

See.... it's easy



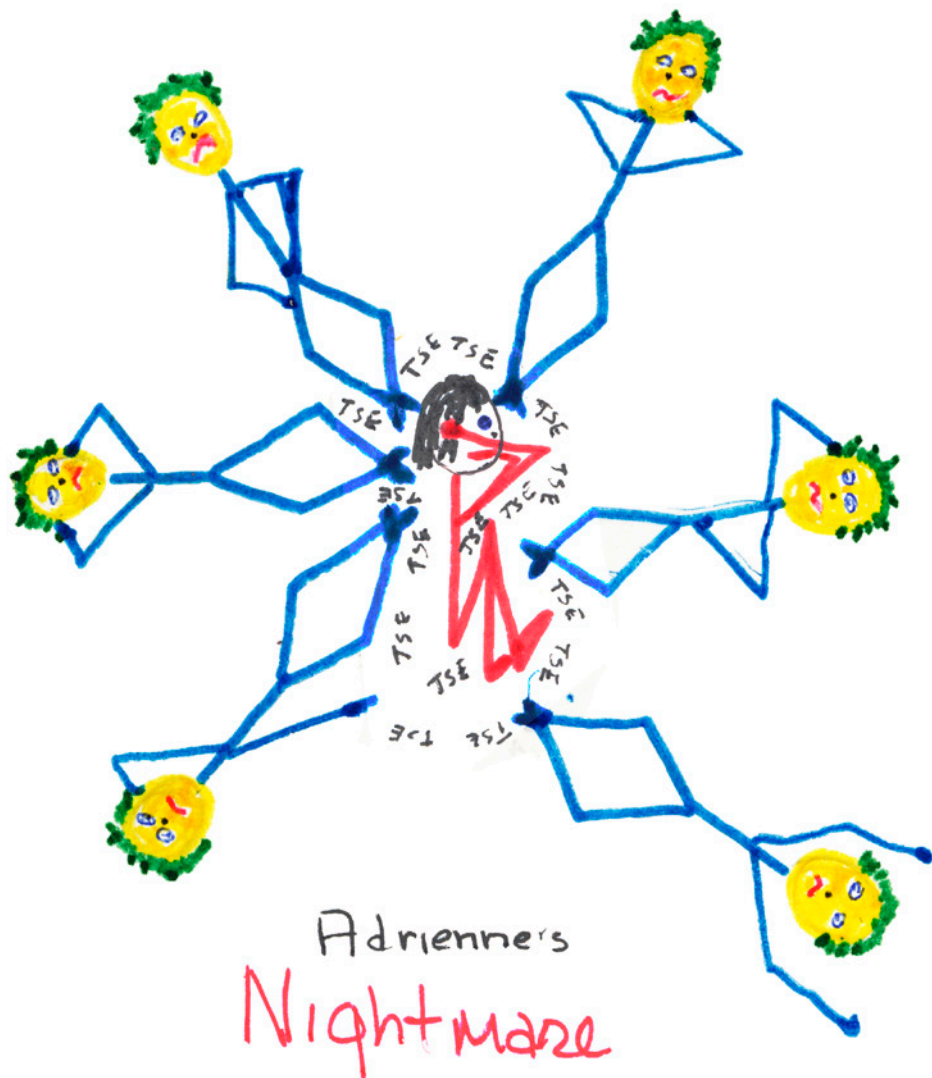
You too can do it.





Der fussenflicker

Flicking my toes relaxes me ...

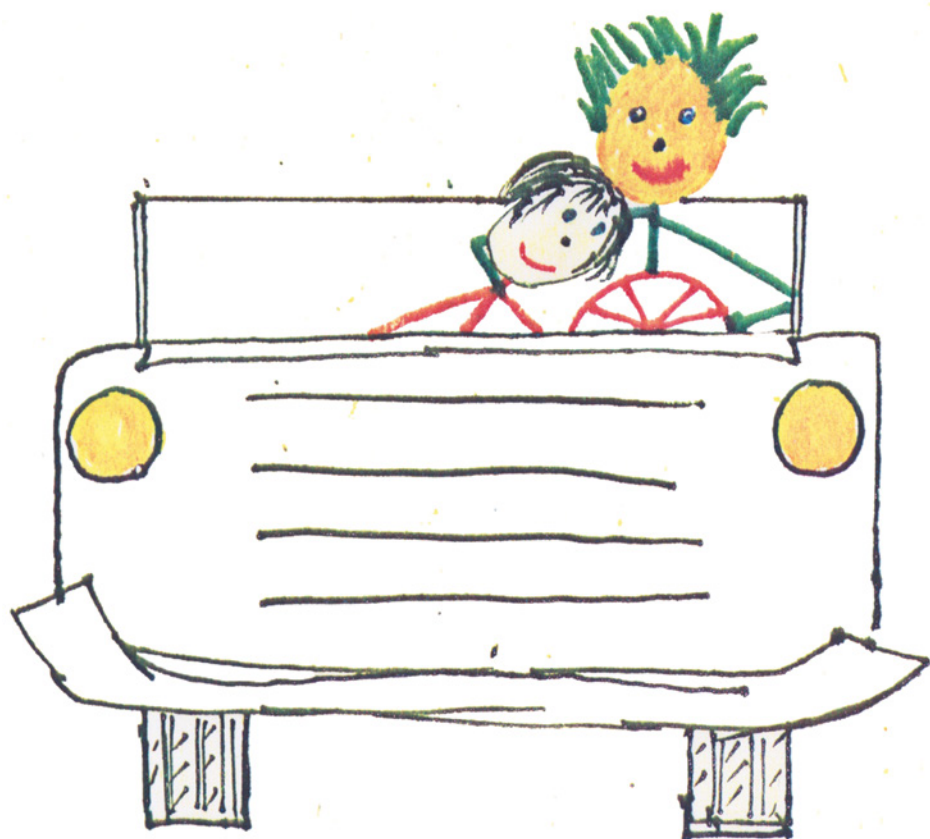


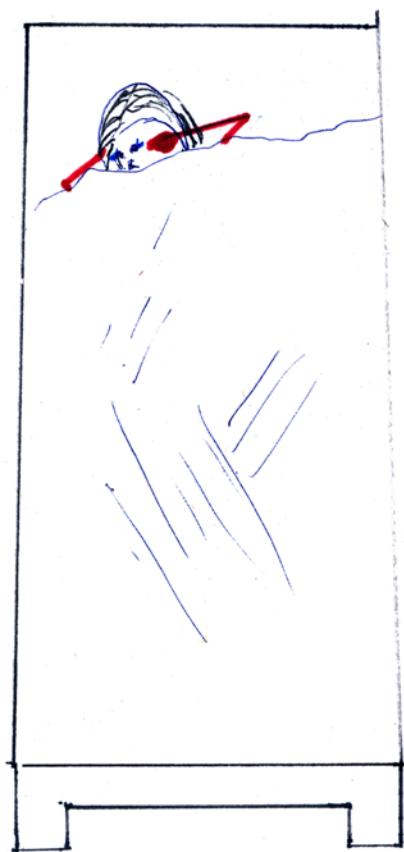
... but it drives Adrienne crazy.



Curtis, get down immediately!

Vacation  
time



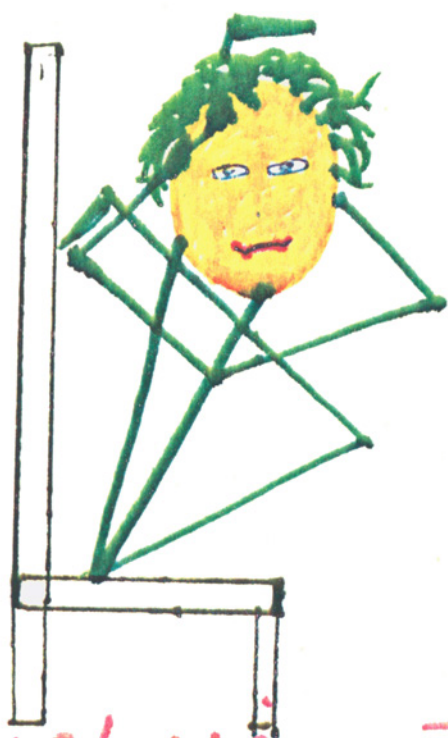


Sorry, lovely, I have to finish this chapter.



Deadline

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

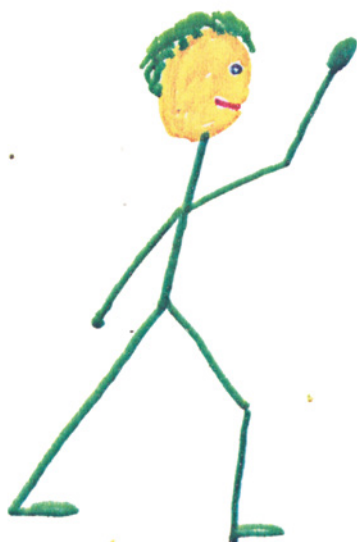


Sometimes I  
feel all tied  
up in knots

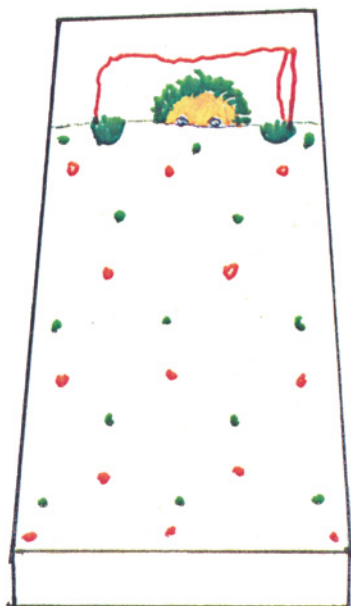
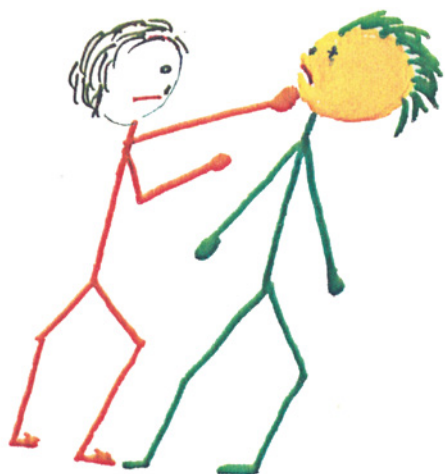
Indecision



Decision







First fight . . . I'm hiding.



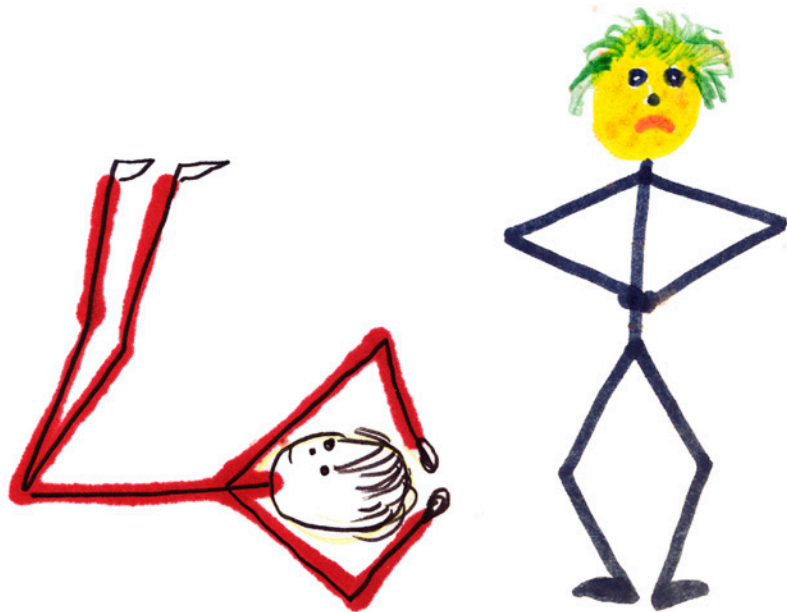
Kiss and make up.



Matrimonial bliss

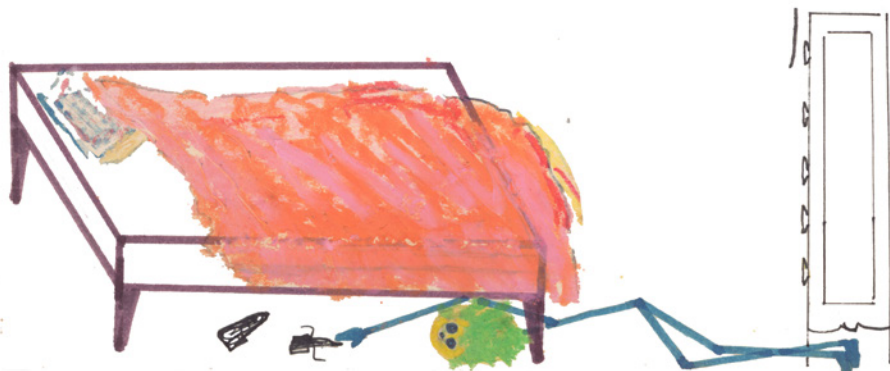
# Fancy Free



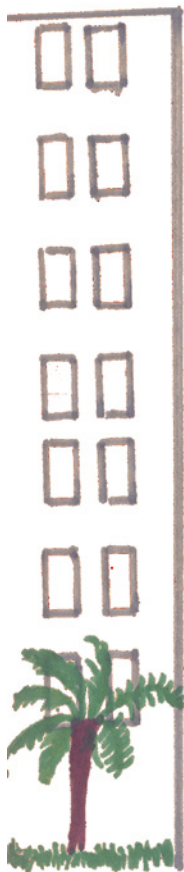


6:30 A.M

Starting the day.

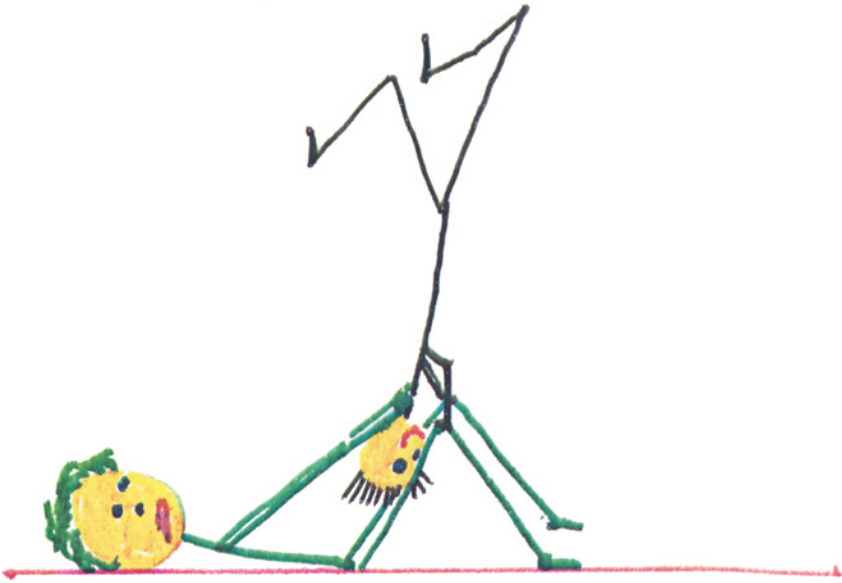


Where are my shoes?

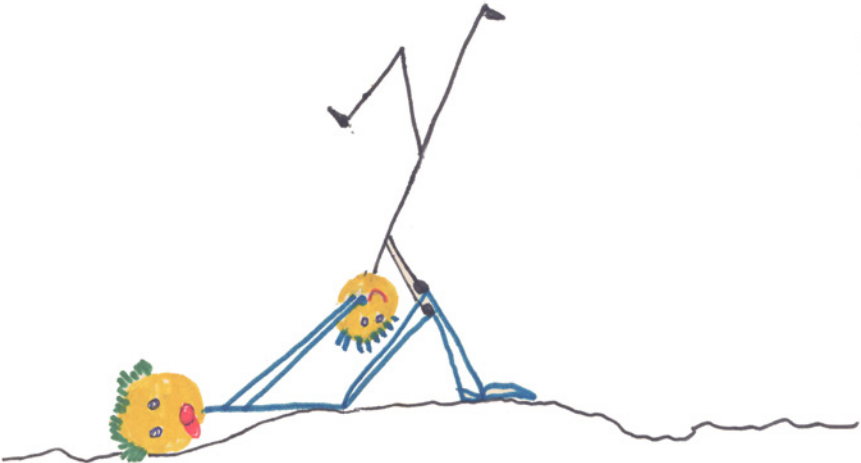


7:30 A.M  
SOME MORNINGS

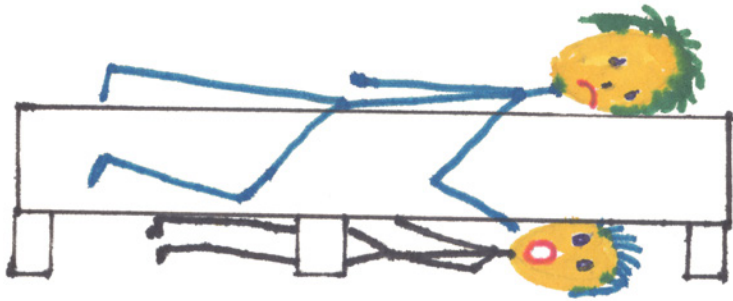
I'll miss you. See you later.



Horsing around with Curtis.



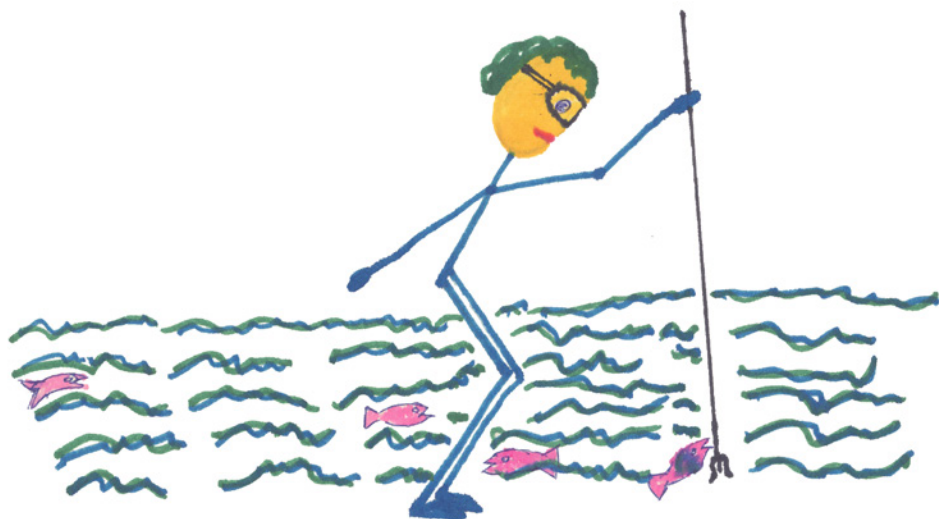
I'm too old for this . . .



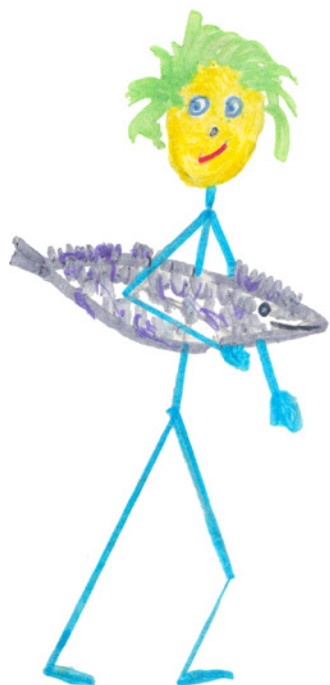
I'm not coming out !

Allergic to school.





I love fish.



Monsieur Poisson Pamplemousse

Fish is my second name.

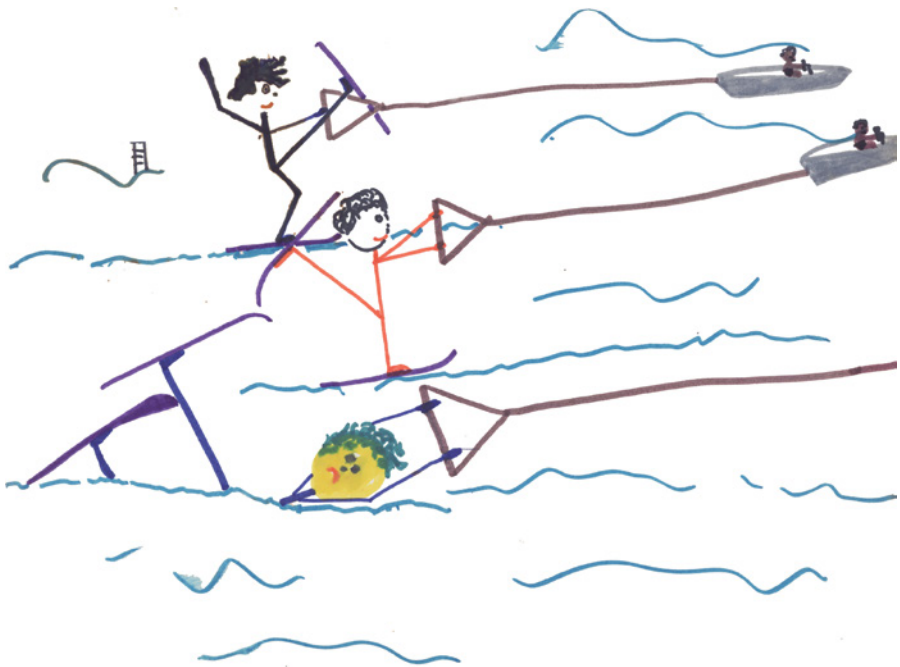


I DO MY EXERCISES  
EVERY DAY... ALMOST, ANYWAY



I've studied yoga, too.





Can't keep up with the young ones.



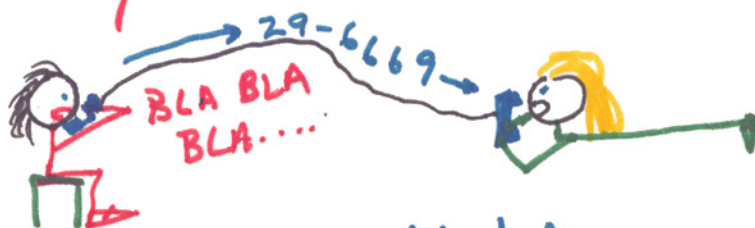
Vive Pamplémousse, Champion!

## Dream sequence

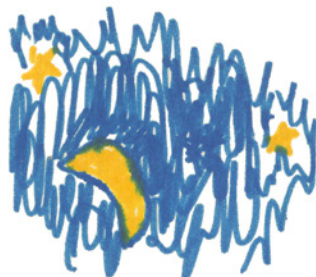


Longing for greens.

lovely in



FOR

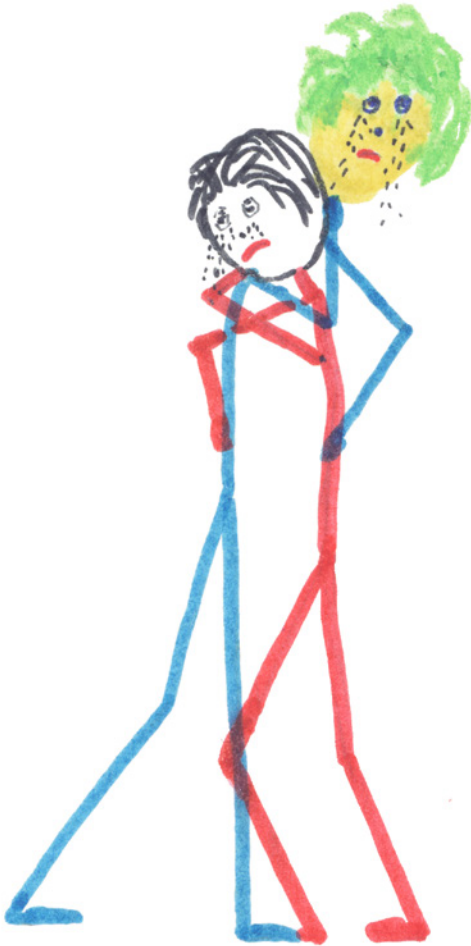


?

lovely

Did you phone Julie to come for dinner?





Some days are just like this.



LOVELY!  
Forgive me  
for my foul  
mood last  
night.



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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 lovely  
Lionel



Lovely —

I ~~am~~ 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!

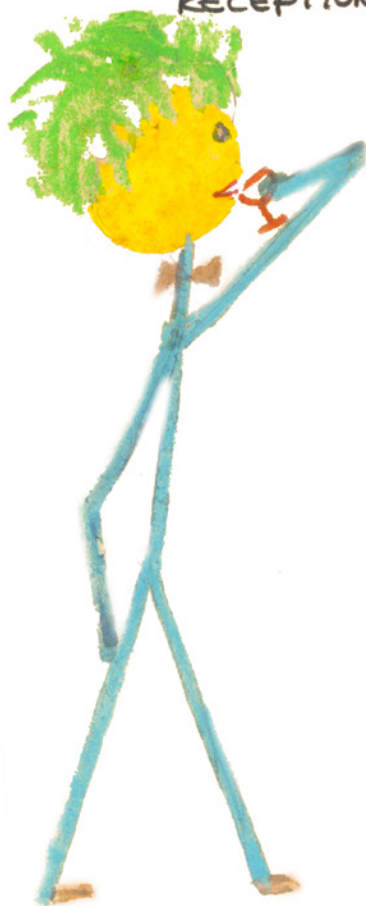
I could hardly  
move all day.

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

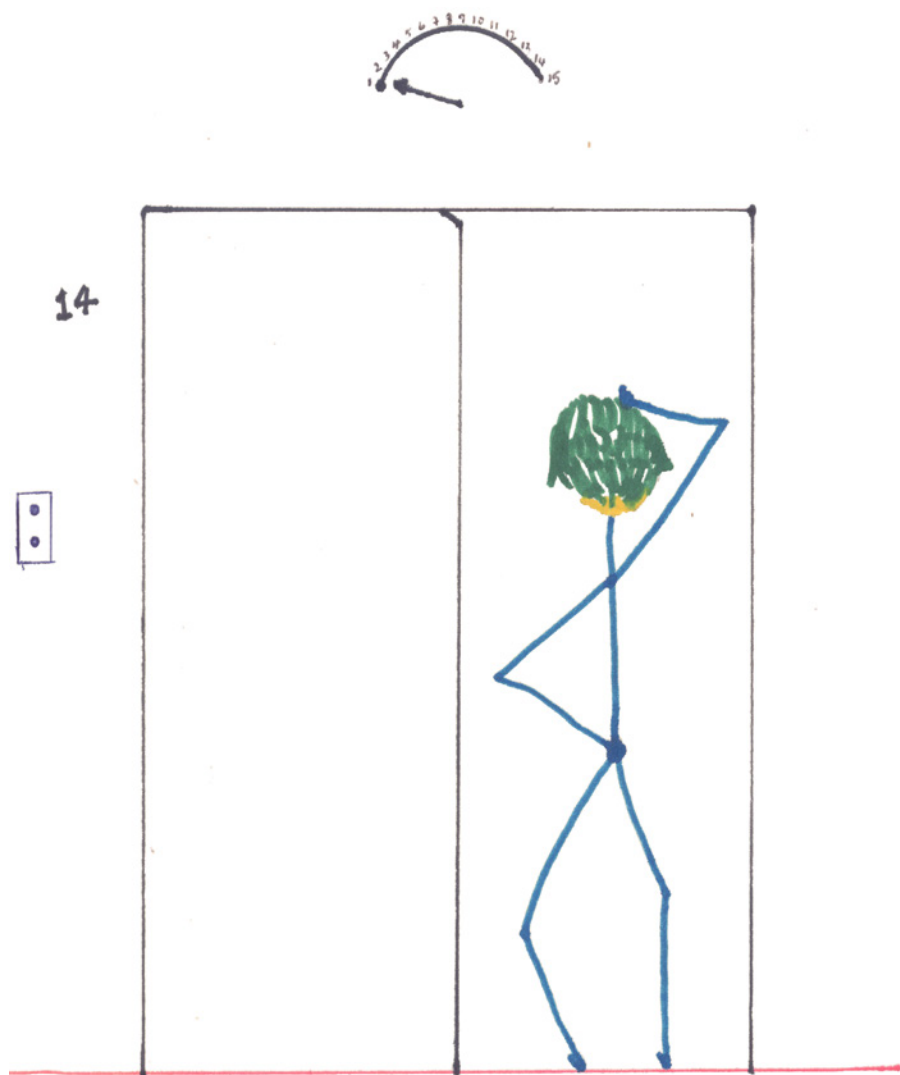


IT'S A BORE!



Adrienne ....  
lets go to a  
Movie tonight  
OK.?





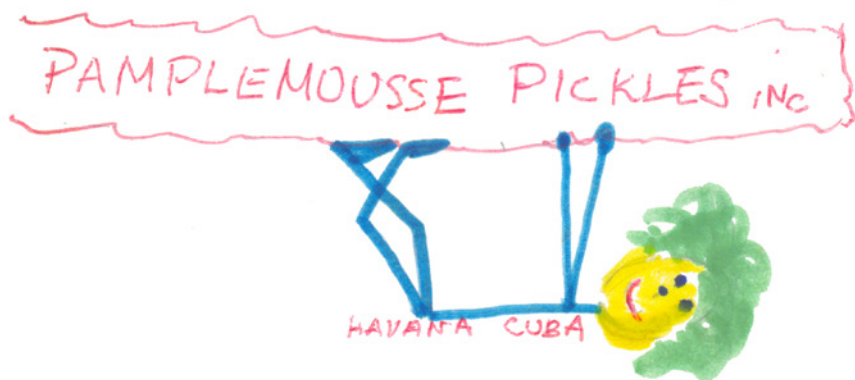
Will the elevator never come?



For your writing on  
plastic + glass

Here are some tools for you.





Dreaming in Springtime



Pomegranate takes up the pen.