

THE FISH JACKET

I wake up, having slept on my arms on a café table (THE TRADITIONAL WEE NAP, FOR CHRISSAKE!). It's bloody hot, the sun shines awkwardly into my eyes and I try remember who I am and what I am doing on a café table. My black jacket is on the floor between my feet, my travelling bag, by my side, there are some people at my table, I can't see a thing because of the sun and a MAGNIFICENT hangover, when I recoil for some strange, pink object approaching my face and I hear a deep, male, bass voice say: "THIS IS WHAT YOU NEED, BUDDY", and, finally, I see a hand holding a glass with some pink liquid and ice cubes. I grab, trembling, the glass and taste the contents – aaaaaaaaaaaaaah, sweet, cold and good, I empty it in 2-3 gulps and sit up in my chair, ready to take in the new day!

Cautiously, I start looking around. I am on the terrace of the Café Kutz on the Plaza del Castillo. Two indistinct figures are at the same table, loudly laughing, I recognize my Swedish travelling companion's laugh but the other one, no. When indistinction finally becomes distinct, I can see and I JUMP! My buddy: Registered. The other figure. Registered, Orson Welles! The circumstances are explained to me later, when we are alone but I understand, we have been drinking with Orson for hours.

I look at my watch. It's 9 o'clock in the morning of July 6. I AM in Pamplona!

When I pick up my black jacket I see, it's wet and stained, smells like fish. My buddy agrees and explains to me that we have had fish soup at some bar at 5 o'clock in the morning and when sleeping on the table, evidently some of it gently has been dripping out of my mouth onto the jacket. I haven't been sick, just dripping ... Later, when my buddy and I were dreaming back to long gone Sanfermines, any of us would say THE FISH JACKET and we exploded with laughter.

Well, back to that particular morning of SF 1959. I went into the rest rooms of the Kutz, very elegant, clean and nice smelling, washed my face, brushed my teeth and I was ready for the chupinazo. Before that, however, Orson said that Don Ernesto had already arrived and was at the Brazil with some friends and suggested we

go over there to say hello. On the road my buddy went to the underground rest rooms, so Orson and I approached Mr. Hemingway's terrace table at the Brazil and Orson said: "Ernest, let me introduce a Swedish friend of mine and an admirer of your work". Hemingway took a deep breath, leaned back in his chair and stared at me maliciously. WHAT DO YOU WANT?, he said to me, almost shouted. I don't remember WHAT I said but Orson took my arm and gestured that we'd move on, so he said to Ernesto that we'd catch up with him later.

Which I never did. During those 9 days and nights in 1959, I had met interesting persons. Orson, of course, Hemingway, Dominguín, Ava Gardner (wow!), Darryl Zanuck, John Fulton. Matt Carney (I am not 100% sure we met IN Pamplona or in T-town), Robert Vavra, Antonio Ordóñez, who was not on the cartel in 59 but had come to Pee in order to be with his friend Hemingway, to run the bulls and to dance and drink with the peñas.