

AÑEJO 3 AÑOS
RUM

THE ONE-MAN WRITERS CLUB

THE CUBAN WAY OF LITERATURE.

A GOOD BAR IS LIKE A GOOD BOOK. ONCE CAPTURED, ONE CANNOT ESCAPE IT. HEMINGWAY READ A LOT OF BOOKS IN HIS LIFE. BUT THERE WAS JUST ONE BAR.



LA BODEGUITA DEL MEDIO.



LET'S IMAGINE if Ernest Hemingway had not found his way into this legendary bar in Havana. In 1939 he would have walked down Empedrado street and just in that moment that he passed the bar, there would have been a distraction. A beautiful Cuban girl on the other side of the street. He would have smiled at her, while she just looked on, disparagingly. He would have cursed Cuba and taken the next plane back to the US. He would have married an ancient Miss Ohio and instead of that old man and the sea, he would have come up with an old woman and a stove. People would have dubbed his tax declarations of 1947 and 1951 as his most famous writings. And the remarkable joy he felt for living would have been seen only once: the day the hoggish sparrowhawk hanged itself on a bit of ivy in his garden. In 1954 he would have received, instead of the Nobel Prize in Literature, the Gardener of the Year award of northern Columbus. He would have never become the famous Hemingway, but would have always stayed good old Ernest.

DESTINY OVERCOMES LUCK.

LA BODEGUITA DEL MEDIO

BUT EXACTLY 70 YEARS ago there was no good looking Cuban girl passing by. And so Hemingway found his way into LA BODEGUITA DEL MEDIO. It became the place of his thoughts and the place where he could write his soul out. After having drunk it. From a cocktail glass. With two ounces of Havana Club Añejo 3 Años. He wrote and wrote and didn't even spare the walls of the bar. It should have become his best-known short story: "My Mojito in La Bodeguita."

HASTA LA VISTA.



AFTER 21 YEARS Hemingway left Cuba. He would never build on his former success. He took his own life. Not because he hated the world, but rather because he loved it far too much. As he once wrote: "The world is a beautiful place and worth fighting for". And after all you have learned about this man, it's not the most difficult thing to guess where Mr. Hemingway sat when these words crossed his mind. On which street. In which bar. And what was standing on the table in front of him.



EL RON DE CUBA

havana-club.com