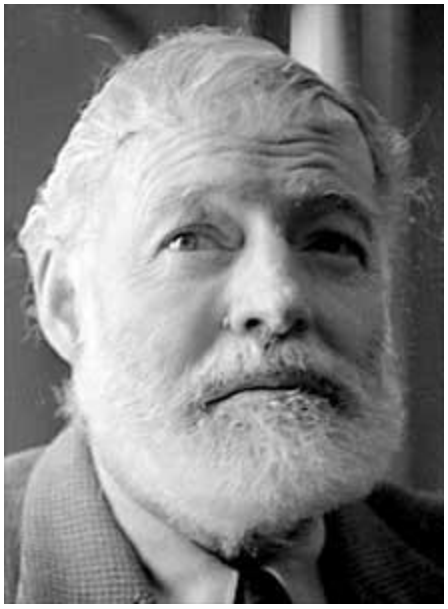
Ernest Hemingway - For Whom the Bell Tolls
Reading on May 21, 2010



Present: Amita, KumKum, Talitha, Indira, Priya, Bobby, Joe, Thommo, Soma
Observer: Ms. Zakia Abbas

The dates for the next two sessions have been fixed as follows:
June 11, 2010 Poetry
July 9, 2010 Herman Melville, *Moby Dick* (choice by Bobby & Indira)

Delightfully, we had a full quorum with enthusiastic participation, and for the first time we sat in board-room fashion at the Yacht Club library.

The next novel will be chosen by Amita & Talitha and notified to the others by June 7, 2010; the following choice will be by Priya & Thommo; then by Soma & Zakia.

1. Indira

Before reading from the novel Indira chose to read a parody of Hemingway's style. It was '*A Visit from Saint Nicholas in the Ernest Hemingway manner',* by humourist and writer for the *New Yorker* magazine, James Thurber, which originally appeared in the December 24, 1927 issue. You can read it here: https://shortstorymagictricks.com/2015/12/24/a-visit-from-saint-nicholas-in-the-ernest-hemingway-manner-by-james-thurber/

Since it was the *New Yorker* on the eve of Christmas, Thurber chose to write his parody using the text by Clement Moore of an apt poem, well-known at the time, called *A Night Before Christmas - A Visit from St Nicholas*. However, the style parodied is not the style of this book at all, but the style of reportorial pieces Hemingway wrote. It resembles somewhat his short-story writing. In this novel his writing is rather more florid, quite antithetical to the spare style of his short-stories. Indeed the average sentence length is less than seven words in this parody piece, whereas Hemingway uses 100- and 150-word sentences with fair regularity in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Indira said H was a man of little education. One has to submit education is not all it's cracked up to be, then. According to H one should not have to look up a dictionary when reading. Except *me cago in la leche*, (I shit in the milk) that is.

Priya referred to the Iceberg Theory of H, which may be stated in his own words: "If a writer of prose knows enough of what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an ice-berg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water. — from *Death in the Afternoon.* Read more at: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iceberg_Theory

Indira confessed, "I don't like Hemingway. I used to like him. I don't like his platform. He's unendingly sexist." She thought H carried a lot of baggage from the legacy of his father and mother. Bobby asked if H's personal relationships are a relevant matter. This was taken up later in an e-mail exchange among the

participants.

Indira agreed that some of the descriptions of nature in the novel are breathtaking. However, the character of Maria is painted very flat. The only thing she does not do is tell Jordan she'd like to kiss his feet; short of that, she performs every annoyingly submissive act that would irritate a woman of stronger mould.

Men like having a rabbit around, Indira said. To which Bobby replied he sure wouldn't mind. H had issued a warning in *To Have and Have Not*: "The better you treat a man and the more you show him you love him, the quicker he gets tired of you." He meant it. Joe agreed, and this caused a mild rumpus, as though he had said it about himself, and not as a general truism.

Joe thought that H, macho as he may have been, has two very contrasting women, both well-etched in the novel: the one is a strong-willed revolutionary who carries the whole bridge-blowing enterprise on her shoulders, from the cooking to the weaponry, including morale-boosting and acting as romance counsellor; the other is the recently raped young girl, Maria, rescued from the fascists, and undergoing a balmy rehabilitation from the trauma, courtesy of Robert Jordan with some help from Pilar.

Indira read her piece from the novel, and noted at points:"There's mush again." She remarked that at the time this was a very sexy scene; general laughter all around was the response. After the self-effacing woman's love in The *Spy who Came in from the Cold*, this is the next love scene of meek surrender to a man. The passage that caused the most titters was this:

> *"Thee came barefooted," he said.*
> *"Yes."*
> *"Then thee knew thou wert coming to the bed."*
> *"Yes."*

The stuff is too saccharine. However, Indira submitted that H's descriptions are exquisite, particularly of nature. The story begins in a pine forest and ends in another, in a very beautiful way. She drew attention to the way Jordan's father died in the novel; the

suicide resembles the way H's own father departed.

2. KumKum

KumKum found the novel difficult to read and took a long time to finish it. She selected a chapter that is devoted to a relatively unimportant character, Andrés, on his way to General Golz with the message from Robert Jordan. He wants to return from the dispatch to take part in the fight at the bridge with his comrades. There is great fear before the attack, and this passage combines that fear with the fear of the bullbaiting, a recreation in which Andres has made a name. It takes the form of an internal monologue, said Indira, akin to the Shakespearean soliloquies. The author goes into the character's head and extracts the makeup of the person.

This 107-word sentence is notable:

> He looked forward with excitement, delight and sweating fear to the moment when, in the square, he would hear the clatter of the bull's horns knocking against the wood of his travelling box, and then the sight of him as he came, sliding, braking out into the square, his head up, his nostrils wide, his ears twitching, dust in the sheen of his black hide, dried crut splashed on his flanks, watching his eyes set wide apart, unblinking eyes under the widespread horns as smooth and solid as driftwood polished by the sand, the sharp tips uptilted so that to see them did something to your heart.

Joe who does not like an author to give him trouble, searching for the antecedents of relatives, would recast this unwieldy sentence for greater intelligibility as five sentences, thus:

> "He looked forward with excitement and delight, sweating with fear, to the moment when, he would hear the clatter of the bull's horns in the square, knocking against the wood of the travelling box. He'd catch sight of the bull as he came, sliding and braking out into the square, head up, nostrils flared, and ears twitching. The sheen of the bull's black hide glistened under the dust, and here and there dried crut

might be splattered on the flanks. The bull's eyes were huge and unblinking under the sharp tips of the horns spread wide, looking smooth and solid as driftwood polished by the sand. Oh, those eyes did something to your heart!”

3. Amita

Amita went into a passage that clarifies why the partisans are fighting. Anslemo says it best, according to Indira, in this initial snatch of conversation:

> "They [the gypsies] do not understand why the war is made. They do not know for what we fight."
>
> "No," Anselmo said. "They only know now there is a war and people may kill again as in the olden times without a surety of punishment."
>
> "You have killed?" Robert Jordan asked in the intimacy of the dark and of their day together.
>
> "Yes. Several times. But not with pleasure. To me it is a sin to kill a man. Even Fascists whom we must kill. To me there is a great difference between the bear and the man and I do not believe the wizardry of the gypsies about the brotherhood with animals. No. I am against all killing of men."
>
> "Yet you have killed."
>
> "Yes. And will again. But if I live later, I will try to live in such a way, doing no harm to any one, that it will be forgiven."

Talitha mentioned the contrast with the mob fury in a later chapter where the fascist elite of a town are made to run the gauntlet of a group of villagers with clubs, who bludgeon them and thrown them over a cliff. Where is the reluctance to kill in this scene?

Amita quoted from numerous magazine clippings which were found in a copy of the novel from the library of her step father-in-law. Here are some samples from *Advice to a Young Man* — Hemingway's previously unpublished observations on the ground rules of life and literature:

> Verbal dexterity does not make a good book.

Writing must be a labour of love or it is not good writing.
We do not find the great truths: they find us."
Good advice sometimes comes too late.
The toughest thing for a writer is to maintain the vigor and fertility of his imagination.
I will wage warfare against any writer whose work appears to me careless.
Writers nowadays spend too much energy on the subsidiary activities of of talking and making money, which leaves them too little time for serious writing.
Few great authors have a brilliant command of language.
Writing plain English is hard work.
No one ever learned literature from a textbook.
Good writers know how to excavate significant facts from masses of information.

This is the opening of another parody of H's writing, which won a prize:

For Whom the Belch Tolls
"The Frog belched. This was the belch of a man. In Harry's Bar and Grill only the man who was called the Frog made a belch of a man of the bulls. The Frog was a man of the bulls. The man of the bulls was a bull Frog. ...."

For more you can take a look at a *Life* magazine article titled *Mister Papa* from Jan 10, 1949:
http://books.google.com/books?id=hkoEAAAAMBAJ&pg=PA86&source=gbs_toc_r&cad=1#v=onepage&q&f=false

4. Bobby

Bobby was taken by a piece on the significance of animals and their killing in various cultures. This occurs in Ch 3 in a conversation between Anslemo and Jordan. Robert Jordan says, "I do not like to kill animals." and Anselmo replies: "With me it is the opposite, I do not like to kill men."

Bobby remarked that just when he was reading this chapter where wolves, ibex, eagles and bears are discussed, an eagle

came to his window! Bobby mentioned an expression used by someone about a chap after he had got married. "He is suffering from marriage," was the way it was put.

Soma said: "Dreams die first, then the dreamer."

5. Soma

Soma characterised the novel as the juvenile love story of Jordan and Maria. She thought it quite extravagant to imagine that a girl who was gang-raped would fall in love soon after. Three days, she averred, is too short a time for the full course of 'love' to happen. (Perhaps all those desires get compressed in a time of war?) The character of Pilar is very interesting. Soma has no doubt that H is a male chauvinist. About Jordan Soma said: "He took the first opportunity to pounce on Maria." This remark made Joe enquire if Soma has ever been the Principal of a women's college, charged with protecting her students from male assault. "I am very outspoken", was her reply. A real Maria, in her opinion, would have been traumatised beyond the pale of romance. Here, instead, she's a piece of meat, preyed on by the men, but protected by Pilar from everyone's attentions, except Jordan's. Lucky guy. Soma's prepared commentary on the novel was so incisive and frank that only a complete reproduction of it will do justice. Here it is:

> "*For Whom The Bell Tolls* is set in a backdrop of violence, certainly a time of fear and desperation. While reading this book I could not help drawing parallels with the recent terrorist attacks taking place in India.
>
> My sympathies lie with the downtrodden, but no soci-economic problem was ever solved through violence. Murder, rape and mayhem by both sides are often glorified under the name of revolution. In the end it is nothing but mindless violence unleashed by and for the release of all that is evil in man.

Men with an iota of thinking power or heart and conscience die just like Anselmo and Robert Jordan. The dreams die first and then the dreamers. Anselmo has a strong aversion to the killings he was forced to do, and he talks of doing penance at the end of the war. Robert Jordan too questions his own killings. The rest are like Pablo, drunken, mindless, cowards basically.

I found one aspect of the book rather juvenile, the love story of Robert and Maria. I have my doubts whether a young girl like Maria who has been gang-raped by the murderers of her parents, killed before her eyes, would fall in love so easily, that too at first sight. Her emotional wounds would be too deep and fresh for love to happen the way it does in Maria's case. Moreover, she was surrounded by men of her own group who did not harbour brotherly feelings towards her. These were reasons enough for her to stay away from getting involved with any man. This story stretches over three days and three nights — much too short a time for love to happen.

Pilar's character was more real. Tough as a nail, hardened by life's experiences. Instinctively protective towards Maria's vulnerability. Hemingway draws Pilar as ugly and Maria as young and beautiful.

Why did Jordan fall in love with Maria? He hardly knew her as a person. I wondered if he would fall in love with her at first sight if she were disfigured too. He took the first opportunity to pounce on her. The male chauvinist in Hemingway makes her respond to his (Jordan's) overtures exactly as he (Hemingway) would want his object of lust to react. Obedient, docile, 'Oh so sweet', even after going through such traumatic experiences. Unconvincing to say the least!

In real life Jordan would have to woo her for months,

that too preferably keeping his hands to himself. A real Maria would hate to be touched by a man for a long, long time, no matter how nice he may have been."

The matter of requiring virginity in a bride-to-be arose as a topic. It continues to be the general assumption in India; someone pointed out that Lady Diana got tested for virginity by royal doctors as a prelude to her wedding to Prince Charles. So it's not all that antiquated a practice.

The reading Soma chose was from Ch 26 about how a decent person who is disgusted by the act of killing, nevertheless finds a justification for it. The passage begins with this question, "How many is that you have killed?" Jordan reassures himself toward the end of the passage that he has a right to not keep count and right to forget those killed – which echoes the view famously expressed by US General Tommy Franks in 2002 about the Afghan War: "we don't do body counts", meaning they don't count enemy dead, because they don't have to be accounted for.

6. Talitha

Talitha selected as her first passage a short one that extols the olfactory sense: " ... the odor of the pine boughs under him, the piney smell of the crushed needles and the sharper odor of the resinous sap from the cut limbs." It continues with a recitation of various other scents from nature, and seems almost poetic.

The second passage describes the violent scene as a crowd of relatively placid villagers is turned into a furious mob, "beating him [a fascist] until he fell and chopping at him with reaping hooks and the sickles." H's description brings out the eruption of this casual cruelty by people who are otherwise unaccustomed to this sort of thing. A madness overcomes them, as the fascist nobleman Don Ricardo defiantly comes out to face their fury. The readers listened to Talitha's reading, silent and grave, until the last sentence, "I obscenity in the milk of thy Republicanism." At which they burst out into ripples of laughter to hear once again the euphemisms for Spanish swear words – a reaction surely not

intended by H.

Talitha referred to a 1984 song by the band "Metallica" which has words from this scene in a song titled *For Whom The Bell Tolls*

> *Make his fight on the hill in the early day*
> *Constant chill deep inside*
> *Shouting gun, on they run through the endless grey*
> *On the fight, for they are right, yes, by who's to say?*
> *For a hill men would kill, why? They do not know*
> *Suffered wounds test there their pride*
> *Men of five, still alive through the raging glow*
> *Gone insane from the pain that they surely know*
>
> *For whom the bell tolls*
> *Time marches on*
> *For whom the bell tolls ....*

The *Beegees* too have a song in this vein. Talitha also called attention to the use of multiple 'and' connectives in a single sentence, which occurs often in this passage. In one sentence there are seven such and's. It's not what your composition teacher would recommend.

7. Priya

Priya chose a passage that reflects on the beauty of women, interior and exterior. The words are those of Pilar, perhaps the dominant and dominating character in the novel.

> "*Vamos*, I'm not ugly. I was born ugly. All my life I have been ugly. You, *Inglés*, who know nothing about women. Do you know how an ugly woman feels? Do you know what it is to be ugly all your life and inside to feel that you are beautiful?"

So here you have Hemingway showing his range of emotional understanding in the depiction of this woman, who will be no man's slave, and certainly won't put up with macho nonsense, for she is aware of both qualities of men: their genuine strength and their faint-hearted weakness . It is no wonder that the only Oscar

won by the 1943 film starring Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, was for the portrayal of Pilar by Katina Paxinou, the Greek actress. She won a Golden Globe too.

Hulton Archive/Getty Images

Priya remarked on Pilar’s protectiveness toward Maria. She is indeed a pillar of strength for Maria, true to the meaning of her name. Joe regarded her care for Maria as "administering therapy to her via Jordan", whom she officially authorised to be the lover of Maria. Indira raised the vague thought that Pilar is lesbian. No basis for that view can be found in the novel, as far as Joe has read it.

8. Thommo

Thommo's reading too dealt with the necessity of war. Anselmo is the one most clear-sighted about the abomination that war works on humans. He is unswerving in his opposition to the cruelty of war and maintains to the end a composure, based on his

naturally pacific leanings. "I hope I am not for the killing," Anselmo tells himself. His view is that the killing is necessary, but the act itself is very bad for a man. He subscribes to the law of karma, it seems.

9. Joe

There's a feeling of relief when the reader comes to the end of this novel. It has been hard work to live three days in the cave with Pilar and Pablo, to roll in the robe so many times with Jordan and Maria, putting up with the most astoundingly archaic language, and all those bowdlerisms for copulation and swear words, such as *me cago en la leche,* translated as 'I obscenity in the milk', everywhere.
Passages like this:

> *“"Thy duty," said Augustin mockingly. "I besmirch the milk of thy duty." Then turning to the woman, "Where the un-nameable is this vileness that I am to guard?"*
> *"In the cave," Pilar said. "In two sacks. And I am tired of thy obscenity."*
> *"I obscenity in the milk of thy tiredness," Augustin said.*
> *"Then go and befoul thyself," Pilar said to him without heat."*
> (p. 92)

All this sounds quite humorous to us. A witticism by Tallulah Bankhead, the American actress comes to mind. Meeting Hemingway for the first time, she exclaimed, "So, you're the guy who doesn't know how to spell fuck."
Since the story is set against the background of the Spanish War and the main relief from the horrors of war is the offering Maria makes of her violated body to Jordan's tenderness, the reading would have to be a War scene and a Love scene. For the War scene I have chosen the battle on the hill where Sordo's band is cornered by the Fascist forces. For the love scene I have chosen one which has left the legacy of a Hemingway expression for orgasm that remains in use even today.
One or two remarks. This book shows Hemingway's novelistic writing at its worst. The stratagem of translating Spanish expressions literally into English in order to give a Spanish flavour, does not work. It is clumsy.
Ex. 1 *"What passes with you? (¿Que pasa?)*"

Ex. 2 *"How are you called? (¿Cómo te llamas?)*
Ex. 3 *The bridge is terminated.*
Ex. 4. *In addition to the blond one with the rare name--" the gypsy said.*

"Kashkin."

"Yes. It is a name I can never dominate.

The careless abandon with which he writes interminable sentences, confusing the reader, shows Hemingway did not have a good editor go through and chop up all those 153-word sentences into intelligible segments.[1] It seems as if he employs a stream-of-consciousness method in descriptions, just spewing out the phrases in a torrent. The many long detours of the novel (such as the final abortive attempt to dispatch the messenger Andres to Golz) detract from the tautness. It could have benefited from an editor who excised large chunks of the writing and compressed the novel to half its length. It's only three days being recounted in the book, and how much does it take to blow up one bridge and romance a single woman, one is left wondering. Hemingway knew about war very well from personal experience; also about bullfights. He brings immediacy and a telling exactitude to his description of action scenes that involve one or the other. Indeed, in this book he shows his virtuosity in just such scenes. Before reading the passages here's a story invented by Joe:

> *Hemingway was having breakfast in his Cuban home, Finca Vigia, when his son Patrick, by his second wife, Pauline, saw an insect crawling in the milk he was pouring. He cried out: "Papa, Papa, there's an obscenity in thy milk."*

Joe really got into the animated recitation of his passage (see below), describing a famous love scene from the novel. Indira asked why Joe chose the piece, and he gave his reason as follows. It is the one piece which has resulted in a euphemistic expression for the female orgasam, which has entered the English language and is still commonly used: 'the earth moved.' Male orgasm too, Indira interjected. Sure; however, it has been debased somewhat by its flippant use on more trite occasions.

The Readings

1. Indira

(1) ***'A Visit from Saint Nicholas in the Ernest Hemingway manner',*** a parody of Hemingway's style by humourist and writer for the *New Yorker* magazine, James Thurber, which originally appeared in December 24, 1927 issue.

It was the night before Christmas. The house was very quiet. No creatures were stirring in the house. There weren't even any mice stirring. The stockings had been hung carefully by the chimney. The children hoped that Saint Nicholas would come and fill them. The children were in their beds. Their beds were in the room next to ours. Mamma and I were in our beds. Mamma wore a kerchief. I had my cap on. I could hear the children moving. We didn't move. We wanted the children to think we were asleep.

"Father," the children said.

There was no answer. He's there, all right, they thought.

"Father," they said, and banged on their beds.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"We have visions of sugarplums," the children said.

"Go to sleep," said mamma.

"We can't sleep," said the children. They stopped talking, but I could hear them moving. They made sounds.

"Can you sleep?" asked the children.

"No," I said.

"You ought to sleep."

"I know. I ought to sleep."

"Can we have some sugarplums?"

"You can't have any sugarplums," said mamma.

"We just asked you."

There was a long silence. I could hear the children moving again.

"Is Saint Nicholas asleep?" asked the children.

"No," mamma said. "Be quiet."

"What the hell would he be asleep tonight for?" I asked.

"He might be," the children said.

"He isn't," I said.

"Let's try to sleep," said mamma.

The house became quiet once more. I could hear the rustling noises the children made when they moved in their beds.

Out on the lawn a clatter arose. I got out of bed and went to the window. I opened the shutters; then I threw up the sash. The moon shone on the snow. The moon gave the lustre of mid-day to objects in the snow. There was a miniature sleigh in the snow, and eight tiny reindeer. A little man was driving them. He was lively and quick. He whistled and shouted at the reindeer and called them by their names. Their names were Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder, and Blitzen.

He told them to dash away to the top of the porch, and then he told them to dash away to the top of the wall. They did. The sleigh was full of toys.

"Who is it?" mamma asked.

"Some guy," I said. "A little guy."

I pulled my head in out of the window and listened. I heard the reindeer on the roof. I could hear their hoofs pawing and prancing on the roof.

"Shut the window," said mamma.

I stood still and listened.

"What do you hear?"

"Reindeer," I said. I shut the window and walked about. It was cold. Mamma sat up in the bed and looked at me.

"How would they get on the roof?" mamma asked.

"They fly."

"Get into bed. You'll catch cold."

Mamma lay down in bed. I didn't get into bed. I kept walking around.

"What do you mean, they fly?" asked mamma.

"Just fly is all."

Mamma turned away toward the wall. She didn't say anything.

I went out into the room where the chimney was. The little man came down the chimney and stepped into the room. He was dressed all in fur. His clothes were covered with ashes and soot from the chimney. On his back was a pack like a peddler's pack. There were toys in it. His cheeks and nose were red and he had dimples. His eyes twinkled. His mouth was little, like a bow, and his beard was very white. Between his teeth was a stumpy pipe. The smoke from the pipe encircled his head in a wreath. He laughed and his belly shook. It shook like a bowl of red jelly. I laughed. He winked his eye, then he gave a twist to his head. He didn't say anything.

He turned to the chimney and filled the stockings and turned away from the chimney. Laying his finger aside his nose, he gave a nod. Then he went up the chimney. I went to the chimney and looked up. I saw him get into his sleigh. He whistled at his team and the team flew away. The team flew as lightly as thistledown. The driver called out, "Merry Christmas and good night." I went back to bed.

"What was it?" asked mamma. "Saint Nicholas?" She smiled.

"Yeah," I said.

She sighed and turned in the bed.

"I saw him," I said.

"Sure."

"I did see him."

"Sure you saw him." She turned farther toward the wall.

"Father," said the children.

"There you go," mamma said. "You and your flying reindeer."

"Go to sleep," I said.

"Can we see Saint Nicholas when he comes?" the children asked.

"You got to be asleep," I said. "You got to be asleep when he comes. You can't see him unless you're unconscious."

"Father knows," mamma said.

I pulled the covers over my mouth. It was warm under the covers. As I went to sleep I wondered if mamma was right.

(2) Ch 7 — Jordan beds Maria

"No. No. No. With thee and I will be thy woman."

Now as they lay all that before had been shielded was unshielded. Where there had been roughness of fabric all was smooth with a smoothness and firm rounded pressing and a long warm coolness, cool outside and warm within, long and light and closely holding, closely held, lonely, hollow-making with contours, happymaking, young and loving and now all warmly smooth with a hollowing, chest-aching, tight-held loneliness that was such that Robert Jordan felt he could not stand it and he said, "Hast thou loved others?"

"Never."

Then suddenly, going dead in his arms, "But things were done to me."

"By whom?"

"By various."

Now she lay perfectly quietly and as though her body were dead and turned her head away from him.

"Now you will not love me."

"I love you," he said.

But something had happened to him and she knew it.

"No," she said and her voice had gone dead and flat. "Thou wilt not love me. But perhaps thou wilt take me to the home. And I will go to the home and I will never be thy woman nor anything."

"I love thee, Maria."

"No. It is not true," she said. Then as a last thing pitifully and hopefully.

"But I have never kissed any man."

"Then kiss me now."

"I wanted to," she said. "But I know not how. Where things were done to me I fought until I could not see. I fought until--until--until one sat upon my head--and I bit him--and then they tied my mouth and held my arms behind my head--and others did things to me."

"I love thee, Maria," he said. "And no one has done anything to thee. Thee, they cannot touch. No one has touched thee, little rabbit."

"You believe that?"

"I know it."

"And you can love me?" warm again against him now.

"I can love thee more."

"I will try to kiss thee very well."

"Kiss me a little."

"I do not know how."

"Just kiss me."

She kissed him on the cheek.

"No."

"Where do the noses go? I always wondered where the noses would go."

"Look, turn thy head," and then their mouths were tight together and she lay close pressed against him and her mouth opened a little gradually and then, suddenly, holding her against him, he was happier than he had ever been, lightly, lovingly, exultingly, innerly happy and unthinking and untired and unworried and only feeling a great delight and he said, "My little rabbit. My darling. My sweet. My long lovely."

"What do you say?" she said as though from a great distance away.

"My lovely one," he said.

They lay there and he felt her heart beating against his and with the side of his foot he stroked very lightly against the side of hers.

"Thee came barefooted," he said.

"Yes."

"Then thee knew thou wert coming to the bed."

"Yes."

"And you had no fear."

"Yes. Much. But more fear of how it would be to take my shoes off."

2. KumKum

Ch 34. Andrés, on his way to General Golz with the message from Robert Jordan.

He wanted to get this message-taking over and be back for the attack on the posts in the morning. Did he really want to get back though or did he only pretend he wanted to be back? **...**

But when the _Inglés_ had spoken to him of the message he had felt the way he used to feel when he was a boy and he had wakened in the morning of the festival of his village and heard it raining hard so that he knew that it would be too wet and that the bullbaiting in the square would be cancelled.

He loved the bullbaiting when he was a boy and he looked forward to it and to the moment when he would be in the square in the hot sun and the dust with the carts ranged all around to close the exits and to make a closed place into which the bull would come, sliding down out of his box, braking with all four feet, when they pulled the end-gate up. He looked forward with excitement, delight and sweating fear to the moment when, in the square, he would hear the clatter of the bull's horns knocking against the wood of his travelling box, and then the sight of him as he came, sliding, braking out into the square, his head up, his nostrils wide, his ears twitching, dust in the sheen of his black hide, dried crut splashed on his flanks, watching his eyes set wide apart, unblinking eyes under the widespread horns as smooth and solid as driftwood polished by the sand, the sharp tips uptilted so that to see them did something to your heart.

He looked forward all the year to that moment when the bull would come out into the square on that day when you watched his eyes while he made his choice of whom in the square he would attack in that sudden head-lowering, horn-reaching, quick gallop that stopped your heart dead when it started. He had looked forward to that moment all the year when he was a boy;

but the feeling when the *Inglés* gave the order about the message was the same as when you woke to hear the reprieve of the rain falling on the slate roof, against the stone wall and into the puddles on the dirt Street of the village.

He had always been very brave with the bull in those village *capeas*, as brave as any in the village or of the other near-by villages, and not for anything would he have missed it any year, although he did not go to the *capeas* of other villages. He was able to wait still when the bull charged and only jumped aside at the last moment. He waved a sack under his muzzle to draw him off when the bull had some one down and many times he had held and pulled on the horns when the bull had some one on the ground and pulled sideways on the horn, had slapped and kicked him in the face until he left the man to charge some one else. **...**

The first time he had bit the ear of a bull and held onto it, his neck and jaws stiffened against the tossing, they had all made fun of him afterwards. But though they joked him about it they had great respect for him. And every year after that he had to repeat it. They called him the bulldog of Villaconejos and joked about him eating cattle raw. **...**

Surely. He was the Bulldog of Villaconejos and not for anything would he have missed doing it each year in his village. But he knew there was no better feeling than that one the sound of the rain gave when he knew he would not have to do it.

But I must go back, he told himself. There is no question but that I must go back for the affair of the posts and the bridge. My brother Eladio is there, who is of my own bone and flesh. Anselmo, Primitivo, Fernando, Agustín, Rafael, though clearly he is not serious, the two women, Pablo and the *Inglés*, though the *Inglés* does not count since he is a foreigner and under orders. They are all in for it. It is impossible that I should escape this through the accident of a message. I must deliver this message now quickly and well and then make all haste to return in time for the assault on the posts. It would be ignoble of me not to participate in this action because of the accident of this message.

...

But for all his noble thinking a little while before there was in him that reprieved feeling that had always come with the sound of rain in the village on the morning of the fiesta.

3. Amita

Ch 13. The dialectics of the Spanish War

You went into it knowing what you were fighting for. You were fighting against exactly what you were doing and being forced into doing to have any chance of winning. So now he was compelled to use these people whom he liked as you should use troops toward whom you have no feeling at all if you were to be successful. Pablo was evidently the smartest. He knew how bad it was instantly. The woman was all for it, and still was; but the realization of what it really consisted in had overcome her steadily and it had done plenty to her already. Sordo recognized it instantly and would do it but he did not like it any more than he, Robert Jordan, liked it.

So you say that it is not that which will happen to yourself but that which may happen to the woman and the girl and to the others that you think of. All right. What would have happened to them if you had not come? What happened to them and what passed with them before you were ever here? You must not think in that way. You have no responsibility for them except in action. The orders do not come from you. They come from Golz. And who is Golz? A good general. The best you've ever served under. But should a man carry out impossible orders knowing what they lead to? Even though they come from Golz, who is the party as well as the army? Yes. He should carry them out because it is only in the performing of them that they can prove to be impossible. How do you know they are impossible until you have tried them? If every one said orders were impossible to carry out when they were received where Would you be? Where would we all be if you just said, "Impossible," when orders came?
He had seen enough of commanders to whom all orders were impossible. That swine Gomez in Estremadura. He had seen enough attacks when the flanks did not advance because it was

impossible. No, he would carry out the orders and it was bad luck that you liked the people you must do it with.

In all the work that they, the *partizans*, did, they brought added danger and bad luck to the people that sheltered them and worked with them. For what? So that, eventually, there should be no more danger and so that the country should be a good place to live in. That was true no matter how trite it sounded.

If the Republic lost it would be impossible for those who believed in it to live in Spain. But would it? Yes, he knew that it would be, from the things that happened in the parts the fascists had already taken.

Pablo was a swine but the others were fine people and was it not a betrayal of them all to get them to do this? Perhaps it was. But if they did not do it two squadrons of cavalry would come and hunt them out of these hills in a week.

No. There was nothing to be gained by leaving them alone. Except that all people should be left alone and you should interfere with no one. So he believed that, did he? Yes, he believed that. And what about a planned society and the rest of it? That was for the others to do. He had something else to do after this war. He fought now in this war because it had started in a country that he loved and he believed in the Republic and that if it were destroyed life would be unbearable for all those people who believed in it. He was under Communist discipline for the duration of the war. Here in Spain the Communists offered the best discipline and the soundest and sanest for the prosecution of the war. He accepted their discipline for the duration of the war because, in the conduct of the war, they were the only party whose program and whose discipline he could respect.
What were his politics then? He had none now, he told himself. But do not tell any one else that, he thought. Don't ever admit that. And what are you going to do afterwards? I am going back and earn my living teaching Spanish as before, and I am going to write a true book. I'll bet, he said. I'll bet that will be easy.

4. Bobby

Ch 3. Jordan discusses with Anselmo about the significance of animals in nature for different peoples in the world.

The sentry was still standing at the far box with his back turned.

"Let us go," Robert Jordan said. He started up the hill, moving carefully and taking advantage of the cover until they were out of sight. Anselmo followed him at a hundred yards distance. When they were well out of sight of the bridge, he stopped and the old man came up and went into the lead and climbed steadily through the pass, up the steep slope in the dark.

"We have a formidable aviation," the old man said happily.
"Yes."
"And we will win."
"We have to win."
"Yes. And after we have won you must come to hunt."
"To hunt what?"
"The boar, the bear, the wolf, the ibex--"
"You like to hunt?"
"Yes, man. More than anything. We all hunt in my village. You do not like to hunt?"
"No," said Robert Jordan. "I do not like to kill animals."
"With me it is the opposite," the old man said. "I do not like to kill men."
"Nobody does except those who are disturbed in the head," Robert Jordan said. "But I feel nothing against it when it is necessary. When it is for the cause."

"It is a different thing, though," Anselmo said. "In my house, when I had a house, and now I have no house, there were the tusks of boar I had shot in the lower forest. There were the hides of wolves I had shot. In the winter, hunting them in the snow. One very big one, I killed at dusk in the outskirts of the village on my way home one night in November. There were four wolf hides on the floor of my house. They were worn by stepping on them but they were wolf hides. There were the horns of ibex that I had

killed in the high Sierra, and there was an eagle stuffed by an embalmer of birds of Avila, with his wings spread, and eyes as yellow and real as the eyes of an eagle alive. It was a very beautiful thing and all of those things gave me great pleasure to contemplate."

"Yes," said Robert Jordan.
"On the door of the church of my village was nailed the paw of a bear that I killed in the spring, finding him on a hillside in the snow, overturning a log with this same paw."

"When was this?"
"Six years ago. And every time I saw that paw, like the hand of a man, but with those long claws, dried and nailed through the palm to the door of the church, I received a pleasure."
"Of pride?"
"Of pride of remembrance of the encounter with the bear on that hillside in the early spring. But of the killing of a man, who is a man as we are, there is nothing good that remains."

"You can't nail his paw to the church," Robert Jordan said.
"No. Such a barbarity is unthinkable. Yet the hand of a man is like the paw of a bear."
"So is the chest of a man like the chest of a bear," Robert Jordan said. "With the hide removed from the bear, there are many similarities in the muscles."

"Yes," Anselmo said. "The gypsies believe the bear to be a brother of man."
"So do the Indians in America," Robert Jordan said. "And when they kill a bear they apologize to him and ask his pardon. They put his skull in a tree and they ask him to forgive them before they leave it."
"The gypsies believe the bear to be a brother to man because he has the same body beneath his hide, because he drinks beer, because he enjoys music and because he likes to dance."

"So also believe the Indians."
"Are the Indians then gypsies?"

"No. But they believe alike about the bear."

5. Soma

Ch 26. Justifying killing when the act itself is positively disgusting

How many is that you have killed? he asked himself. I don't know. Do you think you have a right to kill any one? No. But I have to. How many of those you have killed have been real fascists? Very few. But they are all the enemy to whose force we are opposing force. But you like the people of Navarra better than those of any other part of Spain. Yes. And you kill them. Yes. If you don't believe it go down there to the camp. Don't you know it is wrong to kill? Yes. But you do it? Yes. And you still believe absolutely that your cause is right? Yes.

It is right, he told himself, not reassuringly, but proudly. I believe in the people and their right to govern themselves as they wish. But you mustn't believe in killing, he told himself. You must do it as a necessity but you must not believe in it. If you believe in it the whole thing is wrong.

But how many do you suppose you have killed? I don't know because I won't keep track. But do you know? Yes. How many? You can't be sure how many. Blowing the trains you kill many. Very many. But you can't be sure. But of those you are sure of? More than twenty. And of those how many were real fascists? Two that I am sure of. Because I had to shoot them when we took them prisoners at Usera. And you did not mind that? No. Nor did you like it? No. I decided never to do it again. I have avoided it. I have avoided killing those who are unarmed.

Listen, he told himself. You better cut this out. This is very bad for you and for your work. Then himself said back to him, You listen, see? Because you are doing something very serious and I have to see you understand it all the time. I have to keep you straight in your head. Because if you are not absolutely straight in your head you have no right to do the things you do for all of them are crimes and no man has a right to take another man's life unless it is to prevent something worse happening to other people. So get

it straight and do not lie to yourself.

But I won't keep a count of people I have killed as though it were a trophy record or a disgusting business like notches in a gun, he told himself. I have a right to not keep count and I have a right to forget them.

No, himself said. You have no right to forget anything. You have no right to shut your eyes to any of it nor any right to forget any of it nor to soften it nor to change it.

Shut up, he told himself. You're getting awfully pompous.
Nor ever to deceive yourself about it, himself went on.
All right, he told himself. Thanks for all the good advice and is it all right for me to love Maria?
Yes, himself said.
Even if there isn't supposed to be any such thing as love in a purely materialistic conception of society?

6. Talitha

Ch 20.

(1) The smells of the forest

The night was clear and his head felt as clear and cold as the air. He smelled the odor of the pine boughs under him, the piney smell of the crushed needles and the sharper odor of the resinous sap from the cut limbs. Pilar, he thought. Pilar and the smell of death. This is the smell I love. This and fresh-cut clover, the crushed sage as you ride after cattle, wood-smoke and the burning leaves of autumn. That must be the odor of nostalgia, the smell of the smoke from the piles of raked leaves burning in the streets in the fall in Missoula. Which would you rather smell? Sweet grass the Indians used in their baskets? Smoked leather? The odor of the ground in the spring after rain? The smell of the sea as you walk through the gorse on a headland in Galicia? Or the wind from the land as you come in toward Cuba in the dark? That was the odor of the cactus flowers, mimosa and the sea-grape shrubs. Or would you rather smell frying bacon in the morning when you are hungry? Or coffee in the morning? Or a Jonathan apple as you bit into it? Or a cider mill in the grinding,

or bread fresh from the oven? You must be hungry, he thought, and he lay on his side and watched the entrance of the cave in the light that the stars reflected from the snow.

Some one came out from under the blanket and he could see whoever it was standing by the break in the rock that made the entrance. Then he heard a slithering sound in the snow and then whoever it was ducked down and went back in.

I suppose she won't come until they are all asleep, he thought. It is a waste of time. The night is half gone. Oh, Maria. Come now quickly, Maria, for there is little time. He heard the soft sound of snow falling from a branch onto the snow on the ground. A little wind was rising. He felt it on his face. Suddenly he felt a panic that she might not come. The wind rising now reminded him how soon it would be morning. More snow fell from the branches as he heard the wind now moving the pine tops.

Come now, Maria. Please come here now quickly, he thought. Oh, come here now. Do not wait. There is no importance any more to your waiting until they are asleep.

Then he saw her coming out from under the blanket that covered the cave mouth. She stood there a moment and he knew it was she but he could not see what she was doing. He whistled a low whistle and she was still at the cave mouth doing something in the darkness of the rock shadow. Then she came running, carrying something in her hands and he saw her running long-legged through the snow. Then she was kneeling by the robe, her head pushed hard against him, slapping snow from her feet. She kissed him and handed him her bundle.

(2) The elite run the gauntlet of Republican mob cruelty

"Don Ricardo was a short man with gray hair and a thick neck and he had a shirt on with no collar. He was bow-legged from much horseback riding. 'Good-by,' he said to all those who were kneeling. 'Don't be sad. To die is nothing. The only bad thing is to die at the hands of this *canalla*. Don't touch me,' he said to Pablo. 'Don't touch me with your shotgun.'

"He walked out of the front of the *Ayuntamiento* with his gray hair and his small gray eyes and his thick neck looking very short and angry. He looked at the double line of peasants and he spat on the ground. He could spit actual saliva which, in such a circumstance, as you should know, *Inglés*, is very rare and he said, '*Arriba Espana*! Down with the miscalled Republic and I obscenity in the milk of your fathers.'
"So they clubbed him to death very quickly because of the insult, beating him as soon as he reached the first of the men, beating him as he tried to walk with his head up, beating him until he fell and chopping at him with reaping hooks and the sickles, and many men bore him to the edge of the cliff to throw him over and there was blood now on their hands and on their clothing, and now began to be the feeling that these who came out were truly enemies and should be killed.

"Until Don Ricardo came out with that fierceness and calling those insults, many in the line would have given much, I am sure, never to have been in the line. And if any one had shouted from the line, 'Come, let us pardon the rest of them. Now they have had their lesson,' I am sure most would have agreed.

"But Don Ricardo with all his bravery did a great disservice to the others. For he aroused the men in the line and where, before, they were performing a duty and with no great taste for it, now they were angry, and the difference was apparent.

"'Let the priest out and the thing will go faster,' some one shouted.
"'Let out the priest.'
"'We've had three thieves, let us have the priest.'
"'Two thieves,' a short peasant said to the man who had shouted. 'It was two thieves with Our Lord.'
"'Whose Lord?' the man said, his face angry and red.
"'In the manner of speaking it is said Our Lord.'

"'He isn't my Lord; not in joke,' said the other. 'And thee hadst best watch thy mouth if thou dost not want to walk between the

lines.'
"'I am as good a Libertarian Republican as thou,' the short peasant said. 'I struck Don Ricardo across the mouth. I struck Don Federico across the back. I missed Don Benito. But I say Our Lord is the formal way of speaking of the man in question and that it was two thieves.'
"'I obscenity in the milk of thy Republicanism. You speak of Don this and Don that.'

7. Priya

Ch 10. The many loves of Pilar

"Do you ever go to Segovia?"
"*Qué va*. With this face? This is a face that is known. How would you like to be ugly, beautiful one?" she said to Maria.
"Thou art not ugly."

"*Vamos*, I'm not ugly. I was born ugly. All my life I have been ugly. You, *Inglés*, who know nothing about women. Do you know how an ugly woman feels? Do you know what it is to be ugly all your life and inside to feel that you are beautiful? It is very rare," she put the other foot in the stream, then removed it. "God, it's cold. Look at the water wagtail," she said and pointed to the gray ball of a bird that was bobbing up and down on a stone up the stream. "Those are no good for anything. Neither to sing nor to eat. Only to jerk their tails up and down. Give me a cigarette, *Inglés*," she said and taking it, lit it from a flint and steel lighter in the pocket of her skirt. She puffed on the cigarette and looked at Maria and Robert Jordan.
"Life is very curious," she said, and blew smoke from her nostrils. "I would have made a good man, but I am all woman and all ugly. Yet many men have loved me and I have loved many men. It is curious. Listen, *Inglés*, this is interesting. Look at me, as ugly as I am. Look closely, *Inglés*."

"Thou art not ugly."
"*Qué no*? Don't lie to me. Or," she laughed the deep laugh. "Has it begun to work with thee? No. That is a joke. No. Look at the ugliness. Yet one has a feeling within one that blinds a man while he loves you. You, with that feeling, blind him, and blind yourself.

Then one day, for no reason, he sees you ugly as you really are and he is not blind any more and then you see yourself as ugly as he sees you and you lose your man and your feeling. Do you understand, *guapa*?" She patted the girl on the shoulder.

"No," said Maria. "Because thou art not ugly."

8. Thommo

Ch 15. The philosophy of war – 'The killing is necessary ... but still the doing of it is very bad for a man.'

It is too cold, he thought. That the *Inglés* should come and that I should not have to kill in this of the posts. These four Gallegos and their corporal are for those who like the killing. The _Inglés_ said that. I will do it if it is my duty but the *Inglés* said that I would be with him at the bridge and that this would be left to others. At the bridge there will be a battle and, if I am able to endure the battle, then I will have done all that an old man may do in this war. But let the *Inglés* come now, for I am cold and to see the light in the mill where I know that the Gallegos are warm makes me colder still. I wish that I were in my own house again and that this war were over. But you have no house now, he thought. We must win this war before you can ever return to your house.

Inside the sawmill one of the soldiers was sitting on his bunk and greasing his boots. Another lay in his bunk sleeping. The third was cooking and the corporal was reading a paper. Their helmets hung on nails driven into the wall and their rifles leaned against the plank wall.
"What kind of country is this where it snows when it is almost June?" the soldier who was sitting on the bunk said.
"It is a phenomenon," the corporal said.

"We are in the moon of May," the soldier who was cooking said. "The moon of May has not yet terminated."
"What kind of a country is it where it snows in May?" the soldier on the bunk insisted.
"In May snow is no rarity in these mountains," the corporal said.

"I have been colder in Madrid in the month of May than in any other month."
"And hotter, too," the soldier who was cooking said.

"May is a month of great contrasts in temperature," the corporal said. "Here, in Castile, May is a month of great heat but it can have much cold."
"Or rain," the soldier on the bunk said. "In this past May it rained almost every day."
"It did not," the soldier who was cooking said. "And anyway this past May was the moon of April."
"One could go crazy listening to thee and thy moons," the corporal said. "Leave this of the moons alone."
"Any one who lives either by the sea or by the land knows that it is the moon and not the month which counts," the soldier who was cooking said. "Now for example, we have just started the moon of May. Yet it is coming on June."

"Why then do we not get definitely behind in the seasons?" the corporal said. "The whole proposition gives me a headache."
"You are from a town," the soldier who was cooking said. "You are from Lugo. What would you know of the sea or of the land?"
"One learns more in a town than you *analfabetos* learn in thy sea or thy land."

"In this moon the first of the big schools of sardines come," the soldier who was cooking said. "In this moon the sardine boats will be outfitting and the mackerel will have gone north."

"Why are you not in the navy if you come from Noya?" the corporal asked.
"Because I am not inscribed from Noya but from Negreira, where I was born. And from Negreira, which is up the river Tambre, they take you for the army."

"Worse luck," said the corporal.
"Do not think the navy is without peril," the soldier who was sitting on the bunk said. "Even without the possibility of combat that is a dangerous coast in the winter."

"Nothing can be worse than the army," the corporal said.
"And you a corporal," the soldier who was cooking said. "What a way of speaking is that?"
"Nay," the corporal said. "I mean for dangers. I mean the endurance of bombardments, the necessity to attack, the life of the parapet."
"Here we have little of that," the soldier on the bunk said.

"By the Grace of God," the corporal said. "But who knows when we will be subject to it again? Certainly we will not have something as easy as this forever!"
"How much longer do you think we will have this detail?"
"I don't know," the corporal said. "But I wish we could have it for all of the war."
"Six hours is too long to be on guard," the soldier who was cooking said.
"We will have three-hour watches as long as this storm holds," the corporal said. "That is only normal."
"What about all those staff cars?" the soldier on the bunk asked. "I did not like the look of all those staff cars."
"Nor I," the corporal said. "All such things are of evil omen."
"And aviation," the soldier who was cooking said. "Aviation is another bad sign."
"But we have formidable aviation," the corporal said. "The Reds have no aviation such as we have. Those planes this morning were something to make any man happy."

"I have seen the Red planes when they were something serious," the soldier on the bunk said. "I have seen those two motor bombers when they were a horror to endure."

"Yes. But they are not as formidable as our aviation," the corporal said. "We have an aviation that is insuperable."
This was how they were talking in the sawmill while Anselmo waited in the snow watching the road and the light in the sawmill window.
I hope I am not for the killing, Anselmo was thinking. I think that after the war there will have to be some great penance done for

the killing. If we no longer have religion after the war then I think there must be some form of civic penance organized that all may be cleansed from the killing or else we will never have a true and human basis for living. The killing is necessary, I know, but still the doing of it is very bad for a man and I think that, after all this is over and we have won the war, there must be a penance of some kind for the cleansing of us all.
Anselmo was a very good man and whenever he was alone for long, and he was alone much of the time, this problem of the killing returned to him.
I wonder about the _Inglés_, he thought. He told me that he did not mind it. Yet he seems to be both sensitive and kind. It may be that in the younger people it does not have an importance. It may be that in foreigners, or in those who have not had our religion, there is not the same attitude. But I think any one doing it will be brutalized in time and I think that even though necessary, it is a great sin and that afterwards we must do something very strong to atone for it.

It was dark now and he looked at the light across the road and shook his arms against his chest to warm them. Now, he thought, he would certainly leave for the camp; but something kept him there beside the tree above the road. It was snowing harder and Anselmo thought: if only we could blow the bridge tonight. On a night like this it would be nothing to take the posts and blow the bridge and it would all be over and done with. On a night like this you could do anything.

Then he stood there against the tree stamping his feet softly and he did not think any more about the bridge. The coming of the dark always made him feel lonely and tonight he felt so lonely that there was a hollowness in him as of hunger. In the old days he could help this loneliness by the saying of prayers and often coming home from hunting he would repeat a great number of the same prayer and it made him feel better. But he had not prayed once since the movement. He missed the prayers but he thought it would be unfair and hypocritical to say them and he did not wish to ask any favors or for any different treatment than all the men were receiving.

No, he thought, I am lonely. But so are all the soldiers and the wives of all the soldiers and all those who have lost families or parents. I have no wife, but I am glad that she died before the movement. She would not have understood it. I have no children and I never will have any children. I am lonely in the day when I am not working but when the dark comes it is a time of great loneliness. But one thing I have that no man nor any God can take from me and that is that I have worked well for the Republic. I have worked hard for the good that we will all share later. I have worked my best from the first of the movement and I have done nothing that I am ashamed of.

All that I am sorry for is the killing. But surely there will be an opportunity to atone for that because for a sin of that sort that so many bear, certainly some just relief will be devised. I would like to talk with the _Inglés_ about it but, being young, it is possible that he might not understand. He mentioned the killing before. Or was it I that mentioned it? He must have killed much, but he shows no signs of liking it. In those who like it there is always a rottenness.

9. Joe

(Ch 13) Where the earth moves (939 words)

[*"I love your hills, & I love your dales,*
And I love your flocks a-bleating;
But O, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!" (Keats)]

He straightened and with his two arms around her held her so tightly that she was lifted off the ground, tight against him, and he felt her trembling and then her lips were on his throat, and then he put her down and said, "Maria, oh, my Maria."
Then he said, "Where should we go?"
She did not say anything but slipped her hand inside of his shirt and he felt her undoing the shirt buttons and she said, "You, too. I want to kiss, too."
"No, little rabbit."
"Yes. Yes. Everything as you."
"Nay. That is an impossibility."

"Well, then. Oh, then. Oh, then. Oh."
Then there was the smell of heather crushed and the roughness of the bent stalks under her head and the sun bright on her closed eyes and all his life he would remember the curve of her throat with her head pushed back into the heather roots and her lips that moved smally and by themselves and the fluttering of the lashes on the eyes tight closed against the sun and against everything, and for her everything was red, orange, gold-red from the sun on the closed eyes, and it all was that color, all of it, the filling, the possessing, the having, all of that color, all in a blindness of that color. For him it was a dark passage which led to nowhere, then to nowhere, then again to nowhere, once again to nowhere, always and forever to nowhere, heavy on the elbows in the earth to nowhere, dark, never any end to nowhere, hung on all time always to unknowing nowhere, this time and again for always to nowhere, now not to be borne once again always and to nowhere, now beyond all bearing up, up, up and into nowhere, suddenly, scaldingly, holdingly all nowhere gone and time absolutely still and they were both there, time having stopped and <u>he felt the earth move out and away from under them</u>.
Then he was lying on his side, his head deep in the heather, smelling it and the smell of the roots and the earth and the sun came through it and it was scratchy on his bare shoulders and along his flanks and the girl was lying opposite him with her eyes still shut and then she opened them and smiled at him and he said very tiredly and from a great but friendly distance, "Hello, rabbit." And she smiled and from no distance said, "Hello, my _Inglés_."
"I'm not an *Inglés*," he said very lazily.
"Oh yes, you are," she said. "You're my _Inglés_," and reached and took hold of both his ears and kissed him on the forehead. "There," she said. "How is that? Do I kiss thee better?"
Then they were walking along the stream together and he said, "Maria, I love thee and thou art so lovely and so wonderful and so beautiful and it does such things to me to be with thee that I feel as though I wanted to die when I am loving thee."
"Oh," she said. "I die each time. Do you not die?"
"No. Almost. But <u>did thee feel the earth move?</u>"
"Yes. As I died. Put thy arm around me, please."

"No. I have thy hand. Thy hand is enough."
He looked at her and across the meadow where a hawk was hunting and the big afternoon clouds were coming now over the mountains.
"And it is not thus for thee with others?" Maria asked him, they now walking hand in hand.
"No. Truly."
"Thou hast loved many others."
"Some. But not as thee."
"And it was not thus? Truly?"
"It was a pleasure but it was not thus."
"And then the earth moved. The earth never moved before?"
"Nay. Truly never."
"Ay," she said. "And this we have for one day."
He said nothing.
"But we have had it now at least," Maria said. "And do you like me too? Do I please thee? I will look better later."
"Thou art very beautiful now."
"Nay," she said. "But stroke thy hand across my head."
He did that feeling her cropped hair soft and flattening and then rising between his fingers and he put both hands on her head and turned her face up to his and kissed her.
"I like to kiss very much," she said. "But I do not do it well."
"Thou hast no need to kiss."
"Yes, I have. If I am to be thy woman I should please thee in all ways."
"You please me enough. I would not be more pleased. There is no thing I could do if I were more pleased."
"But you will see," she said very happily. "My hair amuses thee now because it is odd. But every day it is growing. It will be long and then I will not look ugly and perhaps you will love me very much."
"Thou hast a lovely body," he said. "The loveliest in the world."
"It is only young and thin."
"No. In a fine body there is magic. I do not know what makes it in one and not in another. But thou hast it."
"For thee," she said.
"Nay."
"Yes. For thee and for thee always and only for thee. But it is little

to bring thee. I would learn to take good care of thee. But tell me truly. Did the earth never move for thee before?"
"Never," he said truly.
"Now am I happy," she said. "Now am I truly happy.
"You are thinking of something else now?" she asked him.
"Yes. My work."

[The late William Safire, Language columnist for the NY Times, made up the following play on John Donne's words which are inscribed at the beginning of the book: *"Never send to know for whom the earth moves; if you're lucky, it moves for thee."*]

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[1] Not that I have the short attention span of a modern reader; on the contrary, every time I meet this swollen writing in Hemingway, I stop and spend five minutes on a marginal note, doing the work the editor should have done.