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“Always Something of It Remains”: Sexual Trauma in Ernest Hemingway’s *For Whom the Bell Tolls*

Following his completion of *Tender is the Night* in 1934, F. Scott Fitzgerald sent a copy of the manuscript to his friend, Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway replied with a long, thoughtful letter detailing the reasons he both “liked it and didn’t like it” (SL 407). He instructed Fitzgerald: “Forget your personal tragedy. We are all bitched from the start and you especially have to be hurt like hell before you can write seriously. But when you get the damned hurt use it—don’t cheat with it” (408). The often-troubled friendship between these two masters of modernism has been the subject of a number of scholarly inquiries, with Fitzgerald often cast as the sensitive/feminine/intellectual to Hemingway’s unaffected/masculine/brute. As I will demonstrate in this article, however, Hemingway possessed a keen ability to represent gradations in traumatic nuance with which he is not often credited. Hemingway did, indeed, “use the hurt” of the Spanish Civil War while he had it, and it resulted in his masterpiece, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.¹

¹ Hemingway, Ernest. *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. 1940. New York: Scribner, 2003. All subsequent parenthetical references to pagination will follow this edition of the text.

The Spanish Civil War

The Spanish Civil War was a brutal war in a century defined by brutal wars. Despite the fact that an estimated 500,000 people died in this conflict, it is still dwarfed by the absolute obliteration of natural resources, landscapes, and human life incurred during the two World Wars that bookend it.² Although the totality of deaths and humans' capacity for atrocity would be eclipsed by World Wars I and II, Helen Graham points out in *The Spanish Civil War* that "for Spaniards themselves, the shock [of the Civil War] was huge. There were no remotely comparative terms of reference for the military, industrial, social, and political mobilization the Civil War produced, since Spain had not participated in the First World War of 1914-18" (x). Graham explains that the Spanish Civil War was culturally distinct for many reasons, among them that it was the first conflict in Europe to use air raids on major cities, thus targeting civilians *en masse*. It was also the first "photogenic" (ix) war, meaning that the burgeoning field of photojournalism made it possible to transmit devastating images of mangled refugees around the world. In a 2002 article for *The New Yorker*, Susan Sontag explained that "the Spanish Civil War was the first war to be witnessed ('covered') in the modern sense: by a corps of professional photographers at the lines of military engagement and in the towns under bombardment, whose work was immediately seen in newspapers and magazines in Spain and abroad" (84).

One reason for the war's popularity with journalists was its dramatic beginning. The Spanish Civil War (1936-39) began as a military coup to overthrow Spain's democratic Second Republic, a regime that tended to favor the interests of the poor and landless. The coup, led by General Francisco Franco y Bahamonde, was only partially successful and quickly devolved into a full-on civil war that divided Spain into two opposing sides. Each side consisted of numerous smaller factions within it, and these different groups frequently held contradictory agendas. The Nationalists, led by General Franco, were, with few exceptions, Spain's wealthier and more conservative citizens. Often referred to as the "insurgents" or "rebels," the Nationalist side was made up Catholics, Fascists (Falangists), anti-Communists, and landowners. In contrast, the Republican side—the "Spanish loyalists" or, more pejoratively, "the Reds"—consisted of Marxists, socialists, anarchists, the secular, urban, and peasants. Although the United States never officially took a side in the war, other countries did: the Soviet Union and Mexico sided with the

² For further discussion of the death toll and other aspects of the Spanish Civil War, see Alun Kenwood's *The Spanish Civil War: A Cultural and Historical Reader* (1993), Burnett Bolloten's *The Spanish Civil War: Revolution and Counterrevolution* (1991), and Paul Preston's *The Spanish Civil War: Reaction, Revolution and Revenge* (2006), all of which have broadly informed this article.

Republicans, while Germany and Italy were among those backing Franco and the Nationalists. This latter alliance was particularly alarming to those watching what began as a regional conflict turn into something “ominously more than a European disturbance” (Kern 147) on the global stage. Due to the rising influence of fascism in Germany and Italy, the Spanish Civil War became a virtual “proving ground for the military of Hitler’s Germany and Mussolini’s Italy” (147).

In her article, “Judging Sex in War,” Karen Engle correctly points out that “the Spanish Civil War attracted the interest and participation of men and women from both inside and outside Spain by literally providing a battleground for those who wanted to fight for various shades of fascism, antifascism, Marxism, and communism” (943). Although Engle seems to implicitly realize that for most Spaniards, it wasn’t so easy as simply picking a side, she fails to explicitly acknowledge that fact. This internal struggle is more accurately addressed by Alfred Kern, who explains that “for many people...there was no possible choice between the Loyalists and Franco. To support the Republican or Loyalist government was to side with Stalin. To support the rebels was to side with Hitler and Mussolini” (147). Issues of national loyalty were also exponentially complicated for many urban peasants who also identified as Catholic, because “for many Spanish Catholics, to support the Loyalists was to sin against the church” (147).

One would imagine that Catholics, especially, had a difficult time reconciling the humanitarian ideals of their faith with the reality of the indiscriminately savage nature of war. The atrocities associated with warfare are never limited to only one side, and the Spanish Civil War was no exception; however, it does seem to be a given among contemporary historians that Franco’s army was significantly more brutal than the Republicans. Paul Preston, for example, sets the number of soldiers killed by the Republican forces at around 55,000, compared to a minimum 130,000 deaths that can be attributed to the Nationalists. These figures, as Preston is quick to point out, are those killed on the battlefield, and do not take into account the “tens of thousands [that] were officially executed [and] judicially murdered” (302). Importantly, these “official” fatality figures do not consider the noncombatants who participated in this war, a telling indicator of their (non)value to their government at this historical moment. As a result of this state-sanctioned omission, there are countless narratives from the largest constituency of noncombatants—the women who served “as nurses, militia fighters, and political and philanthropic supporters” (Engle 943)—that have been almost entirely excluded from scholarly discussions of the Spanish Civil War.

Hemingway and the War

Ernest Hemingway was one of the many journalists to flock to Spain to cover “the first media war” (Faber 4). As several biographers have noted, he was drawn to the war not just by a love for Spain, but also, at least in part, by a desire to prove that he was man enough to take on a war.³ As a young man, Hemingway tried to enlist to fight for America as the United States entered World War I, but he was rejected due to his bad eyesight. He still strongly desired to participate in the hypermasculinized theatre of war, though, and when the Red Cross petitioned for ambulance drivers in Italy, he signed up. Hemingway would drive the Italian ambulance for two months before the Austrian mortar attack that would consign him to a Milan hospital for half a year, an experience which became the thinly disguised source material for *A Farewell to Arms*. (It is also, famously, at this hospital that he would meet Agnes von Kurowsky, the American Red Cross nurse with whom he would fall in love and who would provide the model for the doomed Catherine Barkley.)

In *Hemingway: A Biography*, Jeffrey Meyers illustrates the dramatic shift in the young Hemingway’s mentality pre-wound and post-wound. Meyers explains that “at the time of his wound, Hemingway was tremendously idealistic (he had been in Italy for a very short time and had not seen the horrors of the western front) and seems to have genuinely believed all the war propaganda” (33). Hemingway himself would address this youthful naiveté in his introduction to *Men at War*, writing: “when you go to war as a boy you have a great illusion of immortality. Other people get killed; not you. It can happen to other people; but not to you. Then when you are badly wounded the first time you lose that illusion and you know it can happen to you” (xii). This bitter disillusionment would be reflected in much of what Hemingway would write after the war had ended, including *A Farewell to Arms*. For example, in *Men at War*, he said that there was a “truth about war...which was lacking to me when I needed it most” (xxiii), and in a 1948 letter to Malcolm Cowley, he wrote: “in the first war, I now see, I was hurt very badly; in the body, mind and spirit; and also morally” (qtd in Cowley 424). Leslie Fielder has claimed that “all [Hemingway’s] life, he has been haunted by a sense of how simple it all was once” (317). Perhaps at least partially in an effort to reclaim some of his earlier innocence, Hemingway enthusiastically traveled to Spain to cover that country’s civil war.

3 Kenneth Lynn and Jeffrey Meyers have both written well-respected biographies of Hemingway, and both are referenced throughout this chapter.

Alfred Kern has pointed out that in the years and wars following World War I, “Hemingway frequently stood on dangerous ground, but as a keen observer, not a fighter” (152). Hemingway possessed an extraordinarily astute level of perception; indeed, it is his commitment to getting the details just right that gives his text about the Spanish Civil War, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, its authenticity. Hemingway takes great care not to reduce his characters to stereotypes—a pitfall to which many of his contemporaries were subject, especially when writing about members of an ethnic group different from their own⁴—but instead to represent the psychological complexities that went into a Spaniard’s decision to fight on either the side of the Republicans or the Nationalists. In a 1939 letter to Russian critic Ivan Kashkin, Hemingway wrote:

in stories about the [Spanish Civil] war I try to show all the different sides of it, taking it slowly and honestly and examining it from many sides...it is very complicated and difficult to write about truly...I would like to be able to write understandingly about both deserters and heroes, cowards and brave men, traitors and men who are not capable of being traitors. We learned a lot about all such people. (SL 480)

It is indeed around such complex people that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* revolves, but just because Hemingway does not take a clear stance regarding who holds the moral high ground in this war does not mean that he didn’t have his own opinions on the subject. John Raeburn has pointed out that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* “is among other things a political novel, one of the best ever written by an American... To be critical of political behavior, or even disgusted by it, is not necessarily to be nonpolitical” (215). To be sure, Hemingway was passionately opposed to Fascism, a doctrine he perceived as threatening “the free flow of ideas and the hegemony of the artist” (Solow 112), and “its imperial ambition and violence against civilians repulsed him” (112). However, as he makes apparent through Pilar’s mob narrative, the evils done in a war are not limited to one side. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway tried to represent this moral ambiguity through what one scholar in 1956 called his “oddly equivocal interpretation of the Spanish civil war” (Halliday 1). This novel clearly demonstrates Hemingway’s desire to “show something true about human life (not necessarily something ‘constructive’) [because] he had come

4 For example, compare Hemingway’s nuanced representations of Pilar or Anselmo with Margaret Mitchell’s stereotyped and often blatantly racist portrayals of African Americans in *Gone With the Wind*, published just four years before *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

to take a more complex view of humanity at war than he projected in *A Farewell to Arms*" (Haliday 18). Indeed, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is perhaps one of the truest war novels ever written, a conclusion which is largely due to the fact that Hemingway does not present simple characters, simple problems, or simple answers.

For Whom the Bell Tolls

Published in 1940, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is the story of Robert Jordan, a Spanish professor from Montana who, while on sabbatical, travels to Spain to join the antifascist forces during the Spanish Civil War. By the time we meet Jordan, he has been tasked with an extremely dangerous mission: blow up a strategically placed bridge which will then effectively seclude the Fascists in the Spanish mountains. Because this is a vital need for the Loyalist offensive that is to follow, Jordan joins up with a band of guerilla fighters living deep within the mountainside to scout the location. Among the crew he meets is Pablo, a once-fierce fighter who is now cowardly and overwhelmed with guilt because of his actions early in the war; Pilar, "the woman of Pablo" (32), who has become the default leader of the group as a result of Pablo's cowardice; and Maria, a young Spanish girl, with whom Robert Jordan promptly falls in love. Over the course of the novel's three days, Jordan reflects that he has "learned much about life...more, I think, than in all the other time" about loyalty, courage, and integrity. However, he is also confronted with the realizations that the arbitrary butchery of war is not limited to one side, and that truly, there are no absolutes of good and bad, or right and wrong, in this—or perhaps any—war. He also comes to know much about love, and he sees Maria as a representation of all that is good and worth fighting for in this country. The reader learns how the main characters became involved in the war through extended narratives, including Pilar's gruesome account of the roles she and Pablo played in the massacre of a Fascist village, as well as Maria's memories of being tortured and gang-raped by the Fascist soldiers who had just executed her parents in front of her. On the last day, Robert Jordan is badly injured during the effort to blow up the bridge, and the other fighters are forced to leave him behind in the forest with the Nationalists—and his certain death—quickly approaching. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* closes with Robert Jordan nobly reflecting that "the world is a fine place and worth the fighting for" (467), but the meaningless nature of this good man's death leaves the reader more closely aligned with the minor character Lieutenant Berrendo's simple sentiment: "what a bad thing war is" (322).

There is much to examine with regard to wartime trauma in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and many scholars have thoughtfully considered the connections between

Hemingway, Spain, and the war. However, with as much scholarship as has been dedicated to this text, it is somewhat surprising that so little of it has been devoted to analyzing *For Whom the Bell Tolls* with regard to gender. Almost universally, if gender is addressed—which is virtually never—it is to look at Pilar’s recollection of the Fascist massacre and the resultant implications of Hemingway giving what is certainly the most powerful narration in the novel to a woman.

The character of Maria, however, has been almost entirely ignored or dismissed outright, especially by feminist critics who tend to view her as one of Hemingway’s submissive dream girls. I would argue that there is another possibility for interpreting Maria, one that is deeply enriched by a familiarity with trauma theory. When a neglected character like Maria is analyzed not only as an individual actor, but also against the backdrop of her culture, a whole new set of possibilities for analysis is revealed. To view her this way is, in effect, to apply Hemingway’s own “iceberg” philosophy to his character. In an often-quoted 1958 interview with George Plimpton for *The Paris Review*, Hemingway discusses his method, explaining,

if it is any use to know it, I always try to write on the principle of the iceberg. There is seven-eighths of it underwater for every part that shows. Anything you know you can eliminate and it only strengthens your iceberg. It is the part that doesn’t show. If a writer omits something because he does not know it then there is a hole in the story. (84)

I propose that Maria is one of Hemingway’s icebergs. On the surface, she is, indeed, everything critics have accused her of: docile, meek, and infuriatingly subservient. However, I would argue that there is a much more interesting and complex identity under the surface, one that is revealed by an examination of Maria’s character informed by trauma theory. *This* Maria is not obedient; she is an active fighter in a guerilla army. She is not silent, but she is consistently silenced by those around her, particularly male combatants who don’t want to listen to her and so would try to force her back into a “woman’s” role as a domestic caretaker. She is not sexually submissive; instead, she is trying to come to grips with her sexuality after sex has been used as a retaliatory weapon against her for getting too close to the male sphere of political battle. And she is most certainly not meek—she is a resilient survivor of multiple horrifying traumas. *This* Maria—the 7/8 of the iceberg—is a fighter, in every possible sense of the word.

From her very first appearance in the novel, Maria is associated with a unique combination of sexuality, the domestic sphere, and wartime trauma. Hemingway writes:

The girl stopped as she came out of the cave mouth carrying the big iron cooking platter and Robert Jordan saw her face turned at an angle and at the same time saw the strange thing about her. She smiled and said, “*Hola, Comrade,*” and Robert Jordan said, “*Salud*” and was careful not to stare and not to look away. She set down the flat iron platter in front of him and he noticed her handsome brown hands. Now she looked him full in the face and smiled. Her teeth were white in her brown face and her skin and her eyes were the same golden tawny brown. She had high cheekbones, merry eyes and a straight mouth with full lips. Her hair was the golden brown of a grain field that has been burned dark in the sun but it was cut short all over her head so that it was but little longer than the fur on a beaver pelt. She smiled in Robert Jordan’s face and put her brown hand up and ran it over her head, flattening the hair which rose again as her hand passed. She has a beautiful face, Robert Jordan thought. She’d be beautiful if they hadn’t cropped her hair. (22)

It is immediately established that even in a mountainside cave, Maria is the homemaker. She appears in the novel holding a cooking platter, and her first action is to serve Robert Jordan dinner, which she then “watched him eat all through the meal” (23) to ensure his satisfaction.

The makeshift domesticity of the cave also has important implications related to Maria’s role as a noncombatant participant in this war. As Kristine Wilson points out in a 2008 article for *The Hemingway Review*, the various domestic performances that occur there “can be read as compensatory acts which seek to replace or mimic rituals lost in the chaos of war” (90). Wilson observes:

Functioning both as domestic and performative space, the cave mimics the theatrical stage with its three walls and curtained proscenium. Many of the text’s social performances are enacted within this space, including Robert Jordan’s

courtship of Maria, which the other members of the guerilla band closely observe and Pilar orchestrates. In this sense, the cave constitutes a domestic space, replacing the home...By stimulating a normative family life, they attempt to recreate the sense of structure and community lost when their own families were killed or dispersed by war. (90)

Wilson's explanation helps shed light on important aspects of Maria's role in this text. First, it demonstrates the totality of the psychological impact that the war has had on this group, as they seek to recreate some semblance of normativity after the war has made them literally run for the hills. Because this is now the only home they have, it explains why the fighters who live there are so devoted to replicating aspects of traditional gender roles within the cave. However, reinforcing these traditional roles also illuminates the powerless position Maria holds in this space. For example, note that at no point does Wilson mention Maria having any sort of autonomous role; instead, Robert Jordan courts her, which is an arrangement that has been made by Pilar. All of these things are happening *to* Maria—she has no say in the process.

It should be noted that Maria greets this stranger, Robert Jordan, as her “comrade.” Unpacking the implications of this particular word choice, though a seemingly minor detail, is extremely important when considering Maria's mentality and role as a noncombatant participant in this war. The OED defines “comrade” as a fellow *soldier*, particularly those who share an occupation or fortune. It seems clear that Maria—living among guerillas, plotting to blow up bridges, and desperate to defeat Fascism—shares the same occupation and fortune as Robert Jordan. Both Jordan and Maria are passionately invested in their ideological struggle, but for very different reasons. His logic is abstract: he is fighting on the side of goodness and righteousness against those that would corrupt the country he loves so much—but he still plans to go back to his job as a university professor in the United States after his sabbatical is over. He offhandedly imagines that he'll write another book about Spain, “when he got through with this” (248). Maria, on the other hand, has much more visceral motivations for being a rebel: she was gang-raped by Fascist soldiers, and her parents were executed in front of her. For Maria, there is no going back to some other life—for her, it is defeat fascism or die. I would suggest that this is a main reason she clings to Robert Jordan so desperately. In him, she finally sees an escape from the war that has taken almost everything from her.

Further evidence of the implicit camaraderie between Maria and Robert Jordan can be found in their dress: Jordan appears in the novel wearing a faded, khaki flannel shirt (1), the exact same description of Maria's clothes (137) as she travels with Jordan to meet with El Sordo to discuss the logistics of blowing up the bridge. Although this could be dismissed as another instance of Hemingway's much-analyzed tendency to "twin" his male and female protagonists, it should be acknowledged that these two could have dressed in any fabric. As Paul Fussell and others have explained, however, khaki was originally introduced to the public via the British military. Albeit unofficially, Maria and Robert Jordan are nonetheless both wearing the same uniform as they carry out their wartime duties. Clearly, Maria dresses as a rebel soldier because she sees herself as a rebel soldier. Maria acknowledges Robert Jordan's military presence in her initial greeting, and she also indicates how she perceives him. However, this perceived role is not as her savior—it is as her equal.

There is much evidence to support the view of Maria as a guerilla fighter and not just the angel of this cave, to paraphrase Virginia Woolf. Continuing with the theme of her clothes, note that by the time we meet Maria in the mountains, she is wearing trousers (22). The significance of Maria wearing pants has not been the subject of critical attention, a reasonable oversight considering that her wardrobe is probably the least interesting thing about her. Women were making major moves toward liberation in both the United States and Spain by the time of the publication of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and so while perhaps not yet the norm, it was not entirely unusual for a woman to wear trousers—and, after all, she *is* living in a cave. However, although it is a minute detail, this is also a revelatory one when considering Maria's gendered role in this war. In *Defining Male Civilization*, Mary Nash explores the role of women in the Spanish Civil War, including their role in the militia. She explains:

for [Spanish] women the wearing of trousers...acquired an even deeper significance, as women had never before adapted such masculine attire. So for women, donning the militia/revolutionary uniform not only meant an exterior identification with the process of social change but also a challenge to traditional female attire and appearance. The adoption of male clothing undoubtedly minimized sex differences and could be read as a claim for equal status.

However, the women who wore [them] were few. They were usually identified with militia... (52)

Following Nash's logic, then, Maria's trousers demonstrate her resistance to cultural standards of femininity, as well as clearly designating her as a fighter in this war.

There is also at least one more implication of Maria dressing in pants at this point in her life, however. Imagining their life together once they get back to Montana, where he will be a professor and Maria will be his wife, Robert Jordan envisions undergrads who want to discuss famous military leaders, at which point "Maria can tell them how some of the blue-shirted crusaders for the true faith sat on her head while others twisted her arms and pulled her skirts up and stuffed them in her mouth" (165). Consequently, the long skirts of her past represent Maria's uniquely feminized role as the victim of a uniquely militarized assault. By rejecting those skirts in favor of trousers, not only is she proclaiming her androgynous participation as a fighter in this war, but she is also, perhaps, taking an assertive step toward overcoming her sexual trauma.

The most dramatic demonstration of Maria's amalgamation of war and domestic comes as she reveals to Robert Jordan the full extent of the lengths to which she will go to avoid being taken prisoner again. This particular conversation begins with a literal laundry list of the benefits of having her around to take care of him—she can air out his sleeping robe, wash his socks, and so on. Importantly, this recitation directly links her role in the domestic realm with her wartime trauma, as she then says:

"If thou would show me I would clean and oil thy pistol."

"Kiss me," Robert Jordan said.

"Nay, this is serious. Wilt thou show me the pistol? Pilar has rags and oil. There is a cleaning rod inside the cave that should fit it."

"Sure, I'll show you."

"Then," Maria said. "If you will teach me to shoot it either one of us could shoot the other and himself, or herself, if one were wounded and it were necessary to avoid capture."

"Very interesting," Robert Jordan said. "Do you have many ideas like that?"

“Not many,” Maria said. “But it is a good one. Pilar gave me this and showed me how to use it,” she opened the breast pocket of her shirt and took out a cut-down leather holder such as pocket combs are carried in and, removing a wide rubber band that closed both ends, took out a Gem type, single-edged razor blade. “I keep this always,” she explained.

“Pilar says you must make the cut here just below the ear and drag it toward here.” She showed him with her finger. “She says there is a big artery there and that drawing the blade from there you cannot miss it. Also she says there is no pain and you must simply press firmly below the ear and draw it downward. She says it is nothing and they cannot stop it if it is done.”

“That’s right,” said Robert Jordan. “That’s the carotid artery.”

So she goes around with that all the time, he thought, as a definitely accepted and properly organized possibility. (170-71)

While it is important to note that Robert Jordan immediately tries to turn this into a sexual encounter despite the subject’s obvious importance to Maria, more striking here is the assertion of her own autonomy and her internalization of wartime violence. For example, note that when Robert Jordan attempts to silence her with a kiss, Maria rebukes him and then perseveres in her demonstration, saying, “Nay, this is serious.” Truly, to Maria, nothing could be *more* serious than laying out this blueprint of how she will be protected from another attack, whether it be by Jordan or at her own hand.

The blade she constantly carries is further evidence of Maria’s transformation into an insurgent. Prior to the war, Maria led a very sheltered and privileged existence; as the daughter of a mayor, it seems quite unlikely that the thought of slashing her own throat is one she might have entertained before joining up with Pilar’s band of violent revolutionaries. Even if one concedes that Maria may have had some sort of general, romantic conviction that she would die before she would be raped again, it is simply not plausible to assume that this naïve girl, who “always wondered where the noses go” (71) when people kissed, could have come up with the idea of suicide via concealed razorblade on her own. Pilar is the one who gave her the blade and showed her where to cut; in fact, “Pilar/she says,” as a directive is repeated four times in five sentences here—and then, of course, there is an actual demonstration of how to do what “she says.” By internalizing Pilar’s voice, Maria

has internalized the violence of the war. While some might view this as a tragic loss of innocence, I would argue that this particular passage actually represents Maria's newfound ability to assert autonomy through self-defense—in other words, she is insisting upon her own right to survive. She goes around with suicide as an accepted possibility, as Jordan thinks, because she is no longer willing to sit passively by and let the war happen *to* her. In plotting the logistics of killing herself, Maria has finally found a way to take control of her own fate.

Jordan immediately confronts the “strange thing about her”: her shorn hair, the only visible marker of her trauma. He thinks how lovely Maria would be if “they” hadn't cut it all off, indicating an instinctual realization that she has been the victim of a war crime even though no one has yet alluded to her rape. This focus on her physical attractiveness occupies much of Jordan's attention in this initial meeting, as it will remain throughout the course of the novel. As Maria watches him eat the meal she has prepared, Hemingway writes: “Every time Robert Jordan looked at her he could feel a thickness in his throat” (22). This thickness in his throat is alluded to at several points throughout the text. For example, “the thickness still came in his throat when he spoke to the girl” (23); “he could feel the thickness coming in his throat again” (25); and “Robert Jordan felt the ache in his throat and his voice thickening” (32). The reference seems innocent enough, until one realizes it is a thinly veiled reference to getting an erection. In *Hemingway: A Biography*, Kenneth Lynn explains that “to get around the certainty of censorship by his editor, Hemingway substituted sensations of swelling and feeling of thickness in Jordan's throat for what happens to his member” (487). Although this may seem nothing more than a clever, if juvenile, approach to circumventing unwanted editorial interference, there is also a less lighthearted implication to Robert Jordan's instantaneous and relentless attraction to Maria. Especially at their initial meeting, Jordan perceives her almost entirely as a sexual being, a fact manifested by his primal physical reaction to this as-yet-anonymous woman's presence. Unfortunately, his blind fixation on Maria's sexuality maneuvers him into almost exactly the same position as the men who attacked her—namely, a soldier who sees her only as an outlet for his own erotic desires.

Robert Jordan immediately begins to interrogate Maria as to who she “belongs” to, asking first if she is Pablo's woman, then Rafael's, until finally Pilar breaks in:

“Of no one,” the gypsy said. “This is a very strange woman. Is of no one. But she cooks well.”

“Really of no one?” Robert Jordan asked her.

“Of no one. No one. Neither in joke nor in seriousness. Nor of thee either.”

“No?” Robert Jordan said and he could feel the thickness coming in his throat again. “Good. I have no time for any woman. That is true.”

“Not fifteen minutes?” the gypsy asked teasingly. “Not a quarter of an hour?” Robert Jordan did not answer. He looked at the girl, Maria, and his throat felt too thick for him to trust himself to speak. (24-25)

Pilar immediately ties Maria’s value to domesticity, claiming that she cooks well (despite Anselmo’s sheepish admission a few lines later that “the girl can cook a little. I said she cooks well to please her” [26]), which immediately triggers the thickening in Robert Jordan. It should also be noted, though, that in this conversation, which basically boils down to bartering over having sex with Maria, *Maria* has no say in the matter. She is silent, as she is so often in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. It seems likely that this silence—when combined with the fact that when she does speak, it is frequently in what Gail D. Sinclair refers to as “soap opera-like dialogue: ‘I die each time. Do you not die?...And do you like me too? Do I please thee?’” (93)—is the largest reason for the near-universal scholarly dismissal of Maria as one of Hemingway’s submissive dream girls. However, I would suggest that Maria’s attempts at narrativization, as well as her silences, are less indicative of a submissive personality and more reflective of the restricted role that she plays in this text. Maria’s speech patterns are timid because she occupies the dangerous position of a woman intruding on a hypermasculinized battle space.

Maria tries to begin her process of narrativization with Robert Jordan instantly after she is introduced to him. She notices he is staring at her shaved head, and admonishes him for it, saying, “That’s the way I comb it... Go ahead and eat. Don’t stare at me. They gave me this haircut in Valladolid. It’s almost grown out now” (22). Except for her greeting to Jordan as her comrade, these are Maria’s first words in Hemingway’s novel. Although they have been almost entirely ignored by scholars, this statement is actually extremely revealing of her overall character. For example, consider that her very first words are an acknowledgement of “the strange thing about her,” her shorn hair. I would argue that this is Maria’s first, though certainly not last, attempt at self-preservation. By immediately addressing her hair *herself*, she is denying Robert Jordan the opportunity to inquire about it first, a line of questioning that would make her uncomfortably vulnerable in front of this

stranger. She is attempting to take control of the conversation, which she further exhibits when she admonishes him not to stare at her. Although she does not describe the crime, she does imply her victimization through her reference to the city of Valladolid, home to a large prison and what historian S.G. Payne believes is “probably the most significant regional nucleus of Falangist strength” (65). Her victimization is also implied through her use of the pronoun “they”—she says the haircut was something “they” did to her, signaling that she had no choice in the matter. Tellingly, she also reassures Jordan that it will grow back out, signaling her recognition that she is currently disrupting cultural standards of femininity—that is, women “should” have long hair—with regard to what is perceived as “normal” and therefore beautiful. Finally, note that Maria attempts to return Jordan’s attention to the food she has provided, and thus to place value on her role in the domestic realm.

Robert Jordan does not respond to this allusion to her victimization because of the aforementioned “thickness in his throat” (22), but I would contend that his non-response is actually an act of passive aggression designed, perhaps unconsciously, to discourage her from continuing with her story. Maria does not heed his disinterest, though, and a few moments later she continues:

“It was shaved,” she said. “They shaved it regularly in the prison at Valladolid. It has taken three months to grow to this. I was on the train. They were taking me to the south. Many of the prisoners were caught after the train was blown up, but I was not. I came with these.” (23)

General conversation ensues, and Robert Jordan seizes the opportunity to return his attention to Maria. However, he does not inquire as to any of the traumas that she has just revealed to him; instead, he chooses to focus on her physical appearance, and says, “you have a very beautiful face” (24). In doing so, he is demonstrating that his only interest in her is physical. He is also subtly discouraging this woman, who is deeply traumatized as a result of her role in this war, from revealing any additional suffering.

Although Robert Jordan may not be interested in hearing about Maria’s victimization, Hemingway never allows the reader to forget about it. The most visible physical marker of that trauma, her shorn hair, is alluded to endlessly throughout *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. In fact, almost every character refers to it at some point, and it is nearly impossible to find instances in this text where Maria’s

hair is mentioned without an adjective also referring to its short length. Among numerous other examples: Jordan thinks that she would be beautiful if they hadn't cut her hair (22); Pablo alludes to her as "a girl with cropped head" (64); Pilar calls her "little cropped head" (129); Primitivo says, "If she did not have her hair cut so short she would be a pretty girl" (270); and Augustin vows to Jordan that he will "do anything for thee or for the cropped head" (292). Even when Jordan is almost overwhelmed by her beauty, as when they are travelling to meet El Sordo, he still focuses on her hair: "he saw her tawny brown face and the yellow-gray eyes and the full lips smiling and the cropped sun-burned hair and she lifted her face at him and smiled in his eyes" (138). While I do believe that Hemingway is subversively challenging cultural standards of femininity with Maria's short hair—in that short hair on woman in this era would have been perceived as less feminine—I would also suggest that her hair has broader social implications with regard to the Spanish Civil War. Recalling the iceberg theory, it seems clear that Maria is Hemingway's clearest metaphor for the damage done to Spain during the nation's civil war. Her viciously shaved head is symbolic of the violence done to the landscape of the nation, but the real injury lurks beneath the surface, in the psyches of Spanish citizens traumatized by the atrocities of war.

Kristine Wilson has written that the "influence of Spain on Hemingway's aesthetic development cannot be overestimated and is indeed well-traveled territory in Hemingway criticism" (74), and Patrick Cheney has proposed that "in fighting for Maria, Jordan is fighting for an identity larger than himself" (179). It is Carl Eby, however, who most explicitly develops the relationship between Maria and Spain. In a 1998 article examining Hemingway's fetishism, Eby argues that "the rape of Maria represents nothing less than the fascist rape of 'virgin Spain' itself" (213). Eby also offers one of the rare defenses of Maria, claiming that "her strength holds out hope for the Spanish people and establishes her in the best Hemingway tradition as beaten but heroically undefeated" (213). Building on Eby's hypothesis, I would point out that Maria is, in fact, the *only* character who is not completely defeated by this war. The war has made Pilar "something barbarous" (26), which becomes abundantly clear as she recalls her active participation in a mob that sadistically tortures and murders a village of Fascists. His own participation in this same event has had the opposite effect on Pablo: haunted by his actions as ringleader, he has become a coward and a drunk, a pitiful caricature of his former self who now "weeps in the night fearing death and an eternity of retribution" (Solow 114). Anselmo, El Sordo, and Robert Jordan (the latter, although not Spanish, still has a level of "Hispanicization [that] far exceeds that of the other foreigners" [Wilson

80]) are all killed in the war. Maria, however, survives. It is Maria who epitomizes the indomitable spirit of the Spanish people Hemingway so admired and who he believed would “rise again as they have always risen before against tyranny” (*Dead*). At the end of the novel, Maria lives. More importantly, however, and as she has always done, she fights and she survives.

Just as Robert Jordan realizes that “the things he had come to know in this war were not so simple” (248), so, too, does Hemingway realize that the people of his beloved Spain were capable of great atrocities. In a 1939 letter, he wrote:

...never think that one story represents my viewpoint because it is much too complicated for that.

We know war is bad. Yet sometimes it is necessary to fight. But still war is bad and any man who says it is not is a liar. But it is very complicated and difficult to write about truly. (*SL* 480)

As this excerpt illustrates, Hemingway struggled not only with the composition of his war stories, but also with the ethics of representation. Michael K. Solow has wisely pointed out that this novel’s “tortured conflicts come into sharper view when we recognize how Hemingway’s old, dearly held beliefs clashed with the world’s new realities...war and its attendant killing, while ‘necessary,’ are nonetheless inherently evil and must be performed with the most precise sense of moral purpose” (119). Maria is not the only character in the novel whose motives for fighting in this war are clearly explicated, but (with the possible exception of Anselmo) hers are the most noble. Although she wants retribution for the horrifying brutalities done to her family and also, to a lesser extent, for those done to herself, Maria does not seek blind vengeance. Instead, she epitomizes Solow’s “precise sense of moral purpose” and only wants to punish those responsible. Note, for example, that after she tells Robert Jordan of her parents’ murders, she asks: “But will we kill Falangists? It was they who did it” (353). Alfred Kern, in a reflection on literary wars, writes: “no—the Spanish Civil War was not being fought to advance a Marxist cause. Not for Ernest Hemingway, and not for the protagonist of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. In fighting for the Loyalists, Robert Jordan is not interested in the victory of a left wing ideology or any ideology. Jordan’s cause is Spain itself, the Spain which Hemingway loved” (151). With all of this in mind, it seems no wonder that Robert Jordan falls so desperately in love with Maria, who, even though she has been wounded by the war, still retains both her fighting spirit and her integrity, and thus represents what Hemingway saw as the best qualities of the Spanish people.

In a 2008 article addressing women's speech patterns in four of Hemingway's novels, Susan J. Wolfe acknowledges that it is "tempting to agree with Linda Miller's observation that Hemingway's women are 'quiet' (8). They do not serve as first-person narrators, seem to speak less often than men do, and often seem to speak only to praise, to comfort, or to provide solace or offer conciliation to men" (73). Maria does indeed have significantly less dialogue in this text than the other female character with whom she is unavoidably compared—it is Pilar, in fact, who is the focus of Wolfe's attention in the aforementioned article. However, virtually overlooked by scholars is the importance of Maria's silences and silencing in this text, which I would argue is certainly just as important and poignant as a larger quantity of dialogue would be. Because the defining characteristic of the noncombatant war participant is that her narrative is constantly being interrupted, I contend that Maria's silences should be read not as a sign of weakness, but as a post-traumatic subject's testimonial. Further, I would also propose that what Wolfe dismisses as Maria's performance of stereotypical femininity (82) is actually representative of the persistent efforts by male combatants who are threatened by a woman's intrusion upon the masculine space of the battlefield, and thus would try to force her back into a role of domestic servitude.

In "What Do Feminist Critics Want?", renowned theorist Sandra M. Gilbert makes a compelling argument that "every text can be seen as in some sense a political gesture and more specifically as a gesture determined by a complex of assumptions about male-female relations, assumptions we might call sexual poetics" (31). At this point, it is useful to invoke Gilbert's "sexual poetics" to preemptively dispute those who would defend Robert Jordan's interest in "his little rabbit" as romantic love. William T. Moynihan, for instance, writes that the Maria/Robert Jordan relationship "has a quality of innocence, of wonder, and of romance" (130); further, he claims that "Pilar provides Jordan with Maria, the means whereby he learns love" (131). While this all may very well be true, it seems that Moynihan is missing a glaringly obvious criticism here: Maria is not an object that can be given and/or taken at will. She is a human being, and more to the point, she is an emotionally fragile human being who currently exists in an exceedingly vulnerable state because she was already treated like an object to be "provided" to men. Robert Jordan is immediately confronted with a visible signal of Maria's trauma via her shaved head, but the other fighters at the camp also repeatedly try to warn him of her fragility. During the "bartering" conversation addressed previously, Pilar comments that Maria is a very strange woman; later, Robert Jordan sits down with

Rafael and Anselmo to inquire about how she came to be a part of their group. Rafael explains:

“When we picked the girl up at the time of the train she was very strange,” Rafael said. “She would not speak and she cried all the time and if any one touched her she would shiver like a wet dog... We would have left her after the train. Certainly it was not worth being delayed by something so sad and ugly and apparently worthless. But the old woman tied a rope to her and when the girl thought she could not go further, the old woman beat her with the end of the rope to make her go.” (28)

Again, one should note the designation of Maria as “strange,” as well as her worth being linked to her physical beauty and normativity. It is also important to realize that once again, Maria has no voice or choice about what is happening to her. Perhaps most interestingly, though, is that this is one of the first references to the multitude of traumatic symptoms Maria will exhibit in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

It has long been a critical commonplace that “the record of war survives in the bodies... of those who were hurt there” (Scarry 257). Because Maria’s attempts at narrativization record the story of both her injury and more importantly, her survival, it is surprising that only one scholar has addressed her role with regard to the possibility of post-traumatic stress disorder. In “A Little Crazy’: Psychiatric Diagnoses of Three Hemingway Women Characters,” Charles J. Nolan, Jr., examines Maria, Catherine Barkley (*A Farewell to Arms*), and Lady Brett Ashley (*The Sun Also Rises*) with regard to psychology in an effort to bestow upon them “the kind of attention given to Nick Adams’s all-too-clear symptoms” (105). Until the 1980s, Nolan points out, Hemingway’s women have often been dismissed as “either destroyers of men or fantasy figures—‘bitches or goddesses’—but a later generation of scholars has worked hard to move them from stereotypes to complex women characters worthy of our attention” (105). Nolan thoughtfully considers the psyches of all three women and pronounces all in need of psychiatric help, but Maria is “in some ways...the easiest of the three Hemingway women to diagnose” (115) because “there seems little question that Maria is suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder” (117).⁵ Nolan catalogs several physical manifestations of Maria’s trauma, among them her uncontrollable crying and exaggerated startle response, but I would like to focus attention on some of the less obvious signs of her suffering.

5 According to Nolan, Catherine is suffering through a major depressive episode, and Brett from a borderline personality disorder.

In *Trauma and Recovery*, Herman explicates the sense of disconnection that a survivor will feel after the traumatic event. She explains that “a secure sense of connection with caring people is the foundation of personality development. When this connection is shattered, the traumatized person loses her basic sense of self” (52). Interestingly, Herman uses as her illustrative examples soldiers and rape victims—both, I would argue, appropriate categories in which to place Maria. Herman writes:

In situations of terror, people spontaneously seek their first source of comfort and protection. Wounded soldiers and raped women cry for their mothers, or for God. When this cry is not answered, the sense of basic trust is shattered. Traumatized people feel utterly abandoned, utterly alone, cast out of the human and divine systems of care and protection that sustain life. Thereafter, a sense of alienation, of disconnection, pervades every relationship...when trust is lost, traumatized people feel they belong more to the dead than to the living. (52)

Herman spends much time addressing the traumatic impact of rape, but it is her discussions of the difficulties rape victims have reestablishing healthy sexual relationships that is most pertinent to this examination of Maria. She explains that rape victims are particularly susceptible to oscillations in the regulation of intimacy and that their trauma impels them both to withdraw from intimate relationships and cling to them desperately (56). With Herman in mind, let us look at Maria and Robert Jordan’s first sexual encounter. It is Maria who approaches him as he lies in his sleeping bag:

Then he felt her hand on his shoulder and turned quickly, his right hand holding the pistol under the robe.

“Oh, it is thee,” he said and dropping the pistol he reached both arms up and pulled her down. With his arms around her he could feel her shivering.

“Get in,” he said softly. “It is cold out there.”

“No. I must not.”

“Get in,” he said. “And we can talk about it later.”

She was trembling and he held her wrist now with one hand and held her lightly with the other arm. She had turned her head away.

“Get in, little rabbit,” he said and kissed her on the back of the neck.

“I am afraid.”

“No. Do not be afraid. Get in.”

“How?”

“Just slip in. There is much room. Do you want me to help you?”

“No,” she said and then she was in the robe and he was holding her tight to him and trying to kiss her lips and she was pressing her face against the pillow of clothing but holding her arms close around his neck. Then he felt her arms relax and she was shivering again as he held her. (69)

From the beginning, it is clear that this encounter will not do much to alleviate Maria’s association of sex with violence. Not only does Robert Jordan physically pull her into the robe with him and then continue to hold her by the wrist despite her trembling, but he also actually turns to her holding a gun. He also immediately asserts a tone of command over her, ordering—not inviting—her to get in with him, despite the fact that she outright tells him she is afraid to do so. Instead of inquiring as to why she might be afraid and thus allowing her the opportunity to give a voice to her wound, to invoke Caruth’s phrase, he demands that she lie down with him. Further, it should be noted that the language of silence is again employed in this passage, as he assures her that they can talk about her fear and hesitation *after* she agrees to go along with what he wants. To be clear: I am not in any way suggesting that Robert Jordan is harming Maria in a manner equal to that of her rapists. Nevertheless, he *is* traumatizing her by insisting upon her silent acquiescence to his sexual agenda.

Maria repeats her reluctance to proceed any further, telling Jordan that she is “ashamed...ashamed and frightened” (70). Despite her explicit hesitation, his sexual excitement grows until he “felt he could not stand it and he said, ‘Hast thou loved others?’” (71). She responds:

“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.” (71, emphasis added)

Maria’s visceral response to this rather tactless question encapsulates Herman’s point that a victim’s sense of alienation can be so great as to make the survivor feel that he or she belongs more to the world of the dead than the living. Importantly, it also shows that Hemingway is placing primary importance on Robert Jordan’s reaction to the revelation of her rape, *not* Maria’s—“something had happened to him and she knew it” indicates that she has finally found a way to relieve Jordan of that persistent thickness. It also, however, implies that she is somehow to blame for spoiling the moment. Finally, note Maria’s rather pitiful plea to be returned to the uniquely feminine space of the domestic realm—that is, to “return to a time and place where a sense of [her] own agency, however ambivalent, remains intact” (Dodman 265).

Cathy Caruth has argued that “history is precisely the way we are implicated in each other’s traumas” (24). I would suggest that the scholarly reception of Maria has functioned as a symbolic second injury against her, and thus readers are implicated in Maria’s trauma. In the more than 70 years since the publication of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the critical attitude toward Maria’s character has been largely negative—that is, if any critics bothered to address her at all. This critical disregard of Maria began instantaneously following the publication of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*: in 1941, for instance, Edmund Wilson referred to her as the “amoeba-like little Spanish girl, Maria...who lives only to serve her lord and merge her identity with his” (213). Then, for roughly the next forty years, she was all but ignored.

In recent decades, there have been moves to “take back” (to invoke the feminist phrase of reclamation) Maria, but they often suffer from a disturbing tendency to overcompensate for her docility. Wolfgang E. H. Rudat, for example, interprets Maria’s sexual relationship with Robert Jordan as one in which “Maria succeeds by

being the sexual aggressor” (12) due to a “psychological need to rebel by doing that which she, the female, did not get to do during her rape” (12). Rudat’s enthusiastic willingness to read the behavior of a traumatized rape victim as a vindictive vixen’s domination is alarming, to say the least, but it is also representative of the second injury Maria has suffered symbolically. Whether more aligned with Wilson’s outright dismissal or Rudat’s over-exaggeration of her sexuality, critics have inflicted upon Maria a symbolic second injury comparable to that which is inflicted upon real rape victims. Not only have they misinterpreted her attempts to articulate her new post-traumatic subjectivity, but they have also demonstrated a disconcerting inclination to make her the scapegoat for her own victimization.

Maria, it seems clear, is in an advanced state of constriction as a result of all of the traumas she has endured. Setting aside for a moment the almost unfathomable horror of witnessing her parents’ executions and then being gang-raped by their murderers, consider all of the other traumas she has experienced in the previous few months. For example, and in some ways both the most and the least obvious, is the war itself. In her country’s struggle to establish a dominant political party, Maria has witnessed a cultural event that simply cannot be compared to any other in terms of sheer devastation. Besides the more than 500,000 lives that ended, the war also destroyed the physical landscape of her homeland, turned people she considered friends into enemies, and made her doubt a government she trusted and a cause in which she believed. She has also been held as a prisoner of war, and although she only speaks of the trauma of having her head repeatedly shaved (23), one would have to assume she suffered additional injustices during that time, as well. She was involved in a train explosion, which left her so frightened that “she would not speak and she cried all the time and if anyone touched her she would shiver like a wet dog” (28). Finally, there is the trauma of having to live one’s day-to-day life in a state of perpetual fear. William Adair has pointed out that many of Hemingway’s novels “are structured on a disguised repetition of pre-story or early-story ‘shocking losses.’ That is, the submerged part of the iceberg is often a fear that the near-future will be a repetition in another form of the past” (298). Certainly, Maria perceives the threat of being captured and forced to suffer through all of these horrors yet again as its own kind of hellish captivity—and that is, of course, provided that the soldiers who would discover her didn’t just execute her on the spot. Her traumatic memories are always with her, and thus become an “enduring presence of pain and trauma too ‘well remembered’ to be left behind” (Dodman 250). Maria is almost certainly in a state of traumatic constriction and is thus shutting down, but she is

also probably just exhausted by what her life has become. No matter how she tries to fight her traumatic past, “always something of it remains” (*Whom* 391).

It is Maria’s most egregious injury, being tortured and gang-raped by the Fascist soldiers who had just murdered her parents in front of her, which most “challenges us to reconsider the mind/body dualism that keeps the wounds of the body separate from the wounds of the mind” (Dodman 250). Because the soldiers assault her in her hometown, a place she should feel safe, Maria’s rape clearly illustrates the muddled liminality of the noncombatant’s position as one who is simultaneously in war and yet not allowed in it. Further, as I will demonstrate, the attack on Maria proves that women are subject to retaliatory sexual violence when they get too close to interfering with the traditionally masculine realm of politics/war. Herman explains that “the most powerful determinant of psychological harm is the character of the traumatic event itself” (56) and that there is a “simple, direct relationship between the severity of the trauma and its psychological impact” (56). This correlation is extremely important when considering Maria’s role in this text. Her attack is horrifying, of course, but close textual analysis reveals several exacerbating details that compound her trauma and that, up to now, have been almost entirely ignored.

As Maria begins the recollection of her attack, the urgency with which she needs to tell her story quickly becomes apparent, as it is “late in the last night” (341) before the bridge mission and thus her last night with Robert Jordan. Reflecting the confused temporality of much modernist writing, “once more we [begin] in the middle of things, with much left out, much to recover” (Reynolds 13) as Maria apologetically explains why she cannot have sex that night:

“Roberto,” Maria said very softly and kissed him. “I am ashamed. I do not wish to disappoint thee but there is a great soreness and much pain. I do not think I would be any good to thee.”

“There is always a great soreness and much pain,” he said.
“Nay, rabbit. That is nothing.” (341)

It is important to recognize that there is absolutely no consideration of Maria’s own sexual pleasure in this exchange. In the spirit of reparative criticism, one could concede that perhaps this is because her rape has left an understandably negative connotation regarding sex in her mind, and thus she simply would not entertain the notion that sex is an act with the potential to be mutually gratifying. While I

agree with this line of reasoning to a point, it should also be acknowledged that this scene is near the end of the novel, after *both* Maria and Robert Jordan have felt the earth move (160) as a result of their lovemaking. Clearly, Maria has the capacity for sexual pleasure, but like virtually all other survivors of rape, attaining that pleasure is almost entirely dependent upon rebuilding a sense of trust in those around her. Herman explains that this process is especially problematic in sexual relationships because “in the aftermath of rape, survivors almost universally...wish to withdraw entirely from sex for some period of time. Even after intimate relations are resumed, survivors frequently reencounter not only specific stimuli that produce flashbacks but also a more general feeling of being pressured or coerced” (65).

Clearly, Maria has not attained a healthy attitude toward sex yet, but I do think she is getting closer to achieving one, and I would argue that this is evidenced by her telling Jordan that she does not think she would be any good to him on this particular night. At first glance, this statement would appear to be one of the instances of Maria’s submissiveness that infuriates many feminist scholars who address her role in this text. It seems that Maria only exists to cater to Jordan’s sexual whims, and that even she is willing to tie her own self-worth to the ability to sexually satisfy her man. Although this might be true on the surface, I think it is much more notable that she is asserting her sexual autonomy here, something she has not yet been able to do in her lifetime. She was obviously excluded from decisions about intercourse when she was gang-raped, but she also came to Jordan’s bed initially because Pilar said it would be good for her to do so (72-73)—not because she willed it. Therefore, Maria’s decision *not* to have sex on this night is potentially just as empowering, if not more so, than a decision to have sex would be.

Maria cannot recover all on her own, though; like other survivors, she “needs the assistance of others in her struggle to overcome her shame” (Herman 66). Maria is attempting to begin her process of narrativization, but Robert Jordan immediately shuts her down by telling her that sex always involves soreness and pain, and that this is nothing that should concern her. While this reply makes one question exactly what kind of sexual encounters Jordan has had up to this point, it is more important to recognize that silencing Maria’s narrative also reiterates that Jordan does not want to hear her. At numerous points in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Maria alludes to her sexual assault, and the frequency with which Robert Jordan silences her quickly becomes disturbing to the critical reader. For example, when Maria tries to justify her restraint in this scene, explaining, “I think it was from when things were done to me that it comes” (341), Jordan replies, “Let us not talk of that” (341). Maria persists, though, and makes two more immediate references to her rape:

one ironic (“And I have only had things that were good for a woman” [343]), one pitiful (“‘If I am fit to receive thee,’ she said, suddenly unhappy” [343]). Each time, however, Robert Jordan either ignores or flat-out denies her anxiety; following the latter comment, for example, he tells her, “that is nothing...truly that is nothing” (343). Herman has explained that reconstructing the story of the trauma begins with a review of the victim’s life before the event, as well as the circumstances that led up to it (176). Therefore, when Robert Jordan denies Maria the right to explain her trauma, he is denying her the opportunity to establish the circumstances which led up to the event, which is a crucial element in the reconstruction of the trauma narrative.

This particular exchange is also an apt metaphor for the second injury Maria has suffered critically. Regrettably, her narrative has been largely overlooked because many critics and readers allow their perception of Jordan to inform their interpretation of Maria. However, if one looks only at the text, and sets aside one’s own inherent predispositions to view Robert Jordan and/or Ernest Hemingway as an “either/or” figure—that is, as either a hero or a misogynist—it is painfully clear that at this point, Maria is simply a victim pleading for understanding and assistance in overcoming the shame of her trauma. Jordan is not helping her, nor is he even listening to her—and yet it is *Maria* who has been critically maligned. His male response is more valued than her female one, and it is this bias that has shaped the critical reception of her, resulting in a second injury.

Because Maria’s mention of her rape has led to talk of blowing the bridge the next morning and Pilar’s prediction that they will all die in the effort (345), Jordan attempts to turn the conversation back to a happier subject: planning their happy life together in Madrid after they have completed their mission. Jordan once again focuses on her hair and asks:

“How long will it take for thy hair to grow out?”

“I do not know because it had never been cut before. But I think in six months it should be long enough to hang well below my ears and in a year as long as thou couldst ever wish. But do you know what will happen first?”

“Tell me.”

“We will be in the big clean bed in thy famous room in our famous hotel and we will sit in the famous bed together and look into the mirror of the armoire and there will be thee and there will be me in the glass and then I will turn to thee

thus, and put my arms around thee thus, and then I will kiss thee thus.” (346)

Jordan’s focus on her hair once more illustrates that this most visible marker of her trauma is never really out of sight or out of mind for him, even though he tries to avoid an extended discussion of it. It seems that Maria, though, has had enough of the talk of her hair, and she again promisingly asserts her independence by interrupting him to steer the conversation toward a topic with which she is more comfortable. She vividly describes their life after the war, because it is in this kind of situation, one which revolves around the creation of a utopian domesticity built on sex, that she can most fully prove her value to Robert Jordan. However, the imagined normality of this “after-life”—that is, an “after the war” life—with Jordan is immediately followed by the narrative of her rape, a sequence that illuminates how inextricably bound the ideas of home and sexual violence are for this young woman. Importantly, though, she is also demonstrating a fierce determination to take back control of her own body and sexuality, for in this realm, *she* will be the aggressor: she will turn to him, put her arms around him, and kiss him. Nothing will be done *to* her.

Maria’s description of the hotel room is equally important for what it reveals about the subtle and persistent nature of her trauma. The emphasis on her reflection and the mirrors in the Madrid hotel is a seemingly insignificant detail and one that has not prompted much scholarly investigation; however, her focus on this particular item has much pertinence to Maria’s ongoing trauma. As she is describing her sexual assault to Robert Jordan, she recalls:

I saw my face in the mirror of the barbershop and the faces of those who were holding me and the faces of three others who were leaning over me and I knew none of their faces but in the glass I saw myself and them, but they saw only me....My own face I could hardly recognize because my grief had changed it but I looked at it and knew that it was me. But my grief was so great that I had no fear nor any feeling but my grief. (351)

When Maria is attacked, she is made to literally bear witness to her trauma via the barbershop mirror in front of the chair to which she is bound. Her attackers “held me so I could see into the glass of the barber’s mirror” (352), and she “could

not look away from the horror that my face made" (352), a face she can no longer recognize as her own. In *Unclaimed Experience*, Caruth posits that trauma emerges as "a kind of double telling, the oscillation between...the story of an unbearable nature of an event and the story of the unbearable nature of its survival" (7). I would propose that the mirror in which Maria watches her own assault emerges as a vehicle for another kind of "double telling," as well. She is so traumatized that she has entered a state of almost catatonic disconnect, and the mirror allows her to watch the attack as though it is happening to someone else. Further, because she is relating the attack to Robert Jordan, she is re-living it as she remembers, and thus exists in "a kind of co-existence of past and present in the same sentence" (Adair 299). For Maria, this narration "of [her body, memory, and wounds...is] an effort to hold together a broken past that remains, in the present, a nexus of uncertainty and contestation" (Dodman 250).

Bessell van der Kolk and Onno van der Hart describe this process of disassociating or "uncoupling" in "The Intrusive Past: The Flexibility of Memory and the Engraving of Trauma." They explain that "many trauma survivors report that they automatically are removed from the scene; they look at it from a distance or disappear altogether, leaving other parts of their personality to suffer and store the overwhelming experience" (168). In the moment that is most ripe with phallic symbolism (with the exception of the actual rape, of course), Maria unconsciously describes her own uncoupling as she remembers how the Fascist soldiers:

struck me again and again across the face with the braids that had been mine and then he put the two of them in my mouth and tied them tight around my neck, knotting them in the back to make a gag and the two holding me laughed.

And all of them who saw it laughed and when I saw them laugh in the mirror I commenced to cry because until then I had been too frozen in myself from the shooting to be able to cry. (352)

Maria is forced to literally choke on her own femininity, and it is this phallic silencing that finally pierces her numbness and causes her to surrender to her trauma. Therefore, when she tells Robert Jordan that in the Madrid hotel, she will "look into the mirror of the armoire and there will be thee and there will be me in the glass," she is betraying the lingering effects of her assault. In her desire to recreate the specific circumstance of the mirrors, she is attempting to overlay the memory of

her rape with a positive, voluntary sexual encounter. Hemingway's emphasis on the mirrors is a clever way of underscoring that her trauma has completely decimated her entire sense of self. Maria places emphasis on finding a reflection because she quite literally doesn't know how to see herself any more.

In all the ways that Maria has been neglected critically, the political significance of her assault has perhaps been the most ignored, yet this is arguably the most crucial contributor to her current state of trying to figure out her own identity as a post-traumatic subject. Up until the Spanish Civil War began, Maria led a life of privilege as the daughter of "an honorable man" (350), her village's respected mayor. Although Hemingway never provides a detailed depiction of Maria's father, he does describe an equivalent figure: Don Benito Garcia, the mayor of the town in Pilar's narrative of the Fascist massacre. Pilar recalls that Don Benito is the first to come forward toward the mob/cliff/his imminent demise, but he walks through the crowd with "his head up, his fat face gray, his eyes looking ahead and then flickering from side to side and walking steadily" (108). Despite the dire circumstances, Don Benito is still the leader of his people, and he remains proud even in the face of an almost certainly brutal death. (Additionally, the use of the adjective "fat" reveals that there is plenty to eat for the mayor and his family, another indicator of a life of privilege.)

Most telling of the mayor's esteemed position in this community, however, is that no one wants to step forward to assault him. He comes forward, "walking slowly from the door and down the porch and nothing happened; and he walked between the line of men with flails and nothing happened. He passed two men, four men, eight men, ten men, and nothing happened" (108). Although he is a Fascist and therefore the "enemy" of the mob, he is still revered within this village. It is not until an anonymous voice from a balcony cries out that they are all cowards that even one man steps forward, "a tenant of Don Benito [with whom he] had never gotten along" (109). The man hits Don Benito in the head, yelling, "That for you, *Cabron*," (108)⁶ and then drags the injured mayor "over the walk to the edge of the cliff and threw him over and into the river" (109). However, after the murder, "the man who hit him first was kneeling by the edge of the cliff looking over after him and saying, 'The Cabron! The Cabron! Oh, the Cabron!...' This man did not join the line again but sat by the cliff looking down where Don Benito had fallen" (109). The transformation here is dramatic: instead of swaggering with false bravado, he cowers in a position of penance; instead of screaming in triumph, he moans in regret. His remorse is immediate and overwhelming, and Hemingway's

6 "Bastard."

message about the role of the mayor in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is unmistakable. As is so often the case in war, it is the superior man, the noble man, and therefore, the wrong man, who has died.

Maria's father, though we are only offered a brief description, clearly possessed the same levels of courage, leadership, and integrity that Hemingway attributes to Don Benito. Erik Nakjavani has argued that the intensity and lucidity of the political declarations in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* leaves no room for doubt that this is Hemingway's most overtly political novel (144), and perhaps at no other site is his point more clearly supported than in Maria's parents' executions. She recalls:

“There is the sorrow for my parents always. But that there will be always...

My father was the mayor of the village and an honorable man. My mother was an honorable woman and a good Catholic and they shot her with my father because of the politics of my father who was a Republican. I saw both of them shot and my father said, ‘*Viva la República*,’ when they shot him standing against the wall of the slaughterhouse of our village.

“My mother standing against the same wall said, “Viva my husband who was the Mayor of this village,” and I hoped they would shoot me too and I was going to say, ‘*Viva la República y vivan mis padres*,’ but instead there was no shooting but instead the doing of the things.” (350)

The political implications that run throughout the entirety of Maria's narrative are first alluded to here, in the description of her parents' murders. First, and perhaps most obvious, her father is the Mayor, the political leader of the town. Just as Don Benito was the first to be executed in Pilar's story, so, too, would Maria's father be the first targeted by the Fascist soldiers. Also very significant is that the only words attributed to him are a battle cry of the cause for which he is willing to die: “*Viva la República*.” Additionally, Maria's mother, although not a Republican, is nonetheless killed for her affiliation with her husband, the mayor. As Maria is led away from her parents' bodies, she is frozen at the moment of their murder, and she:

could only see my father and my mother at the moment of the shooting and my mother saying, ‘Long live my husband who was Mayor of this village,’ and this was in my head like

a scream that would not die but kept on and on. For my mother was not a Republican and she would not say, '*Viva la República*,' but only *Viva* my father who lay there, on his face, by her feet. (351)

Her mother, another noncombatant participant in this war, displays an incredible level of independence under these dire circumstances. Not only does she refuse to bend to the will of the Fascist soldiers who hold her at gunpoint, but she also refuses to betray either her husband or her own political convictions. Further, the words that Maria has chosen to be her last—"*Viva la República y vivan mis padres*"—are both equally righteous and equally symbolic. Karen Engle points out the fragile balance inherent in Maria's statement in her article "Judging Sex in War," stating: "unlike her mother, Maria would make her political loyalties known. Yet her statement demonstrates an understanding of the mutual constitution of politics and family" (948). Even the sequence that Maria chooses is political, for her support lies first with her government and then with her parents, who have now given their lives in the name of the Republican cause.

Maria never has the chance to utter these noble words, however, because her inherited political affiliations mark her as a target for the soldiers, who "looked at us and one said, 'That is the daughter of the Mayor,' and the other said, 'Commence with her'" (351). Maria is then taken to the barbershop where her hair is cut off, after which she is forced "across the square to the city hall and into the office of my father where they laid me onto the couch. And it was there that the bad things were done" (353). For all intents and purposes, this is the end of her narrative, because Robert Jordan implores her to please "not talk more about it. Do not tell me any more" (353). Although Jordan has again silenced Maria, there is still much to examine in what she has said. For example, one should keep in mind that Maria—who, now that her mother is gone, is the only woman left in this community with a public political identity—is handpicked to be raped first, which is clearly meant to serve as a warning to the other women in the village about the dangers of women becoming too involved in the male business of politics.

If there were any possibility of denying the conflation of politics and sexual violence at this point—even after the daughter of the Republican mayor is gang-raped by Fascist soldiers in the mayor's office within City Hall—there is still one more almost universally overlooked political symbol in Maria's assault. She tells Robert Jordan:

“And when the one with the clippers was finished he took a bottle of iodine from the shelf of the barber (they had shot the barber too for he belonged to a syndicate, and he lay in the doorway of the shop and they had lifted me over him as they brought me in) and with the glass wand that is in the iodine bottle he touched me on the ear where it had been cut and the small pain of that came through my grief and through my horror.

“Then he stood in front of me and wrote U.H.P on my forehead with the iodine, lettering it slowly and carefully as though he were an artist and I saw all of this as it happened in the mirror and I no longer cried for my heart was frozen in me for my father and my mother and what happened to me now was nothing and I knew it.(352)

Maria is carried over the body of a man who has been murdered because of some vague affiliation with the Republicans, but it is the “U.H.P” tattoo that stands out as the most politically charged element of this passage. As a part of his collection, “The Visual Front: Posters of the Spanish Civil War,” Alexander Vergara explains the significance of these initials. According to Vergara:

UHP stands for *Unión de Hermanos Proletarios*, or according to some accounts, ¡Uníos! Hermanos Proletarios (Union of Proletarian Brothers or Unite! Proletarian Brothers). This was a slogan used during the war in an attempt to override the differences that frequently caused serious confrontations between the Communists, Socialists and Anarchists. For the more revolutionary segments of the population, this was a positive call... It could also have more negative connotations, as when it was popularly used to refer to goods confiscated abusively and illegally. According to one witness, people sometimes referred to cars by saying, “that car is UHP.” This meant that it had been confiscated and that its driver was not its rightful owner. (Vergara)

Vergara’s explanation lends itself to at least two equally disturbing interpretive possibilities for the iodine on Maria’s forehead. With regard to the negative

connotations that Vergara mentions, it could easily be argued that Maria, herself, has been confiscated illegally and abused. Rape is, by definition, unwanted sexual contact in which a person acts as though they have a right to force themselves upon another. In a sense, rape is certainly seizing possession of another's body as though its rightful owner.

The second interpretation is more allusive. Leading up to this scene is the shaving of Maria's head, and after her braids are removed, one of the soldiers "stood in front of me and struck me across the face with the braids while the other two held me and he said, 'This is how we make Red nuns. This will show thee how to unite with thy proletarian brothers. Bride of the Red Christ!'" (352). Invoking religious rhetoric at the moment of Maria's rape is highly symbolic, both for author and subject. Although Hemingway was raised in a strongly religious home, "his [religious] experience before the Spanish Civil War was largely shaped by his marriage to the intensely devout Catholic, Pauline Pfeiffer, with whom he attended Mass fairly regularly. During the war, however, he lost faith in Catholicism when the church sided with fascism" (Cheney 186). The Fascist soldier terrorizing Maria, then, represents the worst aspects of both religion and government—that is, when religion interferes with politics, politics will pervert what is sacred to religion, and vice versa. The soldier terrorizing Maria literally brands this anonymous young girl as his enemy—U.H.P.—and because she is his enemy, she must also therefore be Communist and Godless. She is a Republican, and the Republicans are at war with the Fascists/Nationalists/Catholics. Again, the pains that Hemingway took to create a text that was not reduced to absolutes of good and evil are as ingenious as subtly associating Maria with Catholicism, the religion for which the soldiers that attack her claim they are fighting. For example, recall that Maria's mother "was a honorable woman and a good Catholic" (350), and more to the point, Maria's own name is a Spanish variation of that of the Mother of Christ, the most sacred female figure in Catholicism. Maria takes great care to ensure that Robert Jordan knows she has "never kissed any man" (71), thus establishing that at the time of her rape, the soldiers are attacking an actual virgin "Mary"—and, ironically, that they claim they are doing so in the name of Jesus. To the Fascist soldiers torturing her, Maria is never an individual. Instead, she is exactly what they brand her: a political entity, U.H.P., and therefore the enemy. Hemingway once wrote to a friend that "the Spanish war is a bad war...and nobody is right" (*SL* 456). The soldier branding Maria "U.H.P." and calling her a "Bride of the Red Christ" not only exemplifies the moral ambiguity of this war, but it is also representative of the sophisticated level of political and historical nuance present in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

However, just as Hemingway took pains to avoid false binaries of good or evil when dealing with the war, so, too, should the novel's critic acknowledge the less desirable aspects of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Ironically, it is an appreciation of Hemingway's aforementioned grasp of cultural nuance that leads to one of the most disturbing details of this text: Robert Jordan's nickname for Maria. She is his "little rabbit" from the first night they are together and remains so until she is dragged away from the wounded Jordan at the novel's conclusion. Carl Eby, building upon the work of Arturo Barea, expounds upon the significance of this "endearment," explaining:

Robert Jordan's pet name for Maria is either a vicious nickname for a young woman who has been recently raped, a horrendous slip of the tongue, or an embarrassing testament to Hemingway's limited Spanish. In Spanish, *rabbit* is *conejo*, also the common Spanish slang for *cono*, or *cunt*, a fact that Robert Jordan, as a college instructor of Spanish, should certainly have known. (206)

Critic Gerry Brenner, however, refuses to allow this gaffe to be written off as simply an unfortunate mistake. In an "interview" with Maria, Brenner fumes:

...his attitude toward you—or any woman—is summed up in his nickname for you. *Guapa!* A slang-word for female genitalia! In our country, it's as if he called you "cunt" or "pussy." And then to translate the term as if it meant rabbit, when *conejo* is the only correct term for rabbit. Affectionately though he may have meant the nickname, it reeks of conventional stereotyping by reducing a woman to...a plaything known best for its reproductive fecundity. (134)

A feminist reader is inclined to side with Brenner on this point. It is almost absurd to try to claim that Robert Jordan, a professor of Spanish now living in Spain, would not have picked up on this most obvious connotation of calling Maria his "rabbit."

Jordan, for whatever other faults he may have, is never depicted as an unintelligent man. Instead, as Erik Nakjavani points out in a piece on Robert Jordan as an intellectual, Jordan is "sharply portrayed in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* as an academic,

a scholar, a man who loves books...and a courageous militant intellectual” (135). Hemingway drives home the point of Jordan’s appreciation of Spanish language and culture over and over again; like Maria’s hair, the references become almost overwhelming. To illustrate, Nakjavani sets forth the following list:

it is not surprising to find that Robert Jordan knows enough about the Spanish language and literature to compare Anselmos’s speech in old Castilian to reading Quevedo (11); nor does it seem unusual for him to discuss Quevedo, Lope de Vega and Galdos (165); nor to appreciate the mysticism of El Greco and San Juan de la Cruz (380); nor to pronounce judgment on Cortez, Menendez de Avila or Miaja (370); nor to comment upon killing among Spaniards as their “extra sacrament” (286). (139-40)

This list (illustrative but by no means complete, as Nakjavani acknowledges) makes it “abundantly clear that Robert Jordan, as a professor of Spanish, is portrayed as an authentic expert on Spain, whose discourse on many aspects of this country is intended to have the ring of truth and the authority of knowledge well tempered by experience” (140). That experience has been gained by Jordan’s having “lived parts of ten years in Spain before the war” (*Whom* 135), and he reflects that “if you knew Spanish, [Spaniards were] prejudiced in your favor” (135). The people of Spain “trusted you on the language, principally. They trusted you on understanding the language completely and speaking it idiomatically and having a knowledge of the different places” (135), and it is because he possesses such a keen grasp of the language that “he never felt like a foreigner in Spanish” (135). Hemingway’s use of “Spanish” instead of “Spain” in this last example implies that Jordan’s comfort is in the *language* of this country. With all of this in mind, to try to argue that he simply did not realize the pejorative implications of his nickname for Maria seems almost ludicrous.

However, even if Robert Jordan somehow did not understand what he was saying, it would appear that Maria certainly did. After they have sex the first time, Robert Jordan says,

“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. (72)

One could certainly interpret Maria’s asking, “what do you say?...as though from a great distance away” as a revelation of her recognition—and subsequent hurt and confusion—at Robert Jordan’s employment of this particular epithet. In contrast, compare her reaction here with that after their first mutually gratifying sexual encounter, during which they both “feel the earth move” (159) via simultaneous orgasm: “she smiled and *from no distance* said, ‘Hello, my Ingles’” (159, emphasis added). Maria clearly understands that as a female noncombatant in this war, she holds a devalued place in her society. However, she is still wounded by the man she has just had sex with basically calling her a cunt, which is evidenced by the fact that she falls silent after she confirms what he has said. It also must be acknowledged that the use of this particular term is especially injurious, not just because of Jordan’s supposed mastery of Spanish, but because it indicates to Maria that has chosen to have sex with someone who apparently sees her in much the same vein as her attackers did: just another anonymous pussy, there for the taking.

Virtually every scholar who has examined this text has proclaimed Robert Jordan a hero at the end, and his death in the forest a gallant testimony to Hemingway’s ideal Code Hero. I do think Robert Jordan is a noble man, and that he dies a noble death. He does not kill himself, nor does he opt for an assisted suicide when Agustín offers to shoot him, despite the fact that there is no doubt that one way or another, he will die on that forest floor. The only real question is who will die first, Jordan or the rapidly-approaching Lieutenant Berrando. Like Jordan, Berrando is also a good and noble man, but noble men die in this book: Maria’s father, Don Benito Garcia, Anselmo, and finally Robert Jordan and Berrando. The point of their deaths is not to highlight their bravery, but to emphasize Hemingway’s “stringent comment on the bewildering stupidity and chaos of war” (Halliday 17). Thus, while I agree that Jordan is a good man, I nonetheless find his death in the forest more ironic than brave. The real bravery, I would argue, can be observed in Maria, who is truly this novel’s most heroic character. During the same interview in which he elaborates upon his iceberg theory, Hemingway tells *The Paris Review*:

Survival, with honor, that outmoded and all-important word, is as difficult as ever and all-important to a writer. Those who

do not last are always more beloved since no one has to see them in their long, dull, unrelenting, no-quarter-given-and-no-quarter-received, fights that they make to do something as they believe it should be done before they die. Those who die or quit early and easy and with every good reason are preferred because they are understandable and human. Failure and well-disguised cowardice are more human and more beloved. (Plimpton 86).

This remark shows a sophisticated level of philosophical interiority with which Hemingway is not often credited by scholars who would dismiss him as a brute. Robert Jordan is the character in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* who has received the most scholarly attention because his death is tragic and understandable. Even if Hemingway may have personally identified more with Robert Jordan, it is clear that the true heroics in this text are found in the Spanish people, who struggle against a cause that, by the time he started writing this book, was already lost. Maria, the embodiment of this nation's spirit, survives at the end of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* because Hemingway most admired resiliency—"those who don't quit early or easy."⁷ Robert Jordan dies, but Maria *survives*. She lives to fight another day—indeed, she lives to fight that long, mundane battle of the everyday. In Maria, Hemingway astutely depicts the manifestations of trauma common to female noncombatants of this era, and he does so with a keen eye for detail and a sophistication for which he has never been credited. I am inclined to agree with Jackson Benson when he says, "we are going to have to take Hemingway far more seriously than in the past...and have to consider the possibility that he was not just an innovator, but a genius" (93).

⁷ This admiration of the ability to bounce back and keep fighting is made all the more ironic in light of Hemingway's suicide in 1961.

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