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For Whom the Bell Tolls as Mythic Narrative¹

As *For Whom the Bell Tolls* begins, a young man lies on the pine-needled floor of a forest high in the mountains; the wind blows through the treetops; the young man is with "a solid old man in a black peasant's smock" and "rope-soled shoes" whose name is Anselmo.² The young man is an American, the old man a Spaniard. They discuss the strategy of destroying a bridge over a gorge, and the young man remembers that a man named Golz had said to him: "To blow the bridge is nothing. . . .Merely to blow the bridge is a failure." (p.4)

As the narrative ends, it is three days later; the young man, whose name is Robert Jordan, lies on the pine-needled floor of a forest high in the mountains; the wind blows through the treetops; he is alone, for the old man is dead; his left thigh is broken; he is protecting the retreat of his friends, among whom is a woman named Maria to whom he has said: "I am with thee. . . .I am with thee now. We are both there. Go!" (p.465) The bridge is destroyed, but its destruction has accomplished nothing; the young man is about to die. The narrative occupies the sixty-eight hours between "Saturday afternoon and Tuesday noon of the last week of May 1937."³

When *For Whom the Bell Tolls* appeared in 1940 the Spanish Civil War was well on its way to becoming a World War. Literary criticism through the '30's had demanded that fiction recognize its social responsibility. It is small wonder, then, that a novel about the Spanish Civil War should be subjected to the tests of realism and proper values. Hemingway's stocks rose and fell with the critical brokers, those who on the one hand praised the verisimilitude of setting, dialogue, characterization, and event, and on the other with those who damned Hemingway's flagrantly romantic falsification of historical fact.

The latter attitude has remained prevalent among historians and historically-oriented critics. Hugh Thomas, in his 1961 history of the Spanish Civil War, for example, expresses some concern that during the period of the action of the novel "Hemingway himself, oddly enough," rather than being involved directly in the conflict in Spain was "back in New York, campaigning to raise funds for the Republic. His old friends in America thought that they were seeing the transformation of a previously uncommitted writer."⁴

A central document in the controversy, and one that has since become a classic of its kind, is Arturo Barea's indignant but incisive review, "Not Spain but Hemingway."⁵ Barea takes issue with several reviewers who have argued that "Hemingway knows his Spain profoundly." (p.81) Barea, on the contrary, argues that Hemingway's vision of Spain is very far from being realistic and that it is really peculiarly his own. He concludes that "as a novel about Spaniards and their war, it is unreal and, in the last analysis, deeply untruthful." Some of Barea's quarrels with Hemingway are trivial, but he makes several important – and subsequently seldom successfully challenged – points: first, that persons like Pablo and Pilar would never have emerged as the leaders of a band of *guerrilleros*; second, that the scenes of mass murder and rape are grossly exaggerated and "contrary to Spanish psychology"; (p.85) third, that the love encounter between Robert and Maria is "pure romanticizing", primarily because Hemingway does not understand the psychology of a Spanish girl of the rural middle class; and fourth, that his rendering of the language of the Spanish peasants into English is a "curious translation, which is no real translation" at all. (p.87)

I have no quarrel with Senor Barea, for he is right. And ironically, it is exactly such attacks upon the "realism" of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* which provide most fruitful points of departure for readers who feel the greatness of Hemingway's art but who seem to be left with only the tattered remnants of what was supposed to be a socially responsible work of fiction. For it is precisely this lack of realism, this tendency to romanticize – Robert Jordan continually reminds himself not to "go romanticizing" the Spanish peasant – which labels the book as American and which places it in an old tradition; and, understandably, it is precisely this traditional element – the mythic element – which the European critics have been slow to recognize. To cite a more recent example, these are the words of Nemi D'Agostino:

The utter uselessness of the attempt on the bridge, upon which the future of the human race might depend, is made clear from the start, as is the uselessness of the pathetic heroism of that group of solitary eccentrics which Hemingway selects as his chief characters. The sky overhanging the Sierra is without depth and beyond the mountains there is no crusade but only the confused movements of heterogeneous crowds, a massacre in a betrayed land. Jordan is a new Frederic Henry, who finds a code of behavior by which to endure life in the exact fulfilment of his mission, and in the end is driven to "sacrifice" more by desperation than by any certainty. Even his improbable sentimental idyl (and those scenes of love in the face of death are among Hemingway's most inadequate, naturalistic, and yet abstract writing) only serves to emphasize the self-centeredness and irresponsibility of his character. His drama is too oppressive and restricted to reflect the so much wider and more complex tragedy of Spain.⁶

Barea, then, argues that Hemingway's vision of the Spanish Civil War is too subjective, and Barea might very well have written a review of *Moby-Dick* called "Not Whaling but Melville". D'Agostino argues that the vision is too restricted and idiosyncratic, and he fails to recognize the fact that there is a tragedy, if one likes, which is much larger and more complex even than that of Spain.

Still, the European critics, it seems to me, are finally more seminal in their attacks upon Hemingway than are the Americans in their defenses of him.⁷ Because *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is *not* a historical novel. It is not even an *ahistorical* novel: it is in its very essence antihistorical. Nonetheless, in the same way that it is possible — if one wants to — to chart the progress of Ahab's *Pequod* through the Sea of Japan in his pursuit of the Whale, so is it possible to locate and isolate the time sequence and the geographical area in which the action of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* takes place. The chronometer and the topographical map are indexes to the temporal and spatial, but in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, as in other great mythic works of literature, topography becomes, to use Theodor Gaster's word, *topocosm*.⁸ Time and place are as important to the mythic novel (or romance) as they are to the sociological novel; if they serve no other function they provide us at least with the temporal and spatial relations traditionally thought to be necessary to coherent narrative.⁹ In the romance, however, time, place, and character are subsumed and apotheosized into the archetype, into the arrangement of archetypes which is myth, where time (for my present purposes) becomes *tempus* and place becomes *locus*. The mountains of Spain and a northwestern American state are both called *Montana*: "In your country there are mountains? With that name

surely there are mountains," Robert Jordan is asked by a young Spaniard called Primitivo. (p.206)

Or to use Mircea Eliade's terms, time and place (i.e., history) are profane, *tempus* and *locus* sacred. In *Cosmos and History* Eliade has described for us how myth and ritual are seen to be primitive man's attempt to escape from the prison of time and history into the timeless through the repetition of primordial gestures, of the archetypal creative act, of the sayings and makings of the ancestors. The successful repetition holds back chaos in an essentially heroic way.¹⁰ All rites of passage, all initiation rituals, are for Eliade the attempts of primitive man to share in the creativity, the fertility, of the great ancestor, the archetypal hero. The essential pattern is that of the "eternal return" because time is linear while *tempus* is cyclical. This is why, of course, so many mythic narratives like *For Whom the Bell Tolls* seem to begin and end in the same place.

Thus it is also that often the temporal individual who re-enacts the role of the great ancestor is sacrificed, like the great ancestor, so that the community can be assured of the transcendent reality and security of the archetype. Often too, a regenerative kind of epiphany will occur at one of the auspicious geographical locations (*loci*). The ritual repetitions of the primordial gestures are arduous ones, but their re-enactment is necessary if contemporary man is to awaken into the "dream time", into the mythic vision which can redeem him and make him one with his ancestors.

In this connection, much has been written about Hemingway's obsession with war and the other forms of ritualized violence like the bull fight. Philip Young in particular has pointed out the private symbolic and psychological significance for Hemingway of Nick Adams' ritual exorcism of the Wound.¹¹ I believe, however, that Hemingway's well known obsession is so far from being a personal idiosyncrasy based upon neurosis as to make it shamanistic in Andreas Lommel's definition of the term.¹² The shaman, the primitive artist, takes upon himself the blood guilt collective neurosis of the tribe, and through certain specifically artistic (i.e., both graphic and poetic, spatial and temporal) ritual narratives exorcises those neuroses brought on by the tribe's time and place, its human condition. As I shall attempt to point out later, Hemingway's artistic response is, in the foregoing sense, primitivistic if not completely primitive. To illustrate the point let me here suggest

that the basic theme of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is not a political one;¹³ it is contained in the lyrics of the song the gypsy sings early on in the narrative: "I had an inheritance from my father." (p.59) So has Robert Jordan.

We recall that Robert Jordan's father was a henpecked coward and finally a suicide. In symbolic terms, however, his inheritance from his father is not just the consciousness and guilt of parental failure, it is also the modern world (i.e., the Spanish Civil War), the profaneness of which the father has handed down to the son as his temporal burden. Since in mythic terms history is decline, the more immediate the ancestor the more profane must be his influence upon his descendant, it is not surprising that in the background we feel with Robert Jordan the presence of the great ancestor, the grandfather, in the "dream time" of nineteenth-century America with its Civil War and its great Indian fighters. The Spanish Civil War with its physical and psychic violence is also an inheritance of Maria's. Echoing Stephen Dedalus' comment about history, she says of the omnipresent bombers which "move like mechanized doom" over the mountains: "it seems as though they were a dream that you wake from." (p.87) Nonetheless, in her background too is the great ancestor with his simple yet potent beliefs and ways, the old bear hunter Anselmo.

Now when Golz argues that to blow the bridge is nothing, he is of course speaking in terms of the larger military offensive and of topographical reference points; it is my contention, however, that Hemingway is thus emphasizing the symbolic nature of the act to which Robert Jordan is committed. He is committed to it at first, naturally, because of his political ideals;¹⁴ later on, after his two days or so of intimate contact with Maria, Pablo, Pilar, Anselmo and the other guerrillas, he will blow the bridge truly in the name of humanity — his descendants and his ancestors — and not at all for politics. And paradoxically his blowing of the bridge must be regarded as a creative act because the bridge is a profane thing, it is of this time and place, it is made of steel; it is the viaduct by which time and place can enter the timeless and placeless topocosm of these Spanish mountains.

James Baird, in his Jungian *Ishmael: A Study of the Symbolic Mode in Primitivism*, has given us the language with which to describe this primitivistic movement in the American writer and in his fictional protagonist.¹⁵ Baird's prime example is Melville and his Tommo in

Typee, but Hemingway and his Robert Jordan would have served as well to illustrate Baird's thesis. Indeed, in his introduction Baird speaks of "Hemingway's . . . preferences for elemental Spain." (p.6) For Baird, the American writer sensing cultural failure in his contemporary America makes a physical journey to the Orient where he discovers viable symbols to replace the inherited and impoverished religious symbolism of his own culture. The Orient, of course, is itself a symbolic complex which may be — as in Melville's case — Polynesia, but from the present point of view could as easily be Hemingway's La Granja or the Wounded Knee of contemporary American mythology. For this journey is as much into the collective unconscious as it is to far away and primitive places. In Hemingway's fiction we find this archetypal journey already having begun in Nick Adams' summer trips from Oak Park, Illinois, to the Indian camps of the upper Michigan fishing country.

The Orient as symbol reservoir, however, involves both a landscape and the eternal interaction between it and the People — our ancestors — and it is therefore regarded as a sacred place. Conveniently we can turn at this point from Baird to Gaster in our attempt to define exactly what this Spanish place and people signify for Hemingway and his hero in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. In *Thespis* Gaster points out that the ancient mythic rituals are specifically assigned to places made sacred by their association with the ancestors, divine and human. To such places he assigns the name already mentioned above, *topocosm*, and he makes the following comment: "Basic to the entire procedure is the conception that what is in turn eclipsed and revitalized is not merely the human community of a given area or locality but the total corporate unit of all elements, animate and inanimate alike, which together constitute distinctive character and 'atmosphere'." And he goes on to point out that this *topocosm* includes within itself both the here and now and the there and then which I have termed *locus* and *tempus*: "The essence of the topocosm is that it possesses a two-fold character, at once real and punctual, and ideal and durative, the former aspect being necessarily merged in the latter, as a moment is merged in time. If it is bodied forth as a real and concrete organism in the present, it exists also as an ideal, timeless entity, embracing but transcending the here and now in exactly the same way that the ideal America embraces but transcends the present generation of Americans." (p.24)

It is significant that Gaster, even though discussing the myth and drama of the ancient Near East, should introduce the example of America as topocosm. Moreover America seems to lend itself very well to the expounding of such a concept. Jacques Maritain, for example, also speaks pointedly to the same issue when he describes a landscape which is not topographical but topocosmic: "When you drive along the Hudson River or through the hills of Virginia . . . imagine for a moment that the country you contemplate is still populated with Indian warriors and tents: then the beauty of Nature will awake and make sense all of a sudden, because the relationship between Nature and Man has been re-established; modern inhabitants have not yet had the time to permeate the land with the form of man."¹⁶ One could suggest, to simplify the above discussion and to bring it into more obvious relation to *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, that, modern real estate jargon aside, the profound psychological contrast between topographical place and topocosm is available in our very different emotional responses to the words "house" and "home". It is obviously much easier to return to a house than it is to a home. And so I wish now to argue that Robert Jordan's physical uprooting from Montana actually becomes in the course of the narrative a spiritual replanting into his native rocky soil as he finds it in the mountains of Spain at a particularly traumatic period in Spain's history and his own psychological "development", his de-individuation.

Central to my concern here is Chapter 30 in which Robert Jordan, now near the end of his three days, remembers his grandfather and the American Civil War and the Indian fighting while he muses to himself: "I wonder what Grandfather would think of this situation. . . Grandfather was a hell of a good soldier, everybody said. They said if he had been with Custer that day he never would have let him be sucked in that way. How could he ever not have seen the smoke nor the dust of all those lodges down there in the draw along the Little Big Horn unless there must have been a heavy morning mist? But there wasn't any mist. I wish Grandfather were here instead of me." (pp.337-38)¹⁷ But the image of the suicide twentieth-century father intrudes itself, and Robert Jordan concludes: "It's a shame there is such a *jump in time* between ones like us." (emphasis mine) What Robert Jordan has *almost* been able to discover at this stage is that the "jump in time" is only an illusion and that the ancestor is always present in the unconscious of his descendants or, as the New England Primer once so quaintly put it: "In Adam's fall/We sinned all."

The clue to this, and (among other things) what enables Robert Jordan to make his final sacrifice, is the archetypal icon of General George Custer in his last stand at the Little Big Horn. Robert Jordan's memory moves from the wife-bullied father to what his grandfather had said about Custer:

"George Custer was not an intelligent leader of cavalry, Robert," his grandfather had said. "He was not even an intelligent man."

He remembered that when his grandfather said that he felt resentment that anyone should speak against that figure in the buckskin shirt, the yellow curls blowing, that stood on that hill holding a service revolver as the Sioux closed in around him in the old Anheuser-Busch lithograph that hung on the poolroom wall in Red Lodge.

"He just had great ability to get himself in and out of trouble," his grandfather went on, "and on the Little Big Horn he got into it but he couldn't get out. . . ." (p.339)

It is of the utmost significance that at this point Robert Jordan should remember Custer's Last Stand in iconographic terms and that the icon should have found its way into a beer advertisement. For it is one of the measures of the power of a national myth that it should remain with the people in their art. The poolroom wall in Red Lodge is as much a museum of archetypes as is the Louvre.

As John Steinbeck tells us: "I don't suppose there is an American who doesn't carry Remington's painting of the last defense of the center column of the 7th Cavalry in his head."¹⁸ In historical terms the battle of the Little Big Horn was, of course, a rather miserable and humiliating skirmish in the last phase of the "pacification" of the plains Indian. As the result of a tactical error (or series of errors) by a glory-seeking commanding officer 250 or so men died on and around a hill at the junction of two small rivers in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. But if ever an action has occurred which makes it evident that certain historical events and characters are essentially mythic (and *not* later mythicized) it is the battle of the Little Big Horn. To build for a moment upon G.E. Lessing's analysis of the iconography of the *Laocoon*,¹⁹ the inherently mythic action freezes itself in art just before its archetypal climax, freezes itself graphically in space, perpetuates itself narratively in time. Whether Custer made errors or not, in temporal-spatial military terms, ceases to matter. He has numerous prototypes in epic, among them Byrhtnoth in his last stand at Maldon and Roland in the pass at Roncesvalles. The archetypal action demands iconographic representation, and the icon makes no historical judg-

ments. Custer and the Sioux and Cheyenne are locked topocosmically together forever in the landscape, the memory, and the collective unconscious. That Laocoon in the *Aeneid* was being punished for impiety does not matter; nor does it matter whether the victory at the Little Big Horn was Sitting Bull's or Crazy Horse's. These are judgments for historians, not for artists. They are not even judgments for art critics.

Before we get back to Spain permit me one more, somewhat quaint, example of the iconographic process at work. That Custer's Last Stand demanded such representation is borne out by the famous pictograph of the battle by the warrior Kicking Bear. In the centre of the pictograph we have not Custer, as understandably with Remington, but four Indian warriors: Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, and Kicking Bear himself. And like Hemingway much later, poor Kicking Bear has been taken to task by the historians for falsifying the facts of the battle; because Sitting Bull was not at the battle, he was guarding the Indian village "and directing the packing up of the lodges by the squaws in case they had to move away."²⁰ Myth, however, does not care that Sitting Bull was not really directly involved in the battle any more than it cares that Hemingway was in New York in May of 1937.

Now in order to understand the mythology which informs *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, it is necessary to move from the central icon to its constituent symbolic elements. The first of these is the all-pervasive presence of the machine in the Spanish landscape, and with Maritain I would argue that the machine has not yet had time to impress itself upon that topocosm. No one can discuss this aspect of *American* mythology, however, without being greatly indebted to Leo Marx for *The Machine in the Garden*.²¹ There have been few quarrels with Hemingway's historical treatment of machines as used in the Spanish Civil War, for it is a fact of history that never before had a war been so mechanized, partly because the great European powers were using Spain as a proving ground for the most up-to-date and sophisticated weaponry.²² Nevertheless, little attention has been paid to Hemingway's technique in revealing the machine to us more through the eyes of the Spanish peasants than through the consciousness of Robert Jordan. Here, for example, is a Spaniard's description of the attack on the train during which Maria was rescued:

"Then it came chu-chu-chu-chu-chu steadily larger and larger and then, at the moment of the explosion, the front wheels of the engine rose up and all of the earth seemed to rise in a great cloud of blackness and a roar and the engine rose high in the cloud of dirt and of the wooden ties rising in the air *as in a dream* and then it fell on to its side like a great wounded animal and there was an explosion of white steam before the clouds of the other explosion had ceased to fall on us and the *maquina* commenced to speak ta-tat-tat-ta!" went the gypsy shaking his two clenched fists up and down in front of him, thumbs up, on an imaginary machine gun. . . . "Never in my life have I seen such a thing, with the troops running from the train and the *maquina* speaking into them and the men falling." (p.29, emphasis mine)²³

The speaker is a Spanish gypsy; and the American Indian, unfortunately, did not have the assistance of Russian dynamiters in their attacks upon the Iron Horse, but the gypsy's exultation, his "excitement so great that I cannot tell it", are calculated by Hemingway to bring to the surface in both Robert Jordan and his readers a primordial image from America's mythic past which is once again iconographic and which expresses the icon, like Kicking Bear's pictograph, not from the civilized white man's point of view but from the Indian's.

Moreover, while the gypsy's language may not be a direct enough translation from the Spanish to suit our historians, it is through such archaic idiom that Hemingway is able to lead us into the primitive mind.²⁴ The American Indian and the Spanish gypsy express the machine in animistic terms: the engine of the train rises up on its hind wheels like a wounded horse and falls like one; the machine gun speaks lethal words at the enemy. There are many other examples of this primitive animistic reaction to the machine, among them Agustin's description of the whippet tank's appearance: "It seems like a mouse coming out of its hole. . . . This is the big insect Pablo has been fighting." (p.453) Thus an evidence of Robert Jordan's gradual atavistic reversion is his learning to speak this primitive language:

"Watch me break the windshield in the truck," the gypsy said happily.
 "Nay. The truck is already sick," Robert Jordan said. (p.448)

If these Spaniards then can understand the Iron Horse only in animistic terms, their relationship to the horse itself goes back and down to the most profound depths of totemistic psychology.²⁵ Pablo has killed a pair of *Guardia Civil* and stolen their horses. What he is proud of is that "we were able to kill them without injuring the horses." (p.14) When Pilar first meets Robert Jordan she asks him:

"Do you come for us to do another train?"
 "No," said Robert Jordan, trusting her instantly. "For a bridge."
 "No *es nada*," she said. "A bridge is nothing. When do we do another train now that we have horses?" (p.31)

And while the series of confrontations between Robert Jordan and Pablo might strike us as a stereotype drawn from the pre-*High Noon* western film (and why should it not?), the two are nonetheless brought spiritually together through their horsemanship. At their first meeting Pablo boasts regarding his five horses: "All these I have taken. . . .":

"That," said Robert Jordan, pointing to one of the bays, a big stallion with a white blaze on his forehead and a single white foot, the near front, "is much horse."

He was a beautiful horse that looked as though he had come out of a painting by Velasquez.

"They are all good," said Pablo. "You know horses?"

"Yes."

"Less bad," said Pablo. "Do you see a defect in one of these?"

Robert Jordan knew that now his papers were being examined by a man who could not read. (p.13)

These representative passages convince one that this little band of guerrillas with their women and horses finds its prototype in the hunted American Indian of the 1870's. Nevertheless, there are ironies present. For we know that while the Sioux and Cheyenne were regarded in the nineteenth century as among the finest light cavalry in the world, their horses of course traced their ancestry back to those of the Spanish *Conquistadores* and Spain itself. The Spaniards are among the finest horsemen of western Europe. Hemingway's reader will remember too that the leaders of many of the last Indian guerrilla bands of the American Southwest bore Spanish names — Geronimo, Cochise, Mangas Coloradas. And finally while Robert Jordan's Spaniards fear the Moors more than any other enemy, so the American Indian feared the regiments of black soldiers sent against them after the Civil War, men whom they called "Buffalo Soldiers" because of their dark colour. The weight of this kind of mythology makes Hemingway's continuing references to the Indian attributes of the Spanish guerrillas almost superfluous. One cannot resist drawing attention, however, to the character and fate of El Sordo, "a man of few words", with "a thin-bridged, hooked nose like an Indian's", who speaks Tontoese prose — "when blow bridge?" — who drinks not wine but firewater, and who

dies on top of a hill outnumbered and outgunned, sheltered at last behind the body of his dead horse. (pp.140, 141, 198, 307ff.)

Pablo and El Sordo are two more of Robert Jordan's male ancestors. The third — and perhaps the most important because in him the ancestry is even more basically primitive — is Anselmo. He, like Pablo, cannot write, but he is a great hunter:

"After we have won you must come to hunt."

"To hunt what?"

"The boar, the bear, the wolf, the ibex —"

"You like to hunt?"

"Yes, man. More than anything." (p.39)

Then follows a long conversation about bear totemism:

"So is the chest of a man like the chest of a bear," Robert Jordan said. "With the hide removed from the bear, there are many similarities in the muscles."

"Yes," Anselmo said. "The gypsies believe the bear to be a brother of man."

"So do the Indians in America," Robert Jordan said. "And when they kill a bear they apologize to him and ask his pardon. They put his skull in a tree and they ask him to forgive them before they leave it."

"The gypsies believe the bear to be a brother of man because he has the same body beneath his hide, because he drinks beer, because he enjoys music and because he likes to dance."

"So also believe the Indians."

"Are the Indians then gypsies?"

"No. But they believe alike about the bear." (p.40)

Anselmo's totemism is somewhat atavistic, however, since he does not believe — or at least he *says* he does not believe — with the gypsies in the brotherhood of bear and man, nor does he believe in killing men. His atavism, nonetheless, fills him full "Of pride of remembrance of the encounter with the bear on that hillside in the early spring." (p.40) It reminds him of his many trophies and particularly that "On the door of the church of my village was nailed the paw of [the] bear that I killed in the spring, finding him on a hillside in the snow, overturning a log with this same paw." (p.30) Anachronism that he is, Anselmo misses God, "having been brought up in religion", (p.41) the very religion which has attempted to stamp out his primitive totemistic beliefs — the nailing of the paw to the church door of course being the Christian version of leaving the skull in the tree — but, be it added, not his profoundest feelings. Christianity — historically — has replaced

totemism, and Communism has replaced Christianity. Small wonder then that with nothing left to believe in, Anselmo, who does not know a Staff car from a regular army motorcar, should as a result of his primitive naiveté die wounded by a piece of steel from the profane bridge, as blown it falls into the gorge. For, as Robert Jordan knows, "Spain has never been a Christian country." (p.355)

Then there is Pilar, who has "gypsy blood" (p.28), who is "almost as wide as she is tall" (p.30), who is a seeress, reading Robert Jordan's fate in his palm, who has been loved by many men, among them bullfighters, who is so "simple" that she is "very complicated" and who is "gross" but also "very delicate". (p.156)²⁶ It is she who recognizes the affinity between Robert and Maria and who educates Maria in the ways of love; it is she who counsels and guides the pair, and not always gently:

Pilar did not even speak to him. It was not like a snake charming a bird, nor a cat with a bird. There was nothing predatory. Nor was there anything perverted about it. There was a spreading, though, as a cobra's hood spreads. He could feel this. He could feel the menace of the spreading. But the spreading was a domination, not of evil, but of searching. I wish I did not see this, Robert Jordan thought. (p.173)

Nowadays when novelists such as Doris Lessing (*The Golden Notebook*) and Robertson Davies (*The Manticore*) have made such skilfull use of the figure of the female Jungian analyst, the Wise Old Woman, we will perhaps take for granted Robert Jordan's conclusion that Pilar is a psychiatrist. (p.137) What we might need to be reminded of, however, is the degree to which Jungian analysis is essentially shamanistic, the degree to which archetype and icon are used in leading the way back and down to the dark gods within the individual and group psyche, in preparing the way for the "naming". This explains, I think, why Hemingway has Pilar choose the seemingly incongruous time and place of Robert and Maria's pastoral idyl to tell them the terrible story of the massacre of the fascists. Before she starts her story she warns that it may give Robert Jordan "bad dreams" (p.99); Maria has of course already been *in* the dream; and when the story is finished Robert Jordan thinks to himself: "Pilar had made him see it in that town. If that woman could only write. He would try to write it and if he had luck and could remember it perhaps he could get it down as she told it. God, how she could tell a story." (p.134)²⁷

Were Pilar's story simply about a massacre, were it told artlessly about an artless — i.e., randomly historical — occurrence, it could have no efficacy, no more efficacy than any newspaper story; it could not have made Robert Jordan react the way he did. In many respects it is a story not of how it was but of how it ought to have been. The story is a simple one, though; it is of how Pablo had the village fascists “beaten to death with flails” (p.103); but the naming process makes us go deeper and, with Pilar, recognize both the archetype and the icon. It was dusty that day “and we were all powdered with dust. . .as powdered as men are at a threshing. . .but each one [of the dead *guardia civil*] was now moistening with his blood the dry dirt by the wall where they lay.” (p.102) Pablo has organized the execution very well indeed. The peasants form up in two lines facing each other as the fascists are made to walk or run between the lines; most of the peasants have flails, “And those who did not have flails had heavy herdsman's clubs, or ox-goads, and some had wooden pitchforks. . . .Some had sickles and reaping hooks. . . .” (p.105) And when a peasant comments that he does not think the weapons adequate to the job, another replies: “That is the beauty of it. . . .There must be many blows.” (p.105)

Because this is a festival in the true and ancient sense of the word. The archetypal content of ritual killing for the renewal of the land is inherent to this particular festival, and it seems to me much more important in context than the historical fact that sometimes Republicans massacred Loyalists, or vice versa. The Republicans are peasants, primitive man, while the Loyalists are petty bourgeoisie, modern man. This is why the icon which emerges would strike particularly the American reader as that of “running the gauntlet”, one of the more dramatic rituals in the myth of the American Indian. Thus by the time that Pilar's story is over we really do not have to be reminded that Pilar has “high Indian cheekbones” (p.298) or that her bed smells “the way an Indian's bed does.” (p.360)

In the impulse toward mythic renewal which informs *For Whom the Bell Tolls* the hierogamy, the sacred marriage, counterpoints both ritual killing and military murder. We can rely once more upon Eliade to enlighten us about the place of hierogamy in the primitive cosmic order (pp.23-27), so let it suffice for the present to suggest that human sacred marriage is an imitation, a re-creation, of the original marriage of earth and sky, of god and goddess, or of god and human.²⁸ This divine union

once ensured the renewal of terrestrial fecundity and its imitation in the month of *May* by young human couples is thought among primitive peoples to accomplish the same thing. Thus in China Eliade records that "young couples went out in spring and united on the grass in order to stimulate 'cosmic regeneration' and 'universal germination'." (p.25) "their union coincides with that of the elements; heaven embraces its bride, dispensing fertilizing rain." (p.24) So one would wish to argue, machismo aside, that the impulse to seek union with Maria in a sleeping bag under the stars is in Robert Jordan a primitive and religious one. For Maria, whose cropped hair is like a beaver pelt or a field of grain and who walks like a colt is Robert Jordan's America, his new found land.

This hierogamous union has great efficacy for the lovers who "feel the earth move" (p.160) and as a result of which they pass into "*la gloria*". (p.379) The earth's moving is what for Pilar sets the sacred seal upon the union: for it never moves more than three times in any lifetime, and for most people — the profane ones — it moves not at all. This evidence of hierogamy is gypsy knowledge and, as Pilar makes clear, it is not a primitive euphemism for orgasm. Finally, and as a direct result of this conversation with Pilar on the subject, Robert Jordan comes to new understanding: "Nobody knows what tribes we came from nor what our tribal inheritance is nor what the mysteries were in the woods where the people lived that we came from. All we know is that we do not know. We know nothing about what happens to us in the nights. When it happens in the day though, it is something." (p.175)

It does not rain as a result of this hierogamous union, however; it snows instead, as if the gods were demonstrating that for modern man the times really are out of joint. Personal fulfilment in the union with the archetypes of the Great Past seems still possible, but the possibility for communal revitalization, Hemingway tells us, is gone. Robert Jordan has already sensed this when, even in the midst of hierogamy he watched time in the form of a machine moving on his wrist; the omen of the two hares killed while making love in the snow confirms it. Nevertheless he has been able to go home again, to *locate* himself in the mythic sense of that word. At the beginning of the narrative he was the young man who said: "I would rather have been born here." (p.15) At the end, because he has been enabled through contact with the truly primitive to make the journey back and down, he can conclude: "I have

been all my life in these hills since I have been here. Anselmo is my oldest friend. I know him better than I know Charles, than I know Chub, than I know Guy, than I know Mike, and I know them well. Agustin, with his vile mouth, is my brother, and I never had a brother. Maria is my true love and my wife. I never had a true love. I never had a wife. She is also my sister, and I never had a sister, and my daughter, and I never will have a daughter. I hate to leave a thing that is so good." (p.381) This is not political and it is not sentimental. It emerges from and strikes back down into the most basic and primitive yearnings of mankind, yearnings which primitive man seeks to realize through myth and ritual and which the modern artist occasionally expresses through his art. At the very end Robert Jordan says to himself: "I'd like to tell grandfather about this one." (p.469) What he fails to realize (and why would he as twentieth-century man?) is that he has redeemed the grandfather who was so critical of Custer; he has redeemed the father who rejected life; he has reasserted the value of Custer's lost battle and of Sitting Bull's victory; he has learned that you can go home again but that once you are there you have to stay.

Footnotes

1. This essay is based upon a paper read at the annual meeting of the Association of Canadian University Teachers of English, University of Toronto, May 28, 1974.
2. Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940), p.1. Future references in the body of the essay.
3. Carlos Baker, *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1956), p.238. It was pointed out to me by David Williams that I read the original of this essay thirty-seven years later on the last Tuesday in May at 2:00 p.m. The superstitious reader of Hemingway will no doubt want to make something of the coincidence.
4. Hugh Thomas, *The Spanish Civil War* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1961), p.444.
5. Arturo Barea, "Not Spain but Hemingway," in Sheldon Norman Grebstein ed. *The Merrill Studies in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"* (Columbus: Charles E. Merrill, 1971), pp.80-90. (First printed 1941). A number of excellent essays have been here reprinted by Grebstein.
6. Nemi D'Agostino, "The Later Hemingway," in Robert P. Weeks ed. *Hemingway: A Collection of Critical Essays* (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, 1962), pp.152-60.
7. See for example Allen Guttman, "Mechanized Doom: Ernest Hemingway and the Spanish Civil War," in Grebstein, pp.71-79; Kenneth Kinnamon, "Hemingway, the *Corrida*, and Spain," *Texas Studies in Language and Literature* I (Spring, 1959), 44-61; and Robert O. Stephens, "Language Magic and Reality in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*," *Criticism* XIV (Spring, 1972), 151-64.
8. Theodor H. Gaster, *Thespis: Ritual, Myth and Drama in the Ancient Near East* (New York: Schuman, 1950). There will be further reference to his discussion of topocosm.
9. See Earl Rovit, *Ernest Hemingway* (New York: Twayne, 1963), who in his chapter "Of Time and Style," pp.126-46, discusses the narrative technique from the novelistic point of view of isolation in time and space.

10. Mircea Eliade, *Cosmos and History: The Myth of the Eternal Return*, trans. Willard R. Trask (New York: Harper and Row, 1970). See also Gerry Brenner, "Epic Machinery in Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*," *Modern Fiction Studies* XVI (Winter, 1970-71), 491-504, who fairly exhausts Carlos Baker's earlier suggestion (pp.245-50) that Hemingway was very consciously engaged with the epic genre in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.
11. Philip Young, *Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration* (University Park: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1966), especially pp.106-11.
12. Andreas Lommel, *Shamanism: The Beginnings of Art* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1966), the introductory section.
13. For recent political approaches see John M. Muste, *Say That We Saw Spain Die* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1966), pp.95-119; Leonard Lutwack, *Heroic Fiction: The Epic Tradition and American Novels of the Twentieth Century* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1971), who argues, for example, that Maria is a "symbol of the cause for which Jordan and the partisans are fighting." (p.73) David Sanders argues that the novel is nonpolitical, "Ernest Hemingway's Spanish Civil War Experience," in Grebstein, pp.32-42, and especially p.39; Warren French, in a fine piece of novelistic criticism, maintains that it is political, but insofar as it is "a poignant piece of antiwar propaganda": "A Troubled World - 'You'd Like Malindi'," from *The Social Novel at the End of an Era* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1966), reprinted in Grebstein, pp.56-70.
14. Muste argues that Jordan's and Hemingway's ideological "difficulties" contribute to a degree of artistic failure (pp.114-19); see also Stanley Cooperman's somewhat spurious discussion of Robert Jordan's "ideology without intellect": "Hemingway's Blue-eyed Boy: Robert Jordan and 'Purging Ecstasy.'" *Criticism* VIII (Winter, 1966), 87-96.
15. James Baird, *Ishmael: A Study of the Symbolic Mode in Primitivism* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1956), Part I.
16. Jacques Maritain, *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry* (New York: World, 1954), p.7. See also Leo Gurko, *Ernest Hemingway and the Pursuit of Heroism* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1968), who insists that "Hemingway dramatizes nature; he does not merely describe it. The Spanish landscape, the Spanish earth are central to the novel and not just its panoramic scene." (p.127); Michael J.B. Allen, "The UnSpanish War in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*," *Contemporary Literature* XIII (Spring, 1972), 204-12, presents Hemingway as "mythmaker" in the realm of allegory and suggests that here "Spain is an abstract landscape. . . ." (p.212) I wish to emphasize my position that Hemingway's kind of myth is about as far from allegory and abstraction as a writer of fiction can get.
17. Brenner, in his somewhat mechanical application of the machinery of epic to the novel, stresses the heroic stature of the "Chiron-like grandfather." (p.498) As I shall attempt to point out below, the grandfather strikes me as heroic in everything but his mistaken assessment of George Custer.
18. John Steinbeck, *Travels with Charley* (New York: Bantam, 1961), p.159. That Hemingway had found the Custer myth useful to his art is also born out by the "picture of Custer's Last Stand on the wall" which Harry Morgan looks at "as though he'd never seen" it, and this just prior to Morgan's last stand. See *To Have and Have Not* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937), p.123.
19. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, *Laocoon: An Essay Upon the Limits of Painting and Poetry* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1910).
20. John A. Hawgood, *America's Western Frontiers* (New York: Knopf, 1967), p.293. Hawgood reproduces Kicking Bear's pictograph. It is perhaps not strange that Emily Stipes Watts makes no reference to the Remington painting or the Anheuser-Busch lithograph in her *Ernest Hemingway and the Arts* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1971), although she does discuss Hemingway's affinity for Goya and Carlos Baker's suggestion that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has a great deal in common pictorially with Picasso's famous *Guernica*. (p.64) *Guernica* indeed might be just such another inevitable iconographic representation as I have discussed above. But it is not really a representation; it is an impression, nightmarish and allegorical. One might develop the argument that the less personally involved man

becomes in his warfare the less representational and the more mechanical will become his depictions of it. This began in the American Civil War with Matthew Brady, perhaps, and found its supreme iconographic embodiment in the famous photograph of the raising of the flag on Iwo Jima. For our own interpretations of the impact of archetype and icon upon culture see the following essays by Evelyn J. Hinz and me: "The Pieta as Icon in *The Golden Notebook*," *Contemporary Literature* XIV (Autumn, 1973), 457-70; "The Attack on the Pieta: An Archetypal Analysis," *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism* XXXIII (Fall, 1974), 43-50; "Saviour and Cock: Allusion and Icon in Lawrence's *The Man Who Died*," forthcoming in *The Journal of Modern Literature*.

21. Leo Marx, *The Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1964).
22. From the purely historical point of view Allen Guttmann clearly defines the central issue: "for Hemingway the Spanish Civil War was dramatized as, among other things, a struggle waged by men close to the earth and to the values of a primitive society against men who had turned away from the earth, men who had turned to the machine and to the values of an aggressive and destructive mechanical order." (p.76) What Guttmann fails to take into account is that the Spanish peasants are absolutely delighted with the *machine* gun, human nature being what it is.
23. One might point out that there is a distinct change in diction in the quoted passage. Down to the first use of *maquina* Hemingway's own voice seems to intrude, and that we see the same kind of passionate involvement with the material here as in the famous Colonel Sherburne speech in *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* requires additional study.
24. John J. Allen admits that "the English of Hemingway's Spaniards is anything but" an accurate rendition of the original but he insists nevertheless that it is an accurate reflection of the "author's impressions both of the people and of their language": "The English of Hemingway's Spaniards," in Grebstein, p.93. Brenner finds the language "consonant with epic characteristics." (p.495)
25. Using what one might term the "Golden Bough approach," Stephens sees "imitative and contagious magic" in operation in the world of Robert Jordan. (p.155)
26. Delbert E. Wylder describes Pilar as one of Jung's "dual mothers": *Hemingway's Heroes* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1969), p.160. A thoroughgoing Jungian analysis of the book, which I have not had the space to undertake here, would discover many other archetypal counterparts for Hemingway's characters.
27. Again following his particular Frazerian bent, Stephens describes the power of Pilar's stories of the bullfighters and the massacre in terms of "phatic communion". (p.161)
28. Critical opinion is almost unanimous that Maria's characterization is the weakest in the book. Again one must stress the fact that Hemingway was not striving for phenomenal realism; he was profoundly after the numenal. M. Esther Harding, a Jungian psychologist, in her discussion of the role of the hierodule in primitive religion can perhaps be of help: "The term virgin, then, when used of the ancient goddesses, clearly has a meaning not of today. It may be used of a woman who has had much sexual experience; it may be even applied to a prostitute. Its real significance is to be found in its use as contrasted with 'married'." See *Woman's Mysteries Ancient and Modern: A Psychological Interpretation of the Feminine Principle as Portrayed in Myth, Story, and Dreams* (New York: Bantam, 1973), p.121. Her entire chapter, "The Moon Mother," is of interest in terms of the hierogamy of Robert and Maria.