

World's Classics

[英文原版附评注]

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永别了，武器

Ernest Hemingway



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李天舒/注释

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作者简介

欧内斯特·海明威(Ernest Hemingway)1899年出生在美国伊利诺斯州一名医之家。他一生结过四次婚,几任妻子多为记者、作家。1961年,60岁刚出头的海明威因不堪疾病的折磨而饮弹身亡。

海明威读中学时编辑学报,给文学杂志投稿,显露出他的写作天才。中学毕业时正值美国参加第一次世界大战。海明威最初进入堪萨斯市的《星报》当见习记者。1918年5月他投笔从戎上了前线,在意大利北部战场不幸被敌人炮弹片击中。经十多次手术两百多块碎弹片大部分取出来了,但残留在体内的那部分却使他终生痛苦。受伤回来后,海明威先后为多伦多《每日星报》、《星报周刊》撰稿,并在欧洲当流动记者。这段时间,作家以简明生动的短句风格写了不少的好文章。

1922年,海明威在新奥尔良的《两面派》杂志上发表了一篇讽刺寓言《神妙的姿态》和短诗《最后》。这是作家第一次发表文学作品。1923年4月《小评论》上发表了他的六个短篇,总题为《在我们的时代里》。同年6月,又发表了他的第一部作品集《三个故事和十首诗》(三个故事是:《在密执安》,《我的老头子》和《不合时宜》。)1924年1月号的《诗歌》上发表了他的六首诗。1925年美国的波尼和福利赖特公司出版了他的《在我们的时代里》。由于此书销路不佳,该公司拒绝继续出版他的另一部作品《春潮》。1926年10月,他的《太阳照样升起》在克利斯布纳公司出版,销路不错,受到好评。1927年,海明威完成并发表了他的第二部短篇小说集《没有女人的男人》。1929年,他的另一部名著《永别了,武器》问世。

1932年至1936年海明威发表了《午夜之死》和《非洲的青山》两部非小说作品。此外,他还在《老爷》杂志上先后发表了23篇文笔生动,但品位平平的文章。海明威30年代前半期的主要作品还有1933年发表的《胜者无所得》(收有十个短篇的小说集)。1936年发表了他最好的短篇小说之一《乞力马扎罗的雪》。1937年发表了他唯一的一出戏剧《第五纵队》。1939年作家创作了长篇小说《丧钟为谁而鸣》。

1940年至1941年间,海明威携妻在中国战场为纽约《下午报》作战地记者。1942年至1944年以《柯里厄》杂志的一名没有军籍的记者

身份在欧洲巴顿将军麾下服役。因为他持枪参加战斗违反了日内瓦会议有关规定,受到指控。审判结果未获罪、反受勋。二战结束时,海明威已46岁了。

1950年,海明威首次发表长篇小说《过河入林》,一部颇受非议的作品。1952年,海明威的名著《老人与海》获普策利奖。1954年又获诺贝尔文学奖。1953年作家在非洲旅行屡遭空难,几次死里逃生。后来,他在《展望》杂志上发表了一篇被认为是二流水平的长篇报导,描述了他旅非时的惊险遭遇。

60年代初,海明威已百病缠身,面容憔悴、神情抑郁。1961年7月2日,这位在世界文坛占有一席之地的美当代作家终因再也忍受不了病魔的困扰而饮弹自毙。

海明威死后发表的第一部遗著是《不固定的圣节》。后又发表了《海流中的岛域》和中学时代的小说、诗歌。尚未发表的还有长篇小说《伊甸园》、《吉米·勃林》和一些短篇小说。

海明威一生勤奋笔耕,写了大量的通讯和小说。不少的文学作品反映着他本人的身影。评论家们说:“海明威是位自传性异常突出的作家”。他的这一创作特点充分体现在《印地安人的营地》、《医生和医生太太》、《某事件的结束》、《三天大风》、《战斗者》和《手》等以暴力、恐惧、混乱、失望和孤独为主题的作品里。实际上捕鱼、打猎、观看斗牛、喜欢冒险本来就是海明威从小的爱好。海明威同时代的伙伴曾经指出,“孤独与多才多艺是海明威当年的突出表现”。

海明威经历过两次世界大战。参过军、上过前线、打过仗、也受过伤。可恶的战争在他的身体和心灵上都打下了深深的印记。特别值得一提的是,残留在他体内的炮弹碎片、引发起令他终生痛苦的后遗症——失眠。因此,他笔下的杰克·帕尼斯(《太阳照样升起》)弗雷德里克·亨利(《永别了,武器》)、哈里(《乞力马扎罗的雪》)、弗雷才(《赌徒,修女和无线电》)以及《清洁,明亮的地方》中的老侍者全都被失眠症困扰得叫苦连天。正如作家在《海明威谈创作》中所述“战争在一个作家的心灵留下的创伤是难以愈合的”。

海明威是位记者出身的文学作家。他善用简洁,明快的“短句”来写文学作品。因此,在他的作品中人们很难见到那些一口气读不到头的冗言赘述,也很少发现一长串花里胡哨的形容词堆集起来的长句子。他虽然使用的多是常用词,简单句,但绘景生动、寓意深邃、耐人寻味,读起来格外流畅、顺当、轻松愉快。作家的这种独具匠心的文彩

在其《太阳照样升起》和《永别了，武器》两部长篇大作的段落章节中随处可摘。评论家对此曾作过生动的形容“海明威以谁也不曾有过的勇气把英文中附丽于文学的乱毛剪了个干净。”这也是海明威不同于其前辈和同代作家的特点之一。

海明威以一丝不苟，精益求精的文风蜚声文坛。例如，他的惊世之作《老人与海》原本只是一部万言巨著中的结尾部分。海明威对前面写成的那些章节，不够满意就毫不吝惜地砍掉了该书的“八分之七”，只发表了余下的“八分之一”，也就是我们今天读到的《老人与海》。用作家自己的话说：“我把狗扔掉了，只留下狗尾巴”。不难看出，《老人与海》这部经典之作的问世，作家付出的代价何等的昂贵啊！

海明威一生崇拜过许多前辈和同代的文坛巨斗，也从这些人的著作中汲取了丰富的创作精粹。但他自己仍不失为 20 世纪开创一代新风的文学大师。正如他自己所言，“一个真正的作家，他应该永远尝试去做那些从来没有人做过的或者他人没能做成的事”。（《在诺贝尔文学奖授奖仪式上的书面发言》）。欧内斯特·海明威的四十年创作生涯正是沿着这条轨迹在不断地追索，追索出了文学领域里的独创之风。

故事梗概

第一次世界大战中,年青的美国中尉弗雷德里克·亨利作为一名自愿救护队员在意大利北部战场服役。一段战火暂息的日子里、经好友里纳尔迪介绍,亨利结识了英国医院护士凯瑟琳·巴克利。几次交往,亨利很喜欢这位说话爽快的苏格兰姑娘,但还谈不上爱上她。接着,亨利要上前线了,话别时巴克利从自己脖子上摘下一枚圣安东尼像章送给亨利,期盼圣像保佑他平安归来。从此以后,两人不仅成为好朋友,爱情的种子也开始在他们的心田萌芽。

在前线,不幸的事情发生了。一天,亨利和他的几位战友在防空壕里休息时,奥军打来的一枚迫击炮弹在他们头顶上爆炸。他的战友有的当场毙命,有的被炸得血肉模糊。亨利以为自己没事,在那里大声呼救“快来抬伤员呀!”当他试图扶起倒在身旁的战友时,才发现自己两腿伤势严重,无法站立。亨利被送到附近的救护站作了包扎,接着就被转往远离前方的米兰治疗。米兰这家新建的美国医院,由于人手不够,凯瑟琳奉命前来支援。

亨利和巴克利在米兰重逢了。他乡遇故知不亦乐乎!躺在病床上的亨利看见巴克利向他走来时喜出望外。“嗨,我一看到她就爱上了她”。“我原不想爱上她,但是天知道我终于爱上了她。”此时的巴克利在亨利的眼里是那样的娇艳、年轻、美丽动人。

亨利在这家医院一躺就是几个月。由于医生的精心治疗,巴克利的爱心护理。亨利的伤势逐渐好转。他们双方也坠入爱河。两人朝夕相伴,形影不离。巴克利还常常利用夜班之便偷偷在亨利床上过夜。他们一块去饭馆吃饭,相约在田间兜风。有时还去赛马场赌钱。他们在一起度过了一段非常愉快的日子。

夏去秋来,亨利已经康复,准备重返前线。离别前,他们住进一家旅馆,在那里消磨最后一段时光。这时候,凯瑟琳告诉亨利她怀孕了。亨利听后又喜又忧。喜的是他们将有自己的孩子,忧的是巴克利会因此被遣送回国。因此,他们决定对这件事密而不宣。

回到前线,亨利发现周围的气氛与以前大不相同。士气低落,军心涣散,到处弥漫着厌战情绪。亨利的好友里纳尔迪,还有那位对战争充满信心的随军牧师,如今一个个垂头丧气,一蹶不振,这一现象对

亨利的思想影响很大。

一战中，意大利抵抗奥地利的战斗，一直打得不够顺利，又传说德国将派重兵支援奥地利。这一消息令意军闻风丧胆，不战自退。在意军撤退的那天夜里，大雨滂沱，周围一片漆黑。一列列部队，一辆辆卡车，两轮马车，载重炮车，装着医疗器械的救护车以及半道上加入的老百姓把道路塞得水泄不通。空中敌人的飞机不断地骚扰，地上的逃亡大军走走停停，行动十分缓慢。为了摆脱困境，亨利指挥他的救护车队绕开大路取道田间小路，小道路基松软、积水泥泞、没走几步，汽车全陷进泥坑。最后，他们不得不弃车步行。

亨利一行摸黑逃到塔里亚门托河。半道上，遭到盟军部队的袭击，一个伙伴在交火中丧了命。这时的塔里亚门托河岸，聚拢着许多逃亡的人，人们争先恐后地涌上一座木桥。亨利他们也混杂在这群人中。桥的另一端站着一群荷枪实弹的战地警察，他们奉命搜捕撤退中擅离职守，临阵脱逃的意军官兵。无论是谁，一经拘捕立即枪决。亨利未能幸免，遭到捕获。眼看周围的人一个个被枪杀，他别无生路，只有逃跑。乘警察盘问他人的一瞬间，亨利冷不防推开了身边的人，冲向河岸，翻身落水，岸上的子弹雨点似地向他射去，他紧紧抓住水面上漂来的一根木头，随波逐浪，顺流而下，很快地逃离了那杀人的现场。

从战地警察抢下幸免脱身的亨利在威尼斯平原上乘机扒上了一列开往米兰的军用火车。车顶上的挡雨布掩盖着车箱里装载的大炮，也掩盖着躲在车箱里的亨利。几天来疲于奔命的亨利这时得到喘息的机会。躺在冰冷的车板上他思绪万千。一幕幕血肉横飞的战斗场面，一桩桩惊心动魄的死里逃生就象银屏上的电影在他的眼前一一掠过。他的脑袋终于开窍了。“当那位警察两手抓住我的衣领时，我的责任已经结束了。”他意识到，作为一个军人，他已离开了部队，告别了武器，战争的胜负已和自己没有任何关系了。此时此刻，他什么也不愿多想了，只有一门心思，那就是尽快地设法找到巴克利。亨利千里迢迢，历经艰险来到了米兰，也找到了那家医院，就是没有找到他心上的人。巴克利于前几天去了另一个城市——斯特雷萨。他决定立刻动身去斯特雷萨，但身上穿着军装行动不便，于是在一位朋友的帮助之下，亨利装扮成老百姓来到了斯特雷萨，并在一家小旅馆里找到了巴克利。这对战地恋人又一次意外惊喜地重逢了。

小旅馆里，窗外细雨潇潇，屋内明亮、舒适。地板上铺着厚厚的地毯，光滑的床罩，温馨的睡榻令人激情荡漾。他们感到自己回到了家，

感到他们不再孤单。遗憾的是，颠波流离中忽现的这一安逸感，在他们的心头一掠而过。眼前的现实却是另一回事。亨利是从部队开了小差、是逃兵、是罪犯，时刻都有被抓、被杀的危险。因此，斯特雷萨再好却非久留之地。他们必须离开这里。到何处去？除非近邻的那个中立国——瑞士，整个意大利是没有一处安全之地了。

事实正是如此。亨利和巴克利在斯特雷萨还没有过上两天好日子，旅馆的一位酒吧服务员就告诉亨利，警察第二天要来逮捕他。这一消息吓坏了亨利和巴克利。情况紧迫，刻不容缓，他们决定立即逃走。在那位好心服务员的帮助和安排下，亨利和巴克利连夜起身，沿湖而上，划船去瑞士。

在朦胧的夜色笼罩下，亨利他们经过了六、七个小时的划行，终于越过了边境，进入瑞士水域。当他们透过晨雾，穿过细雨，隐约可见远处的山环、近处的树林、房舍、村落和教堂时，亨利按耐不住激动的心情对巴克利说：“我想咱们已经到了瑞士。”

是的。他们确实到了瑞士，只是高兴得有点过早了。当他们正在庆幸越境成功的时候被一个岸上巡逻兵发现了。他们被带进海关大楼，海关人员对他们进行了例行公事式的盘查。在盘查中，亨利坚持说自己是学建筑的，他的表妹巴克利是搞艺术的。他本人还是一名划艇业余赛手，他们这次来瑞士正是为了参加这儿举办的冬运会。亨利把他们来瑞士的理由编造得天衣无缝，他俩人的护照无可挑剔，口袋里又装有足够的钱，这样，他们便轻而易举地蒙混过关，合法地进入了瑞士。

瑞士的蒙特勒是个风景秀丽，宁静而恬适的好地方。这里有山、有湖、有森林、偶而还可碰到狐狸和小羚羊等动物。亨利他们住在半山坡上松树林里的一家小旅馆。终日悠闲自在，只等孩子的降生，憧憬着未来的幸福、生活得十分惬意。

可是好景不长。为了巴克利分娩方便，他们临时搬进了洛桑城里。一天晚上，巴克利感到阵阵腹痛，这是临产的征兆，亨利立即将巴克利送进了医院。分娩极不顺利，痛苦折腾得巴克利死去活来。眼看着产妇精疲力竭，婴儿仍不能出生，医生才不得已对巴克利作了剖腹手术。不幸的是婴儿夭折了，凯瑟琳的生命也危在旦夕。可怜的亨利在这残酷的事实面前，千迴万转，无限忧伤。他大声疾呼：“仁慈的上帝啊，你拿去了孩子，可别让她死啊！”然而，由于产后流血过多，凯瑟琳还是痛苦地死去了。

向病榻上躺着的凯瑟琳·巴克利的遗体默哀之后，弗雷德里克·亨利怅然若失地离开了医院。

外面的雨仍在不停地下着。



 BOOK ONE



CHAPTER 1

IN the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and *blue in the channels*.^① Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees too were dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterwards the road bare and white except for the leaves.

The plain was rich with crops; there were many orchards of fruit trees and beyond the plain the mountains were brown and bare. There was fighting in the mountains and at night we could see the flashes from the artillery. In the dark it was like summer lightning, but the nights were cool and there was not the feeling of a storm coming.

Sometimes in the dark we heard the troops marching under the window and guns going past pulled by motor-tractors. There was much traffic at night and many mules on the roads with boxes of ammunition on each side of their pack-saddles and grey motor-trucks that carried men, and other trucks with loads covered with canvas that moved slower in the traffic. There were big guns too that passed in the day drawn by tractors, the long barrels of the guns covered with green branches and green leafy branches and vines laid over the tractors. To the north we could look across a valley and see a forest of chestnut trees and behind it another mountain on this side of the river. There was fighting for that mountain too, but it was not successful, and in the fall when the rains came the leaves all fell from the chestnut trees and the branches were bare and the trunks black with rain. The vineyards were thin and bare-branched too and all the country wet and brown and dead with the autumn. There were mists over the river and clouds on the mountain and the trucks splashed mud on the roads and the troops were muddy and wet in their capes; their rifles were wet and under their capes the two leather cartridge-boxes on the front of the belts, grey leather

① 河底深处水蓝幽幽的。

boxes heavy with the packs of clips of thin, long 6.5 mm. cartridges, bulged forward under the capes so that the men, passing on the road, marched as though they were *six months gone with child*.^①

There were small grey motor-cars that passed going very fast; usually there was an officer on the seat with the driver and more officers in the back seat. They splashed more mud than the camions even and if one of the officers in the back was very small and sitting between two generals, he himself so small that you could not see his face but only the top of his cap and his narrow back, and if the car went especially fast it was probably the King. He lived in Udine and came out in this way nearly every day to see how things were going, and things went very badly.

At the start of the winter came the permanent rain and with the rain came the cholera. But it was checked and in the end only seven thousand died of it in the army.

CHAPTER 2

THE next year there were many victories. The mountain that was beyond the valley and the hillside where the chestnut forest grew was captured and there were victories beyond the plain on the plateau to the south and we crossed the river in August and lived in a house in Gorizia that had a fountain and many thick shady trees in a walled garden and a wistaria vine purple on the side of the house. Now the fighting was in the next mountains beyond and was not a mile away. The town was very nice and our house was very fine. The river ran behind us and the town had been captured very handsomely but the mountains beyond it could not be taken and I was very glad the Austrians seemed to want to come back to the town some time, if the war should end, because they did not bombard it to destroy it but only a little in a military way. People lived on in it and there were hospitals and cafe's and artillery *up side streets*^② and two bawdy-houses, one for troops and one for officers, and with the end of the summer, the cool nights, the fighting in the mountains beyond the town, the shell-marked iron of the railway bridge, the smashed tunnel by the river where the fighting had been, the trees around the square and the long avenue of trees that led to the square; these with there being girls in the town, the King passing in his motor-car, sometimes now seeing his face and little long-necked body and grey beard like a goat's chin-tuft; all these with the sudden interiors of houses that had lost a wall through shelling, with plaster and rubble in their gardens and sometimes in

① 怀孕六个月。

② 沿着小街

the street, and *the whole thing going well on the Carsomade*^① the fall very different from the last fall when we had been in the country. The war was changed too.

The forest of oak trees on the mountain beyond the town was gone. The forest had been green in the summer when we had come into the town but now there were the stumps and the broken trunks and the ground torn up, and one day at the end of the fall when I was out where the oak forest had been I saw a cloud coming over the mountain. It came very fast and *the sun went a dull yellow*^② and then everything was grey and the sky was covered and the cloud came on down the mountain and suddenly we were in it and it was snow. The snow slanted across the wind, the bare ground was covered, *the stumps of trees projected*,^③ there was snow on the guns and there were paths in the snow going back to the latrines behind trenches.

Later, below in the town, I watched the snow falling, looking out of the window of the bawdy-house, the house for officers, where I sat with a friend and two glasses drinking a bottle of Asti, and, looking out at the snow falling slowly and heavily, we knew it was all over for that year. Up the river the mountains had not been taken; none of the mountains beyond the river had been taken. That was all left for next year. My friend saw the priest from our mess going by in the street, walking carefully in the slush, and pounded on the window to attract his attention. The priest looked up. He saw us and smiled. My friend motioned for him to come in. The priest shook his head and went on. That night in the mess after the spaghetti course, which every one ate very quickly and seriously, lifting the spaghetti on the fork until the loose strands hung clear then lowering it into the mouth, or else using a continuous lift and sucking into the mouth, helping ourselves to wine from the grass-covered gallon flask; it swung in a metal cradle and you pulled the neck of the flask down with the forefinger and the wine, clear red, tannic and lovely, poured out into the glass held with the same hand; after this course, the captain commenced picking on the priest.

The priest was young and blushed easily and wore a uniform like the rest of us but with a cross in dark red velvet above the left breast-pocket of his grey tunic. The captain spoke pidgin Italian *for my doubtful benefit*,^④ in order that I might understand perfectly, that nothing should be lost.

"Priest to-day with girls," the captain said looking at the priest and at me. The priest smiled and blushed and shook his head. The captain baited him often. "Not true?" asked the captain. "To-day I see priest with girls."

"No," said the priest. The other officers were amused at the baiting.

"Priest not with girls," went on the captain. "Priest never with girls," he



A FAREWELL TO ARMS

① 在卡尔索山上的战斗进展顺利,卡尔索山在南斯拉夫北部,高1946英尺。

② 太阳变成一团暗黄色。

③ 树桩(在雪中)凸现出来。

④ 为了对我令人怀疑的照顾。

explained to me. He took my glass and filled it, looking at my eyes all the time, but not losing sight of the priest.

"Priest every night five against one." Every one at the table laughed. "You understand? Priest every night five against one." He made a gesture and laughed loudly. The priest accepted it as a joke.

"The Pope^① wants the Austrians to win the war." the major said. "He loves *Franz Joseph*.^② That's where the money comes from. I am an atheist."

"Did you ever read the *Black Pig*?" asked the lieutenant. "I will get you a copy. It was that which shook my faith."

"It is a filthy and vile book," said the priest. "You do not really like it."

"It is very valuable," said the lieutenant. "It tells you about; those priests. You will like it," he said to me. I smiled at the priest and he smiled back across the candle-light. "Don't you read it," he said.

"I will get it for you," said the lieutenant.

"All thinking men are atheists," the major said. "I do not believe in the Freemasons however."

"I believe in the Freemasons," the lieutenant said. "It is a noble organization." Someone came in and as the door opened I could see the snow falling.

"There will be no more offensive now that the snow has come," I said.

"Certainly not," said the major. "You should go on leave. You should go to Rome, Naples, Sicily—"

"He should visit Amalfi." said the lieutenant. "I will write you cards to my family in Amalfi. They will love you like a son."

He should go to Palermo."

"He ought to go to Capri."

"I would like you to see Abruzzi and visit my family at Capra-cotta," said the priest.

"Listen to him talk about the Abruzzi. There's more snow there than here. He doesn't want to see peasants. Let him go to centres of culture and civilization."

"He should have fine girls. I will give you the addresses of places in Naples. Beautiful young girls - accompanied by their mothers. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

He looked at the Priest and shouted, "Every night priest five against one!" They all laughed again.

"You must go on leave at once," the major said.

"I would like to go with you and show you things," the lieutenant said.

"When you come back bring a phonograph."

"Bring good opera disks."

"Bring Caruso."

"Don't bring Caruso. He bellows."

① 罗马天主教教皇。

② 弗兰西斯·约瑟夫(1830—1916)奥匈帝国皇帝兼匈牙利国王,1914年贸然向塞尔维亚宣战,引起了第一次世界大战。

"Don't you wish you could bellow like him?"

"He bellows. I say he bellows!"

"I would like you to go to Abruzzi," the priest said. The others were shouting. "There is good hunting. You would like the people and though it is cold it is clear and dry. You could stay with my family. My father is a famous hunter."

"Come on," said the captain. "We go whore-house before it shuts."

"Good night," I said to the priest.

"Good night," he said.

CHAPTER 3

WHEN I came back to the front we still lived in that town. There were many more guns in the country around and the spring had come. The fields were green and there were small green shoots on the vines, the trees along the road had small leaves and a breeze came from the sea. I saw *the town with the hill and the old castle above it in a cup in the hills*^① with the mountains beyond, brown mountains with a little green on their slopes. In the town there were more guns, there were some new hospitals, you met British men and sometimes women, on the street, and a few more houses had been hit by shell-fire. It was warm and like the spring and I walked down the alleyway of trees, warmed from the sun on the wall, and found we still lived in the same house and that it all looked the same as when I had left it. The door was open, there was a soldier sitting on a bench outside in the sun, an ambulance was waiting by the side door and inside the door, as I went in, there was the smell of marble floors and hospital. It was all as I had left it except that now it was spring. I looked in the door of the big room and saw the major sitting at his desk, the window open and the sunlight coming into the room. He did not see me and I did not know whether to go in and report or go upstairs first and clean up. I decided to go on upstairs.

The room I shared with the lieutenant Rinaldi looked out on the courtyard. The window was open, my bed was made up with blankets and my things hung on the wall, the gas-mask in an oblong tin can, the steel helmet on the same peg. At the foot of the bed was my flat trunk, and my winter boots, the leather shiny with oil, were on the trunk. *My Austrian sniper's rifle with its blued octagon barrel and the lovely dark walnut, cheek-fitted, schutzen stock*,^② hung over the two beds. The telescope that fitted it was, I remembered, locked in the trunk.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

① 城镇跟一座上面有古老城堡的小山岗座落在其他山陵之间杯状的山坳中。

② 我的那支奥地利狙击步枪有着蓝色八角形枪筒和漂亮的深色胡桃木紧密装配的枪托。