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剑桥美国小说新论·18

(英文影印版)

New Essays on

*A Farewell
to Arms*

《永别了，武器》新论

Scott Donaldson 编



北京大学出版社
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导 读

北京大学英语系教授 陶洁

近年来,美国文学在我国很受欢迎。大专院校英语系纷纷开设美国文学选读和专题课,学生从中学到的大部分内容是美国小说。不仅如此,在本科毕业论文、硕士论文或博士论文方面,学生所选题材也大多为关于某部美国小说或某个美国小说家。然而,我们的学生往往热衷理论而对作品或作家缺乏深入细致的了解和分析。他们往往先大谈理论规则,然后罗列一些例证,不能很好地把理论和文本融会贯通,恰如其分地结合在一起。在这种情况下,我们需要一些好的参考资料来帮助学生更好地认识和理解他们在阅读或研究的作品和作家。《剑桥美国小说新论》正是这样一套优秀的参考书。

这套丛书的负责人是曾经主编过《哥伦比亚美国文学史》的艾默里·埃利奥特教授,并且由英国剑桥大学出版社在上世纪80年代中期开始陆续出书,至今仍在发行并出版新书,目前已有五十多种,不仅出平装本还有精装本。一套书发行二十多年还有生命力,估计还会继续发行,主要因为它确实从学生的需要出发,深受他们和教师的喜爱。

《剑桥美国小说新论》的编排方式比较统一。根据主编制定的原则,每本书针对一部美国文学历史上有名望的大作家的一本经典小说,论述者都是研究这位作家的知名学者。开篇是一位权威专家的论述,主要论及作品的创作过程、出版历史、当年的评价以及小说发表以来不同时期的主要评论和阅读倾向。随后是四到五篇论述,从不同角度用不同的批评方法对作品进行分析和阐



释。这些文章并非信手拈来,而是专门为这套丛书撰写的,运用的理论都比较新,其中不乏颇有新意的真知灼见。书的最后是为学生进一步学习和研究而提供的参考书目。由此可见,编书的学者们为了帮助学生确实煞费苦心,努力做到尽善尽美。

这五十多种书有早期美国文学家库珀的《最后的莫希干人》,也有当代试验小说大师品钦的《拍卖第49号》和厄普代克那曾被《时代》杂志评为1923年以来100部最佳小说之一的《兔子,跑吧!》;有我们比较熟悉的麦尔维尔的《白鲸》,也有我们还不太了解的他的《漂亮水手》;有中国学生很喜欢的海明威的长篇小说《永别了,武器》,令人想不到的是还有一本论述他所有的短篇小说的集子。有些大作家如亨利·詹姆斯、威廉·福克纳等都有两三本作品入选,但它们都分别有专门的集子。丛书当然涉及已有定论的大作家,包括黑人和白人作家(可惜还没有华裔作家的作品),但也包括20世纪70年代妇女运动中发掘出来的如凯特·肖邦的《觉醒》和佐拉·尼尔·赫斯顿的《他们眼望上苍》,甚至还有我国读者很熟悉的斯托夫人的《汤姆叔叔的小屋》。当年这部小说曾经风靡美国,在全世界都有一定的影响,后来被贬为“政治宣传”作品,从此在美国文学史上销声匿迹。70年代后随着要求扩大文学经典中女性和少数族裔作家的呼声日益高涨,人们才开始重新评价这部作品,分析它对日后妇女作家的影响、对黑人形象的塑造,甚至它在美国文学的哥特式传统中的地位等等。

这样的例子还有很多,例如威廉·迪恩·豪威尔斯和他的《赛拉斯·拉帕姆的发迹》。以前人们只肯定他在发展现实主义文学和理论方面的贡献,对他的作品除了《赛拉斯·拉帕姆的发迹》评价都不太高。但在这本新论文集子里编者对已有定论进行挑战,强调豪威尔斯的小说、他的现实主义跟当时的社会经济文化现状有很大的关系。他的小说既有其文学形式,又是一种社会力量。另外一位19世纪新英格兰作家萨拉·奥尼·裘威特过去一向被看成是乡土作家,现在学者们用女性主义观点强调她的《尖枫树之乡》对美国文学的贡献,分析当年的种族、民族主义和文学市场

对她写作的影响。用封底宣传语言来说,这本集子对美国文学研究、女性主义批评理论和美国研究等方面都会引起很大的兴趣。

还有一本书似乎在我们国家很少有人提起过——亨利·罗思的《就说是睡着了》。此书在20世纪30年代曾经风靡一时,此后长期销声匿迹,60年代又再度受到推崇。现在这部小说则是上面提到的《时代》杂志100部优秀小说中的一部,被认为是上个世纪头50年里最为出色的美国犹太小说、最优秀的现代主义小说之一。评论家认为集子里的文章采用心理分析、社会历史主义等批评方法探讨了有关移民、族裔和文化归属等多方面的问题。

这套集子里还出现了令人信服的新论点。很长时间内海明威一直被认为是讨厌女人的大男子主义者。但在关于他的短篇小说的论述里,作者通过分析《在密执安北部》,令人信服地证明海明威其实对妇女充满同情。不仅如此,这一论断还瓦解了海明威在《太阳照样升起》中充分暴露他的厌女症的定论。

然而,作者们并不侈谈理论或玩弄理论名词,所有的论断都是既以一定的理论为基础,又对文本进行深入的分析;既把理论阐述得深入浅出,又把作品分析得丝丝入扣,让人不由得不信服。他们能够做到这一点完全是因为他们了解学生的水平和需要。

我认为《剑桥美国小说新论》是一套很好的参考书。北京大学出版社购买版权,出版这套书是个有益于外国文学研究教学的决定。

Series Editor's Preface

In literary criticism the last twenty-five years have been particularly fruitful. Since the rise of the New Criticism in the 1950s, which focused attention of critics and readers upon the text itself – apart from history, biography, and society – there has emerged a wide variety of critical methods which have brought to literary works a rich diversity of perspectives: social, historical, political, psychological, economic, ideological, and philosophical. While attention to the text itself, as taught by the New Critics, remains at the core of contemporary interpretation, the widely shared assumption that works of art generate many different kinds of interpretation has opened up possibilities for new readings and new meanings.

Before this critical revolution, many American novels had come to be taken for granted by earlier generations of readers as having an established set of recognized interpretations. There was a sense among many students that the canon was established and that the larger thematic and interpretative issues had been decided. The task of the new reader was to examine the ways in which elements such as structure, style, and imagery contributed to each novel's acknowledged purpose. But recent criticism has brought these old assumptions into question and has thereby generated a wide variety of original, and often quite surprising, interpretations of the classics, as well as of rediscovered novels such as Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*, which has only recently entered the canon of works that scholars and critics study and that teachers assign their students.

The aim of The American Novel Series is to provide students of American literature and culture with introductory critical guides to

American novels now widely read and studied. Each volume is devoted to a single novel and begins with an introduction by the volume editor, a distinguished authority on the text. The introduction presents details of the novel's composition, publication history, and contemporary reception, as well as a survey of the major critical trends and readings from first publication to the present. This overview is followed by four or five original essays, specifically commissioned from senior scholars of established reputation and from outstanding younger critics. Each essay presents a distinct point of view, and together they constitute a forum of interpretative methods and of the best contemporary ideas on each text.

It is our hope that these volumes will convey the vitality of current critical work in American literature, generate new insights and excitement for students of the American novel, and inspire new respect for and new perspectives upon these major literary texts.

Emory Elliott

University of California, Riverside

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Introduction

SCOTT DONALDSON

A *Farewell to Arms* made Hemingway a famous author. Published just as he passed his thirtieth birthday, it brought him the kind of public and critical acclaim he had been seeking since he had decided, in the aftermath of his wounding in 1918, to become a writer. During the ten-year interim, he had worked effectively as a foreign correspondent and then abandoned that career to devote all his energy to fashioning the understated and pared-away prose style that was his most important legacy to twentieth-century literature. At first it was difficult to place this new kind of writing. His stories were interesting, editors acknowledged, but they read like sketches or *contes*, not ordinary fiction. The breakthrough occurred at mid-decade, when the stories and novels came with a rush. Between 1923 and 1927 Hemingway published two slim volumes from small presses in Paris and four hardcover books in the United States. The best known of these was *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), a novel that caused something of a sensation. On the surface, *Sun* appeared to celebrate an expatriate world of drinking and sex. He had written "one of the filthiest books of the year," his mother wrote him, and many agreed with her. This, of course, was a drastic misreading of a novel that Hemingway insisted was a "very moral book." He did not mind confounding the expectations of genteel readers, but he did want to be taken seriously. His next novel, he realized, should address a major theme, and two of the great themes were love and war.

Though in 1924 he started and soon gave up on an autobiographical novel about his war experiences, tentatively entitled "Along with Youth," the war was very much in the background of many of his best stories. Late in 1926 and early in 1927 he wrote

two stories closely based on his traumatic wounding in July 1918. “Now I Lay Me” described the sleeplessness he suffered after being blown up at night on the Austrian front. “In Another Country,” with its opening sentence that F. Scott Fitzgerald so admired – “In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more” – recalled the therapy he had undergone for his leg at Milan’s Ospedale Maggiore. Both stories raised the possibility that marriage might somehow relieve the anguish of the wounded soldier, and both rejected that possibility. He was not yet ready to integrate the themes of love and war, and in a short story there wasn’t enough space to accomplish such a complicated task.

The potentialities of such a novel must have been spinning around in his head – as Paul Smith demonstrates in his essay “The Trying-out of *A Farewell to Arms* – but it was not until March 1928 that he started a story that kept growing and eventually became *Farewell*. The novel was written and revised and proofed during the next fifteen months, in many different parts of the United States and Europe. Hemingway started it in Paris in March, continued at Key West, Florida, in April and early May, kept making progress during a visit to his wife Pauline’s parents in Piggott, Arkansas, and during her delivery of their son Patrick in Kansas City, Missouri, in the heat of June and July, and completed his manuscript late in August after producing as many as seventeen pages a day in three separate locations around Sheridan, Wyoming. He was back in Key West to work on revisions in November, and his editor Max Perkins came down to collect the script and spend a week fishing late in January. Shortly thereafter Perkins wired an offer of \$16,000 to serialize the novel in *Scribner’s Magazine*, and Hemingway read proofs on the six-part serial version both in Key West and in France. He was still struggling with the ending of the book, however, and did not complete the final version until June 24, 1929, in Paris. The following month he was correcting book galleys in Spain, and finally, on September 27, Scribners brought out *A Farewell to Arms* at \$2.50. It was an immediate success.¹

Geography really didn’t matter to a writer practicing his craft, Hemingway believed, and the composition of *Farewell* certainly illustrated the point. He wrote it in a series of strange rooms, living

out of suitcases. And he wrote it despite a series of daunting personal and professional complications. All that traveling about in 1928–9 reflected the still-unsettled state of his marriage to Pauline Pfeiffer, the woman for whom he had divorced his first wife, Hadley Richardson. Married in May 1927, he and the new Mrs. Hemingway decided to sink roots in the United States, especially because they were soon to become parents. Before they settled on Key West as the family home, however, the newlyweds were in a state of almost frantic movement. And Pauline's delivery, late in June, could hardly have been more difficult. Her life was manifestly in danger as she suffered through eighteen hours of labor and a cesarean section to give birth to their son. That crisis, resolved more painfully, Hemingway wrote into the final pages of *Farewell to Arms*.

Early December produced another family misfortune, this time fatal. Depressed, in poor health, and worried about his financial affairs, Ernest's father shot himself in his bedroom at Oak Park, Illinois. "I was very fond of him and feel like hell about it," Hemingway wrote Max Perkins. But as eldest son, he also felt an obligation to see to the welfare of his mother and the two children still at home. Dr. C. E. Hemingway had left "damned little money" for their support, and the thing for Ernest to do, he wrote Perkins, was to keep on with *Farewell* so that he could help them out.²

The professional difficulties that lay ahead were primarily concerned with the book's acceptability. In at least five different ways, *Farewell* violated conventional standards and aroused the objection of one group or another. It used the vulgar language of the troops. It depicted an illicit love affair in basically sympathetic terms. It described Catherine's deathbed anguish in excruciating detail. It did not sufficiently condemn Frederic's desertion from the Italian army. It presented a disturbingly vivid account of the Italian army's collapse in 1917.

Max Perkins was particularly concerned about the language of the novel, just as he had been in the case of *Sun*. In re-creating the background of men at war, Hemingway reproduced some of their barracks talk. Not to do so, he felt, would present a false view of an essentially brutal life. Soldiers at the front swore as naturally and consistently as they patronized whorehouses, and so it should be

in *Farewell*. Perkins, however, worried about the probable outrage of readers unaccustomed to seeing such words in print. This was especially true in regard to the serialization of the book in *Scribner's Magazine*. The magazine had a family readership, he explained to Ernest, and certain words and even passages would have to be omitted in the serial. Happy with his \$16,000 magazine sale, the largest yet paid by *Scribner's*, Hemingway consented. Words and phrases could be cut, but blank spaces or ellipses should be inserted to indicate the cuts. Emasculation was "a small operation," but not one to be undertaken lightly.

When Robert Bridges, editor of the magazine, sent Hemingway the proofs of the first installment on February 19, he called attention to the use of dashes in place of words that might be thought inappropriate in the high school classrooms that used *Scribner's* for supplementary reading. It would be different with the book, he said. They were using the novel to lead off their May issue and planned to run it in six installments. At that stage, Hemingway began to worry about the Italian response, and he composed a disclaimer to accompany the June issue. Although *Farewell* was written in the first person, he pointed out, it was "not autobiographical" and was "no more intended as a criticism of Italy or Italians" than Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. When the proofs of the second installment reached him, he discovered that Bridges had made two substantial cuts – one of six lines in the manuscript, the other of ten lines – without consulting him. That was not something he had agreed to, and he exploded in an angry letter to Perkins that he would rather return the money than permit arbitrary eliminations. Half of his writing consisted in elimination, and if someone else was also going to be cutting, then let that person sign the book too. That was on March 11, and eleven days later, after assurance from Perkins that he anticipated no further changes (other than blanks for coarse language), Hemingway calmed down. Let the cuts stand, he wrote his editor.³

When the book galleys arrived in June, however, Hemingway once more reacted with indignation. The very words that Perkins wanted to delete – "balls," "shit," "fuck," "cocksucker," for example – he could find in Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the war novel that had become a best-seller in Ger-

many and England and was about to be published in the United States. For him to leave out the way soldiers actually talked would weaken *Farewell*. But, he added, if using the words meant that the book would be suppressed, he would go along with the omissions.⁴ Before the month was out, suppression emerged as a very real possibility.

On June 20, Michael H. Crowley, Boston's police chief, barred the June issue of *Scribner's Magazine* from the bookstands of the city because part of the installment of *Farewell* was deemed salacious. What bothered the Boston censors, and what bothered most of the readers who canceled their subscriptions to the magazine, was not the language of the book so much as the subject matter, particularly the love affair between the unmarried protagonists. "What modernists call realism," an outraged gentleman from Maine wrote, "reminds me of an artist picking out for a still life picture a half empty milk bottle with milk souring and the flies crawling over it, some stale and rotting vegetables, and moldy bread." Some kitchens looked like that, he realized, but they did not interest him as "a permanent exhibit" on his wall.⁵ Such a reaction seems quaint sixty years later, and being banned in Boston has become something of a joke in the interim, but Scribners took the news very seriously at the time.

In a carefully worded statement, the publishers called the Boston police chief's action "an improper use of censorship." It was wrong to base objections on certain passages without taking into consideration "the effect and purpose of the story as a whole." In its overall effect, *Farewell* was "distinctly moral. It is the story of a fine and faithful love, born, it is true, of physical desire." If good can come from evil, then the writer must be allowed to describe the conditions from which the good evolves. If white is to be contrasted with black, then a picture cannot be all white. But, the statement concluded, Hemingway's novel was neither a moral tract nor – as some seemed to think it – an example of antiwar propaganda. It was a story by "one of the finest and most highly regarded of the modern writers," and it would continue to run in *Scribner's Magazine* for the next four issues. Sales of all those issues were forbidden in Boston.⁶

Book banning in Boston was already an old story in 1929, but

prohibiting the sale of a magazine in which a book was appearing was a new development, and the censorship engendered nationwide publicity. That was not all bad, of course. "Many readers had doubtless missed Mr. Hemingway's powerful story," the *New York Herald Tribune* commented, "and they will be grateful to the [Boston police] chief for calling their attention to it." The magazine sales were not much affected, with increased circulation outside Massachusetts making up for what was lost there. The book itself stood to profit from the notoriety, but Perkins took little pleasure in that circumstance. "I hate the publicity, greatly helpful as it may turn out to be," he wrote Hemingway on June 27. It cast a "deeply significant and beautiful" book in an unhealthy and prejudicial light. And it increased the likelihood that the book might be suppressed. There were three words (Perkins could not bring himself to set them down on paper) that might prompt legal action. One of these was so objectionable that it "might turn a judge right around against us, and to the post office, it and the others, I think, would warrant (technically) action." Besides, he pointed out, it would be a dirty shame to have Hemingway associated with the purveyors of smut. On July 12, Perkins reiterated his fears. They had decided against taking the Boston ban to court, because that seemed unlikely to accomplish anything of importance. Besides, "there is still . . . considerable anxiety for fear of the federal authorities being stirred up. They seem to take curious activity of late, and if the post office should object, we would be in Dutch."⁷

With the threat of legal and governmental suppression so firmly established, Hemingway acceded to Perkins's deletion of gutter language (most of it uttered during the chaos of the retreat from Caporetto). "I understand . . . about the words you cannot print — if you cannot print them — and I never expected you could print the one word (C-S) that you cannot and that lets me out." Yet where such sanctions were not involved, he stuck to his guns. On August 16, Perkins sent *Farewell's* English publisher, Jonathan Cape, two sets of galleys, one with the offending words blanked out, the other with the words spelled out "if you feel they can be, and according to the author's wish."⁸

Perkins also moved to protect Hemingway's reputation through the assistance of Owen Wister, author of *The Virginian*, friend and biographer of Theodore Roosevelt, and highly respected literary elder statesman. Wister had come to Hemingway's defense when *Sun* had been under attack, and now he did so again, despite certain reservations about *Farewell*. Wister read the new novel well in advance of publication and wrote Perkins on April 30 that he thought the book "many jumps of seven league boots ahead of anything he has done so far." But he found it "too outspoken in its medical details. . . . They are so terrible and so powerful that I personally shrank from them as I read." It would be better, he thought, if Hemingway could leave out the ether and communicate Catherine's agony by suggestion. "They've got to give me something," she might say, and that would be enough to make the point. But Wister was not adamant on this subject, and when he and Hemingway dined together in Paris in the wake of the Boston ban, they got along famously. Some weeks later Wister did write to Hemingway with his suggestions for revision, which Hemingway acknowledged without adopting. "Your advice is always good and I will take all I can of it," he replied. He didn't take much, and he was decidedly annoyed when, even after publication, Wister marked up a copy of the book and sent it to Hemingway as instruction on "what to put in as important and what to leave out as immaterial."

Immediately after the Boston ban, however, Wister rallied to Hemingway's cause with a public expression of praise. *Farewell* was far better than his earlier work, Wister asserted. "He had got rid of those jolty Western Union ten word sentences . . . and also of that monotony which came of dealing too much in human garbage. This book is full of beauty and variety, and nobody in it is garbage." In addition, he endeavored to make an asset of the book's frankness by comparing it to the work of Defoe. Hemingway, like Defoe, was "lucky to be writing in an age that will not stop its ears at the unmuted resonance of a masculine voice."⁹

As Perkins had anticipated, the publicity about *Farewell* generated a good deal of interest, and Scribners ran off a first printing of 31,050 copies for the September 27 publication of the book. (By