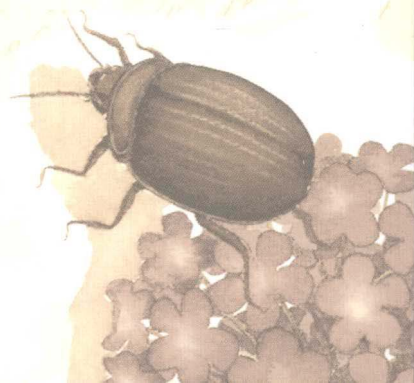


• 英汉对照 •

变形记

The [奥地利] F. 卡夫卡 ◎ 著
Metamorphosis 徐向英 ◎ 译

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作者简介

《变形记》是被称为“西方现代派文学鼻祖”的奥地利小说家弗兰茨·卡夫卡（1883～1924）的代表作。卡夫卡“对现代人及现代社会的巨大的洞察力，他那源于犹太血统、动乱年代和炎凉世态的无家可归感，他那对人类苦难的战栗的眺望，他那对人生崩溃的现场目击，都使他的作品成为一部现代启示录，构成现代人文景观的一个重要组成部分”。

弗兰茨·卡夫卡 1883 年 7 月 3 日生于奥匈帝国的布拉格一个犹太商人家庭。卡夫卡的祖父是乡村屠夫，家庭生活贫困。卡夫卡的父亲经过艰苦奋斗终于积蓄了一笔财产，事业的飞黄腾达使他变得异常自信、偏执、暴虐和专横，他压制儿子的自由，使体质孱弱且非常敏感的卡夫卡深受其苦。卡夫卡的母亲出身于家道殷实的德国犹太中产阶级家庭，她本人性情忧郁，好冥想，这些对卡夫卡后来的生活及其忧郁悲观性格的形成有很大影响。

卡夫卡六岁开始上小学，就读于肉市街德语男校（1889～1893）；十岁时进入位于布拉格旧城的一所用德语授课的国立文科中学（1893～1901）；十八岁起在布拉格德语大学学习。刚入校时他曾经学过两个星期的化学，并兼听艺术史课程，1902 年夏天开始攻读日耳曼语言文学，后屈从父命改学法律，1906 年二十三岁时获得法学博士学位。毕业后他先在律师事务所和法院见习过一年，1907 年 10 月份起在布拉格一家私人保险公司做临时雇员，1908 年 7 月进入布拉格波希米亚王国工人工伤事故保险公司，1922 年 6 月因病退休。1923 年卡夫卡重新研究希伯来语，同年 9 月迁往柏林，1924 年 3 月由于健康状况恶化不得不返回布拉格。1924 年 6 月 3 日，四十一岁的卡夫卡因结核病在维也纳附近的基尔林疗养院英年早逝。卡夫卡一生中数次恋爱，几次订婚，但终身未娶。

卡夫卡上中学就开始了他的早期创作。他热爱写作，视写作为“性命攸关”的事，不过他的早期作品被他销毁了。他留存于世的最早的一部作品是他在1904年着手写的短篇小说《记一次斗争》。卡夫卡是利用业余时间从事写作的“非职业作家”。在他去世后，由他的生前挚友马克斯·布罗德汇编成十卷出版的遗作中包括了他写的长篇小说、短篇小说、速写、寓言、警句、信件、日记等，不过卡夫卡的主要成就是小说。除了三部长篇之外他还写了近八十篇中短篇小说，其中著名的有《乡间的婚礼筹备》（1906）、《判决》（1912）、《变形记》（1912）、《在流放地》（1914）、《在建造中国长城时》（1918~1919）、《乡村医生》（1919）、《饥饿艺术家》（1922）、《地洞》（1923~1924）等。他的最后一部作品是写于1924年3月的《女歌手约瑟芬》。

卡夫卡的作品惯用象征、隐喻、夸张等曲折迂回的叙述方式和表现手法，情节生动，语言简洁流畅，但故事怪诞离奇，无确定的时间和地点，不交代前因后果，跳跃性大，给人以梦幻、神秘、奇特的感觉。卡夫卡生活在处于19世纪和20世纪之交的封建落后的奥匈帝国。随着第一次世界大战的失败和国内革命运动的高涨，奥匈帝国终于彻底崩溃。然而旧的矛盾尚未解决，新的矛盾又层出不穷。新旧矛盾的交织、社会的动荡不安，把普通老百姓置于水深火热之中，使社会上的小人物吃尽了苦，受尽了罪。卡夫卡是那个时代的见证人，他憎恨他生活的那个精神空虚、丧失人道的世界，他为世人感到苦恼；同时沉闷窒息的社会和第一次世界大战的浩劫也使他对社会、对人类感到悲观失望。于是，“他的人道主义信念与对现存秩序的怀疑构成了他世界观的主要矛盾，认为目的虽有，却无路可走”。因此，他的作品很少有亮点，大多体现他对人类前途的忧虑和不安，以及他对这个充满罪恶和丑陋的世界的愤怒和无奈。卡夫卡的作品在表现资本主义世界中人的异化方面可谓首屈一指，他的作品对以后的西方文学产生了极大的影响。

卡夫卡的创作态度严肃认真，他的梦魇般的作品寓意深刻，哲理性强，且具有象征主义特征。阅读卡夫卡的作品不能停留在故事情节上，仅对作品中的人物和事件做具体化的理解，而应该挖掘作品的内涵及其象征意义。

The Metamorphosis

I

One morning as Gregor Samsa woke up from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his domelike brown belly divided into stiff arched segments on top of which the bed quilt could hardly stay in place and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his eyes.

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变形记

(一)

一天早晨，当格列高·桑沙从不安的睡梦中醒来时，他发现自己变成了一条巨大的甲虫，肚皮朝上躺在床上。他的后背硬得像盔甲一样。当他稍微抬起头时，他看见他那像圆屋顶一样褐色肚皮被分成了许多块弧形的硬片，上面的被子几乎盖不住，好像就要滑落下来了。他的腿也变成了无数只。跟庞大的身体的其他部位相比，它们瘦得可怜，正无助地在他眼前挥舞着。

“What has happened to me?” he thought. It was no dream. His room, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet within its four familiar walls. Above the table on which a collection of cloth samples was unpacked and spread out. Samsa was a traveling salesman—hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur hat on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Gregor’s eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast sky—one could hear raindrops beating on the window gutter—made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he

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“我怎么啦？”他想着。这可不是梦。他静静地躺在四面熟悉的墙壁中，只是房间小了一点，但完全是人住的卧室。桌子上面放着衣料样品，没有包装，散放着。桑沙是个旅行推销员，桌子上方挂着一幅他最近从一本画报上剪下的画像。这画像镶在一个漂亮的镀金镜框里，画上是一位女士，戴着毛皮帽子，披着毛皮围巾。她笔直地坐着，手里向看画人递着一件保暖的毛皮手套，套住了她的整个前臂。

接着他朝窗外望去，天空布满了乌云——他可以听到雨点正拍打着窗户上的水槽——这让他心情很忧郁。再睡一会儿，别去想这些没价值的东西，他想着。但不行，他习惯向右侧卧睡觉，但现在却无法翻身。不管他怎样使劲强迫自己向右侧翻身，但总是又滚回

could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself toward his right side he always rolled onto his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never felt before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked out for myself! On the road day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual business in the home office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant traveling, of worrying about train connections, the bad food and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly, slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily, identified the itching place which was

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到原来的位置，背朝下。他试了至少上百次，闭着眼睛免得看见他那些挣扎的小腿，直到他开始感觉他的侧面有一种他从未有过的酸痛时，他才放弃了。

哦，天哪，他想，我给自己挑了份多累人的工作啊！长年累月风里来雨里去，比起办公室的活要累得多。除此之外，还要承受不停旅行带来的烦恼，担心列车倒班，食物质量低劣，进餐没有规律，偶然认识的人永远也不会成为亲密的朋友。这一切都见鬼去吧！他感觉肚皮上有点痒，就慢慢地把身子移到靠床头更近的地方以便更容易抬起头来；他看见发痒的地方布满许多白色的小斑点，他不知

surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and was about to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, can make an idiot out of anyone. A man needs his sleep. Other salesmen live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the hotel in the morning to write up my orders these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my boss; I'd be fired on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold back because of my parents I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the boss and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him right off his desk! It's a peculiar habit of his, too, sitting

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道这是什么，正准备用一条腿去挠痒，一碰到却浑身打冷战，于是他就把腿缩回去。

他又滑回到原来的位置。他想这样早起会让每个人都变成傻子的。人是需要睡眠的。其他的推销员生活得倒像闺房里的妇人。比如，上午我回旅馆写订货单时，这些人正坐下来吃早餐。要是我也这样，会当场被我老板开除的。不过，对我来说，开除倒是件好事，谁知道呢。为了我父母，我才不得不忍住，要不然，我早就炒老板鱿鱼了，我早就会跑到老板面前，告诉他我对他的想法，这准会气得他从桌子上摔下来！他有一个很奇怪的习惯，总爱坐在桌子

on top of the desk like that and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the boss is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my parents' debts to him—that should take another five or six years—I'll do it without fail. I'll cut my ties completely then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my train leaves at five.

He looked at the alarm clock ticking on the chest of drawers. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the alarm clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well, he

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上面，高高在上向员工发话，尤其让人难受的是，他有点耳背，大家不得不贴近，到他跟前去。不过，总还是有希望的，一旦我攒足了钱，还清我父母欠我老板的债务时——这还需要五六年的时间——我一定能做到的。到那时我就会完全摆脱羁绊，改变命运了。不过眼下我最好还是起来，因为火车五点钟出发。

他看了一下柜子上滴滴嗒嗒响着的闹钟。天哪！已经六点半了，时针还在静静地向前移动，甚至都过六点半了，差一刻就七点了。闹钟没有响过吗？从床上看过去，闹钟刚好是设在四点钟的位置的。显然一定是响过了。是的，不过那震耳欲聋的铃声怎么可能没吵醒他呢？嗯，他睡得并不安宁，但是很明显闹钟没把他叫醒正说明他睡得好。但现在他该怎么办呢？下一趟列车七点出发，要坐上这一

had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next train went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his samples weren't even packed, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and energetic. And even if he did catch the train he couldn't avoid a tirade from the boss, since the messenger boy must have been waiting for the five o'clock train and must have long since reported his failure to turn up. This messenger was a creature of the boss's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be very awkward and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The boss himself would be sure to come with the health insurance doctor, would reproach his parents for their son's laziness, and would cut all excuses short by handing the matter over to the

趟车，他得发疯赶才行。他的样品还没有包装好，他自己的精神状态也不是特别好。而且即使他赶上这趟车，也免不了听老板唠叨训斥一顿，因为公司的通信员一定坐上五点钟的列车，一定早就向老板报告他没及时赶上。那通信员是老板的走狗，没骨气又愚蠢乏味。那么，就说自己生病了吧？不行，那一定很尴尬，也会让人怀疑的，因为这五年来他没有生过一次病。老板一定会亲自带着医生前来，责怪他的父母说他们的儿子懒惰。他一定会打消所有的借口，把事情都交代给医生，而这位医生会把全人类当作完全健康的装病的

insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong in this case? Gregor really felt quite well, apart from a drowsiness that was quite inexcusable after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.

As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed—the alarm clock had just struck a quarter to seven—there was a cautious tap at the door near the head of his bed. “Gregor,” said a voice—it was his mother’s—“it’s a quarter to seven. Didn’t you have a train to catch?” That gentle voice! Gregor had a shock as he heard his own voice answering hers, unmistakably his own voice, it was true, but with a persistent horrible twittering squeak behind it like an undertone, which left the words in their clear shape only for the first moment

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人。在这件事上，到目前为止他错了吗？除了睡了这么久实在不该有的困乏外，格列高感觉挺好，他甚至觉得异常饥饿。

所有这些都在他脑中闪电般飞过，他还没有决定起床——闹钟敲响了，差一刻七点——就听到靠床头边的那扇门传来一声小心翼翼的叩门声。“格列高，”一个声音叫着——这是他母亲的声音——“差一刻就七点了。你不用赶火车吗？”好温柔的声音！可当格列高听到他自己回答母亲的声音时，他惊呆了。没错，这是他自己的声音，这是真的。可是这声音却同时伴着一种令人可怕的吱吱声，像

and then rose up reverberating around them to destroy their sense, so that one could not be sure one had heard them rightly. Gregor wanted to answer at length and explain everything, but in the circumstances he confined himself to saying: "Yes, yes, thank you, Mother, I'm getting up now." The wooden door between them must have kept the change in his voice from being noticeable outside, for his mother contented herself with this statement and shuffled away. Yet this brief exchange of words had made the other members of the family aware that Gregor was, strangely, still at home, and at one of the side doors his father was already knocking, gently, yet with his fist. "Gregor, Gregor," he called, "What's the matter with you?" And after a little while he called again in a deeper voice: "Gregor! Gregor!" At the other side door his sister was saying in a low, plaintive tone: "Gregor? Aren't you well? Do you need

是伴音似的。他的声音刚开始时还听得清楚几句，接着就受到了反弹回响而失去了意义，就说不准人家是否听清楚他的话了。格列高想要回答他母亲的问话，解释这一切，但现在这情形，他只能简单地说：“知道了，知道了，谢谢，妈妈，我正在起床呢。”一定是隔着这扇木门，在门外的母亲才没有发现他声音的变化，因为他母亲听了他的话就满意地拖着脚步走开了。但是这一简短的对话却让家里的其他人感到奇怪：格列高怎么还在家里。他父亲已经在侧边的一扇门上敲门了，很轻，却是用拳头。“格列高，格列高，”他叫到，“你怎么啦？”过了一会儿他又用更低沉的声音叫道：“格列高！格列高！”在侧边的另一扇门上他的妹妹也用低低的忧伤的声音问：“格列高，你是不是不舒服了？你需要什么东西吗？”他同时回

anything?” He answered them both at once: “I’m just about ready,” and did his best to make his voice sound as normal as possible by enunciating the words very clearly and leaving long pauses between them. So his father went back to his breakfast, but his sister whispered: “Gregor, open the door, I beg you.” However, he was not thinking of opening the door, and felt thankful for the prudent habit he had acquired on the road of locking all doors during the night, even at home.

His immediate intention was to get up quietly without being disturbed, to put on his clothes and above all eat his breakfast, and only then to consider what else had to be done, since he was well aware his meditations would come to no sensible conclusion if he remained in bed. He remembered that often enough in bed he had felt small aches and pains, probably caused by lying in awkward

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答了他们两个人：“我这就好了。”他一个字一个字清晰地发出，好让他的声音尽可能跟往常一样。他的父亲回去吃他的早餐了，但他妹妹却低声地对他说：“格列高，请开门吧，我求求你了。”但是，他不想开门，他暗自庆幸自己在出差旅行期间养成的在夜间锁门的这个小心谨慎的习惯。甚至在家里也一样。

他现在最想的就是悄悄地不受任何人打扰地起床，穿好衣服，最重要的是早餐吃饱，然后才去考虑下一步怎么办。因为他很清楚，如果他还躺在床上的话，是想不出任何有意义的结论的。他想起过去可能是因为躺的姿势不好，所以在床上久了浑身就会有些轻微的

positions, which had proved purely imaginary once he got up, and he looked forward eagerly to seeing this morning's delusions gradually evaporate. That the change in his voice was nothing but the precursor of a bad cold, a typical ailment of traveling salesmen, he had not the slightest doubt.

To get rid of the quilt was quite easy; he had only to inflate himself a little and it fell off by itself. But the next move was difficult, especially because he was so unusually broad. He would have needed arms and hands to hoist himself up; instead he had only the numerous little legs which never stopped waving in all directions and which he could not control in the least. When he tried to bend one of them the first thing it did was to stretch itself out straight; and if he finally succeeded in making it do what he wanted, all the other legs meanwhile waved the more wildly in the

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疼痛，但一起床他就知道这纯粹是一种幻觉。他迫切地期待今早的幻觉会渐渐消失，而他声音的改变只不过是重感冒的前兆。这是旅行推销员惯有的职业病，对此他毫不怀疑。

要掀掉被子很容易，他只要稍微鼓一下肚皮，被子就滑下来了。但接下来就难了，尤其是因为他的身体宽得不正常。他本来可以用他的手和胳膊让自己站起来；可现在，他只有那些不停地向四周挥舞的、无数细小的腿，他拿它们一点办法也没有。他想弯起其中的一条腿，反而伸得更直了；等他最后终于成功地弯起了一条腿时，所有其他的腿却以一种最令人疼痛和讨厌的姿势挥舞得更起劲了。

most painful anal unpleasant way. “But what’s the use of lying idle in bed?” said Gregor to himself.

He thought that he might get out of bed with the lower part of his body first, but this lower part, which he had not yet seen and of which he could form no clear picture, proved too difficult to move; it shifted so slowly; and when finally, almost wild with annoyance, he gathered his forces together and thrust out recklessly, he had miscalculated the direction and bumped heavily against the lower end of the bed, and the stinging pain he felt informed him that precisely this lower part of his body was at the moment probably the most sensitive.

So he tried to get the top part of himself out first, and cautiously moved his head toward the edge of the bed. That proved easy enough, and despite its breadth and mass the bulk of his body

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“但是这样无所事事地躺在床上有什么用呢。”格列高自言自语地说。

他想，他也许可以让下半身先起来，但是他还没看到自己的下半身是啥模样，所以事实上移动起来很难。他移动非常慢，到最后，他恼怒得几乎发疯，使尽全身力气，不顾一切地把自己推出去。但是由于弄错方向，他重重地撞在床脚上，一阵刺痛让他清楚此刻他的下半身可能是全身最敏感的部位。

所以他就想试着让上半身先起来。他小心翼翼地把头挪向床边，这挺容易的，尽管他的身体又宽又大，但最终也随着头部慢慢地移

at last slowly followed the movement of his head. Still, when he finally got his head free over the edge of the bed he felt too scared to go on advancing, for, after all, if he let himself fall in this way it would take a miracle to keep his head from being injured. And under no circumstances could he afford to lose consciousness now, precisely now; he would rather stay in bed.

But when after a repetition of the same efforts he lay in his former position again, sighing, and watched his little legs struggling against each other more wildly than ever, if that were possible, and saw no way of bringing any calm and order into this senseless confusion, he told himself again that it was impossible to stay in bed and that the most sensible course was to risk everything for the smallest hope of getting away from it. At the same time, however, he did not forget to remind himself occasionally that cool reflection,

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动了。但是，当他的头部终于移离床边，悬在那里时，他不敢再继续往前移了，因为，如果他这么掉下去，脑袋不受伤那才是个奇迹呢。无论如何他是不能让自己失去知觉的，确切地说是现在，他宁愿呆在床上。

再次做同样的努力后，他还是以原来的姿势躺着。他叹着气，看着他那些小腿在更疯狂地挣扎着；看到无法给这毫无意义的混乱带来任何平静和头绪，格列高再次告诉自己，呆在床上是行不通的，最明智的做法是冒一切危险离开床上，哪怕只有极渺茫的希望。但同时他也没有忘记不时地提醒自己，要冷静，冷静思考要比不顾一