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The Metamorphosis

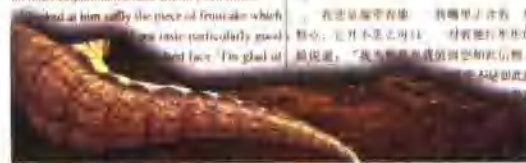
变形记

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

...and he had a very good reason for it. He was not a man of many words, but when he spoke, his words were full of meaning. He had a way of speaking that was both simple and profound, and it was this that made him so popular with the people of the town. He had a way of speaking that was both simple and profound, and it was this that made him so popular with the people of the town.

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变形记

(奥)卡夫卡 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译

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导 读

奥地利小说家弗朗茨·卡夫卡(1883—1924)是西方现代派文学的奠基人之一。他享有很高的世界声誉,经过半个多世纪的时间冲刷,尤其是“后现代”思潮的猛烈冲击,“卡夫卡热”的现象依然方兴未艾。

卡夫卡出生于一个犹太小商人的家庭。父亲是一个白手起家的批发商,对儿子管教酷严,这对他后来性格的忧郁、悲观,无疑具有很大影响。卡夫卡从小爱好文学,中学时就大量阅读易卜生、尼采、斯宾诺沙、达尔文等人的作品。大学时期他参加过布拉格的文学活动,在杂志上发表过一些短小作品。以后,他对德国作家赫贝尔和法国作家福楼拜的作品、丹麦哲学家克尔恺郭尔的著作发生兴趣,也开始研究中国的老庄哲学。

1905年以后,他的健康情况日趋恶化,常常住在疗养院里,间或与友人到瑞士、巴黎和汉堡等地作短期旅行。尽管他的创作非常勤奋,但完全是利用业余时间,因此作品不是很多。卡夫卡最初写过一些单纯模仿的诗和短剧,从一九〇四年起才逐渐形成了自己独特的风格。一九〇八年,发表了题为《观察》的七篇速写,后来又出版了四部短篇小说集《变形记》(1912)、《在流放地》(1914)、《乡村医生》(1919)和《饥饿艺术家》(1924)。卡夫卡一生写过三部长篇小说:《美国》(1914)、《审判》(1918)和《城堡》(1922),但实际上都未真正完成。

尽管卡夫卡的生活经历表面上看很平稳,实际上他是生活在夹缝中间,无论社会环境还是家庭环境,对他来说,都是这样的情况。这造成了他孤独、懦弱的性格,并且内心有着沉重的负罪感。但从本质上来说,他已成为一个十分了不起的人。他的艺术思考是有其深厚的哲学、美学基础的。他冲破了传统美学思想的框框,大大开拓了艺术的表现领域。他的艺术所探讨的主题也正是克尔恺郭尔、尼采等思想家一直苦苦思索的人类最根本的问题,也可以说,是人

类最共同关心的问题,因而他的作品能在世界各国都引起强烈反响,他征服了全世界。

卡夫卡小说的一个重要主题是人完全屈服于存在的威力之下,这方面《判决》和《乡村医生》具有典型性。《判决》是卡夫卡早期公开发表的代表作,是以父子冲突主题为特色的短篇。《乡村医生》中的医生出外就诊,在病人家被剥掉衣服,硬按到垂死病人的床上。似乎说明世界上一切都是荒谬、无理性的。

他的代表作《变形记》是揭露异化现象的一篇重要代表作。小说的主人公在恶梦之后突然变成了一只大甲虫,受到了家人的冷遇和折磨。它多少隐晦地反映了资本主义社会下人与人之间赤裸裸的利害关系。《骑桶者》、《饥饿艺术家》等也都是描写异化现象的杰作。

短篇小说《老光棍布鲁姆费尔德》,描写两个乒乓球忽然跳起舞来;《一份致科学院的报告》借一只猩猩的口嘲笑人类。《地洞》写一个不知名的小动物,营造了一个地洞,整天提心吊胆,生怕有外敌前来入侵。这些都描写了资本主义社会里中小资产阶级(许多是所谓的小人物)找不到出路的孤独、苦闷情绪和无能为力的恐惧感。

《在流放地》中描写那种杀人的机器和行刑的场面,令人毛骨悚然;《中国长城》反映了一种无形的权威;《饥饿艺术家》反映的是孤独而绝望的追求。这些主题都以卡夫卡惯用的变形、扭曲、荒诞、隐喻、象征、梦幻、悖论等艺术手法表现出来。这种基于整体上是悖谬和荒诞上的真实都令一向反对现代派的卢卡契大为赞叹,他在《卡夫卡抑或托马斯曼》一文中写道:“恐怕很少有作家能像他(指卡夫卡)那样,在把握和反映世界的时候,把原本的东西和基本的东西,把对前所未有的事物的惊异,表现得如此强烈。”

总之,卡夫卡在小说创作中将对他自己命运的思考同对全人类命运的思考结合起来,道出了深刻的哲理,并以他出众的艺术手法创造了一个独特的卡夫卡式的艺术世界,为 20 世纪的世界文学宝库增添了奇光异彩,被尊为 20 世纪现代派文学的鼻祖和现代艺术的探险者。

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DESCRIPTION OF A STRUGGLE

一次斗争的描述

And people in their Sunday best
Stroll about, swaying over the gravel
Under this enormous sky
Which, from hills in the distance,
Stretches to distant hills.

I

AT ABOUT MIDNIGHT a few people rose, bowed, shook hands, said it had been a pleasant evening, and then passed through the wide doorway into the vestibule, to put on their coats. The hostess stood in the middle of the room and made graceful bowing movements, causing the dainty folds in her skirt to move up and down.

I sat at a tiny table—it had three curved, thin legs—sipping my third glass of benedictine, and while I drank I surveyed my little store of pastry which I myself had picked out and arranged in a pile.

Then I saw my new acquaintance, somewhat dishevelled and out of shape, appear at the doorpost of an adjoining room; but I tried to look away for it was no concern of mine. He, however, came toward me and, smiling absent-mindedly at my occupation, said: "Excuse me for disturbing you, but until this very moment I've been sitting alone with my girl in the room next door. Ever since half-past ten. Lord, what an evening! I know it isn't right

人们身着节日的盛装
在砂砾上蹒跚地漫步
在巨大的苍穹下面，
它从远方的丘陵
直延伸到远方的丘陵。

I

接近半夜的时候，一些人已经起床了，他们相互躬身致意，彼此握手，说道，这个夜晚过的不错，随后穿过巨大的门框进入门厅，穿上衣服。女主人站在房间中央，不断地躬身行礼，这使她衣裙上漂亮的褶裥上下晃动。

我坐在一张小桌子旁——这是一张三条歪歪扭扭的细腿桌子——我正在品尝第三杯甜酒。在啜饮的同时我忽略了我为自己挑选和叠放在一起的一小堆油酥点心。

这时我看到一个我新认识的人有些沮丧和仓皇地出现在邻室的门柱旁；我要走开，因为事情与我无关。但他却冲我走来，心不在焉地笑着对我说：“请原谅，我打扰了您。但我直到现在同我的姑娘在隔壁房间里用餐，就两个人。从十点半开始。天哪，多么美好的夜晚！我知道，我给您讲这件事是不对的，因为我们彼此还不大了解。

for me to be telling you this, for we hardly know one another. We only met on the stairs this evening and exchanged a few words as guests of the same house. And now—but you must forgive me, please—my happiness just cannot be contained, I can't help it. And since I have no other acquaintance here whom I can trust——”

I looked at him sadly—the piece of fruit-cake which I had in my mouth did not taste particularly good—and said into his rather flushed face: “I'm glad of course that you consider me trustworthy, but displeased that you have confided in me. And you yourself, if you weren't in such a state, would know how improper it is to talk about an amorous girl to a man sitting alone drinking schnapps.”

When I said this, he sat down with a jolt, leaned back in his chair, and let his arms hang down. Then he pressed them back, his elbows pointed, and began talking in rather a loud voice: “Only a little while ago we were alone in that room, Annie and I. And I kissed her, I kissed her—her mouth, her ears, her shoulders. Oh, my Lord and Savior!”

A few guests, suspecting ours to be a rather more animated conversation, approached us closer, yawning. Whereupon I stood up and said so that all could hear: “All right then, if you insist, I'll go with you, but I repeat: it's ridiculous to climb up the Laurenzberg now, in winter and in the middle of the night. Besides, it's freezing, and as it has been snowing the roads out there are like skating rinks. Well, as you like——”

At first he gazed at me in astonishment and

我们是今天晚上在楼梯上彼此相遇的,作为同一幢房子里的客人交谈了几句而已。可现在——我必须请您原谅——我的幸福无法继续下去,我自己无能为力。因为在这儿我没有可信赖的熟人——”

我悲哀地望着他——我嘴里正含着一块糕点,它并不怎么可口——对着他红彤彤的脸说道:“我当然高兴我值得您如此信赖,但不以为然的是您信任我。如果您不是如此惶惑的话,您必然感到,您对一个孤独地坐在这里饮酒的人讲述一个多情少女的事情是多么不合适。”

当我说完这段话时,他一下子就坐在那里,向椅子后背仰去,并让他的两只胳膊垂了下来。随后他支起双肘把胳膊朝后背过去,开始用相当响亮的声音说道:“还在稍顷之前,我们俩单独地在房间里,我和安内尔。我吻了她,我吻了她——她的嘴唇,她的耳朵,她的肩膀。哦,我的上帝,我的主呵!”

这儿有几个想着我们是在进行一场活跃谈话的客人,打着呵欠靠近了我们。因此我站了起来并说,使他们所有人都能听得到的:“那好,如果您坚持的话,那我跟您走,但我仍然认为,现在在冬天夜里去登劳伦茨山是毫无意义的。再说天已变冷了,又下了些雪,外边的路像溜冰场那样滑。噢,随您的便——”

他先是惊奇望着我,张开了湿

parted his wet lips; but then, noticing the guests who had approached quite close, he laughed, stood up, and said: "I think the cold will do us good; our clothes are full of heat and smoke; what's more, I'm slightly tipsy without having drunk very much; yes, let's say goodbye and go."

So we went to the hostess, and as he kissed her hand she said: "I am glad to see you looking so happy today."

Touched by the kindness of these words, he kissed her hand again; whereupon she smiled. I had to drag him away. In the vestibule stood a housemaid, whom we hadn't seen before. She helped us into our coats and then took a small lantern to light us down the stairs. Her neck was bare save for a black velvet ribbon around her throat; her loosely clothed body was stooped and kept stretching as she went down the stairs before us, holding the lantern low. Her cheeks were flushed, for she had drunk some wine, and in the weak lamplight which filled the whole stairwell, I could see her lips trembling.

At the foot of the stairs she put down the lantern, took a step toward my acquaintance, embraced him, kissed him, and remained in the embrace. Only when I pressed a coin into her hand did she drowsily detach her arms from him, slowly open the front door, and let us out into the night.

Over the deserted, evenly lit street stood a large moon in a slightly clouded, and therefore unusually extended, sky. On the frozen snow one had to take short steps.

Hardly were we outside when I evidently began to feel very gay. I raised my legs, let my joints crack, I shouted a name down the

润的嘴唇;但当随后看到了就在跟前的那些客人们时,他笑了,站了起来并说道:"我认为寒冷是件好事;我们的服装都热得冒烟了;再说我又有些醉意了,虽然喝的并不太多;是啊,我们将分手并各走各的路。"

于是我们到女主人那儿,当他吻她的手时,她说:"我很高兴,您今天看起来非常快乐。"

这句话表现出的好意使他十分感动,他再次吻了她的手;因此她微笑着。我得把他拉走。在门厅里站着一个小女佣,我们以前没见过她。她帮助我们穿上上装,并拿着一个小灯笼,以便穿过楼梯时给我们照亮。她的脖颈是赤裸的,只是颈部围着一条黑色的丝绒带;她衣着松散的身躯向前躬着,并且当她引导我们下楼时老是探着身子,打着灯笼。她的双颊泛红,因为她喝了酒。在微弱的,充溢整个楼梯的灯光里,我可以看到她的双唇在颤抖。

到楼梯下面她放下灯笼,向我的这位熟人走近一步,搂抱他并吻他,一直搂住他。直到我把一张纸币硬塞到她的手里时,她才懒洋洋地松开她的双臂,慢慢地打开了前门,放我们进入黑夜之中。

在空荡荡的,亮得匀称的马路上方是一轮巨大的明月,不规则延伸的薄云点缀其间。在结冰的雪地上人们只能小步移动。

我们刚到外面时,我就明显地兴致勃勃了。我抬起我的大腿,让关节咔咔作响,我朝街巷深处呼唤

street as though a friend of mine had just vanished around the corner; leaping, I threw my hat in the air and caught it boastfully.

My acquaintance, however, walked on beside me, unconcerned. He held his head bent. He didn't even speak.

This surprised me, for I had calculated that he, once I had got him away from the party, would give vent to his joy. Now I too could calm down. No sooner had I given him an encouraging slap on the back than I suddenly no longer understood his mood, and withdrew my hand. Since I had no use for it, I stuck it in the pocket of my coat.

So we walked on in silence. Listening to the sound of our steps, I couldn't understand why I was incapable of keeping step with my acquaintance—especially since the air was clear and I could see his legs quite plainly. Here and there someone leaned out of a window and watched us.

On turning into the Ferdinandstrasse I realized that my acquaintance had begun to hum a melody from the *Dollar Princess*. It was low, but I could hear it distinctly. What did this mean? Was he trying to insult me? As for me, I was ready to do without not only this music, but the walk as well. Why wasn't he speaking to me, anyway? And if he didn't need me, why hadn't he left me in peace in the warm room with the benedictine and the pastry? It certainly wasn't I who had insisted on this walk. Besides, I could have gone for a walk on my own. I had merely been at a party, had saved an ungrateful young man from disgrace, and was now wandering about in the

一个名字,好像我的一个朋友刚在街角消失了似的;我跳起来把帽子抛向高处,然后趾高气扬地把它接住。

但我的这位熟人却无动于衷地与我并排走在一起。他低着头,他也不言语。

这使我惊奇,因为在我意料之中,我一旦把他从社交场合之中带了出来,他定会快乐得发疯起来的。现在我也只好安静下来了。我正要在他背上拍上一掌,让他高兴起来,可我突然不明白他现在的心境,于是把手缩了回来。我不需要手了,就把它放进我外套的口袋里。

我们就这样沉默地走着。倾听着我们脚步的响动,我不能理解,我为什么不能和我的这位熟人的步子保持一致——尤其是,这天气晴朗,我能清楚地看到他的腿。不时也有人倚在一扇窗户那里,观察我们。

当我们走到费迪南大街时,我注意到我的这位熟人开始在哼哼《美元公主》里的一首旋律。声音很轻,但我听得非常清楚。这是什么意思?他要污辱我?我马上准备好了,不去听这种音乐,还要放弃整个散步。再者,他为什么不同我交谈?如果他不需要我的话,为什么他不让我安静,让我呆在那暖暖和和的屋子里喝甜酒和吃点心?我真的不该被扯进这场散步里来。再说我也能自己散步嘛。我是恰巧在这场社交活动里,从羞愧中挽救了一个忘恩负义的年轻人并在月光中散步。事情也就是这样。

moonlight. That was all right, too. All day in the office, evenings at a party, at night in the streets, and nothing to excess. A way of life so natural that it borders on the excessive!

Yet my acquaintance was still behind me. Indeed, he even quickened his steps when he realized that he had fallen in the rear. No word was uttered, nor could it be said that we were running. But I wondered if it wouldn't be a good idea to turn down a side street; after all, I wasn't obliged to go on this walk with him. I could go home alone and no one could stop me. Then, secretly, I could watch my acquaintance pass the entrance to my street. Goodbye, dear acquaintance! On reaching my room I'll feel warm, I'll light the lamp in its iron stand on my table, and when I've done that I'll lie back in my armchair which stands on the torn Oriental carpet. Pleasant prospects! Why not? But then? No then. The lamp will shine in the warm room, shine on my chest as I lie in the armchair. Then I'll cool off and spend hours alone between the painted walls and the floor which, reflected in the gilt-framed mirror hanging on the rear wall, appears slanted.

My legs were growing tired and I had already decided to go home and lie down, when I began to wonder if, before going away, I ought to say good night to my acquaintance. But I was too timid to go away without a word and too weak to call to him out loud. So I stood still, leaned against the moonlit wall of a house, and waited.

My acquaintance came sailing along the pavement toward me as fast as though he expected me to catch him. He winked at me,

整个白天办公,晚上社交活动,夜里倘佯在街巷,没有什么过分的。这是一种生活方式,就其本性来说已近乎放荡不羁了!

可我认识的那个人还跟在我的身后。的确,当他发现他落在后面时,就加快了脚步。没有什么可谈的,人们也不能说我们在奔跑。但我在考虑,是不是转人一条侧巷会好些;毕竟,我是不得已才与他做一次共同的散步。我可以独自回家,没有人能拦阻我。我私下会看到,我认识的这个人从我居住的巷口走了过去。再见了,我亲爱的熟人!我一回到我的房间里,就会感到暖烘烘的,我将点燃我桌子上的铁架子台灯。做完这些之后,我就靠在扶手椅上,扶手椅摆在破碎的东方地毯上。美好的景致!为什么不呢?但随后呢?没有随后。灯将会在温暖的房间里大放光亮,当我躺在扶手椅上时,灯火照着我的胸膛。随后我会感到凉意,独自一人在涂颜色的墙和地板中间度过时光,后墙上挂着一面金框的镜子,地板在镜子里是倾斜不平的。

我的双腿渐渐疲惫,我已经决定要回家,躺到床上,我在犹豫是否在离开时应当向这位熟人道声晚安。但我太胆怯了,不说一声就离开,可也太软弱了,不敢大声地去打招呼。因此我停了下来,倚在一面洒满月光的墙上并等候着。

我认识的这个人穿过人行道向我走来,走得很急,仿佛要我抓他似的。他用眼向我示意某种默

suggesting some agreement which I had apparently forgotten.

“What's up?” I asked.

“Oh, nothing,” he said. “I only wanted to ask your opinion about that housemaid who kissed me on the staircase. Who is the girl? Have you ever seen her before? No? Nor have I. Was she a housemaid at all? I had meant to ask you this before, while she was walking down the stairs in front of us.”

“I saw at once by her red hands that she's a housemaid, and not even the first housemaid, and when I gave her the money I felt her hard skin.”

“But that merely proves that she has been some time in service, which no doubt is the case.”

“You may be right about that. In that light one couldn't distinguish everything, but her face reminded me of the elder daughter of an officer I happen to know.”

“Not me,” he said.

“That won't stop me going home; it's late and I have to be in the office early. One sleeps badly there.” Whereupon I put out my hand to say goodbye to him.

“Whew, what a cold hand!” he cried. “I wouldn't like to go home with a hand like that. You should have let yourself be kissed, too, my friend. That was an omission. Still, you can make up for it. But sleep? On a night like this? What an idea! Just think how many thoughts a blanket smothers while one lies alone in bed, and how many unhappy dreams it keeps warm.”

“I neither smother anything nor warm anything,” I said.

“Oh, go on!” he concluded, “you're a hu-

许,显然我已经把它忘在脑后了。”

“什么事?”我问。

“哦,没什么,”他说,“我只是要问问您对那个女佣的看法,就是我在楼梯口吻过的那个。那个姑娘是什么人?难道您从前没有见到过?没有?我也没有。难道她根本不是女佣?在她引导我们下楼梯时,我原打算问她的。”

“我第一眼看到她红红的双手,就知道她是一个女佣,绝对不会是第一次做女佣,当我把钱交给她时,我感觉到她的皮肤粗糙。”

“但这只能证明她有一段时间一直在做工,我也是这样确信的。”

“您可能是对的。在那种光线里人们无法把什么都分辨清楚,但她的脸也使我想起了我认识的一位军官的大女儿。”

“我没有这样想,”他说。

“这不应当妨碍我回家;天已经晚了,明早我要上班。在那儿觉睡得不好。”说话的同时我朝他伸过手去告别。

“呸,冷酷的手!”他喊了起来,“带着一只这样的手我可不想回家。我的朋友,您也该让人吻一吻。这是一个疏忽,喏,您应该补上才对。睡觉吗?在这样的夜里?多么奇怪的念头!您想想看,当一个人孤独地睡在床上时,有多少思想都在被窝里被窒息而死,有多少噩梦使他热燥。”

“我不窒息什么,也不热燥,”我说。

“您算了罢!”他得出结论说,

morist!”

At the same time he began walking again and I followed without realizing it, for I was busy thinking of what he had said.

From these words I imagined that my acquaintance suspected in me something which, although it wasn't there, made me nevertheless rise in his estimation by his suspecting it. So it was just as well I hadn't gone home. Who knows, this man—thinking of housemaid affairs while walking beside me, his mouth steaming with cold—might be capable of bestowing on me in the eyes of the world a value without my having to work for it. Let's pray the girls won't spoil him! By all means let them kiss and hug him, that's their duty and his right, but they mustn't carry him off. After all, when they kiss him they also kiss me a little—with the corners of their mouths, so to speak. But if they carry him off, then they steal him from me. And he must always remain with me, always. Who is to protect him, if not I? And he's so stupid. Someone says to him in February: Come up the Laurenzberg—and off he goes. And supposing he falls down now, or catches cold? Suppose some jealous man appears from the Postgasse and attacks him? What will happen to me? Am I to be just kicked out of the world? I'll believe that when I see it! No, he won't get rid of me.

Tomorrow he'll be talking to Fraulein Anna, about ordinary things at first, as is natural, but suddenly he won't be able to keep it from her any longer: Last night, Annie, after the party, you remember, I was with a man the like of whom you've certainly never seen. He looked—how can I describe him to

“您是一个滑稽演员!”

随之他开始继续走下去,我跟着他,毫无察觉,因为我一直在想他的这番谈话。

我相信从他的谈话中认识到了,我认识的这个人在我身上猜到了某种我身上并不存在的东西,但他是通过对我的观察,他才猜想到的。那好吧,我不回家了。谁知道,这个人——他现在与我并行着想着女佣那件事,嘴里呵着冷气——也许能够在人们面前赋予我价值,而不必我自己去赢得它。但愿这些姑娘不要宠坏了他!她们可以吻他和拥抱他,这是她们的义务和他的权利,但她们不应当把他带走。当她们吻他时,也应当吻我一小会儿——可以说用她们的嘴角吻了。若是她们把他带走,那她们就是从我这儿把他偷走了。可他应当留在我身边,永远留在我身边,如果不是我,那有谁保护他?他是那么愚蠢。有人在二月告诉他:您到劳伦茨山去——他就跟去了。若是他现在跌倒了,或是他受冻了,怎么办?若是从邮政巷冲出一个嫉妒人把他揍一顿,那怎么办?我会出什么事?我会从这个世界里被抛出来?这我是预计到的!不,他不会再把我把甩掉。

明天他要与安娜小姐谈话,先谈些普通的事情,非常自然的,但突然他的话题就再也离不开她了:昨天夜里,安内尔,在我们的幽会之后,您知道我同一个人在一起,这个人肯定您还从来没见过。他看起来——我怎么向您形容他