

中文导读英文版



The Castle

# 城堡

[奥地利] 弗兰兹·卡夫卡 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



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北 京

## 内 容 简 介

《城堡》是一部寓意深刻、内容怪诞的小说，是公认的世界文学名著。小说描写了主人公 K 为了进入城堡尝试各种努力而最终徒劳的故事。土地测量员 K 受命赴某城上任，不料却受阻于城堡大门外，于是他同城堡当局围绕进入城堡之事展开了持久的拉锯战。面对强大的城堡，K 很无奈，直到最后也没有进入城堡，也没有见到城堡当局。故事自始至终笼罩着一种神秘的、梦魔般的气氛，寓意深刻，令人回味无穷。

该书自出版以来，已被译成几十种文字。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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### 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

城堡=The Castle: 中文导读英文版/ (奥地利) 卡夫卡 (Kafka, F.) 著; 王勋等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2012.10

ISBN 978-7-302-29583-9

I. ①城… II. ①卡… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物②长篇小说—奥地利—现代  
IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2012) 第 179470 号

责任编辑: 柴文强 李 晔

封面设计: 傅瑞学

责任校对: 徐俊伟

责任印制: 沈 露

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 邮 编: 100084

社 总 机: 010-62770175 邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, [c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

质量反馈: 010-62772015, [zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

印 装 者: 清华大学印刷厂

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 148mm×210mm 印 张: 14.5

字 数: 347 千字

版 次: 2012 年 10 月第 1 版

印 次: 2012 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 29.00 元

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产品编号: 047970-01



弗兰兹·卡夫卡（Franz Kafka，1883—1924），奥地利著名小说家，20 世纪最有影响力的德语作家之一，被誉为西方现代派文学的宗师。

1883 年 7 月 3 日，卡夫卡出生在捷克（当时属奥匈帝国）首府布拉格的一个犹太商人家庭。他自幼爱好文学、戏剧，18 岁进入布拉格大学学习文学和法律，获博士学位。1904 年，卡夫卡开始从事小说创作并开始发表小说。他的创作风格是表现主义，是表现主义作家中最有成就者。他生活和创作的主要时期是在第一次世界大战前后，当时经济萧条、社会腐败、人民穷困，这一切使得卡夫卡终生生活在痛苦与孤独之中。对社会的陌生感、孤独感与恐惧感，成了他创作的永恒主题。卡夫卡的作品不多，但对后世文学的影响却是极为深远的。美国著名诗人奥登认为：“他与我们时代的关系最近似于但丁、莎士比亚、歌德与他们时代的关系。”卡夫卡的小说揭示了一种荒诞的充满非理性色彩的景象，表现了个人式的、忧郁的、孤独的情绪，运用的是象征式的手法。

在卡夫卡的作品中，《城堡》是他的重要作品之一。时至今日，该书仍然拥有大批读者。在中国，《城堡》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《城堡》，



并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读部分，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有赵雪、郑佳、刘乃亚、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



## 第一章 抵达/

Chapter 1	Aceival	1
-----------	---------	---

## 第二章 巴拿巴/

Chapter 2	Barnabas	28
-----------	----------	----

## 第三章 弗里达/

Chapter 3	Frieda	54
-----------	--------	----

## 第四章 与老板娘的第一次谈话/

Chapter 4	First Conversation With the Landlady	70
-----------	--------------------------------------	----

## 第五章 拜访村长/

Chapter 5	At the Chairman's	89
-----------	-------------------	----

## 第六章 与老板娘的第二次谈话/

Chapter 6	Second Conversation With the Landlady	118
-----------	---------------------------------------	-----

## 第七章 那位老师/

Chapter 7	The Teacher	139
-----------	-------------	-----

## 第八章 等候柯拉姆/

Chapter 8	Waiting for Klamm	156
-----------	-------------------	-----

## 第九章 跟审问作斗争/

Chapter 9	The Struggle Against the Interrogation	171
-----------	----------------------------------------	-----

## 第十章 在街上/

Chapter 10	On the Street	189
------------	---------------	-----

## 第十一章 在学校里/

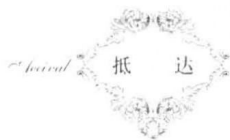
Chapter 11	In the Schoolhouse	200
------------	--------------------	-----

## 第十二章 助手/

Chapter 12	The Assistants	219
------------	----------------	-----



第十三章 翰思/	
Chapter 13 Hans .....	231
第十四章 弗里达的指责/	
Chapter 14 Frieda's Reproach .....	249
第十五章 在阿玛利亚家/	
Chapter 15 At Ama Lia's .....	267
第十六章 奥嘉和 K/	
Chapter 16 K. and Olga .....	283
第十七章 阿玛利亚的秘密/	
Chapter 17 Amalia's Secret .....	310
第十八章 阿玛利亚所受的惩罚/	
Chapter 18 Amalia's Punishment .....	335
第十九章 请求/	
Chapter 19 Petitioning .....	350
第二十章 奥嘉的计划/	
Chapter 20 Olga's Plans .....	363
第二十一章 耶利米亚/	
Chapter 21 Jeremias .....	388
第二十二章 分手/	
Chapter 22 Say Good-bye .....	402
第二十三章 毕戈尔/	
Chapter 23 BürgerL .....	420



# 第一章 抵 达

## Chapter 1 Aeival



K 终于到了一个村庄，这里到处都是积雪。K 找到了一家旅馆投宿，不想已经客满了，老板仍然帮 K 安排了睡觉的地方，K 不理睬身旁农夫的喧闹，很快就睡着了。

过了一会儿，K 就被一个自称是城堡管理员的儿子的人叫醒了。这个人要求 K 出示伯爵签署的证明才可以住在这里，因为这里也是城堡的地盘。K 便与这个年轻人争吵起来，当年轻人听 K 说自己是伯爵请来的土地测量员，要去城堡工作时，便去打电话核实。

这时旅馆的人都过来围观。K 把这里的情况告诉了电话那头的人，得到的答复却是否认了 K 说的土地测量员一事。然后所有的人正准备要赶走 K 时，又有电话打来，这次倒确定了 K 的身份。K 心中反而有些不安，不过还是在这里睡了个好觉。

第二天醒来，旅店老板主动向 K 献殷勤，K 也就顺便了解一下关于城堡和报酬的事情。在旅店里 K 看到了城堡管理员的照片，这时 K 才知道昨晚的年轻人并非城堡管理员的儿子，而是城堡管理员助手的儿子，老板告诉 K 那个年轻人的父亲也很有威望，





看见了他要去的城堡



K 并不相信。

K 从旅馆出来，远远地就看见了他要去的城堡，便朝城堡走去。这个城堡让 K 想起了自己的家乡，那里也有跟城堡一样的塔楼，不过家乡的塔楼更挺拔，这里的塔楼好像有人在里面住着。

走着走着，K 在一个教堂旁边停了下来，教堂后边有一所学校。这所学校比较旧，一群学生围着一个老师正好出来了，K 便与这个老师打了一下招呼。K 从这个老师口中才知道外地人不喜欢这儿的城堡，而且这个老师也不认识伯爵。K 很愿意跟这个老师继续来往，还打算以后能够登门拜访——因为 K 总想认识一些新的朋友。

K 继续朝着城堡走，但似乎永远都走不到。K 走在深深的积雪里，每一步都很困难。终于 K 到了有一些茅屋的地方实在走不动了，便来到一家茅屋前。开门的是个老人，屋里很黑，还有好多蒸汽，K 告诉了他们自己的身份，后来慢慢地才看清楚屋里正有两个男人在洗澡，还有一个女人正在给孩子喂奶。

正在洗澡的那个长着胡子的男人让 K 自己坐下，屋子里的人又开始各自忙各自的事情。就在 K 沉浸在这种环境里的时候，刚才洗澡的人都已经穿戴好了，而且要求 K 离开这里，因为这儿不欢迎客人。K 只好离开，走之前还知道了那个正在喂奶的女人就来自城堡。

K 又来到了大街上，并且知道了刚才茅屋的主人是制革匠人莱斯曼，就在 K 和莱斯曼说话的时候，发现外面聚集了很多村民，两个从城堡方向来的人从这里经过，一个叫安图尔，一个叫耶利米亚，这里的人似乎认识这两个人。K 听说他们要去旅店找人，便想跟他们一起走，但那两个人并没有应承，而是很快离开了。K 心情很郁闷，仍然待在大街上，这时一个住在其他的茅屋里的男人知道 K 需要雪橇，就答应用雪橇把 K 送回旅店，K 还想让这个男人用雪



橇送自己去城堡，却被拒绝了。

这个人原来是个马车夫，两个人便朝着远离城堡的方向走去。一路上马车夫并不多答理 K，很快他们到达了 K 住的旅店，这时天已经黑了。旅店老板正在这里迎接 K，K 知道马车夫已经离开，就进了旅店。

旅店里有两个人向 K 敬礼，这两个人正是安图尔和耶利米亚，自称是被派来做 K 的助手。不过让 K 失望的是，这两个助手不仅行为懒散，而且来做助手却不带测量的工具，更重要的是这两个人根本不懂测量，K 无奈地带着两个人进了房间。

K	小说主人公，土地测量员
Lasemann	莱斯曼 村庄的制革匠
Artur	安图尔 城堡为 K 派来的测量助手之一
Jeremias	耶利米亚 城堡为 K 派来的测量助手之一

*I*t was late evening when K. arrived. The village lay under deep snow. There was no sign of the Castle hill, fog and darkness surrounded it, not even the faintest gleam of light suggested the large Castle. K. stood a long time on the wooden bridge that leads from the main road to the village, gazing upward into the seeming emptiness.

Then he went looking for a night's lodging; at the inn they were still awake; the landlord had no room available, but, extremely



surprised and confused by the latecomer, he was willing to let K. sleep on a straw mattress in the taproom, K. agreed to this. A few peasants were still sitting over beer, but he did not want to talk to anyone, got himself a straw mattress from the attic and lay down by the stove. It was warm, the peasants were quiet, he examined them for a moment with tired eyes, then fell asleep.

Yet before long he was awakened. A young man in city clothes, with an actor's face, narrow eyes, thick eyebrows, stood beside him with the landlord. The peasants, too, were still there, a few had turned their chairs around to see and hear better. The young man apologized very politely for having awakened K., introduced himself as the son of the Castle steward and said: "This village is Castle property, anybody residing or spending the night here is effectively residing or spending the night at the Castle. Nobody may do so without permission from the Count. But you have no such permission or at least you haven't shown it yet."

K., who had half-risen and smoothed his hair, looked at the people from below and said: "What village have I wandered into? So there is a castle here?"

"Why, of course," the young man said slowly, while several peasants here and there shook their heads at K., "the Castle of Count Westwest."

"And one needs permission to spend the night here?" asked K., as though he wanted to persuade himself that he hadn't perhaps



heard the previous statements in a dream.

"Permission is needed" was the reply, and this turned into crude mockery at K.'s expense when the young man, stretching out his arm, asked the landlord and the guests: "Or perhaps permission is not needed?"

"Then I must go and get myself permission," said K., yawning and pushing off the blanket, as though he intended to get up.

"Yes, but from whom?" asked the young man.

"From the Count," said K., "there doesn't seem to be any alternative."

"Get permission from the Count, now, at midnight?" cried the young man, stepping back a pace.

"Is that not possible?" K. asked calmly. "Then why did you wake me up?"

The young man now lost his composure, "The manners of a tramp!" he cried. "I demand respect for the Count's authorities. I awakened you to inform you that you must leave the Count's domain at once."

"Enough of this comedy," said K. in a remarkably soft voice as he lay down and pulled up the blanket: "You are going a little too far, young man, and I shall deal with your conduct tomorrow. The landlord and those gentlemen there will be my witnesses, should I even need witnesses. Besides, be advised that I am the land surveyor sent for by the Count. My assistants and the equipment are



coming tomorrow by carriage. I didn't want to deprive myself of a long walk through the snow, but unfortunately lost my way a few times, which is why I arrived so late. That it was too late then to report to the Castle is something that was already apparent to me without the benefit of your instructions. That's also the reason why I decided to content myself with these lodgings, where you have been so impolite—to put it mildly—as to disturb me. I have nothing further to add to that statement. Good night, gentlemen.” And K. turned toward the stove.

“Land surveyor?” he heard someone asking hesitantly behind his back, and then everyone was silent. But the young man soon regained his composure and said to the landlord, softly enough to suggest concern for K.'s sleep, yet loudly enough to be audible to him: “I shall inquire by telephone.” So there was even a telephone in this village inn? They were certainly well equipped. True, certain details took K. by surprise, but on the whole everything was as expected. As it turned out, the telephone hung from the wall almost directly above his head, in his sleepiness he had overlooked it. If the young man had to use the telephone, then even with the best intentions he could not avoid disturbing K.'s sleep, it was simply a matter of deciding whether or not to let him use the telephone, K. decided to allow it. But then of course it no longer made sense to pretend he was asleep, so he turned over on his back again. He watched the peasants gathering timidly and conferring, the arrival



of a land surveyor was no trifling matter. The door to the kitchen had opened; filling the doorway was the mighty figure of the landlady, the landlord approached her on tiptoes in order to report to her. Then the telephone conversation began. The steward was asleep, but a substeward, one of the subs twards, a Mr. Fritz, was there. The young man, who introduced himself as Schwarzer, said that he had found K., a man in his thirties, rather shabby-looking, sleeping quietly on a straw mattress, with a tiny rucksack for a pillow and a knobby walking stick within reach. Well, he had of course suspected him, and since the landlord had obviously neglected his duty, it was his, Schwarzer's, duty to investigate the matter. K.'s response on being awakened, questioned, and duly threatened with expulsion from the Count's domain had been most ungracious but perhaps not unjustifiably so, as had finally become evident, for he claimed to be a land surveyor summoned by the Count. He was duty bound to check this claim, if only as a formality, and so Schwarzer was asking Mr. Fritz to inquire at the central office whether a land surveyor of that sort was really expected and to telephone immediately with the answer.

Then there was silence, Fritz made his inquiries over there while everyone here waited for the answer, K. stayed where he was, did not even turn around, seemed completely indifferent, stared into space. With its mixture of malice and caution Schwarzer's story gave him a sense of the quasi-diplomatic training that even lowly



people at the Castle such as Schwarzer could draw on so freely. Nor did they show any lack of diligence there, the central office had a night service. And obviously answered very quickly, for Fritz was already on the line again. Yet it seemed to be a brief message, since Schwarzer immediately threw down the receiver in a rage. "Just as I said," he shouted, "no trace of a land surveyor, only a liar and a common tramp, and probably worse still." For a moment K. thought that everybody, Schwarzer, the peasants, the landlord and landlady, was about to jump on him, and he crawled all the way under the blanket to escape at least the first assault, when—he was slowly stretching his head back out—the telephone rang again, especially loud, it seemed to K. Although it was unlikely that this call also concerned K., everyone froze, and Schwarzer came back to the telephone. After listening to a fairly long explanation, he said softly:

"So it's a mistake? This is most unpleasant. The department head himself telephoned? Odd, very odd! And how am I supposed to explain this to the land surveyor?"

K. listened intently. So the Castle had appointed him land surveyor. On one hand, this was unfavorable, for it showed that the Castle had all necessary information about him, had assessed the opposing forces, and was taking up the struggle with a smile. On the other hand, it was favorable, for it proved to his mind that they underestimated him and that he would enjoy greater freedom than he could have hoped for at the beginning. And if they thought they





could keep him terrified all the time simply by acknowledging his surveyorship—though this was certainly a superior move on their part—then they were mistaken, for he felt only a slight shudder, that was all.

After waving aside Schwarzer, who was timidly approaching, K. rejected their insistent pleas that he move into the landlord's room, accepted only a nightcap from the landlord and a wash basin with soap and towel from the landlady, and did not even have to request that the room be cleared, for all rushed to the door, averting their faces so that he wouldn't recognize them tomorrow, then the lamp was extinguished and he finally had some peace. He slept soundly until morning, only briefly disturbed once or twice by scurrying rats.

After breakfast, which the landlord said would be covered by the Castle along with K.'s full board, he wanted to go immediately to the village. Recalling the landlord's conduct yesterday, K. spoke to him only when strictly necessary, but since the landlord kept circling him in a silent plea, K. took pity on him and let him sit down for a moment beside him.

"I still haven't met the Count," said K., "they say he pays good money for good work, is that so? Anybody traveling as far from his wife and child as I am wants to have something to take home with him."

"The gentleman need have no worries in that regard, one