

英汉
对照

中英文阅读 一书两用

城堡

(全译本)

Das Schloss

(奥地利) 卡夫卡(Kafka) 著

英语学习大书虫研究室 译

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(奥)卡夫卡 著
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导 读

《城堡》与另外两部长篇小说《审判》、《美国》都是奥地利作家卡夫卡的代表作，人们把他称为“卡夫卡三部曲”。

卡夫卡（1883 - 1924）是奥地利20世纪的著名小说家，与乔伊斯、普鲁斯特鼎足而三，是西方现代派文学的开山祖之一，享有很高的世界声誉。表现主义、超现实主义、意识流、存在主义、荒诞派、新小说派、黑色幽默等，都把他视为本派大师。美国作家W·H·奥登说：“就作家与其所处时代的关系而论，当代能与但丁、莎士比亚和歌德相提并论的第一人是卡夫卡……。卡夫卡对我们至关重要，因为他的困境就是现代人的困境。”由此可见他的文学地位。

卡夫卡是犹太人，出生在奥匈帝国统治下的布拉格。他早年考入布拉格大学学习德国文学，后来屈从父亲的意志转修法律，并获得博士学位，毕业后在布拉格工人事故保险公司供职。1917年患上肺结核，以后辗转各地疗养。1924年在维也纳基尔灵疗养院病逝，年仅41岁。

卡夫卡的个人生活十分不幸。一生三次订婚，三次解除婚约。其中最主要的原因就是害怕婚后打破他孤独的生活，因为他从小生活在一个孤独的世界中，身上的犹太血统使得他充满了恐惧和敏感，以致于他成人后难以适应婚姻生活。

卡夫卡从小就爱好文学，中学时就大量阅读易卜生、尼采、斯宾诺莎、达尔文等人的作品。大学时结识了终身好友，作家马克斯·勃洛德，并同他一起参加布拉格文学界的有关活动，这一时期他最喜欢法国作家福楼拜和德国戏剧家赫歇尔。工作以后，卡夫卡对丹麦哲学家克尔凯戈尔的思想产生了认同，同时对中国老庄哲学产生了兴趣，这一切都对他的创作产生了深刻影响和独有的视角。他具有敏锐的洞察力，作为一名严肃的作家，面对复杂而严酷的现实，他不可能无动于衷。同时在创作中他也不愿落入俗套，他尽力摆脱传统的束缚，试图以一种全新的视角反映社会现实。

《城堡》是著名的谜团小说，是魔幻现实主义的代表作之一。它通过一个看似非常简单的故事，却达到了因人而异的体会效果。它所具有的荒谬、虚拟、无明确的时代和地理背景的特征，使它抹上了深厚的寓言色彩，也使得各位读者都能从中获得自己认可的结论，寓言背景下的现实结论。

卡夫卡的艺术手法是多方面的，他善于通过奇妙的构思勾勒出夸张和荒诞的画面，把现实与非现实，合理与悖理，常人与非常人并列在一起，把虚妄的离奇荒诞现象与现实的本质真实有机的结合起来，加上他那不带任何感情色彩的纯客观叙述方式，构成了独特的“卡夫卡式”艺术风格。

值得一提的是，卡夫卡的作品是在他死后才放出异彩的，生前他的这些作品都一直锁在抽屉里，幸亏没有在他死后“统统焚毁”，才使得世界文化有了他这一笔宝贵的遗产。

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I ARRIVAL

It 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:

I 到达

K.到达村子时已经是后半夜了，整个村子陷在深深的积雪中。城堡所在的山岗笼罩在雾霭和夜色中，看不到一点影子，甚至连一点显示那座宏伟城堡存在的亮光也没有。K.在大路通往村子的木桥上站了很久，凝视上方那虚无缥缈的幻影。

接着他寻找起投宿的地方来。客栈还开着，却已没有空房了。客栈老板想不到这么晚还有人来，感到很恼火，不过他还是愿意让K.睡在酒吧间的草包上，K.接受了。几个庄稼汉还坐在那里喝啤酒，但他不想攀谈，自己到阁楼上拿来一个草包，放在炉边躺下。这里很暖和，那几个庄稼汉都沉默不语，他睁着疲倦的眼睛审视他们，不一会儿就睡着了。

但不久他被叫醒过来。一个一身城里人打扮的年轻人跟客栈老板一起站在他旁边。那人一张演员似的脸，眼睛细长，眉毛浓密。那几个庄稼汉也还在，有几个转过椅子，以便看得更清楚，听得更明白一些。年轻小伙子为叫醒了K.彬彬有礼地道了歉，并自我介绍说是城守的儿子，接着

"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

说: "这个村子属城堡所有, 任何人在这里住宿或过夜, 可以说就是在城堡里住宿或过夜。未经伯爵许可, 谁都不能这样做。而你就没得到这样的许可, 或者至少没拿出什么证件来。"

K.已经坐起身来, 他理了理头发, 朝上望着来说: "我逛到哪个村子里啦? 这儿有座城堡吗?"

"嗨, 当然啦。" 年轻小伙子慢条斯理地回答。这时有几个庄稼汉冲着K.摇了摇头, "是威斯特-威斯伯爵的城堡。"

"难道必须通过许可才能在这儿过夜吗?" K.问, 似乎想弄清自己先前所听到的是不是一场梦。

"必须有许可证。" 小伙子回答, 然后伸伸胳膊, 带着鄙视K.的嘲笑口吻朝客栈老板和客人们问道: "可能不需要许可证吗?"

"那么, 我得去弄一张来," K.打着哈欠, 推开毯子说, 似乎打算起来。

"是的, 但你要找谁弄呢?" 年轻小伙子问。

"找伯爵呗," K.说, "好像没

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

别的办法啦。"

"找伯爵要许可证？而且在半夜？"年轻小伙子后退一步，嚷道。

"这不行吗？"K.平静地问。
"那你干嘛叫醒我？"

这一下年轻小伙子恼了，"竟敢要流氓！"他嚷道。"我要求你尊重伯爵的权威。我叫醒你是要通知你马上离开伯爵的领地！"

"别开这种玩笑啦，"K.重新躺下，拉上毯子，用极平静的音调说，"你有点过火了，年轻人。明天再跟你计较吧，客栈老板以及那几位先生会在我需要时给我作证的。顺便告诉你，我就是给伯爵大人派来的土地测量员。明天我的助手将带着工具坐着马车到达。我不想错过一次在雪地里长途步行的机会，可不幸的是，我一再迷失方向，所以这么晚才到。我早就知道没法去城堡报到了，不必你来通知我。这也是我为什么在这里凑合过夜的原因。而你却无礼地——说客气点儿——烦扰我，我没什么好说的了。"

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 sub-steward, one of the

晚安, 先生们。”K. 翻过身朝向火炉。

“土地测量员?”他听见有人在背后犹豫地问,接着便是一阵沉寂。然而那年轻小伙子很快恢复了镇定,显然是考虑K.的睡眠而压低了声音说话,不过K.仍然能够听见。他对客栈老板说:“我要打电话问一下。”这么说,在这间乡间客栈里还有一部电话机?这里无疑装备齐全。眼前的事实令K.着实惊讶了一番,不过总的来说,这都在他预料之中。事实上,电话机几乎就挂在他头上方,在困倦中他没注意到。要是那个年轻小伙子非要打电话的话,即使心眼再好,也难免会打扰K.睡觉。因此,唯一的问题是K.是否愿意让他用电话机。K.决定让他打。那么显然就没有必要假装睡觉了,于是他又翻过身仰着睡。他看见庄稼汉们正交头接耳,窃窃私语;来了位土地测量员可不是件小事。通往厨房的门开着,被老板娘庞大的身躯堵住了,客栈老板踮着脚尖走过去,向她报告了一切。然后电话交谈开始了。城守已经睡了,但还有

sub stewards, 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 dutybound 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

一位副城守，弗里兹还在那头。那年轻小伙子通报自己是希伐若，说他发现了K.，三十几岁，穿着破烂，正安静地躺在一只草包上，手边放着一根节节巴巴的小手杖；他当然对这人起了疑心，而且，既然客栈老板显然失了职，那么他，希伐若就有责任来调查这件事；于是，便叫醒了K.，进行了盘问，并让他从伯爵的领地离开，但K.的回答相当粗鲁；也许这样对他不公平，因为最后他称自己是受伯爵传命而来的土地测量员，所以他当然有责任来验证他的话，至少要得到官方证实；因此，他，希伐若请求弗里兹问问中央局，是否真有这么一个土地测量员履命，然后立即电话回复。

接下来屋子里静悄悄的，弗里兹在那边查询，人们在这边等候回音。K.保持原样，动都没动一下，满不在乎地瞪眼望着空中。希伐若的报告混合着敌意和审慎，这让他想起了外交手段。像希伐若这么一个城堡的下级人员居然也精通此道。而且他们并

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 underesti-

不疏于职守, 中央局还有人值夜班呢。答复得非常快, 因为弗里兹又接通了电话。得到的答复似乎简单明了, 因为希伐若立即怒气冲冲地放下听筒。“正如我说过,” 他叫道, “哪来什么土地测量员, 不过是普通的招摇撞骗的流浪汉, 可能比这更糟哩。” 有一阵, K. 以为所有人, 希伐若, 庄稼汉们, 客栈老板及老板娘会一齐朝他扑来。为了至少躲掉第一阵袭击, 他在毯子下缩成一团, 正在这时——他正慢慢探出头来——电话铃又响了, 对 K. 来说声音似乎特别响。尽管这个电话未必跟 K. 有关, 但每个人都静了下来。希伐若走回到电话旁, 听完一段相当长的解释后, 他语气缓和下来说: “那么是个误会吗? 太令人不愉快了。部长亲自接的电话? 怪事, 太怪了! 要我如何向那位土地测量员解释这一切呢?”

K. 仔细地听着, 这么说, 城堡是承认他这么个土地测量员啦。从一方面讲, 这对他不利, 因为这说明城堡已经掌握了关于他的一切必要信息, 估计到了将面临的压力, 正信心十足地笑对挑战。而从另一方面来说, 这也对他有利, 这说明他们低估了他,

mated 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

他将会有比开始所希望有的更大的自由性。假如他们认为用承认他的测量员身份的方式就能吓住他的话——虽然他们是以一种高高在上的姿态对待他的——那么他们就错了，他只不过感到有点不好受，仅此而已。

希伐若胆怯地朝他走来，K.挥挥手支开了他。人们殷勤地请求他住到客栈老板的房间里，他拒绝了；只是从客栈老板手里接喝一杯夜茶，从老板娘手里接过毛巾和肥皂。还没等他要求大家出去，所有人都转过脸冲了出去，生怕第二天被认了出来。后来灯熄了，他终于得到安宁，他沉沉地一直睡到第二天早上，只是有一两次被跑过身边的老鼠惊动了一下。

客栈老板告诉K.，早餐以及所有膳宿费都由城堡负担。在吃过早餐后，他想立即到村子里去。回想起客栈老板昨晚的行为，K.只在非说不可的时候跟他讲话，但客栈老板总是带着沉默的哀求绕着他转，K.怜悯起他来，让他在身边坐了一会儿。

"我还没见到伯爵大人哩，" K.说，"人们说他优工优酬，是不

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 doesn't hear any complaints about bad pay here."

"Well," said K., "I'm not at all shy and am quite capable of saying what I think, even to a Count, though it is naturally far better if one can remain on friendly terms with those gentlemen."

The landlord sat opposite K. on the edge of the window seat, not daring to sit more comfortably and keeping his large, anxious brown eyes fixed on K.. At first he had thrust himself on K., but now it seemed as if he wanted to run away. Was he afraid of being questioned about the Count? Was he afraid that the "gentleman" whom he saw in K. was unreliable? K. had to distract him. He looked at the clock and said: "Well, my assistants will be here soon, can you put them up?"

"Certainly, sir," he said, "but won't they be staying with you at the Castle?"

Was he parting that easily and that gladly with his guests, especially K., whom he was quite determined to transfer to the Castle?

"That hasn't been settled," said K., "first I must find out what kind of work they have for me. For instance, if I'm to

是这样呢? 像我这样远离妻儿千里迢迢到这儿来, 就想从他那里得点东西带回去啊。"

"阁下不必为这种事情担心, 在这儿, 没人会抱怨给的工钱少的。"

"这么说吧," K. 说, "我可不是个胆小的人, 即使面对伯爵这样的人, 我也敢发表自己的意见。当然, 能跟那些绅士们和平解决问题就更好了。"

客栈老板坐在 K. 对面的窗旁椅子的边上, 不敢动一下以便坐得更舒服点儿, 那对褐色的、含着焦虑的大眼睛紧盯着 K.. 起初他还一心想跟 K. 聊一聊, 现在他似乎想溜掉。他是害怕被询问伯爵的情况吗? 或是担心他所见到的"绅士", K., 是不可靠的? K. 必须分散他的注意力。他看了看时钟, 说: "哦, 我的助手不久就会到这儿来, 你能给他们安排住处吗?"

"当然, 先生," 他说, "可是他们不跟你一道住到城堡里去吗?"

他真那么轻易而且乐意把有希望成为自己的顾客, 尤其是 K. 这样的人放走, 无条件地转让给城堡吗?

"住在哪儿还没定下来," K. 说, "首先我得弄清他们要我干什么样的工作。举个例子, 要是

work down here, then it would make more sense for me to live here, too. And I fear that the life up there at the Castle wouldn't appeal to me. I want to be free at all times."

"You don't know the Castle," the landlord said softly.

"Of course," said K, "one shouldn't judge matters too hastily. All I can say about the Castle for now is that they know how to choose the right land surveyor. There might be other advantages there, too." And he stood up in order to release the landlord—who kept anxiously biting his lips—from his presence. It certainly wasn't easy to win the confidence of this man.

On the way out, K. observed on the wall a dark portrait in a dark frame. He had already noticed it from his bed, but unable to discern any details from that distance, he had thought that the actual picture had been taken from the frame, and only the dark backing was to be seen. But it was indeed a picture, as now became evident, the half-length portrait of a man around fifty. He held his head so low over his chest that one barely saw his eyes, the drooping seemed to be caused by the high, ponderous fore head and the powerful, crooked nose. His beard, pressed in at the chin owing to the position of his head, jutted out farther below. His left hand was spread out in his thick hair but could no longer support his head. "Who is that," asked K., "the Count?"

我在下面工作，那么我住这儿更为妥当。而且我担心城堡里的生活我不习惯。我喜欢自由自在。”

“你并不了解城堡。”客栈老板轻声说。

“当然，”K.说，“一个人不应过早作判断。关于城堡眼下我只能说他们懂得怎样挑选优秀的土地测量员。可能还有其他不错的地方吧。”他站起身来，想让这个客栈老板得到解脱——这人正心神不宁地咬着嘴唇。要赢得他的信任显然是不容易的。

走出去的时候，K.注意到墙上一只黑相框里有一幅黑乎乎的肖像画。在床上时他就看到了它，只是从那么远的距离看，根本辨不清什么，还以为原来的画从相框里被取走了，只剩下黑色的底板。但现在他看清，这实际上是幅画，是一个约五十岁的男人的半身肖像。他的头低垂到胸前，几乎看不到他的眼睛，这似乎是因前额又高又大、鹰勾鼻子沉重造成的。这样，他那满腮的大胡子给下巴压住了，向下披散。他的左手五指伸开插在浓密的头发里，却像支撑不住脑袋似的。“他是谁，”K.问道，“是伯爵

K. stood before the picture and did not even turn to glance at the landlord. "No," said the landlord, "the steward." "They do have a handsome steward at the Castle, that's for sure," said K., "what a pity his son turned out so badly." "No," said the landlord, drawing K. down and whispering in his ear, "Schwarzer exaggerated yesterday, his father is only a sub steward, and one of the lowest at that." Just then the landlord seemed like a child to K. "The rascal.," said K., laughing, but the landlord said without laughing: "Even his father is powerful." "Come on!" said K., "you consider everyone powerful. Me too, perhaps?" "No," he said, timidly but gravely, "I do not consider you powerful." "Well, you're very observant, then," said K., "for, speaking in confidence now, I'm really not powerful at all. And so I probably have no less respect for those with power than you do, only I'm not as honest as you are and don't always care to admit it." K. tapped the landlord on the cheek in order to comfort him and to gain his affection.

And now he even gave a little smile. He was really a boy with his soft, almost beardless face. How had he come by his stout, older wife, whom one could see through a small window, bustling about with her elbows sticking out? Yet K. did not want to question him any further and risk chasing away the smile he had finally

吗?" K. 站在画前, 看都没看一眼客栈老板。"不是。" 客栈老板说, "他是城守。" "这城堡的城守可真英俊啊," K. 说, "很遗憾他的儿子却很差劲。" "不是这样的。" 客栈老板把 K. 拉近身旁, 对着他耳语道, "希伐若昨天在吹牛。他的父亲只不过是副城守, 是其中职位最低的一个。" 此时此刻, K. 觉得客栈老板真像个孩子。"这个坏蛋," K. 哈哈大笑说。客栈老板却没有笑, 他说: "不过他的父亲也挺有势力的。" "不会吧!" K. 说, "你以为每个人都有势力呀? 我呢? 是不是也有势力?" "不," 他胆怯却鼓起勇气说, "我可不认为你有势力。" "唔, 你倒挺有眼力的," K. 说, "说实话, 我确实没有一点势力。所以, 我可能比你更尊敬有势力的人, 只不过我没有你老实, 总是不愿承认这一点。" 为了让客栈老板感觉自在点, 赢得他的好感, K. 拍拍他的脸颊。

现在他露出一点点笑容来, 他其实还很年轻, 脸还没长胡子, 挺嫩的。他怎么会娶这么一个年纪比他大、身材魁梧的妻子呢? 从一扇小窗子里可以看到她正在挽起袖子忙得团团转呢。不过 K. 也不想冒着把自己好不容易逗引出来的笑容赶跑的危险进一