

<<城堡>>

图书基本信息

<<城堡>>

前言

前言 余华 卡夫卡和K 《城堡》中的土地测量员K在厚厚的积雪中走来，皑皑白雪又覆盖了他的脚印，是否暗示了这是一次没有回去的走来?因为K仿佛是走进了没有谜底的命运之谜。贺拉斯说：“无论风暴将我带到什么岸边，我都将以主人的身份上岸。”卡夫卡接着说：“无论我转向何方，总有黑浪迎面打来。”弥漫在西方文学传统里的失落和失败的情绪感染着漫长的岁月，多少年过去了，风暴又将K带到了这里，K获得了上岸的权利，可是他无法获得主人的身份。

在有关卡夫卡作品的论说和诠释里，有一个声音格外响亮，那就是谁是卡夫卡的先驱?对卡夫卡的榜样的寻找凝聚了几代人的不懈努力，瓦尔特·本雅明寻找了一个俄国伯爵波将金的故事，博尔赫斯寻找了芝诺的否定运动的悖论。

人们乐此不疲的理由是什么?似乎没有一个作家会像卡夫卡那样令人疑惑，我的意思是说：在卡夫卡这里人们无法获得其他作家所共有的品质，就是无法找到文学里清晰可见的继承关系。

当《城堡》中的弗丽达意识到K其实像一个孩子一样坦率时，可是仍然很难相信他的话，因为——弗丽达的理由是：“你的个性跟我们截然不同。”瓦尔特·本雅明和博尔赫斯也对卡夫卡说出了类似的话。

同时，这也是文学要对卡夫卡说的话。

显然，卡夫卡没有诞生在文学生生不息的长河之中，他的出现不是因为后面的波浪在推动，他像一个岸边的行走者逆水而来。

很多迹象都在表明，卡夫卡是从外面走进了我们的文学。

于是他的身份就像是《城堡》里K的身份那样尴尬，他们都是唐突的外来者。

K是不是一个土地测量员?《城堡》的读者会发出这样的疑问。

同样的疑问也在卡夫卡生前出现，这个形象瘦削到使人感到尖锐的犹太人究竟是谁?他的作品是那样的陌生，他在表达希望和绝望、欢乐和痛苦、爱和恨的时候都是同样的令人感到陌生。

这样的疑惑在卡夫卡死后仍然经久不息，波将金和芝诺的例子表明：人们已经开始到文学之外去寻找卡夫卡作品的来源。

这是明智的选择。

只要读一读卡夫卡的日记，就不难发现生活中的卡夫卡，其实就是《城堡》中的K。

他在1913年8月15日的日记中，用坚定的语气写道：“我将不顾一切地与所有人隔绝，与所有人敌对，不同任何人讲话。”

在六天以后的日记里，他这样写：“现在我在我的家庭里，在那些最好的、最亲爱的人中间，比一个陌生人还要陌生。”

近年来我和我的母亲平均每天说不上二十句话，和我的父亲除了有时彼此寒暄几句几乎就没有更多的话可说。

和我已婚的妹妹和妹夫们除了跟他们生气我压根儿就不说话。

人们也许以为写下这样日记的人正在经历着可怕的孤独，不过读完下面的两则日记后，可能会改变想法。

他在1910年11月2日的日记中写道：“今天早晨许久以来第一次尝到了想象一把刀在我心中转动的快乐。”

另一则是两年以后，他再一次在日记中提到了刀子。

不停地想象着一把宽阔的熏肉切刀，它极迅速地以机械的均匀从一边切入我体内，切出很薄的片，它们在迅速的切削动作中几乎呈卷状一片片飞出去。

;

<<城堡>>

内容概要

《二十世纪外国文学精选：城堡》中的土地测量员K在厚厚的积雪中走来，皑皑白雪又覆盖了他有脚印，是否预示了这是一次没有回去的走来？
因为K仿佛是走进了没有谜底的命运之谜。
贺拉斯说：“无论我暴将我带到什么岸边，我都将以主人的身份上岸。”
“卡夫卡接着说：“无论我转向何方，总有黑浪迎面打来。”
“弥漫在西方文学传统里的失落和失败的情绪感染着漫长的岁月，多少年过去了，风暴又将K带到了这里，K获得上岸的权利，可是他无法获得主人的身份。

<<城堡>>

作者简介

弗朗茨·卡夫卡，1883年生于布拉格一个犹太商人家庭。
1901年入该城德语大学，1906年获法学博士学位。
主要作品有《美国》（Amerika），《审判》（The Trial），《城堡》（The Castle）但均未完成，卡夫卡1924年因肺病死于维也纳附近的闻养院。

书籍目录

.Arrival .Barnabas .Frieda .First Conversation with the Landlady .At the Chairmans .Second
Conversation with the Landlady .The Teacher .Waiting for Klamm .The Struggle Against the Interrogation
.On the Street .In the Schoolhouse .The Assistants .Hans .Friedas Reproach .At Amalias
.Amalias Secret .Amalias Punishment .Petitioning .Olga s Plans
Appendix Afterword to the German Critical Edition by Malcolm Pasley Chronology Bibliography

章节摘录

A large dimly lit room. At first, the new arrival from outdoors could not see a thing. K. stumbled against a washtub, a woman's hand held him back. From one corner came the sound of children crying. From another, smoke billowed, turning the dim light to darkness, K. remained standing there as if in the clouds. "He must be drunk," someone said. "Who are you?" cried an imperious voice, and then, probably to the old man: "Why did you let him in?" "Can we let in everything that is slinking through the streets?" "I am the land surveyor of the Count," said K., trying to justify himself in front of these as yet invisible people. "Ah, it is the land surveyor," a woman's voice said, and then there was complete silence. "You know me?" asked K. "Of course," the same voice said, curtly. Their knowing K. did not seem to recommend him. He tightened his grip, Barnabas almost dragged him, the silence was not broken; of this particular route K. could say only that judging by the state of the road they had not yet turned off into a side street. He vowed not to let any difficulties along the way or worries about the way back keep him from going on, for after all he surely had sufficient strength for being dragged along. And could this path be endless? All day the Castle had lain before him like an easy goal, and this messenger certainly knew the shortest way. Just then Barnabas stopped. Where were they? Couldn't they go on? Would Barnabas send K. on his way? He wouldn't succeed. K. gripped Barnabas' arm so tightly that he almost hurt himself. Or might the incredible have happened and they were already in the Castle or at its gates? Yet, so far as K. knew, they still hadn't gone uphill. Or had Barnabas led him along such an imperceptibly rising path? "Where are we?" K. asked quietly, more to himself than to Barnabas. "Home," said Barnabas in the same tone. "Home?" "Now take care, sir, that you don't slip. The path goes downhill." "Downhill?" "Only another step or two," he added, and he was already knocking on a door. 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 this 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. He would have liked to have a confidential conversation with Frieda, but the assistants, with whom Frieda even joked and laughed every now and then, prevented this through their intrusive presence. Otherwise they weren't demanding, they had settled down in a corner of the floor on two old skirts; their goal, which they often discussed with Frieda, was to avoid disturbing the surveyor and to take up as little room as possible, they made various attempts to bring that about, always to the accompaniment of whispers and giggles, by drawing in their arms and legs and huddling together, all one could see in their corner in the twilight was a large knot. Still, certain experiences in broad daylight had, alas, made it clear that they were attentive observers, they were constantly staring over at K., playing seemingly childish games, using their hands as telescopes and resorting to

other such antics, or simply blinking at him while appearing to be engaged chiefly in tending their beards, which they set great store on and compared on countless occasions for length and thickness, letting Frieda be the judge. From his bed K. often watched the antics of the three of them with utter indifference. Now when he felt strong enough to get up out of bed, they all rushed over to serve him. Yet he still wasn't strong enough to resist their offers, he saw that in this way he was becoming somewhat dependent on them, which could have negative consequences, but he simply had to let it happen. Besides, it wasn't so terribly unpleasant, sitting at the table drinking the good coffee Frieda had brought, warming himself at the stove Frieda had stoked, having the assistants run up and down the stairs ten times in their clumsy eagerness to bring him soap, water, a comb, a mirror, and finally, since K. had softly uttered a wish that could be interpreted that way, a little glass of rum. At first K. was glad to have escaped the crush of maids and assistants in that warm room. Besides, it was almost freezing, the snow was firmer, the walking easier. Only it was getting darker, and he hastened his step. The Castle, whose contours were already beginning to dissolve, lay still as ever, K. had never seen the slightest sign of life up there, perhaps it wasn't even possible to distinguish anything from this distance, and yet his eyes demanded it and refused to tolerate the stillness. When K. looked at the Castle, it was at times as if he were watching someone who sat there calmly, gazing into space, not lost in thought and therefore cut off from everything, but free and untroubled; as if he were alone, unobserved; and yet it could not have escaped him that someone was observing him, but this didn't disturb his composure and indeed—;—one could not tell whether through cause or effect—the observers gaze could not remain fixed there, and slid off. Today this impression was further reinforced by the early darkness, the longer he looked, the less he could make out, and the deeper everything sank into the twilight.……

<<城堡>>

编辑推荐

卡夫卡是二十世纪最伟大的作家之一。他以自己独辟蹊径的创作广泛地影响了当代各国文学，在二十世纪世界文学史上留下了不朽的一页。他当之无愧地被尊称为现代派文学的鼻祖。

《二十世纪外国文学精选：城堡》是卡夫卡三部未竟长篇之一，篇幅最大，也最富有卡夫卡特色，被公认为他最重要的一部作品。

布洛德甚至称《二十世纪外国文学精选：城堡》是“卡夫卡的浮士德”。

版权说明

本站所提供下载的PDF图书仅提供预览和简介，请支持正版图书。

更多资源请访问:<http://www.tushu007.com>