

# The Current Debatable Status of four untranslated Short Prose Writings embraced by Kafka's International Reception in Romania

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Franz Kafka should be regarded as the most iconic and distinct modern writer that created unique pieces of literature. As it is almost generally agreed that he is to be appreciated especially for the creation of his short prose writings, it is the purpose of the following paper to discuss the extent to which this is achieved. The translation of some words and phrases is debated and pondered upon. Thus, his influence on European literature becomes relentless and in a wider international context he remains an unshattered landmark much debated upon on international conferences and literary symposiums. The emphasis is laid upon the continuous struggle that literary exegetes encountered at the meticulous translation of his texts. Hence, the study aims to embrace the furthering of the research field of his texts and to underline, in spite of all the denial and negative comment the imperishable value of his literary heritage.

Keywords: international, originality, translation, universal, valuable



## *Four stories of Kafka not translated into Romanian*

It is largely known that Franz Kafka's work was almost completely translated into Romanian. What remains to be translated are some short prose writings that were overlooked by his most devoted translators: The stories “The Student”, “An Ancient Sword”, “A Chinese Puzzle”, and “Proclamation”. In the volume “Opere complete: Proza scurtă postumă” (second volume) by Mircea Ivănescu there is an evident oblivion of these stories. These writings have a very pronounced infusion of sarcasm and a distant sobriety.

In the story “An Ancient Sword” the narrator goes picknicking on Sunday with two friends but he slept and past the hour when they were to meet. His friends who knew how punctual he ordinarily was were surprised and knocked on his door. He was very startled, jumped out of bed and thought of getting ready as

soon as possible. When he emerged fully dressed from his room his friends were in manifest alarm. They were interested in what was that behind his head. Since his awakening he felt something preventing him from bending back his head and then he groped for it with his hand. He discovered behind his head the hilt of a sword. His friends came closer, examined him led him back to the mirror in his room and stripped him to the waist. The sword with a cross-shaped handle was buried to the hilt in his back but the blade had been driven with such incredible precision between his skin and flesh that it had caused no injury. There was an opening large enough to admit the blade, but dry and showing no trace of blood.

When his friends stood on chairs and slowly inch by inch, drew out the sword, he did not bleed and “the opening on my neck closed until no mark was left save a scarcely discernible slit.”<sup>(1)</sup> The sword was a splendid one and it seemed that crusaders might have used



it. Thus the entire discussion about ancient knights stabbing around is just a phantasm that came to haunt and disturb the living.

The Proclamation was a vast building on the outskirts of the town, a tenement-house whose fabric was sparkled with indestructible medieval ruins. There were distributed copies of a certain proclamation: The story teller possessed five toy rifles which were hanging in his wardrobe, one on each hook. The first belonged to him, the others could be claimed by anyone who wished; if there were more than four claimants the extra ones must bring their own rifles with them and deposit them in their own wardrobe. As uniformity is essential, the lack of this uniformity could get one nowhere. He had only rifles that were quite useless for any other purpose, the mechanism was broken, the corks were torn off, only the cocks still clicked. So it could not be difficult to obtain such rifles if required. Even people without rifles were basically acceptable. At the decisive moment some of the people who possessed rifles could rally round those who are unarmed. This was a tactical method that proved itself with the first American farmers against the Red Indians; thus it should have proved successful here as well, since after all the conditions were similar.

Therefore it was possible to do without rifles permanently. And even the five rifles were not absolutely necessary, and it is only because they just happened to be there that they might as well have been used. But if the four others did not wish to carry them, they had to do without. In that case he alone, as the leader, was supposed to carry one. But as they had no leader he too could break his rifle or put it away.

That was the first proclamation. Nobody in the house had the time or the wish to read proclamations, let alone to think them over. Very soon the little sheets of paper were floating in the current of filth that, "starting from the attics and fed by all the corridors", slides down the staircase and struggles there with the opposing current that swirls up from below.

"Fellow tenants!" This was the second proclamation. So far nobody sent in his name to the narrator. Apart from the hours when he had to earn his living he had been continuously at home, and during the periods of his absence, when the door of his room had always been left open, there was left a sheet of paper on his table where anybody who wished could enter his name. "But unfortunately nobody has done so." (2)

„Dragi proprietari! Deocamdată nimeni nu și-a trimis numele către mine. În afară de orele în care a trebuit să-mi câștig existența, am fost încontinuu acasă, și de-a lungul perioadelor absenței mele, când ușa camerei mele a fost întotdeauna lăsată deschisă, s-a aflat o bucată de hârtie pe masa mea unde oricine dorea putea să-și introducă numele. Nimeni nu a făcut acest

lucru.” (author’s translation, next translation will be continued)

It seems that if the use of guns became legal the temptation for using them is also lost.

The story “The Student” distinguishes itself by a rather awkward manner of relating the flow of events. A so called student, the neighbour of the first person narrator, harasses the latter by fighting and disturbing him constantly. The latter feels continuously threatened by the “enduring” fighter and finds himself in the situation of being able to do nothing properly, by being constantly interrupted by the student. “But usually our bodies close in battle at once” (3) might be translated by “Dar de obicei corpurile noastre se încăleacă în bătaie dintr-o dată” (author’s translation). We have here the indirect allusion to a sexual attack on the narrator.

The story “A Chinese Puzzle” („Ein Geduldsspiel”) is about a toy that is not bigger as a pocket watch and is at the same time very intricate: “In der rotbraun angestrichenen Holzfläche waren einige blaue Irrwege eingeschnitten, die in eine kleine Grube mündeten.” (4) The Romanian equivalent might be: “Pe suprafața pictată în roșu maroniu se aflau câteva căi albastre întortocheate care se vărsau într-o gaură mică.” (author’s translation)

What is interesting about this toy is that it seems to create its own rules of participating in the game: “War die Kugel unbeschäftigt, so ging sie meistens, die Hände auf dem Rücken, auf der Hochebene hin und her, die Wege vermied sie.” (5) The Romanian translation might sound like this: “Dacă bila era neantrenată, atunci ea mergea de cele mai multe ori, cu mâinile la spate, pe platou într-o parte și alta, drumurile le evita.” (author’s translation)

The ball seems voluntarily to avoid the paths, as it considers that it is not made for them, as they are too narrow. But eventually it has to accommodate itself to the paths as otherwise it would not be a game of patience or a puzzle.

### *The International Reception of Kafka's works*

Kafka’s first translators into Czech were Milena Jesenská and into English Willa and Edwin Muir. Terms like cultural “untranslatability” are debated further and commented upon their contribution to the originality of the literary text. For instance, in the story *Investigations of a Dog* translated by Willa and Edwin Muir we encounter the term “maladjustment” which is the translation of “Bruchstelle” (breakpoint). Then we have the term “quiet my apprehensions” the translation of “begütigen”. We actually can notice that there can not be an exact translation of the terms. There is also to be noted that the translations into Romanian

were made from these English translations.

2.1. Punctual description of English “inappropriateness” “They bear me no grudge” is the translation of “man nimmt sie mir nicht übel”. “Die Hundeschaft” is translated by dogdom, a term which could not be found in any dictionary. It is difficult to establish what kind of cultural or linguistic loss goes with the translation, but the gain is certainly more obvious here.

“Drängen”(6) was translated by “communal impulse”, a term which is very concrete, with a carnal connotation compared to the allusion to an inner calling expressed by the usage of “Drängen”. The term “Prozessionen”(7) was translated by “evolutions” (of the seven little dogs) a word which can not stand as an exact, direct translation and brings some enriching value to the original word. “Labyrinth of wooden bars”(8) is the translation of “ein Gewirr von Hölzern”(9). By choosing labyrinth (maize) the translator opted for the euphemistic connotation of the phrase, preferring to add the idea of organized, logical structure and manner of organizing. “Schlüpfende Schritte”(10) was translated by “shuffling gait”, a good, proper translation the only problem being that gait is more often used in contexts related to people and not to animals, but it is obvious on the other hand that the human characteristics are implied here. “Lotterleben”(11) was translated by lazy existence, as the specification of an exact term is impossible. “Wer sich nur ein wenig Unbefangenheit gegenüber der Wissenschaft bewahrt hat”(12) is translated by “those who have preserved a little freedom of judgment on scientific matters.” Again we have a term that can not be translated by a single word.

In the story Children on the Country Road we have “Mücken”(13) translated by midges and “Narren” by fools. The latter word could have been translated by clowns but the meaning is not lost notwithstanding some connotations such as “putting on a show”.

The story “Entschlüsse” (“Resolutions”) contains the word “Reue”(14) which is translated by “compunction” but the word regret could also have sufficed and in the story “The Hunter Gracchus” the hero is a “säbelschwingender Held”(15) a term translated by flourishing his sword. The word “swaying his sword” could also have been appropriate. “Aufgespießt”(16) is translated by transpierced a very strong word taking into consideration the meaning of the prefix of Greek origin “trans”(over). This suggests the entrance into another realm.

The short story “The Great Wall of China” contains the word “Röcheln” (17) which is translated by “rattle”. “Rattle” implies a sound, like a child’s toy but it’s definitely connected to death, whereas “Röcheln” refers to a sound of hard breathing. In “The Silence of the Mermaids” the term “guile” is the translation of “listenreich”(18), a term which

is a good translation. “Shrewd” could have been an option. A very poignant image of the woman appears in the parable “The Married Couple” where we have the verb “heraufgeschlichen”(19) which was translated by “he gave a march on me” which expresses also the startle of the narrator. The translation of “Das Ehepaar” into English is a good tool for getting closer to the core of the story. The first person narrator, as a businessman is confronted with a matter of life and death as the business colleague he visits has recovered from a deathlike situation. His wife acts as a very committed “servant” but proves in the end to be the holding force without which everything would collapse. She stands as the “devouring Goddess” in Jewish mysticism: “And how does my husband look to you?”(20) = „Und das Aussehen meines Mannes?”(21). “Zungenschnalzen” (22) was translated by “clicking his tongue again” a very original translation. “Geschäftliche Gebären” was translated as “business methods”, but “behaviour” would also have been more appropriate.

In the short story “Der Bau” we have “scharfsinniger Kopf” translated by “keenness” but it could have been translated by vivid, too. “Das Rieseln der Erde”(23) was translated by “pattering of soil” but “pounding of soil” might also be useful. “Allerschwerste(r) Arbeit”(24) was translated by “arduous labour” but “most demanding-strenuous” could have been a good translation, too. “Um mich zu sammeln”(25) was translated by “to find my composure” and again an exact translation was avoided.

“A flimsy piece of jugglery”(26) stands for „dünnwandige Spielerei”. There, it is obvious that five words were needed for the German words. There is the direct relation between the frail glass and the very thin wall. “Beruhigt”(27) was translated by “assuaged” and “unschuldig” was translated by “guilelessly”, a word that means lack of intelligence. Thus a better and more suitable word could be “carelessly”. “Unsaubere Gelüste” und “Schlechte Eigenschaften”(28) were translated by disreputable desires and evil propensities. Propensity means a sort of inclination, so “characteristics” might have suited better. “Rauschen”(29) which is a very beautiful word is translated by “gurgling”. Other options could have been “babbling” or “purling”. “Babbling” is related to “gurgling” as both words suggest the sound effect of splashing bubbles.

*The Relationship with the Other helping to define and understand the Kafkaian Universe*

3.1. The most enduring trait of Kafka’s work is the feeling of indestructibility and this is mostly against the world, which seems to be dissolving, regressing. From here we have the relation with the Other, who wants to maintain the absolute power. The “care” and the “being



on the alert”(30) becomes a prerogative for Kafka. The typology of the “conqueror” (31) is prevailing as Kafka sees each individual, even the shallowest one as the centre of a circle. Thus, it is only natural that the fight with the “Other” is lost, as Kafka (represented by the narrative persona) is undermining his overall value as a human being. The only aspect that intervenes here is the character’s power of endurance. He realizes that the other’s authority does not rely on anything and most of all is based on treachery as he is not God, maybe at least his servant.

In fact his power feeds itself from the character’s tendency to subordination. The “Other” seems tempted by a taste of power, he aspires to appear in the posture of destiny, of lawmaker, of keeper of order to maintain his absolute prerogatives over an hypothesis, in order to set off other suitors, in order not to share with anyone else power (as this would mean a relapse into human condition).(32) The “Other” establishes the secret and the inapproachability of the law (33), its hidden character. The law is always defended by some fearful guardians, defended rather against the curiosity and the desire of knowledge than against some criminal. Through knowledge the character gets to know the “Other”. He would become one of many. The idea that the law can not be known does not refer to anything than to a scared freedom of itself, to a being that is not capable to exist for itself.

### 3.2. Solving some disambiguities of the Kafkaian “platform of uncertainties”

In the story *The Watchman* the first person narrator ran past the first watchman. He was horrified, ran back again and said to his watchman that he ran through there while he was looking the other way. The watchman stood still and the first person narrator said that he supposed that he should not have done it. The watchman still not replicating, he asked if his silence indicated permission to pass. The resemblance with the parable *Before the Law* is obvious here.

The rebellion against the “Other” does not mean in the last analysis but to refuse his right to absolute presence, to a presence that would exclude any other external presence: for this it is necessary to reduce him to human proportions, to suppress him as a demiurge. What has also become certitude is the fact that Kafka’s biography immersed into his writing. The most prevailing feature is the difficulty of his relationships to women. This can be seen in the stories like: “*The Judgement*”, “*Josephine, the Songstress or the Micefolk*”, “*A Little Woman*”, “*The Silence of the Mermaids*”, “*The Married Couple*”. The relationship he had with his fiancée Felice Bauer can be detected in the story “*The Judgement*”, although on the other hand the story stands for the writing itself that can not be perfect.

This might stand into connection with Kafka’s concept of “entelechy”. The negation of the writing is mirrored in the attitude that Georg Bendemann’s father has towards writing (destroying the letters of his son). The story becomes thus a metaphor for the impossibility of perfection for the artistic writing.

“*Josephine, the Songstress or the Micefolk*” is a story that praises the success of the mice queen as an artist but at the same time doubts the overall accomplishment of the mice queen. The fact that Josephine gives up her daily work in order to dedicate herself totally to singing was taken into scrutiny and eventually punished by the community as Josephine was damned to being forgotten.

The story “*A little Woman*” places also a woman at the centre of the story that evidently turned into a matter of concern for the narrating persona. She is the antagonist of the protagonist and supposedly the transfiguration of the landlady of Kafka’s Berlin residence. (35) Critics interpreted this story as the protagonist’s climax of constant fear of women and outburst of paranoia. The protagonist’s obsession with the effect that he has on the woman is somehow justified as it is not in anybody’s interest to be succumbed to unnecessary suffering:

Daß ich mit den Jahren doch ein wenig unruhig geworden hin, hat mit der eigentlichen Bedeutung der Sache gar nichts zu tun; man hält es einfach nicht aus, jemanden immerfort zu ärgern, selbst wenn man die Grundlosigkeit des Argers wohl erkennt; man wird unruhig, man fängt an, gewissermaßen nur körperlich, auf Entscheidungen zu lauern, auch wenn man an ihr Kommen vernünftigerweise nicht sehr glaubt.(36)

This story originates in the year nineteen-twenty-three when Kafka was nearing his departure from this world and was leading a happy life with his lover Dora Diamant.

In “*The Silence of the Mermaids*”, the charm and conquering efforts of the mermaids were not yielded at by Ulysses (Odysseus), yet it appears that Ulysses was not the man that he used to be anymore.

The story “*The Angel*” is about a first person narrator that paced up and down his room from early morning until twilight. He was interrupted by the noises of the narrow street that beat uninterruptedly. By that time he knew every trifle in the room from having looked at it in the course of his pacing up and down. His eyes had travelled over every wall. He stared at the picture of the landlady’s dead husband. He walked toward evening to the window and sat down on the low sill.

It seemed to him that the room began to stir. A bluish violet began to mix with the white and spread



straight out from the centre of the ceiling, which itself remained white even “radiantly white”, where the shabby electric lamp was stuck. The appearance was made transparent by the light. One could figure out the outlines of a movement there, an arm was thrust out, a silver sword swung to and fro. He was sure that it was meant for him. A vision intended for his liberation was prepared.

He sprang up on the table to make everything ready, tore out the electric light together with its brass fixture and hurled it to the floor. It seemed that the image that was striving to appear could drop down unhindered on the carpet to announce whatever it had to announce. The ceiling “cracked open”. It was an eroded judgment; an angel in bluish-violet robes girt with gold cords sank slowly. The gold cords and the white silken-shining wings, the sword in its raised arm thrust out horizontally. For him it was clear that it was an angel. It had been flying towards him all the day and he did not know it. The creature made signs of speaking. He lowered his eyes. When he raised them again the “being” was still there only it proved to be merely a painted wooden figurehead off the prow of some ship, one of “the kind that hangs from the ceiling in sailor’s taverns”, nothing else. The hilt of the sword was made as to hold candles and “catch the dripping tallow”. He had pulled the electric light down; He did not want to “remain in the dark, there was still one candle left so he got up on a chair, stuck the candle into the hilt of the sword, lit it and then sat late into the night under the angel’s faint flame.”(37)

We thus have: “El nu a dorit să rămână în intuneric, mai rămăsese încă o lumânare așa că s-a urcat pe un scaun, a strecurat lumânarea în mânerul săbii, a aprins-o și după aceea s-a așezat târziu în noapte la flacăra palidă a îngerășului.”(author’s translation)

The message is clear here that the narrator has religious visions. Thus, it is becoming clear that a further Romanian translation done on my part, brings light into Kafka’s universe which can be seen also via a religious kee by his constant representation of this “higher authority” of his whom he always seem to be frightened of, may it be in the image of the father, the watchman, the neighbour or his own ambiguities.

The difficult relationship with the father did not hinder Kafka from finding his strongly sought for happiness towards the end of his life. Each experience that he went through remained a source of inspiration for his writing. One can only refer to his well known remark: “I am nothing else than literature and can and want to be nothing else” (the twenty first of August nineteen-thirteen). His desire to live in a higher dimension, to lift himself from the “routine” and distraction that daily life had sometimes to offer was eventually fulfilled. Not only do we have a collection of high quality art work but also the evidence that his

efforts were repaid by the fact that today he is part of people’s collective memory (38) that he has touched their life in some way or another and that they celebrate his life and work. (This year there were celebrated ninety years from his death.)

No matter how controversial and criticized his personal life was, his literary works endure and rise above the frailties of human existence. Each of his writing has a message to convey, is puzzling and nurtures the reader’s curiosity and thirst for knowledge. It is not so much about the quotation “The one who rolled the wheels of Kafka has lost his peace with the world eternally” (Theodor Adorno), which might be true, but about the broadening of the view of the world through culture, the belief in oneself and in the “Other”.

The spectre of his writing focuses primarily on the individual’s failure to gain access to the law (be it in the person of the gatekeeper, of the father, the emperor) but the belief in the law and in destiny is not lost. The personal fight of the narrative persona with the established authorities seems to be lost yet his belief in the indestructibility of the self helps him discover new sources of energy within himself. This awareness has guided Kafka throughout his life, like a guiding light and was an actual tour de force. Moreover, to sustain that Kafka created imperishable literary pieces comes very natural. He remains one of the greatest writers of German literature ranking high at the top among: J. W. Goethe, Friedrich Schiller, Thomas Mann, Max Frisch, Max Blecher, Friedrich Dürrenmatt.

Kafka is criticized nowadays by contemporary writers for the fact that he could actually not “break the chains” (that duty bestowed upon him) and come out of himself and that he possessed some auto destructive powers. Maybe. It is here needless to say that he might have had his reasons for embracing these strategies and he might have wanted to refrain from producing more suffering than had already been caused. Here one can only think of his broken engagements to Felice Bauer and Julie Wohryzek.

His own written creation stands as a “burning flame” and an “enduring pillar” of his repentance. The work of his late period of creation stands for a continuous search for God and in this sense the aforementioned should be true. One can only think of the remark in *The Great Wall of China* where the reference to the faith of the people is made: “had lost all faith in themselves, in the building, and in the world”(39) Furthermore, on the whole his uncompromising search for the truth prevails and whether or not it succeeded should be decided by Kafka’s successors.

His constant alertness, so much present in the short story *The Burrow* proves to be justified as a threatening creature comes to destroy the first person narrator in the personification of an animal. The instinct of survival



and perseverance keep this animal from extinguishing. Not only that he is very hard working and alert, he even is on the brink of surpassing his powers. Thus, he survives and the story ends on an optimistic note, which even almost closes his collection of short stories. The readership today might wonder at the message of most of his short stories but if it looks at Kafka's life it might easily find the answers to most of the conundrums. Although, Kafka's work is always open and the possibilities of interpretation generally speaking are infinite there remains the search for oneself and for independence. The knowledge of oneself prevails as it is the only way of relating to the "Other". I hold that the usage of powerful and colourful metaphors, as well as of suggestive images allows the readership to create their own universe of ideas.

As the Romanian translations of Kafka were very thoroughly undertaken, with much attention to detail, the English translations contributed to the internationalization of Kafka who became thus ubiquitous and influential. The translated stories offer a facette of the writer's short prose writings. The four stories that were mentioned enrich the image that Romanian reader gets of Kafka's oeuvre. The religious symbols have multiple connotations and become powerful structures of Kafka's view of the world and his constant search for truth. The search for identity (Jewish?) has never left Kafka entirely. His adherence to Talmudic and Hassidic teachings stands as a proof that he never gave up searching for his roots. Zionism helped him understand his calling and creative environment. This choice he had to make proved the only one worth the fight. The rest was the outcome of his fight. What matters is that the battle was won: the writer did survive although it was not for his own choice and will. Everything else is secondary. His mission was completed.

Therefore, it is up to the coming generations to decide how they interpret Kafka's writing. Without a proper understanding of his cultural background this might become an impossible and tormenting task. The proper critical apparatus can come as a great help but always filtered through one's own manner of perceiving things. A task not always easy to follow as one might easily get lost in the maize.

As to put the whole debate here into perspective, I could mention an entry on *facebook* which became a very entertaining social media in the last decade: "Today is the seventy-ninth anniversary of the first English translation of "The Trial" ... 'They're talking about things of which they don't have the slightest understanding, anyway. It's only because of their stupidity that they're able to be so sure of themselves.' "The stressing of the translation of stupidity came to mind as not very appropriate and I suggested ignorance as an option, as Kafka was a fine critic of the human nature and

its 'deployment' or representation in certain extreme situations. (42)

The book that presents the international bibliography of the translation of Kafka's work into thirty languages (43) throws a glimpse into the Czech translations that were made only in the late twenties and the early thirties. Illustrations of his works became notorious in this time, too. Recognition, as this qualification suggests, must not be construed as mirror-reflection. The intention is also to challenge any disciplinary complacency, to produce a consolidation that interrogates the ways in which translation is currently researched and taught by revealing-even if implicitly-the limitations of scholarly knowledge and pedagogical practices, to show what the study of translation has been and suggest what it might be. Perhaps the most effective way to issue this challenge is to enable a historical perspective. "A translator without historical consciousness, "wrote the French translator and translation theorist Antoine Berman, "is a crippled translator, a prisoner of his representation of translation and of those carried by the social discourses of the moment" (Berman 20019:46). In assembling this reader, I am suggesting that scholars of translation, as well as translators, can significantly advance their work by taking into account the historical context in which translation has been studied and practiced. (Venuti, 2) Hence it is important that one should focus upon the context in which Kafka wrote and take into consideration the Austro-Hungarian empire which haunted Kafka for his whole life. He wrote from within his inner feeling bestowing upon the most clear and unveiled language. Thus, the translation should be as clear as such. The words should not lose their meaning and they should preserve their colourfulness and expressivity.

### *Conclusion*

Hence, it is obvious that the translations (40) of Kafka's work reach an utmost importance and that they contribute to the added value of Kafka's literary achievement. Hence, at the beginning of his the emphasis of his work becomes his father and towards the end his tiresome relations with women. The proverbial line between Franz Kafka's life and his writing is blurred as he himself stated that he was literature itself. We are to care about translation into Romanian in order to understand the message of his writing more clearly and at a wider range specifically. Had it not been for his Jewish friend Max Brod who did not follow his directions to burn the entire work and were it not for his translations into English we might not have enjoyed his work on a larger scale. Kafka remains thus a literary benchmark for scientific research. (41) Furthermore his writings should be

promoted, enjoyed and even read aloud at conferences and symposiums.

Note:

- (1) Franz Kafka, *Collected Stories*, Trans. Gabriel Josipovici. (London: Random House, 1993), 324.
- (2) Franz Kafka, *Collected Stories*, Trans. Gabriel Josipovici. (London: Random House, 1993), 324.
- (3) Franz Kafka, *Collected Stories*, Trans. Gabriel Josipovici. (London: Random House, 1993), 421.
- (4) Franz Kafka, *Drucke aus dem Nachlass II*. Ed. Jürgen Born, Gerhard Neumann, Malcolm Pasley and Jost Schillemeit. (Frankfurt am Main: Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, 2002), 414.
- (5) Franz Kafka, *Drucke aus dem Nachlass II*. Ed. Jürgen Born, Gerhard Neumann, Malcolm Pasley and Jost Schillemeit. (Frankfurt am Main: Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, 2002), 414.
- (6) Franz Kafka, *Sämtliche Erzählungen*, (Köln: Anaconda, 2007), 510.
- (7) Kafka, 421.
- (8) Kafka, 513.
- (9) Kafka, 424.
- (10) Kafka, 513.
- (11) Kafka, 441.
- (12) Kafka, 529.
- (13) Kafka, 538.
- (14) Kafka, 12.
- (15) Kafka, 19.
- (16) Kafka, 441.
- (17) Kafka, 440.
- (18) Kafka, 458.
- (19) Kafka, 476.
- (20) Kafka, 556.
- (21) Kafka, *Collected Stories*, Trans. Gabriel Josipovici. (London: Random House, 1993), 465.
- (22) Kafka, 560.
- (23) Kafka, 560.
- (24) Kafka, 566.
- (25) Kafka, 567.
- (26) Kafka, 571.
- (27) Kafka, 474.
- (28) Kafka, 477.
- (29) Kafka, 581.
- (30) Liviu Petrescu. *Romanul condiției umane*. (București: Minerva, 1979), 206.
- (31) Ibidem, 207.
- (32) Petrescu, 65.
- (33) ibidem
- (34) Petrescu, 64.
- (35) Petrescu, 206.
- (36) Petrescu, 219.
- (37) Franz Kafka, *Collected Stories*, Trans. Gabriel Josipovici. (London: Random House, 1993), 390.

(38) Franz Kafka's life and work can be admired in the "Franz Kafka" Museum in Prague.

(39) See Franz Kafka, *The Great Wall of China*, <https://records.viu.ca/~Johnstoi/kafka/greatwallofchina.htm> (accessed August 28, 2013).

(40) Franz Kafka, *Opere complete, Vol.2. Proza scurtă postumă*, Trans. Mircea Ivănescu, (București: Univers, 1996).

(41) his work remains thus open for interpretation

(42) <https://www.facebook.com/FranzKafkaAuthor/?fref=ts>, (accessed on the 12th of November 2016).

(43) These would be: Albanian, Arabic, Basque, Bulgarian, Chinese, Danish, English, Finnish, French, Hebrew, Dutch, Italian, Japanese, Catalan, Korean, Lithuanian, Macedonian, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Russian, Swedish, Serbo-Croatian, Slovenian, Spanish, Czech, Turkish, Korean, Hungarian

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