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## Scenes from Kafka's The Trial

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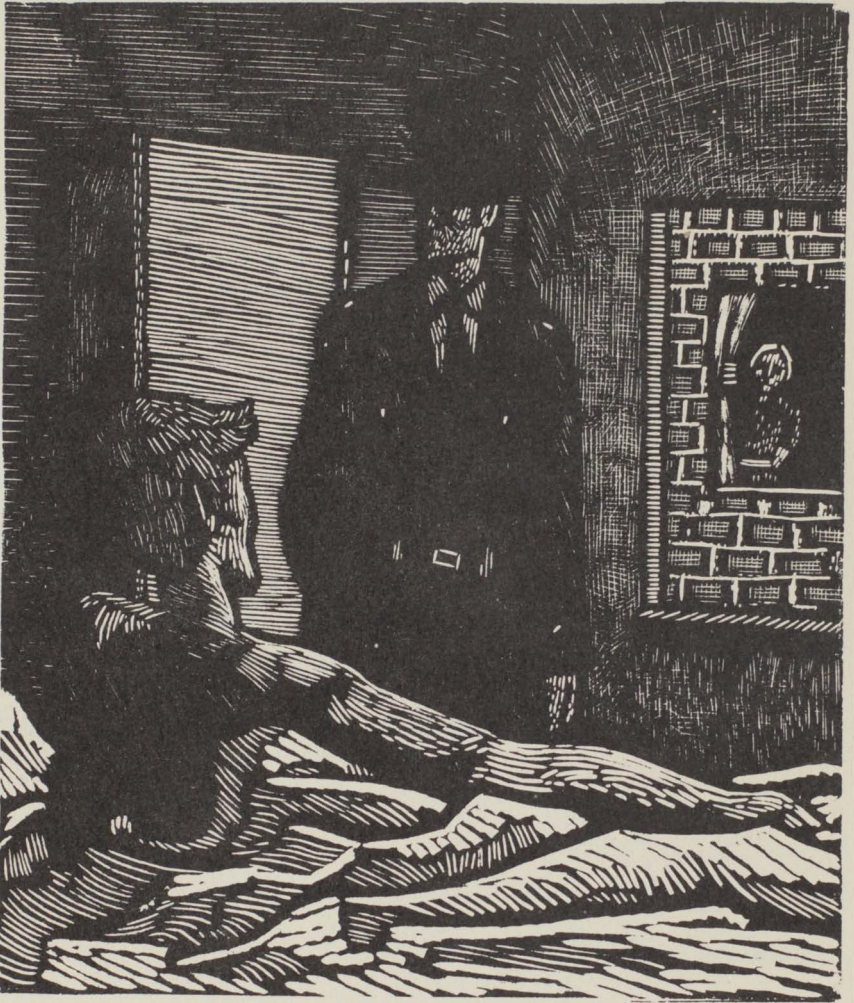
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Scenes from Kafka's *The Trial*

Wood Engravings by  
Jim Todd



*The Arrest*—"At once there was a knock at the door and a man entered whom he had never seen before in the house."



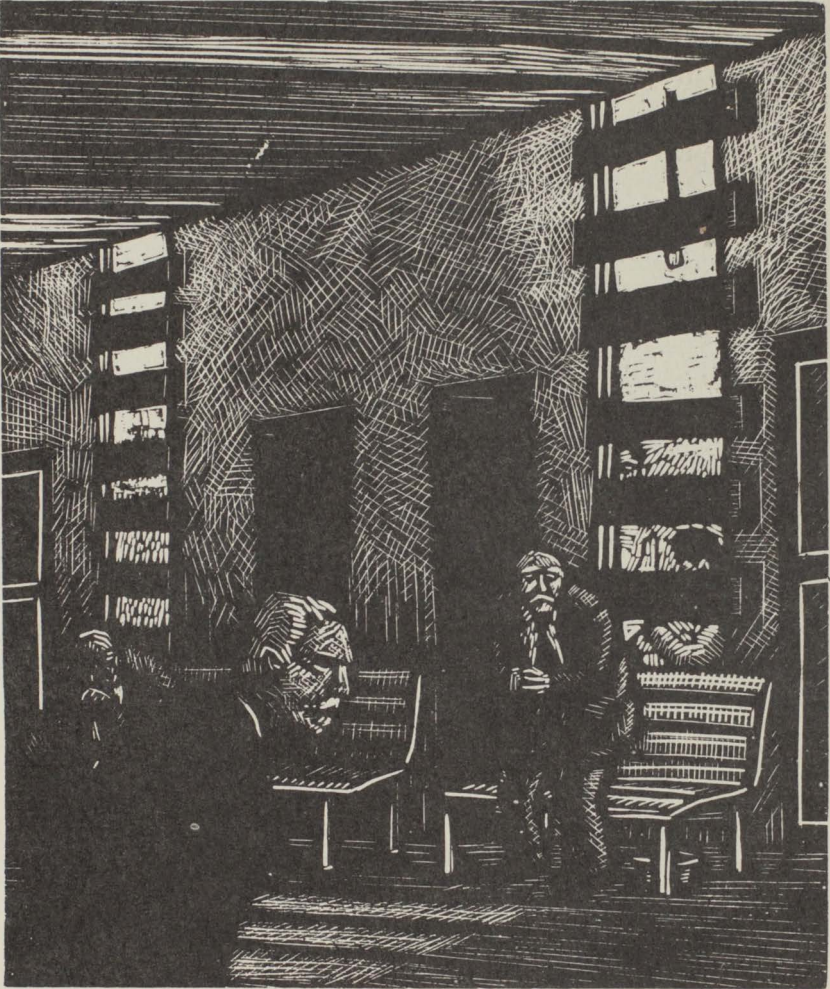
*Fräulein Bürstner*—"Horrible," said K., but he was no longer thinking of what he was saying, for he was completely taken up in staring at *Fräulein Bürstner*."



*First Interrogation*—“Near the very edge of the platform, sat a fat little wheezing man who was talking with much merriment to a man sprawling just behind him.”



*First Interrogation*—"They all wore these badges, so far as he could see. They were all colleagues, these ostensible parties of the Right and the Left."



*The Offices*—"They did not stand quite erect, their bodies remained bowed, their knees bent, they stood like street beggars."



*Fräulein Bürstner's Friend*—“. . . they scrupulously avoided all appearance of having been observing him, they talked in low voices, following his movements only with the abstracted gaze one has for people passing when one is deep in conversation.”





*The Whipper*—"Then the shriek rose from Franz's throat, single and inevocable, it did not seem to come from a human being but from some martyred instrument."



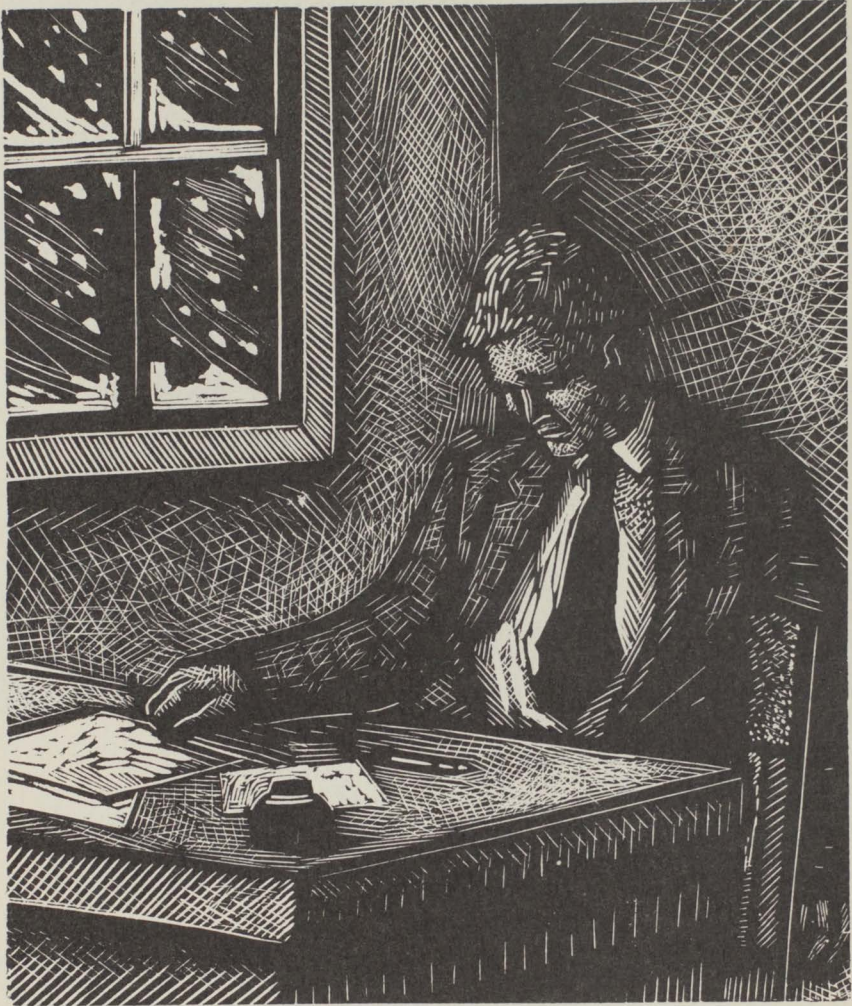
*The Whipper*—“. . . K. intently strove to pierce the darkness of one corner of the courtyard, where several hand-barrows were jumbled close together.”



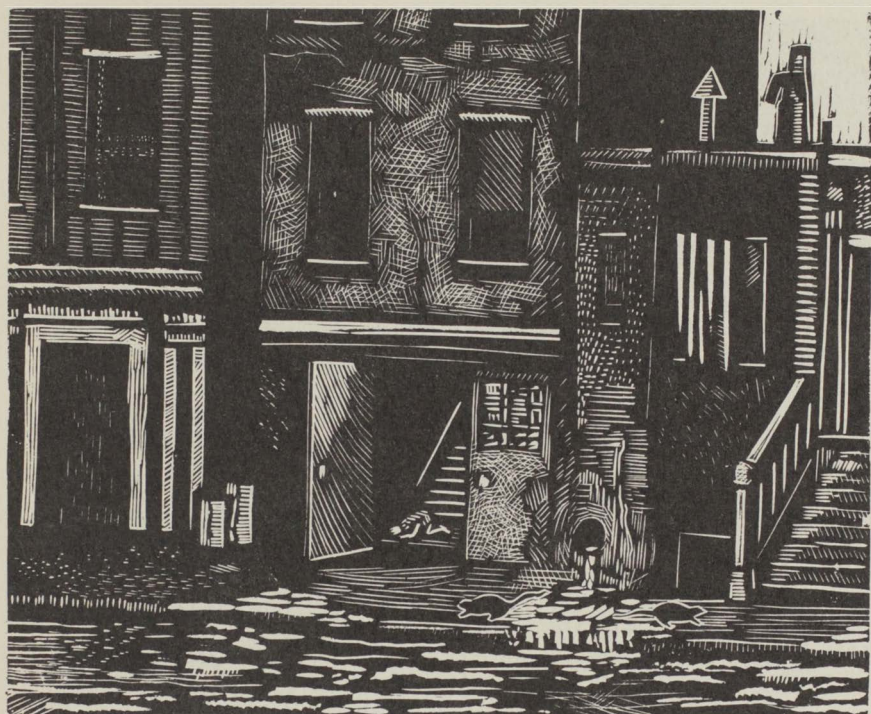
*K.'s Uncle*—"With his hands, which he flapped like short wings, he seemed to be deprecating all introductions or greetings, trying to show that the last thing he desired was to disturb the other gentlemen . . ."



*Leni*—“ . . . she clasped his head to her, bent over him, and bit and kissed him on the neck, biting into the very hairs of his head.”



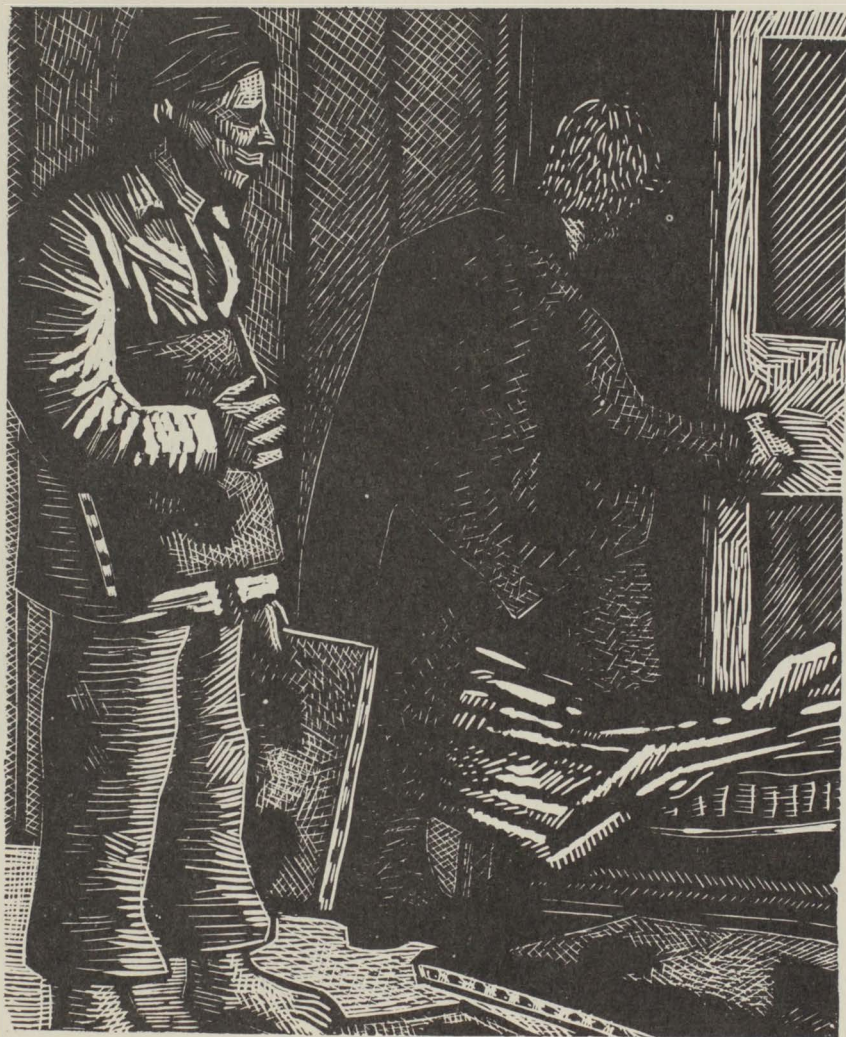
*Lawyer*—"But instead of working he twisted in his chair, idly rearranged the things lying on his writing-table, and then, without being aware of it, let his outstretched arm rest on the table and went on sitting motionless with bowed head."



*Painter*—“This was an even poorer neighborhood, the houses were still darker, the street filled with sludge oozing about slowly on top of the melting snow.”



*Painter*—"Neither her youth nor her deformity had saved her from being prematurely debauched. She did not even smile, but stared unwinkingly at K. with shrewd, bold eyes."

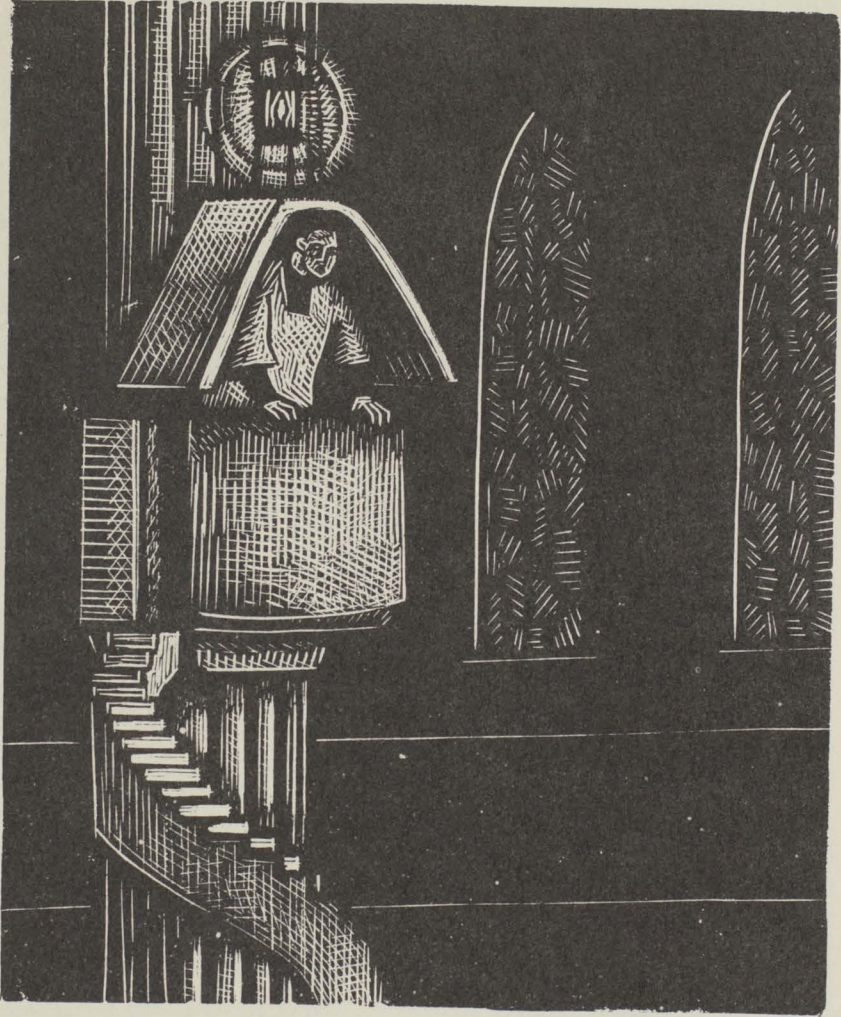


*Painter*—“Don’t be afraid to step on the bed,” he said. “Everybody who comes here does that.”

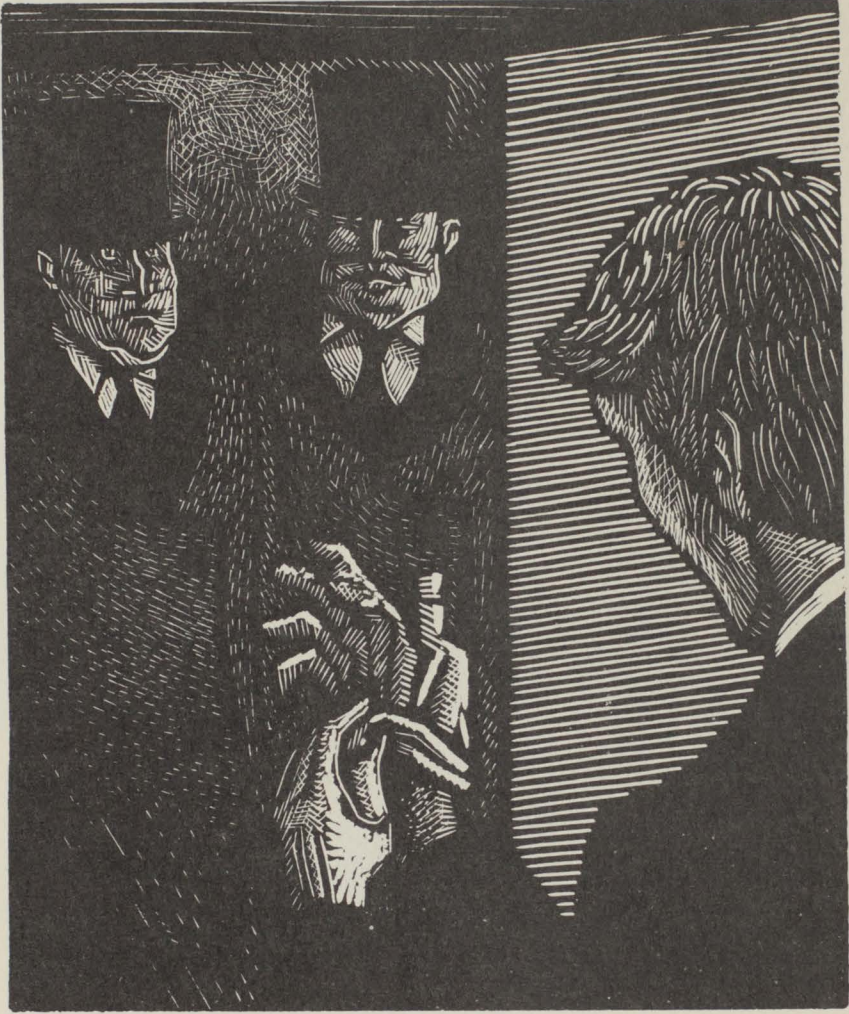




*Dismissal of the Lawyer*—"Leni apparently knew exactly the right way to coax the lawyer; she pointed to his hand and pouted her lips as if giving a kiss."



*In the Cathedral*—“But it was no congregation the priest was addressing, the words were unambiguous and inescapable, he was calling out: ‘Joseph K.!’”



*The End*—"Without having been informed of their visit, K. was sitting also dressed in black in an armchair near the door, slowly pulling on a pair of new gloves that fitted tightly over the fingers, looking as if he were expecting guests."



*The End*—“... a human figure, faint and insubstantial at that distance and that height, leaned abruptly far forward and stretched both arms still farther. Who was it?”