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*The Picture Of
Dorian Gray*

道林·格雷

【英】王尔德 著

马春燕 寇炳俊 范振辉 译
主审◎韩霆一 顾问◎许渊冲



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序

敦煌文艺出版社即将推出《世界英语文学名著双语阅读》系列丛书，现将与该系列丛书相关的一些情况介绍如下：

一、出版丛书的理由

1. 阅读的重要性

阅读可以获取信息和增长知识。Francis Bacon(弗朗西斯·培根)在 Of Studies(《论读书》)中说：“Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.”(读书使人渊博，论辨使人机敏，写作使人精细。)阅读中，通过不断获取信息和不断增长知识，就能达到这里的“渊博”。

阅读可以学习语言。华东师范大学黄源深教授(2006)在《好的英语是“读”出来的——阅读的重要性》一文中说：“学习任何语言都需要大量阅读。学习英语也需要大量阅读。英语学得好的人，一般说来，都读过相当数量的书；反之，也只有读得比较多的人，才能真正学好英语。”英语学习在我国缺乏天然的语言环境，因此，在整个英语学习中突出“读”不失为是具有中国特色的外语教学方法。用英语思维是许多英语学习者都希望达到的一种境界。但对于一个生活在非英语环境中的中国学生来说，要做到部分或全部用英语思维有很大困难。众多英语学习者的经历证明，坚持大量阅读是实现这一目标最有效的途径之一。

阅读可以愉悦身心。阅读需要读者的情感投入，尤其是阅读戏剧、小说、故事类等。在阅读此类文章时，读者的身心会自觉不自觉地投入其中，关注和感受作者的情感、态度。这样，阅读将会更有兴味。

阅读可以构建思想。阅读不只是获取信息，也不只是学到某些语言形式，而是读者积极主动地将自己已有的知识经验(“图式”)和语篇中的信息结合，从而产生新的思想。当读者思想与语篇中的信息相遇时，它不是被动地吸收而是积极地进行构建和编辑。

阅读可以欣赏和消遣。阅读可以欣赏到原汁原味的英语语言的美；感受到世界上多元文化的魅力，体味到不同民族的思维特点，享受到跨文化交际的乐趣；领略到异国风情、异域风光；等等。比如，阅读英美文学作品，可使我们丰富审美体验，提高审美能力；促进批判性思维能力的形成；更好地了解多元文化。又如，欣赏性文章在审美价值方面给读者的影响是巨大的。阅读这些文章时，读者有时被美好的



描述深深触动，有时又被带有偏见的争论激怒，但有时又会从古怪离奇的情节中享受到极大的乐趣。

阅读可以提高素养，塑造人生。一本好书，一篇好文章，可以塑造人的灵魂，改变人的性格，可以激励一个人从此积极向上，成为一生的转折。有人说：“主动的、大量的阅读能提高审美情趣，充实精神营养，完善人格塑造。”比如，当你读了《钢铁是怎样炼成的》之后，你会不被保尔·柯察金百折不挠的精神感动吗？有人读了此书后，认识到理想是一个人一生的向往和追求。一个没有理想的人，就像大海中一条无舵的小船，随波逐流；一个人有理想，且目标明确，就会对国家，对民族，对人类做出大的贡献。

下列英语谚语有力地体现了读书对提高素养，塑造人生的作用：

A good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever. (好书即挚友，相伴一生。)

Enlarge your views by reading. (读书以开阔视野增长见识。)

There is no friend so faithful as a good book. (最忠实的朋友莫过于一本好书。)

Use a book as a bee does flowers. (读书犹如蜜蜂采花酿蜜。)

Reading is to the mind what exercise to the body. (阅读对于心灵之重要，犹如运动之于身体。)

2. 扩大外语学习中的“量”

中国人学习外语，精读、精听有余，但泛读、泛听远远不够。因此，中国人学习外语，在注重“精”的同时，必须更加注重“泛”，即必须在“量”上狠下工夫。有了“量”的积累，才会有“质”的飞跃。

外语学习有一个“点—线—面”的问题。一本书只是一个点，无数本书连成一条线，更多的线形成一个面。所谓“水平”就是面的问题。拿阅读来说，首先要读大量的初级书。当读完30本英语初级读物后，读第31本时，可能就会没几个生词，就会轻松地读懂，这时就可以读中级水平的读物了。需要知道，量的积累在基础阶段最为重要。金字塔的魅力就在于它完美的建筑结构。有宽广深厚的基础，才能造就塔尖的辉煌。我国许多老一代的外语专家在谈及外语学习方法时，无一言以蔽之地说：“学习外语最重要的就是一个‘多’字！”

3. 体现外语学习中的循序渐进

许多中国人学了一段时间英语后常感到困难重重。其中，相当一部分人会觉得再也学不下去了，只好半途而废。如大学里学英语的学生从图书馆借来一本英语原著，一边看一边查生词，在书上记词义，写得密密麻麻，第一页看下来就有二十几



个生词，第二页还有二十几个，到了第五页已不知道第一页所云了。阅读对他们来说确实艰难、枯燥。读英语原著成了查英语词典、记英语生词，成了标准的苦差事。究其原因，就是学习材料太难，违背了“循序渐进”的原则。

在英语学习初级阶段可读一些英语原著改写的简易读物，方法是：先读500~800单词写成的读物，再读800~1500单词写成的，然后再读1500~2500单词写成的。这样逐步加深，循序渐进，就能读下去，就会读懂。这样，你读的材料，比如是小说，就会吸引你不断地读下去。就像小学生初次读西游记一样，可能会爱不释手。在阅读过程中，你会记住许多英语单词，学到许多英语表达，也会复习学过的句型结构和语法知识。你的英语水平就这样不知不觉地提高了。循序渐进阅读的巨大优点是：易于进行；增添兴趣；能产生成就感，培养自信；容易做到学以致用。

4. 双语阅读的必要性

母语在外语学习中既有促进作用，也有干扰作用。如果运用恰当，学习者在双语阅读中，母语的促进作用会不时地体现出来。教学实践证明，完全脱离母语，不符合中国人外语学习的实际，也不能有效地提高学习效率。

外语学习中本族语的影响不可避免。仅就初中学生而言，他们在开始学英语时，已有十三、四岁。可以说，他们已经熟练地掌握了本族语。他们已习惯于用本族语思维，用本族语理解和表达。在这种情况下始学英语，跟“幼儿学语”已有很大的不同。幼儿学说话时，他们很自然地把所学的话跟周围的事物联系起来，直接理解。而初中学生始学英语时，他们理解问题，表达思想，却很自然地首先想到了本族语。更何况是成人学习英语了。据此，英语学习中，某些学习阶段中的双语阅读是非常必要的。

5. 学习中外文化的重要渠道

学习外语，不仅要学语言，还要学文化。阅读世界名著，可以更多地了解所学语言国家的历史地理、风土人情、传统习俗、生活方式、行为规范、文学艺术、价值观念等。双语阅读，读者在接触和了解外国文化的同时，可加深对中华民族优秀传统文化的认识，接受属于全人类的先进文化的熏陶，提高对中外文化异同的敏感性和鉴别能力。

二、本系列丛书的特点

1. 选材经典

《世界英语文学名著双语阅读》系列选录的全部是英语国家的经典文学名著。其中有：《基督山伯爵》、《苔丝》、《汤姆·索亚历险记》、《哈姆雷特》、《傲



慢与偏见》、《巴黎圣母院》、《悲惨世界》、《雾都孤儿》、《牛虻》、《红与黑》、《飘》、《简·爱》、《呼啸山庄》、《战争与和平》、《双城记》、《荆棘鸟》、《昆虫记》、《小王子》、《吸血鬼》，等等。因此，这里提供的是原汁原味的原创英语，而不是经过改编的二手英语。

2. 文本权威

英文原著保证了英语语言的权威性。而译文，由于是由知名英语专家重新翻译的，因而也保证了汉语语言权威性。

3. 印装精美

传承敦煌文艺出版社一贯的优良作风，本系列丛书的印装是一流的，印刷精细，装帧精美。无论是第一眼，还是从头至尾阅读，都会让读者赏心悦目。

三、写序者心语

写序者去敦煌一游后，无比感叹辉煌的敦煌文化；今天，写序者浏览了敦煌文艺出版社即将出版的《世界英语文学名著双语阅读》系列丛书的书稿后，高度赞叹书中流的中外文笔。禁不住，感叹和赞叹交织成以下七言诗：

敦煌文艺社一体颂

敦煌珍稀经洞藏，名著精粹艺社扬。神窟仙画惊世卷，金句银段不锈章。

描眉点睛展魂魄，握笔走纸舞刀枪。古辉今放耀华梦，他劲我借助国强。

鉴于以上情况，本人诚挚地将敦煌文艺出版社出版的《世界英语文学名著双语阅读》系列丛书推荐给当代大学生和英语爱好者。

田式国 教授

2015年11月1日



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CHAPTER 1

第一章

The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flamelike as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid, jade-faced painters of Tokyo who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion.

The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty,

夏日的轻风吹过园中的树木，画室里弥漫着浓浓的玫瑰花香，开着的门便又送来了馥郁的紫丁香花味，或是粉红色荆棘花的清香味。

亨利·沃顿勋爵躺在波斯皮革做的长沙发上，习惯地抽着烟，数不清是第几根了。从沙发的角落向外望去，正好看得见像蜜一样甜，又如蜜一般黄的金莲花在闪烁。抖动着的枝桠，似乎很难承载花儿火焰一般的美丽。飞鸟的奇异影子，不时掠过掩着大窗的柞蚕丝绸窗帘，造成了瞬间的日本式效果，令他想起东京那些脸色苍白如玉的画家们。这些人运用必要的静态艺术手段，力求表达一种快速的动感。

蜜蜂低沉地嗡嗡叫着，穿行在没有割过、长得高高的青草之间，或是单调地一味围着满地忍冬那金黄色、灰蒙蒙的花蕊盘旋，似乎使这沉寂愈发压抑了。伦敦模糊的喧嚣声，就像远处一架风琴奏出的低音。

房子中间直立的画架上，夹着一张画像，画像中的年轻人美貌绝伦，跟真人一般大。画像前面不远的地方，坐着画家本人，巴斯



and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement and gave rise to so many strange conjectures.

As the painter looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skilfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up, and closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done," said Lord Henry languidly. "You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever I have gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not been able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that I have not been able to see the people, which was worse. The Grosvenor is really the only place."

"I don't think I shall send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. "No, I won't send it anywhere."

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls from his heavy, opium-tainted cigarette. "Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. As soon as you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you, for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion."

尔·豪华德。几年前，他突然失踪，引起公众的极大兴趣，也招徕了很多奇怪的猜测。

画家打量着他如此巧妙地再现在艺术中的优雅俊秀的形象，满意的微笑闪过脸庞，似乎正要在那儿停留下来。但他突然惊跳起来，闭上了眼睛，手指捂住眼帘，仿佛想把某个奇怪的梦捂进脑子，生怕自己从梦中醒来。

“这是你最好的作品，巴斯尔，是你所有的画中最出色的，”亨利勋爵慢条斯理地说，“明年你可一定得送到格罗夫那画廊去。皇家艺术学院太大，也太庸俗。每次我上那儿，不是人多得见不到画。那当然很可怕，就是画多得见不到人，那更糟糕。格罗夫那画廊实在是惟一的去处。”

“我哪儿都不想送去，”他答道，脑袋往后一甩，露出一副奇怪的模样，往日在牛津大学时总会引来朋友们的一阵嘲笑，“不，我哪儿都不送。”

亨利勋爵抬起头来，透过细细的蓝色烟圈，惊讶地看着他，那烟正从掺有鸦片的烈性香烟冒出来，升起一个个奇异的螺旋形烟圈。“什么地方都不送？我的好兄弟，为什么？有什么理由吗？你们画家也真怪！你忙碌一生，还不图个名声。而一旦到手了，你却好像又要扔掉。你真傻，因为世上只有一件事比被人议论更糟糕了，那就是没有人议论你。这样的画像会使你超越英国所有的年轻人，也使老年人妒忌不已，如果他们还能动感情的话。”



"I know you will laugh at me," he replied, "but I really can't exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into it."

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

"Yes, I knew you would; but it is quite true, all the same."

"Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn't know you were so vain; and I really can't see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose-leaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you—well, of course you have an intellectual expression and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don't think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful. Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is some brainless beautiful creature who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don't flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him."

"You don't understand me, Harry," answered the artist. "Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the truth. There

"我知道你会笑话我，"他回答，"但我真的不能拿它去展出，这里面倾注了太多自己的东西。"

亨利勋爵在沙发上伸了个懒腰，笑了起来。

"是的，我知道你会的，但我说的也是事实。"

"里面有太多你自己的东西！哎呀，巴斯尔，我还不知道你那么自负。你的脸很粗糙，线条也不柔和，你的头发像煤一样黑，而他仿佛是象牙和玫瑰叶子做的，我看你是孤芳自赏啊的纳西瑟斯。啊，我亲爱的巴斯尔，他是一位美少年，而你——是呀，当然，你有一种富有理智的表情，以及诸如此类的东西。不过，美，真正的美，终结于富有理智的表情开始的地方。理智本身是一种夸张，它破坏脸部的和谐。人一坐下来思考，便只见了鼻子，或是额头，或是某种可怕的东西。瞧瞧那些学识高深的职业中的成功者吧，他们多么令人讨厌！当然，教堂里例外。可是教堂里他们不动脑筋。一个八十岁的主教，说着自己还是十八岁的孩子时别人教他说的话，结果，他看上去总是极其讨人喜欢。你那位神秘的年轻朋友，他的名字。你从来没有告诉过我，但他的画像却把我迷住了，他是根本不思考的。这我很有把握。他属于那种长相漂亮、没有头脑的人。这种人冬天该常在这儿，因为那时没有花儿可以观赏；夏天也该常在这儿，因为那个季节我们需要点什么来清醒我们的理智。别自作多情了，巴斯尔，你跟他一点都不像。"

"你不理解我，哈里，"画家回答说，"我当然不像他。这我非常清楚。说实在的，像他倒让我遗憾了。你耸肩干吗？我说的是大实话。大凡相貌和才智出众的，都会在劫难逃，古往今来，这种劫数一直尾随着帝王



is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history the faltering steps of kings. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit at their ease and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as we all should live—undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it from alien hands. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are—my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray's good looks—we shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly."

"Dorian Gray? Is that his name?" asked Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hallward.

"Yes, that is his name. I didn't intend to tell it to you."

"But why not?"

"Oh, I can't explain. When I like people immensely, I never tell their names to any one. It is like surrendering a part of them. I have grown to love secrecy. It seems to be the one thing that can make modern life mysterious or marvellous to us. The commonest thing is delightful if one only hides it. When I leave town now I never tell my people where I am going. If I did, I would lose all my pleasure. It is a silly habit, I dare say, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it?"

"Not at all," answered Lord Henry, "not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet—we do meet occasionally, when we dine out together, or go down to the

们蹒跚的步伐。我们和自己的同胞，还是没有什么区别的。丑陋和愚笨的人占尽了世间的便宜，可以随意而坐，张着大嘴看戏。他们虽不知胜利为何物，却至少可免尝失败的滋味。他们像我们所有的人应该生活的那样生活着，无忧无虑，随遇而安，没有苦恼。他们既不把毁灭带给别人，也不必遭受他人所加予的毁灭。哈里，你的地位和财富，我的头脑，虽然不怎么样——我的艺术，不管价值如何，还有道林·格雷漂亮的外貌——我们都得为上帝所赐予我们的付出代价，可怕的代价。”

“道林·格雷？这是他的名字吗？”亨利勋爵问道，穿过画室，朝巴斯尔·豪华德走去。

“是呀，这是他的名字。我并没有想告诉你。”

“干吗不？”

“哎，我无法解释，要是我挺喜欢什么人，我绝不会把他们的名字告诉别人，要不，这就好像遗弃了他们的一部分。我已经变得有些诡秘了，这似乎能使现代生活神秘莫测，或者妙不可言。最普通的事儿，一经掩盖便显得很有趣味。如今我离开城里，从来不跟别人说上哪儿去。一说便意兴全无了。这习惯大概也是够傻的，不过它给生活带来了不少浪漫情调。我想你一定以为我蠢得出奇。”

“别这么说，”亨利勋爵答道，“可别这么说，我亲爱的巴斯尔。你好像忘了我已经成家了，婚姻的一大魅力，在于瞒骗成了夫妻生活的绝对必须。我从来不知道妻子在哪儿，她也根本不知道我在干什么。两人碰在一起的时候。我们偶尔也碰头，一起在外面吃饭，或者上公爵那儿去。都以最严肃的表情向对方编造最荒唐的故事。我的妻子精



Duke's—we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it—much better, in fact, than I am. She never gets confused over her dates, and I always do. But when she does find me out, she makes no row at all. I sometimes wish she would; but she merely laughs at me."

"I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry," said Basil Hallward, strolling towards the door that led into the garden. "I believe that you are really a very good husband, but that you are thoroughly ashamed of your own virtues. You are an extraordinary fellow. You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose."

"Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know," cried Lord Henry, laughing; and the two young men went out into the garden together and ensconced themselves on a long bamboo seat that stood in the shade of a tall laurel bush. The sunlight slipped over the polished leaves. In the grass, white daisies were tremulous.

After a pause, Lord Henry pulled out his watch. "I am afraid I must be going, Basil," he murmured, "and before I go, I insist on your answering a question I put to you some time ago."

"What is that?" said the painter, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

"You know quite well."

"I do not, Harry."

"Well, I will tell you what it is. I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit Dorian Gray's picture. I want the real reason."

"I told you the real reason."

"No, you did not. You said it was because there was too much of yourself in it. Now, that is childish."

"Harry," said Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face, "every portrait that is

于此道，说真的，比我高明得多。她从来不搞错日子，而我却常常出错。不过她发现了也并不吵闹。有时我倒希望她吵，可她把我取笑了一番也就算了。”

“哈里，我讨厌你这么谈论你的婚姻生活，”巴斯尔·豪华德说，抬腿朝通向花园的门走去。“我相信你真是一个好丈夫，而你却深为自己的德行感到惭愧。你很了不起，从来不言道德，却也从来不做错事。你的玩世不恭不过是故作姿态而已。”

“顺其自然倒是一种姿态，也是我所知道的最恼人的姿态。”亨利勋爵笑着说，两个年轻人一起走出门去，进了花园，在高大的月桂树丛的阴影里，一条长长的竹椅上坐了下来。阳光滑过发亮的树叶，白色的雏菊花在草地上抖动。

亨利勋爵停了一下，取出了手表。“我怕该走了，巴斯尔，”他轻声说，“在走之前，我一定要请你回答一个我刚问过的问题。”

“什么问题？”画家说，眼睛一直盯在地上。

“你很清楚。”

“我不知道，哈利。”

“好吧，我来告诉你吧。我要你解释一下为什么不愿送道林·格雷的画像去展出。我要的是真实的理由。”

“我已经把真实的理由告诉你了。”

“不，你没有。你说是因为画像里有太多自己的东西。嗨，那太孩子气了。”

“哈利，”巴斯尔·豪华德说，目光直视亨利勋爵，“每一幅用感情画出来的画像，



painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter who, on the coloured canvas, reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own soul."

Lord Henry laughed. "And what is that?" he asked.

"I will tell you," said Hallward; but an expression of perplexity came over his face.

"I am all expectation, Basil," continued his companion, glancing at him.

"Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry," answered the painter; "and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it."

Lord Henry smiled, and leaning down, plucked a pink-petalled daisy from the grass and examined it. "I am quite sure I shall understand it," he replied, gazing intently at the little golden, white-feathered disk, "and as for believing things, I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible."

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilac-blooms, with their clustering stars, moved to and fro in the languid air. A grasshopper began to chirrup by the wall, and like a blue thread a long thin dragon-fly floated past on its brown gauze wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward's heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

"The story is simply this," said the painter after some time. "Two months ago I went to a crush at Lady Brandon's. You know we poor artists have to show ourselves in society from time to time, just to remind the public that we are not savages. With an evening coat and a white tie, as you told me once, anybody, even a stock-broker, can gain a reputation for being civilized. Well, after I had been in the room

画的都是画家而不是模特儿。模特儿只不过是偶然介入的，是一种诱因。画家在彩色画布上所揭示的不是模特儿，而是画家本人。我不愿拿这画去展出，是因为它暴露了我自己心灵的秘密。”

亨利勋爵笑着问：“什么秘密？”

“我会告诉你的，”豪华德说，但脸上却露出了困惑的表情。

“我企盼着，巴斯尔。”他的朋友继续说，瞥了他一眼。

“哦，事实上也没有什么好说的，哈利，”画家答道，“恐怕你很难理解，也许不大相信。”

亨利勋爵笑了笑，俯身从草地上采了一朵粉红色花瓣的雏菊花，细细瞧了起来。“我肯定能理解。”他答道，专注地看着这个带白毛的金色小花盘，“至于信不信嘛，凡是不可信的我都信。”

风摇落了树上的一些花朵。沉甸甸、星儿一般的紫丁香花簇，在令人倦怠的空气中摆动着。一只蚂蚱开始在墙边鸣叫，一只瘦长的蜻蜓，由薄纱似的棕色羽翼载着，飘然而过，像一根蓝色的丝线。亨利勋爵仿佛听得见巴斯尔·豪华德的心在跳动，不知道会发生什么。

“就是这么一回事，”过了一会儿，画家说，“两个月前，我去参加布兰顿太太的聚会。你知道，我们这些穷画家总得不断在社交场合露面，无非提醒公众，我们不是野蛮人。你有一次跟我说，只要穿上夜礼服，系一根白领带，不管是谁，就是证券经纪人，也会博得个文明的好名声。嗯，我在房间里大约呆了十分钟，跟那些穿戴过分、体态臃肿的寡妇和枯燥乏味的学者闲聊，忽然觉得



about ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious academicians, I suddenly became conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned half-way round and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with some one whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. I have always been my own master; had at least always been so, till I met Dorian Gray. Then—but I don't know how to explain it to you. Something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my life. I had a strange feeling that fate had in store for me exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows. I grew afraid and turned to quit the room. It was not conscience that made me do so: it was a sort of cowardice. I take no credit to myself for trying to escape."

"Conscience and cowardice are really the same things, Basil. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm. That is all."

"I don't believe that, Harry, and I don't believe you do either. However, whatever was my motive—and it may have been pride, for I used to be very proud—I certainly struggled to the door. There, of course, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. 'You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?' she screamed out. You know her curiously shrill voice?"

"Yes; she is a peacock in everything but beauty," said Lord Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long nervous fingers.

"I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to royalties, and people with stars and garters, and elderly ladies with gigantic tiaras and parrot noses. She spoke of me as her dearest

有人在打量我。我侧过身去，第一次看到了道林·格雷。我们的目光一交流，我便苍白失色了。一种奇怪的恐怖感袭上心头。我明白自己面对着一个极富人格魅力的人，要是我顺其自然，这种人格会湮没我的一切天性，我的整个灵魂，乃至我的艺术本身。我生活中不需要任何外来影响。你知道，哈利，我天生就有一种独立性格，一直我行我素，至少在碰到道林·格雷之前是这样的。打那以后，我不知道怎么向你解释才好，我似乎预感到生活中有一种可怕的危机如影随形。我有一种奇怪的感觉，命运为我准备了大起大落、大喜大悲。我感到了一阵恐惧，转身走出房间，不是良心使然，而是因为胆怯。我也不以一逃了之为荣。”

“良心和胆怯实际上是一回事，巴斯尔。良心是公司的品牌，仅此而已。”

“哈利，我不信，而且认为你自己也不信。不过，不管动机如何。也许是出于自尊，因为我过去一直很傲慢——我挣扎着朝门口走去。到了那边，不用说又碰上了布兰顿太太。‘你不会这么早就跑了吧，豪华德先生？’她尖叫着。你可知道她的嗓子尖得很？”

“我知道，除了不漂亮，她什么都像一只孔雀。”亨利勋爵说，一面用他那纤细神经质的手指把雏菊花扯得粉碎。

“我不能把她甩掉。是她提携我进了贵族的圈子，周旋于那些得了星级勋章和嘉德勋章的人之间，亲近那些戴着巨大的头饰，长着鹰钩鼻子的贵太太。她把我说成是她最



friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionize me. I believe some picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been chattered about in the penny newspapers, which is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was reckless of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless, after all. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other."

"And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?" asked his companion. "I know she goes in for giving a rapid precis of all her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a truculent and red-faced old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and hissing into my ear, in a tragic whisper which must have been perfectly audible to everybody in the room, the most astounding details. I simply fled. I like to find out people for myself. But Lady Brandon treats her guests exactly as an auctioneer treats his goods. She either explains them entirely away, or tells one everything about them except what one wants to know."

"Poor Lady Brandon! You are hard on her, Harry!" said Hallward listlessly.

"My dear fellow, she tried to found a salon, and only succeeded in opening a restaurant. How could I admire her? But tell me, what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?"

"Oh, something like, 'Charming boy—poor dear mother and I absolutely inseparable. Quite forget what he does—afraid he—doesn't do anything—oh, yes, plays the piano—or is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?' Neither of us could help laughing, and we became friends at once."

要好的朋友。以前我只见过她一面，但她总记着把我捧为名流。我相信，当时我的一些画很成功。至少在小报上已有人评说，那是衡量十九世纪画作不朽的标准。突然间我与这位年轻人打了个照面，他的人格奇怪地打动了。我们靠得很近，几乎要相碰了，两人的目光再次相遇。我有些轻率，竟让布兰顿太太把我介绍给他。说到底，也许并非轻率，而是无可避免。即使没有人介绍，我们也会攀谈起来。后来道林就是这么跟我说的。他也觉得我们注定有缘。”

“布兰顿太太怎么形容这位奇妙的年轻人来着？”他的同伴问。“我知道，她会三言两语把客人们全部介绍一遍。我记得她把我带到一个身上挂满勋章和绶带脸膛通红，还争强好斗的老绅士面前，对着我耳边嚷嚷道，把这人最可怕细节嚷得满屋子人都听到，而不幸的是她自以为还小着声呢。我赶离开她。我喜欢自己去结识别人，而布兰顿太太介绍客人，就像拍卖商介绍拍品一样，要么轻描淡写说上几句，要么什么都说，就是不说你想知道的。”

“可怜的布兰顿太太！哈利，你太损人了！”豪华德无精打采地说。

“老兄，她想搞个沙龙，到头来却只开了个饭店，我怎么能赞赏她呢？不过你说说，她说了道林·格雷先生什么呀？”

“哦，好像是说，他是个可爱的孩子——他可怜的妈妈和我形影不离。全忘了他是干什么的——恐怕他——什么也不干——噢，对了，演奏钢琴——要不就是小提琴了，格雷先生？我们两个都禁不住笑了起来，很快交上了朋友。”