

道林·格雷的画像

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

中英对照全译本

[英] 奥斯卡·王尔德 著

Dorian Gray

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



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英国文学卷



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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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CHAPTER 1

第一章

The studio was filled with the rich odor 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-colored blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flame-like 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

画室里充满着浓郁的玫瑰花香，夏日的轻风游走在花园里的树木中，通过敞开着的大门，飘进来浓厚的紫丁香味道，或者是更加优雅的粉红色花朵的荆棘芳香。

亨利·沃登勋爵正躺在波斯皮革做的长沙发上，习惯性地吸着烟，数不清的香烟。他从沙发的角落里，恰好能够看到仿佛蜜般香甜，仿佛蜜般颜色的金莲花隐约闪现。它那颤抖的树枝，似乎完全不能承受花儿那像火焰一般美丽的重担。飞行中的鸟儿那奇异的影子，时不时掠过大窗前展开的长长的柞蚕丝绸窗帘，产生了一种短暂的日式效果，让他想起东京那些面孔苍白如玉的画家们。他们通过必要且静态的艺术媒介，寻求传达出那种迅猛的动感。蜜蜂沉闷地低声嗡叫着，穿行在长长的、没有割过的青草之间，要么就是一直围绕着那布满灰尘、金黄色的忍冬花冠单调地打转，似乎令这种寂静显得更加压抑了。伦敦模糊的喧闹声，仿佛一架在远处的风琴传出的低沉

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, 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

音符。

在屋子的正中间，一张画像被夹在一个竖直的画架上，画像上站着一个异常美丽的年轻人，同真人一般尺寸。在画像前面不远的地方，坐着画家本人，巴兹尔·霍尔华德。几年之前，他的突然失踪，在当时造成了公众非常大的骚动，也引起了很多奇怪的推测。

当画家凝视着那非常巧妙地反映在艺术中的优雅标致的形象时，一种愉悦的笑容掠过他的脸庞，仿佛正打算要停留在那儿。可他突然惊跳起来，闭上他的双眼，将他的手指放到眼帘上，就像他企图将某个奇怪的梦境禁锢在他的脑海里一样，生怕自己可能会醒来。

"这是你最出色的作品，巴兹尔，你曾经所作的画中，这是最棒的一幅，"亨利勋爵没精打采地说，"明年你肯定会将它送到格罗夫纳画廊里。皇家艺术学院太大，而且过于庸俗。每次我去那里，要么是人多得以至于我无法欣赏到画

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.”

“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.

作——那太可怕了，要么是画多得以至于我看不到人——那是更糟的情况。格罗夫纳画廊真的是唯一的地点。”

“我不认为我会将它送到任何地方，”他答道，以那种奇怪的方式向后甩甩他的头，在牛津大学时这总是令他的朋友们哈哈大笑，“不，我不会将它送到任何地方。”

亨利勋爵扬扬他的眉毛，通过那薄薄的蓝色烟圈，用惊讶的神情凝视着他。从他那混杂着鸦片的烈性香烟里冒出的烟，向上冉冉升起一个个如此稀奇的螺旋形圆圈。

“不送去任何地方？我的好伙计，为什么？你有任何原因吗？你们这些画家是多么古怪的家伙！你在人世间做的任何事不就是为了收获名望。只要你有了一个好名声，你似乎又想将它扔掉。你真傻，因为这世界上只有一件事比被人谈论更糟糕，那就是根本不被谈论。类似这样的画像能令你的成就远远超过英国所有的年轻人，也会令老年人相当嫉妒，倘若老年人还能够有任何感情的话。”

“我清楚你会取笑我，”他回答，“可我当真不能把它展览出去，我倾注了太多自己的东西在其中。”

亨利勋爵在长沙发上伸展着

“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

身体，哈哈大笑。

“没错，我清楚你会的，可我说的依然是事实。”

“倾注太多自己的东西在其中！的确，巴兹尔，我并不清楚你如此虚荣。我真的无法看出你与这位年轻的阿多尼斯之间有任何相似之处。你的脸庞粗糙结实，头发如黑炭一般，而他则好像是由象牙还有玫瑰叶子做成的。啊，我亲爱的巴兹尔是翩翩少年，而你——好吧，当然，你具备一种睿智的表情，以及这一类的所有东西。但是，美，真正的美，是在睿智表情开始之处而终结。睿智自身蕴涵着一种夸张的形式，会毁了任何一张面孔的和谐。人一坐下来思考的一瞬间，这个人就全部化身为鼻子，或是额头，或是一些恐怖的东西。看看那些在任何一个博学多识职业里的成功人士，他们实在太令人憎恶！当然，除了在教堂里。可在教堂里他们并不思考。一个主教在 80 岁时，还一直在说着自己 18 岁时就被教导说的话，作为一个很自然的结果，他看起来总是非常令人愉悦。你那位神秘的年轻朋友，你从未将他的名字告诉过我，可他的画像却真的让我着迷了，我认为他从来不曾思考。我对此相当肯定。他是那种没有头脑、容貌漂亮的人。这种人冬天的时候应该一直待在

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 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.

这儿，因为那时我们没有花儿可欣赏；夏天时也应该一直待在这儿，因为那时我们需要一些东西来清醒我们的理智。不要自鸣得意了，巴兹尔，你一点儿都不像他。"

"你不能理解我，哈里¹，"艺术家回答，"当然，我不像他。我非常清楚地知道。的确，我很抱歉我看起来像他。你在耸肩膀？我告诉你的是实情。对于所有相貌和才智均很出众的人，都存在一种厄运，纵观历史，这种厄运似乎始终在尾随着帝王们蹒跚的脚步。一个人与自己的同胞，最好还是没有区别。丑陋和愚笨的人拥有这个世界上最好的便利，他们能够随意而坐，张着嘴看戏。如果他们对胜利一无所知，那他们至少省去了对失败的了解。他们像我们所有的人应该生活的那样去生活着，不被打扰，漠不关心，没有忧虑。他们既不将毁灭施与别人，也不会接受来自他人之手的毁灭。哈里，你的地位和财富，我的头脑，就连它们——我的艺术，无论可能的价值如何，以及道林·格雷的美丽外表——我们所有人都会因上帝所给予我们的东西而遭殃，损失惨烈。"

"道林·格雷？这是他的名字吗？"亨利勋爵问道，他穿过画室，冲巴兹尔·霍尔华德那里走过去。

¹ Harry 哈里是 Henry 的昵称。

“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 anyone. 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 daresay, 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 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

“对，这是他的名字。我并不是打算将它告诉你。”

“可为什么不告诉我？”

“哦，我无法解释，当我非常喜欢一个人时，我从来不将他们的名字告诉任何人，那仿佛是放弃了他们的一部分。我已经变得喜欢保密了，这似乎是一种能令现代生活神秘莫测的东西，或者让我们觉得妙不可言。一件最普通的事情，如果一个人只是一味隐藏它，就会显得很有趣。当我离开城里，从来不会告诉别人我准备去哪里。如果我说了，就会丧失我所有的乐趣。我敢说，这是一种愚蠢的习惯，但不知何故，它似乎将很多浪漫情怀带进一个人的生活。我想对此你会觉得我相当愚蠢。”

“一点也不，”亨利勋爵答道，“一点也不，我亲爱的巴兹尔。你似乎忘了我已经结婚了，婚姻的一大魅力，就是互相瞒骗对夫妻双方而言是绝对必须的。我从来不清楚我的妻子在哪里，我的妻子从来不清楚我做什么。当两人相见时——我们偶尔会碰面，当我们一起外出就餐，要么就是前往公爵那里——我们都以最严肃的神色告诉彼此最荒诞的故事。我的妻子非常擅长这点，事实上，比我更厉害。她从来没有弄混她的日子，但我却总是弄混。可是当她确实发现了，她也

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

根本不吵闹。我有时希望她吵，但她仅仅就是取笑我而已。”

“哈里，我不喜欢你谈论婚姻生活的方式，”巴兹尔·霍尔华德说，向通往花园的门溜达过去，“我相信你真的是个非常不错的丈夫，但你却对你的品德感到相当惭愧。你是个不同寻常的家伙，你从来不说关于道德的东西，你从来不做一件错事。你的玩世不恭仅仅是个姿态罢了。”

“自然而然仅仅是一种姿态，是我所了解的最令人愤怒的姿态。”亨利勋爵大声说，哈哈大笑，然后两个年轻人一起走进花园，在高大月桂树丛的树荫下，找了一条长长的竹椅坐了下来。阳光掠过发亮的树叶，白色的雏菊在草地上抖动着。

停顿一下以后，亨利勋爵拿出手表。“恐怕我得走了，巴兹尔，”他喃喃自语，“在我走之前，我坚持要得到我不久前向你提出的一个问题的答案。”

“是什么问题？”画家说，他的双眼始终盯着地板。

“你相当明白。”

“我不明白，哈里。”

“好吧，我来告诉你是什么问题。我想让你和我解释一下你为什

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 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 colored 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

么不愿展览道林·格雷的画像。我想要真实的原因。”

“我已经告诉你真实的原因了。”

“不，你没有。你说那是因为画像里有太多你自己的东西。嗨，那很幼稚的。”

“哈里，”巴兹尔·霍尔华德说，径直看向他的脸，“每一幅以感觉画出的画像，都是艺术家的画像而非模特儿的。模特儿仅仅是个意外，是一种诱因。模特儿并非画家要展现出来的人，而画家本人才是在彩色的画布上所呈现出来的人。我不会展览这幅画的原因，是我担心它已经暴露了我灵魂的秘密。”

亨利勋爵哈哈大笑：“那是什么？”

“我会告诉你的。”霍尔华德说，但一种困惑的表情却浮现在他的脸上。

“我满怀期待，巴兹尔。”他的朋友继续说，瞥了他一眼。

“哦，其实真的没有什么好讲的，哈里，”画家答道，“我担心你完全无法理解它，可能几乎不相信它。”

亨利勋爵微微一笑，俯下身去，从草地上摘了一朵粉红花瓣的雏菊，仔细地看起来。“我非常确定我应该能理解，”他回答着，专

intently at the little golden, white-feathered disc, "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 stockbroker, can gain a reputation for being civilized. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, I suddenly became conscious that someone was looking at me. I turned halfway 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

注地凝视着这个白色毛边的金色小花盘, "至于相信事情嘛, 我可以相信任何事, 即使它相当不可信。"

风从树上摇落了一些花朵。沉甸甸的紫丁香花, 星形的花簇, 在无精打采的空气里来回摆动。一只蚱蜢开始在墙边吱喳叫, 一只瘦长的蜻蜓仿佛一根蓝色的丝线般, 用它那褐色的薄纱羽翼飘然飞过。亨利勋爵感觉他好像能够听到霍尔华德的心跳声, 也在猜想即将发生的事。

"故事就是这么回事," 过了一会儿, 画家说, "两个月前, 我到布兰登太太那里参加一个聚会。你清楚, 我们这些穷艺术家不得不时时在社交场合展露自己, 仅仅为了提醒公众, 我们并非野蛮人。就像你曾经告诉我的, 任何人, 甚至是证券经纪人穿上晚礼服, 戴上白领带, 不管是谁, 也能收获一个文明的声誉。那好吧, 我就在屋子里待了大约 10 分钟, 和那些衣着过分、体形巨大的遗孀们以及单调乏味的学者们交谈着, 我突然意识到有人在看着我。我半转过身, 第一次看到了道林·格雷。当我们四目相对时, 我觉得我面色惨白。一种古怪的恐怖感油然而生。我清楚与我面对面的这个的人格是如此令人着迷, 如果我允许它那样做,

someone 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

它将会吞没我的整个天性，我的全部灵魂，还有我的艺术本身。我不想任何外部的影响存在于我的生活中。你自己清楚，哈里，我天生是多么得独立，总是做我自己的主人，至少在我遇见道林·格雷之前都是如此。然后——但我不清楚怎样对你解释这件事，某种东西仿佛告诉我，我的生活中正处于一种恐怖的危机边缘。我有一种奇怪的感觉，命运已经为我蕴藏了大喜和大悲。我有些害怕了，转身出了屋子，并非是良知让我这么做的，而是一种怯弱。我也不以想要逃脱而居功。”

“良知与怯弱其实是相同的东西，巴兹尔。良知是公司的商标名称，就是这样。”

“我不相信，哈里，我也不相信你会这样。但，无论我的动机是什么——可能是骄傲，因为我曾经一贯非常骄傲——我当然是努力向门口方向。当然，在那里，我碰到了布兰登太太。‘你不是那么早便打算要溜走吧，霍尔华德先生。’她尖叫着。你清楚她那极其刺耳的声音吗？”

“我知道，她在所有方面都像一只孔雀，除了美貌。”亨利勋爵

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 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 précis 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

说,用他那纤细而紧张的手指将雏菊拉扯成碎块。

"我不能摆脱她。她带我进入了王室当中,那些有星级勋章以及嘉德勋章的人们,那些戴着巨大的头饰,有着鹦鹉鼻子的老夫人。她将我说成她最亲爱的朋友。之前我仅仅见过她一次,可她突然想要将我捧为名流。我相信,当时我的一些画已经取得了巨大的成功,至少在小报上已经被这样评论了,那是19世纪不朽的标准。突然间我发现我自己正与这位年轻人面对面,他的人格如此奇怪地打动着。我们相当靠近,几乎接触上了,我们再次四目相对。我有些鲁莽,竟让布兰登太太将我引荐给他。可能不是那么鲁莽,毕竟,这是完全无法避免的。我们会彼此攀谈起来,即使没有任何引荐。我非常肯定这一点。后来道林也是这么告诉我的。他也感觉我们命中注定就要认识彼此。"

"那布兰登太太如何描述这位令人惊叹的年轻人?"他的同伴问道。"我知道,她会对她所有的客人做一遍快速介绍。我记得她将我带到一个好战凶猛、脸庞通红、身上挂满勋章还有绶带的老绅士面前,冲着我的耳朵嘶嘶叫喊,将他最令人惊骇的细节嚷得令房间

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.”

“Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one,” said the young lord, plucking another daisy.

Hallward shook his head. “You don’t understand what friendship is, Harry,” he murmured – “or what enmity is, for that matter. You like everyone; that is to say, you are indifferent to everyone.”

“How horribly unjust of you!” cried

里的每个人都能听得清清楚楚，而不幸的是，她觉得是低声细语。我只能溜走。我喜欢自己去结识别人，但布兰登太太对待她的客人，完全就像一个拍卖商对待他的拍品，她要么解释起来一笔带过，要么告诉别人关于他们的一切，除了你想知道的。”

“可怜的布兰登太太！你对她太刻薄了，哈里！”霍尔华德无精打采地说。

“我亲爱的伙计，她想建个沙龙，结果仅仅是开了个饭店，我怎么能够崇拜她呢？但是告诉我，关于道林·格雷先生她说了什么呢？”

“哦，类似一些‘可爱的孩子——他可怜的妈妈和我绝对不能分开。完全忘记了他是干什么的——恐怕他——任何事情都不干吧——哦，对了，弹钢琴——或者就是小提琴了，亲爱的格雷先生’我们两个都忍不住哈哈大笑，马上成了朋友。”

“对于一段友情，哈哈大笑完全不是一个糟糕的开始，而且绝对是最佳的结局。”这位年轻的勋爵说着摘了另一朵雏菊。

霍尔华德摇摇头，“你不理解什么是友谊，哈里，”他喃喃自语，“或者就那件事而言，什么是敌人。你喜欢每一个人，也就意味着