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OSCAR WILDE

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

多里安·格雷的画像

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多里安·格雷的画像

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简介

一个人的画像是否比他的面孔更多地反映他自己？如果画像用爱的画笔描绘的，或许它能反映这个人外表以外更多的东西——或许它能反映这个人的内心世界。

我们经常说脸像一本书，能自己讲述故事。当多里安·格雷看到画像中自己的面孔时，便爱上了自己的美貌。任何事物都不能损害他的美貌，任何事物都不能伤害或改变它——爱不能，甚至时间也不能。因此，他切断了他的脸和内心、他的外表和内在世界的联系。他的脸没有改变，总是年轻、漂亮。但是这幅画像——用爱的画笔描绘的画像——却在讲述着真实的故事。它才是真实的多里安·格雷——天天变老、变丑并满怀恨意。

奥斯卡·王尔德(1854——1900)是爱尔兰最杰出最聪颖的作家。他的剧本和儿童故事，以及《多里安·格雷的画像》虽然是近一百年前的作品，但至今仍受读者喜爱。

The Artist

'I have put too much of myself into this painting.'

1

Through the open windows of the room came the rich scent of summer flowers. Lord Henry Wotton lay back in his chair and smoked his cigarette. Beyond the soft sounds of the garden he could just hear the noise of London.

In the centre of the room there was a portrait of a very beautiful young man, and in front of it stood the artist himself, Basil Hallward.

'It's your best work, Basil, the best portrait that you've ever painted,' said Lord Henry lazily. 'You must send it to the best art gallery in London.'

'No,' Basil said slowly. 'No, I won't send it anywhere.'

Lord Henry was surprised. 'But my dear Basil, why not?' he asked. 'What strange people you artists are! You want to be famous, but then you're not happy when you *are* famous. It's bad when people talk about you—but it's much worse when they *don't* talk about you.'

'I know you'll laugh at me,' replied Basil, 'but I can't exhibit the picture in an art gallery. I've put too much of myself into it.'

Lord Henry laughed. 'Too much of yourself into it! You don't look like him at all. He has a fair and beautiful face. And you—well, you look intelligent, of course, but with your

画家

“我在这幅画里画进了我自己太多的东西。”

1

透过敞开的窗户传来夏季鲜花的浓香。亨利·沃顿勋爵靠在椅背上，吸着香烟。除了花园中各种轻柔的声响之外，他能听见伦敦的喧闹声。

房屋的中央是一个非常漂亮的年轻男人的画像。画像的前面站着画家本人，名叫巴兹尔·霍尔沃德。

“巴兹尔，这是你最好的作品，你迄今为止画得最好的画像。”亨利勋爵懒洋洋地说道，“你得把这幅画送到伦敦最好的画廊。”

“不。”巴兹尔缓慢地回答，“我不会把它送到任何一个地方去。”

亨利勋爵感到吃惊。“亲爱的巴兹尔，为什么不呢？”他问道。“你们画家是多么奇怪的人啊！你们想成名，但成名后又不快乐。人们谈论你们不好——但当人们不谈论你们时情况会更糟。”

“我知道你会嘲笑我，”巴兹尔答道，“但我不能将这幅画在画廊展出，我在这里画了自己太多的东西。”

亨利勋爵笑道：“你自己太多的东西！你看起来和画中的他根本不像。他有着白皙漂亮的面孔，可是你——唉，当然你看起来聪明，但你长着强健的面孔和黑色的头发，



gallery n. a private room, hall, or building where works of art are shown and usu. offered for sale. 画廊；美术品陈列室。**intelligent** adj. having or showing powers of reasoning or understanding. 有推理能力的；有理解力的；聪明的。

strong face and black hair, you are not beautiful.'

'You don't understand me, Harry,' replied Basil. (Lord Henry's friends always called him Harry.) 'Of course I'm not like him,' Basil continued. 'In fact, I prefer not to be beautiful. Dorian Gray's beautiful face will perhaps bring him danger and trouble.'

'Dorian Gray? Is that his name?' asked Lord Henry.

'Yes. But I didn't want to tell you.'

'Why not?'

'Oh, I can't explain,' said Basil. 'When I like people a lot, I never tell their names to my other friends. I love secrets, that's all.'

'Of course,' agreed his friend. 'Life is much more exciting when you have secrets. For example, I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I'm doing. When we meet—and we do meet sometimes—we tell each other crazy stories, and we pretend that they're true.'

'You pretend all the time, Harry,' said Basil. 'I think that you're probably a very good husband, but you like to hide your true feelings.'

'Oh, don't be so serious, Basil,' smiled Lord Henry. 'Let's go into the garden.'

你算不上漂亮。”

“你不了解我，哈里。”巴兹尔答道。（亨利勋爵的朋友通常称呼他哈里。）“当然我不像他，”巴兹尔继续说，“实际上我宁愿不漂亮。多里安·格雷的漂亮面孔或许将给他带来危险和麻烦。”

“多里安·格雷？这是他的名字吗？”亨利勋爵问道。

“是的，但我本不想告诉你。”

“为什么不告诉我？”

“哦，我说不太清，”巴兹尔说道，“当我很喜欢某些人时，我从不把他们的名字告诉我的其他朋友。我喜欢保守秘密，仅此而已。”

“当然，”他的朋友赞同地说，“有秘密，生活才更有趣。比如，我从不知道我的妻子在哪里，而我的妻子也从不知道我正在做什么。我们碰面时——有时我们的确碰上——我们告诉对方一些疯狂的故事，都装得好像这些故事是真的。”

“你一直在做假，哈里。”巴兹尔说。“我认为你也许是个非常好的丈夫，但你喜欢掩饰你的真实感情。”

“哦，别太认真，巴兹尔。”亨利勋爵笑道。“咱们去花园吧。”

crazy *adj.* impractical; foolish. 不切实际的；荒唐的。

pretend *v.* to give an appearance of (something that is not true), with the intention of deceiving. 伪装；假装。

hide *v.* to put or keep out of sight; make or keep secret. 藏；隐瞒。

2

In the garden the leaves shone in the sunlight, and the flowers moved gently in the summer wind. The two young men sat on a long seat under the shadow of a tall tree.

‘Before I go,’ said Lord Henry, ‘you must answer my question, Basil. Why won’t you exhibit Dorian Gray’s portrait in an art gallery?’ He looked at his friend and smiled. ‘Please give me the *real* reason, now. Not the answer that you gave me before.’

‘Harry, when an artist feels strongly about a portrait, it becomes a portrait of himself, not of the sitter. The artist paints the face and body of the sitter, but in fact he shows his own feelings. The reason why I won’t exhibit this portrait is because I’m afraid it shows the secret of my heart.’

Lord Henry laughed. ‘And what *is* this secret of your heart?’

His friend was silent. Lord Henry picked a flower and looked at it with interest.

‘Two months ago,’ Basil said at last, ‘I was at a party at Lady Brandon’s house. I was talking to friends when I realized that someone was watching me. I turned and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. We looked at each other, and I felt a sudden, very strong fear. I felt that this person could change my life... could bring me happiness—and unhappiness. Later, Lady Brandon introduced us. We laughed at something that she said, and became friends at once.’

2

花园里树叶在阳光下闪闪发光,花儿在夏季的微风中轻轻摇曳。两个年轻人在树荫笼罩的一条长凳上坐着。

亨利勋爵说:“我走之前,你必须回答我的问题,巴兹尔。为什么你不愿意在伦敦的画廊里展出多里安·格雷的画像?”他微笑地看着朋友。“请现在告诉我真正的原因,而不是刚才你说的理由。”

“哈里,当一位画家对一幅画像有着强烈的感情时,它就变成了自己的画像,而不是被画人的肖像。画家绘出被画人的面孔和身躯,但实际上融汇了画家自己的情感。我不愿展出这幅画像的原因是我害怕它会坦露我内心的秘密。”

亨利勋爵笑了。“那么你内心的秘密又是什么呢?”

他的朋友沉默了。亨利勋爵摘了一朵花,满有兴趣地看着。

巴兹尔终于说:“两个月前,我参加了布兰登夫人在家举办的聚会。在和朋友谈话时,我意识到有人在注视我。我回过头,第一次见到了多里安·格雷。我们都看着对方。我感到了一阵突然、巨大的恐惧。我感觉这个人能改变我的生活……能给我带来幸福和不幸。后来,布兰登夫人为我们做了介绍。她说的某件事情让我们都笑了,我们很快成了朋友。”



shadow n. a dark shape made on a surface by something between it and direct light. 影子;阴影。**fear** n. the feeling that one has when danger is near. 害怕;恐惧。

He stopped. Lord Henry smiled. 'Tell me more,' he said. 'How often do you see him?'

'Every day,' answered Basil. 'I'm not happy if I don't see him every day—he's necessary to my life.'

'But I thought you only cared about your art,' said Lord Henry.

'He is all my art now,' replied Basil, seriously. 'Since I met Dorian Gray, the work that I've done is good, the best work of my life. Because of him I see art in a different way, a new way. When I'm with him, I paint wonderful pictures.'

'Basil, this is extraordinary. I must meet Dorian Gray,' said Lord Henry.

Basil got up and walked up and down the garden. 'So that's my secret. Dorian doesn't know about my feelings. And I can't let people see the portrait, because it shows what's in my heart. There's too much of myself in it, Harry, too much!'

Lord Henry looked at Basil's face before he spoke. 'Tell me, does Dorian Gray care about you?'

The artist thought for a few moments. 'He likes me,' he said at last. 'I know he likes me. Usually he's very friendly to me, but sometimes he seems to enjoy hurting me. He says unkind things that give me pain, Harry. And then I feel that I've given myself to somebody who thinks my heart is a pretty flower. A flower that he can enjoy for a summer's day, and can forget tomorrow.'

他停止了回忆。亨利勋爵面带笑容。“再给我讲一些。”他说，“你多长时间和他见一次面？”

“每天。”巴兹尔答道，“每天如果见不到我我就会不高兴——我的生活离不开他。”

“但我原以为你只关心你的艺术，”亨利勋爵说。

“现在他是我的全部艺术。”巴兹尔严肃地回答，“自从我结识多里安·格雷以来，我完成的作品变得很出色，是我有生以来最好的作品。由于有了他，我用不同的眼光看待艺术，一种全新的方式。和他在一起，我能画出精彩的作品。”

“巴兹尔，这太离奇了。我得见一见多里安·格雷。”亨利勋爵说。

巴兹尔站起身，在花园里来回走动。“因此这就是我的秘密。多里安·格雷不知道我的感情，我也不能让人们看这幅画像，因为它表露了我的内心世界。它包含了我太多的东西，哈里。太多了！”

亨利勋爵看着巴兹尔的脸，然后说：“告诉我，多里安·格雷关心你吗？”

画家思考了片刻：“他喜欢我。”他终于说道。“我知道他喜欢我。通常他总是对我很友好，但有时似乎喜欢伤害我。他说些不友善的话让我感到痛苦，哈里。于是我就觉得我把自己给了一个认为我的心是一朵漂亮小花的人。他可以在夏季的某一天欣赏这朵花，也可以在第二天把它遗忘。”

extraordinary *adj.* *very strange.* 特别的，奇怪的；
unkind *adj.* *not kind; cruel or thoughtless.* 无情的；不近人情的；冷酷的。

‘Summer days, Basil,’ said Lord Henry with a smile, ‘can sometimes be too long. Perhaps you’ll become tired sooner than he will.’

‘Harry, don’t talk like that. While I live, Dorian Gray will be important to me. You change your feelings too quickly. You can’t feel what I feel.’

‘My dear Basil, how unkind you are!’ Lord Henry was amused. How interesting other people’s lives were, he thought. Slowly he pulled a flower to pieces with his long fingers. ‘I remember now,’ he continued. ‘I think my aunt knows Dorian Gray. I’d like to meet him very much.’

‘But I don’t want you to meet him,’ said Basil.

A servant came across the garden towards them.

‘Mr Dorian Gray has arrived, sir,’ he said to Basil.

‘You have to introduce me now,’ laughed Lord Henry.

Basil turned to him. ‘Dorian Gray is my dearest friend,’ he said quietly. ‘He’s a good person and he’s young—only twenty. Don’t change him. Don’t try to influence him. Your clever words are very amusing, of course, but you laugh at serious things. Don’t take him away from me. He’s necessary to my life as an artist.’

Lord Henry smiled. ‘You worry too much, my friend,’ he said, and together they walked back into the house.

“夏日，巴兹尔。”亨利勋爵笑着说。“有时很长。或许你比他更先感到厌倦。”

“哈里，别那样说。只要我活着，多里安·格雷就对我很重要。你的感情变得太快，你体会不到我的感情。”

“我亲爱的巴兹尔，你太不客气了！”亨利勋爵感到有趣。别人的生活真有意思，他想。慢慢地他的长手指把一朵花撕成了碎片。“我记起来了。”他继续说，“我姨妈认识多里安·格雷。我很想见他。”

“可我不愿意你去见他。”巴兹尔说。

一个仆人穿过花园朝他们走来。

“多里安·格雷先生来了，先生。”仆人对巴兹尔说。

“你现在得把我介绍给他，”亨利勋爵笑着。

巴兹尔转身对着亨利勋爵。“多里安·格雷是我最亲密的朋友。”他轻声地说，“他是一个好人，而且很年轻——只有 20 岁。别改变或试图去影响他。你机智的话语的确让人感到有趣，但你嘲笑严肃的东西。别把他从我身边带走，他是我作为一个画家的生活中必不可少的部分。”

亨利勋爵笑道：“你的担心太多余了，我的朋友。”他说。然后他们一起走回了房间。

servant *n.* someone who works in another person's house. 仆人；用人。 **influence** *v.* to have an effect on. 影响。



The Friend

'There is nothing in the world as important as youth !'

3

As they entered the house, they saw Dorian Gray. He was sitting by the window and turning some pages of music.

'You must lend me this music, Basil,' he said. Then he turned and saw Lord Henry. 'Oh, I'm sorry, Basil. I didn't realize...'

'Dorian, this is Lord Henry Wotton,' said Basil. 'He's an old friend of mine.'

Dorian Gray shook hands with Lord Henry, and while they talked, Lord Henry studied the young man. Yes, he was very good-looking indeed, with his bright blue eyes and his gold hair. He had an open, honest face. There were no dark secrets in that face. Lord Henry could understand Basil's feelings for him.

Basil was getting his paints ready. Now he looked at Lord Henry. 'Harry,' he said, 'I want to finish this portrait of Dorian today. I'm afraid I must ask you to go away.'

Lord Henry smiled and looked at Dorian Gray. 'Should I go, Mr Gray?' he asked.

'Oh, please don't leave, Lord Henry. Basil never talks when he's painting, and it's so boring. Please stay. I'd like you to talk to me.'

朋友

“世界上没有比青春更重要的了!”

3



走进房间,他们看见了多里安·格雷。他正靠窗而坐,翻阅着一些乐谱。

“你得把这乐谱借给我,巴兹尔。”他说道。然后他转身看见了亨利勋爵。“哦,对不起,巴兹尔。我没看见……”

“多里安,这是亨利·沃顿勋爵。”巴兹尔说,“是我的一位老朋友。”

多里安·格雷和亨利勋爵握了握手。他们交谈时,亨利勋爵审视着这位年轻人。的确,他长得很好看,蓝眼睛,金黄色的头发。他的脸坦率、诚实,没有任何阴暗的秘密。亨利勋爵能够理解巴兹尔对他的感情了。

巴兹尔正准备着画具。现在他看着亨利勋爵。“哈里,”他说,“我今天想完成多里安的画像,恐怕得让你先离开了。”

亨利勋爵笑着,看了看多里安·格雷。“我必须走吗,格雷先生?”他问道。

“哦,请别走,亨利勋爵。巴兹尔画画时从不说话,太枯燥了。请留下吧,我希望你和我聊天。”

open *adj.* not hiding anything. 坦白的;直率的。

honest *adj.* (of people) trustworthy; not likely to lie or to cheat. (指人)诚实的;忠实的。

‘Well, Basil?’ Lord Henry asked.

The artist bit his lip. ‘Very well, Harry. Stay . . . if you must.’

While Basil painted, Lord Henry talked, and the young man listened. The words filled Dorian’s head like music—wild, exciting music. What a beautiful voice Lord Henry has, he thought. They are only words, but how terrible they are! How bright and dangerous! You cannot escape from words. Dorian began to understand things about himself that he had never understood before. Why had he never seen himself so clearly, he wondered?

Lord Henry watched Dorian, and smiled. He knew when to speak, and when to be silent. He felt very interested in this young man, with his wonderful face.

Later they walked in the garden together, while Basil worked at the portrait. The rich scent of the flowers was all around them. Dorian looked at the older man, and wondered about him. He was tall, with a thin dark face and cool white hands. Dorian liked him, but why did he feel a little afraid of him?

‘You must come out of the sun, Mr Gray,’ said Lord Henry. ‘A brown skin isn’t fashionable and it won’t suit you.’

‘Oh, it doesn’t matter,’ laughed Dorian.

‘But it *should* matter to you, Mr Gray.’

‘Why?’ asked Dorian.