

The Picture of Dorian Gray

多里安·格雷的画像

简介

一个人的画像是否比他的面孔更多地反映他自己？如果画像是用爱的画笔描绘的，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——一天天变老、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。

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 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. '

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，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。”

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 ch

ange 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. '

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. '

'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. D

on'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.

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。”

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，“每天如果见不到他我就会不高兴——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。”

“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。

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

t 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. '

'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.

'Because you're young, and being young is wonderful. Ah, you smile. You don't think so now, but one day you'll understand what I mean—when you're old, and tired, and no longer beautiful. You have a wonderfully beautiful face, Mr Gray. It's true. Don't shake your head at me. And there's nothing more important, more valuable than beauty. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it. Then you'll suddenly discover that your life is empty—there will be nothing to enjoy, nothing to hope for. Time is your enemy, Mr Gray. It will steal everything from you. People are afraid of themselves today. Afraid to live. But you, with your face and your youth, there's nothing that you cannot do. You must live! Live the wonderful life that is in you! We can never be young again. Youth! Ah, there is nothing in the world as important as youth! '

Dorian Gray listened and wondered. New ideas filled his head. He felt strange, different.

At that moment Basil called them from the house. Lord Henry turned to Dorian. 'You're happy that you've met me, Mr Gray, 'he said.

'Yes, I'm happy now. Will I always be happy, I wonder? '

'Always! 'Lord Henry smiled. 'What a terrible word! Women use it much too often. What does it mean? It's today that is important. '

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。”

“那么，巴兹尔？”亨利勋爵问道。

画家咬着嘴唇。“好吧，哈里。留下吧……如果你坚持。”

巴兹尔画画时，亨利勋爵说着话，年轻人听着。话语像音乐一样填进了多里安的脑海——一种疯狂的、令人激动的音乐。亨利勋爵的嗓音多么动听啊！他想着。这些只不过是话语，但是太可怕了！多么欢快，又多么危险！你无法回避这些话语。多里安开始了解自己以前从未了解的自身的东西。为什么他从未那么清楚地了解自己？他思忖着。

亨利勋爵观察着多里安，微笑着。他知道什么时候该说，什么时候停下来。他对这个长着奇妙面孔的年轻人很有兴趣。

然后他们一起走进花园，巴兹尔这时在画画。鲜花的浓香包围了他们。多里安看着这个年长一些的男人，揣度着他。他个子高高的，面孔瘦削、偏黑，双手又冷又白。多里安喜欢他，但为什么又觉得有点怕他？

“你必须避开阳光，格雷先生。”亨利勋爵说。“棕色皮肤不时兴，也不适合你。”

“哦，不要紧。”多里安笑着。

“但对你是要紧的，格雷先生。”

“为什么？”多里安问。

“因为你年轻，年轻是极好的。啊，你笑了，现在你不这样认为，但是有一天你会明白我的意思——当你变老、疲倦，不再漂亮时。你长着非常漂亮的面孔，格雷先生。这是真的，别朝我摇头。没有比美貌更重要、更有价值的了。当你的青春逝去时，你的美貌也随之消失。然后你会突然发现生活的空虚——不再欣赏任何事物，也不再对任何事物抱有希望。时间是你的敌人，格雷先生。它会偷走你的一切。如今人们害怕自己，害怕生活。但是你，凭着你的面孔和青春，没有任何你不能做的事情。你必须享受人生，过着属于你的美好的生活！我们再不会年轻了。青春！啊，世界上没有比青春更重要的了！”

多里安·格雷听着、思考着。新思想装满了他的脑海。他感到奇特和不同。

这时巴兹尔在房间里叫他们。亨利勋爵转向多里安，“你高兴结识了我，格雷先生。”他说。

“是的，我现在挺高兴。我想我会总是高高兴兴的，是吗？”

“总会的！”亨利勋爵笑着。“多可怕的一句话！女人们总是这样说。这是什么意思呢？那就是重要的是今天。”

In the house Basil Hallward stood in front of the portrait of Dorian Gray. 'It's finished,' he said. He wrote his name in the corner of the picture.

Lord Henry studied the picture carefully. 'Yes,' he said. 'It's your best work. It's excellent. Mr Gray, come and look at yourself.'

Dorian looked at the picture for a long time. He smiled as he saw the beautiful face in front of him, and for a moment he felt happy. But then he remembered Lord Henry's words. 'How long,' he thought, 'will I look like the picture? Time will steal my beauty from me. I will grow old, but the picture will always be young. 'And his heart grew cold with fear.

'Don't you like it, Dorian?' asked Basil at last.

'Of course he likes it,' said Lord Henry. 'It's a very fine work of art. I'd like to buy it myself.'

'It's not mine to sell, Harry. The picture is Dorian's.'

'I wish,' cried Dorian suddenly, 'I wish that I could always stay young and that the picture could grow old.'

Lord Henry laughed. 'I don't think you would like that, Basil, would you?'

'No, I wouldn't like it at all, 'agreed Basil with a smile.

Dorian turned, his face red and angry. 'Yes, you like your art better than your friends, 'he said to Basil. 'How long will you like me? Only while I'm beautiful, I suppose. Lord Henry is right. Youth is the most important thing in the world. Oh, why did you paint this picture? Why should it stay young while I grow old? I wish the picture could change, and I could stay as I am. I would give anything, yes, anything, for that. 'He hid his face in his hands.

'Dorian, Dorian! 'said Basil unhappily. 'Don't talk like that. You're my dearest friend. 'He turned to Lord Henry. 'What have you been teaching him? 'he asked angrily. 'Why didn't you go away when I asked you? '

Lord Henry smiled. 'It's the real Dorian Gray—that's all. '

Basil turned and walked quickly over to the portrait. 'It's my best work, but now I hate it. I will destroy it now, before it destroys our friendship. 'He picked up a long knife.

But Dorian was there before him. 'No, Basil, don't! You can't destroy it. That would be murder! '

'So, 'said Basil coldly, 'you've decided that you like the portrait after all. '

'Like it? 'said Dorian. 'I'm in love with it. I cannot live without it. '

Later, during tea, Lord Henry invited Basil and Dorian to go with him to the theatre that night. Basil refused, but Dorian was happy to accept.

'Stay and have dinner with me, Dorian,' said Basil, but no, Dorian preferred to go to the theatre with Lord Henry.

As the door closed behind Dorian and Lord Henry, Basil turned back to the picture. 'I shall stay here with the real Dorian Gray,' he said sadly to himself.

4

在房子里，巴兹尔·霍尔沃德站在多里安·格雷的画像前面。“完成了。”他说。他在画像的一角写上了自己的名字。

亨利勋爵仔细研究着这幅画。“是的，”他说，“这是你最好的作品，妙极了。格雷先生，来看看你自己。”

多里安长时间看着这幅画。当他看见前面这张漂亮的面孔时，他笑了，有那么一阵儿他感到高兴。然而他想起了亨利勋爵的话。他想：“我会像画像多久？时间会偷走我的美貌，我会变老，可画像会永远年轻。”因此他的心一冷，充满了恐惧。

“你不喜欢它吗，多里安？”巴兹尔终于问道。

“他当然喜欢。”亨利勋爵说。“这是一件艺术精品，我想买下它。”

“它不属于我，我不能卖，哈里。这幅画属于多里安。”

“我希望，”多里安突然喊道，“我希望我会永远年轻，而这幅画像会变老。”

亨利勋爵笑道：“我认为你不喜欢那样，巴兹尔，你呢？”

“不，我一点也不喜欢那样。”巴兹尔赞同地笑着。

多里安转过身，因生气涨红了脸。“是的，你喜欢你的艺术甚过喜欢你的朋友。”他对巴兹尔说。“你会喜欢我多久？只有当我漂亮时，我想。亨利勋爵是对的，青春是世界上最重要的东西。哦，你为什么要画这幅画？为什么我变老时它仍保持年轻？我希望画像会变，而我仍是现在这样。我会用一切，是的，一切，去换取它。”他用双手捂住了脸。

“多里安，多里安！”巴兹尔不高兴地说，“别那样说，你是我最亲密的朋友。”他转向亨利勋爵。“你都教了他些什么？”他气愤地问，“我让你走时你为什么不走？”

亨利勋爵一笑：“这是真实的多里安·格雷——仅此而已。”

巴兹尔转身迅速朝画像走去。“这是我最好的作品，但现在我恨它，我要毁了它，趁它还没毁掉我们的友谊。”他拿起了一把长刀。

但是多里安在那儿挡住了他。“不，巴兹尔，不能！你不能毁掉它，这是谋杀！”

“那么，”巴兹尔冷酷地说，“你已经决定了你毕竟还是喜欢这幅画像。”

“喜欢它？”多里安说，“我爱上了它，没有它我不能活。”

后来喝茶时，亨利勋爵邀请巴兹尔和多里安晚上一起去看戏。巴兹尔拒绝了，但多里安愉快地接受了邀请。

“留下来和我一起吃晚饭，多里安。”巴兹尔说。但是，多里安宁愿和亨利勋爵去看戏。

多里安和亨利勋爵一走，巴兹尔关上了门，回到画像旁。“我要在这儿陪着真正的多里安·格雷。”他难过地自言自语。

5

The next morning Lord Henry went to visit his aunt, Lady Agatha. She was surprised to see him.

'I thought you fashionable young men never got up until the afternoon, 'she said.

'Ah, but my dear aunt, I need some information, you see, 'replied Lord Henry. 'I met Dorian Gray yesterday, and I'd like to know more about

him. '

'Oh, he's Lord Kelso's grandson, 'said Lady Agatha. 'His mother was Lady Margaret Devereux, a very beautiful woman. She ran away from home to marry a poor soldier. He was killed a few months later and she died soon after her son was born. She was a lovely woman. Dorian Gray has her beauty and he will, I understand, have his grandfather's money. '

'He is, 'agreed Lord Henry, 'extraordinarily good—looking. '

'Come to lunch, 'invited his aunt. 'Dorian Gray will be here and you can meet him again. '

'I'd love to come, 'smiled Lord Henry.

As he left, Lord Henry thought about this sad story. He became more interested than ever in this beautiful young man, Dorian Gray. He remembered the night before, when Dorian had watched him with his bright blue eyes, half wondering, half afraid. 'He does not yet know himself, 'thought Lord Henry, with a smile. 'But I can teach him. Yes, I can influence him in any way that I please. I will teach him to discover the fire of youth, and love, and life. '

The conversation among the fashionable people at Lady Agatha's lunch was quick and clever. Lord Henry talked, in his lazy, amusing way, and knew that Dorian Gray was watching and listening.

After a while the conversation turned to a friend's plans to marry an American girl.

'Why can't these American women stay in their own country? They're always telling us that it's a paradise for women,' said Lord Burdon.

'It is,' said Lord Henry. 'That's the reason why they're so happy to escape from it.'

'They say,' laughed the man next to Lady Agatha, 'that when good Americans die, they go to Paris.'

'Really! And where do bad Americans go to when they die?' asked Lady Agatha.

'They go to America,' said Lord Henry.

People smiled, and the conversation moved on to other things. Lord Henry took ideas and played with them; he gave them wings, and they flew like brightly coloured birds around the room. People laughed, and smiled, and told him that he should be more serious. But Dorian Gray never took his eyes away from Lord Henry.

After lunch Lord Henry said that he was going to the park and as he left the room, Dorian Gray touched his arm. 'May I come with you?' he asked.

'But I thought you'd promised to go and see Basil Hallward,' Lord Henry replied.

'Yes, but I'd prefer to come with you. Please let me, 'said Dorian. 'I want to listen to you talking. Nobody speaks as well as you do. '

'Ah! I've talked enough for today. 'Lord Henry smiled. 'But you may come with me if you want to. '

5

第二天早上，亨利勋爵去拜访他的姨妈阿加莎夫人。姨妈见到他很吃惊。

“我以为你们这些时髦的年轻人不到下午不起床。”她说。

“啊，可是亲爱的姨妈，要知道我需要些消息。”亨利勋爵答道。“昨天我见到了多里安·格雷，我想更多地了解他。”

“哦，他是凯尔索勋爵的外孙子。”阿加莎夫人说。“他的母亲是玛格丽特·德弗罗女士，一个非常漂亮的女人。她离家出走嫁给了一个穷士兵。士兵在几个月后被杀，她在儿子出生后也很快死去了。她是一个可爱的女人，多里安·格雷有着她的美貌，而且我认为他会拥有他外公的财产。”

“他是非常好看。”亨利勋爵表示赞同。

“过来吃午餐。”姨妈邀请道，“多里安·格雷要来这儿，你会再见到他。”

“好吧。”亨利勋爵笑着。

起身时，亨利勋爵想着这个伤感的故事。他更对多里安·格雷这个漂亮的年轻人感兴趣了。他记得前一天晚上多里安用他那明亮的蓝眼睛注视自己的神情，一半是探询，一半是畏惧。“他还不了解他自己。”亨利勋爵想着，面带笑容。“但是我能教他，是的，我可以用我喜欢的任何方式影响他。我要教他发现青春、爱和生活的火焰。”

在阿加莎夫人的家里，餐桌上时髦年轻人的谈话又活泼又聪慧。亨利勋爵用懒散、逗人的方式说话，并且知道多里安·格雷在注视并听着。

过了一会儿，谈话转向一个朋友要娶一个美国姑娘的打算。

“这些美国女人为什么不呆在自己的国家？她们总是对我们说美国是女人的天堂。”伯登勋爵说。

“是这样。”亨利勋爵说。“这正是她们乐于离开美国的原因。”

阿加莎夫人旁边的男人笑道：“她们说，好美国人死后去巴黎。”

“真的吗！那么坏美国人在死后又去哪儿呢？”阿加莎夫人问。

“他们去美国。”亨利勋爵说。

人们笑着，谈话转向其它事情。亨利勋爵把握并摆布着思想；他给它们安上翅膀，使它们像颜色鲜艳的鸟在屋子里飞翔。人们大笑、微笑，并告诉他应该正经一些。但是多里安·格雷从没把视线从亨利勋爵身上移开。

午餐后，亨利勋爵说要去公园。离开房间时，多里安·格雷触了一下他的

胳膊。“我可以和你一起去吗？”他问。

“但我认为你已经许诺要去看巴兹尔·霍尔沃德。”亨利勋爵回答道。

“是的，但我喜欢和你在一起。请答应我。”多里安说，“我想听你谈话，没人说得像你那样好。”

“啊！我今天说得够多了。”亨利勋爵笑了，“如果你愿意，你可以和我一起去看公园。”

6

One afternoon, a month later, Dorian Gray visited Lord Henry. Dorian was excited and his eyes were shining.

'Harry, 'he began, 'I'm discovering life. I'm doing everything that you told me to do. I'm in love! '

'Who are you in love with? 'asked Lord Henry, calmly.

'With an actress. '

'Oh, everybody's in love with an actress at some time in their lives, 'said Lord Henry.

'No, Harry, this is different. She's wonderful! Her name's Sybil Vane, and one day she'll be a very famous actress. She really is extraordinarily clever. '

'My dear boy, 'said Lord Henry in his lazy voice, 'no woman is extraordinarily clever. Women have nothing to say, but they say it beautifully. There are only five women in London who can give you real conversation. But tell me about your wonderful actress. How long have you known her? '

'Harry! I'll tell you all about her, but you must promise not to laugh. '

Lord Henry listened and smiled. Dorian had discovered an old, dirty theatre in a poor street in London. He had gone in to look for adventure, but he had found love, he told Lord Henry. The play had been Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

'Romeo was a fat old man with a terrible voice, but Juliet! Oh, Harry, she was about seventeen, with dark brown hair and a face like a flower. She was the loveliest girl that I'd ever seen in my life, and her voice was like music. I love her, Harry. She's everything to me. Every night I go to see her in different plays and she's always wonderful. '

'That's the reason, I suppose, why you never have dinner with me now, 'said Lord Henry.

'But Harry, you and I see each other every day—we always have lunch

together, 'said Dorian in surprise. 'I have to go and see Sybil in the theatre every night. You and Basil must come with me to see her. Then you can see yourself how wonderful she is. Come tomorrow. '

'Very well, my dear Dorian, we'll come and watch your Juliet. But you'll be in love many times, you know—this is only the beginning. '

After Dorian had gone, Lord Henry smiled to himself. How amusing it was to watch this young man, he thought. He was very different now from the frightened boy in Basil Hallward's house. He had opened like a flower in the sun, and was learning to enjoy every pleasure in life. 'And it is I, 'thought Lord Henry, 'who have taught him how to do this. '

When Lord Henry returned home that night, there was a letter for him lying on the table. It told him that Dorian Gray was going to marry Sybil Vane.

恋爱中的年轻人

“爱比艺术更美妙。”

6

一个月后的一天下午，多里安·格雷来拜访亨利勋爵。多里安神情兴奋，

双眼闪光。

“哈里，”他开始说，“我正在发现生活，我正在做你让我去做的事情。我恋爱了！”

“你爱上了谁？”亨利勋爵平静地问。

“一个女演员。”

“哦，每个人在一生中的某段时间总会爱上一位女演员。”亨利勋爵说。

“不，哈里，这不同。她太奇妙了！她叫西比尔·文。总有一天她会成为一位名演员，她真的是太聪明了。”

“我亲爱的孩子，”亨利勋爵懒散地说，“没有哪个女人是异乎寻常地聪明。女人谈不出什么名堂，但是她们说得很动听。伦敦只有五个女人能和你真正地交谈。给我讲讲你的奇妙的女演员，你认识她多久了？”

“哈里，我要告诉你她的一切，但你得保证不嘲笑我。”

亨利勋爵边听边微笑着。多里安在伦敦的一条破破烂烂的街道上发现了一个又旧又脏的剧院。他告诉亨利勋爵，他进去是想找点冒险的事，但却找到了爱。上演的戏剧是莎士比亚的《罗密欧与朱丽叶》。

“罗密欧是一个又胖又老的男人，嗓音可怕。但是朱丽叶！哦，哈里，她大概十七岁，长着深棕色的头发，鲜花般的脸。她是我有生以来见到过的最可爱的姑娘，而且她的声音像音乐一样。我爱她，哈里，她是我的一切。

每天晚上我都去看她演的各种戏剧，她总是那么出色。”

“我想，那就是你一直没和我共进晚餐的原因。”亨利勋爵。

“但是哈里，你我每天都见面——我们总是在一起共进午餐。”多里安吃惊地说，“我每天晚上都要去剧院看望西比尔。你和巴兹尔一定要和我一起去看她，然后你们自己会发现她是多么地美妙。明天就来吧。”

“好吧，亲爱的多里安，我们去看你的朱丽叶。但是人会恋爱许多次的——这只是个开始。”

多里安走后，亨利勋爵暗自好笑。观察这个年轻人真有趣，他想道。多里安和巴兹尔·霍尔沃德房子里那个被吓住的男孩已大不相同。他像一朵在阳光中绽开的花，正在学着如何享受生活的每一份快乐。“正是我，”亨利勋爵想，“教会了他这样做。”

那天晚上亨利勋爵回家后在桌子上发现了一封给他的信。信上说多里安·格雷要和西比尔·文结婚。



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'Mother, Mother, I'm so happy, 'cried the girl, 'and you must be happy too. '

Mrs Vane put her thin white hands on her daughter's head. 'I'm only happy when I see you in the theatre, 'she said. 'And we are poor. We need the money—don't forget that. what do we know about this young man? You don't know his real name, or anything about him. '

'No, but I call him Prince Charming. He's everything to me. I love him and he loves me. Oh Mother, let me be happy! '

'You're too young to think of love, 'said her mother. She looked at her daughter's lovely face, and tried to warn her of the dangers of love, but the girl did not listen. She was locked in her prison of love.

At that moment the girl's brother entered the room. He was a heavy, dark young man, not at all like his sister.

'I've heard about a gentleman who visits you every night at the theatre, 'he said to his sister. 'Who is he? What does he want? '

'Oh James, don't be angry with me today, 'cried Sybil. 'You're leaving

for Australia tomorrow, and today is your last day. Come for a walk with me in the park. I'll go and get ready. 'She danced out of the room, and her mother and brother could hear her singing as she ran upstairs.

James Vane turned to his mother. 'My new life as a sailor will keep me away from England for many years, 'he said. 'But I don't like to leave Sybil alone. '

'Sybil has me, her mother, you know, 'said Mrs Vane quietly.

'Then take care of her. 'James Vane gave his mother a long, hard look. 'If that man hurts my sister, I'll find him, and kill him like a dog. '

7

“妈妈，妈妈，我太高兴了。”姑娘喊着，“你也应该高兴。”

文太太用瘦削白皙的双手抚摸女儿的头。“我只有在剧院看着你时才快乐。”她说，“我们穷，我们需要钱——别忘记这一点。我们了解这个年轻人什么呢？我们不知道他的真实姓名，不知道他的任何事情。”

“是的，我不知道；我叫他'迷人的王子'，他是我的一切，我爱他，他爱我。哦，妈妈，让我高兴些吧！”

“你们太年轻，还不能考虑爱情。”母亲说。她看着女儿可爱的面庞，

努力提醒她爱情的危险。但是姑娘不听，她已经把自己锁进了爱情的监牢。

这时姑娘的哥哥走进了房间。他是一个壮实黝黑的年轻人，一点儿也不像他的妹妹。

“我听说一位绅士每天晚上到剧院去见你。”他对妹妹说，“他是谁？他想干什么？”

“哦，詹姆斯，今天别生我的气。”西比尔嚷着，“你明天要动身去澳大利亚，今天是你在家的一天。和我去公园散步吧，我去准备一下。”她舞出了房间，母亲和哥哥能听见她上楼梯时唱着歌。

詹姆斯·文转向母亲。“我当了水手，这种新的生活会使我离开英格兰很多年。”他说，“但我不想丢下西比尔一个人。”

“西比尔有我，她的母亲。”文太太平静地说。

“那么好好照看她。”詹姆斯·文看了母亲好一会儿。“如果那个男人伤害我妹妹，我会找到他，像杀死一条狗一样杀死他。”

8

As they waited for Dorian Gray the next night, Lord Henry and Basil Hallward discussed Sybil Vane. Basil had not been happy at the news of Doria

n's marriage plans.

'An actress! 'he had cried. 'But Dorian is a gentleman, the grandson of Lord Kelso. He can't marry an actress. '

'Why not? 'Lord Henry had said coolly. 'He'll love her wildly for six months, and then suddenly he'll be in love with another woman. It will be very amusing to watch. '

But when Dorian arrived and told the story of his love, Basil became a little happier. 'You're right, 'he told Dorian. 'The woman that you love must be wonderful. I can see already that she's changed you. '

'Yes, 'said Dorian happily, 'yes, Sybil has changed me. From this moment I shall be good. I'll never listen again, Harry, to your dangerous ideas about life and pleasure. '

Lord Henry smiled. 'Ah, 'he said, 'when we are happy, we are always good, but when we are good, we are not always happy. '

Basil Hallward shook his head at this, but Dorian laughed. 'You cut life to pieces with your clever words, Harry. '

The theatre was crowded and noisy, but when Sybil Vane appeared, everyone became silent. She was one of the most beautiful girls that Lord Henry had ever seen. 'Lovely! Lovely! 'he said softly.

But although Sybil looked beautiful, her voice sounded unnatural. She

spoke Juliet's words, but there was no feeling in them. Her voice was lovely, but it took away all the life from the words. People in the theatre began talking loudly, and after half an hour Lord Henry stood up and put on his coat.

'She's very beautiful, Dorian, but she's not an actress,' he said. 'Let's go.'

'I think that Miss Vane must be ill,' added Basil. 'We'll come another night.'

Dorian did not look at them. 'Go away. I want to be alone,' he said miserably, and as his friends left, he covered his face with his hands.

When the play came to its painful end, Dorian went to see Sybil.

'I wasn't a very good Juliet tonight,' she said, and looked at him with love in her eyes.

'You were terrible,' said Dorian coldly. 'My friends were bored. I was bored. I suppose you were ill.'

She did not seem to hear him. 'Dorian,' she cried, 'before I knew you, the theatre was my only life. I thought that it was all true. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought that they were real. But you've taught me the difference between art and life. How can I pretend to be Juliet—to feel Juliet's love, when I know now what true love is?'

Dorian turned his face away from her. 'But I loved you for your art—be

cause you were a wonderful actress, 'he said. His voice was hard You have killed my love. Without your art, you are nothing. I never want to see you again. '

Sybil's face was white with fear. 'You're not serious, are you, Dorian? 'she asked. She touched his arm with her small, gentle hand.

'Don't touch me! 'he shouted angrily. He pushed her away, and she fell to the floor and lay there like a broken bird.

'Dorian, please don't leave me, 'she cried. 'I love you better than any thing in the world. Don't leave me! '

Dorian Gray looked down at her with his beautiful eyes. There was no love or gentleness in his face. 'I'm going, 'he said at last. 'I don't wish to be unkind, but I don't want to see you again. 'Without another word he left her.

All night he walked through the streets of London. When morning came, he went home. When he entered his house, he saw the portrait of himself that Basil Hallward had painted. There was something different about it, he thought. The face had changed—there was something unkind, and cruel about the mouth. It was very strange.

He picked up a mirror and looked at his own face, and then looked again at the face in the portrait. Yes, it was different. What did this change me

an?

Suddenly he remembered his wish in Basil Hallward's house...his wish that he could stay young, but the picture could grow old. The idea was impossible, of course. But why did the face in the picture have that cruel, unkind mouth?

Cruel! Had he been cruel to Sybil Vane? He remembered her white, unhappy face as she lay at his feet. But she had hurt him, too. No, Sybil Vane was nothing to him now.

But the picture watched him, with its beautiful face and its cruel smile. It had taught him to love his own beauty. Would it also teach him to hate his own heart, his own soul? No, he would go back to Sybil Vane. He would marry her, try to love her again. Poor child! How cruel he had been to her! They would be happy together.

He covered the picture and quickly left the room.

8

第二天晚上，在等多里安·格雷时，亨利勋爵和巴兹尔·霍尔沃德谈论着西比尔·文。巴兹尔对多里安要结婚的打算并不感到高兴。

“一个演员！”他叫道，“可多里安是一位绅士，是凯尔索勋爵的外孙子。他不能娶一个演员。”

“为什么不能？”亨利勋爵冷淡地说，“他会疯狂地爱她6个月，然后会突然爱上另一个女人，观察这些多有趣。”

多里安来了，他讲述了他的恋爱故事，巴兹尔高兴了一点儿。“你是对的。”他告诉多里安。“你爱上的女人一定非常出色。我已经能看出她改变了你。”

“是的，”多里安高兴地说，“西比尔改变了我。从现在开始我要好好做人，再不听哈里关于人生和享受的危险的思想。”

亨利勋爵一笑，“啊，”他说，“当我们幸福时，我们总是好人，可当我们是好人时，我们不总是幸福。”

巴兹尔·霍尔沃德对此话摇摇头，而多里安笑道：“你聪明的言辞把生活切成了碎片，哈里。”

剧院里又拥挤又嘈杂，可是当西比尔·文一出现，每个人都安静了下来。她是亨利勋爵见过的最漂亮的姑娘之一。“漂亮！真漂亮！”他轻声地说。

虽然西比尔看起来非常美丽，但是她的嗓音听着不自然。她念着朱丽叶的台词，但是丝毫没有感情。她的嗓音很动听，可话语里全无生活气息。剧院里的人开始大声谈话。半小时后亨利勋爵站起身穿上了外套。

“她非常漂亮，多里安。但是她算不上一名演员。”他说道，“咱们走吧。”

“我想文小姐一定是病了。”巴兹尔说，“我们改天晚上再来。”

多里安没有看他们。“走吧，我想一个人呆会儿。”他痛苦地说。朋友离开时，他用手捂住了脸。

戏终于痛苦地结束了，多里安去看望西比尔。

“今晚我没演好朱丽叶。”她说，用充满爱意的眼神看着多里安。

“你真糟糕。”多里安冷酷地说，“我的朋友觉得乏味，我也觉得乏味，我想你可能病了。”

她似乎没听见他说的话。“多里安，”她高声说，“在我认识你以前，剧院是我唯一的生活。我认为剧院演的都是真的。除了扮演的影子似的人物外我一无所知，我认为这些影子是真实的。可是你已经教会我如何区分艺术和生活的不同，当我现在知道什么是真正的爱的时候，我怎么能装成是朱丽叶——感受朱丽叶的爱？”

多里安转过脸，不再看她。“可是我爱你是因为你的艺术——因为你曾是名出色的演员，”他说，他的话很严厉。“你扼杀了我的爱。没有你的艺术，你就变得毫无价值。我再不想见到你。”

西比尔的脸因恐惧变得苍白。“你不是当真的，是吗，多里安？”她问。她用小巧、柔软的手按着他的胳膊。

“别碰我！”他生气地喊。他一把推开她，她跌倒在地，像一只衰弱的小鸟倒在那里。

“多里安，请别离开我。”她哭喊道，“我爱你甚过世界上的任何东西，别离开我！”

多里安·格雷用漂亮的双眼俯视着她。他的脸上没有爱或者温柔。“我要走了。”他最后说，“我不想对你不好，但我不想再见到你。”他没有多说一句话就离她而去。

他在伦敦的街道上走了一夜，清晨才回家。进屋后，他看见了巴兹尔·霍尔沃德给他画的肖像。画像有点不一样了，他想。脸变了——嘴显得不和谐，而且有点残酷。真奇怪。

他拿起一个镜子看着自己的脸，然后又看着画像中的脸。是不同了，这种改变意味着什么呢？

突然他记起了在巴兹尔·霍尔沃德家许的愿……他希望自己永远年轻，只是画像会变老。这种想法当然是不可能的。可是为什么画像中的脸有那么一张残酷不仁慈的嘴呢？

残酷！他对西比尔·文残酷了吗？他想起了西比尔倒在他脚下时的那张苍白、痛苦的脸。但是她也伤害了他呀。不，西比尔·文现在对他毫无价值了。

但是画像在注视他，面孔漂亮，笑容却很冷酷。画像教会了他去爱自己的美貌，它也将教他恨自己的心、自己的灵魂吗？不，他要回到西比尔·文那里。他要娶她，要努力再去爱她。可怜的孩子！他曾对她是多么的残酷！他们在一起会幸福的。

他遮上画像迅速离开了那个房间。

9

It was long past midday when Dorian woke up. His servant brought him tea and his letters, but he did not read them. Yesterday seemed like a bad dream, but when he went downstairs, he saw the covered picture. Should he uncover it, he wondered? Had the face in the picture really changed? Did he want to know? He lit a cigarette and thought for a while. Yes, he had to know. He lifted the cover.

There was no mistake. The portrait had really changed. He could not explain it, could not understand it. It was impossible, but it had happened.

Dorian felt sick and ashamed. He did not know what to do, or what to think. Finally, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Sybil Vane. He covered page after page with wild words of love. Then, suddenly, he heard Lord Henry's voice at the door. Dorian jumped up and covered the picture.

'My dear boy, 'said Lord Henry, as he came in. 'I'm so sorry. But you must not think too much about her. '

'Do you mean about Sybil Vane?' asked Dorian. 'There's nothing to be sorry about. I want to be good, and I'm going to be happy. I shall marry Sybil Vane. I'm not going to break my promise to her. '

'Marry Sybil Vane! 'Lord Henry stared at Dorian. 'Didn't you get my letter? '

'I haven't read my letters today, 'said Dorian slowly.

Lord Henry walked across the room and took Dorian's hands in his own. 'Dorian, 'he said quietly, 'don't be frightened—my letter told you that Sybil Vane is dead. She killed herself at the theatre last night. '

'No, no, that's impossible! 'cried Dorian. He pulled his hands away and stared at Lord Henry with wild eyes. 'This is terrible, Harry. I have murdered Sybil Vane! '

'She killed herself, 'said Lord Henry calmly. 'You didn't murder her. She killed herself because she loved you. It's very sad, of course, but you mustn't think too much about it. You must come and have dinner with me. '

'Harry, listen. Last night I told her that I didn't want to see her again. But after I left her, I realized how cruel I had been. I decided to go back to her, to marry her. And now she is dead! Harry, what shall I do? You don't know the danger that I am in. '

'My dear Dorian, said Lord Henry. 'Marriage with Sybil Vane was not for you. No, no...marriages like that are never successful. The man quickly becomes unhappy and bored. Of course, he's kind to his wife. We can always be kind to people that we're not interested in. But the woman soon discovers that her husband is bored. And then she either becomes terribly unfashionable, or wears very expensive hats that another woman's husband has to pay for. '

The young man walked up and down the room. 'I suppose that's true, 'he said unhappily. 'But Harry, I don't think that I'm cruel. Do you? '

Lord Henry smiled. He told Dorian Gray what he wanted to hear. And then he told him clever, amusing stories about the women that he himself had loved. He said that Sybil Vane's death was a beautiful end to a love story for an actress. 'The girl never really lived, 'he continued, 'so she never really died. Don't cry for Sybil Vane. She was less real than Juliet. '

After a while Dorian Gray looked up. 'You have explained me to myself, Harry, 'he said slowly. 'How well you know me! But we won't talk of this again. It's been a wonderful lesson for me. That's all. '

When Lord Henry had left, Dorian uncovered the picture again. He had to choose between a good life and a bad life, he thought. But then he realized that, in fact, he had already chosen. He would stay young for ever,

and enjoy every wild pleasure that life could give him. The face in the picture would grow old and ugly and unkind, but he would stay beautiful for ever. He covered the picture again, and smiled.

An hour later he was at Lord Henry's house, and Lord Henry was smiling at his side.

爱情的死亡

“长得漂亮比做好人要好。”

9

时间早已过了正午，多里安才醒来。仆人端来了茶并带来了信件，可是多里安没有读这些信。昨天就像一场恶梦。下楼时，他看见了被遮盖着的画像。他应该掀开它吗？他思忖道。画像的脸真的改变了吗？他想知道吗？他点燃一支烟，想了一会儿。是的，他得知道，他掀开了遮着的布。

没错，画像确实变了。他无法解释，也不能明白。这是不可能的，但又的确发生了。

多里安觉得懊丧和惭愧。他不知道该怎么办，或者该怎么想。最后，他坐下，给西比尔·文写了一封长信。他一页又一页地写满了疯狂的爱的语句。突然，他听见了门口亨利勋爵的声音。多里安跳起来，盖上了画。

“亲爱的，”亨利勋爵进来时说，“我非常抱歉，但你不该过多地想她。”

“你指的是西比尔·文吗？”多里安问。“没有什么可抱歉的。我想好好做人，我要快乐，我将娶西比尔·文，对她履行诺言。”

“娶西比尔·文！”亨利勋爵瞪着多里安。“你没收到我的信吗？”

“今天我还没有读信。”多里安慢慢地说。

亨利勋爵从房门处走过来，抓起多里安的双手。

“多里安。”他温和地说，“别怕——我在信里告诉你西比尔·文已经死了，她昨天晚上在剧院里自杀了。”

“不，不，不可能！”多里安喊道。他抽回双手，用发疯的眼神瞪着亨利勋爵。“这太可怕了，哈里。是我杀死了西比尔·文！”

“她是自杀的。”亨利勋爵平静地说，“你没有谋杀她。她自杀是因为爱你，这当然很不幸，但你不要过多地想这件事，你必须来和我共进晚餐。”

“哈里，听着。昨晚我告诉她我不想再见到她。但我离开她后，我意识到我是多么的残忍。我决定回到她身边，娶她。现在她死了，我该怎么办？你不知道我面临的危险。”

“亲爱的多里安，”亨利勋爵说，“和西比尔·文结婚不适合你。不，不……这样的婚姻从来不会成功。男的很快变得不高兴和厌倦，当然他对妻

子还好，我们总会友好对待一些我们不感兴趣的人。但这个女人很快发现丈夫已经厌倦了，于是她变得要么可怕地落后于时尚，要么戴着另一个女人的丈夫给买的昂贵的帽子。”

年轻人在房间里来回走动。“也许你说的是真的，”他不高兴地说，“但是哈里，我不认为我很残酷，你呢？”

亨利勋爵一笑，他讲了些多里安·格雷爱听的话，然后又讲了他爱过的女人的聪明逗人的故事。他说西比尔·文的死是一名女演员爱情故事的美丽结局。他继续说：“这个姑娘从未真正生活过，因此她也从没真正地死。不要为西比尔·文哭泣，和朱丽叶比，她更不真实。”

过了一会儿多里安·格雷抬起头。“你说服了我，哈里。”他缓慢地说，“你太了解我了！我们别再谈这事了，这是我的一个极好的教训，到此为止吧。”

亨利勋爵走后，多里安又掀开了画像。他想他必须选择过正人君子的生活还是过不道德的生活。但他意识到他实际上已经做出了选择。他将永远年轻，享受生活给予的每一份疯狂的快乐。画像中的脸将变老、变丑、变凶，但是他将永远漂亮。他又盖上画像，露出了笑容。

一小时后他来到了亨利勋爵家，亨利勋爵在他旁边微笑着。

While Dorian was having breakfast the next morning, Basil Hallward came to see him.

'At last I've found you, Dorian,' he said seriously. 'I came last night, but they told me that you'd gone out to dinner with friends. I knew that wasn't true, of course. I wanted to tell you how sorry I was about Sybil Vane. Poor girl!'

'My dear Basil,' said Dorian. He looked bored. 'I was at Lord Henry's house last night. It was a very amusing evening.'

Basil stared at him. 'You went out to dinner?' he said slowly. 'You went out to dinner when Sybil Vane was lying dead in some dirty theatre?'

'Stop, Basil! I won't listen to you!' Dorian jumped to his feet. 'Sybil Vane is in the past... finished... forgotten.'

'You've changed, Dorian,' said Basil. 'You have the same wonderful face, but where is the kind and gentle boy who sat for my portrait? Have you no heart?'

'Yesterday my heart was full of sadness. I have cried for Sybil, yes, but I cannot cry today. I have changed, Basil. I'm a man now, with new feelings, new ideas. Don't be angry with me. I am what I am. There's no

thing more to say. '

Basil watched him sadly. 'Well, Dorian, 'he said at last, 'I won't speak of poor Sybil again. But will you come and sit for another portrait soon? '

'No. Never, 'said Dorian quickly. 'It's impossible. '

'But why? 'asked Basil, very surprised. 'And why have you covered the portrait? 'He walked across the room towards the painting.

Dorian cried out in fear, and ran between Basil and the portrait. 'No, Basil! You must not look at it. I don't want you to see it. 'His face was white and angry. 'If you try to look at it, I'll never speak to you again. '

The artist stared at him. 'Why can't I look at my own work? 'he asked. 'I'm going to exhibit it in an art gallery in Paris soon. '

Dorian tried to hide his fear. 'But you said...you told me that you would never exhibit the picture. Why have you changed your mind? 'He came closer to Basil and looked into his face. 'Tell me why, 'he said.

Basil turned away. After a while he said slowly, 'I see that you too have noticed something strange about the picture. Dorian, you changed my life as an artist from the moment when I met you. You became very important to me—I could not stop thinking about you. And when I painted this portrait, I felt that I'd put too much of myself into it. I could not let other people

le see it. 'He was silent for a moment, then turned back to Dorian. 'Perhaps you're right. I cannot exhibit this picture. But will you let me look at it again? '

'No, never! '

The artist smiled sadly. 'Well, I've told you my secret now. Try to understand me, Dorian. You've been the one person in my life who has really influenced my art. '

As he left the room, Dorian Gray smiled to himself. What a dangerous moment that had been! Poor Basil! Although he had told his own secret, he had not discovered Dorian's secret. But the picture...he must hide it away at once. No one must ever see it again.

He had the covered portrait carried upstairs to a small room at the top of the house. Then he locked the door and kept the key himself. He felt safe now, because only his eyes would see the terrible changes in that beautiful face.

When he returned to the room downstairs, he picked up a book that Lord Henry had lent him. He sat down and began to read.

It was the story of a Frenchman, who had spent his life searching for beauty and pleasure—pleasure of all kinds, both good and bad. Dorian read for hours. It was a frightening book, full of strange ideas and dangerous

dreams—dreams that slowly became real for Dorian.

Dorian read this book many times. In fact, he could not stop reading it, and over the years, it became more and more interesting to him. He felt that the Frenchman's life was a mirror of his own.

10

第二天早晨多里安正在吃早餐，巴兹尔·霍尔沃德前来看望他。

“我终于找到你了，多里安。”他严肃地说，“我昨晚来过，但他们告诉我你和朋友出去吃饭了。我知道那当然不是真的。我想告诉你我是多么地为西比尔·文难过，可怜的姑娘！”

“亲爱的巴兹尔，”多里安说，他显得不耐烦，“昨晚我在亨利勋爵家，那是个很有趣的夜晚。”

巴兹尔盯着他。“你出去吃晚饭了？”他缓慢地说，“西比尔·文的尸体还躺在某个肮脏的剧院时你居然外出吃晚饭？”

“别说了，巴兹尔！我不想听你说！”多里安站了起来。“西比尔·文已成为过去……都结束了……忘却了。”

“你变了，多里安。”巴兹尔说，“你还是长着同样漂亮的面孔，但是那个坐着让我画像的和善、温柔的男孩哪儿去了？你没有心了吗？”

“昨天我的心充满了悲伤，我曾为西比尔哭泣。但我今天不会哭，我已经变了，巴兹尔。我现在是一个男人了，有了新感情、新思想。别生我的气，我就这样了，再没什么可说的了。”

巴兹尔难过地注视他。“好吧，多里安，”他终于说，“我再不说可怜的西比尔了。可你能尽快来我这儿让我再给你画一幅画像吗？”

“不，决不。”多里安很快回答。“不可能。”

“为什么？”巴兹尔非常吃惊地问，“你为什么遮住画像？”他穿过房间朝画像走去。

多里安恐惧地喊起来，冲过去挡在巴兹尔和画像之间。“不，巴兹尔！你不能看，我不想让你看。”他的脸又苍白又愤怒。“如果你非要看它，我就再不和你说话了。”

画家盯着他，“为什么我不能看我自己的作品？”他问。“我将在巴黎的一个画廊展出这幅画像。”

多里安努力掩藏着他的恐惧。“可是你说过……你告诉过我你决不会展出这幅画像。你为什么改变了主意？”他走近巴兹尔，观察他的脸。“告诉我为什么。”他说。

巴兹尔转身走开。过了一会儿他缓慢地说：“我看得出你也注意到了画像有点奇怪。多里安，从我见到你开始，你改变了我作为画家的生活。你变得对我很重要——我无法不想着你。画这幅画像时，我感觉我画进了我自己太多的东西，我不能让其他人看它。”他沉默片刻，然后转向多里安：“可

能你是对的，我不能展出这幅画。但你能让我再看一眼吗？”

“不，决不！”

画家难过地一笑：“唉，我已经告诉了你我的秘密，尽量理解我，多里安，你是我一生中唯一真正影响我的艺术的人。”

巴兹尔离开房间后，多里安·格雷对自己一笑，刚才多危险啊！可怜的巴兹尔！虽然他讲出了他的秘密，但他并没发现多里安的秘密。可这画像……他必须立刻将它藏起来，没人能再看到它。

他叫人把遮着的画像搬上楼放在房子顶部的一个小房间里，然后锁上门，钥匙由自己亲自掌管。现在他觉得安全了，因为只有他自己的眼睛可以目睹那张漂亮的脸上发生的可怕的变化。

回到楼下的房间，他拿起一本亨利勋爵借给他的书，坐下开始阅读。

书讲述的是一个法国人的故事，他用一生的时间追寻美貌和享受——各种各样的享受，有好的有坏的。多里安读了几个小时。这是一本可怕的书，充满了古怪的念头和危险的梦想——这些梦想逐渐变成了多里安真实的东西。

这本书多里安读了许多遍。实际上，他止不住地一直在读这本书。过了几年，他越来越觉得这本书有意思，他觉得这个法国人的生活就像自己生活的真实写照。



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§

11

And so the years passed.

But time did not touch the face of Dorian Gray. That wonderful beauty—the beauty that Basil Hallward had painted—never left him. He enjoyed the life of a rich and fashionable young man. He studied art and music, and filled his house with beautiful things from every corner of the world. But his search for pleasure did not stop there. He became hungry for evil pleasures. He became more and more in love with the beauty of his face, more and more interested in the ugliness of his soul.

After a while strange stories were heard about him—stories of a secret, more dangerous life. But when people looked at that young and good-looking face, they could not believe the evil stories. And they still came to th

e famous dinners at his house, where the food, and the music, and the conversation were the best in London.

But behind the locked door at the top of the house, the picture of Dorian Gray grew older every year. The terrible face showed the dark secrets of his life. The heavy mouth, the yellow skin, the cruel eyes—these told the real story. Again and again, Dorian Gray went secretly to the room and looked first at the ugly and terrible face in the picture, then at the beautiful young face that laughed back at him from the mirror.

After his twenty-fifth year, the stories about him became worse. He was sometimes away from home for several days; he was seen fighting with foreign sailors in bars; he was friendly with thieves. And in the houses of fashionable people, men sometimes turned away when he entered a room. Women's faces sometimes went white when they heard his name.

But many people only laughed at these stories. Dorian Gray was still a very rich and fashionable man, and the dinners at his house were excellent. People agreed with Lord Henry, who once said, in his amusing way, that a good dinner was more important than a good life.

As the months and years passed, Dorian Gray grew more and more afraid of the picture. He both hated it and loved it, and he became more and more afraid that someone would discover his secret. For weeks he tried n

ot to go near it, but he could not stay away from it for long. Sometimes, when he was staying in friends' houses, he suddenly left and hurried back to London. He wanted to be sure that the room was still locked and the picture was still safe. At one time he used to spend winters with Lord Henry in a little house in Algiers, but now he no longer travelled outside England.

His fear grew stronger every year, and as time passed, the face in the picture grew slowly more terrible.

时间窃贼

“我将永远年轻、强壮，永远漂亮。”

11

于是几年过去了。

然而时间并未损及多里安·格雷的脸。那极好的美貌——巴兹尔·霍尔沃德描绘过的美貌——从没离开过他。他享受着——一个富有、时髦的年轻人的生活。他研究艺术和音乐，在房间里摆满了来自世界各个角落的漂亮东西。但是他对享乐的追求并没停止在这儿，他如饥似渴地追求邪恶的享乐。他越来越迷恋自己美貌的面孔，越来越对自己丑陋的灵魂感兴趣。

曾经一度能听到的关于他的古怪的故事——一个神秘、更加危险的生活

的故事。但当人们看着那张年轻好看的脸时，他们就不能相信那些邪恶的故事。于是他们仍来这家参加闻名的晚宴。在这儿，食物、音乐和谈话都是伦敦最好的。

可是在房子顶部锁着的门后，多里安·格雷的画像在逐年变老。可怕的面孔揭示了他生活里阴暗的秘密。严厉的嘴，发黄的皮肤，残酷的眼睛——这些都讲述了真实的故事。一次又一次，多里安·格雷偷偷地跑到这个房间，先看画像中丑陋可怕的脸，然后再看镜子里从后面对他微笑的漂亮年轻的面孔。

在他25岁以后，他的故事变得更糟。他有时离家好几天；有人看见他在酒吧里同外国水手打架；他和小偷是朋友。在时髦人物的房子里，当他进来时男人们有时会转过脸去。女人们在听见他的名字时脸有时会变白。

但是许多人只是嘲笑这些传说。多里安·格雷仍是一个非常富有和时髦的男人，他家的晚宴仍很棒。人们赞同亨利勋爵一次有趣的讲话，即重要的是丰盛的晚宴而不是正人君子生活。

月复一月，年复一年，多里安·格雷越来越惧怕这幅画像。他既恨它又爱它，于是他更害怕有人会发现他的秘密。有几个星期他尽量不走近它，但离开它时间长了也不行。有时候，他正呆在朋友家，他会突然离开，迅速赶回伦敦。他想证实房间的门还锁着，那幅画像还安全。有一段时间他总是和亨利勋爵在阿尔及尔的一所小房子里过冬，但是现在他再不到英格兰以外的地方旅行了。

他的恐惧一年比一年强。随着时间的流逝，画像中的脸逐渐变得更加可怕。

12

It was the ninth of November, the evening before his thirty-eighth birthday. Dorian Gray was walking home from Lord Henry's house when he saw Basil Hallward. He felt strangely afraid and tried to pretend that he had not seen him, but Basil hurried after him.

'Dorian! 'he called. 'What extraordinary luck! I'm catching the midnight train to Paris and I wanted to see you before I left. I'll be away from England for six months. 'He put his hand on Dorian's arm. 'Look, we're near your house. May I come in for a moment? I have something to say to you. '

'Of course. But won't you miss your train? 'asked Dorian lazily, as he walked up the steps to his door.

'I have plenty of time. It's only eleven o'clock. '

They went in and sat down by the fire.

'Now, my dear Dorian, I want to speak to you seriously,' Basil began. 'I must tell you that people in London are saying the most terrible things about you.'

Dorian lit a cigarette and looked bored. 'I don't want to know anything about it. It doesn't interest me.'

'But it must interest you, Dorian,' said Basil. 'Every gentleman is interested in his good name. Of course, when I look at you, I know that these stories can't be true. A man's face shows if his life is good or bad. But why does Lord Berwick leave the room when you enter it? Why does Lord Staveley say that no honest woman is safe with you? That young soldier, who was your friend—why did he kill himself? There was Sir Henry Ashton, who had to leave England with a bad name. And what about Lord Kent's son? What kind of life does he have now?'

'Stop, Basil. You don't know what you're talking about,' said Dorian coldly. 'Did I teach these people how to live their lives? And the people who tell these stories—are their lives any better than mine?'

'And there are other stories too,' continued Basil. 'Are they true? Can your life really be so bad, so evil? You were a fine young man once, but now, when I hear these stories, I wonder...Do I know you at all? What has happened to the real Dorian Gray? I think I would have to see your soul b

efore I could answer those questions. '

'The real Dorian Gray?' asked Dorian quietly, his face white with fear.

'Yes,' said the artist sadly. 'But only God can see your soul. '

A terrible laugh came from the younger man. 'Come, Basil,' he cried. 'Come with me! I will show you what only God can see. Why not? It's your own work. You've talked enough about evil. Now you must look at it. '

He took Basil upstairs to the locked room. Inside, he turned to the artist, with smiling lips and cold, hard eyes. 'You're the one man in the world who should know my secret. Are you sure that you want to? '

'Yes. '

'Then uncover that picture, Basil, and you will see my soul. '

A cry of horror came from the artist when he saw the terrible face in the portrait. How could that evil and unlovely face be Dorian Gray's? But yes, it was. He went nearer to the picture. It could not be the portrait that he had painted. But yes, there was his name written in the corner. He turned and looked at Dorian Gray with the eyes of a sick man.

'What does this mean?' he asked at last.

'When you finished the portrait,' replied Dorian, 'I made a wish...'

'I remember, yes,' said Basil. 'You wished that the picture could become old, and that you could stay young. But this...' He stared again at the picture. 'This is impossible. And you told me that you'd destroyed the picture.'

'I was wrong. It has destroyed me.'

'My God, Dorian!' cried the artist. 'If this is true... If this is the face of your soul, then you are more evil than the worst of the stories about you.' He sat down at the table and put his face in his hands. 'You must ask God for his help.'

'It's too late, Basil.'

'It's never too late, Dorian. Look at that terrible face. Look at it!'

Dorian turned and stared at the face in the picture, and suddenly he hated Basil more than he had ever hated anyone in his life. Basil now knew his secret, and had seen the real Dorian Gray. Violent feelings burned inside Dorian. He picked up a knife from the table. Then the hate inside him exploded, and like a wild animal, he ran towards Basil, and dug the knife into the artist's neck, again and again and again. The murdered man's head fell forwards, and the blood ran slowly across the table, and down onto the floor.

Dorian stood and listened. He could hear nothing—only the drip, drip

rip of blood onto the floor. He went to the window and looked down into the street. He felt strangely calm. The friend who had painted his portrait had gone out of his life. That was all.

He locked the door behind him and went quietly downstairs. His servants were all in bed. He sat down and began to think. No one had seen Basil in Dorian's house tonight. Paris. Yes! Basil had gone to Paris, of course, so it would be six months before people asked where he was. Six months! That was more than enough time.

Dorian walked up and down the room. Then he took out a book from his desk and began to search for a name. Alan Campbell. Yes, that was the name that he wanted.

杀人者的手

“掀开那幅画像，你会看见我的灵魂。”

12

11月9日，也就是他38岁生日的前一天晚上，多里安·格雷正从亨利勋爵家朝自己家走时看见了巴兹尔·霍尔沃德。他奇怪地觉得害怕，就假装没看见他。但是巴兹尔在后面紧追。

“多里安！”他叫道，“太幸运了！我要乘午夜的火车去巴黎，走之前我想见你。我要离开英格兰半年。”他把手放在多里安的胳膊上。“瞧，我们离你家不远了，我可以进去一会儿吗？我有话对你说。”

“当然可以。你不会误车吗？”多里安顺着台阶朝房门口走，他懒洋洋地问。

“我有足够的时间，现在刚11点。”

他们进屋，坐在炉火旁。

“亲爱的多里安，我现在想认真地对你说一说。”巴兹尔开口了，“我必须告诉你伦敦的人正在谈论有关你的最可怕的事情。”

多里安点燃一支烟，显得不耐烦。“我不想知道这些事，没意思。”

“但是你应该关注这些事，多里安。”巴兹尔说，“每位绅士都关心他的好名声。当然，我看你时，我就知道这些传说都不是真的。一个人的脸能显示他的生活是好还是坏。可为什么你进房间后贝里克勋爵要离开？为什么斯特夫利勋爵说没有一个诚实的女人会安全地和你在一起？那个年轻士兵，你的朋友——他为什么自杀了？亨利·阿什顿声名狼藉地离开了英格兰。还有肯特勋爵的儿子？他现在过着怎样的生活？”

“住嘴，巴兹尔，你不知道你在说些什么。”多里安冷冷地说，“我教这些人如何生活了吗？讲这些事情的人——他们的生活比我的好吗？”

“还有其它故事。”巴兹尔继续说，“都是真的吗？你的生活真的会这么坏，这么邪恶？你曾是个很好的年轻人，可是现在，我听见这些故事

时，我想……我了解你吗？真正的多里安·格雷发生了什么事？我想我只有看见你的灵魂后才能回答那些问题。”

“真正的多里安·格雷？”多里安轻声地问，他的脸已吓得发白。

“是的。”画家痛苦地说，“可只有上帝才能看见你的灵魂。”

年轻点的人发出了可怕的笑声。“来吧，巴兹尔。”他高声说，“跟我来！我要带你去看只有上帝才能看见的东西。为什么不呢？那是你自己的作品。邪恶你讲得够多了，现在你必须看一看。”

他带着巴兹尔上楼来到锁着的房间。进屋后，他转向画家，嘴唇带着笑容，眼神冷漠、严厉。“你是世界上应该知道我的秘密的人。你确信想知道吗？”

“是的。”

“那么掀开画像，巴兹尔，你会看见我的灵魂。”

画家看见画像可怕的脸时发出了恐怖的喊叫。那张邪恶可憎的脸怎么可能是多里安·格雷的？可真是的，它是。他又走近画像，这不可能是他画的那幅。然而的确是画的他画的，画像的一角写有他的名字。他转身用病人似的眼神看着多里安·格雷。

“这是怎么回事？”他最后问。

“你完成画像时，”多里安答道，“我许了一个愿……”

“我记起来了。”巴兹尔说。“你希望画像会变老，你会永远年轻。可是

这……”他又盯着画像：“这是不可能的，而且你告诉我你已经把画像毁了。”

“我错了，是画像毁了我。”

“上帝，多里安！”画家喊着，“如果这是真的……如果这是你灵魂的脸，那么你比关于你的最坏的传说还要邪恶。”他坐在桌旁，手捂住脸。“你必须向上帝乞求帮助。”

“太迟了，巴兹尔。”

“还不晚，多里安。看那张可怕的脸，看啊！”

多里安转身凝视着画像中的脸，突然他比一生中恨其他的人更恨巴兹尔。巴兹尔现在知道了他的秘密，也看见了真正的多里安·格雷。强烈的情感在多里安心中燃烧，他从桌上拿起了一把刀。心中的仇恨爆发了，他像一只野兽冲向巴兹尔，用刀刺进了画家的脖子，一刀又一刀。被杀人的头朝前耷拉下来，鲜血慢慢流到桌子上，又流到地板上。

多里安站着听听动静，他听不见任何声音——只有鲜血流到地板上的嘀嗒声。他走到窗边，向下看着街道。他很平静，这有点奇怪。给他画像的朋友已经从他的生活里消失了，仅此而已。

他锁上身后的门，轻轻走下楼。仆人们都在睡觉。他坐下开始思考。今晚没人看见巴兹尔在多里安家。巴黎，是的！巴兹尔当然去了巴黎。因此半年后人们才会问起巴兹尔在哪儿。半年！时间足够了。

多里安在屋里踱步。然后他从书桌里取出一本书，开始找一个名字。艾

伦·坎贝尔，是的，这就是他想找的名字。

13

The next morning Dorian wrote two letters. He put one of them into his pocket, and he gave the other to his servant. 'Take this to Mr Campbell's house at once,' he said.

While Dorian waited, he picked up a book and tried to read. But after a time the book fell from his hand. Perhaps Alan Campbell was out of England. Perhaps he would refuse to come. He was a very clever scientist, and five years ago he and Dorian had been good friends. But now Alan never smiled when he met Dorian.

Each minute seemed an hour to Dorian, but at last the door opened. Dorian smiled. 'Alan!' he said. 'Thank you for coming.'

'I never wanted to enter your house again, but your letter said that it was a question of life and death,' said Alan Campbell. His voice was hard and cold.

'Yes, Alan, it is. Please sit down.' Across the table the two men's eyes

s met. Dorian was silent for a moment; then, very quietly, he said, 'Alan, in a locked room upstairs there is a dead body. I want you to destroy it. There must be nothing left. I know you can do this. '

'I don't want to know your terrible secrets. I refuse to help you, 'Campbell replied.

'But you must, Alan. You're the only person who can help me. 'Dorian smiled sadly. He took a piece of paper, wrote something on it, and pushed it across the table to Campbell.

As Campbell read the piece of paper, his face went white. He looked at Dorian with hate and fear in his eyes.

'I'm so sorry for you, Alan, 'said Dorian gently. 'I've already written a letter, and if you don't help me, I'll have to send it. But I think that you will help me. '

Campbell put his face in his hands, and was silent for a long time. Dorian waited.

'I'll need some things from my house, 'Campbell said at last.

Dorian sent his servant to fetch the things that Campbell needed, and the two men waited silently. When the servant returned, Dorian took the scientist upstairs to the locked room. As they entered, Dorian remembered that the portrait was uncovered. He turned to cover it, then stopped a

nd stared in horror. One of the hands in the picture was red with blood. For Dorian, this was more terrible than the dead body in the room. With shaking hands, he quickly covered the picture.

'Leave me now, 'ordered Campbell.

Five hours later Campbell came back downstairs. 'I've done what you asked me to do, 'he said. 'And now goodbye. I never want to see you again. '

When Campbell had left, Dorian went upstairs. There was a terrible smell in the room, but the dead body had gone.

13

第二天早上多里安写了两封信。他把一封装进自己的口袋，将另一封给了仆人。“立刻把这封信送到坎贝尔先生家。”他说。

多里安等的时候拿起了一本书，试着读起来。但是，过了一会儿书从他手里掉了下来。艾伦·坎贝尔可能不在英格兰，他可能拒绝来这儿。他是一位非常聪明的科学家，五年前还是多里安的好朋友，但是现在遇见多里安时，艾伦从来不笑。

对多里安来说每一分钟都像一个小时，可是门终于开了。多里安笑

了。“艾伦！”他说，“谢谢你能来。”

“我从不想再进你家，可是你的信上说是有关生和死的事儿。”艾伦·坎贝尔说。他的声音严厉而冷淡。

“是的，艾伦，是这样的事儿，请坐。”在桌子上方，两个人的眼神相碰了。多里安沉默了片刻，然后非常平静地说：“艾伦，楼上锁着的屋子里有一具尸体，我想让你销毁它，什么东西都不剩，我知道你能做到。”

“我不想知道你可怕的秘密，我不愿帮助你。”坎贝尔回答。

“但是你必须帮我，艾伦。你是唯一能帮助我的人。”多里安痛苦地笑着。他拿来一张纸，在上面写了些字，推给桌子那边的坎贝尔。

坎贝尔读这张纸时，脸都变白了。他用憎恨而又惧怕的眼神看着多里安。

“太对不起了，艾伦。”多里安温和地说。“我已经写了一封信，如果你不帮我，我就寄出这封信，但我想你会帮助我的。”

坎贝尔捂住脸，很长时间没有说话。多里安等着。

“我需要家里的一些东西用。”坎贝尔终于说。

多里安让仆人去取坎贝尔需要的东西，于是两个人静静地等着。仆人回来后，多里安把科学家带到了楼上锁着的房间。他们进去后，多里安记起画像被掀开了，他转身盖上它，然后停在那里，恐怖地瞪着看。画像的一只手沾上了鲜红的血，这比房间里的尸体更让多里安害怕。他迅速用颤抖的手盖

住了画像。

坎贝尔走后，多里安来到楼上。房间里有一股可怕难闻的味道，但是尸体已经不见了。



§

14

Later the same evening Dorian Gray was at a party. He smiled and talked, and looked as young and as good-looking as ever. But his head ached and at dinner he could not eat anything. When Lord Henry asked him if he felt unwell, Dorian said that he was tired and would go home early.

At home he felt worse. Although the room was warm, his hands shook with cold. He wanted to forget for a while—to escape from the prison

of his real life, and to lose himself in dreams.

At midnight, in old dirty clothes, he left the house again and went to the East End of London. There he knew places where he could get opium—dark, evil places where people bought and sold the beautiful, terrible dreams of opium. He had been there many times before.

He found the house that he was looking for and went into a long, low room. Men were lying on the dirty floor, a sailor was asleep on a table and two women were drinking at the bar. As Dorian hurried up the narrow stairs, the sweet, heavy smell of opium came to meet him and he smiled in pleasure. But in the room he saw a young man who had once been his friend. He turned away, and went downstairs again to drink at the bar.

One of the women spoke to him.

'Don't talk to me,' said Dorian angrily, and walked towards the door.

'I remember you! You're Prince Charming, aren't you?' she shouted after him.

The sleeping sailor woke up when he heard these words, and as Dorian left the house, the sailor hurried after him.

Dorian walked quickly along the road, but as he reached a corner, hands closed around his neck. A man pulled him backwards and pushed him against a wall. Dorian fought wildly, and pulled the hands away. Then

he saw the gun in the man's hand.

'What do you want?' he said quickly.

'Keep quiet,' said the man. 'If you move, I'll shoot you.'

'You're crazy. What have I done to you?'

'You destroyed the life of Sybil Vane,' answered the sailor, 'and Sybil Vane was my sister. She killed herself because of you. I've been looking for you for years, but I only knew the name that she used to call you—Prince Charming. Well, tonight I heard your name, and tonight you're going to die.'

Dorian Gray grew sick with fear. 'I never knew her. I've never heard of her. You're crazy,' he cried. Suddenly he had an idea. 'How long ago did your sister die?' he asked.

'Eighteen years ago,' James Vane replied. 'Why do you ask me?'

'Eighteen years,' laughed Dorian Gray. 'Take me to the light and look at my face.'

James Vane stared at Dorian. Then he pushed him towards the light, and in the light he saw the face of a boy of twenty. This man was too young. He was not the man who had destroyed his sister's life.

'My God!' he cried. 'I nearly murdered you!'

'Go home, and put that gun away, before you get into trouble, 'said Dorian. And he walked quickly away.

James Vane stared after him in horror. Then a woman's hand touched his arm.

'Why didn't you kill him? 'she asked. 'He's evil. '

'He's not the man that I'm looking for, 'answered the sailor. 'The man who I want must be nearly forty now. That man is only a boy. '

'A boy? 'The woman laughed. Her voice was hard. 'It's eighteen years since I met Prince Charming. And his pretty face hasn't changed in all that time. It's true, I promise you. '

James Vane ran to the corner of the road, but Dorian Gray had disappeared.

水手

“我要找到那个人，像杀死一条狗那样杀死他。”

14

过后，还是在同一天晚上，多里安·格雷参加了一个聚会。他谈笑着，像以前一样年轻英俊。可是他头疼，晚餐时吃不下任何东西。亨利勋爵问他是

否不舒服时，多里安说他累了，要早点回家。

回家后他觉得更糟。虽然房间里挺暖和，但是他的双手冷得发抖。他想暂时忘记——从他真实生活的牢狱中逃脱出来，在梦想中放松自己。

午夜，穿上脏旧的衣服他再次离开家前往伦敦东区。在那儿他知道从什么地方能搞到鸦片——在那些黑暗、邪恶的地方，人们买卖着鸦片，这种东西让人产生美丽而又可怕的幻觉。他去过那儿很多次。

他找到了要找的房子，进入了一间又长又矮的屋子。男人们躺在肮脏的地上，一个水手趴在桌子上睡觉，两个女人在酒吧喝酒。多里安在狭窄的楼梯上快步向上爬时，他闻到了鸦片甜美、浓厚的气味。他快活地笑了。但是在房间里他看见了一个曾是他朋友的年轻人。他转回身，又回到楼下，在酒吧喝酒。

有一个女人跟他讲话。

“别跟我说话。”多里安生气地说，然后走向房门。

“我记得你！你是‘迷人的王子’，对吗？”她追着他喊。

听见这些话，睡觉的水手醒了。多里安离开房间时，水手在后面紧追不舍。

多里安在路上走得很快。到了一个角落时，一双手掐住了他的脖子。一个男人将他向后一拉又把他推撞到墙上。多里安拼命地挣扎，拉开了那双手，然后他看见了这个男人手里的枪。

“你要干什么？”他急速地问。

“住嘴。”男人说，“如果你动一下，我就打死你。”

“你疯了，我怎么着你了？”

“你毁了西比尔·文。”水手回答，“西比尔·文是我妹妹，她自杀是因为你。这么多年我一直在找你，可我只知道她常叫的你的名字——‘迷人的王子’。好了，今晚我听见了你的名字，今晚你就得去死。”

多里安·格雷怕得要命。“我从不认识她，我从没听说过她，你疯了。”他喊着。突然他有了一个主意。“你妹妹是多长时间以前死的？”他问。

“18年前。”詹姆斯回答。“你为什么问我？”

“18年前。”多里安笑了。“把我带到灯光下，看看我的脸。”

詹姆斯·文凝视着多里安的脸，然后把他推到光亮处。在灯光里他看见了一个20岁男孩的脸。这个人太年轻了，他不是毁掉妹妹生活的人。

“上帝！”他喊道。“我差点杀了你！”

“回家去，把那枪拿开，趁你还没惹麻烦。”多里安说，然后迅速走开了。

詹姆斯·文在他身后恐惧地瞪着眼，一个女人的手碰了碰他的胳膊。

“你为什么不杀他？”她问。“他不是好东西。”

“他不是我要找的人。”水手回答，“我找的人现在应该将近四十岁

了，那个人只是个男孩。”

“男孩？”女人笑了。她的话音很严肃，“我认识'迷人的王子'18年了，这期间他漂亮的脸一点没变，这是真的，我向你发誓。”

詹姆斯·文跑到路的拐角，但是多里安已经不见了。

15

A week later Dorian Gray was at his house in the country, where he had invited Lord Henry and several other friends. Among them was the pretty Lady Monmouth and her much older husband. Lady Monmouth was amusing and clever, and seemed to like Dorian Gray very much. One afternoon, as they laughed and talked together during tea, Dorian went out to fetch a flower for Lady Monmouth's dress. Lord Henry smiled at Lady Monmouth.

'I hope you're not in love with Dorian, my dear. He's very dangerous. '

She laughed. 'Oh, men are much more interesting when they're dangerous. '

Just then they heard the sound of a heavy fall. Lord Henry ran out of th

e room and found Dorian lying unconscious on the floor. When Dorian opened his eyes, Lord Henry said, 'My dear Dorian, you must take care of yourself. You're not well. '

Dorian stood up slowly. 'I'm all right, Harry. I'm all right. '

As he dressed for dinner in his room, Dorian remembered what he had seen and cold fear ran through him like a knife. He had seen a face watching him at the window and he had recognized it. It was the face of James Vane.

The next day he did not leave the house. In fact, for most of the day he stayed in his room, sick with fear. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw again the sailor's face. He tried to tell himself that he had dreamt it. Yes, it was impossible. Sybil Vane's brother did not know his name, and was probably on his ship at sea. No, of course he had not seen James Vane's face at the window.

But the fear stayed with him, dream or no dream.

Two days passed and Dorian grew less afraid. On the third day, a clear, bright winter morning, Dorian joined his friends on a shooting-party. With Lady Monmouth by his side, he walked to the edge of the forest where the men were shooting at birds and small animals. The cold air and the sounds and smells of the forest filled Dorian with happiness. Suddenly one of the men shot into the trees near them. There were two cries in the mornin

g air—the cry of an animal and the cry of a man, both in pain.

There were shouts and calls from the men, and then a man's body was pulled from the trees. Dorian turned away in horror. Bad luck seemed to follow him everywhere.

People began to walk back towards the house. Lord Henry came over to tell Dorian that the man was dead.

Dorian shook his head. 'Oh, Harry, 'he said slowly, 'I feel that something terrible is going to happen to some of us—to me, perhaps. '

Lord Henry laughed at this idea. 'What could happen to you, Dorian? You have everything in the world that a man can want. Forget about this accident. It was just an accident—not murder. 'Then he added with a smile, 'But it would be very interesting to meet a person who had murdered somebody. '

'What a terrible thing to say! 'cried Lady Monmouth. 'Don't you agree, Mr Gray? Mr Gray! Are you ill again? Your face is so white! '

Dorian smiled and tried to speak calmly. 'It's nothing, 'he said quietly. 'But please excuse me. I think I must go and lie down. '

Upstairs in his room Dorian's body shook with fear like a leaf in the wind. He felt that he could not stay another night in the house. Death walked there in the sunlight. He decided to return immediately to London and to vi

sit his doctor. His servant came to pack his clothes, and while he was doing this, he told Dorian that the dead man was a sailor, but no one knew his name.

'A sailor!' cried Dorian. He jumped to his feet. A wild hope filled him. 'I must see the body at once.'

He hurried to the house where the body lay, and when he uncovered the face of the dead man, he saw that it was James Vane. He cried with happiness, and knew that now he was safe.

15

一星期后在乡下的家里，多里安邀请了亨利勋爵和其他几个朋友。他们中间有可爱的蒙茅斯夫人和比她大得多的丈夫。蒙茅斯夫人风趣、聪明，并且似乎很喜欢多里安·格雷。一天下午，他们边喝茶边说笑时，多里安出去给蒙茅斯夫人的衣服摘朵花。亨利勋爵对蒙茅斯夫人笑了。

“我希望你没有爱上多里安，亲爱的。他很危险。”

她笑道：“哦，男人危险时更有趣。”

正当这时他们听见了重重的跌倒声。亨利勋爵跑出房间发现多里安不醒人事，躺在地上。多里安睁开眼时，亨利勋爵说：“亲爱的多里安，你必须

多留心自己，你的气色不好。”

多里安慢慢站起身。“我没事，哈里，我很好。”

当他在自己的房间穿晚宴装时，多里安想起了刚才看见的，于是冰冷的恐惧感像一把刀一样划过他的全身。他看见了一张脸在窗户边注视他。他认识这张脸，是詹姆斯·文的。

第二天他没有出门。实际上，他多半天都呆在屋里，他被吓坏了。每次闭上眼睛他都会看见水手的脸。他告诫自己那只是他做的梦。是的，那不可能。西比尔·文的哥哥不知道他的名字，或许他正在海上的船上。不，他当然没有在窗边看见詹姆斯·文的脸。

可是不管是不是梦，恐惧一直伴随着他。

两天以后多里安不太害怕了。第三天，一个晴朗的冬日的早晨，多里安参加了朋友的狩猎聚会。蒙茅斯夫人陪在一旁，他走向树林边，男人们在那儿射杀鸟和小动物。清凉的空气、打猎声和树林的气息让多里安非常高兴。突然一个人朝他们附近的林子里射击，清晨的空气里传来两声喊叫——一声是动物的叫，一声是人的，都叫得很痛苦。

男人们喊了起来，一个人被抬出了树林。多里安害怕地转过身，似乎每到一地恶运都跟着他。

人们开始朝房子走去，亨利勋爵走来告诉多里安那个人死了。

多里安摇动着头。“哦，哈里，”他慢慢地说，“我觉得某件可怕的事情要发生在我们某些人身上——可能要发生在我身上。”

亨利勋爵觉得这个想法可笑。“你会发生什么事，多里安？你拥有一个男人想得到的世界上的任何东西，忘掉这事吧，这只不过是一次意外——不是谋杀。”然后他笑着又补充一句：“可是要是遇上了一个杀过的人倒是很有趣。”

“你说的太可怕了！”蒙茅斯夫人嚷道。“你同意吗，格雷先生？格雷先生！你又病了吗？你的脸真白！”

多里安一笑，努力镇静地说，“没什么。”他轻声说，“请原谅我，我想我必须回去躺一躺。”

在楼上的房间，多里安的身体像风中的一片叶子在恐惧地发抖。他感觉在屋里一夜也不能多呆，死亡正在阳光里漫步。他决定马上回伦敦去看医生。仆人来给他收拾衣物，一边收拾一边告诉多里安死了的人是一个水手，可是没人知道他的名字。

“一个水手！”多里安叫道。他跳起来，一阵疯狂的希望充斥着。他。“我要马上看那具尸体。”

他快步赶到死尸停放的房间，掀开死人脸上的布，他看到的是詹姆斯·文。他知道现在安全了，他高兴地叫了起来。

You're going to be good? 'said Lord Henry. 'Don't tell me that. You're wonderful as you are. Please don't change. 'His long, white fingers played with a flower on the table. It was spring in London, and the two friends were having dinner at Lord Henry's house.

Dorian Gray shook his head. 'No, Harry, I've done too many terrible things in my life, and I'm going to change. I began my good life yesterday, in the country. '

'My dear boy, 'smiled Lord Henry. 'Everybody can be good in the country. There's nothing to do in the country, so it's impossible to do anything bad. But tell me, how did you begin your good life? '

'There was a girl in a village. A very beautiful girl, an honest, country girl. She loved me, and was ready to come away with me yesterday, but I said no. I refused to destroy her young life, and I've left her as honest as I found her. '

Lord Henry laughed. 'You've left here with a broken heart, you mean. How can she be happy now with a country boy, after she has known you? '

'Don't, Harry! 'cried Dorian. 'Can you never be serious? I'm sorry that I told you now. Let's talk about other things. What's been happening in London? '

'Oh, people are still discussing poor Basil and how he disappeared. I don't know why, because there are plenty of other things that they can talk about—my wife has run away with another man, Alan Campbell has killed himself...'

'What do you think has happened to Basil?' asked Dorian slowly.

'I've no idea,' answered Lord Henry. 'The English police report that Basil went to Paris on the midnight train on the ninth of November, but the French police say that he never arrived in Paris at all. If Basil wants to hide himself, I really don't care. And if he's dead, I don't want to think about him. Death is the only thing that really frightens me—I hate it.'

'Harry, don't people say that... that Basil was murdered?' said Dorian.

'Some of the newspapers say so,' replied Lord Henry, 'but who would want to murder poor Basil? He wasn't clever enough to have enemies.'

'What will you say, Harry, if I tell you that I murdered Basil?' asked Dorian. He watched his friend carefully.

Lord Henry smiled. 'No, my dear Dorian, murder wouldn't please you. You like a different kind of pleasure. And you should never do anything that you cannot talk about after dinner.' He lifted his coffee cup. 'What happened to the fine portrait that Basil painted of you? I haven't seen it for years. Didn't you tell me that it was stolen? What a pity!'

'Oh, I never really liked it, 'said Dorian. 'I prefer not to think about it. '

For a while the two men were silent. Then the older man lay back in his chair and looked at Dorian with half-closed eyes. 'Tell me how you have kept your youth and your wonderful beauty, Dorian. You must have some secret. I'm only ten years older than you, and I look like an old man. But you haven't changed since the day when I first met you. What a wonderful life you've had! '

'Yes, 'said Dorian slowly, 'it's been wonderful, Harry, but I'm going to change it now. You don't know everything about me. '

His friend smiled. 'You cannot change to me, Dorian. You and I will always be friends. '

Dorian stood up. 'I'm tired tonight, Harry. I must go home. I'll see you at lunch tomorrow. Goodnight. '

At the door he stopped for a moment and looked back, but then he turned and went out without another word.

画像

“一张没有心的脸。”

16

“你要做好人？”亨利勋爵说。“别跟我说那话，你一直很好，请别改变。”他又长又白的手指玩弄着桌上的一朵花。时值伦敦的春季，这两个好友正在亨利勋爵家吃晚饭。

多里安·格雷摇摇头。“不，哈里，我一生中做了太多可怕的事情，我要改变。我昨天开始当好人了，在乡下。”

“亲爱的孩子，”亨利勋爵微笑着，“每个人在乡下都会很好。在乡下没有任何事情做，所以不可能做任何坏事。可是告诉我，你怎么开始当好人的？”

“村里有个姑娘，一个非常漂亮、纯真的乡下姑娘。她爱我，昨天愿意和我走，但是我拒绝了。我不愿意毁了她年轻的生活，于是我离开了她，她还像我刚发现时一样地纯真。”

亨利勋爵笑着。“你离开她，她心已经碎了。她认识你后，现在又怎么能高高兴兴地和乡下男孩在一起呢？”

“别说了，哈里！”多里安喊道。“你从不会认真点吗？我后悔告诉你。咱们谈些别的事，伦敦近来发生了什么事？”

“哦，人们仍在谈论可怜的巴兹尔是怎么失踪的。我不知道为什么还在谈论，因为还有许多其它事可以供他们议论——比如我妻子和另外一个男人私奔了，艾伦·坎贝尔自杀了……”

“你认为巴兹尔发生了什么事？”多里安慢慢地问。

“我不知道。”亨利勋爵回答。“英国警方说巴兹尔于11月9日乘午夜的火车去了巴黎，可是法国警方说他根本就没抵达巴黎。如果巴兹尔想隐藏起来，我真的不在乎。如果他死了，我不想再想他。死是唯一让我害怕的事情——我恨死亡。”

“哈里，人们没说……巴兹尔是被谋杀的吗？”多里安说。

“有些报纸这么说。”亨利勋爵回答。“可是谁想杀害可怜的巴兹尔？他没聪明到能给自己树敌。”

“你会说什么，哈里，如果我告诉你是我杀了巴兹尔？”多里安问，他仔细地观察他的朋友。

亨利勋爵一笑。“不，亲爱的多里安，杀人不会让你高兴，你喜欢与这不同的快乐，而且你决不会做晚饭后你不能谈论的事情。”他端起咖啡：“巴兹尔给你画的那幅精美画像怎么样了？我好多年没看见它了。你是不是告诉过我画像被偷了？多可惜啊！”

“哦，我从没真正喜欢过它。”多里安说，“我宁愿不想起它。”

有一会儿两个人都没说话。过后年长些的那位靠在椅背上，用半睁的眼睛看着多里安。“告诉我你是怎么保持青春和美貌的，多里安。你一定有个秘密。我只比你大10岁，却看起来像个老人。可从我看见你的第一天起，你一点也没变，你的生活太妙了！”

“是的，”多里安缓慢地说，“是太妙了，哈里。可我要改变这种生

活。并不是我的每件事情你都知道。”

他的朋友笑了，“对我来说，你变不了，多里安。你和我将永远是朋友。”

多里安站起身，“今晚我累了，哈里，我得回家了。明天午饭时见，晚安。”

在门边他停了片刻，回头看了看，就转身出去了，一句话没说。



§

17

At home he thought about his conversation with Lord Henry. Could he really change, he wondered? He had lived an evil life, and had destroye

d other people's lives as well. Was there any hope for him?

Why had he ever made that wish about the picture? He had kept his youth and beauty, but he had paid a terrible price for it. His beauty had destroyed his soul. He picked up a mirror and stared at his face. What was he now? A face without a heart. Suddenly he hated his own beauty, and dropped the mirror on the floor where it broke into many small pieces.

James Vane, Basil Hallward, Sybil Vane—these deaths were not important to him now. It was better not to think of the past. Nothing could change that. He must think of himself. 'Perhaps,' he thought, 'if I live a better life, the picture will become less ugly.' He remembered the pretty village girl—he had not destroyed her young life. He had done one good thing. Perhaps the picture had already begun to look better.

He went quietly upstairs to the locked room. Yes, he would live a good life, and he need not be afraid any more of the evil face of his soul. But when he uncovered the picture, he gave a cry of pain. There was no change. The face in the picture was still terrible—more hateful, if possible, than before—and the red on the hand seemed brighter, like new blood.

He stared at the picture with hate and fear in his eyes. Years ago he had loved to watch it changing and growing old; now he could not sleep because of it. It had stolen every chance of peace or happiness from him. He must

t destroy it.

He looked round and saw the knife that had killed Basil Hallward. 'Now it will kill the artist's work,' he said to himself. 'It will kill the past, and when that is dead, I will be free.' He picked up the knife and dug it into the picture.

There was a terrible cry, and a loud crash. The servants woke, and two gentlemen, who were passing in the road below, stopped and looked up at the house. A policeman came by, and they asked him:

'Whose house is that? '

'Mr Dorian Gray's, sir,' was the answer.

The two gentlemen looked at each other, then turned away from the house and walked on.

Inside the house the servants talked in low, frightened voices. After some minutes they went up to the room. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Nothing. They could not open the door, so they climbed down from the roof and got in through the window.

Against the wall they saw a fine portrait of the young Dorian Gray, in all his wonderful youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, with a knife in his heart. His face was old and ugly and yellow with disease.

Only the rings on his fingers told them who he was.

回到家他思考着和亨利勋爵的谈话。他真的能改变吗？他想着。他曾有过邪恶的生活，也曾毁掉过他人的生活，他还有希望吗？

他为什么对画像许了那个愿？他保住了青春和美貌，但却为此付出了可怕的代价。他的美貌毁了他的灵魂。他拿起一面镜子看着自己的脸。他现在成了什么？一张没有心的脸。突然他恨自己的美貌，便把镜子扔在地上，摔成了碎片。

詹姆斯·文、巴兹尔·霍尔沃德和西比尔·文——他们的死现在对他已不重要。最好不再想起过去，那已无法改变。他必须想想自己。他想：“如果我过一种好一点的生活，画像会变得不那么丑陋。”他想起了那个可爱的乡下姑娘——他没有毁掉她的生活，他做了一件好事，可能画像已经开始好看些。

他快步上楼奔向那间锁着的房间。是的，他要过好人的生活，他再不必害怕他灵魂的那张邪恶的脸了。但当他掀开画像，他痛苦地喊出了声。没有变化。画像的脸依旧可怕——可能比以前更可憎——手上的红色似乎更鲜亮，像新鲜的血。

他凝视着画像，眼里饱含憎恨和恐惧。数年前他还喜欢看画像变老；现在他因为画像简直不能入睡。画像偷走了他每一次平静快乐的机会，他要毁掉画像。

他四周张望，看见了杀死巴兹尔·霍尔沃德的那把刀。“现在这把刀要扼杀画家的作品。”他自言自语，“这刀要杀死过去。过去死后，我将会自由。”他拿起刀刺进了画像。

一声可怕的喊叫和一阵猛烈的碰撞声。仆人们醒了；两个正路过的绅士停住向上看着房间。一个警察走过来，他们问他：

“那是谁的房子？”

他们回答：“多里安·格雷先生的。”

两个绅士互相看了一眼，然后转身离开房子走了。

房子里仆人用低沉、害怕的声音说话。过了几分钟他们上楼来到那个房间。他们敲了敲门，可是没有回答。他们用力喊，没有任何答复。他们打不开门，就从房顶向下爬，从窗户进了屋。

他们看见了靠墙而立的年轻的多里安·格雷的精美画像，青春无比，美貌动人。躺在地上的是一个死人，心脏上插着一把刀。他的脸又老又丑而且病得发黄。

只有他手上的戒指告诉了他们他是谁。