

## *Original Paper*

# Translation and Comments on Chapter Twenty of The Picture of Dorian Gray

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### **Abstract**

*Translating literary works is to promote cultural exchange and convey the artistic connotation of literary works, while translating works with Aestheticism characteristics, such as the representative work of Oscar Wilde, the famous British writer, The Picture of Dorian Gray, should pay more attention to the reproduction of aesthetic values. This article selects Chapter 20 of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and uses literature review and comparative methods for translation and analysis.*

### **Keywords**

*The Picture of Dorian Gray, translation, comment*

## **1. Introduction**

### *1.1 Characters and Plot*

This work tells about Dorian Gray, a noble teenager growing up in London, who is extremely handsome and kind-hearted. Dorian saw the portrait of the painter Holward and discovered his astonishing beauty. Under the temptation of Lord Henry, he made a wish to the portrait: the beautiful youth will always be young, and all the vicissitudes of time and the sins of the youth will be borne by the portrait. At first, Dorian didn't take it seriously, but when he played with an actress's emotions and caused her to commit suicide, he discovered that Dorian in the portrait had undergone an evil transformation. The fearful Dorian did not restrain himself, but rather indulged in his own desires even more. Dorian's beauty remained the same, but the portrait gradually became ugly. Eighteen years later, based on his hatred of the painter's work and his disgust with his own ugly soul, Dorian murdered the painter Holward. Afterwards, the younger brother of the actress came to seek revenge and was deceived by Dorian's clever words, ultimately resulting in a tragic death. It was the death of the actress's younger brother that awakened Dorian's conscience. He raised his knife and stabbed at the ugly portrait,

resulting in his own bizarre death. His face became ugly and old, while the portrait was as young as ever.

### *1.2 Writer*

Oscar Wilde, born in Dublin, Ireland, is one of the greatest writers and artists in 19th century England. Wilde hated the decay and decay of capitalism, and was distressed by his inability to contribute to social reform. As a result, he eventually became decadent and died in Paris in his later years (Jin, 1981). He is renowned for his plays, poetry, fairy tales, and novels, and is a representative figure of aestheticism. He was a major force in the aesthetic movement of the 1880s and a pioneer in the decadent movement of the 1990s. On Wilde's tombstone, he is hailed as a "genius and playwright". His aesthetic viewpoint of "art for the sake of art" has a wide influence.

### *1.3 Origin*

The rapid development of the capitalist economy in the 19th century and the resulting changes in the social and cultural environment made artists feel a sense of oppression. The sense of alienation between art and society was strengthened, and artists felt a sense of loneliness that was not understood by the public. Their sensitivity to things allowed them to only walk on lonely paths. Vivian Holland evaluates his relationship with Wilde's era in his biography: At that time, Britain was extremely constrained by tradition, and people's every word and action must be in line with strict social and moral norms. A slight deviation from the norm would be considered a departure from the norm. Even the principles of art and literature were abandoned, and social norms must be adhered to. It was in this situation that Wilde was determined to break this shackle as his lifelong ambition. Regarding the relationship between art and the public, Wilde believed that it was completely unnecessary for artists to consider the public, as their creations were based on personal interests and a manifestation of individuality. "An artwork is a unique result of a unique temperament, and its beauty comes from the fact that its author has realized himself. The Picture of Dorian Gray is the practice of this artistic concept.

### *1.4 Influence and Significance*

Salome, The Picture of Dorian Gray, and Biazlei's illustrations for the former are recognized as the representative works of aestheticism in the 19th century, and can be called the three wonders of the trend of "art for art's sake" in drama, fiction, and painting. The portrait of Dorian Gray is filled with magical and beautiful artistic atmosphere. Wilde exposed the spiritual emptiness and moral decay of British upper class society through his imaginative unique plot and beautiful and magnificent writing style, vividly expressing his unique views on life and aesthetic views on art. The interpretation of the artistic charm in The Picture of Dorian Gray will bring us closer to Oscar Wilde's inner world (Min, 2019).

## 2. Literature Review

### 2.1 Previous Translations

The reason for choosing Sun Fali's translation is that he not only truthfully presents the original work, but also achieves a great degree of compatibility with the original text in style, in line with the "content based translation" standard, which is not directly transforming the surface structure of one language into the surface structure of another language, but through a process of analysis and replacement, reorganizes the language in the most suitable way for the expression of the target language.

### 2.2 Deficiencies

#### 2.2.1 Inaccurate Words

The first translation deficiency is that some words are translated inaccurately in imprecise words and expressions. To a large extent, some words in the ST usually have specific meanings or connotations within the context, but are translated in literal meaning, which do not conform with the text and are not faithful to the original meaning, probably infusing readers' misunderstanding of the book.

ST-1: It was a lovely night, so warm that he threw his coat over his arm and did not even put his silk scarf round his throat.

TT-1: 那是一个可爱的夜晚，很暖和。他把外衣挂在手肘上，连真丝围巾也没有围。

"lovely" has meanings such as beautiful, excellent, and cute, but in the original text, when modifying the night climate, using the meaning of "可爱的" is somewhat inappropriate and should use the meaning of "宜人的".

ST-2: Youth had spoiled him.

TT-2: 青春把他娇惯坏了。

"spoil" has the meaning of destruction, destruction, spoiling, spoiling, and special care. After reading the entire text, it is found that the protagonist's life is destroyed by his own youthful beauty, so using the meaning of "毁掉" is more appropriate than "娇惯坏了".

#### 2.2.2 Redundancy

The second translation deficiency lies in redundancy including repetition and verbosity in expression, failing to be concise and comprehensive. There are considerable differences in the structure and sentence patterns between English and Chinese languages. If the language differences and the acceptability of target readers are not taken into consideration, the redundant elements of the source language copied to the target language could be too long-winded and not concise enough.

ST-3: There was a God who called upon men to tell their sins to earth as well as to heaven.

TT-3: 天上有一个上帝，他号召人们向公众也向上天承认罪恶。

As we all know, Chinese features parataxis with concise and comprehensive sentences. With literal translation, the TT appears repetitive and verbose. The expression "天上有一个上帝" can be simplified as "有一位上帝", by which the TT is more concise without affecting the expression of the original meaning.

### 3. Translation

那是一个宜人的夜晚，很暖和，于是他把外套搭在手臂上，连丝巾也没围上。当他抽着烟散步回家时，两个穿着晚礼服的年轻男子从他身旁经过。他听见其中一个向同伴悄悄说道：“那就是道林·格雷。”他记得，若是在过去，被人认出、凝望或是谈论时，都会让他满心欢喜。然而现在，他对此只感到厌烦。他最近经常去的那个小村庄有一半的魅力就在于没有人知道他是谁。他引诱了一个女孩让她爱上自己，时常告诉她自己很穷，她也相信他。有一次他告诉她自己很坏，女孩讥笑他，说坏人都是又老又丑的。她笑得多么开心！——就像唱着歌的画眉鸟一样。她穿着棉质连衣裙，戴着大帽子，她真美啊！虽然她什么也不知道，但是她有他失去的一切。

他回到家时，发现仆人在等着他。他让仆人回去睡觉，然后就在藏书楼的沙发上躺了下来，开始回想亨利勋爵对他讲过的那些话。

难道一个人真的就永远都无法改变吗？他疯狂地渴望回到那天真无邪的孩童时代——像亨利勋爵曾形容的那样，那如白玫瑰般纯洁的孩童时代。他知道自己已是满身污秽，脑子里充斥着堕落和幻想所带来的恐惧。他给人造成了恶劣的影响，并且对此感到一种可怕的快乐。在他的生命中，与他交往的都是最善良也最有前途的人，但最终都被他弄得身败名裂。可是这一切都无法挽回吗？他已经没有希望了吗？

啊！他是在多么自负和冲动的时刻，祈祷这幅画像能够承受他的负担，让他永葆青春！他所有的失败都来源于此。要是当初他的每一次过错都能得到即刻的惩罚，那该多好啊。惩罚能够净化心灵。人类对于最公正的上帝的祈祷不应是“原谅我们的过错”，而应是“惩罚我们的罪孽”。

亨利勋爵多年前赠送给他的那个有着精美雕花的镜子仍立在桌上，那个白色翅膀的丘比特还像以往那样笑着。他拿起镜子，像第一次发现那幅画像的变化的可怕夜晚一样，泪眼朦胧地疯狂望着这光滑的镜面。有一次，一个疯狂爱上他的女人给他写了一封信，结尾有这样崇拜的话语：“你由象牙和黄金构成，世界因此而改变；历史因你唇上的曲线而重写。”这些话浮现在了他的脑海里，他在心里反复默念着。他开始憎恶自己的美貌了，将镜子摔倒地上，然后用脚跟将它踩得粉碎。毁掉他的正是他的美貌，是他一直渴求的美貌和青春年少。如果不是这两样东西，他的生活也许还是纯洁无暇的。如今对他来说，他的美貌只是一张面具，他的青春也不过是一个笑话。青春归根到底是什么？是青涩、未尽成熟的时期；是心境浅薄、思想病态的日子。他为什么要披着青春的躯壳？青春早已毁了他。

最好不要再想起过去。过去已经无法改变了。他应该想的是自己的未来。詹姆斯·韦恩被埋在塞尔比教堂庭院的一个无名的墓地里。艾伦·坎贝尔一天晚上在实验室开枪自杀，但没有泄露他被迫知道的秘密。巴兹尔·霍尔沃德失踪的轰动不久就会消失，它已正在减弱。他在那里是非常安全的。事实上，巴兹尔·霍尔沃德的死也并未让他感到沉重。困扰他的而是他自己灵魂的活着的死亡。巴兹尔的这幅画像毁了他的一生。他无法原谅他。巴兹尔对他说了一些令他无法忍受的话，但他仍忍受着。这起谋杀案不过是一时的疯狂。至于艾伦·坎贝尔，他的自杀是他自己的行为。是他自己的选择。这与他无关。

新生活！这才是他想要的。这才他一直在等待的。他肯定已经开始变好了。至少他不再伤害一个天真的女孩。他再也不会诱惑天真无邪的人了。他将弃恶从善。

当他想起海蒂·默顿时，他开始猜想锁在房间里的画像是否发生了变化。肯定没有以前那么可怕了吧？如果他的生活变得纯洁，他就能消灭掉画像上流露出的每一处邪恶和激情的迹象。或许邪恶的迹象已经消失了。他得去看看。

他从桌上拿起油灯，悄悄地向楼上走去。当他开门的时候，一抹笑意掠过他那年轻得出奇的脸蛋，在他的嘴角停留了片刻。是的，他会变得善良的，他藏起来的可怕东西再也不会让他感到害怕了。他如释重负。

他悄悄地走进来，如往常一样，锁上身后的门，将画像上紫色的帷幕扯了下来。他发出一声痛苦而愤怒喊叫。除了眼神多了一丝狡猾，嘴角多了伪善的笑纹之外，画中的人毫无变化。这幅画还是那么的令人憎恶——如果可能的话，是变得更加面目可憎了——手上那点点猩红的水珠似乎更明显了，更像是刚刚溅上去的血迹。他颤抖了。难道仅仅是出于虚荣让他做了一件好事吗？还是像亨利勋爵嘲笑的那样，只是渴望一种新的感觉？或是那种装模作样的热情，让我们做出比自己更出色的事？或者兼而有之？那红色污迹怎么更大了？就像某种可怕的病毒在布满皱纹的手上蔓延似的。画中人的脚上也有血迹，仿佛是滴下来的——甚至好像连没有拿过刀的手也在淌血。认罪？这意味着他要认罪吗？自首然后被处死吗？他笑了起来。他觉得这想法太荒唐了。况且，即使他认罪自首，谁会相信他呢？根本没有死者的任何痕迹。一切都被销毁了。他已经亲自在楼下烧毁了一切。全世界只会认为他疯了。如果他坚称自己的说辞，他们还会把他关起来……然而，他有责任认罪，承受公众的谴责并去赎罪。有一位上帝呼吁人们向公众和天堂诉说自己的罪行。直到他说出自己的罪行，否则在这之前，他所能做的一切都无法净化他的罪恶。他的罪恶？他耸了耸肩。巴兹尔·霍尔沃德的死在他看来也只是微不足道。他想起了海蒂·默顿。因为他望着的这面灵魂的镜子并不公平。虚荣？好奇心？伪善？难道他所放弃的没有什么比这更重要的了吗？当然还有。至少他是这么认为的。但谁说得清呢？……没有。也没有别的了。出于虚荣，他放过了海蒂；出于伪善，他戴上善良的面具；出于好奇，他试图自我否认。他现在明白了。

但是这场谋杀会成为他终身的梦魇吗？难道他要一直背负着过去的包袱吗？他真的要认罪吗？绝对不行！对他不利的证据只剩一个了。这幅画本身——就是证据。他要毁掉它。他为什么还要保留着它这么久？曾经看着画中人一点点地变化、老去，给他带来了快乐。但最近，他已经不感兴趣了。它让他在夜里辗转反侧，难以入眠。外出的时候，他也惶恐不安，担心别人看到这幅画。它让他郁郁寡欢。对它的回忆破坏了他许多的快乐时光。它就像是他的良知。是的，它一直就是他的良心。他一定要摧毁它。

他环顾四周，看到他用来杀害巴兹尔·霍尔沃德的匕首。他已经清洗过这把匕首很多次了，上面早已没有任何痕迹。刀锋亮泽，闪闪发光。它既然杀死了画家，所以也可以用来摧毁那幅画和其意味着的一切。这样就可以毁掉过去，过去一死他就能重获自由。它会杀死这个可怕的灵魂生命，如果没有它可怕的警告，他就心安理得了。他一把抓起匕首，向画像刺去。

一声惨叫传来，接着是倒地声。那叫声凄厉恐怖，仆人们都被惊醒了，纷纷从自己的房间里走出来。两个男子恰巧从楼下广场经过，停下脚步抬头看了看这所大房子。他们又继续往前走，直到遇见一个警察，将其带了回来。警察摇了很多次门铃，但始终没有回应。除了顶楼一扇窗子透出的光线，整座房子一片漆黑。过了一会儿，警察走开了，站在紧挨着的门廊里，观察屋内的动静。

“那是谁的房子，警官大人？”两个男人中年纪较大的那一位男子问道。

“先生，那是道林 格雷先生的家，”警察回答说。

他们对视了一下，然后鄙夷地走开了。其中一个是亨利 阿史顿的叔叔。

屋内，在仆人的住房里，衣衫不整的仆人们正与同伴低声谈论。丽芙老太太在扼腕痛哭。弗朗西斯面如死灰。

大约过了一刻钟，弗朗西斯找来马夫和一个男仆蹑手蹑脚地走上楼去。他们敲了敲门，但没有回应。他们喊了几声，依旧没有声响。最后在破门而入的尝试落空后，他们爬上了屋顶，然后跳到阳台上。窗户很容易就被打开了——窗门太老旧了。

他们进入房间后，发现墙上挂着一幅他们主人的画像，画中他们的主人美貌绝伦，就像他们最后一次见到他时那样，散发着标致动人的青春美丽气息。地板上躺着一具尸体，穿着晚礼服，心口上插着一把匕首。那人面容憔悴，布满皱纹，令人憎恶。直到他们检查尸体的戒指时，他们才认出那是谁。

#### 4. Comments

##### 4.1 Difficulties and Solutions

ST-4: A green, an unripe time, a time of shallow moods, and sickly thoughts.

TT-4: 是青涩、未尽成熟的时期；是心境浅薄、思想病态的日子。

The difficulty of this sentence lies in how to clarify its hierarchical structure. When I see the term “time” appearing twice in this sentence, I first plan to merge it into one sentence, which is “A green, an unripe time of shallow moods, and sickly thoughts”. And translate it into “一个青涩的、情绪浅薄的、思想病态的未成熟时期”. But if four adjectives are used to modify the noun “time” at the same time, it will give people a feeling of complexity and burden. After referring to Mr. Sun’s translation, I used the form of a parallel sentence to modify the term “time” by combining the two parts of “A green, an unripe time” and “a time of shallow moods, and sickly thought” in parallel. Parallel structure is a rhetorical device that refers to using the same grammatical structure to maintain balance between the front and back of a sentence and increase language coherence. Parallel structures require one-to-one correspondence between words, phrases, clauses, and sentences. The parallel structure expresses the beauty of sentence form, rhythm of speech, concise expression, prominent semantics, and highly aesthetic effects (Cao, 2017). I also used the meanings of “时期” and “日子” to avoid repetition when translating “time”.

##### 4.2 Best Translation Parts and Comments

ST-5: She knew nothing, but she had everything that he had lost.

TT-5: 虽然她什么也不知道，但是她有他失去的一切。

Transition refers to the transformation or change of something, used to emphasize the state after the change. In Chinese, a complete set of transitional words are used, such as “虽然（虽、尽管）……但是（但、可是、却、而）”. In this sentence, only “but” is translated as “但是”, which is slightly dry, and

the addition of the word “虽然” makes the entire sentence more coherent.

ST-6: Why had he worn its livery?

TT-6: 他为什么要披着青春的躯壳?

“livery” means “a special uniform worn by servants or officials, especially in the past” in English expression. “wear livery” can be translated as “穿着制服” but it seems out of place in this sentence. “躯壳” refers to the body relative to the spirit. In this sentence, translating “livery” as “躯壳” not only reflects Dorian’s hypocritical cloak of youth, but also reflects the author’s satire.

ST-7: He would be good.

TT-7: 他将弃恶从善。

The literal meaning of this sentence is “他会很好的”, but it is easier to understand by translating it into “他将弃恶从善” after reading the entire text.

ST-8: He felt as if the load had been lifted from him already.

TT-8: 他如释重负。

The literal meaning of this sentence is “他好像觉得负担已经从他身上卸下了”, while in Chinese, “如释重负” means “as relaxed as letting go of a heavy burden. It is used to describe a person who has fulfilled their responsibilities and is mentally and physically relaxed”. Therefore, translating this sentence as “如释重负” is closer to the Chinese expression.

ST-9: He could see no change, save that in the eyes there was a look of cunning and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite.

TT-9:除了眼神多了一丝狡猾,嘴角多了伪善的笑纹之外,画中的人毫无变化。

Translate “He could see no change” into “画中的人毫无变化” and place it at the end of the translated sentence, which is more in line with the Chinese word order expression. The juxtaposition relationship refers to the juxtaposition relationship between species at the same level within the same genus concept. Adding a group of related words that indicate a coordinate relationship, such as “除了...之外...”, can connect the two coordinate nouns “eyes” and ‘mouth’ in the sentence, making the sentence more coherent and complete.

ST-10: Through vanity he had spared her. In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness. For curiosity’s sake he had tried the denial of self.

TT-10: 出于虚荣,他放过了海蒂;出于伪善,他戴上善良的面具;出于好奇,他试图自我否认。Parallelism is one of the rhetorical devices used to form a sentence by placing three or more phrases or sentences that are related or similar in meaning, have the same or similar structure, and have the same tone side by side. This sentence uses a rhetorical device of parallelism to make the description clear, delicate, and vivid, making it easier for readers to understand.

ST-11: But this murder—was it to dog him all his life?

TT-11: 但是这场谋杀会成为他终身的梦魇吗?

When “dog” is used as a verb, it means “a problem or bad luck to cause you trouble for a long time”. In

this sentence, “dog him all his life” can be translated as “折磨他终身”. “梦魇” refer to nightmares that are often accompanied by a sense of oppression and chest tightness, causing the sleeper to wake up. They are also metaphorical of very frightening things. By linking the context, the phrase “折磨他终身” can be translated as “成为他终身的梦魇”, which is more in line with the translation standards.

ST-12: It had kept him awake all night.

TT-12: 它让他在夜里辗转反侧，难以入眠。

“awake” means “not asleep (especially immediately before or after sleeping)”, and this sentence can be translated as “这让他整晚都醒着”. According to the standard of “faithfulness, expressiveness and elegance” in translation, I believe this sentence can be translated more elegantly. The meaning of “辗转反侧” is tossing and turning, unable to sleep. It is used to describe a longing or preoccupation in one’s heart. “难以入眠” refers to “inability to fall asleep”. If this sentence is translated as “它让他在夜里辗转反侧，难以入眠”. This not only demonstrates the profound influence of the portrait on Dorian, but also makes this sentence more elegant.

ST-13: Old Mrs. Leaf was crying and wringing her hands.

TT-13: 丽芙老太太在扼腕痛哭。

It is difficult to understand if this sentence is translated directly as “丽芙老太太绞着手哭着”. “wring” means “to twist and squeeze clothes”. “扼腕” refers to holding the other wrist with one hand, used to describe psychological activities such as contemplation, anger, and excitement. In this sentence, it is more concise and clear to translate “wringing her hands” as “扼腕”. And “痛哭” can better reflect Leaf’s sad emotions, and it echoes the word “扼腕”.

#### 4.3 Reflection on the Translation

This translation practice is an excellent challenge for me. Firstly, compared to the previous paragraph translation, this translation task is quite challenging, which made me take translation wholeheartedly and seriously for the first time. Secondly, this translation has introduced me to the new field of cross-cultural communication, and it has also enhanced my understanding of related fields during the translation process. Once again, this translation practice gave me an opportunity to apply the translation theories I learned in class to practice. Through continuous comparison, deliberation, measurement, and finding the best words and sentences, I gradually realized the true essence of translation. Finally, this translation practice was also a rare experience, which further honed my translation skills and paved the way for future translation studies.

This translation practice has given me a deeper understanding and insight into how to do a good job in translation and how to improve my translation skills. Firstly, it is necessary to truly understand the material to be translated; secondly, convey the content of the original work in a “faithful and smooth” manner. Finally, proofread the translation. Due to my first exposure to the translation of novels, I was also confused and at a loss when I first read the original text, unable to start writing. So I checked the background information in both Chinese and English online and then reread the original text. For the

first time, grasp the main idea of the article and mark some difficult words and sentences; Read the original text carefully for the second time, study and study word by word, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, and solve difficult problems; Read the original text through for the third time and make the entire text “clear to the heart”. Therefore, to understand the original text, not only do you need to accurately and thoroughly understand the translated text, but also work outside of the text, mastering both the background knowledge of the text and various specialized knowledge related to the text. The second step is to express, and the general standard for translation is “faithfulness, expressiveness and elegance”. To correctly handle its relationship with the original text, the expression process must be “balanced”, To accurately convey the meaning of the original text; On the other hand, the translation should be clear, and in line with standards, and should not be neglected or prioritize one over the other. Finally, during the proofreading of the translation, the first time I compared it with the original text, I found some omissions and mistranslations. The second time, breaking away from the original text, I checked out some abrupt and awkward parts, as well as some punctuation and punctuation errors.

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## Appendix

It was a lovely night, so warm that he threw his coat over his arm and did not even put his silk scarf round his throat. As he strolled home, smoking his cigarette, two young men in evening dress passed him. He heard one of them whisper to the other, "That is Dorian Gray". He remembered how pleased he used to be when he was pointed out, or stared at, or talked about. He was tired of hearing his own name now. Half the charm of the little village where he had been so often lately was that no one knew who he was. He had often told the girl whom he had lured to love him that he was poor, and she had believed him. He had told her once that he was wicked, and she had laughed at him and answered that wicked people were always very old and very ugly. What a laugh she had!—just like a thrush singing. And how pretty she had been in her cotton dresses and her large hats! She knew nothing, but she had everything that he had lost.

When he reached home, he found his servant waiting up for him. He sent him to bed, and threw himself down on the sofa in the library, and began to think over some of the things that Lord Henry had said to him.

Was it really true that one could never change? He felt a wild longing for the unstained purity of his boyhood—his rose-white boyhood, as Lord Henry had once called it. He knew that he had tarnished himself, filled his mind with corruption and given horror to his fancy; that he had been an evil influence to others, and had experienced a terrible joy in being so; and that of the lives that had crossed his own, it had been the fairest and the most full of promise that he had brought to shame. But was it all irretrievable? Was there no hope for him?

Ah! in what a monstrous moment of pride and passion he had prayed that the portrait should bear the burden of his days, and he keep the unsullied splendour of eternal youth! All his failure had been due to that. Better for him that each sin of his life had brought its sure swift penalty along with it. There was purification in punishment. Not "Forgive us our sins" but "Smite us for our iniquities" should be the prayer of man to a most just God.

The curiously carved mirror that Lord Henry had given to him, so many years ago now, was standing on the table, and the white-limbed Cupids laughed round it as of old. He took it up, as he had done on that night of horror when he had first noted the change in the fatal picture, and with wild, tear-dimmed

eyes looked into its polished shield. Once, some one who had terribly loved him had written to him a mad letter, ending with these idolatrous words: "The world is changed because you are made of ivory and gold. The curves of your lips rewrite history." The phrases came back to his memory, and he repeated them over and over to himself. Then he loathed his own beauty, and flinging the mirror on the floor, crushed it into silver splinters beneath his heel. It was his beauty that had ruined him, his beauty and the youth that he had prayed for. But for those two things, his life might have been free from stain. His beauty had been to him but a mask, his youth but a mockery. What was youth at best? A green, an unripe time, a time of shallow moods, and sickly thoughts. Why had he worn its livery? Youth had spoiled him.

It was better not to think of the past. Nothing could alter that. It was of himself, and of his own future, that he had to think. James Vane was hidden in a nameless grave in Selby churchyard. Alan Campbell had shot himself one night in his laboratory, but had not revealed the secret that he had been forced to know. The excitement, such as it was, over Basil Hallward's disappearance would soon pass away. It was already waning. He was perfectly safe there. Nor, indeed, was it the death of Basil Hallward that weighed most upon his mind. It was the living death of his own soul that troubled him. Basil had painted the portrait that had marred his life. He could not forgive him that. It was the portrait that had done everything. Basil had said things to him that were unbearable, and that he had yet borne with patience. The murder had been simply the madness of a moment. As for Alan Campbell, his suicide had been his own act. He had chosen to do it. It was nothing to him.

A new life! That was what he wanted. That was what he was waiting for. Surely he had begun it already. He had spared one innocent thing, at any rate. He would never again tempt innocence. He would be good.

As he thought of Hetty Merton, he began to wonder if the portrait in the locked room had changed. Surely it was not still so horrible as it had been? Perhaps if his life became pure, he would be able to expel every sign of evil passion from the face. Perhaps the signs of evil had already gone away. He would go and look.

He took the lamp from the table and crept upstairs. As he unbarred the door, a smile of joy flitted across his strangely young-looking face and lingered for a moment about his lips. Yes, he would be good, and the hideous thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him. He felt as if the load had been lifted from him already.

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him, as was his custom, and dragged the purple hanging from the portrait. A cry of pain and indignation broke from him. He could see no change, save that in the eyes there was a look of cunning and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite. The thing was still loathsome—more loathsome, if possible, than before—and the scarlet dew that spotted the hand seemed brighter, and more like blood newly spilled. Then he trembled. Had it been merely vanity that had made him do his one good deed? Or the desire for a new sensation, as Lord Henry had hinted,

with his mocking laugh? Or that passion to act a part that sometimes makes us do things finer than we are ourselves? Or, perhaps, all these? And why was the red stain larger than it had been? It seemed to have crept like a horrible disease over the wrinkled fingers. There was blood on the painted feet, as though the thing had dripped—blood even on the hand that had not held the knife. Confess? Did it mean that he was to confess? To give himself up and be put to death? He laughed. He felt that the idea was monstrous. Besides, even if he did confess, who would believe him? There was no trace of the murdered man anywhere. Everything belonging to him had been destroyed. He himself had burned what had been below-stairs. The world would simply say that he was mad. They would shut him up if he persisted in his story....Yet it was his duty to confess, to suffer public shame, and to make public atonement. There was a God who called upon men to tell their sins to earth as well as to heaven. Nothing that he could do would cleanse him till he had told his own sin. His sin? He shrugged his shoulders. The death of Basil Hallward seemed very little to him. He was thinking of Hetty Merton. For it was an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul that he was looking at. Vanity? Curiosity? Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing more in his renunciation than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell?... No. There had been nothing more. Through vanity he had spared her. In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness. For curiosity's sake he had tried the denial of self. He recognized that now.

But this murder—was it to dog him all his life? Was he always to be burdened by his past? Was he really to confess? Never. There was only one bit of evidence left against him. The picture itself—that was evidence. He would destroy it. Why had he kept it so long? Once it had given him pleasure to watch it changing and growing old. Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night. When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes should look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions. Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. It had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience. He would destroy it.

He looked round and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward. He had cleaned it many times, till there was no stain left upon it. It was bright, and glistened. As it had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work, and all that that meant. It would kill the past, and when that was dead, he would be free. It would kill this monstrous soul-life, and without its hideous warnings, he would be at peace. He seized the thing, and stabbed the picture with it.

There was a cry heard, and a crash. The cry was so horrible in its agony that the frightened servants woke and crept out of their rooms. Two gentlemen, who were passing in the square below, stopped and looked up at the great house. They walked on till they met a policeman and brought him back. The man rang the bell several times, but there was no answer. Except for a light in one of the top windows, the house was all dark. After a time, he went away and stood in an adjoining portico and watched.

"Whose house is that, Constable?" asked the elder of the two gentlemen.

"Mr. Dorian Gray's, sir." answered the policeman.

They looked at each other, as they walked away, and sneered. One of them was Sir Henry Ashton's uncle.

Inside, in the servants' part of the house, the half-clad domestics were talking in low whispers to each other. Old Mrs. Leaf was crying and wringing her hands. Francis was as pale as death.

After about a quarter of an hour, he got the coachman and one of the footmen and crept upstairs. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Everything was still. Finally, after vainly trying to force the door, they got on the roof and dropped down on to the balcony. The windows yielded easily—their bolts were old.

When they entered, they found hanging upon the wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.