

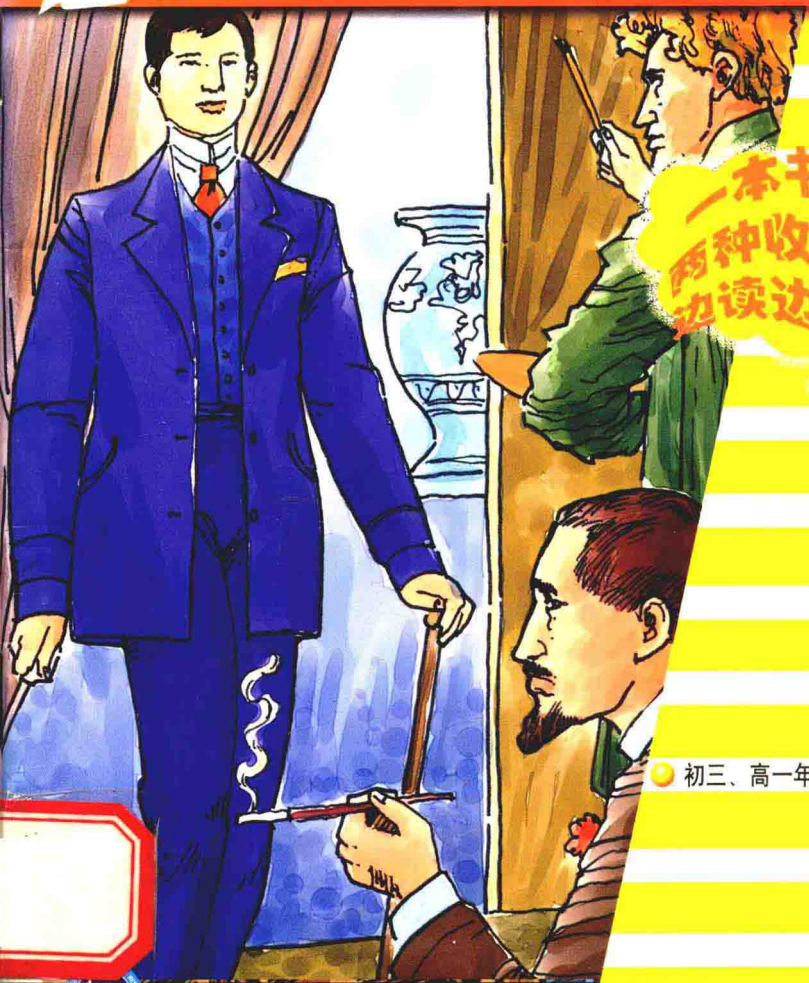


外研社·企鹅英语分级有声读物

# The Picture of Dorian Gray

# 道林·格雷的画像

Oscar Wilde (爱尔兰) 著  
徐敏 注




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外研社·企鹅英语分级  读物

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Oscar Wilde (爱尔兰) 著

徐敏注

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# 前言

亲爱的老师们、同学们，“外研社·企鹅英语分级有声读物”丛书是由外语教学与研究出版社和培生教育出版集团联合推出的又一力作。本丛书为广大学生提供了充分享受阅读乐趣的大平台！

我们做此套分级读物的宗旨是为了给学习者提供大量的、不同题材的阅读材料。材料不仅要适合读者的语言能力水平，更要能够激发阅读兴趣——让读者感到自己是在读故事、听故事，而不是在学（study）英语，从而卸去教材课本中枯燥的语法知识的沉重负担，真正做到寓教于乐。更重要的一点是，读完一本小册子后你会很有成就感，觉得学习英语就是这么轻松、愉快！

本套丛书内容丰富，由易渐难，主要突出了以下特色：

- 分级明确** 结合最新颁布的国家《英语课程标准》划分适用年级，遵循语言学习的规律，充分考虑到不同年龄段学生生理和心理发展的特点和需求；
- 配有音带** 有助于提高听力水平，加强学生对语言的理解力；
- 插图生动** 带你进入“读图时代”，意向直观、准确；
- 题材丰富** 涵盖现代流行、经典名著和精彩原创三大类别，内容还涉及名人、名著、电影、戏剧等不同的领域；
- 注释简洁** 帮助减少阅读过程中可能遇到的阻力，并激发学习者的自信心；
- 配有练习** 理解题目按照阅读图式认知理论精心设计，为阅读提供了方向性指导与检测手段。

如果你们喜欢这套读物，请把它推荐给朋友们。如果你们对这套读物有什么意见和建议，也请告诉我们。愿这套读物让广大的读者受益匪浅，为大家课外的良师益友！

很多具有丰富教学经验的中小学教师为这套读物做了注释和相关练习，我们也在表示衷心的感谢！

# Introduction

*If I could stay young and the picture grow old! For that – for that – I would give everything. I would give my soul for that!*

When Basil Hallward paints a picture of the young and handsome Dorian Gray, he thinks it is the most important work of his life. But he cannot guess how important it will be to Dorian Gray himself. Because when Dorian sees the finished portrait\*, he makes a terrible wish: that the beautiful young man in the picture in front of him will grow old and that he will look young for ever. Unfortunately for Dorian, and everyone he knows, his wish comes true – in a most terrible way . . .

One of the most important Irish writers of the nineteenth century, Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin\*, Ireland, in 1854. His father was a doctor and his mother a writer and translator\*. He went to Dublin and Oxford Universities, where he was an unusually clever student. At Oxford he won an important prize\* but he was even more famous for his unusual personal style. His long hair, bright clothes, amusing\* conversation and ideas about art won him many followers. His habit of making fun of\* people also won him enemies.

His first book of poems appeared in 1881 but it did not bring him much money. He went on a tour of the United States, where he gave talks on art and society\*.

In 1884 Wilde married Constance Lloyd, and they decided to live in London. Constance later gave birth to\* two sons, Cyril and Vyvyan.

Wilde began to work seriously at his writing in 1887, beginning with a story, *The Canterville Ghost*. He wrote many other stories, among them *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1892). He also wrote plays about fashionable society, including *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892),

*A Woman of No Importance* (1893) and *An Ideal Husband* (1892). Most popular of all was *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895), which many people think is one of the funniest plays ever written in English. Wilde also wrote a play in French, *Salomé* (1893), which takes the story of King Herod's daughter from the Bible\*.

But in 1895 everything changed and Oscar Wilde's success in public life was over. Wilde had become a close friend of Lord Alfred Douglas, a young man from a wealthy\* family. Douglas's father, the Marquess\* of Queensberry, found some letters from Wilde to Douglas and realized that the two men were lovers. He did everything he could to ruin\* Wilde. Three court cases\* followed, and they received much publicity\* in the national newspapers. Douglas escaped any kind of punishment but Wilde was sent to prison for two years. After this many of his friends turned their backs on\* him and nobody was willing to put on\* his plays.

Wilde suffered terribly during his time in prison. He became ill and his confidence\*, both as a person and an artist, was destroyed. At first he was not allowed to do any writing but later he produced a long poem called *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. It describes the crime of a poor soldier and the cruelty of life in prison. When the poem appeared in 1898, it was a best-seller.

In 1897, when Wilde came out of prison, he was a broken man. He wanted to go back to his wife but she refused to have him, although she did give him some money to live on. It was impossible for him to live in England, so he lived for a time in northern France. A few loyal\* friends visited him there. He managed to spend a few months with Douglas, against the wishes of both families, but soon they had no money: neither had ever learned how to live cheaply. Wilde spent the last years of his life in Paris, living in cheap hotels and asking his friends for money. During the years after leaving prison, he produced no literary work. He died in November 1900, at the age of forty-six.



Today Oscar Wilde's sexual\* behaviour is no longer criticized as it was in his lifetime. Instead, he is remembered for his writings and for his daring ideas. As a thinker, he believed strongly in the value of beauty, in life as well as in art, although *The Picture of Dorian Gray* shows the dangers of such beliefs. Wilde is admired for his imaginative stories, plays and humorous sayings, which both shocked and entertained\* people.

# 内容简介

如果能让我永远年轻，而画像中的人物变老，我愿意为此付出所有的一切，甚至是我的灵魂！

当巴兹尔·霍尔沃德完成了年轻、英俊的道林·格雷的画像时，他认为这是他有生以来最重要的作品。但他没有想象到这幅画对道林·格雷本人的重要性。因为，当道林·格雷看到这幅完成了的画像时，他有了一个可怕的念头：画像中的年轻、英俊的小伙子将会变老，而他本人会永远年轻。令道林·格雷以及他所认识的人遗憾的是，他的愿望实现了，但是以一种恐怖的方式……

奥斯卡·王尔德，19世纪爱尔兰重要的作家之一，1854年出生于爱尔兰的都柏林。他的父亲是一名外科医生，母亲是位作家兼翻译家。他曾在都柏林大学和牛津大学就读，并是个异常聪明的学生。在牛津大学他获得了一个重要奖项，但他的不寻常的个人风格令他更出名。他长长的头发、惹眼的服装、幽默的谈吐和对艺术的看法让他赢得了众多的追随者。但他爱开玩笑的作风也招到一些人的讨厌。

他的第一本诗集出版于1881年，但并没有让他得到多少钱。随后，他到美国做了关于艺术和社交的巡回讲座。

1884年，王尔德与康斯坦斯·劳埃德结婚了。他们决定住在伦敦。他们有两个孩子，西里尔和薇薇安。

王尔德于1887年正式开始了他的写作生涯，第一本小说是《坎特维尔家的鬼魂》。他还写了一些其他的小说，《道林·格雷的画像》（1892年）就是其中的一本。他也写了一些关于上流社会的剧本，其中包括《少奶奶的扇子》（1892年）、《无足轻重的女人》（1893年）、《理想丈夫》（1892年）。而最广为人知的一部喜剧是《认真的重要》（1895年），人们认为这是英文作品中最有趣的剧本之一。王尔德还用法文创作了一个剧本——《莎乐美》（1893年），这取材于《圣经》中关于希律王女儿的故事。



但在1895年王尔德的生活发生了彻底的改变，他的公众形象毁于一旦。王尔德曾经与一位名叫艾尔弗雷德·道格拉斯的富家子弟交往甚密。道格拉斯的父亲昆斯伯里侯爵通过一些信件发现他们是情人。于是他用尽手段来诋毁王尔德。三桩法律诉讼案接踵而至，并成为全国报纸关注的事件。道格拉斯逃脱了惩罚，而王尔德被判刑两年。此后，他的许多朋友则对他避之惟恐不及，也没有人愿意上演他的戏剧了。

王尔德在狱中备受煎熬。他病倒了，他的个人尊严和作为艺术家的自信都被摧毁殆尽。起初他不允许写作，后来他创作了一首长诗——《雷丁监狱之歌》，诗中描述了一个可怜的士兵的罪行和监狱生活中的残酷。这首诗发表于1898年，成为最畅销的作品之一。

1897年，王尔德出狱，但他破产了。他想重回到妻子身边，但她拒绝和他在一起，尽管给了他一些钱以维持生活。生活在英国对王尔德来说是不可能的，因此他在法国北部生活了一段时间。仅有的几个忠诚的朋友看望了他。不顾双方家庭的意愿，他想尽办法和道格拉斯呆了几个月，但很快他们没有了钱，他们俩都不懂如何勤俭生活。王尔德在巴黎生活的最后一年里，住廉价的旅店，并向朋友们借钱。自他出狱后，就没有创作出任何文学作品来。他于1900年11月去世，那一年46岁。

今天，王尔德的性取向不再像他所处的年代那样受到批判。相反，人们记住了他是因为他的作品以及大胆的思想。作为思想家，无论是在生活还是艺术上，他都信奉美貌的价值，尽管在《道林·格雷的画像》里他向人们描述了这种信仰的危险性。王尔德因为他富有想象力的小说、戏剧和幽默的名言而受到追崇：这些作品不仅令人震惊，而且让人捧腹大笑。

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## Chapter 1 An Extraordinarily\* Beautiful Young Man

The room was filled with the smell of roses. Sitting on a sofa, smoking a cigarette\*, was Lord Henry Wotton. Through the open door came the distant sounds of the London streets.

In the centre of the room stood a portrait of an extraordinarily beautiful young man. Sitting a little distance in front of it was the artist himself, Basil Hallward. As the painter looked at the portrait, he smiled.

“It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done,” said Lord Henry, slowly. “You really must send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Grosvenor is really the only place to exhibit a painting like that.”

“I don’t think I shall send it anywhere” the painter answered, moving his head in that odd\* way that used to\* make his friends laugh at him at Oxford University. “No, I won’t send it anywhere.”

Lord Henry looked at him in surprise through the thin blue smoke of his cigarette. “Not send it anywhere? My dear man, why not? What odd people you painters are!”

“I know you will laugh at me,” Basil replied, “but I really can’t exhibit\* it. I have put too much of myself into it.”

Lord Henry stretched himself out\* on the sofa and laughed. “Too much of yourself in it! Basil, this man is truly beautiful. He does not look like you.”

“You don’t understand me, Henry,” answered the artist. “Of course I am not like him. I would be sorry to look like him. It is better not to be different from other people. The stupid and ugly have the best of this world. Dorian Gray – ”

“Dorian Gray? Is that his name?” asked Lord Henry, walking across the room towards Basil Hallward.

“Yes, that is his name. I wasn’t going to tell you.”

“But why not?”

“Oh, I can’t explain. When I like people enormously\* I never tell their names to anyone. I suppose you think that’s very foolish?”

“Not at all,” answered Lord Henry, “not at all, my dear Basil. You forget that I am married so my life is full of secrets. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet we tell each other lies with the most serious faces.”

“I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry,” said Basil Hallward, walking towards the door that led into the garden. “I believe you are really a very good husband, but that you are ashamed of it. You never say a good thing, and you never do a wrong thing.”

Lord Henry laughed and the two men went out into the garden together. After a pause\*, Lord Henry pulled out his watch. “I am afraid I have to go, Basil,” he said in a quiet voice. “But before I go I want you to explain to me why you won’t exhibit Dorian Gray’s picture. I want the real reason.”

“I told you the real reason.”

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

“Harry,” said Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face, “every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not the sitter\*. I will not exhibit this picture because I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own soul.”

Lord Henry laughed. “And what is that?” he asked.

“Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry,” answered the painter, “and I don’t think you will understand. Perhaps you won’t believe it.”

Lord Henry smiled and picked a flower from the grass. “I am quite sure I’ll understand it,” he replied, staring at the flower, “and I can believe anything.”

“The story is simply this,” said the painter. “Two months ago I went to a party at Lady Brandon’s. After I had been in the room for

about ten minutes, I suddenly realized that someone was looking at me. I turned around and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt the blood leaving my face. I knew that this boy would become my whole soul, my whole art itself.”

“What did you do?”

“We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him.”

“What did Lady Brandon say about Mr Dorian Gray?”

“Oh, something like ‘Charming\* boy. I don’t know what he does – I think he doesn’t do anything. Oh, yes, he plays the piano – or is it the violin, dear Mr Gray?’ Dorian and I both laughed and we became friends at once.”

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

Hallward shook his head. “You don’t understand what friendship is, Harry. Everyone is the same to you.”

“That’s not true!” cried Lord Henry, pushing his hat back, and looking at the summer sky. “I choose my friends for their beauty and my enemies for their intelligence\*. A man cannot be too careful in choosing his enemies. Of course, I hate my relations\*. And I hate poor people because they are ugly, stupid and drunk –”

“I don’t agree with a word you have said. And I feel sure that you don’t agree either.”

Lord Henry touched his pointed\* brown beard with his finger, and the toe of his boot with his stick\*. “How English you are, Basil! An Englishman is only interested in whether he agrees with an idea, not whether it is right or wrong. But tell me more about Mr Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?”

“Every day. I couldn’t be happy if I didn’t see him every day.”

“How extraordinary! I thought you only cared about your art.”

“He is all my art to me now,” said the painter. “I know that the work I have done since I met Dorian Gray is the best work of my

life. In some strange way his personality\* has shown me a new kind of art. He seems like a little boy – though he is really more than twenty – and when he is with me I see the world differently.”

“Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray.”

Hallward got up from his seat and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back. “Harry,” he said, “Dorian Gray is the reason for my art. You might see nothing in him. I see everything in him.”

“Then why won’t you exhibit his portrait?” asked Lord Henry.

“An artist should paint beautiful things, but he should put nothing of his own life into them. Some day I will show the world what that beauty is. For that reason the world will never see my portrait of Dorian Gray.”

“I think you are wrong, Basil, but I won’t argue with you. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you?”

The painter thought for a few moments. “He likes me,” he answered, after a pause. “I know he likes me. Of course I flatter\* him too much and tell him things that I should not. He is usually very charming to me, and we spend thousands of wonderful hours together. But sometimes he can be horribly thoughtless and seems to enjoy causing me pain. Then I feel, Harry, that I have given my whole soul to someone who uses it like a flower to put in his coat on a summer’s day.”

“Summer days are long, Basil,” said Lord Henry in a quiet voice. “Perhaps you will get bored before he will. Intelligence lives longer than beauty. One day you will look at your friend and you won’t like his colour or something. And then you will begin to think that he has behaved badly towards you –”

“Harry, don’t talk like that. As long as I live, Dorian Gray will be everything to me. You can’t feel what I feel. You change too often.”

“My dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it.” Lord Henry took a cigarette from his pretty silver box and lit it. Then he turned to Hallward and said, “I have just remembered.”

“Remembered what, Harry?”

“Where I heard the name of Dorian Gray.”

“Where was it?” asked Hallward with a frown\*.

“Don’t look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt’s, Lady Agatha’s. She told me that she had discovered this wonderful young man. He was going to help her work with the poor people in the East End\* of London, and his name was Dorian Gray. Of course I didn’t know it was your friend.”

“I am very glad you didn’t, Harry.”

“Why?”

“I don’t want you to meet him.”

A servant came into the garden. “Mr Dorian Gray is waiting in the house, sir,” he said.

“You must introduce me now,” cried Lord Henry, laughing.

The painter turned to his servant. “Ask Mr Gray to wait, Parker. I will come in in a few moments.”

Then he looked at Lord Henry. “Dorian Gray is my dearest friend,” he said. “He is a beautiful person. Don’t spoil\* him. Don’t try and influence him. Your influence would be bad. Don’t take away from me the one person who makes me a true artist.”

“What silly things you say!” said Lord Henry. Smiling, he took Hallward by the arm and almost led him into the house.

## Chapter 2 Jealous of His Own Portrait

As they entered they saw Dorian Gray. He was sitting at the piano, with his back to them, and he was turning the pages of some music by Schumann. “You must lend me these, Basil,” he cried. “I want to learn them. They are perfectly charming.”

“Perhaps if you sit well for me today, Dorian.”

“Oh, I am bored with sitting, and I don’t want a portrait of myself,” answered the boy, turning quickly. When he saw Lord

Henry, his face went red for a moment. "I am sorry, Basil. I didn't know that you had anyone with you."

"This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian. He's an old friend of mine. We went to Oxford together. I have just been telling him what a good sitter you were, and now you have spoiled everything."

"You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr Gray," said Lord Henry, stepping forward and offering his hand. "My aunt has often spoken to me about you."

"I am afraid Lady Agatha is annoyed\* with me at the moment. I promised to go to a club in Whitechapel with her last Tuesday, and I forgot all about it. I don't know what she will say to me."

Lord Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly wonderfully handsome, with his curved\* red lips, honest blue eyes and gold hair. "Oh, don't worry about my aunt. You are one of her favourite people. And you are too charming to waste time working for poor people."

Lord Henry sat down on the sofa and opened his cigarette box. The painter was busy mixing colours and getting his brushes ready. Suddenly, he looked at Lord Henry and said, "Harry, I want to finish this picture today. Would you think it very rude of me if I asked you to go away?"

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

"Oh, please don't, Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his difficult moods\*, and I hate it when he is difficult. And I want you to tell me why I should not help the poor people."

"That would be very boring, Mr Gray. But I certainly will not run away if you do not want me to. Is that all right, Basil? You have often told me that you like your sitters to have someone to talk to."

Hallward bit\* his lip. "If that is what Dorian wants. Dorian always gets what he wants."

Lord Henry picked up his hat and gloves. "No, I am afraid I must



go. Goodbye, Mr Gray. Come and see me one afternoon in Curzon Street. I am nearly always at home at five o'clock."

"Basil," cried Dorian Gray, "if Lord Henry Wotton goes, I will go too. You never open your lips while you are painting, and it is horribly boring just standing here. Ask him to stay."

"All right, please stay, Harry. For Dorian and for me," said Hallward, staring at his picture. "It is true that I never talk when I am working, and never listen either. It must be very boring for my sitters. Sit down again, Harry. And Dorian don't move about too much, or listen to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends."

Dorian Gray stood while Hallward finished his portrait. He liked what he had seen of Lord Henry. He was so different to Basil! And he had such a beautiful voice. After a few moments he said to him, "Have you really a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?"

"Influence is always bad."

"Why?"

"Because to influence someone is to give them your soul. Each person must have his own personality."

"Turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian," said the painter. He was not listening to the conversation and only knew that there was a new look on the boy's face.

["And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low musical voice, "I believe that if one man lived his life fully and completely he could change the world. He would be a work of art greater than anything we have ever imagined. But the bravest man among us is afraid of himself. You, Mr Gray, are very young but you have had passions\* that have made you afraid, dreams -" ]

"Stop!" cried Dorian Gray, "I don't understand what you are saying. I need to think."

For nearly ten minutes he stood there with his lips open and his eyes strangely bright. The words that Basil's friend had spoken had