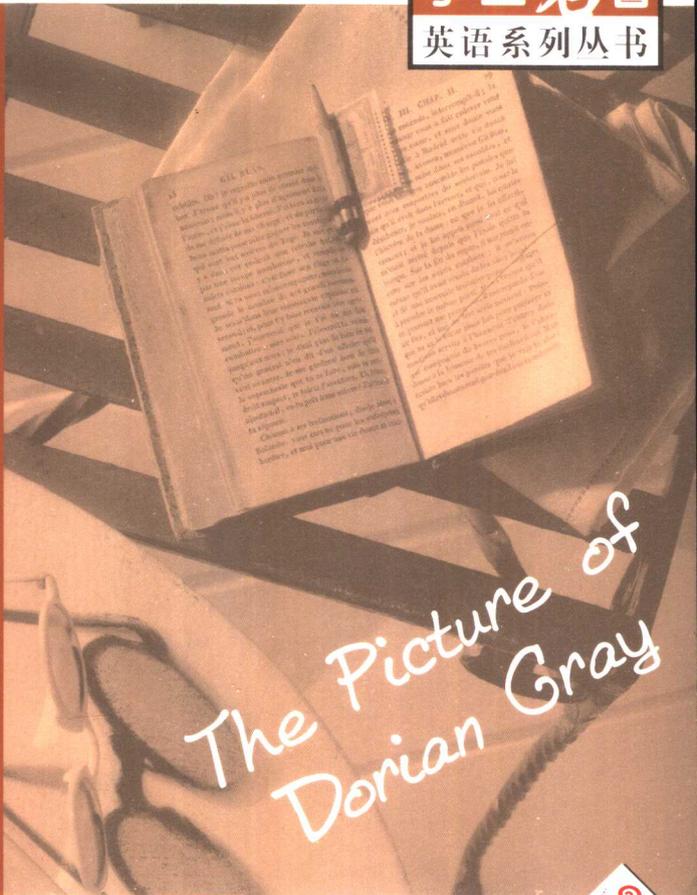


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# 道连·格雷画像



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Dorian Gray

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Oscar Wilde

[英] 奥斯卡·王尔德 著

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# 前 言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微。

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生了。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

1. 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
2. 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划波浪线标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
4. 将好句子用**黑体加斜体**标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“读书笔记”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记。

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正。

思马得学校图书编辑部

2004年3月



## Brief comment and general introduction

### 简 评 与 梗 概

A lush, cautionary tale of a life of vileness and deception or a loving portrait of the aesthetic impulse run rampant? Why not both? After Basil Hallward paints a beautiful, young man's portrait, his subject's frivolous wish that the picture change and he remain the same comes true. Dorian Gray's picture grows aged and corrupt while he continues to appear fresh and innocent. After he kills a young woman, "as surely as if I had cut her little throat with a knife," Dorian Gray is surprised to find no difference in his vision or surroundings. "The roses are not less lovely for all that. The birds sing just as happily in my garden."

As Hallward tries to make sense of his creation, his epigram-happy friend Lord Henry Wotton encourages Dorian in his sensual quest with any number of Wildean paradoxes, including the delightful "When we are happy we are always good, but when we are good we are not always happy." But despite its many lan-



guorous pleasures, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is an imperfect work. Compared to the two (voyeuristic) older men, Dorian is a bore, and his search for ever new sensations far less fun than the novel's drawing-room discussions. Even more oddly, the moral message of the novel contradicts many of Wilde's supposed aims, not least "no artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style." Nonetheless, the glamour boy gets his just deserts. And Wilde, defending Dorian Gray, had it both ways: "All excess, as well as all renunciation, brings its own punishment."



## 背 诵 部 分

1. 书名: The Picture of Dorian Gray      道连·格雷画像
2. 作者: Oscar Wilde      奥斯卡·王尔德(1854~1900)
3. 主要人物:

Dorian Gray	道连·格雷
Henry Wotton	亨利·沃顿
Basil Hallward	罗勃·霍沃尔
4. 叙述方式: Third person narration(第三人称)
5. Good Quotations: (好句子)
  - (1) *The common hill-flowers wither , but they blossom again .  
But we never get back our youth .*
  - (2) *The pulse of joy that beats in us at twenty becomes slug-  
gish . Our limbs fail , our senses rot . We degenerate into  
hideous puppets , haunted by the memory of the passions  
of which we were too much afraid , and the exquisite  
temptations that we had not the courage to yield to .*



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- (3) **Men marry because they are tired ; women , because they are curious : both are disappointed .**
- (4) **When poverty creeps in at the door , love flies in through the window .**
- (5) **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 .**
- (6) **It is the coming of death that terrifies me . Its monstrous wings seem to wheel in the leaden air around me .**



## Chapter 1

The studio was filled with the rich odor of roses, and through the open door, the light summer wind brought in the heavy scent of lilac.

From the corner of the divan<sup>①</sup> on which he was lying, smoking, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-colored blossoms of a laburnum<sup>②</sup>.

In the centre of the room, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of which, sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward.

As the painter looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skilfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up, closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil," said Lord Henry languidly. "You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Grosvenor is really the only place. The Academy is too large and too vulgar."

"I don't think I shall send it anywhere," he answered, "No, I won't send it anywhere."

① [dɪ'væn] n. (无扶手和靠背的)长沙发椅

② [lə'bu:nəm] n. 金链花



## 读书笔记

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows and looked at him in amazement. “Not send it anywhere? Why? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. Once you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. **It is silly of you, for the only one thing in the world worse than being talked about is that not being talked about.** A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous.”

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

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

“Yes, I knew you would; but it is quite true.”

“Too much of yourself in it! Basil, I didn’t know you were so vain; and I really can’t see any resemblance between you and this young Adonis. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you—well, of course you have an intellectual expression and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes something horrid. Your mysterious young friend, whose name unknown to me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. **He is some**



读书笔记

**brainless beautiful creature who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence.** Don't flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him."

"You don't understand me, Harry," answered the artist. "I know perfectly well that I am not like him. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the truth. There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They live as we all should live—undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it from alien hands. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are—my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray's good looks—we shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly."

"Dorian Gray? Is that his name?" asked Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hallward.

"Yes, that is his name. I didn't intend to tell it to you."

"But why not?"

"Oh, I can't explain. When I like people immensely, I never tell any one their names. It is like



surrendering a part of them. I have grown to love secrecy. It seems to be the one thing that can make modern life mysterious or marvellous to us. It is a silly habit, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it?"

"Not at all," answered Lord Henry, "my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and **the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties**. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet—we do meet occasionally—we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces."

"I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry," said Basil Hallward. "I believe that you are really a very good husband, but you are thoroughly ashamed of your own virtues. You are an extraordinary fellow. You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose."

"Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know," cried Lord Henry, laughing; and the two young men went out into the garden together and ensconced<sup>①</sup> themselves on a long bamboo seat.

After a pause, Lord Henry pulled out his watch. "I am afraid I must be going, Basil," he murmured, "and before I go, I insist on your answering a question I put to you some time ago."

① [ɪn'skɒns] vt. 安置



“What is that?” said the painter, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

“You know quite well.”

“I do not, Harry.”

“Well, I will tell you what it is. I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit Dorian Gray's picture. I want the real reason.”

“I told you the real reason.”

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

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

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

“I will tell you,” said Hallward; but an expression of perplexity came over his face.

“I am all expectation, Basil,” continued his companion, glancing at him.

“Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry,” answered the painter; “and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it.”

Lord Henry smiled, leaning down, plucked a pink-petalled daisy from the grass and examined it. “I am quite sure I shall understand it,” he replied, “and as



for believing things, I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible.”

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilac-blossoms moved to and fro in the languid air. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward's heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

“The story is simply this,” said the painter after some time. “Two months ago I went to a crush at Lady Brandon's. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, I suddenly became conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned half-way round and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with some one whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. I have always been my own master; had at least always been so, till I met Dorian Gray. Then, something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my life. I had a strange feeling that fate had in store for me exquisite<sup>①</sup> joys and exquisite sorrows. I grew afraid and turned to quit the room. It was not conscience but a sort of cowardice that made me do so. I take no credit to myself for trying to escape.”

① [ˈɛkskwɪzɪt] a. 剧烈的, 异常的



“Conscience and cowardice are really the same things, Basil. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm. That is all.”

“I don’t believe that, Harry, and I don’t believe you do either. However, whatever was my motive, I certainly struggled to the door. There, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. ‘You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?’ she screamed out. You know her curiously shrill voice?”

“Yes; **she is a peacock in everything but beauty.**” said Lord Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long nervous fingers.

“I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to people and spoke of me as her dearest friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionize<sup>①</sup> me. I believe some picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been chattered about in the penny newspapers. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. Our eyes met again. It was reckless of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction.”

“And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?” asked his companion. “I know she goes in for giving a rapid precis of all her guests. She either explains them entirely away, or tells one every-

① [ˈlaɪənəɪz] *vt.* 把……奉为  
名人



## 读书笔记

thing about them except what one wants to know.”

“Poor Lady Brandon! You are hard on her, Harry!” said Hallward listlessly.

“My dear fellow, she tried to found a salon, and only succeeded in opening a restaurant. How could I admire her? But tell me, what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?”

“Oh, something like, ‘Charming boy—poor dear mother and I absolutely inseparable. Quite forget what he does—afraid he—doesn’t do anything—oh, yes, plays the piano—or is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?’ Neither of us could help laughing, and we became friends at once.”

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

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

“How horribly unjust of you!” cried Lord Henry, “I make a great difference between people. I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their good characters, and my enemies for their good intellects. A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies. I have not got one who is a fool. Is that very vain<sup>①</sup> of me? I think it is rather vain.”

“I should think it was, Harry. But according to

① [veɪn] a. 虚荣的, 空虚的, 自负的, 愚蠢的



your category I must be merely an acquaintance.”

“My dear old Basil, you are much more than an acquaintance.”

“And much less than a friend. A sort of brother, I suppose?”

“Oh, brothers! I don’t care for brothers. My elder brother won’t die, and my younger brothers seem never to do anything else.”

“Harry!” exclaimed Hallward, frowning.

“My dear fellow, I am not quite serious. But I can’t help detesting my relations. I suppose it comes from the fact that none of us can stand other people having the same faults as ourselves.”

“I don’t agree with a single word that you have said, and, what is more, Harry, I feel sure you don’t either.”

“How English you are, Basil! That is the second time you have made that observation. If one puts forward an idea to a true Englishman—always a rash thing to do—he never dreams of considering whether the idea is right or wrong. The only thing he considers of any importance is whether one believes it oneself. However, I don’t propose to discuss that with you. Tell me more about Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?”

“Every day. He is absolutely necessary to me.”

“How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your art.”