

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Oscar Wilde was born in 1854, in Dublin, Ireland. He was a famous playwright¹, novelist, poet and wit². His most famous play is *The Importance of Being Earnest*³. He wrote nine plays⁴, but he only wrote one novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. He also wrote some children's stories, *The Happy Prince and Other Tales*, but he said that they were not written for children, but for all "childlike people".

Wilde's father, Sir William Wilde, was a famous eye doctor. His mother, Jane Francesca Elgee, was a writer. At school, Wilde was very good at Greek and Latin. He won scholarships to study Classics first at Dublin College, Ireland and then later at Oxford University, England. After his graduation Wilde moved to London to live with his friend



Frank Miles, a popular portrait⁵ painter. In 1881, he published⁶ his first collection of poetry⁷.

In 1882, Wilde sailed to New York for a lecture⁸ tour of America. On his arrival, he famously said to a New York customs official⁹, "I have nothing to declare¹⁰ but my genius." He lectured on the importance of beauty in the decoration¹¹ of your house, in the choice of your furniture and in the clothes you wear.

In 1884, Wilde married Constance Lloyd. They had two sons. In 1887, he became the editor of a new monthly fashion magazine, *The Lady's World*. Wilde continued to write and, although many of his works shocked the Victorian society¹² of the time, they were very popular. Wilde's success, however, suffered¹³ because of scandal¹⁴ in the 1890s. In 1895 he was arrested¹⁵ and spent two years in prison. Oscar Wilde died a poor man in 1900.

1 playwright ['pleɪraɪt] (n.) 劇作家

2 wit [wɪt] (n.) 機智者；幽默家

3 earnest ['ɜːnɪst] (a.)
認真的；熱心的

4 play [pleɪ] (n.) 戲劇

5 portrait ['pɔːtrɪt] (n.) 肖像

6 publish ['pʌblɪʃ] (v.) 出版；發行

7 poetry ['pɔɪtri] (n.) (總稱) 詩

8 lecture ['lektʃə] (n.) 演講

9 customs official 海關官員

10 declare [dɪ'kleɪr] (v.) 申報

11 decoration [ˌdekə'reɪʃən] (n.) 裝飾

12 Victorian society 維多利亞時代的社會

13 suffer ['sʌfə] (v.) 遭受；受苦

14 scandal ['skændl] (n.) 醜聞

15 arrest [ə'rest] (v.) 逮捕

ABOUT THE BOOK

The Picture of Dorian Gray is a gothic horror¹ story (see Exercise 8, page 12), and it is the only published novel written by Oscar Wilde. When it first appeared in a monthly magazine in 1890, it was criticized². Wilde then made a lot of changes to the story. The new story was published as a novel in 1891. Again, it was criticized, and it caused scandal at the time. Wilde's wife, Constance said, "Since Oscar wrote *Dorian Gray* no one will speak to us." W.H. Smiths, the famous bookseller³, refused⁴ to sell the book, but despite⁵ the controversy⁶, it was still very popular.

Oscar Wilde was a successful playwright and *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is written more in the style of a play than a



novel. There is more dialogue than description and the novel focuses on the witty⁷ conversations between its three main characters⁸: Basil Hallward, the artist, Lord Henry Wotton, his wealthy⁹ friend, and Dorian Gray, a handsome young man.

One of the main themes¹⁰ of the novel is the emptiness¹¹ of worshipping¹² beauty and pleasure. Life, Lord Henry Wotton says in the novel, should be lived for beauty and pleasure and not for duty¹³. He encourages Dorian Gray to enjoy himself. He tells Dorian he should make the most of his youth and beauty before they fade¹⁴. Dorian Gray takes his advice and leads a selfish, hedonistic¹⁵ life. In the end, he realizes his mistake but it is too late. He has destroyed¹⁶ his soul.

The novel has always been very popular and thirteen film versions of it have been made to date¹⁷. Marvel Comics made an illustrated adaptation¹⁸ of the novel in 2007.

1 gothic horror 哥德式恐怖小說

2 criticize ['krɪtɪsaɪz] (v.) 批評

3 bookseller ['buk,sɛlə] (n.) 書商

4 refuse [rɪ'fjuːz] (v.) 拒絕

5 despite [dɪ'spaɪt] (prep.) 儘管

6 controversy ['kɒntrə,vɜːsi] (n.) 爭議

7 witty ['wɪti] (a.) 機智的

8 character ['kærɪktə] (n.) 角色

9 wealthy ['welθɪ] (a.) 富有的

10 theme [θiːm] (n.) 主題

11 emptiness ['emptɪnɪs] (n.) 空虛

12 worship ['wɜːʃɪp] (v.) 崇拜

13 duty ['djuːti] (n.) 義務；責任

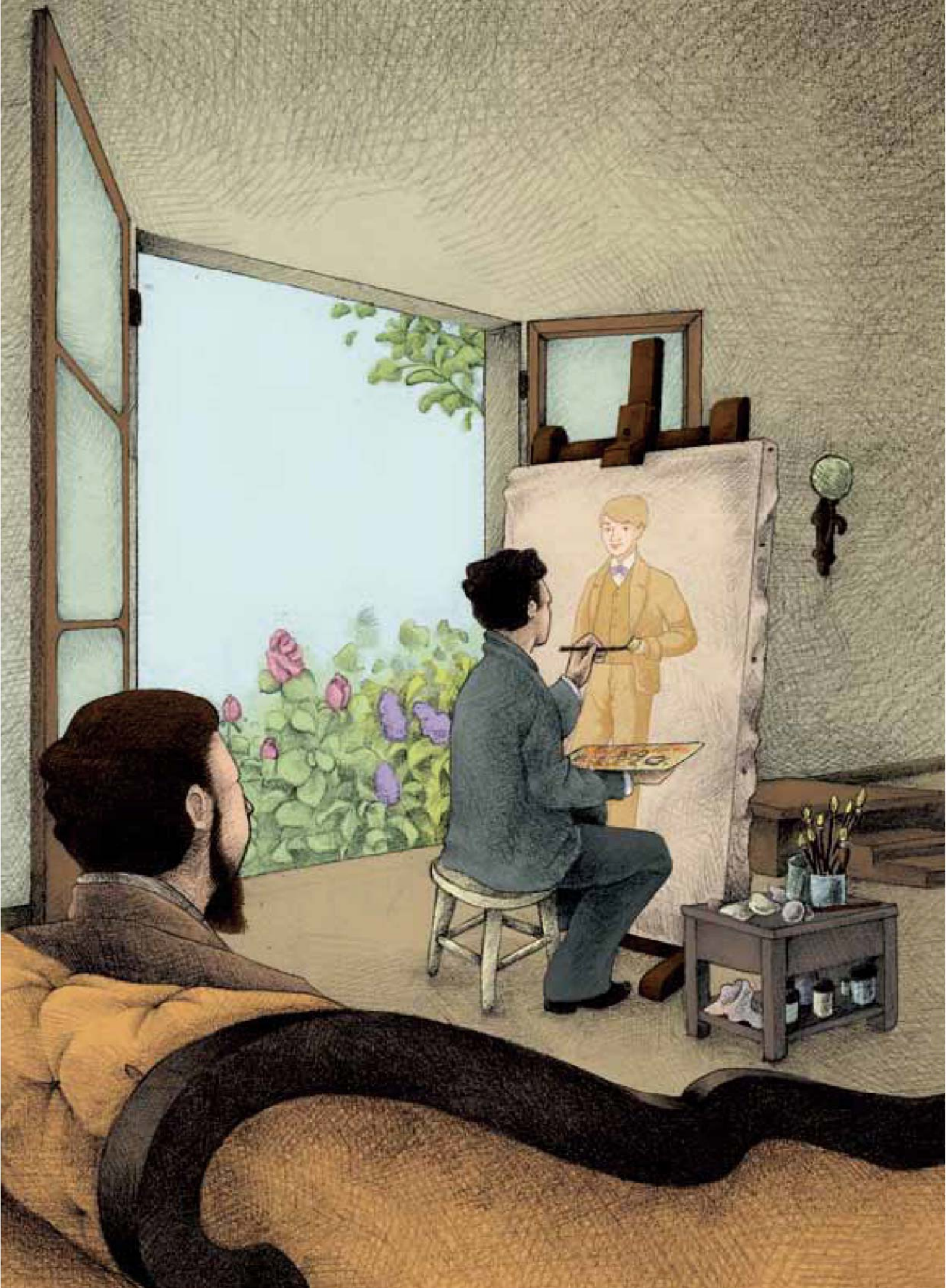
14 fade [feɪd] (v.) 凋謝；枯萎；褪色

15 hedonistic [ˌhɪdə'nɪstɪk] (a.)
快樂主義者的

16 destroy [dɪ'strɔɪ] (v.) 毀滅

17 to date 迄今

18 adaptation [ˌædæp'teɪʃən] (n.)
適應；改編



Chapter 1



A lovely scent¹ of flowers filled the studio². The light summer wind blew through the trees in the garden, and in through the open door. Lord Henry Wotton was lying on a divan³.

In the center of the room, there was a portrait of a very beautiful young man. In front of it, sat the artist, Basil Hallward.

"It's your best work, Basil," said Lord Henry. "You must send it to a gallery⁴."

"I won't send it anywhere," Basil answered.

Lord Henry looked at him in surprise. "Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow⁵, why?"

"I know you'll laugh at me," Basil replied, "but I can't exhibit⁶ it. There is too much of *me* in it."

Lord Henry laughed. "Too much of *you* in it! The portrait doesn't look like you at all. You have a strong face and coal-black⁷ hair. This young man is made out of ivory⁸ and rose petals⁹. He never thinks. I'm sure of that. He's some brainless¹⁰ beautiful boy. You aren't like him at all."

"You don't understand me, Henry," answered Basil. "Of course, I don't look like Dorian Gray."

1 scent [sent] (n.) 氣味；香味

2 studio ['stju:di,ə] (n.) 工作室

3 divan [di'væn] (n.)
長沙發椅



4 gallery ['gæləri] (n.) 畫廊；美術館

5 fellow ['felə] (n.) 傢伙；同伴

6 exhibit [ɪg'zɪbɪt] (v.) 展示

7 coal-black ['kɒl,blæk] (a.) 黑如煤炭的

8 ivory ['aɪvəri] (n.) 象牙

9 petal ['petl] (n.) 花瓣

10 brainless ['breɪnlɪs] (a.) 沒有大腦的
(形容笨的)



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

"Yes, that's his name. I didn't want to tell you."

"But why not?"

"Oh, I can't explain. When I like people, I never tell their names to anyone. I love secrecy. It's the one thing that can make modern life mysterious¹. I suppose you think I'm foolish."

Lord Henry laughed and pulled out his watch. "I must go, Basil," he said. "But before I go, you must answer my question."

"What is that?" asked Basil.

"Why won't you exhibit Dorian Gray's picture? I want the real reason."

¹ mysterious [mɪs'tɪriəs] (a.) 神秘的

² sitter ['sɪtə] (n.) 肖像模特兒



"Every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter². I don't want to exhibit this picture because it shows the secret of my soul."

Lord Henry laughed. "And what is that?" he asked.

"Two months ago, I went to a party at Lady Brandon's. After about ten minutes, while I was talking to overdressed³ ladies and boring academics⁴, I suddenly felt that someone was looking at me. I turned, and I saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I went pale. I felt that there was about to be a terrible crisis⁵ in my life.

³ overdressed [ˈovəˌdrest] (a.) 過度打扮的

⁴ academic [ˌækəˈdemɪk] (n.) 大學教授

⁵ crisis [ˈkraɪsɪs] (n.) 危機



"I was afraid, and I turned to leave the room. I walked quickly to the door. But, I bumped into¹ Lady Brandon, who pulled me back into the party and I found myself face to face with the young man. I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him."

"And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?" asked Lord Henry.

"Oh, something like this. 'Charming² boy—I forget what he does—maybe he doesn't do anything—oh, yes, he plays the piano—or is it the violin, dear Mr Gray?' We both laughed, and we became friends at once."

"Laughter is a good beginning for a friendship, and it's the best ending for one," said Lord Henry.

"Tell me more about Mr Dorian Gray, Basil. How often do you see him?" continued Lord Henry.

"Every day. I need to see him every day."

"But I thought you only cared about your art."

"He is my art to me now," said Basil. "The work I've done, since I met Dorian Gray, is the best work of my life."

"Basil, this is extraordinary³! I must see Dorian Gray."

Basil got up from the chair he was sitting on, and he walked up and down the room. He thought for a while and then he said, "Henry, Dorian Gray gives me inspiration⁴. But you might see nothing in him."

"Then why won't you exhibit his portrait?" asked Lord Henry.

"I don't want to show my soul to the world."



"Poets are not like you. Poets know a broken heart sells many books."

"I hate them for it," cried Basil. "An artist should create beautiful things, but he shouldn't put anything of his own life into them. Nowadays⁵ men use art as a form of autobiography⁶. We have lost the abstract⁷ sense of beauty. That's why the world will never see my portrait of Dorian Gray."

Art

- What do YOU think? Should art be autobiographical or just beautiful?
- Can you think of or find any examples of autobiographical art? Discuss in groups.

"I think you're wrong, Basil," said Lord Henry. Then he added, "My dear fellow, I've just remembered."

"Remembered what, Henry?"

"Where I heard the name, Dorian Gray."

"Where was it?" asked Basil, with a frown⁸.

1 bump into 撞見

2 charming ['tʃɑːmɪŋ] (a.) 有魅力的

3 extraordinary [ɪk'strɔːdnəri] (a.) 非凡的

4 inspiration [ˌɪnspə'reɪʃən] (n.) 靈感

5 nowadays ['naʊədez] (adv.) 時下；當今

6 autobiography [ˌɒtəbaɪ'ɒɡrəfi] (n.) 自傳

7 abstract ['æbstrækt] (a.) 抽象的

8 frown [fraʊn] (n.) 皺眉；蹙額



"Don't look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt, Lady Agatha's house. She told me about a wonderful young man. He's helping her in the East End¹, and his name's Dorian Gray. She said that he was very serious and kind."

"I don't want you to meet him, Henry."

Just then, the butler² came in.

"Mr Dorian Gray is in the hall, Sir," he said.

"You must introduce me now," cried Lord Henry, laughing.

Basil looked at Lord Henry. "Dorian Gray is my dearest friend," he said. "Your aunt was right about him. Don't spoil³ him. Don't try to influence⁴ him. Your influence will be bad."

"Nonsense⁵!" said Lord Henry, smiling. "Show him in," he added to the butler.

Bad influence

- Do you think people or friends can have a good or bad influence on each other? How? Discuss with a partner.

¹ East End 倫敦東區（在當時代是倫敦較貧窮的區域）

² butler ['bʌtlə] (n.) 男管家

³ spoil [spɔɪl] (v.) 帶壞（某人）（三態：spoil; spoiled spoilt; spoiled spoilt）

⁴ influence ['ɪnfluəns] (v.) 影響

⁵ nonsense ['nʌnsens] (int.) 胡說

Chapter 1

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畫室裡瀰漫著一股芬芳的花香，夏日的輕風拂過花園裡的樹木，從敞開的門吹進來。亨利·沃頓勳爵這時正躺在睡椅上。

在房間的中央，有一幅美如潘安的年輕人肖像畫。畫像前，坐著藝術家貝佐·哈霍。

「貝佐，這是你最好的作品了，你一定要把它送去畫廊。」亨利勳爵說道。

「我哪裡都不送。」貝佐回答。

亨利勳爵用詫異的眼神望著他：「哪裡都不送？是怎麼著，老兄？」

「我知道你會笑我，不過這幅畫不能送展，畫裡頭有太多的『我』了。」貝佐回答。

亨利勳爵笑道：「畫裡頭有太多的『你』？畫裡頭的人根本不像你！你的臉



那麼粗獷，頭髮黑得像煤炭，可是畫中的年輕人可是用象牙和玫瑰花瓣做成的，我敢說他不會思考，是個沒大腦的漂亮男孩。你根本不像他啦。」

「你不了解我，亨利。不過當然啦，我的外表是長得不像道林·格雷。」貝佐回答。

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「道林·格雷？這是他的名字？」亨利勳爵問。

「對，是他的名字。我本來不想說的。」

「幹嘛不跟我說？」

「我也說不上來。只要是我喜歡的人，他們的名字我都不會跟人家講的。我喜歡保密，這樣可以給現代生活添些神秘感。我猜你會覺得我很蠢吧。」

亨利勳爵笑了笑，掏出懷錶，說道：「貝佐，我該走啦。不過在我離開之前，你要問答我一個問題。」

「什麼問題？」貝佐問。

「你為什麼不將道林·格雷的畫像送展？跟我說真正的原因吧。」

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「每一幅用感情去畫出來的肖像畫，畫的其實不是模特兒，而是藝術家自己。我不想把這幅畫送展，是因為我不想暴露我心底的祕密。」

亨利勳爵笑著問道：「什麼祕密？」

「兩個月前，我去參加布蘭登夫人的宴會。去了十分鐘左右，正當我和打扮浮華的貴婦以及無趣的教授們談話時，我突然感覺到有人在打量我。我側身望過



去，這是我第一次見到道林·格雷。我們眼神一交會，我便蒼白失色了，我感到我的生命將遭遇一次可怕的危難。

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我感到害怕，轉身想離開房間。我快步走向門口，卻撞見了布蘭登夫人。她把我又拉回宴會上，這時我發現自己眼前所面對的竟然就是那位年輕人。於是我請布蘭登夫人把我介紹給他認識。」

「那麼布蘭登夫人是怎麼形容那位奇妙的年輕人的？」亨利勳爵問。

「哦，她是這樣說的，『漂亮男孩——我不記得他是做什麼的——也可能沒在做什麼——哦，對了，他在彈鋼琴——還是在拉小提琴呢，親愛的格雷先生？』我們不禁都笑了出來，頓時交上了朋友。」

「笑容，是一段友誼的美好開始，也是最好的結束。」亨利勳爵說。

「貝佐，再跟我說說道林·格雷先生的事吧。你們多久見一次面？」亨利勳爵繼續說道。

「每天都見面。我非得每天都見他不可。」

「我還以為你只對自己的藝術有興趣。」

「現在對我來說，他就是我的藝術。我遇到道林·格雷之後所畫的創作，是我這一生最好的作品。」貝佐說。

「貝佐，這可神奇了，我一定要見見道林·格雷這個人。」

貝佐從坐椅上站起來，在房間裡回來踱著步。他思索了半晌後，說道：「亨利，道林·格雷帶給我靈感，但你從他身上可能看不到什麼。」

「那你為什麼就不把他的肖像畫送展？」亨利勳爵問。

「我不想向世人暴露我的內心。」

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「詩人就不會像你這樣，他們知道破碎的心很暢銷。」

「我討厭他們這樣。藝術家是要創作美好的事物，而不是把自己生活中的東西放進去。時下，人們把藝術當成是一種自傳的形式，失去了美的抽象意義。所以說，世人將看不到我畫的道林·格雷肖像。」貝佐叫道。