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The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde THE PREFACE The artist is the creator of beautiful things. To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim. The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things. The highest as the lowest form of criticism is a mo
de of autobiography. Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault. Those who find beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope. They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only beauty. There is no such thing a same moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all. The nineteenth century dislike of romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass. The moral life of man forms
                   subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style. No artist has ethical sympathy in artist has 
part of the
tist is ever
                                  All art is at once surface and symbol. Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril. It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors. Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vit ritics disagree, the artist is in accord with himself. We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making is that one admires it intensely. All art is quite useless. OSCAR WILDE CHAPTER 1 The studio wa
is the type.
                                              h the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn. From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-ba h he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty s
s filled wit
gs on whic
                                                             as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid, jade-face of Tokyo who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence
d painters
                                                                          dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ. In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement and gave rise to so ge conjectures. 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, and closing his eye is 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, the best thing you have ever done," said Lord Henry languidly. "Yo
round the
of a young
many strar
s, placed h
                                                                                                      tainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever I have gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not been able to see the people, which was worse. The Grosvenor is really the only place." "I don't think I shall send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way that used function and the management through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls from opium-tainted cigarette. "Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. As soon as you
u must cer
many pictu
his heavy.
have one,
                                                                                                                                  you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you, for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ing talked about. A portrait like this would
                                                                                                                                        above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion." "I know yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   u will laugh at me," he replied, "but I reall
set you far
                                                                                                                                       ibit it. I have put too much of myself into it." Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed. "Yes, I knew you wo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   uld; but it is quite true, all the same." "To
y can't exh
                                                                                                                                       yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn't know you were so vain; and I really can't see any resemblance between you,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    our rugged strong face and your coal-bl
o much of
ack hair, a
                                                                                                                                       nd this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose-leaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narci
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ssus, and yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     u--well, of course you have an intellect
                                                                                                                                       sion and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           mode of exaggerati
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       on, and destroys the harmony of any
ual expres
                                                                                                                                       oment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the su
ace. The m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ccessful men in any of th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e learned professions. How perfectly
                                                                                                                                       ey are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don't think. A bishop keeps o
hideous th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              n saying at the age of eighty wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         at he was told to say when he was a
                                                                                                                                        teen, and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful. Your mysterious y
boy of eigh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        oung friend, whose name you have n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ever told me, but whose picture real
                                                                                                                                       es me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is some brainless beautiful creature who
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  should be always here in winter when we h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ave no flowers to look at, and alwa
ly fascinat
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            sil: you are not in the least like him." "You don't u
                                                                                                                                       summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don't flatter yourself, Ba
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nderstand me, Harry," answered t
ys here in
                                                                                                                                       Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     y to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am tellin
he artist.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             g you the truth. There is a fatality
                                                                                                                                       hysical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               hrough history the faltering steps of kings. It is better not to b
about all p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               e different from one's fellows. T
                                                                                                                                      d the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit at their ea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at lea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                st spared the knowledge of def
eat. They I
                                                                                                                                       ve as we all should live--undisturbed, indifferent, and without
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  quiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it from alien ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                nds. Your rank and wealth, Ha
                                                                                                                                        ins, such as they are--my art, whatever it may be worth;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            rian Gray's good looks--we shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffe
rry; my bra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      "Oh, Í can't explain. When
                                                                                                                                       e?" asked Lord Henry, walking across the studio to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ds Basil Hallward. "Yes, that is his name. I didn't intend to tell it to you." "But why not?
                                                                                                                                       e immensely, I never tell their names to any on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               It is like surrendering a part of them. I have grown to love secrecy. It seems to be the one thi
like peopl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ng that can make modern li
                                                                                                                                      us or marvellous to us. The commonest t
fe mysterio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ing is delightful if one only hides it. When I leave town now I never tell my people where I am going
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      . If I did, I would lose all m
                                                                                                                                        It is a silly habit, I dare say, but some
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   how it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish abo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ut it?" "Not at all," answer
y pleasure.
ed Lord He
                                                                                                                                       nry, "not at all, my dear Basil. You se
                                                                                                                                                                                                            em to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely nec
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       essary for both
                                                                                                                                       ver know where my wife is, and my w
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ife never knows what I am doing. When we meet--we do meet occasionally, when we dine out together, or go down to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e Duke'
arties. I ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                 the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it--much better, in fact, than I a
s--we tell e
                                                                                                                                       ach other the most absurd stories with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     0
                                                                                                                                                                                                s find me out, she makes no row at all. I sometimes wish she would; but she merely laughs at me.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         I hate th
d over her
                                                                                                                                        dates, and I always do. But when she doe
                                                                                                                                                                                                  sil Hallward, strolling towards the door that led into the garden. "I believ e that you are reall
e way you
                                                                                                                                       d husband, but that you are thoroughly ash
a very goo
                                                                                                                                                                                                  amed of your own virtues. You are an extraordinary fellow. You never say a moral thing,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          you neve
                                                                g thing. Your cyn
                                                                                                                                                                                                  mply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know," cried Lord Henry, la ughing; and the two
r do a wror
                                                                                                                                        icism is simply a pose." "Being natural is si
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                young me
went out in
                                                                                                                                                                                                   mboo seat that stood in the shade of a tall laurel bush. The sunlight slipped over the polish
                                                              to the garden toget
                                                                                                                                       her and ensconced themselves on a long ba
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ed leaves.
                                                                                                                                                                                                    s watch. "I am afraid I must be going, Basil," he murmured, "and b efore I go, I i nsist on you xed on the ground. "You know quite well." "I do not, Harry." "Well , I will tell y ou w
                                                           hite daisies were trem
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              r answering a qu es
e grass, w
n l put to y
                                                         ou some time ago." "Wh
                                                                                                                                       at is that?" said the painter, keeping his eyes fi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         hat it is. I want you to explain to me
                                                         exhibit Dorian Gray's pictu
                                                                                                                                       re. I want the real reason." "I told you the real re
                                                                                                                                                                                                       ason." "No, you did not. You said it was because there was too much of you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          rself in it. Now, that is childish." "Harry," said Ba
you won'
                                                                                                                                       ace, "every portrait that is painted with feeling is
Hallward,∃
                                                         ooking him straight in the f
                                                                                                                                                                                                         a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            of my own soul." Lord Henry laughed. "And w
er; it is rat
                                                        her the painter who, on the
                                                                                                                                       coloured canvas, reveals himself. The reason I w
                                                                                                                                                                                                           I not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret
                                                         asked. "I will tell you," said
                                                                                                                                                                                                          ver his face. "I am all expectation, Basil," continued his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  compan ion, gla
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ncing at him. "Oh, there is really very little to t
s that?" he
                                                                                                                                         Hallward; but an expression of perplexity came o
                                                         ered the painter; "and I am at
                                                                                                                                        raid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you wil
                                                                                                                                                                                                           I hardly believe it." Lord Henry smiled, and leaning
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          a pink-petalled daisy from the grass and ex am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ined i
arry," answ
t. "Í am qui
                                                          te sure I shall understand it
                                                                                                                                       e replied, gazing intently at the little golden, white-f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ing, provided that it is quite incredible." The w
                                                                                                                                                                                                            eathered disk, "and as for believing things, I
                                                                                                                                         the heavy lilac-blooms, with their clustering stars, m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     sshopper began to
                                                                                                       and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ch irrup by the wall, and like a blue thread a lon g t
ook some
                                                           blossoms from the trees,
                                                                                                                                                                                                            oved to and fro in the languid air. A gra
gon-fly floa
                                                                                                                                         wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallw
                                                                                                                                                                                                              ard's heart beating, and wondered
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     s tory is simply this," said the painter after so m
                                                            ted past on its brown gau
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 what was co ming. "The
                                                               hs ago I went to a crus
                                                                                                                                       at Lady Brandon's. You know we poor artists have to s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    t he public that we are not savages. With an e ve
"Two mont
                                                                                                                                                                                                              how ourselves in society fro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         m time to time, just to rem ind
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ning co
                                                               hite tie, as you told m
                                                                                                     e once,
                                                                                                                                         anybody, even a stock-broker, can gain a reputation f
                                                                                                                                                                                                               or being civilized. Well
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     , after I had been in the room ab ou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   t t en minutes, talking to huge overdressed do wa
at and a w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            gers and
                                                            ademicians, I sudd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              and saw Dorian Gray for the first tim
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pa
tedious ac
                                                                                                    enly beca
                                                                                                                                        me conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 half-way round
                                                                                                                                         . I knew that I had come face to face with some one who
ious sensa
                                                         tion of terror
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        sonality was so fascinating that, if I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     llowed it to do so, it would absorb my whol
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          nature, m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ry, how independent I am by nature. I hav
                                                                                     art i
                                                                                                                                         want any external influence in my life. You know yoursel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     always been my own master; had at least al wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ys been s
y whole so
                                                       ul, my very
                                                    Dorian Gray. Th
o, till I met
                                                                                                                                        w how to explain it to you. Something seemed to tell me th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 fe . I had a strange feeling that fate had in stor e f
                                                                                                 ut I don't kno
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             at I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my li
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         or me exq
uİsite joys a
                                                 nd exquisite sorrow
                                                                                                 ew afraid and
                                                                                                                                         turned to quit the room. It was not conscience that made
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       me do so: it was a sort of cowardice. I take no cred
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                it to myself for trying to escape." "Conscienc e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         and cowa
                                                                                                                                         is the trade-name of the firm. That is all." "I don't believe the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   whatever was my motive--and it may have bee
dice are real
                                                y the same things, B
                                                                                                  Conscience
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     at, Harry, and I don't believe you do either. However
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        n pride, fo
                                                                                                                                        door. There, of course, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. 'Yo
r I used to be v
                                               ery proud--I certainly s
                                                                                       trug
                                                                                                     gled to the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      u are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   she screamed out. You know her curiously sh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        rill voice?
                                                                                                                                        d Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long nervous finger
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           "I could not get rid of her. She brought me up t
                                              eacock in everything but
                                                                                                     tv." said Lor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 royalties, and people with stars and garters, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       nd elderly
"Yes; she is a p
                                                                                                                                        s her dearest friend. I had only met her once before, but she to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ok it into her head to lionize me. I believe some
adies with gigan
                                             tic tiaras and parrot noses.
                                                                                                    spoke of me a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 cture of mine had made a great success at t he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        time, at le a
st had been chattere
                                           d about in the penny newspape
                                                                                       rs, wh
                                                                                                                                        nth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself fa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ce to face with the young man whose personal
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                y had so strangely stirred me. We were quit e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      close, alm os
                                                                                                                                        troduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless, after all. It w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          as simply inevitable. We would have spoken t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            o each other without any introduction. I am su re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      of that. D ori
t touching. Our eyes met
                                           again. It was reckless of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to in
an told me so afterwards. H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             his companion. "I know she goes in for givi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ng a rapid precis of all her guests. I remember h
                                         e, too, felt that we were destined to know each other." "And ho
                                                                                                                                        w did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?" asked
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     er bringing m
                                        aced old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, a
                                                                                                                                        nd hissing into my ear, in a tragic whisper which must have been
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            perfectly audible to everybody in the room,
e up to a truculent and red-f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               he most astounding details. I simply fled. I I ik
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e to find o ut
                                       Brandon treats her guests exactly as an auctioneer treats his g
                                                                                                                                        oods. She either explains them entirely away, or tells one everythi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          kn ow." "Poor Lady Brandon! You are hard on he
people for myself. But Lady
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ng about them except what one wants to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   r, Harry!" said
Hallward listlessly. "My deár 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, somethin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          g I ike, 'Charming boy--poor dear mother and I a
parable. Quite forget what he does--afraid he--doesn't do anything--oh, yes, plays the piano--o
                                                                                                                                         r is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?' Neither of us could help laughing, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          te r is not at all a bad beginning for a friendsh ip
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               nd we became friends at once."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   , and it is f ar th
e 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--"o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                r what enmity is, for that matter. You I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ik e every one; that is to say, you are indiffere nt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  to every o ne.
"How horribly unjust of you!" cried Lord Henry, tilting his hat back and looking up at the littl
                                                                                                                                         e clouds that, like ravelled skeins of glossy white silk, were drifting a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         s ummer sky. "Yes; horribly unjust of you. I ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ke a great differ
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 cross the hollowed turquoise of the
                                                                                                                                         ir good characters, and my enemies for their good intellects. A man c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ic e of his enemies. I have not got one who is a
ence betw een people. I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 annot be too careful in the cho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 fool. They are al
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       m ust be merely an acquaintance." "My dear o Id
I men of so
               me intellectual power, and consequently they all appreciate me. Is that very
                                                                                                                                         vain of me? I think it is rather vain." "I should think it was, Harry. But a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ccording to your category
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 Basil, you are m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    er won't die, and my
                          han an acquaintance." "And much less than a friend. A sort of brot
                                                                                                                                         her, I suppose?" "Oh, brothers! I don't care for brothers. My elder broth
uch more t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ge r brothers seem never to do anything else.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Harry!" exclaimed
                                                                                                                                         Ip detesting my relations. I suppose it comes from the fact that none of u he upper orders. The masses feel that drunkenness, stupidity, and immor
                             rowning. "My dear fellow, I am not quite serious. But I can't he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         having the same faults as ourselves. I quite s
Hallward, 1
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     s can stand oth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                er peopl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ympathize with the
                                 English demo cracy against what they call the vices of t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          d be their ow
rage of the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ality shoul
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        special property, and that if any one of us ma
                                                                                                                                         hwark got into the divorce court, their indignation was quite magnif
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     d yet I don't sup
If, he is po
                                   aching on
                                                     their preserves. When poor Sout
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    po se that ten per cent of the proletariat live c or
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             rectly." "I don't agre
                                                                                                                                         t is more, Harry, I feel sure you don't either." Lord Henry stro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             a tasselled ebony c
e with a sin
                                                    ord that you have said, and, wha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 inted brown beard a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        tapped the toe of his patent-leather boot with
                                                     English you are Basil! That is th
                                                                                                                                         e second time you have made that observation. If one puts forward an id
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        always a rash thing to do--he never dreams o
ane. "How
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ea to a true Englishman
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             f considering whethe
                                                                                                                                          he considers of any importance is whether one believes it oneself. Now,
r the idea i
                                                     s right or wrong. The only thing
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          the value of an idea has
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   n othing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            the man who expres
                                                    ed, the probabilities are that the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  be coloured by either his wants, his desires, or
ses it. Inde
                                                                                                                                          nore insincere the man is, the more purel y intellectual will the idea be, as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            in that case it will not
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            his prejudices. Howe
                                                    propose to discuss politics, soc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 rs ons with no principles better than anything e
ver, I don't
                                                                                                                                          ology, or metaphysics with you. I like
                                                                                                                                                                                                             persons better than p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             rinciples, and I like pe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Ise in the world. Tell m
                                                                                                                                         you see him?" "Every day. I couldn't be h
                                                   ut Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               if I didn't see him e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ve ry day. He is absolutely necessary to me."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ow extraordinary! I tho
e more abo
                                                                                                                                         ur art." "He is all my art to me now," said the painter gra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    , Harry, that there are only two eras of any
                                                 ould never care for anything but yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        mportance in the world
ught you w
                                                                                                                                         edium for art, and the second is the appea rance of a new personality
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 in vention of oil-painting was to the Venetian s,
s history. 1
                                                 he first is the appearance of a new m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         the face of Antinous wa
                                                                                                                                         Gray will some day be to me. It is not mere ly that I paint from him, draw from him
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Of course, I have done all that. But he is m uc
s to late Gr
                                                 eek sculpture, and the face of Dorian
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                . sketch from him
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        h more to me than a m
odel or a s
                                                                                                                                         ed with what I have done of him, or that hi s beauty is such that art cannot expres
                                                itter. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  s it. There is no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ing that art cannot express, and I know that t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       he work I h ave done, si
                                               orian Gray, is good work, is the best wor
                                                                                                                                         k of my life. But in some curious way--I wo nder will you understand me?--his perso
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ge sted to me an entirely new manner in art, a n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       entirely new mode of st
nce I met D
                                                                                                                                         . I can now recreate life in a way that was hidden from me before. 'A dream of form
                                              ings differently, I think of them differently
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    in days of th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ou ght'--who is it who says that? I forget; but it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       is what Do ri an Gray ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nc e--ah! I wonder can you realize all that that m
s been to m
                                             e. The merely visible presence of this lad--f
                                                                                                                                         or he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty--his merely v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     isible prese
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      eans? Unc on sciously he
                                            r me the lines of a fresh school, a school tha
                                                                                                                                         t is to have in it all the passion of the rom antic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 The harmony of soul and body--how muc ht
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     hat is! We in o ur madnes
                                                                                                                                        at is vulgar, an ideality that is void. Harry! if you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me things I have ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           me mber that landscape of mine, for which Ag ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    w offered me su ch a huge
                                           arated the two, and have invented a realism th
s have sep
                                           hich I would not part with? It is one of the best
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      y sat be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              de me. Some subtle influence passed from h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    im to me, and fo r the first
price but w
                                                                                                                                         always looked for and always missed." "B asil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   and down the gar den. After
                                           fe I saw in the plain woodland the wonder I had
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              allward got up from the seat and walked up
                                                                                                                                         me simply a motive in art. You might see n othing in him. I see everything in him. He is ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   him is there. He i s a sugge
                                         he came back. "Harry," he said, "Dorian Gray is to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e present in my work than when no image of
some time
                                       have said, of a new manner. I find him in the curves o
                                                                                                                                         f certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all." "Then why
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         n't you exhibit his portrait?" asked Lord Hen ry
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    "Because, withou t intendin
stion, as I
                                      put into it some expression of all this curious artistic id
                                                                                                                                         olatry, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Il never know anything about it. But the wor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Id might guess it, and I will no
                                    oul to their shallow prying eyes. My heart shall never be or publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many e
                                                                                                                                         put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry-too much of ditions." "I hate them for it," cried Hallwar d. "An artist should create beautiful things, but s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  are. They know how useful p
t bare my s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        m yself!" "Poets are not so scrupulous as y ou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               . We live in an age wh en men it of Dorian Gray." "It hink yo
                                                                                                                                        ditions." "I hate them for it," cried Hallwar u. All alust should cross the abstract sense of beauty. Some day I will show the world what i t is; and for that rea so crian Grav very fond of you?" The painter cons id ered
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  uld put nothing of his own life into th em
assion is f
                                     if it were meant to be a form of autobiography.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          world shall never see my port ra
treat art as
                                  g, Basil, but I won't argue with you. It is only the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                a few moments. "He like s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               me," he answered after a paus
u are wron
                                   ne likes me. Of course I flatter him dreadfully. I f
                                                                                                                                          strange pleasure in saying things to him that I know I shall be so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  rry for having said. A sar ul
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       is charming to m e,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              and we sit in the studio and tal
e; "I know
                                                                                                   ind a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e, he
                                   sand things. Now and then, however, he is hor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              n. Then I feel, Harry, t hat
k of a thou
                                                                                                 ribly
                                                                                                                                          thoughtless, and seems to take a real del ight in giving me pai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                have
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               given awa y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             my whole soul to some o ne who
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             r," murmured Lord Henr y. "Per
                                                     a flower to put in his coat, a bit
                                                                                                                                          decoration to charm his vanity, an ornam ent for a summer's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             day." Days in summer, Basil, are
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        apt
treats it as
                                                      sooner than he will. It is a sad
                                                                                                                                          thing to think of, but there is no doubt that genius lasts lo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         nger than beauty. That accounts for the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               fact
haps you w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            hat we all take such pain s to ov
                                                     urselves. In the wild struggle fo
                                                                                                                                         r existence, we want to have something that endures, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            n the silly hope of keepin gour p
er-educate
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                nds with rubbish and fa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    cts,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            a bric-a-brac shop, all m onsters
                                                      horoughly well-informed man--
                                                                                                                                         that is the modern ideal. And the mind of the thoroughl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             man is a dreadful thing. It is like
lace. The t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     v well-informed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         u to be a little out of draw ing, or y
and dust,
                                                     with everything priced above it
                                                                                                                                         s proper value. I think you will tire first, all the same. S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ome day you wi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Il look at your friend, and he will seem
                                                     ke his tone of colour, or somet
                                                                                                                                         hing. You will bitterly reproach him in you rown heart,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         think that he has behaved very badly to you.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e next time he calls, you will be pe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   and seriously
ou won't l
                                                     and indifferent. It will be a gre
o unromantic." "Harry, don't t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        f having
e n." "Ah,
                                                                                                                                         at pity, for it will alter you. What you have told me is
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ce, a romance of art one might call it, and the worst o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          a romance of any kind i s that it le
rfectly cold
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ite a roman
                                                                                                                                         alk like that. As long as I live, the persona lity of Dor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    dominate me. You can't feel what I feel. You change too oft
aves one s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 an Gray will
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         my dear Basil, that is exactly why
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       n to smoke a cigarette with a self-con
I can feel it
                                                      . Those who are faithful know
                                                                                                                                          only the trivial side of love: it is the faithl ess who
                                                                                                                                                                                                                now love's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  tragedies." And Lord Henry struck a light on a dainty silver case a nd be ga
                                                      satisfied air, as if he had su
scious and
                                                                                                                                         mmed up the world in a phrase. There wa sarustle
                                                                                                                                                                                                               of chirrupi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ng sparrows in the green lacquer leaves of the ivy, and the blue cloud-sh adows
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       chased themselves across the grass I
                                                                                                                                         he garden! And how delightful other peop le's emo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       One's own soul, and the passions of o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               !--much more delightful than their ideas, it seemed to
ike swallo
                                                      ws. How pleasant it was in t
                                                                                                                                                                                                              tions were
                                                      s--those were the fascinatin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             t the tedious luncheon that he had missed by sta ying so I
                                                                                                                                         g things in life. He pictured to himself with silent a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ong with Basil Hallward. Had he gone to his
ne's friend
                                                                                                                                         e met Lord Goodbody there, and the whol e conve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           would have been about the feeding of the poor and the necessity for model lodging-houses. Each class would have preached
aunt's, he
                                                     would have been sure to hav
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        he rich would have spoken on the value of thrift, and the idle grown eloquent over the dignity of labour. It was charming to h lward a nd s aid, "My dear fellow, I have just remembered." "Remembered what, Harry?" "Where I heard the name of Dorian Gra
                                                                                                                                         ose exercise there was no necessity in the eir own
the import
                                                     ance of those virtues, for wh
                                                                                                                                         is aunt, an idea seemed to strike him. He turned th a slight frown. "Don't look so angry, Ba sil. It w
                                                    d all that! As he thought of h
ave escape
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      my aunt, La dy Agatha's. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man who was going to help her in the East End, an
                                                    was it?" asked Ha Ilward, wi
d that his n
                                                   ame was Dorian Gray. I am b
                                                                                                                                         ound to state that she never told me he w as goo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      king. Wo me n have no appreciation of good looks; at least, good women have not. She said that he was very earnest and had a b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    bly freckled, and tramping about on huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend." "I am very glad an Gray is in the studio, sir," said the butler, coming into the garden. "You must intro duce me Gray to wait, Parker: I shall be in in a few moments." The man bowed and wen t up the
                                                   ture. I at once pictu red to my
                                                                                                                                         self a creature with spectacles and lank h air, h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         you didn't, Harry." "W
eautiful na
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         duce me now," cried Lord Henry, t up the walk. Then he looked at L
                                                                                                                                         ou don't want me to meet him?" "No." "Mr . Dori
hy?" "I don
                                                   't want you to mee t him." "Y
laughing. T
                                                  he painter turned t o his serv
                                                                                                                                         ant, who stood blinking in the sunlight. "A sk M
                                                  "Dorian Gray is my dearest uld be bad. The w orld is wi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Don't try to influence him. Your inf
                                                                                                                                         friend," he said. "He has a simple and a b eauti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Your aunt was quite right in what she said of him. Don't spoil
ord Henry.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 y from me the one person who gives to my art whatever charm m almost against his will. "What nonsense you talk!" said Lord
                                                                                                                                         de, and has many marvellous people in it. Don
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           esses: my life as an artist depends
luence wo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         it poss
                                                  nd, Harry, I trust you." He st led him into the house.
                                                                                                                                         spoke very slowly, and the words seemed wru
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        miling, and taking Hallward by the ar
on him. Mi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Henry, s
                                                                                                                                          CHAPTER 2 As they entered they saw Do rian
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                as seated at the piano, with his back to them, turning over the p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         volume of Schumann's "Forest Scen
m, he almo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ages of a
                                                  must lend me the se, Basil ortrait of myself, "answer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      I am tired of sitting, and I don't want a lush coloured his cheeks for a moment
eś." "You
                                                                                                                                           ' he cried. "I want to learn them. They are per
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ming." "That entirely depends on how you sit to-day, Doria
                                                                                                                                         ed the lad, swinging round on the music- stoo
on, Basil, but I didn't know you had any o ne w
poiled everything." "You have not spoiled my
of her favourites, and, I am afraid, one of her v
life-sized p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 petulant manner. When he caught sight of Lord Henry, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ave just been telling him what a capital xtending his hand. "My aunt has often s
                                                  arted up. "I beg your pard
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               his is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old Oxford friend of m ine. I h
, and he st
                                                                                                                                                                                                                th you." "T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             meeting you, Mr. Gray," said Lord Henry, stepping forward and e ." "I am in Lady Agatha's black books at present," answered
sitter you
                                                  were, and now y ou have s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 easure in
                                                  e about you. Yo u are one
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Dorian with a funny look of penitence. "I
poken to m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                tims also
promised t
                                                   o go to a club in Whitech
                                                                                                                                      apel with her last Tuesday, and I really forgot all a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             were to have played a duet together--three duets, I beli eve. I d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   on't know what she will say to me. I am fa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ce probably thought it was a duet. When Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly
                                                   ened to call." " Oh, I will m
                                                                                                                           ake your peace with my aunt. She is quite devoted to you.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            think it really matters about your not being there. The audien
r too fright
                                                                                                                                              ough noise for two people." "That is very
                                                                                                                                                                                                              horrid to her, and not very nice to me," answered Dorian, laughing. Lor d
Aunt Agath
                                                   a sits down to the pian o,
                                                                                                                she makes quite en
                                                                                                                                                   h his finely curved scarlet lips, his fran
                                                                                                                                                                                                             k blue eye s, his crisp gold hair. There was something in his face tha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  t made one trust him at once. All the cand
wonderful
                                                    ly handsome,
                                                                                                                                                       s all youth's passionate purity. One
                                                                                                                                                                                                              felt that he had kept himself unspotted from the world. No wonder Ba
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  sil Hallward worshipped him. "You are too
our of yout
                                                    h was there, as
charming t
                                                                               philanthropy, Mr. G
                                                                                                                                                           ray--far too charming." And Lor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        flung himself down on the divan and opened his cigare tte-cas
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  e. The painter had been busy mixing his c
                                                        o go in for
                                                              tting his b rushes ready. He was re to-day. Would you think it awfull
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 oment, and then said, "Harry, I want to fini
, Mr. Gray?" he asked. "Oh, please don't, L
uld not go in for philanthropy." "I don't kno
                                                                                                                                                                looking worried, and when
                                                                                                                                                                                                             he heard Lord Henry's last remark, he glanced at him, hesitated for a m
olours and
                                                            etting his b
                                                                                                                                                                                                            o go away?" Lord Henry smiled and looked at Dorian Gray. "Am I to go
sh this pic
                                                                                                                                                                  y rude of me if I asked you t
                                                                                                                                                                      e of his sulky moods, and I ca n't bear him when he sulks. Besides, I want you to tell me why I sh
                                                                  see
                                                                          th at Basil is in on
                                                                                                                                                                         y. It is so tedious a subject that one would have to talk seriously about it. But I certainly shall no at you liked your sitters to have some one to chat to." Hallward bit his lip. "If Dorian wis hes it,
                                                                           that, M
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  t run away, now that you have asked me to
w that I sh
                                                                  ou
                                              d, Basil, do y ou ? Y ou have often told me th except himself . "Lo rd Henry took up h
stop. You
                  don't really min
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  of course you must stay. Dorian's whims
                                                                                                                                                                                  at and gloves. "You are very pressing, Basil, but I am afraid I must go. I have promised to marly always at home at five o'clock. Write to me when you are coming. I should be sorry
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 eet a man at the Orleans. Good-bye, Mr. Gr
to miss you." "Basil," cried Dorian Gray, "
ying to look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I ins
are laws to everybody,
                                                                                   rd Henry took up his h
ay. Come and se
                                             e me some after noon in C
                                                                                     urzon Street. I am ne
if Lord Henry
ist upon it." "St
                                                                                                                                                                                     ur lips while you are painting, and it is horribly dull standing on a platform and e," sai d Hallward, gazing intently at his picture. "It is quite true, I never talk when eg you to s tay." "But what about my man at the Orleans?" The painter laughed. "I
                                                Wotton goes, I shall go, t
                                                                                         oo. You never open y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    am working, and never listen either, and
                                                        ay, Harry, to oblige
                                                                                              Dorian, and to obli
                                                            ully tedious for
it must be dreadf
                                                                                                  my unfortunate sitte
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  don't think there will be any difficulty abou
t that. Sit down ag
                                                                                                                                                                                          atform, and don't move about too much, or pay any atten tion to what Lord Henry
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  says. He has a very bad influence over all
                                                              ain, Harry. And no
                                                                                                w, Dorian, get up on t
                                                                                                                                                                          n Gray st
his friends, with the
                                                                                                    of myself." Doria
                                                                                                                                                                                           epped u p on the dais with the air of a young Greek ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  oue of discontent to Lord Henry, to whom
                                                                single exception
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  to him, "Have you really a very bad influe tific point of view." "Why?" "Because to in
he had rather taken a
                                                                                                     o unlike Basil. They
                                                                                                                                                                                        htful contrast. And he had such a beautiful voice. After
                                                                     fancy. He was s
                                                                                                                                                                ma
nce, Lord Henry? As ba
                                                                                                                                                                                  as a g ood influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral--im
                                                                     d as Basil says?
                                                                                                        "There is no such
fluence a person is to giv
                                                                      e him one's own so
                                                                                                            ul. He does no
                                                                                                                                                                                  his natural thoughts, or burn with his natural passions. Hi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  o him. His sins, if there are such things as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  one's nature perfectly--that is what each y are charitable. They feed the hungry an
sins, are borrowed. He bec
                                                                                                                                                                an actor of a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life is se
                                                                        omes an echo of s
                                                                                                            ome one else's music,
of us is here for. People are
                                                                                                                                                                  ve forgotten the highest of all duties, the du
                                                                         afraid of themselv
                                                                                                            es, nowadays. They ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ty that one owe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s to one's self. Of course, the
d clothe the beggar. But their
                                                                                                             , and are naked. Courag
                                                                                                                                                                               e has gone out of our race. Perhaps w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e never really had it. The terror of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    society, which is the basis of morals, t
                                                                            own souls starve
                                                                                                                                                                   govern us. And yet--" "Just turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian, like a good een there before. "And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low, musical voice, and with that g rac eful wa an were to live out his life fully and completely, were to give form to every feeling, expression to every
he terror of God, which is the s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    boy," said the painter, deep in his wor
                                                                            ecret of religion--th
                                                                                                                ese are the two things that
                                                                            had come into the I
k and conscious only that a look
                                                                                                                ad's face that he had never s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ve of the hand that was always so cha
acteristic of him, and that he had e
                                                                                                                  ys, "I believe that if one m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     thought, reality to every dream--I be lie
                                                                               ven in his Eton da
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    llenic ideal, it may be. But the bravest trive to strangle broods in the
ve that the world would gain such a
                                                                                                                                                                                            dies of mediaevalism, and return to the Hellenic ideal-to something finer, richer than the He
                                                                                  fresh impulse of joy
                                                                                                                         that we would forget
man amongst us is afraid of himself. T
                                                                                  he mutilation of the s
                                                                                                                      avage has its tragic surviv
                                                                                                                                                                                             n the self-denial that many our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 oods in th e mi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   way to g et rid of a temp tatio
t the great events of the world
hav e had passions that have made
nd and poisons us. The body sins once
                                                                                                                                                                                          urification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasur e, or the luxury of a regret. The only
                                                                                      , and has done with
                                                                                                                      its sin, for action is a mode of
n is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul
                                                                                      grows sick with longin
                                                                                                                      g for the things it has forbidde
                                                                                                                                                                               n to itself, with d
                                                                                                                                                                                                          esire for what its monstrous laws have made monst rous and unlawful. It has been said tha
                                                                                                                                                                                                          o. You, Mr. Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red yout hand your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made ory mi ght st ain yo ur che ek with shame--" "Stop!" faltered Dorian Gray, "stop! you bewilder me. I don't know what to nk." F or nea rly te n minu tes he stood there, motionless, with parted lips and eyes strangely bright. He was d imly con elf. The few words to hat Bas it's friend had said to him--words spoken by chance, no doubt, and with wilful paradox in the
take place in the brain. It is in the brain, an
                                                                                           d the brain only, that
                                                                                                                             the great sins of the world tak
                                                                                                                                                                                    e place als
you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with
                                                                                                                                                                                  mere mem
                                                                                             terror, day-dreams
                                                                                                                              and sleeping dreams whose
                                                                                                                                                                                                          ory mi
say. There is some answer to you, but I canno
                                                                                                                                  me think. Or, rather, let me t
                                                                                                                                                                                                  t to think." F
                                                                                             t find it. Don't speak. Let
                                                                                                                                                                                       ry no
                                                                                              rk within him. Yet they see med to him to have come reall
scious that entirely fresh influences were at wo
                                                                                                                                                                             v fro
                                                                                                                                                                                                   him self. Th
em--had touched some secret chord that had nev
                                                                                                                                but that he felt was now vibrat
                                                                                                                                                                            ing and throb
                                                                                                                                                                                                      bing to c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       urious p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ulses.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ad stirred him like that. Music had troubled him many times. But music was no t
articulate. It was not a new world, but rather anoth
                                                                                                  er chaos, that it created i n us. Words! Mere words! How
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      cruel! One could not escape from them. And yet what a subtle magic there was
                                                                                                                                                                                 terrible the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e! How cle
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ar, and v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ivid, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                           wer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         lute. Mere words! Was there anything so real as words? Yes; there had bee ed to him that he had been walking in fire. Why had he not known it? Wit
in them! They seemed to be able to give a plastic fo
                                                                                                     rm to formless things, and to have a music of their own as
                                                                                                                                                                                     sweet as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           tha t o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         viol or
n things in his boyhood that he had not understood. H
                                                                                                       e understood them now. Life suddenly became fiery-coloured to him. It see
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           m
                                                                                                         e precise psychological moment when to say nothing. He felt intensely inte
h his subtle smile, Lord Henry watched him. He knew th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 rested. He was amazed at the sudden impression that his words had p
                                                                                                          n he was sixteen, a book which had revealed to him much that he had not k
roduced, and, remembering a book that he had read whe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    nown before, he wondered whether Dorian Gray was passing throu
                                                                                                           he air. Had it hit the mark? How fascinating the lad was! Hallward painted a ly from strength. He was unconscious of the silence. "Basil, I am tired of s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        way with that marvellous bold touch of his, that had the true refi
tanding," cried Dorian Gray suddenly. "I must go out and sit
sat better. You were perfectly still. And I have caught the
gh a similar experience. He had merely shot an arrow into t
nement and perfect delicacy that in art, at any rate comes on in the garden. The air is stifling here." "My dear fellow, I am s
                                                                                                                 o sorry. When I am painting, I can't think of anything else. But you never es. I don't know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has certainly word that he says." "He has certainly not been paying me compliments.

y, looking at him with his dreamy languorous eyes. "I will go out to the rries in it." "Certainly, Harry. Just touch the bell, and when Parker com long. I have never been in better form for painting than I am to-day. This
effect I wanted--the half-parted lips and the bright look in the ey
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      nade you have the most wonderful expression. I sup
pose he has been paying you compliments. You mustn't believe a
hing he has told me." "You know you believe it all," said Lord Henr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Perhaps that is the reason that I don't believe anything
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e garden with you. It is horribly hot in the studi
o. Basil, let us have something iced to drink, something with strawbe work up this background, so I will join you later on. Don't keep Dorian
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                es I will tell him what you want. I have got to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    s is going to be my masterpiece. It is my
masterpiece as it stands." Lord Henry went out to the garden and found ne. He came close to him and put his hand upon his shoulder. "You are q
                                                                                                               Dor ian Gray burying his face in the great cool lilac-blossoms, feverishly drinkin uite ri ght to do that," he murmured. "Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       g in their perfume as if it had been wi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nothing can cure the senses but t
he soul." The lad started and drew back. He was bareheaded, and the leave
                                                                                                              s had tossed his rebellious curls and tangled all their gilded threads. There was a look of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 fear in his eyes, such as peopl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ntinued Lord Henry, "that is
e have when they are suddenly awakened. His finely chiselled nostrils quiver
                                                                                                             ed, and some hidden nerve shook the scarlet of his lips and left them trembling. "Yes," co
one of the great secrets of life--to cure the soul by means of the senses, and th
u know less than you want to know." Dorian Gray frowned and turned his head a
                                                                                                             e senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful creation. You know more than you th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ink you know, just as yo
                                                                                                             way. He could not help liking the tall, graceful young man who was standing by him. His ro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           mantic, olive-coloured
                                                                                                               d voice that was absolutely fascinating. His cool, white, flowerlike hands, even, had a curious afraid of him, and ashamed of being afraid. Why had it been left for a stranger to reveal him
face and worn expression interested him. There was something in his low langui
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               charm. They move
d, as he spoke, like music, and seemed to have a language of their own. But he felt
                                                                                                                      tered him. Suddenly there had come some one across his life who seemed to have disclos
had known Basil Hallward for months, but the friendship between them had never al
e's mystery. And, yet, what was there to be afraid of? He was not a schoolboy or a girl.
                                                                                                                        It was absurd to be frightened. "Let us go and sit in the shade," said Lord Henry. "Parke
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            brought
out the drinks, and if you stay any longer in this glare, you will be quite spoiled, and Ba
What can it matter?" cried Dorian Gray, laughing, as he sat down on the seat at the end of
and youth is the one thing worth having." "I don't feel that, Lord Henry." "No, you don't feel
                                                                                                                          sil will never paint you again. You really must not allow yourself to become sunburnt.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 It would be unbec omin
                                                                                                                                   the garden. "It should matter everything to you, Mr. Gray." "Why?" "Because you it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought has seared
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              have the most marvellous yout
ssion branded your lips with its hideous fires, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. Now, wh
                                                                                                                                        erever you go, you charm the world. Will it always be so? ... You have a wonderfully
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             beautiful face, Mr. Gray. Don't frown. You
have. And beauty is a form of genius--is higher, indeed, than genius, as it needs no explanatio
                                                                                                                                             n. It is of the great facts of the world, like sunlight, or spring-time, or the reflect
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ion in dark waters of that silver shell we call th
e moon. It cannot be questioned. It has its divine right of sovereignty. It makes princes of those
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           metimes that beauty is only superficial. That may be
                                                                                                                                               who have it. You smile? Ah! when you have lost it you won't smile.... People say so
so, but at least it is not so superficial as thought is. To me, beauty is the wonder of wonders. It is
                                                                                                                                                   only shallow people who do not judge by appearances. The true mystery of the worl d is the visible, not the invisible.... Yes, Mr. Gray, the gods
have been good to you. But what the gods give they quickly take away. You have only a few years
                                                                                                                                                          in which to live really, perfectly, and fully. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it, and then you will suddenly discover that there a
o triumphs left for you, or have to content yourself with those mean triumphs that the memory of you
                                                                                                                                                          r past will make more bitter than defeats. Every month as it wanes brings you nearer to something dreadful. Time is jealous of you, and wars a
your lilies and your roses. You will becomé sallow, and hollow-cheeked, and dull-eyed. You will suffer
                                                                                                                                                           horribly.... Ah! realize your youth while you have it. Don't squander the gold of your days, listening to the tedious, trying to improve the hopeless failure, o
r giving away your life to the ignorant, the common, and the vulgar. These are the sickly aims, the false
                                                                                                                                                            deals, of our age. Live! Live the wonderful life that is in you! Let nothing be lost upon you. Be always searching for new sensations. Be afraid of nothing.
... A new Hedonism--that is what our century wants. You might be its visible symbol. With your personalit
hat you really are, of what you really might be. There was so much in you that charmed me that I felt I must
                                                                                                                                                                       y there is nothing you could not do. The world belongs to you for a season.... The moment I met you I saw that you were quite unconscious of w
                                                                                                                                                                        tell you something about yourself. I thought how tragic it would be if you were wasted. For there is such a little time that your youth will last--su
                                                                                                                                                                        June as it is now. In a month there will be purple stars on the clematis, and year after year the green night of its leaves will hold its purple stars.
ch a little time. The common hill-flowers wither, but they blossom again. The laburnum will be as yellow next
But we never get back our youth. The pulse of joy that beats in us at twenty becomes sluggish. 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 exq
uisite temptations that we had not the courage to yield to. Youth! Youth! There is absolutely nothing in the world
                                                                                                                                                                              but youth!" Dorian Gray listened, open-eyed and wondering. The spray of lilac fell from his hand upon the gravel. A furry bee came and buzz
                                                                                                                                                                              hed it with that strange interest in trivial things that we try to develop when things of high import make us afraid, or when we are stirred by s
ed round it for a moment. Then it began to scramble all over the oval stellated globe of the tiny blossoms. He watc
ome new emotion for which we cannot find expression, or when some thought that terrifies us lays sudden siege to
                                                                                                                                                                                the brain and calls on us to yield. After a time the bee flew away. He saw it creeping into the staine d trumpet of a Tyrian convolvulus. T he
flower seemed to quiver, and then swayed gently to and fro. Suddenly the painter appeared at the door of the studio e perfect, and you can bring your drinks." They rose up and sauntered down the walk together. Two green-and-white b
                                                                                                                                                                          and made staccato signs for them to come in. They turned to each other and smiled. "I am waiting
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ," he cried. "Do come in. The light is quit
                                                                                                                                                                   utterflies fluttered past them, and in the pear-tree at the corner of the garden a thrush began to sing. "You
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      are glad you have met me, Mr. Gray,
said Lord Henry, looking at him. "Yes, I am glad now. I wonder shall I always be glad?" "Always! That is a dreadful word
                                                                                                                                                               It makes me shudder when I hear it. Women are so fond of using it. They spoil every romance by trying to m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ake it last for ever. It is a meaningless wor
d, too. The only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer." As they entere s, then stepped up on the platform and resumed his pose. Lord Henry flung himself into a large wicker arm-chair and watch
                                                                                                                                                            d the studio, Dorian Gray put his hand upon Lord Henry's arm. "In that case, let our friendship be a caprice," he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     murmured, flushing at his own boldnes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             n, now and then, Hallward steppe
                                                                                                                                                            ed him. The sweep and dash of the brush on the canvas made the only sound that broke the stillness, except whe
d back to look at his work from a distance. In the slanting beams that streamed through the open doorway the dust danced a
                                                                                                                                                             nd was golden. The heavy scent of the roses seemed to brood over everything. After about a quarter of an hour H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 allward stopped painting, looke
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