

【 中文导读英文版 】



The Picture of Dorian Gray
道连·格雷的画像

[英] 王尔德 著
赵旭婷 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

《道连·格雷的画像》是英国著名作家、诗人、戏剧家王尔德的代表作之一，是世界文学史上的经典之作。英俊少年格雷面对好友霍尔华德为他画好的肖像，说：“如果我能够永葆青春，而这画像去变老，我愿拿我的灵魂换青春！”在亨利勋爵的诱导下，格雷的愿望实现了，但他的个性也由单纯变为世故，灵魂由纯洁变得污秽。追求享乐的结果，导致格雷在自我放纵的泥淖中越陷越深，最后走向毁灭。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，该作品对当代中国的青少年学生都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每篇英文传说故事的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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前言

奥斯卡·王尔德（Oscar Wilde，1854—1900），英国著名作家、诗人和戏剧家，被誉为“才子和戏剧家”。

1854年10月16日，王尔德出生在爱尔兰都柏林的一个贵族之家。他的父亲是一名外科医生，母亲是一位诗人和作家。王尔德自幼便显示很高的语言和文学天赋，他精通法语、德语和古典文学；他从小就受到浓郁的文学熏陶，对写作怀有浓厚的兴趣。都柏林圣三一学院毕业后，王尔德于1874年进入牛津大学学习。在牛津大学，王尔德受到了沃尔特·佩特及约翰·拉斯金的审美观念影响，并广泛地阅读了新黑格尔派哲学、达尔文进化论和拉斐尔的作品，这为他之后成为唯美主义先锋作家奠定了基础。从牛津大学毕业后，王尔德开始从事文学创作。1881年6月，王尔德出版了首本诗集，并开始文坛上崭露头角。

1887年，王尔德成为一家妇女杂志的执行总编辑，在杂志上发表了 he 的一些小说、评论和诗。1888年，他出版了童话故事集《快乐王子及其他故事》，该书一经出版便成为当时最受欢迎的童话故事书，不但受到广大青少年读者的欢迎，成人读者也对该书偏爱有加。王尔德的作品以词句华美、立意新颖和观点鲜明闻名，他唯一的长篇小说《道连·格雷的画像》发表于1891年，之后他又发表了散文《社会主义下人的灵魂》，这两部作品都十分成功。除此之外，还相继出版了童话故事《石榴屋》，诗集《斯芬克斯》，剧本《温德摩尔夫人的扇子》、《帕都瓦公爵夫人》、《莎乐美》、《无足轻重的女人》、《真诚最要紧》、《理想的丈夫》等。1895年4月，王尔德因“有伤风化”罪入狱，被判服苦役两年。这两年，王尔德停止了戏剧创作，在狱中写下了诗作《瑞丁监狱之歌》和书



信集《深渊书简》。在这两部作品中，他的写作风格发生了转变，已很难寻见唯美主义的踪迹。1897年，获释后的王尔德定居法国巴黎。1900年11月30日，王尔德病逝于巴黎。他在巴黎的墓地，按照他在诗集《斯芬克斯》中的意象，雕刻成了一座小小的狮身人面像。20世纪末，在遭到毁誉近一个世纪以后，英国终于给了王尔德树立雕像的荣誉。1998年11月30日，王尔德雕像在伦敦揭幕。雕像的标题为“与奥斯卡·王尔德的对话”，同时还刻有王尔德常被引用的语录：“我们都在阴沟里，但仍有人仰望星空。”(We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.)

在王尔德的众多作品中，《道连·格雷的画像》是唯一的一部长篇小说，也是他唯美思想的全面体现，该作品被认为是唯美主义小说中的力作。在《道连·格雷的画像》一书中，唯美主义理论的大胆实践、寓意深刻的奇特构思、雄辩而富有哲理的对话、似是而非的悖论等，构成了这部不朽的经典作品不同于其他小说的独特魅力。一百多年来，《道连·格雷的画像》畅销不衰，被译成世界上多种语言，是世界文学宝库中的经典之作。基于这个原因，我们决定编译该作品，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作叙述主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文文本之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是SSAT、SAT，还是TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。



前言

本书中文导读内容由赵旭婷编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、熊红华、熊建国、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

啄木鸟教育（www.zmnedu.com）

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第一章

Chapter 1



在充溢着夏日花香气味的画室里，亨利·沃顿勋爵躺在长沙发上一边不断地抽着烟卷，一边看着眼前的景色。画室的中央直立着一幅画，画中是一个异常俊美的年轻人的全身像。这幅画的作者——画家巴西尔·霍尔华德，正坐在画像前不远的地方，打量着自己用精湛的技艺塑造出的标致形象，露出了满意的笑容。在亨利看来，这是巴西尔最好的作品，建议他明年送到格罗斯弗纳画廊去展览。但巴西尔拒绝了，说哪儿也不想送。

亨利十分诧异，因为他相信凭这幅画巴西尔必定可以出人头地、声名远播，所以对巴西尔放弃这个机会感到疑惑不解。巴西尔却坚持说，他在这幅画上倾注了太多自己的东西，是自己的心灵写照而非模特形象的具体再现，担心这幅画会泄露了自己心灵的秘密。巴西尔还说，艺术应当创造抽象意义的美，不应该植入自己真实生活中的元素，而这幅画像却体现出他全部的艺术崇拜，所以不希望世人看到这幅画。尽管巴西尔并不想告诉亨利太多画中少年的真实情况，但在说话时还是一不小心带出了少年的名字——道连·格雷。

两个人走出画室，在花园里，巴西尔向亨利讲述了自己认识道连·格雷的经过。两个月前，巴西尔去参加布兰登夫人的聚会，席间发觉有人在打量自己，这便是道连·格雷。当和对方目光碰触的瞬间，巴西尔意识到眼前是个极有魅力的人，同时又感到一种莫名的恐惧，预感到自己的命运即将遭遇大喜大悲。布兰登夫人将道连·格雷

介绍给巴西尔，两人立刻成为了朋友。

自此，巴西尔和他的新朋友道连·格雷天天见面，觉得极为需要对方，要是一天见不到就不高兴。道连·格雷成了巴西尔艺术的全部，这不仅因为道连是巴西尔画画的模特，更因为其英俊面孔启发着巴西尔悟到了全新的艺术手法，能用以前未察觉到的方式来重新塑造生活。在遇到道连以后，巴西尔画出了他平生最好的画。

听了这离奇的经历，亨利表示一定要见见这位道连·格雷，同时想起自己也曾听姑妈阿加莎说过，一位叫道连·格雷的认真善良的小伙子将帮她在伦敦东区做事，却并不知道他长相英俊。然而，巴西尔却说并不希望亨利见到道连·格雷。

正当这时，管家帕克来通报说道连·格雷来了。亨利很高兴能碰巧见到真人，巴西尔却急忙劝告他不要伤害道连，因为这是自己最亲密的朋友，不希望亨利将这位朋友夺走。

The studio was filled with 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 saddlebags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flame-like 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-faced painters of Tokio 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 round the 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 of a young 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 many strange 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 eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

“It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done,” said Lord Henry, languidly. “You must certainly 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 pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures 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 to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. “No: I won’t send it anywhere.”

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows, and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls from his heavy 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 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 being talked about. A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion.”

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

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.



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

“Too much of 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, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose-leaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you — well, of course you have an intellectual expression, and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don’t think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful. Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is some brainless, beautiful creature, who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don’t flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him.”

“You don’t understand me, Harry,” answered the artist. “Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the truth. There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history the faltering steps of kings. It is better not to be different from one’s fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit at their ease and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it from alien hands. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are — my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray’s good looks — we shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly.”

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

“Yes, that is his name. I didn’t intend to tell it to you.”

“But why not?”

“Oh, I can’t explain. When I like people immensely I never tell their names to anyone. It is like surrendering a part of them. I have grown to love secrecy. It seems to be the one thing that can make modern life mysterious or marvellous to us. The commonest thing 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 my pleasure. It is a silly habit, I daresay, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one’s life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it?”

“Not at all,” answered Lord Henry, “not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet — we do meet occasionally, when we dine out together, or go down to the Duke’s — we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it — much better, in fact, than I am. She never gets confused over her dates, and I always do. But when she does find me out, she makes no row at all. I sometimes wish she would; but she merely laughs at me.”

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

“Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know,” cried Lord Henry, laughing; and the two young men went out into the garden together, and ensconced themselves on a long bamboo seat that stood in the shade of a tall laurel bush. The sunlight slipped over the polished leaves. In the grass, white daisies were tremulous.

After a pause, Lord Henry pulled out his watch. “I am afraid I must be



going, Basil," he murmured, "and before I go, I insist on your answering a question I put to you some time ago."

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

"You know quite well."

"I do not, Harry."

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

"I told you the real reason."

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

"Harry," said Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face, "every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter who, on the coloured canvas, reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own soul."

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

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

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

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

Lord Henry smiled, and, leaning down, plucked a pink-petalled daisy from the grass, and examined it. "I am quite sure I shall understand it," he replied, gazing intently at the little golden white-feathered disk, "and as for believing things, I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible."

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilac-blossoms, with their clustering stars, moved to and fro in the languid air. A grasshopper began to chirrup by the wall, and like a blue thread a long thin dragon-fly floated past on its brown gauze wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward's heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

"The story is simply this," said the painter after some time. "Two

months ago I went to a crush at Lady Brandon's. You know we poor artists have to show ourselves in society from time to time, just to remind the public that we are not savages. With an evening coat and a white tie, as you told me once, anybody, even a stockbroker, can gain a reputation for being civilised. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, talking to huge over-dressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, I suddenly became conscious that someone was looking at me. I turned halfway round, and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with someone whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. I have always been my own master; had at least always been so, till I met Dorian Gray. Then — but I don't know how to explain it to you. Something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my life. I had a strange feeling that Fate had in store for me exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows. I grew 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 credit to myself for trying to escape."

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

"I don't believe that, Harry, and I don't believe you do either. However, whatever was my motive — and it may have been pride, for I used to be very proud — I certainly struggled to the door. There, of course, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. 'You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?' she screamed out. You know her curiously shrill voice?"

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

"I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to Royalties, and people with Stars and Garters, and elderly ladies with gigantic tiaras and parrot noses. She spoke of me as her dearest friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionise me. I believe some picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been chattered about in the



penny newspapers, which is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was reckless of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless, after all. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other.”

“And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?” asked his companion. “I know she goes in for giving a rapid précis of all her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a truculent and red-faced old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and hissing into my ear, in a tragic whisper which must have been perfectly audible to everybody in the room, the most astounding details. I simply fled. I like to find out people for myself. But Lady Brandon treats her guests exactly as an auctioneer treats his goods. She either explains them entirely away, or tells one everything about them except what one wants to know.”

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

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

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

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

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

“How horribly unjust of you!” cried Lord Henry, tilting his hat back, and looking up at the little clouds that, like ravelled skeins of glossy white

silk, were drifting across the hollowed turquoise of the summer sky. “Yes; horribly unjust of you. I make a great difference between people. I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their good characters, and my enemies for their good intellects. A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies. I have not got one who is a fool. They are all men of some 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 according to your category I must be merely an acquaintance.”

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

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

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

“Harry!” exclaimed Hallward, frowning.

“My dear fellow, I am not quite serious. But I can’t help detesting my relations. I suppose it comes from the fact that none of us can stand other people having the same faults as ourselves. I quite sympathise with the rage of the English democracy against what they call the vices of the upper orders. The masses feel that drunkenness, stupidity, and immorality should be their own special property, and that if anyone of us makes an ass of himself he is poaching on their preserves. When poor Southwark got into the Divorce Court, their indignation was quite magnificent. And yet I don’t suppose that ten per cent. of the proletariat live correctly.”

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

Lord Henry stroked his pointed brown beard, and tapped the toe of his patent-leather boot with a tasselled ebony cane. “How English you are, Basil! That is the second time you have made that observation. If one puts forward an idea to a true Englishman — always a rash thing to do — he never dreams of considering whether the idea is right or wrong. The only thing he considers of any importance is whether one believes it oneself. Now, the value of an idea has nothing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it. Indeed, the probabilities are that the more



insincere the man is, the more purely intellectual will the idea be, as in that case it will not be coloured by either his wants, his desires, or his prejudices. However, I don't propose to discuss politics, sociology, or metaphysics with you. I like persons better than principles, and I like persons with no principles better than anything else in the world. Tell me more about Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me."

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

"He is all my art to me now," said the painter, gravely. "I sometimes think, Harry, that there are only two eras of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinoüs was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, sketch from him. Of course I have done all that. But he is much more to me than a model or a sitter. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that Art cannot express it. There is nothing that Art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done, since I met Dorian Gray, is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way — I wonder will you understand me? — his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now recreate life in a way that was hidden from me, before. 'A dream of form in days of thought:' — who is it who says that? I forget; but it is what Dorian Gray has been to me. The merely visible presence of this lad — for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty — his merely visible presence — ah! I wonder can you realise all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in it all the passion of the romantic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body — how much that is! We in our madness have separated