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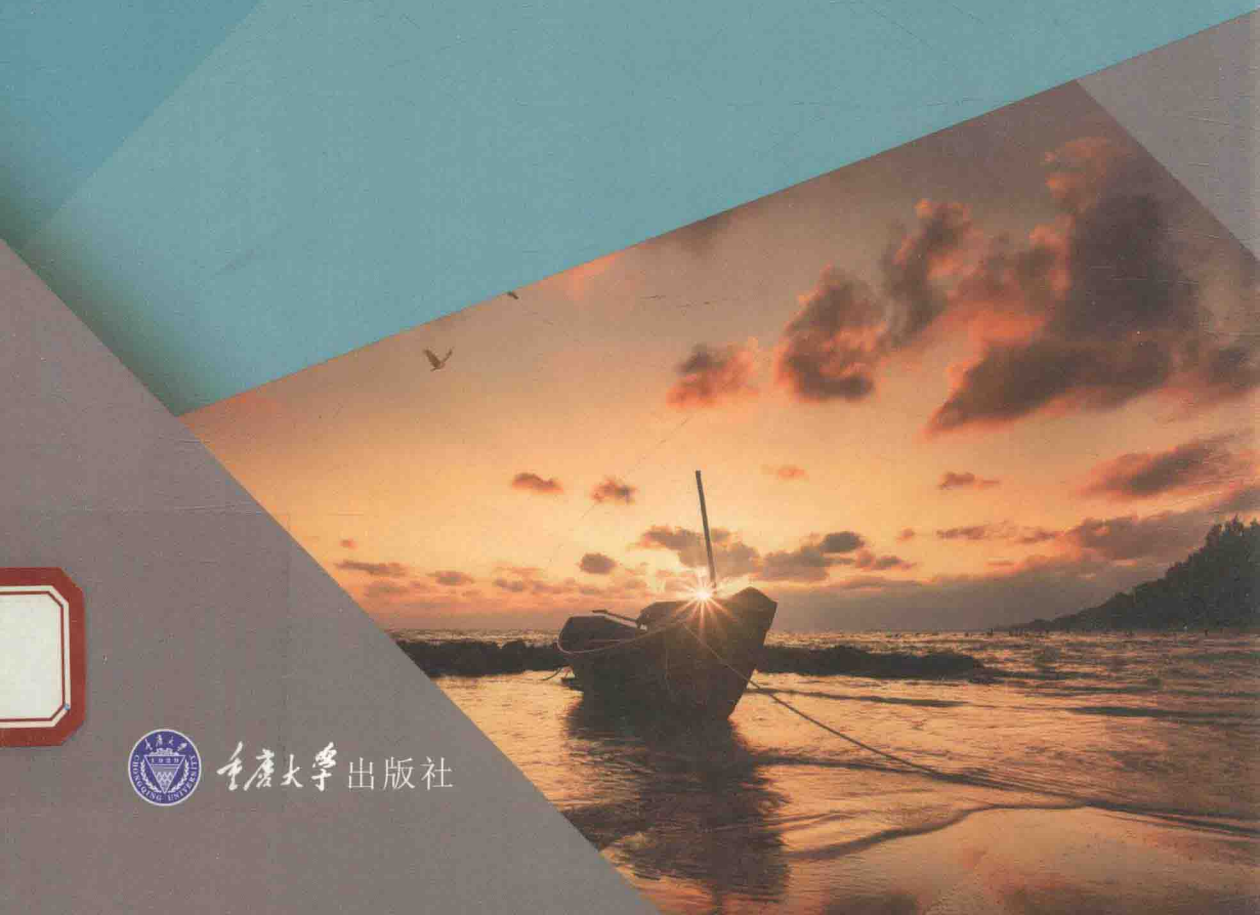
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总主编 / 冯光华

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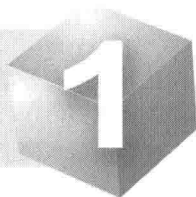
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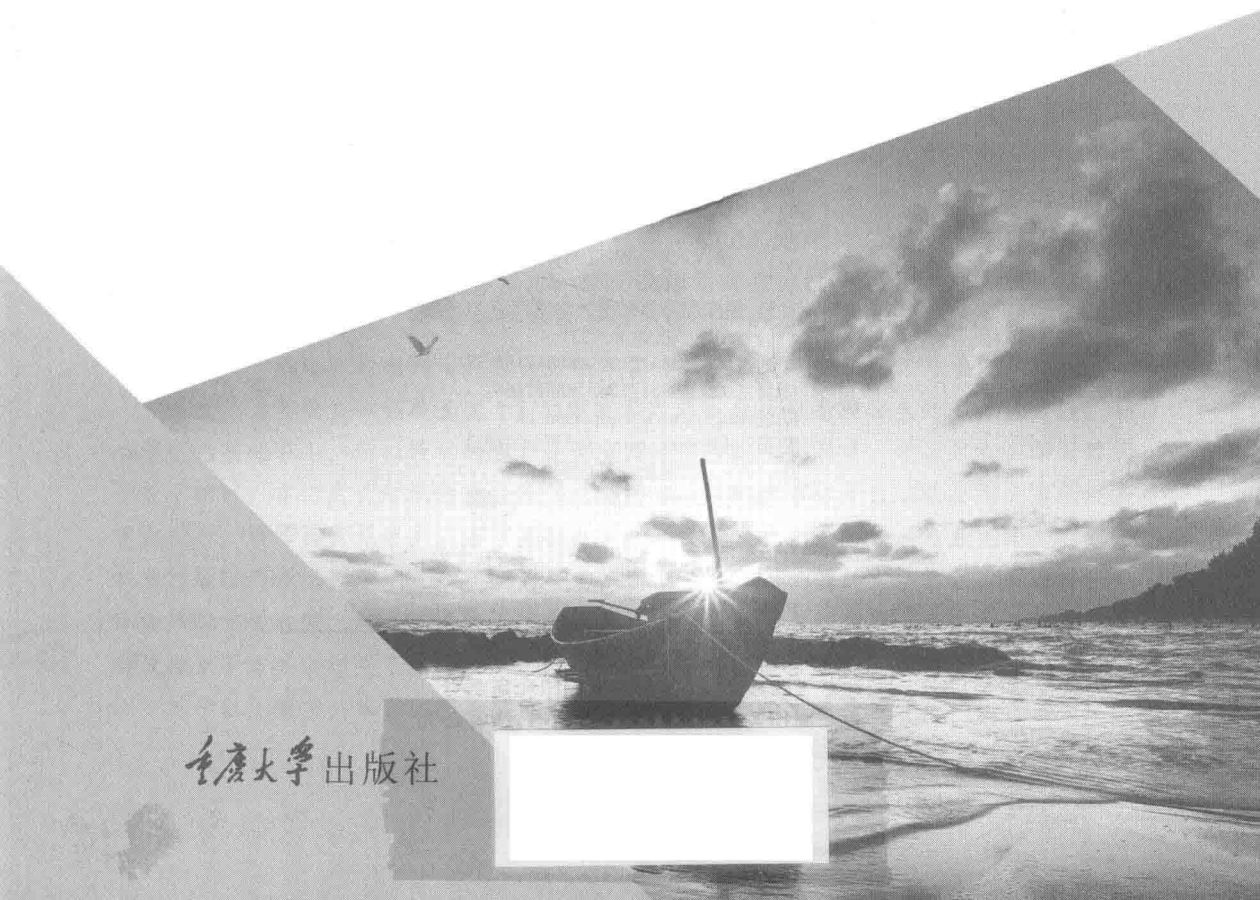
英美文学经典选读



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内容提要

《英美文学经典选读 1》是一本在新的社会历史文化语境下撰写的、供应用型高校英语专业本科生使用的教材。本教程共 7 个单元,选文分别来自《道林·格雷的画像》《麦田里的守望者》《傲慢与偏见》《远大前程》《一个小小的建议》《献给爱丽丝的一朵玫瑰花》和《追风筝的人》。各单元包括作家背景介绍和小结(小结包括作者生平、主要作品、写作特色)、作品选读、课后习题、小结测试及修辞讲解。本书在语料选择上兼顾了经典性和时代性,不仅能使学生学到语言知识和阅读技能,还可以激发学生的心智,开阔他们的视野,培养他们独立思考和分析判断的能力。

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前言

PREFACE

《英美文学经典选读 1》是一本在新的社会历史文化语境下撰写的、供应用型高校英语专业本科生使用的教材。目前我国社会和高校对文学以及英语专业文学教育的观念发生了巨大变化，对英语专业文学课程的教学学时数、内容、手段和方法，教材编写与使用等都提出了更高的要求。随着时代的发展和文学观念的更新，国内外对于英美文学的认识也亟待更新，所以为中国大学生编写一本架构新颖、内容翔实的英美文学教材，成为了一项十分重要的任务。

为适应新时代高校英美文学教学的要求和文学史观的特点，也为了充分体现本书在文学教学和学术研究中的意义和价值，我们根据下列原则编写了本书。

第一，《英美文学经典选读 1》的编写要考虑到英美文学作品的通识性、应用型和高校学生阅读水平两者之间的平衡。本书力争帮助学生通过阅读书中文学作品，更好地感受英美历史文化，培养良好的阅读兴趣与品位，感受英语语言的魅力。

第二，《英美文学经典选读 1》的编写要考虑到应用型高校学生未来考研或出国深造的需求。本书的编写不仅应体现文学常识、作家作品的学习，还要注重学习者兴趣的培养，因此，本书内容的选择及练习习题的编写都努力符合学习者的认知过程，既要提供必要的文学常识，又要提供大量充分的练习。考虑到练习是掌握学习技能的主要途径之一，所以，本书的习题设计力争丰富多样，满足现代教学的需要。

第三，《英美文学经典选读 1》的编写要考虑到应用型高校学生的个体差异性。每个学生的基础不一，所以教材的编写还要考虑到学生的文化程度、学习起点、学习目的和教学学时。在信息化时代的大背景下，英语专业的培养目标是适应社会主义市场经济建设需要，培养具有扎实英语语言基础和较深厚英美文化知识的外语专业人才。因此，本书的编写还考虑到学生未来就业的需要，要求学生掌握必要的文学常识，学会赏析并评价外国文学名著，努力要求学生能够将自己的学习能力自觉应用于未来的工作实践，有效投身于与英语相关工作岗位，成为优秀的应用型、复合型高级英语人才。

基于以上需求，本书的主要特色是在适应应用型高校英语专业学生的语言基础上，

精选英美国不同时期的经典作家作品，运用各种文学批评方法，比如分析小说的要素、戏剧的要素、修辞的运用等，帮助学生更好地理解外国文学原著，并提供英美文学相关考试试题的解答技巧。本书每单元内容包括作家背景介绍和小结（小结包括作者生平、主要作品、写作特色）、作品选读、课后习题、小结测试及修辞讲解。

英美文学具有其独特的发展规律，经典作品层出不穷，这是文学的魅力所在，但同时也给编者带来了不少困扰，比如文学阶段的界定、作家和作品的取舍、文学流派的归属等。我们在借鉴国内外同类教材和相关著作优点的同时，也力图从结构、体系、作家、作品选择以及习题设置解答方面体现新时代特点。由于时间仓促，编者水平有限，本书依然存在着一些问题，我们真诚希望同行专家、广大师生批评、指正。

编者
2017年8月

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Unit 1

The Picture of Dorian Gray

(by Oscar Wilde)

I Background Information



奥斯卡·王尔德 (Oscar Wilde, 1854—1900), 19 世纪出生在英国 (准确来讲是爱尔兰, 但是当时由英国统治。) 的最伟大的作家与艺术家之一, 以其剧作、诗歌、童话和小说闻名。他是唯美主义代表人物, 19 世纪 80 年代美学运动的主力 and 90 年代颓废派运动的先驱者。王尔德一生创作了大量的作品。他取材丰富、涉猎面广, 有评论、童话、戏剧, 因此, 他被誉为“才子 and 戏剧家”。而最体现王尔德才华的, 不是童话,

也不是短篇小说, 而是长篇小说《道林·格雷的画像》, 以及《温德米尔夫人的扇子》《莎乐美》等戏剧作品, 其戏剧作品堪称经典。王尔德建立起以享乐主义为基础的唯美主义思想, 并成为英国唯美主义的代表人物。唯美主义哲学尖锐批判了当时的物质社会和庸人主义, 倡导人应该在生活中发现美、鉴别美、享受美, 充分地展现个性。王尔德作为唯美主义的倡导者和实践者, 无论是他的主张还是他的个性或者作品都是充满魅力的。王尔德醉心于艺术形式美的追寻, 他断言只有风格才能使艺术不朽。王尔德不仅在服饰、装饰、语言的表达以及行为举止等人生的各方面创造了绚烂多彩的审美形式, 并成功折射到他的作品中去。他在《道林·格雷的画像》的序言和论文集《意图》中系统阐述“为艺术而艺术”的美学观点, 认为作品的价值在于艺术形式的完美, 而与社会伦理道德无关。

王尔德在《道林·格雷的画像》(1890) 这部小说中, 以丰富的想象、离奇的情节、优美的文笔、富于哲理的语言, 揭露了英国上流社会的精神空虚与道德沉沦, 交织着善与恶、美与丑、灵魂的堕落到肉体的毁灭的悲剧, 形象地表明了作者自己的人生观、道

德观和艺术观。这部小说以独特的艺术构思形象化地阐述了“艺术至上”的理论。画家贝西尔不为名利而创作肖像，由于他在追求“美”的过程中，在画像上注入了自己的“全部心血”，才使画像具有异常的“美”和奇特的生命力。作者通过这样的情节安排来说明：唯有贯彻“为艺术而艺术”的主张创造出来的艺术品才能算作永恒的、崇高的、至善至美的艺术品。它所体现出来的“唯美主义”“为艺术而艺术”等观点，用马列主义文艺观来衡量当然有不无偏颇之处，但是我们应当看到这是当时的知识分子试图逃避资本主义制度下的罪恶而产生的一种天真的想法，可以认为这是针对资本主义制度的一种消极的反抗。

II Selected Reading

The Picture of Dorian Gray

❖ Chapter 1

1. The studio was filled with the rich odour¹ 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.

2. From the corner of the divan² of Persian saddle-bags 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 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 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.

3. 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.

4. As the painter looked at the gracious³ and comely form he had so skillfully

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.

5. "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."

6. "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."

7. 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."

8. "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."

9. Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

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

11. "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."

12. "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 shrug⁴ 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."

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

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

15. "But why not?"

16. "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 marvellous⁵ 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 dare say, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it?"

17. "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."

18. "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."

19. "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.

20. 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."

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

22. "You know quite well."

23. "I do not, Harry."

24. "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."

25. "I told you the real reason."

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

27. "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."

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

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

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

31. "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."

32. 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.”

33. The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilac blooms, 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.

34. “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 stock-broker, can gain a reputation for being civilized. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious academicians, I suddenly became conscious that someone was looking at me. I turned half-way round and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with some one whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. 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.”

35. “Conscience and cowardice⁷ are really the same things, Basil. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm. That is all.”

36. “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?”

37. “Yes; she is a peacock⁸ in everything but beauty,” said Lord Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long nervous fingers.

38. “I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to royalties, and people with stars and garters, and elderly ladies with gigantic⁹ 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 lionize 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."

39. "And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?" asked his companion. "I know she goes in for giving a rapid precis of all her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a truculent¹⁰ and red-faced old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and hissing¹¹ 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."

40. Poor Lady Brandon! You are hard on her, Harry!" said Hallward listlessly.

41. "My dear fellow, she tried to found a salon¹², and only succeeded in opening a restaurant. How could I admire her? But tell me, what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?"

42. "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."

43. "Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one," said the young lord, plucking¹³ another daisy.

44. Hallward shook his head. "You don't understand what friendship is, Harry," he murmured¹⁴— "or what enmity is, for that matter. You like every one; that is to say, you are indifferent to everyone."

45. "How horribly unjust of you!" cried Lord Henry, tilting his hat back and looking up at the little clouds that, like ravelled¹⁵ skeins of glossy white silk, were drifting across the hollowed turquoise¹⁶ 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."

46. "I should think it was, Harry. But according to your category I must be merely an acquaintance."

47. "My dear old Basil, you are much more than an acquaintance."

48. "And much less than a friend. A sort of brother, I suppose?"

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

50. "Harry!" exclaimed Hallward, frowning¹⁷.

51. "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 sympathize 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 any one of us makes an ass of himself, he is poaching¹⁸ 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 proletariat¹⁹ live correctly."

52. "I don't agree with a single word that you have said, and, what is more, Harry, I feel sure you don't either."

53. Lord Henry stroked his pointed brown beard and tapped the toe of his patent-leather boot with a tasselled²⁰ 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?"

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

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

56. "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 Antinous was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will someday 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 realize 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 harmony²¹ of soul and body—how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar²², an ideality that is void. Harry! If you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me! You remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such a huge price but which I would not part with? It is one of the best things I have ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gray sat beside me. Some subtle influence passed from him to me, and for the first time in my life I saw in the plain woodland the wonder I had always looked for and always missed."

57. "Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray." Hallward got up from the seat and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back.

"Harry," he said, "Dorian Gray is to me simply a motive in art. You might see nothing in him. I see everything in him. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He is a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I find him in the curves²⁴ of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all."

58. “Then why won’t you exhibit his portrait²⁵?” asked Lord Henry.

59. “Because, without intending it, I have put into it some expression of all this curious artistic idolatry, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He shall never know anything about it. But the world might guess it, and I will not bare my soul to their shallow prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry—too much of myself!”

60. “Poets are not so scrupulous²⁶ as you are. They know how useful passion is for publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many editions.”

61. “I hate them for it,” cried Hallward. “An artist should create beautiful things, but should put nothing of his own life into them. We live in an age when men treat art as if it were meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty. Someday I will show the world what it is; and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Dorian Gray.”

62. “I think you are wrong, Basil, but I won’t argue with you. It is only the intellectually lost who ever argue. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you?”

63. The painter considered for a few moments. “He likes me,” he answered after a pause; “I know he likes me. Of course I flatter him dreadfully. I find a strange pleasure in saying things to him that I know I shall be sorry for having said. As a rule, he is charming to me, and we sit in the studio and talk of a thousand things. Now and then, however, he is horribly thoughtless, and seems to take a real delight in giving me pain. Then I feel, Harry, that I have given away my whole soul to someone who treats it as if it were a flower to put in his coat, a bit of decoration to charm his vanity, an ornament for a summer’s day.”

64. “Days in summer, Basil, are apt to linger,” murmured Lord Henry. “Perhaps you will tire sooner than he will. It is a sad thing to think of, but there is no doubt that genius lasts longer than beauty. That accounts for the fact that we all take such pains to over-educate ourselves. In the wild struggle for existence, we want to have something that endures, and so we fill our minds with rubbish and facts, in the silly hope of keeping our place. The thoroughly well-informed man—that is the modern ideal. And the mind of the thoroughly well-informed man is a dreadful thing. It is like a bric-a-brac²⁷ shop, all monsters and dust, with everything priced above its proper value. I think you will tire first, all the same. Some day you will look at your friend, and he will seem to you to be a little out of drawing, or you won’t like his tone of colour, or something. You will bitterly reproach him in your own heart, and seriously think that he has behaved very badly to you. The next time he calls, you will be perfectly cold and indifferent. It will be a great pity, for