Spine

Oxford world's classics

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

". . . If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old!

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Oscar Wilde

Oxford University press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Back Cover

Front Cover

My first design. How cute. Low-level justified text suggests perhaps a portrait or tombstone.

“How sad it is!”, murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. “How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June. “. . . If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old!

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Oscar Wilde

Oxford world’s classics

Oxford University press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Placement of justified text implies hung paintings.

Oxford world's classics

The Picture of Dorian Gray

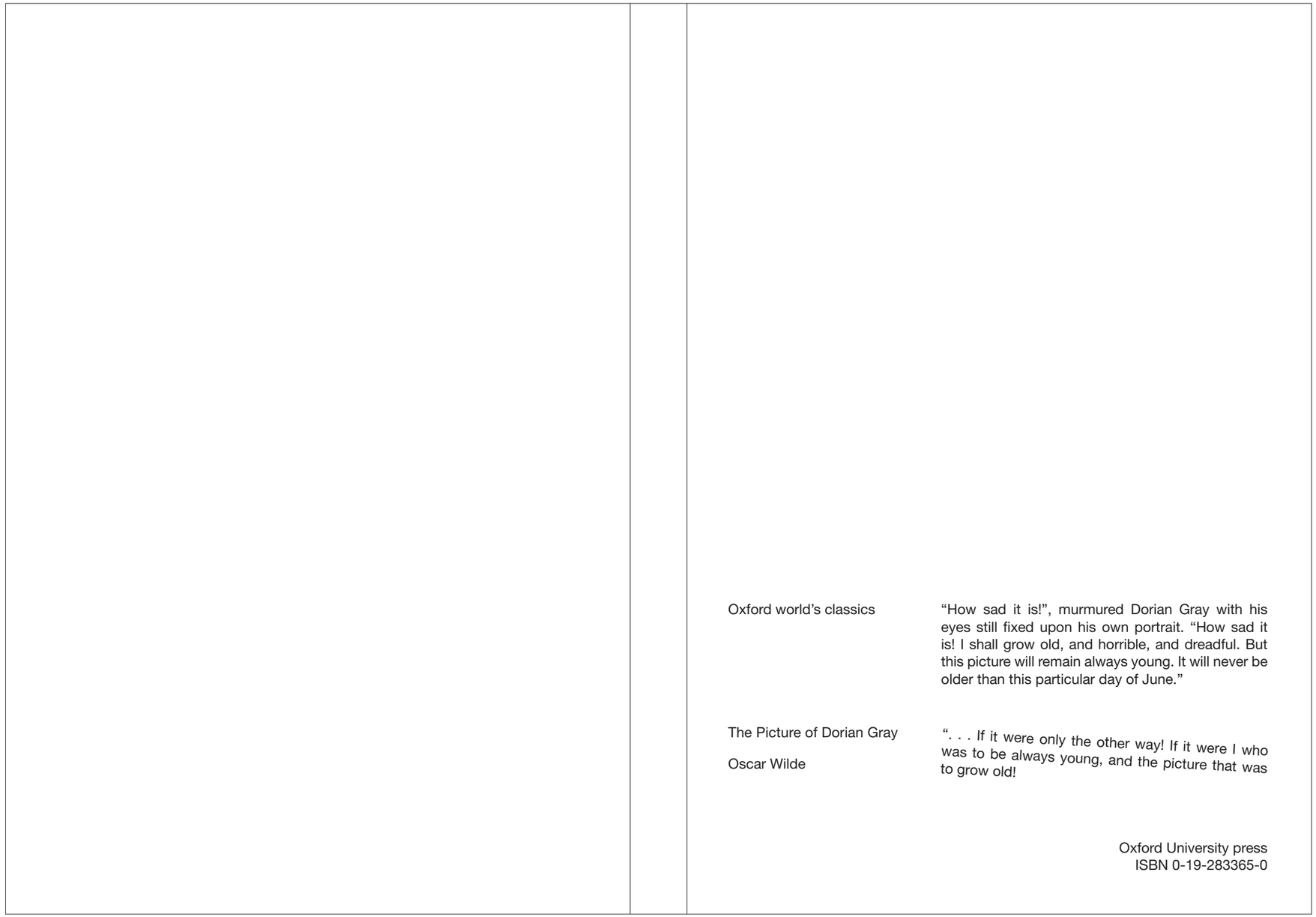
Oscar Wilde

"How sad it is!", murmured
Dorian Gray with his eyes still
fixed upon his own portrait.
"How sad it is! I shall grow old,
and horrible, and dreadful. But
this picture will remain always
young. It will never be older than
this particular day of June."

". . . If it were only the other
way! If it were I who was to be
always young, and the picture
that was to grow old!

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Disjointed blocks of text reflect the "snap" in Dorian's train of thought.



Oxford world’s classics

“How sad it is!”, murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. “How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June.”

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Oscar Wilde

“. . . If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old!

Oxford University press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Sunken placement of text lends an air of heaviness. Here, the same “snap” is implied through slight rotation.

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Oscar Wilde

“How sad it is!”, murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. “How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June.”

“. . . If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old!

Oxford world’s classics

Oxford University press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Compressed leading evokes aggravation and stress.

36pt. Attempts to push the upper limits of type size. Text bleeds to cover's edge; placement of title alludes to Dorian's struggle to hide his true self.

Oxford world's classics
The Picture of Dorian Gray
Oscar Wilde

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than any particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

12pt. Use of overlapped text to seem smudged or struck out.

Oxford world's classics

The Picture of Dorian Gray

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

Oscar Wilde

"...*If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!*"

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

6pt. Small type plays on the delicacy of a previous design.

Oxford world’s classics

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

“How sad it is!” murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. “How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June.”

“...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was always to be young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! There is nothing in the whole world I would not give!

I would give my soul for that!

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

24pt. More aggressive use of overlapped text to seem smeared or smudged.

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young,
and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give
everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I
would give my soul for that!"

Oscar Wilde

Oxford world's classics

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

The Picture of Dorian Gray

18pt. Cover encourages physical rotation in an attempt to echo Dorian's hedonistic revelation.

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! ***I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful.*** But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! ***If it were I who was to be always young***, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! ***Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!***"

Oxford world's classics

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Oscar Wilde
The Picture of Dorian Gray

Bold italics lend a sense of depth and heightened noise.

Oxford world's classics

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Oscar Wilde

Oxford University Press

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than any day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

Use of italic to better separate information and use of bold to embellish "smearing" effect.

Oxford world's classics

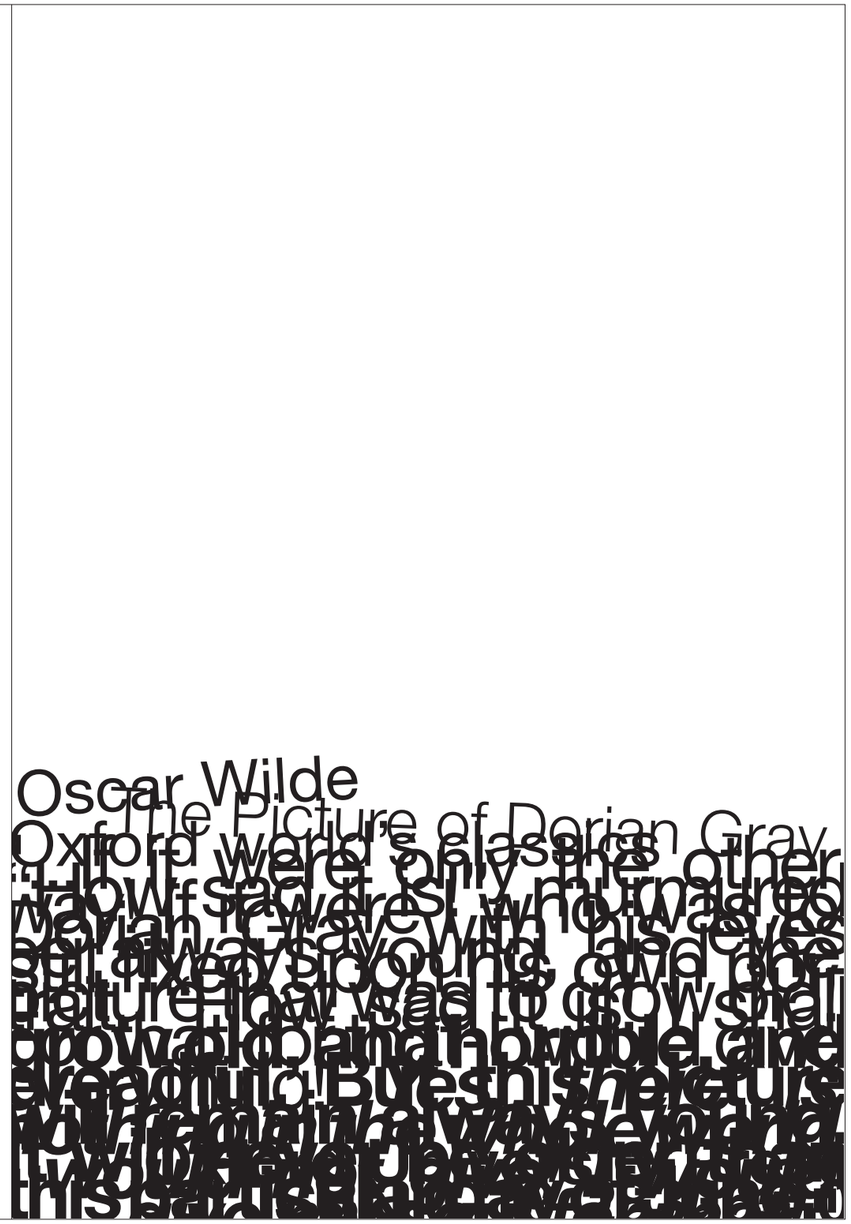
"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

The Picture of Dorian Gray
Oscar Wilde

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Variation in weight suggests foreground and background.



Jumbled text gains weight as it falls, creating a chaotic descent.

Oxford world's classics

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never *be older than this particular day in June*

Oscar Wilde

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my sould for that!"

Oxford University Press ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Italics embellish the feeling of motion in an already literal downfall.

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

"If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—I would give everything!"

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

8 712345 678906 >

OXFORD **OSCAR WILDE** THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Oxford Classics

OSCAR WILDE

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Gigantic type plays on the novel's themes of narcissism and self-indulgence.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

> If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—**I would give everything!**

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

8 712345 678906 >

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

OXFORD **OSCAR WILDE** THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Oxford Classics

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

OSCAR WILDE

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

07 **PHOTOGRAPHY**
06 **SPOT COLOR**
05 **STRIPES AND BLOCKS**
T-SHIRT, POSTER AND FORMAL TYPE
04 **COMBINATIONS IN TYPESIZE**

Stolen tricks from samurai movie posters allude to Dorian's hazardous double life.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

"If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—**I would give everything!"**

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

8 712345 678906 >

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

OXFORD

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Oxford Classics

OSCAR WILDE

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

Shrinking type creates a downward spiral.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

“If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—**I would give everything!”**

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde’s brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, ‘You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.’

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

8 712345 678906 >

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

OXFORD **OSCAR WILDE** THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Oxford Classics

DORIAN GRAY
THE PICTURE OF

OSCAR WILDE

“How sad it is!”, murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. “How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June.”

“...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!”

04 **COMBINATIONS IN TYPESIZE**
T-SHIRT, POSTER AND FORMAL TYPE
05 **STRIPES AND BLOCKS**
06 **SPOT COLOR**
07 **PHOTOGRAPHY**

Dorian finds his true reflection only within his cursed portrait.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

"If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—**I would give everything!"**

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

8 712345 678906 >

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

OXFORD

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

DORIAN GRAY

oscar wilde

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June." "...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

the picture of

Dorian seems to bring death to all those around him. Small italic text seems to wilt about the title.


oscar wilde says:
Some cause happiness wherever they go; others
[redacted]
whenever they go.

Oscar Wilde says:

Education

is an admirable thing, but from time to time it is well to remember that nothing worth knowing can be taught.

I found this quote perhaps almost too appropriate within the context of a design education. I tried to generate intrigue by confronting the viewer with a seemingly absurd statement. If they're then to further analyze the design, the words "worth knowing" become evident within the phrase, "nothing can be taught." My goal was to create an immersive interaction that illustrates the quote's meaning through experience.

INTERMISSION

FORMAL TYPE

Formal typography strives to improve legibility. The three parameters of typesetting, column width, leading, and letter spacing, all share a special symbiotic relationship. When one changes, all the others must change in response in order to ensure the regular and readable distribution of text.

Good typesetting dictates so much about the effectiveness of the content to which it's applied. Things to avoid are: rivers (uneven gaps between words as caused by justification), ending lines with words such as "I" or "and," or ending too many consecutive lines with hyphens. My columns are roughly 3.9 inches wide, set in 8pt Helvetica with 12pt leading and 30pt letterspacing.

CHAPTER 1

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 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 flamelike 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.

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

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 any one. 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 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?"

"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;

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

"If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—**I would give everything!"**

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

8 712345 678906

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

OXFORD

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June ... If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

Oxford Classics

Type bleeds from a simple band of black atop the cover, harking back to the secrets that lay hidden in Dorian's attic.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

"If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—**I would give everything!**"

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

8 712345 678906 >

OSCAR WILDE

OXFORD

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Oxford Classics

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF

DORIAN GRAY

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

Dorian's own name seems to decay under the weight of his hedonistic desires.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

"

If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old!

For that—for that—**I would give everything!**

8 712345 678906

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY OXFORD

Oxford Classics

WILDE

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN **DORIAN GRAY**

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

Dorian's existence seems to straddle light and dark, heaven and hell. In the eyes of many of his contemporaries, Wilde existed only in the latter. Absence of the author's first name plays on the novel's enduring fame.

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

"If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—**I would give everything!"**

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OXFORD

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Oxford Classics

THE PICTURE OF

DORIAN GRAY

OSCAR WILDE

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to agrow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

Sitting gestures nim vel sapien. Phasellus eu dolor. Nam lacus. Nunc pretium. Fusce vel nunc. Aenean facilisis dolor sed sem. Maecenas elementum aliquet nibh. Nullam at nisl.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde's brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, 'You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.'

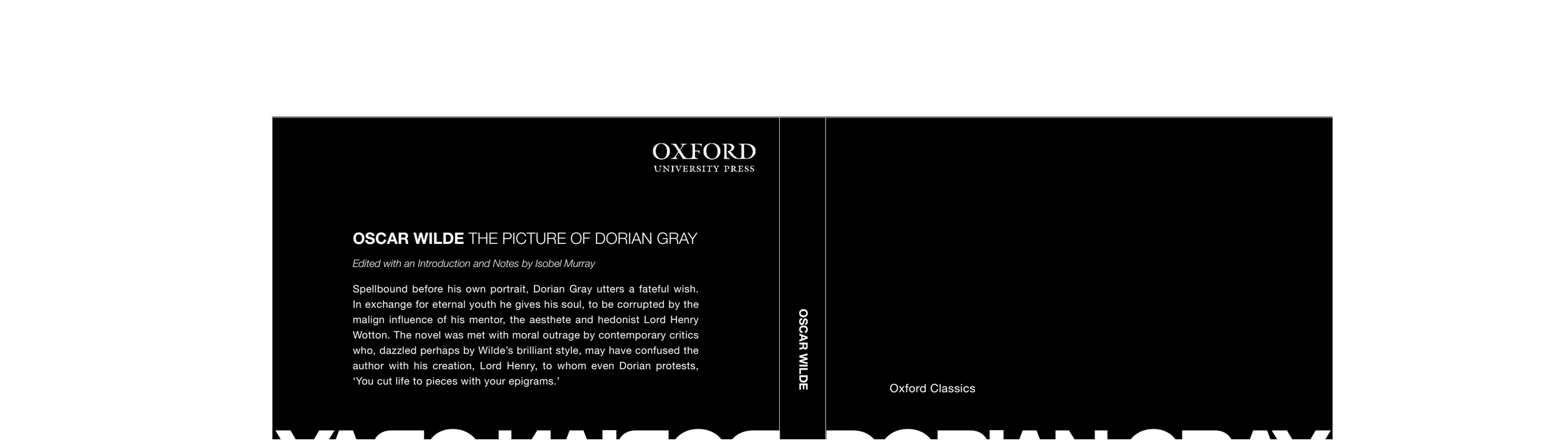
Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him. but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.

ISBN 0-19-283365-0

OSCAR WILDE

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Oxford Classics



OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

"...If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that-for that-I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old!
For that—for that—**I would give everything!**

The shapes and letterforms of Dorian's name serve to act as the rips and tears of a horizontal seam.