

ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1

MicMac

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Oscar Wilde



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B1



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

O RETRATO DE DORIAN GRAY

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

The Picture of Dorian Gray

O Retrato de Dorian Gray

Oscar Wilde

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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Autor

Oscar Wilde (1854–1900)

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Obra original: The Picture of Dorian Gray

Autor: Oscar Wilde

Primeira publicação: 1890

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

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A2 — Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

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Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

Como usar o glossário

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em itálico no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link Back to B1 retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

Sobre este livro

O Retrato de Dorian Gray, único romance de Oscar Wilde, é uma obra filosófica e de horror gótico ambientada na Londres vitoriana. A história começa com o pintor Basil Hallward concluindo um retrato de um jovem excepcionalmente belo chamado Dorian Gray. Basil fica fascinado pela beleza de Dorian e, por intermédio dele, Dorian conhece o carismático e cínico Lord Henry Wotton. Lord Henry defende uma filosofia hedonista, segundo a qual a beleza e o prazer sensual são as únicas coisas que valem a pena na vida. Influenciado por essa visão, Dorian se torna dolorosamente consciente de que sua juventude e beleza desaparecerão. Em um momento de desespero, ele deseja que o retrato envelheça em seu lugar, para que ele possa permanecer eternamente jovem. Milagrosamente, seu desejo é realizado. Dorian então leva uma vida de devassidão e corrupção moral, entregando-se a todos os vícios sem sofrer consequências visíveis. Enquanto sua aparência permanece inalterada, o retrato começa a mostrar as marcas de seus pecados, tornando-se mais velho e grotesco a cada transgressão. O conflito

central reside entre a inocência aparente de Dorian e a decadência oculta de sua alma, enquanto ele se torna cada vez mais paranoico e cruel, tentando esconder o segredo do quadro. O romance explora temas como vaidade, esteticismo e a dualidade da natureza humana, tudo envolto na prosa elegante e epigramática de Wilde. O cenário da alta sociedade londrina oferece um pano de fundo de opulência e hipocrisia, contrastando com os elementos sobrenaturais e sombrios da história. À medida que os crimes de Dorian se intensificam, a tensão aumenta em direção a um confronto entre sua persona pública e a verdade trancada no sótão.

Nota editorial

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The Preface

Pt/En An artist is someone who creates beautiful things.

Pt/En The *goal* of art is to show the art and hide the artist.

Pt/En A critic is a person who can explain their feelings about beautiful things in a different way or using different materials.

Pt/En Both the best and worst types of criticism are a form of personal expression from the critic.

Pt/En People who find bad meanings in beautiful things are morally bad, but not interesting. This is wrong.

Pt/En People who find deep meaning in beautiful things are considered cultured. For these people, there is hope.

Pt/En These special people understand that beautiful things are only about Beauty itself.

Pt/En There are no books that are moral or immoral.

Pt/En Books are either written well or written badly. That is the only difference.

Pt/En The 19th century's dislike for Realism is like Caliban's anger when he sees his own reflection.

Pt/En People in the 19th century did not like Romanticism. This dislike was like Caliban being angry because he could not see his own face in a mirror.

Pt/En An artist's work can be about people's lives, but art itself is good when the artist uses difficult materials perfectly. Artists do not try to prove things, even true ideas.

Pt/En Artists do not have personal beliefs about what is right or wrong in their art. If an artist has such beliefs, it is a bad habit in their style.

Pt/En No artist is ever *unhealthy* in mind. An artist is able to show or express anything.

Pt/En For an artist, thinking and language are *tools* for their art.

Pt/En For an artist, bad things and good things are the materials used to make art.

Pt/En Music is the best example of art when thinking about its structure. Acting is the best example when thinking about feelings.

Pt/En All art has both a surface appearance and a hidden meaning.

Pt/En People who look only at the surface of art do so with risk.

Pt/En People who try to understand the hidden meaning of art do so with risk.

Pt/En Art shows what the person looking at it thinks or feels, not what life is really like.

Pt/En When people have different ideas about a work of art, it means the art is new, complicated, and full of life.

Pt/En If critics disagree about art, it means the artist is confident in their own ideas.

Pt/En We can accept it if someone makes something useful, as long as they don't think it's too special. The only reason to make something that is not useful is if you really love it.

Pt/En All art has no practical purpose.

1

Pt/En The studio smelled strongly of roses. When the summer wind blew through the garden trees, the smell of lilac or pink flowers came in through the open door.

Pt/En Lord Henry Wotton was lying on a divan, smoking many cigarettes. He could see yellow flowers on a laburnum tree outside. Shadows of birds flew across the curtains, making him think of Japanese art. The sound of bees and the distant noise of London made the quietness feel heavy.

Pt/En In the middle of the room, there was a large painting of a very handsome young man. The artist, Basil Hallward, was sitting near it. People had been very interested and curious when he disappeared some years ago.

Pt/En The painter looked at the beautiful person in his painting and smiled happily. But then he suddenly stood up, closed his eyes, and put his fingers on his eyelids. It was as if he was trying to keep a special dream in his mind, because he was afraid he might wake up.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Basil that the painting was his best work ever. He said Basil should show it at the Grosvenor gallery, not the Academy. He thought the Academy was too big and common, with too many people or too many pictures to see properly. He felt the Grosvenor was the only good place for art.

Pt/En He said he would not send it anywhere. He did this with a head movement that used to make his friends laugh when he was at Oxford.

Pt/En Lord Henry was surprised. He asked why he would not send the portrait anywhere. He explained that painters try hard to become famous, but then they want to give up their fame. Lord Henry thought this was silly because being talked about is better than not being talked about. He believed the portrait would make the artist more famous than other young artists and make older artists jealous.

Pt/En He replied that he knew Lord Henry would laugh, but it was true. He could not show the portrait because he had put too much of himself into it.

Pt/En Lord Henry lay back on the sofa and laughed.

Pt/En He told Lord Henry that he knew he would laugh, but what he said was true.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Basil that the painting showed too much of Basil himself, and he thought Basil was vain. Lord Henry described Basil as having a strong, rough face and dark hair. He said the young man in the painting looked like a perfect, beautiful statue made of ivory and roses, like a Narcissus. Lord Henry believed that real beauty was not about intelligence. He thought that people who think too much look ugly, unlike bishops who do not think and look pleasant. He was sure the young man in the picture, whose name he did not know, never thought. He called him a beautiful but brainless person. Lord Henry finished by telling Basil that he was not like the young man in the painting at all.

Pt/En The artist, Basil, answered that Lord Henry did not understand him. He agreed he was not like the person in the painting and said he would not want to look like him. Basil explained that being physically or intellectually different was like a bad fate. He felt it was better to be like everyone else. He thought that ugly and less intelligent people had an *easier* life because they could watch others without worry. They did not win, but they also did not lose. Basil believed that he, Lord Henry with his *status* and money, and Dorian Gray with his good looks, would all suffer greatly for the special *gifts* they had received.

Pt/En Lord Henry asked if Dorian Gray was the name of the person, as he walked towards Basil Hallward.

Pt/En Basil confirmed that was the name, adding that he had not planned to tell it to Lord Henry.

Pt/En Lord Henry then asked why Basil had not wanted to tell him the name.

Pt/En Basil explained that he kept the names of people he liked very much a secret. He felt that telling someone's name was like giving away a part of them. He enjoyed being secret because it made life feel more interesting and magical. He also said that when he travelled, he never told anyone his plans. He thought this habit, though perhaps silly, made his life more romantic. He asked if his friend thought he was foolish.

Pt/En Lord Henry replied that he did not think Basil was foolish at all. He reminded Basil that he was married. Lord Henry said that marriage required both people to lie to each other. He explained that he did not know where his wife was, and she did not know what he was doing. When they met, they told each other untrue stories with serious faces. He thought his wife was very good at this, better than him. He mentioned that when his wife discovered he was lying, she did not get angry but just laughed.

Pt/En Basil Hallward told Lord Henry that he disliked how he spoke about his marriage. Basil believed Lord Henry was a good husband but was embarrassed by his own good qualities. He thought Lord Henry was unusual because he never said or did anything immoral, but his cynical attitude was just for show.

Pt/En Lord Henry laughed and said that acting naturally was also just a pose, and one of the most annoying ones. Then, the two young men went into the garden. They sat together on a long seat under a large laurel bush. Sunlight shone on the leaves, and white daisies moved gently in the grass.

Pt/En After a short silence, Lord Henry checked his watch. He told Basil he was afraid he had to leave soon. Before he went, he insisted that Basil must answer a question he had asked earlier.

Pt/En The painter asked what it was, while looking down at the ground.

Pt/En The other person replied that he knew very well.

Pt/En The painter said he did not know, calling him Harry.

Pt/En He explained that he wanted to know the real reason why the painter would not show Dorian Gray's picture.

Pt/En The painter responded that he had already told him the real reason.

Pt/En The speaker disagreed, saying the other person had claimed the painting showed too much of the artist himself. He thought this was a childish reason.

Pt/En Basil Hallward looked Harry in the face and explained that every painting made with emotion shows the artist, not the person being

painted. He said the person in the picture is just the reason for the painting. The artist shows himself on the canvas. Basil explained he would not show the picture because he was afraid it revealed his own soul's secrets.

Pt/En Lord Henry laughed and asked what Basil's soul's secrets were.

Pt/En Hallward said he would tell him, but he looked confused.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Basil he was very eager to hear, and looked at him.

Pt/En The painter told Harry that he had not much to say. He thought Harry might not understand or believe the story.

Pt/En Lord Henry smiled. He picked a daisy and looked at it. He said he was sure he would understand the story. He also said he could believe anything if it was very hard to believe.

Pt/En Flowers fell from the trees in the wind. A grasshopper made noise near the wall, and a dragonfly flew past. Lord Henry felt he could hear Basil Hallward's heart beating and wondered what would happen next.

Pt/En The painter explained that two months before, he went to a party. He said artists must go to social events sometimes. He met Dorian Gray there for the first time. When they looked at each other, the painter felt scared. He thought Dorian's personality was so strong it could take over his whole life and art. He wanted to leave because he felt he was at a very important point in his life, with possible great happiness and sadness ahead. He felt it was a kind of fear that made him want to escape.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Basil that conscience and cowardice were the same. He said conscience was just a name for it.

Pt/En Hallward told Harry he did not believe him, and thought Harry did not believe himself either. He said that maybe his reason for acting was pride, but he went to the door. There, he met Lady Brandon. She shouted at him, asking if he was leaving so soon, and asked Harry if he knew her loud voice.

Pt/En Lord Henry agreed that Lady Brandon was like a peacock, but without beauty. He was pulling a daisy apart with his fingers.

Pt/En The speaker could not avoid Lady Brandon. She introduced him to important people, like *royalty* and ladies with many decorations. She said he was her best friend. He had only met her once before, but she decided to make him famous. He thought a picture of his might have been successful and talked about in newspapers. Suddenly, he saw the young man who had made a strong impression on him. They were very close, and their eyes met again. He asked Lady Brandon to introduce them. He felt it was necessary, like fate, and that they would have spoken even without an introduction. Dorian later confirmed that he also felt they were meant to meet.

Pt/En Lord Henry asked how Lady Brandon described the young man. He knew she liked to quickly explain her guests. He remembered her introducing him to a loud, red-faced man covered in *medals*. Lady Brandon whispered surprising details about the man, which everyone could hear. The speaker left because he preferred to learn about people himself. He felt Lady Brandon treated her guests like *items* at an auction, either explaining them too much or not giving the information he wanted.

Pt/En Hallward said to Harry, in a tired voice, that he was being unfair to Lady Brandon.

Pt/En Lord Henry told his friend that a woman he knew tried to start a *cultural* meeting place but only managed to open a restaurant. He asked what she had said about Mr. Dorian Gray.

Pt/En Lord Henry explained that someone described Dorian Gray as a charming young man. This person could not remember what Dorian did, thinking he did nothing, but then remembered he played the piano or perhaps the violin. Lord Henry and the other person laughed together and became friends immediately.

Pt/En The young lord said that laughing is a good way to start a friendship and the best way to end one.

Pt/En Hallward disagreed with Lord Henry, saying he did not understand friendship or enmity. Hallward believed Lord Henry liked everyone, which meant he was not serious about anyone.

Pt/En Lord Henry *protested* that this was unfair. He explained that he chose his friends *based* on their looks, his acquaintances on their good character, and his enemies on their intelligence. He added that it is

important to choose enemies carefully, as they are usually intelligent and appreciate him, which he admitted might be vain.

Pt/En Basil agreed with Harry. However, he thought that according to Harry's way of thinking, he was only an acquaintance.

Pt/En Harry told Basil that he was much more than an acquaintance.

Pt/En Basil then asked if he was less than a friend, perhaps like a brother.

Pt/En Harry replied that he did not like brothers. He explained that his older brother would not die, but his younger brothers seemed to always do so.

Pt/En Hallward exclaimed Harry's name with a frown.

Pt/En Lord Henry explained that he was not completely serious, but he disliked his *relatives*. He thought people do not like it when others have the same faults as themselves. He understood why ordinary people were angry with the upper classes for their bad *behaviour*. He felt that the common people believed that things like drinking too much or being stupid should be their own problems. He mentioned a man named Southwark who had problems with divorce, and people were very angry. However, he also said that he did not think many poor people lived correctly.

Pt/En Basil told Lord Henry that he did not agree with anything he had said. He also felt sure that Lord Henry did not believe his own words.

Pt/En Lord Henry stroked his beard and tapped his boot with a cane. He told Basil that he was very English. He said that if you give an idea to an Englishman, he does not think if it is right or wrong. He only cares if the person believes it. Lord Henry added that an idea's value does not depend on how much the person believes it. He thought that if a person is not *sincere*, the idea might be more pure because it is not affected by their own needs or feelings. He did not want to discuss politics or philosophy. He preferred people to ideas, especially people without principles. He then asked Basil how often he saw Mr. Dorian Gray.

Pt/En Basil replied that he saw Dorian Gray every day. He said he could not be happy if he did not see him daily, as Dorian was very important to him.

Pt/En Lord Henry found this very surprising. He had thought Basil only cared about his art.

Pt/En The painter told Harry that Dorian Gray was very important to him. He felt that Dorian's personality had given him a new way to create art. He explained that Dorian's beauty was not just for him to paint, but that Dorian's presence had changed his whole style and how he saw things. He said that Dorian helped him to see the beauty in nature, like in a landscape he painted when Dorian was with him. The painter believed that Dorian Gray represented a new style in art, combining the passion of romanticism with the perfection of Greek art.

Pt/En Lord Henry was very surprised by what the painter said and wanted to meet Dorian Gray.

Pt/En Hallward walked in the garden for a while and then returned. He told Harry that Dorian Gray was his *inspiration* for art. He said that while Harry might not see much in Dorian, he saw everything. Hallward explained that Dorian's influence was in the shapes and colours he used in his art, and that Dorian helped him find a new artistic style.

Pt/En Lord Henry asked the painter why he would not show Dorian Gray's portrait.

Pt/En The painter explained that he had put too much of his own feelings and artistic admiration for Dorian into the portrait. He said that Dorian did not know about these feelings and never would. However, he worried that if he showed the portrait, people would guess his feelings and judge them. He did not want to reveal his inner self to others.

Pt/En Lord Henry explained that poets use strong feelings because it helps them *sell* their books. He said that nowadays, stories about a broken heart could be published many times.

Pt/En Hallward cried that he hated this. He believed an artist should make beautiful things but not put their own life into them. He felt that people *today* treated art like a personal story. He thought they had lost the idea of pure beauty. He promised to show the world what beauty really was *someday*, and for that reason, the world would never see his painting of Dorian Gray.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Basil he thought he was wrong, but he did not want to argue. He said that only people who are confused argue. He then asked if Dorian Gray liked Basil very much.

Pt/En The painter thought for a moment. He answered that Dorian liked him and he knew it. He admitted he often said nice things to Dorian that he later regretted. Usually, Dorian was nice to him, and they talked about many subjects in the studio. However, sometimes Dorian was very unkind and seemed to enjoy hurting him. At those times, the painter felt he had given his whole self to someone who treated it like a simple decoration, something to make him look good or to enjoy for a short time.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Basil that summer days often felt long. He suggested Basil might get tired of Dorian before Dorian got tired of him. He said it was sad, but genius lasted longer than beauty. He explained that this is why people try hard to learn a lot, hoping to keep their place in life by filling their minds with knowledge. He called the modern idea of a very *knowledgeable* person a terrible thing, like a dusty shop full of old *items*. Lord Henry thought Basil would *eventually* get tired of Dorian. He imagined Basil would one day see Dorian differently, perhaps not liking his appearance or his attitude. Basil would feel angry and think Dorian had treated him badly. The next time Dorian visited, Basil would be cold and *uninterested*. Lord Henry felt this would be a shame because it would change Basil. He described what Basil had told him as a sad love story, and that having such a strong feeling for someone often left one feeling less romantic.

Pt/En Basil asked Harry not to speak like that. He explained that Dorian Gray's personality would control him as long as he lived. Basil felt that Harry could not understand his feelings because Harry changed too often.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Basil that he could feel things exactly because he was not always faithful. He believed that people who were always faithful only knew the simple parts of love, but those who were not faithful understood love's sad parts. Lord Henry then lit a cigarette and smoked, feeling pleased with his words. He enjoyed being in the garden and found other people's feelings more interesting than their ideas. He thought about his own soul and his friends' strong emotions as the most fascinating things in life. He was amused to think about the boring lunch he had missed. He imagined meeting Lord Goodbody at his aunt's house,

where the talk would be about helping the poor and *building* better housing. He thought it was good to avoid such conversations, where rich people would talk about saving money and idle people would talk about the importance of work. He felt happy to have escaped that. As he thought about his aunt, he suddenly remembered something and told Hallward that he had just remembered.

Pt/En Hallward asked Harry what he had remembered.

Pt/En Harry replied that he remembered where he had heard the name Dorian Gray.

Pt/En Hallward asked where that was, looking a little worried.

Pt/En Harry told Basil not to be angry. He explained that he had met someone at his aunt Lady Agatha's house. His aunt had told him about a young man who was going to work in the East End, and his name was Dorian Gray. Harry's aunt said Dorian was very serious and had a kind nature, but she did not mention if he was handsome. Harry imagined that Dorian was not *attractive*, with *messy* hair, many spots on his face, and large feet. Harry said he wished he had known Dorian was Basil's friend.

Pt/En Basil said he was very happy that Harry did not meet Dorian.

Pt/En Harry asked Basil why he felt that way.

Pt/En Basil explained that he did not want Harry to meet Dorian.

Pt/En Harry repeated that Basil did not want him to meet Dorian.

Pt/En He said no.

Pt/En The butler came into the garden and said that Mr. Dorian Gray was in the studio.

Pt/En Lord Henry laughed and asked to be introduced now.

Pt/En The painter turned to his servant, Parker, who was blinking in the sun. He told Parker to ask Mr. Gray to wait, as he would be in soon. Parker bowed and left.

Pt/En Then he looked at Lord Henry. He said that Dorian Gray was his best friend and had a good and kind nature. He agreed with Lord Henry's aunt about Dorian. He asked Lord Henry not to spoil Dorian or try to change him, saying his influence would be bad. He explained that Dorian

was the only person who made his art special, and his art depended on him. He asked Harry to be careful with Dorian, trusting him.

Pt/En Lord Henry smiled and told Hallward that he was talking nonsense. Then, he took Hallward by the arm and led him into the house.

2

Pt/En When they entered, they saw Dorian Gray. He was sitting at the piano with his back to them. He was looking through a book of music by Schumann. Dorian asked Basil to lend him the music, saying he wanted to learn it because it was very beautiful.

Pt/En Basil replied that it depended on how Dorian sat that day.

Pt/En Dorian said he was tired of sitting and did not want a life-sized picture of himself. He turned around on the music stool in a stubborn way. When he saw Lord Henry, his cheeks became a little red for a moment. He stood up and apologized to Basil, saying he did not know he had a visitor.

Pt/En Basil introduced Lord Henry Wotton to Dorian, calling him an old friend from Oxford. Basil mentioned he had just told Lord Henry what a good model Dorian was, and now Dorian had ruined it.

Pt/En Lord Henry greeted Mr. Gray and said he was pleased to meet him. He explained that his aunt, Lady Agatha, had talked about Mr. Gray often. Lord Henry added that Mr. Gray was one of her favourite people, but he also thought Mr. Gray might be one of her victims.

Pt/En Dorian told Lord Henry that he was currently in trouble with Lady Agatha. He explained that he had promised to go to a club with her the previous Tuesday but had completely forgotten. They were meant to play music together, and Dorian was worried about what she would say. He felt too scared to visit her.

Pt/En Lord Henry offered to help Dorian make peace with his aunt, saying she liked him very much. He also suggested that it was not a big problem if Dorian missed the event, because Aunt Agatha made enough noise when she played the piano for two people.

Pt/En Dorian laughed and replied that Lord Henry's comment was unkind to his aunt and not very nice to him.

Pt/En Lord Henry looked at Dorian and thought he was very handsome, with beautiful lips, blue eyes, and golden hair. Dorian's face seemed honest and pure, like a young person who had not been spoiled

by the world. Lord Henry understood why Basil Hallward admired him so much.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Mr. Gray that he was too charming for philanthropy. Then, Lord Henry sat down on the divan and took out his cigarettes.

Pt/En The painter was *preparing* his paints and brushes. He looked worried. When he heard Lord Henry's *comment*, he looked at him. After a short pause, he asked Lord Henry if he would mind leaving because he wanted to finish his painting that day.

Pt/En Lord Henry smiled and looked at Dorian Gray. He asked Dorian if he wanted him to leave.

Pt/En Dorian asked Lord Henry not to go. He explained that Basil was in a bad mood, and he did not like Basil when he was like that. Dorian also wanted Lord Henry to explain why he should not be involved in philanthropy.

Pt/En Lord Henry said he would not tell Mr. Gray why he should not do philanthropy because it was a serious subject. However, he also said he would not leave now that Mr. Gray had asked him to stay. He asked Basil if he minded, reminding him that he had often said he liked his models to have someone to talk to.

Pt/En Hallward agreed that Lord Henry should stay if Dorian wanted him to. He explained that Dorian's wishes were like rules for everyone, but not for Dorian himself.

Pt/En Lord Henry prepared to leave. He told Basil that he had promised to meet someone at the Orleans club. He invited Mr. Gray to visit him in Curzon Street, saying he was usually home at five o'clock and asked him to write before coming.

Pt/En Dorian Gray told Basil that if Lord Henry Wotton left, he would leave too. He said it was boring to stand on the platform while Basil painted, and he asked Basil to insist that Lord Henry stay.

Pt/En Hallward asked Harry to stay to please both Dorian and himself. He admitted that he did not talk or listen when he was working, which must be difficult for his sitters, and he begged Harry to remain.

Pt/En Lord Henry asked what he should do about the man he was supposed to meet at the Orleans club.

Pt/En The painter laughed and said it would not be difficult. He asked Harry to sit down again. He told Dorian to get on the platform and not move too much. He also *advised* Dorian not to pay attention to Lord Henry, because Lord Henry had a bad influence on his friends, except for the painter himself.

Pt/En Dorian Gray went *onto* the platform. He looked a little unhappy and made a face at Lord Henry, whom he liked. Dorian thought Lord Henry was very different from Basil and made a nice contrast. He also had a beautiful voice. After a short time, Dorian asked Lord Henry if he really had a bad influence, as Basil had said.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Mr. Gray that there was no such thing as a good influence. He explained that all influence was immoral from a scientific point of view.

Pt/En Dorian asked why that was.

Pt/En Lord Henry explained that influencing someone means giving them your own soul. They stop thinking their own thoughts and feeling their own emotions. Their good qualities are not real to them, and their bad actions are not *truly* theirs. He said people become like an echo or an actor playing a *role* they were not meant for. Lord Henry believed the purpose of life is to develop oneself and perfectly understand one's own nature. He felt people were afraid of themselves and had forgotten the most important duty, which is to oneself. He noted that people are often charitable, helping others, but their own souls suffer. He thought courage was missing from people and suggested that fear of society and fear of God were the *main* things that controlled people.

Pt/En The painter, who was *focused* on his work, asked Dorian to turn his head a little more. He noticed a new look on the young man's face that he had never seen before.

Pt/En Lord Henry spoke in his musical voice. He said that if people lived their lives fully, expressing every feeling and dream, the world would become happier. He believed that people were afraid of themselves and that denying their impulses made them sick. He explained that the only way to get rid of a temptation was to give in to it, because resisting it

made the soul suffer. He also suggested that important events and sins happen in the mind. He told Dorian that his youth and innocence might hide strong feelings and thoughts that could cause him fear or shame.

Pt/En Dorian Gray was confused by Lord Henry's words. He told him to stop talking because he did not know what to say. He felt he had an answer but could not find it. Dorian asked him not to speak so he could think, or at least try not to think.

Pt/En For about ten minutes, Dorian stood still with his lips slightly open and his eyes shining. He felt new influences starting inside him, but he thought they came from himself. The words spoken by Basil's friend, which seemed like a game or a puzzle, had touched something deep inside him that was now reacting strongly.

Pt/En Dorian thought about how music had affected him before, but music was not clear. He realized that words were powerful, clear, and sometimes cruel, and that people could not escape them. He wondered if words, despite their power, had a special magic and a beauty of their own, and if anything was as real as words.

Pt/En He realized that he now understood things from his childhood that he had not understood before. His life suddenly felt very intense and exciting, as if he had been walking through fire. He wondered why he had not known this feeling earlier.

Pt/En Lord Henry watched Dorian with a small smile. He knew the right time to be quiet. He was very interested and surprised by the strong effect his words had. He thought about a book he read when he was sixteen, which had taught him many new things. He wondered if Dorian Gray was having a similar experience. He felt like he had just said something without knowing if it would be important. He found the young man very interesting.

Pt/En Hallward continued painting with his skilled and delicate style, which showed great strength in art. He did not notice the silence around him.

Pt/En Dorian Gray suddenly told Basil that he was tired of standing. He wanted to go outside and sit in the garden because the air inside felt too hot and difficult to breathe.

Pt/En Basil apologized, saying that when he paints, he concentrates completely. He told Dorian that he had sat very still and looked perfect. Basil felt he had captured the exact look he wanted, with the lips slightly open and a bright expression in the eyes. He guessed that Lord Henry had said something to Dorian that caused this wonderful look. Basil advised Dorian not to believe everything Lord Henry said, suggesting he might have been giving compliments.

Pt/En The speaker said that the other person had not been complimentary. He thought this was why he did not believe what the person told him.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Basil that he knew Basil believed everything. Lord Henry suggested they go to the garden because it was too hot in the studio. He asked Basil if they could have a cold drink with strawberries.

Pt/En Basil agreed and asked Harry to ring the bell for Parker. Basil said he needed to finish the background of the painting and would join them later. He asked Lord Henry not to keep Dorian for too long. Basil felt he was in excellent condition to paint that day and believed the painting was already his masterpiece.

Pt/En Lord Henry went to the garden and saw Dorian Gray with his face in the lilac flowers, breathing in the strong smell as if it were wine. Lord Henry came near him and put his hand on his shoulder. He told Dorian that he was right to do that, saying that only experiences could heal the soul, and only the soul could heal experiences.

Pt/En The young man was startled and moved back. He had no hat, and his curly hair was messy. His eyes showed fear, like someone suddenly woken up. His nose twitched, and his lips trembled.

Pt/En Lord Henry continued, saying that a secret of life was to use the senses to help the soul, and the soul to help the senses. He told Dorian that he was a special person, who knew more than he thought, but also wanted to know more than he did.

Pt/En Dorian Gray looked away, frowning. He liked the tall, handsome young man. His interesting face and tired look caught Dorian's attention. Lord Henry's quiet, slow voice was very charming. Even his pale hands seemed special. They moved like music when he spoke. But Dorian felt scared of him, and ashamed of being scared. He wondered why a

stranger had shown him himself. He had known Basil Hallward for a long time, but their friendship had not changed him. Now, someone new had appeared and seemed to show him life's secrets. Yet, he asked himself why he should be afraid. He was not a child. It was silly to be frightened.

Pt/En Lord Henry suggested they move to a shady spot. He mentioned that drinks had been brought, and that if Dorian stayed in the bright sun longer, he would be ruined, and Basil would not be able to paint him again. He warned Dorian not to get sunburnt, as it would not look good.

Pt/En Dorian Gray laughed and asked what difference it would make, as he sat down at the end of the garden.

Pt/En Lord Henry replied that it should matter a great deal to him, Mr. Gray.

Pt/En He asked why.

Pt/En Lord Henry explained that Dorian had wonderful youth, and that youth was the most important thing to have.

Pt/En Dorian Gray told Lord Henry that he did not feel that way.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Dorian that he would feel it terribly when he was old and no longer beautiful. He said that Dorian's face was very beautiful now and that beauty was more important than genius because it did not need explanation. He warned Dorian that beauty and youth would not last forever, and that when they were gone, he would have no more triumphs. Lord Henry advised Dorian to enjoy his youth fully, to seek new experiences, and not waste his time on boring or hopeless things. He suggested that Dorian could be a symbol for a new way of living that focused on pleasure. Lord Henry felt that Dorian did not understand his own potential and that it would be a tragedy if his youth was wasted, because youth could never be regained like the flowers that bloom again each year. He said that as people get older, their energy decreases, and they become like puppets remembering past chances they were too afraid to take. Lord Henry concluded that youth was the only thing that mattered in the world.

Pt/En Dorian Gray listened with wide eyes, surprised. The lilac flowers fell from his hand. A bee landed on them and crawled over the small blossoms. He watched the bee with a strange interest, which people

often feel when they are afraid of important matters or have strong emotions they cannot express. After a while, the bee flew away into a flower. The flower seemed to shake and then moved gently.

Pt/En The painter suddenly appeared at the studio door and quickly gestured for them to come inside. They looked at each other and smiled.

Pt/En He called out that he was waiting and asked them to come in. He said the light was perfect and they could bring their drinks.

Pt/En They stood up and walked slowly together down the path. Two butterflies flew past them. A bird began to sing in a pear tree in the garden.

Pt/En Lord Henry looked at Mr. Gray and asked if he was happy to have met him.

Pt/En Mr. Gray replied that he was happy now and wondered if he would always feel that way.

Pt/En Lord Henry said that the word "always" was terrible and made him feel afraid. He thought women used it too much and ruined love stories by wanting them to last *forever*. He also said the word "always" had no real meaning. He explained that a short, strong feeling lasted longer than a long love if people expected it to last *forever*.

Pt/En As they went into the studio, Dorian Gray touched Lord Henry's arm. He shyly suggested that their friendship could be like a short, strong feeling. Then he stood on the platform again to continue posing.

Pt/En Lord Henry sat in a big chair and watched Dorian. The only sounds were the brush on the canvas and Hallward stepping back to look at his painting. Sunlight came through the open door, making dust look golden. The strong smell of roses filled the air.

Pt/En After about fifteen minutes, Hallward stopped painting. He looked at Dorian Gray and then at the picture for a long time, thinking and frowning. Finally, he shouted that it was finished. He bent down and wrote his name in red paint on the corner of the canvas.

Pt/En Lord Henry looked closely at the painting. He thought it was an amazing piece of art and looked exactly like Dorian Gray.

Pt/En Basil Hallward told Mr. Gray he was very happy for him. He said the portrait was the best one from this time. He invited Mr. Gray to look at his own picture.

Pt/En Mr. Gray was surprised, as if waking up. He quietly asked if the painting was finished. He then stepped down from where he had been sitting.

Pt/En The painter answered that it was completely finished. He told Mr. Gray that he had sat very well that day. He said he was very *thankful* to him.

Pt/En Lord Henry interrupted and said that it was all his own doing. He asked Mr. Gray if that was true.

Pt/En Dorian did not reply. He walked slowly past his picture and looked at it. When he saw it, he moved back, and for a short time his face became red with happiness. He looked very happy, as if he saw himself for the first time. He stood still and amazed. He could hear Hallward talking but did not understand the words. He suddenly understood how beautiful he was. He had never felt this before. He thought Basil Hallward's praise was just friendly *jokes*. He had listened, laughed, and forgotten them. They had not changed him. Then Lord Henry Wotton arrived and spoke about youth and warned him that it does not last long. This had affected him then. Now, looking at the image of his own beauty, he understood the full meaning of Lord Henry's words. He knew that one day his face would be old and his eyes would not see well. His body would become less graceful. His lips would lose their colour, and his hair would lose its gold. His life would change his body for the worse. He would become ugly and strange.

Pt/En When he thought about it, he felt a sudden, strong pain. It was like a knife hurting him, and his whole body shook. His eyes turned purple and filled with tears. He felt a cold hand on his heart.

Pt/En Hallward finally asked if he did not like it. He was a little hurt by the young man's silence because he did not understand why he was quiet.

Pt/En Lord Henry said that of course he liked it, and asked who would not like such a great piece of modern art. He said he wanted it very much and would give anything for it.

Pt/En The other person replied that it was not his property.

Pt/En Someone then asked whose property it was.

Pt/En The painter answered that it was Dorian's.

Pt/En Someone said that he was a very lucky person.

Pt/En Dorian Gray sadly looked at his portrait and said that it was terrible. He explained that he would become old and ugly, but the picture would always look young. He wished that he could stay young *forever* and the picture could grow old. He said he would give anything for this, even his soul.

Pt/En Lord Henry laughed and told Basil that he would not like such an arrangement. He thought it would be very unfair to Basil's work.

Pt/En Hallward told Harry that he would strongly disagree.

Pt/En Dorian Gray turned and looked at Basil. Dorian told Basil that he thought Basil liked his art more than his friends. He felt that Basil did not care about him very much, perhaps not even as much as a bronze statue.

Pt/En The painter, Basil, looked at Dorian with surprise. Dorian's words were very *unusual* for him. Basil wondered what had happened because Dorian seemed very angry, with a red face and hot cheeks.

Pt/En Dorian continued speaking. He said he was less important to Basil than his art objects, like the ivory Hermes or silver Faun, which Basil would always like. Dorian wondered how long Basil would like him, perhaps only until he got his first wrinkle. He had learned from Basil's painting that when people lose their good looks, they lose everything. He agreed with Lord Henry Wotton that youth was the only thing that mattered. Dorian declared that he would kill himself when he started to grow old.

Pt/En Hallward became pale and took Dorian's hand. He cried out, asking Dorian not to speak like that. Hallward told Dorian that he had never had such a good friend and never would again. He asked Dorian if he was jealous of beautiful objects, saying that Dorian himself was more beautiful than any of them.

Pt/En Dorian explained that he was jealous of anything beautiful that would not fade. He was jealous of the portrait Basil had painted because

it would keep its beauty while he would lose his. He felt that every moment took something from him and gave it to the painting. Dorian wished the painting could change and age instead of him. He asked why Basil had painted it, fearing it would mock him terribly in the future. Tears came to his eyes. He pulled his hand away, threw himself on the sofa, and hid his face in the cushions as if he were praying.

Pt/En The painter told Harry, in a bitter tone, that it was Harry's fault.

Pt/En Lord Henry moved his shoulders and said that the person was the real Dorian Gray.

Pt/En Someone disagreed, saying it was not the real Dorian Gray.

Pt/En The person asked that if it was not the real Dorian Gray, then what was their connection to it.

Pt/En He quietly said that Harry should have left when he was asked to go.

Pt/En Lord Henry replied that he had stayed because Dorian asked him to.

Pt/En Dorian told Harry that he could not argue with his two best friends at the same time. He explained that because of them, he hated the best painting he had ever made and wanted to destroy it. He said it was only paint on canvas and he would not let it ruin their lives.

Pt/En Dorian Gray sat up in bed. His face was pale and his eyes were wet. He watched Basil walk to the painting table. Dorian wondered what Basil was doing. Basil's fingers searched through paints and brushes, looking for something. He found a long, thin knife. He was going to cut the canvas.

Pt/En Dorian cried out and jumped from the bed. He ran to Basil, took the knife from his hand, and threw it across the room. Dorian shouted that it would be like murder.

Pt/En Basil, after he was not surprised *anymore*, said coldly that he was glad Dorian finally liked his work. He added that he never thought Dorian would.

Pt/En Basil told Basil that he did not just appreciate the painting, he loved it. He felt it was a part of himself.

Pt/En Basil told Dorian that as soon as the painting was dry, it would be finished, framed, and sent to Dorian's home. Then Dorian could do what he wanted with it. Basil then walked to the bell and rang for tea. He asked Dorian and Harry if they would like tea, calling it a simple pleasure.

Pt/En Lord Henry said he loved simple pleasures, calling them the last place for complicated people. However, he did not like real-life drama, only on stage. He thought it was strange that Basil and Dorian were arguing about the painting. He said that calling man a rational animal was wrong because man is not rational. He wished they would stop arguing over the painting and said that Basil should give it to him instead of Dorian, because Dorian did not really want it, but he did.

Pt/En Dorian Gray cried out that if Basil let anyone else have the painting but him, he would never forgive Basil. He also said that he did not like people calling him a silly boy.

Pt/En Basil reminded Dorian that the painting was already his, as he had given it to Dorian before it was even painted.

Pt/En Lord Henry told Mr. Gray that he had been a little foolish and that he did not really mind being reminded that he was very young.

Pt/En Mr. Gray replied that he would have strongly disagreed that morning.

Pt/En Lord Henry said that a lot had happened since that morning.

Pt/En A butler brought in a tea tray with cups and dishes. A page also brought two dishes. Dorian Gray poured the tea, and the two men went to the table to look at the food.

Pt/En Lord Henry suggested they go to the theatre that night. He said he had promised to have dinner with a friend but could send a message saying he was ill or had another important meeting. He thought this would be a good excuse.

Pt/En Hallward said that putting on his formal clothes was boring and that they were unpleasant to wear.

Pt/En Lord Henry agreed, saying that the clothes of the 1800s were terrible, dark, and sad. He thought that only bad actions brought real excitement to life.

Pt/En Someone told Harry that he should not say such things in front of Dorian.

Pt/En Harry asked which Dorian they meant: the one serving tea or the one in the painting.

Pt/En The person replied that Harry should not say such things before either Dorian.

Pt/En The young man told Lord Henry that he would like to go to the theatre with him.

Pt/En Lord Henry agreed that the young man could come and asked Basil if he would join them too.

Pt/En Basil explained that he could not go because he had a lot of work to do and preferred not to.

Pt/En Lord Henry then suggested that he and Basil would go alone, addressing Mr. Gray.

Pt/En Mr. Gray replied that he would like that very much.

Pt/En The painter looked worried. He walked to the picture holding a cup. He said sadly that he would stay with the real Dorian.

Pt/En The man in the portrait asked the painter, walking over to him, if it was the real Dorian. He also asked if he was really like that.

Pt/En The painter answered that he was just like that.

Pt/En The man in the portrait said, "How wonderful, Basil!"

Pt/En Hallward sighed. He said that the man in the portrait looked like him, but the portrait would never change. He thought that was something.

Pt/En Lord Henry said that people made too much fuss about being faithful. He explained that in love, faithfulness was a matter of the body, not of choice. He stated that young men wished to be faithful but could not be, and old men wished to be unfaithful but were unable to be.

Pt/En Hallward asked Dorian not to go to the theatre that night and instead to stay and eat dinner with him.

Pt/En Dorian told Hallward that he could not stay for dinner.

Pt/En Hallward asked Dorian why he could not stay.

Pt/En Dorian explained that he had already promised to go with Lord Henry Wotton.

Pt/En Basil asked Dorian not to go. He explained that the other person would not appreciate Dorian keeping his promises, as that person often broke his own. Basil begged Dorian to stay.

Pt/En Dorian Gray laughed and did not agree.

Pt/En Basil asked again, more strongly.

Pt/En The young man paused and looked at Lord Henry. Lord Henry was watching them from where he sat with the tea, and he had a smile that showed he was amused.

Pt/En Dorian told Basil that he had to go.

Pt/En Hallward agreed. He put his cup down and said it was late. He told Harry and Dorian that they should not waste time because they had to get dressed. He said goodbye and asked them to visit him soon, perhaps the next day.

Pt/En Someone replied that they would.

Pt/En Hallward asked if they would remember.

Pt/En Dorian said that he would not forget.

Pt/En Then Harry called out to Dorian.

Pt/En Someone asked Basil if he needed something.

Pt/En He reminded Basil to remember what he had asked him in the garden that morning.

Pt/En Basil said that he had forgotten it.

Pt/En The speaker told Basil that he trusted him.

Pt/En Lord Henry laughed and said he wished he could trust himself. He offered to give Mr. Gray a ride home in his hansom cab, and said goodbye to Basil, calling the afternoon very interesting.

Pt/En When the door closed behind them, the painter quickly sat down on a sofa. His face showed that he was feeling pain.

3

Pt/En The next day at lunchtime, Lord Henry Wotton went to visit his uncle, Lord Fermor. Lord Fermor was an older man who could be a little rough, but people who made him laugh thought he was kind. His father had been an ambassador in Madrid but left his job because he was angry he did not get a better position in Paris. Lord Fermor had worked as his father's secretary but left the job too. When he became Lord Fermor, he decided to spend his time doing nothing important. He owned large houses but lived in smaller rooms because it was less work. He often ate at his club. He did pay some attention to his coal mines, saying that coal helped him afford to burn wood at home. He was a Tory politician, but he often criticized his own party when they were in power. His servant treated him like a hero, and he often argued with his relatives. He believed England was getting worse and that his old ideas were better, even if people disagreed with his opinions.

Pt/En When Lord Henry arrived, his uncle was sitting in a casual jacket, smoking a cigar and reading The Times newspaper with annoyance. The old man asked Lord Henry why he was visiting so early, joking that young fashionable men usually woke up much later.

Pt/En Lord Henry replied to his uncle, George, that he was visiting because he wanted something from him.

Pt/En Lord Fermor guessed that Lord Henry wanted money. He made a face and told him to sit down and explain. He added that young people today thought money was the most important thing.

Pt/En Lord Henry agreed. He said that people know they are getting older. He explained that he did not want money. He told his Uncle George that only people who pay their bills want money, and he never paid his. He said that credit was like money for a younger son, and it helped him live well. He also mentioned that he only bought things from Dartmoor's shops, so they did not bother him. He wanted information, but not useful information, only useless information.

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The Preface

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The Preface

PT THE artist is the creator of beautiful things.

PT To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

PT The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

PT The highest, as the lowest, form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

PT Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

PT Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

PT They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

PT There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book.

PT Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

PT The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.

PT The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass.

PT The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium. No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

PT No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

PT No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

PT Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art.

PT Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art.

PT From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the art of the musician. From the point of view of feeling, the actor's craft is the type.

PT All art is at once surface and symbol.

PT Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

PT Those who read the symbol do so at their peril.

PT It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

PT Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

PT When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself.

PT We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

PT All art is quite useless.

1

PT 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 pinkflowering thorn.

PT 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 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.

PT 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.

PT 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.

PT '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.'

PT '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.'

PT Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows, and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whirls 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.'

PT '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.'

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

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

PT '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.'

PT '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.'

PT 'Dorian Gray? Is that his name?' asked Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hall ward.

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

PT 'But why not?'

PT '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?'

PT '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.'

PT '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.'

PT '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.

PT 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.'

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

PT 'You know quite well.'

PT 'I do not, Harry.'

PT '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.'

PT 'I told you the real reason.'

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

PT '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.'

PT Lord Henry laughed. ‘And what is that?’ he asked.

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

PT ‘I am all expectation, Basil,’ continued his companion, glancing at him.

PT ‘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.’

PT 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.’

PT The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilacblooms, 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 Hall ward’s heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

PT ‘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 overdressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, I suddenly became conscious that some one 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.'

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

PT '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?'

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

PT '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.'

PT '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.'

PT 'Poor Lady Brandon! You are hard on her, Harry!' said Hallward, listlessly.

PT '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?'

PT '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.'

PT '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.

PT Hallward shook his head. 'You don't understand what friendship is, Harry,' he murmured – 'or what enmity is, for that matter. You like every one; that is to say, you are indifferent to every one.'

PT '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.'

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

PT 'My dear old Basil, you are much more than an acquaintance.'

PT 'And much less than a friend. A sort of brother, I suppose?'

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

PT 'Harry!' exclaimed Hallward, frowning.

PT ‘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 any one 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.’

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

PT 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?’

PT ‘Every day. I couldn’t be happy if I didn’t see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me.’

PT ‘How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your art.’

PT ‘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 the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar, 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.'

PT 'Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray.'

PT 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 curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all.'

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

PT '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!

PT 'Poets are not so scrupulous as you are. They know how useful passion is for publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many editions.'

PT '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. Some day I will show the world what it is; and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Dorian Gray.'

PT '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?'

PT 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 some one 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.'

PT '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-brac 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 it will alter you. What you have told me is quite a romance, a romance of art one might call it, and the worst of having a romance of any kind is that it leaves one so unromantic.'

PT 'Harry, don't talk like that. As long as I live, the personality of Dorian Gray will dominate me. You can't feel what I feel. You change too often.'

PT 'Ah, my dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it. Those who are faithful know only the trivial side of love: it is the faithless who know love's tragedies.' And Lord Henry struck a light on a dainty silver case, and began to smoke a cigarette with a self-conscious and satisfied air, as if he had summed up the world in a phrase. There was a rustle of chirruping sparrows in the green lacquer leaves of the ivy, and the blue cloud-shadows chased themselves across the grass like swallows. How pleasant it was in the garden! And how delightful other people's emotions were! – much more delightful than their ideas, it seemed to him. One's own soul, and the passions of one's friends – those were the fascinating things in life. He pictured to himself with silent amusement the tedious luncheon that he had missed by staying so long with Basil Hallward. Had he gone to his aunt he would have been sure to have met Lord Goodbody there, and the whole conversation would have been about the feeding of the poor, and the necessity for model lodging-houses. Each class would have preached the importance of those virtues, for whose exercise there was no necessity in their own lives. The rich would have spoken on the value of thrift, and the idle grown eloquent over the dignity of labour. It was charming to have escaped all that! As he thought of his aunt, an idea seemed to strike him. He turned to Hallward, and said, 'My dear fellow, I have just remembered.'

PT 'Remembered what, Harry?'

PT 'Where I heard the name of Dorian Gray.'

PT 'Where was it?' asked Hallward, with a slight frown.

PT 'Don't look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt, Lady Agatha's. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man, who was going to help her in the East End, and that his name was Dorian Gray. I am bound to state that she never told me he was good looking. Women have no

appreciation of good looks; at least, good women have not. She said that he was very earnest, and had a beautiful nature. I at once pictured to myself a creature with spectacles and lank hair, horribly freckled, and tramping about on huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend.'

PT 'I am very glad you didn't, Harry.'

PT 'Why?'

PT 'I don't want you to meet him.'

PT 'You don't want me to meet him?'

PT 'No.'

PT 'Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir,' said the butler, coming into the garden.

PT 'You must introduce me now,' cried Lord Henry, laughing.

PT The painter turned to his servant, who stood blinking in the sunlight. 'Ask Mr. Gray to wait, Parker: I shall be in in a few moments.' The man bowed, and went up the walk.

PT Then he looked at Lord Henry. 'Dorian Gray is my dearest friend,' he said. 'He has a simple and a beautiful nature. Your aunt was quite right in what she said of him. Don't spoil him. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. The world is wide, and has many marvellous people in it. Don't take away from me the one person who gives to my art whatever charm it possesses; my life as an artist depends on him. Mind, Harry, I trust you.' He spoke very slowly, and the words seemed wrung out of him almost against his will.

PT 'What nonsense you talk!' said Lord Henry, smiling, and, taking Hallward by the arm, he almost led him into the house.

2

PT AS they entered they saw Dorian Gray. He was seated at the piano, with his back to them, turning over the pages of a volume of Schumann's 'Forest Scenes.' 'You must lend me these, Basil,' he cried. 'I want to learn them. They are perfectly charming.'

PT 'That entirely depends on how you sit to-day, Dorian.'

PT 'Oh, I am tired of sitting, and I don't want a life-sized portrait of myself,' answered the lad, swinging round on the music-stool, in a wilful, petulant manner. When he caught sight of Lord Henry, a faint blush coloured his cheeks for a moment, and he started up. 'I beg your pardon, Basil, but I didn't know you had any one with you.'

PT 'This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old Oxford friend of mine. I have just been telling him what a capital sitter you were, and now you have spoiled everything.'

PT 'You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr. Gray,' said Lord Henry, stepping forward and extending his hand. 'My aunt has often spoken to me about you. You are one of her favourites, and, I am afraid, one of her victims also.'

PT 'I am in Lady Agatha's black books at present,' answered Dorian, with a funny look of penitence. 'I promised to go to a club in Whitechapel with her last Tuesday, and I really forgot all about it. We were to have played a duet together – three duets, I believe. I don't know what she will say to me. I am far too frightened to call.'

PT 'Oh, I will make your peace with my aunt. She is quite devoted to you. And I don't think it really matters about your not being there. The audience probably thought it was a duet. When Aunt Agatha sits down to the piano she makes quite enough noise for two people.'

PT 'That is very horrid to her, and not very nice to me,' answered Dorian, laughing.

PT Lord Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly wonderfully handsome, with his finely-curved scarlet lips, his frank blue eyes, his crisp gold hair. There was something in his face that made one trust him at once. All the candour of youth was there, as well as all youth's

passionate purity. One felt that he had kept himself unspotted from the world. No wonder Basil Hallward worshipped him.

PT 'You are too charming to go in for philanthropy, Mr. Gray – far too charming.' And Lord Henry flung himself down on the divan and opened his cigarette-case.

PT The painter had been busy mixing his colours and getting his brushes ready. He was looking worried, and when he heard Lord Henry's last remark he glanced at him, hesitated for a moment, and then said, 'Harry, I want to finish this picture to-day. Would you think it awfully rude of me if I asked you to go away?'

PT Lord Henry smiled, and looked at Dorian Gray. 'Am I to go, Mr. Gray?' he asked.

PT 'Oh, please don't, Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his sulky moods; and I can't bear him when he sulks. Besides, I want you to tell me why I should not go in for philanthropy.'

PT 'I don't know that I shall tell you that, Mr. Gray. It is so tedious a subject that one would have to talk seriously about it. But I certainly shall not run away, now that you have asked me to stop. You don't really mind, Basil, do you? You have often told me that you liked your sitters to have some one to chat to.'

PT Hallward bit his lip. 'If Dorian wishes it, of course you must stay. Dorian's whims are laws to everybody, except himself.'

PT Lord Henry took up his hat and gloves. 'You are very pressing, Basil, but I am afraid I must go. I have promised to meet a man at the Orleans. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Come and see me some afternoon in Curzon Street. I am nearly always at home at five o'clock. Write to me when you are coming. I should be sorry to miss you.'

PT 'Basil,' cried Dorian Gray, 'if Lord Henry Wotton goes I shall go too. You never open your lips while you are painting, and it is horribly dull standing on a platform and trying to look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I insist upon it.'

PT 'Stay, Harry, to oblige Dorian, and to oblige me,' said Hallward, gazing intently at his picture. 'It is quite true, I never talk when I am

working, and never listen either, and it must be dreadfully tedious for my unfortunate sitters. I beg you to stay.'

PT 'But what about my man at the Orleans?'

PT The painter laughed. 'I don't think there will be any difficulty about that. Sit down again, Harry. And now, Dorian, get up on the platform, and don't move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the single exception of myself.'

PT Dorian Gray stepped up on the dais, with the air of a young Greek martyr, and made a little moue of discontent to Lord Henry, to whom he had rather taken a fancy. He was so unlike Basil. They made a delightful contrast. And he had such a beautiful voice. After a few moments he said to him, 'Have you really a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?'

PT 'There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral – immoral from the scientific point of view.'

PT 'Why?'

PT 'Because to influence a person is to give him one's own soul. He does not think his natural thoughts or burn with his natural passions. His virtues are not real to him. His sins, if there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He becomes an echo of some one else's music, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life is self-development. To realise one's nature perfectly – that is what each of us is here for. People are afraid of themselves, nowadays. They have forgotten the highest of all duties, the duty that one owes to one's self. Of course they are charitable. They feed the hungry, and clothe the beggar. But their own souls starve, and are naked. Courage has gone out of our race. Perhaps we never really had it. The terror of society, which is the basis of morals, the terror of God, which is the secret of religion – these are the two things that govern us. And yet –'

PT 'Just turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian, like a good boy,' said the painter, deep in his work, and conscious only that a look had come into the lad's face that he had never seen there before.

PT 'And yet,' continued Lord Henry, in his low, musical voice, and with that graceful wave of the hand that was always so characteristic of him,

and that he had even in his Eton days, 'I believe that if one man were to live out his life fully and completely, were to give form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream – I believe that the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we would forget all the maladies of mediaevalism, and return to the Hellenic ideal – to something finer, richer, than the Hellenic ideal, it may be. But the bravest man amongst us is afraid of himself. The mutilation of the savage has its tragic survival in the self-denial that mars our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind, and poisons us. The body sins once, and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure, or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful. It has been said that the great events of the world take place in the brain. It is in the brain, and the brain only, that the great sins of the world take place also. You, Mr. Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheek with shame –'

PT 'Stop!' faltered Dorian Gray, 'stop! You bewilder me. I don't know what to say. There is some answer to you, but I cannot find it. Don't speak. Let me think. Or, rather, let me try not to think.'

PT For nearly ten minutes he stood there, motionless, with parted lips, and eyes strangely bright. He was dimly conscious that entirely fresh influences were at work within him. Yet they seemed to him to have come really from himself. The few words that Basil's friend had said to him – words spoken by chance, no doubt, and with wilful paradox in them – had touched some secret chord that had never been touched before, but that he felt was now vibrating and throbbing to curious pulses.

PT Music had stirred him like that. Music had troubled him many times. But music was not articulate. It was not a new world, but rather another chaos, that it created in us. Words! Mere words! How terrible they were! How clear, and vivid, and cruel! One could not escape from them. And yet what a subtle magic there was in them! They seemed to be able to give a plastic form to formless things, and to have a music of their own as sweet

as that of viol or of lute. Mere words! Was there anything so real as words?

PT Yes; there had been things in his boyhood that he had not understood. He understood them now. Life suddenly became fiery-coloured to him. It seemed to him that he had been walking in fire. Why had he not known it?

PT With his subtle smile, Lord Henry watched him. He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. He felt intensely interested. He was amazed at the sudden impression that his words had produced, and, remembering a book that he had read when he was sixteen, a book which had revealed to him much that he had not known before, he wondered whether Dorian Gray was passing through a similar experience. He had merely shot an arrow into the air. Had it hit the mark? How fascinating the lad was!

PT Hallward painted away with that marvellous bold touch of his, that had the true refinement and perfect delicacy that in art, at any rate, comes only from strength. He was unconscious of the silence.

PT 'Basil, I am tired of standing,' cried Dorian Gray, suddenly. 'I must go out and sit in the garden. The air is stifling here.'

PT 'My dear fellow, I am so sorry. When I am painting, I can't think of anything else. But you never sat better. You were perfectly still. And I have caught the effect I wanted – the half-parted lips, and the bright look in the eyes. I don't know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has certainly made you have the most wonderful expression. I suppose he has been paying you compliments. You mustn't believe a word that he says.'

PT 'He has certainly not been paying me compliments. Perhaps that is the reason that I don't believe anything he has told me.'

PT 'You know you believe it all,' said Lord Henry, looking at him with his dreamy, languorous eyes. 'I will go out to the garden with you. It is horribly hot in the studio. Basil, let us have something iced to drink, something with strawberries in it.'

PT 'Certainly, Harry. Just touch the bell, and when Parker comes I will tell him what you want. I have got to work up this background, so I will join you later on. Don't keep Dorian too long. I have never been in better

form for painting than I am to-day. This is going to be my masterpiece. It is my masterpiece as it stands.'

PT Lord Henry went out to the garden, and found Dorian Gray burying his face in the great cool lilac-blossoms, feverishly drinking in their perfume as if it had been wine. He came close to him, and put his hand upon his shoulder. 'You are quite right to do that,' he murmured. 'Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.'

PT The lad started and drew back. He was bare-headed, and the leaves had tossed his rebellious curls and tangled all their gilded threads. There was a look of fear in his eyes, such as people have when they are suddenly awakened. His finely-chiselled nostrils quivered, and some hidden nerve shook the scarlet of his lips and left them trembling.

PT 'Yes,' continued Lord Henry, 'that is one of the great secrets of life – to cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful creation. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know.'

PT Dorian Gray frowned and turned his head away. He could not help liking the tall, graceful young man who was standing by him. His romantic olivecoloured face and worn expression interested him. There was something in his low, languid voice that was absolutely fascinating. His cool, white, flower-like hands, even, had a curious charm. They moved, as he spoke, like music, and seemed to have a language of their own. But he felt afraid of him, and ashamed of being afraid. Why had it been left for a stranger to reveal him to himself? He had known Basil Hallward for months, but the friendship between them had never altered him. Suddenly there had come some one across his life who seemed to have disclosed to him life'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.

PT 'Let us go and sit in the shade,' said Lord Henry. 'Parker has brought out the drinks, and if you stay any longer in this glare you will be quite spoiled, and Basil will never paint you again. You really must not allow yourself to become sunburnt. It would be unbecoming.'

PT 'What can it matter?' cried Dorian Gray, laughing, as he sat down on the seat at the end of the garden.

PT 'It should matter everything to you, Mr. Gray.'

PT 'Why?'

PT 'Because you have the most marvellous youth, and youth is the one thing worth having.'

PT 'I don't feel that, Lord Henry.'

PT 'No, you don't feel it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought has seared your forehead with its lines, and passion branded your lips with its hideous fires, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. Now, wherever 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 explanation. It is of the great facts of the world, like sunlight, or springtime, or the reflection in dark waters of that silver shell we call the moon. It cannot be questioned. It has its divine right of sovereignty. It makes princes of those who have it. You smile? Ah! when you have lost it you won't smile...People say sometimes that Beauty is only superficial. That may be 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 world 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 are no triumphs left for you, or have to content yourself with those mean triumphs that the memory of your 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 against your lilies and your roses. You will become sallow, and hollow-cheeked, and dull-eyed. You will suffer horribly...Ah! realise your youth while you have it. Don't squander the gold of your days, listening to the tedious, trying to improve the hopeless failure, or giving away your life to the ignorant, the common, and the vulgar. These are the sickly aims, the false ideals, 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 personality 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 what you really are, of what you really might be. There was so much in you that charmed me that I felt I must 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 – such a little time. The common hill-flowers wither, but they blossom again. The laburnum will be as yellow next 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. 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 exquisite temptations that we had not the courage to yield to. Youth! Youth! There is absolutely nothing in the world but youth!

PT Dorian Gray listened, open-eyed and wondering. The spray of lilac fell from his hand upon the gravel. A furry bee came and buzzed round it for a moment. Then it began to scramble all over the oval stellated globe of the tiny blossoms. He watched 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 some 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 stained trumpet of a Tyrian convolvulus. The flower seemed to quiver, and then swayed gently to and fro.

PT Suddenly the painter appeared at the door of the studio, and made staccato signs for them to come in. They turned to each other, and smiled.

PT 'I am waiting,' he cried. 'Do come in. The light is quite perfect, and you can bring your drinks.'

PT They rose up, and sauntered down the walk together. Two green and white butterflies fluttered past them, and in the pear-tree at the corner of the garden a thrush began to sing.

PT 'You are glad to have met me, Mr. Gray,' said Lord Henry, looking at him.

PT 'Yes, I am glad now. I wonder shall I always be glad?'

PT '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 make it last for ever. It is a meaningless word, too. The only difference between a caprice and a life-long passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer.'

PT As they entered 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 boldness, then stepped up on the platform and resumed his pose.

PT Lord Henry flung himself into a large wicker armchair, and watched him. The sweep and dash of the brush on the canvas made the only sound that broke the stillness, except when, now and then, Hallward stepped back to look at his work from a distance. In the slanting beams that streamed through the open doorway the dust danced and was golden. The heavy scent of the roses seemed to brood over everything.

PT After about a quarter of an hour Hallward stopped painting, looked for a long time at Dorian Gray, and then for a long time at the picture, biting the end of one of his huge brushes, and frowning. 'It is quite finished,' he cried at last, and stooping down he wrote his name in long vermilion letters on the left-hand corner of the canvas.

PT Lord Henry came over and examined the picture. It was certainly a wonderful work of art, and a wonderful likeness as well.

PT 'My dear fellow, I congratulate you most warmly,' he said. 'It is the finest portrait of modern times. Mr. Gray, come over and look at yourself.'

PT The lad started, as if awakened from some dream. 'Is it really finished?' he murmured, stepping down from the platform.

PT 'Quite finished,' said the painter. 'And you have sat splendidly to-day. I am awfully obliged to you.'

PT 'That is entirely due to me,' broke in Lord Henry. 'Isn't it, Mr. Gray?'

PT Dorian made no answer, but passed listlessly in front of his picture, and turned towards it. When he saw it he drew back, and his cheeks flushed for a moment with pleasure. A look of joy came into his eyes, as if he had recognised himself for the first time. He stood there motionless and in wonder, dimly conscious that Hallward was speaking to him, but

not catching the meaning of his words. The sense of his own beauty came on him like a revelation. He had never felt it before. Basil Hallward's compliments had seemed to him to be merely the charming exaggerations of friendship. He had listened to them, laughed at them, forgotten them. They had not influenced his nature. Then had come Lord Henry Wotton with his strange panegyric on youth, his terrible warning of its brevity. That had stirred him at the time, and now, as he stood gazing at the shadow of his own loveliness, the full reality of the description flashed across him. Yes, there would be a day when his face would be wrinkled and wizen, his eyes dim and colourless, the grace of his figure broken and deformed. The scarlet would pass away from his lips, and the gold steal from his hair. The life that was to make his soul would mar his body. He would become dreadful, hideous, and uncouth.

PT As he thought of it, a sharp pang of pain struck through him like a knife, and made each delicate fibre of his nature quiver. His eyes deepened into amethyst, and across them came a mist of tears. He felt as if a hand of ice had been laid upon his heart.

PT 'Don't you like it?' cried Hallward at last, stung a little by the lad's silence, not understanding what it meant.

PT 'Of course he likes it,' said Lord Henry. 'Who wouldn't like it? It is one of the greatest things in modern art. I will give you anything you like to ask for it. I must have it.'

PT 'It is not my property, Harry.'

PT 'Whose property is it?'

PT 'Dorian's, of course,' answered the painter.

PT 'He is a very lucky fellow.'

PT '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!'

PT ‘You would hardly care for such an arrangement, Basil,’ cried Lord Henry, laughing. ‘It would be rather hard lines on your work.’

PT ‘I should object very strongly, Harry,’ said Hallward.

PT Dorian Gray turned and looked at him. ‘I believe you would, Basil. You like your art better than your friends. I am no more to you than a green bronze figure. Hardly as much, I dare say.’

PT The painter stared in amazement. It was so unlike Dorian to speak like that. What had happened? He seemed quite angry. His face was flushed and his cheeks burning.

PT ‘Yes,’ he continued, ‘I am less to you than your ivory Hermes or your silver Faun. You will like them always. How long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle, I suppose. I know, now, that when one loses one’s good looks, whatever they may be, one loses everything. Your picture has taught me that. Lord Henry Wotton is perfectly right. Youth is the only thing worth having. When I find that I am growing old, I shall kill myself.’

PT Hallward turned pale, and caught his hand. ‘Dorian! Dorian!’ he cried, ‘don’t talk like that. I have never had such a friend as you, and I shall never have such another. You are not jealous of material things, are you? – you who are finer than any of them!’

PT ‘I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not die. I am jealous of the portrait you have painted of me. Why should it keep what I must lose? Every moment that passes takes something from me, and gives something to it. Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture could change, and I could be always what I am now! Why did you paint it? It will mock me some day – mock me horribly!’ The hot tears welled into his eyes; he tore his hand away, and, flinging himself on the divan, he buried his face in the cushions, as though he was praying.

PT ‘This is your doing, Harry,’ said the painter, bitterly.

PT Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. ‘It is the real Dorian Gray – that is all.’

PT ‘It is not.’

PT ‘If it is not, what have I to do with it?’

PT ‘You should have gone away when I asked you,’ he muttered.

PT 'I stayed when you asked me,' was Lord Henry's answer.

PT 'Harry, I can't quarrel with my two best friends at once, but between you both you have made me hate the finest piece of work I have ever done, and I will destroy it. What is it but canvas and colour? I will not let it come across our three lives and mar them.'

PT Dorian Gray lifted his golden head from the pillow, and with pallid face and tear-stained eyes looked at him, as he walked over to the deal paintingtable that was set beneath the high curtained window. What was he doing there? His fingers were straying about among the litter of tin tubes and dry brushes, seeking for something. Yes, it was for the long palette-knife, with its thin blade of lithe steel. He had found it at last. He was going to rip up the canvas.

PT With a stifled sob the lad leaped from the couch, and, rushing over to Hallward, tore the knife out of his hand, and flung it to the end of the studio. 'Don't, Basil, don't!' he cried. 'It would be murder!'

PT 'I am glad you appreciate my work at last, Dorian,' said the painter, coldly, when he had recovered from his surprise. 'I never thought you would.'

PT 'Appreciate it? I am in love with it, Basil. It is part of myself. I feel that.'

PT 'Well, as soon as you are dry, you shall be varnished, and framed, and sent home. Then you can do what you like with yourself.' And he walked across the room and rang the bell for tea. 'You will have tea, of course, Dorian? And so will you, Harry? Or do you object to such simple pleasures?'

PT 'I adore simple pleasures,' said Lord Henry. 'They are the last refuge of the complex. But I don't like scenes, except on the stage. What absurd fellows you are, both of you! I wonder who it was defined man as a rational animal. It was the most premature definition ever given. Man is many things, but he is not rational. I am glad he is not, after all: though I wish you chaps would not squabble over the picture. You had much better let me have it, Basil. This silly boy doesn't really want it, and I really do.'

PT 'If you let any one have it but me, Basil, I shall never forgive you!' cried Dorian Gray; 'and I don't allow people to call me a silly boy.'

PT 'You know the picture is yours, Dorian. I gave it to you before it existed.'

PT 'And you know you have been a little silly, Mr. Gray, and that you don't really object to being reminded that you are extremely young.'

PT 'I should have objected very strongly this morning, Lord Henry.'

PT 'Ah! this morning! You have lived since then.'

PT There came a knock at the door, and the butler entered with a laden tea-tray and set it down upon a small Japanese table. There was a rattle of cups and saucers and the hissing of a fluted Georgian urn. Two globe-shaped china dishes were brought in by a page. Dorian Gray went over and poured out the tea. The two men sauntered languidly to the table, and examined what was under the covers.

PT 'Let us go to the theatre to-night,' said Lord Henry. 'There is sure to be something on, somewhere. I have promised to dine at White's but it is only with an old friend, so I can send him a wire to say that I am ill, or that I am prevented from coming in consequence of a subsequent engagement. I think that would be a rather nice excuse: it would have all the surprise of candour.'

PT 'It is such a bore putting on one's dress-clothes,' muttered Hallward. 'And, when one has them on, they are so horrid.'

PT 'Yes,' answered Lord Henry, dreamily, 'the costume of the nineteenth century is detestable. It is so sombre, so depressing. Sin is the only real colour-element left in modern life.'

PT 'You really must not say things like that before Dorian, Harry.'

PT 'Before which Dorian? The one who is pouring out tea for us, or the one in the picture?'

PT 'Before either.'

PT 'I should like to come to the theatre with you, Lord Henry,' said the lad.

PT 'Then you shall come; and you will come too, Basil, won't you?'

PT 'I can't really. I would sooner not. I have a lot of work to do.'

PT 'Well, then, you and I will go alone, Mr. Gray.'

PT 'I should like that awfully.'

PT The painter bit his lip and walked over, cup in hand, to the picture. 'I shall stay with the real Dorian,' he said, sadly.

PT 'Is it the real Dorian?' cried the original of the portrait, strolling across to him. 'Am I really like that?'

PT 'Yes; you are just like that.'

PT 'How wonderful, Basil!'

PT 'At least you are like it in appearance. But it will never alter,' sighed Hallward. 'That is something.'

PT 'What a fuss people make about fidelity!' exclaimed Lord Henry. 'Why, even in love it is purely a question for physiology. It has nothing to do with our own will. Young men want to be faithful, and are not: old men want to be faithless, and cannot: that is all one can say.'

PT 'Don't go to the theatre to-night, Dorian,' said Hallward. 'Stop and dine with me.'

PT 'I can't, Basil.'

PT 'Why?'

PT 'Because I have promised Lord Henry Wotton to go with him.'

PT 'He won't like you the better for keeping your promises. He always breaks his own. I beg you not to go.'

PT Dorian Gray laughed and shook his head.

PT 'I entreat you.'

PT The lad hesitated, and looked over at Lord Henry, who was watching them from the tea-table with an amused smile.

PT 'I must go, Basil,' he answered.

PT 'Very well,' said Hallward; and he went over and laid down his cup on the tray. 'It is rather late, and, as you have to dress, you had better lose no time. Good-bye, Harry. Good-bye, Dorian. Come and see me soon. Come to-morrow.'

PT 'Certainly.'

PT 'You won't forget?'

PT 'No, of course not,' cried Dorian.

PT 'And...Harry!'

PT 'Yes, Basil?'

PT 'Remember what I asked you, when we were in the garden this morning.'

PT 'I have forgotten it.'

PT 'I trust you.'

PT 'I wish I could trust myself,' said Lord Henry, laughing. 'Come, Mr. Gray, my hansom is outside, and I can drop you at your own place. Good-bye, Basil. It has been a most interesting afternoon.'

PT As the door closed behind them, the painter flung himself down on a sofa, and a look of pain came into his face.

3

PT AT half-past twelve next day Lord Henry Wotton strolled from Curzon Street over to the Albany to call on his uncle, Lord Fermor, a genial if somewhat rough-mannered old bachelor, whom the outside world called selfish, because it derived no particular benefit from him, but who was considered generous by Society as he fed the people who amused him. His father had been our ambassador at Madrid when Isabella was young, and Prim unthought of, but had retired from the Diplomatic Service in a capricious moment of annoyance at not being offered the Embassy at Paris, a post to which he considered that he was fully entitled by reason of his birth, his indolence, the good English of his despatches, and his inordinate passion for pleasure. The son, who had been his father's secretary, had resigned along with his chief, somewhat foolishly as was thought at the time, and on succeeding some months later to the title, had set himself to the serious study of the great aristocratic art of doing absolutely nothing. He had two large town houses, but preferred to live in chambers, as it was less trouble, and took most of his meals at his club. He paid some attention to the management of his collieries in the Midland counties, excusing himself for this taint of industry on the ground that the one advantage of having coal was that it enabled a gentleman to afford the decency of burning wood on his own hearth. In politics he was a Tory, except when the Tories were in office, during which period he roundly abused them for being a pack of Radicals. He was a hero to his valet, who bullied him, and a terror to most of his relations, whom he bullied in turn. Only England could have produced him, and he always said that the country was going to the dogs. His principles were out of date, but there was a good deal to be said for his prejudices.

PT When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his uncle sitting in a rough shooting-coat, smoking a cheroot, and grumbling over The Times. 'Well, Harry,' said the old gentleman, 'what brings you out so early? I thought you dandies never got up till two, and were not visible till five.'

PT 'Pure family affection, I assure you, Uncle George. I want to get something out of you.'

PT 'Money, I suppose,' said Lord Fermor, making a wry face. 'Well, sit down and tell me all about it. Young people, nowadays, imagine that money is everything.'

PT 'Yes,' murmured Lord Henry, settling his buttonhole in his coat; 'and when they grow older they know it. But I don't want money. It is only people who pay their bills who want that, Uncle George, and I never pay mine. Credit is the capital of a younger son, and one lives charmingly upon it. Besides, I always deal with Dartmoor's tradesmen, and consequently they never bother me. What I want is information; not useful information, of course; useless information.'

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O Prefácio

En Um artista é o criador de coisas belas.

En O objetivo da arte é revelar a si mesma enquanto mantém o artista oculto.

En Um crítico é alguém que pode traduzir sua impressão de coisas belas em uma forma diferente ou novo material.

En Tanto as formas mais altas quanto as mais baixas de crítica são um modo de autobiografia.

En Aqueles que encontram significados feios em coisas belas são corruptos sem serem encantadores, e isso é uma falha.

En Indivíduos que percebem significados belos em coisas belas são considerados cultos. Para essas pessoas, há esperança.

En Eles são os escolhidos para quem objetos belos significam apenas a Beleza.

En Não existe classificação como livro moral ou imoral.

En A única distinção entre os livros é se são bem ou mal escritos.

En A aversão do século XIX ao Realismo se assemelha à fúria de Caliban ao ver seu próprio reflexo num espelho.

En A antipatia do século XIX pelo Romantismo era como a raiva de Caliban, que não conseguia ver o próprio rosto no espelho.

En A vida moral dos seres humanos é um assunto para o artista, mas a moralidade da arte está no uso perfeito de um meio imperfeito. Nenhum artista quer provar nada; até verdades podem ser provadas, mas esse não é o objetivo do artista.

En Um artista não deve ter simpatias éticas; se as tiver, isso se torna um hábito estilístico imperdoável.

En Nenhum artista é jamais doentio; um artista é capaz de expressar qualquer coisa.

En Para o artista, o pensamento e a linguagem servem como ferramentas do seu ofício.

En Para um artista, tanto o vício quanto a virtude servem como matérias-primas para sua arte.

En Em termos de forma, a música representa o modelo ideal para todas as artes, enquanto em termos de emoção, a atuação serve como arquétipo.

En Toda arte existe simultaneamente como aparência superficial e como significado simbólico.

En Aqueles que tentam olhar além da superfície da arte correm um risco ao fazer isso.

En Da mesma forma, aqueles que tentam interpretar os símbolos dentro da arte também correm um risco.

En A arte reflete a perspectiva do espectador, em vez da própria realidade.

En Quando as pessoas têm opiniões diferentes sobre uma obra de arte, isso indica que a obra é inovadora, complexa e viva.

En Se os críticos têm opiniões conflitantes, significa que o artista é consistente em sua própria visão.

En Uma pessoa pode ser perdoada por criar algo útil se não se orgulhar disso. A única justificativa para criar algo inútil é que o criador o admira apaixonadamente.

En A arte não serve a nenhum propósito prático.

1

En O estúdio estava repleto do rico aroma de rosas. Quando uma brisa de verão agitava as árvores do jardim, o perfume mais pesado do lilás ou a delicada fragrância do espinho florido rosa entrava pela porta aberta.

En Lord Henry Wotton estava deitado em um divã coberto com alforjes persas, fumando cigarros como de costume. Ele podia ver as doces flores amarelas de uma árvore de laburno do lado de fora, seus galhos trêmulos pesados de beleza. Ocasionalmente, sombras de pássaros deslizavam pelas cortinas de seda, criando um efeito japonês fugaz, lembrando-o dos pintores de rosto pálido de Tóquio que buscavam capturar o movimento em uma arte estática. O murmúrio baixo das abelhas na grama não cortada e o rugido distante de Londres apenas tornavam a quietude mais profunda.

En No centro da sala, em um cavalete vertical, estava um retrato de corpo inteiro de um jovem excepcionalmente bonito. O artista, Basil Hallward, estava sentado a uma curta distância na frente dele. O súbito desaparecimento de Basil alguns anos antes havia causado grande excitação pública e muitos rumores estranhos.

En Enquanto o pintor olhava para a forma graciosa que havia capturado tão habilmente, um sorriso de prazer cruzou seu rosto. Mas então ele se levantou repentinamente, fechou os olhos e pressionou os dedos sobre as pálpebras, como se tentasse segurar um sonho estranho que temia perder.

En Lord Henry comentou languidamente que era o melhor trabalho de Basil, o melhor que ele já havia feito. Ele insistiu que Basil deveria enviá-lo para a Grosvenor no próximo ano. Ele achava a Academia muito grande e vulgar, onde ou muitas pessoas impediam ver os quadros, ou muitos quadros impediam ver as pessoas. A Grosvenor era o único lugar adequado.

En Ele respondeu que não achava que enviaria a lugar algum, inclinando a cabeça para trás daquela maneira peculiar que costumava divertir seus amigos em Oxford. Ele insistiu que não enviaria a lugar algum.

En Lord Henry ergueu as sobrancelhas e olhou para ele espantado através da fina fumaça azul de seu cigarro com cheiro de ópio. Perguntou por que não o enviaria, chamando-o de sujeito estranho. Observou que os pintores fazem de tudo para ganhar reputação, mas, assim que a têm, parecem ansiosos para descartá-la. Considerou isso tolo, já que a única coisa pior do que ser comentado é não ser comentado. Um retrato como aquele o colocaria acima de todos os jovens da Inglaterra e deixaria os velhos invejosos, se fossem capazes de alguma emoção.

En Ele respondeu que sabia que Lord Henry riria, mas que realmente não podia exibi-lo. Tinha colocado demais de si mesmo na obra.

En Lord Henry se espreguiçou no divã e riu.

En Ele disse que sabia que Lord Henry riria, mas ainda era bastante verdade.

En Lord Henry disse a Basil que a pintura continha muito do próprio artista. Ele disse que não sabia que Basil era tão vaidoso e que não via semelhança entre Basil, com seu rosto forte e rugoso e cabelo preto, e o jovem na pintura, que parecia ser feito de marfim e pétalas de rosa. Ele comparou o jovem a Narciso e disse que a verdadeira beleza termina onde o intelecto começa. Argumentou que o intelecto é uma forma de exagero que destrói a harmonia de um rosto. Zombou dos profissionais instruídos por serem horríveis, exceto pelos bispos, que nunca pensam e, portanto, continuam encantadores. Declarou que o misterioso jovem na pintura nunca pensa, chamando-o de criatura bela mas sem cérebro, que deveria estar presente no inverno quando não há flores, e no verão para esfriar a inteligência. Advertiu Basil para não se iludir, pois ele não se parecia em nada com o jovem.

En Basil respondeu que Harry não o entendia. Ele admitiu que não era como o jovem e que lamentaria se parecer com ele. Falou de uma fatalidade que acompanha toda distinção física e intelectual, como uma maldição que segue os reis pela história. Acreditava que era melhor não ser diferente dos outros. Disse que os feios e estúpidos têm a melhor vida: podem sentar-se à vontade e assistir ao teatro da vida, poupados tanto da vitória quanto da derrota. Vivem imperturbáveis, indiferentes e sem preocupações. Previu que seus dons os fariam sofrer terrivelmente:

a posição e a riqueza de Harry, o próprio cérebro e arte de Basil, e a boa aparência de Dorian Gray.

En Lord Henry perguntou se o nome do jovem era Dorian Gray enquanto atravessava o estúdio em direção a Basil Hallward.

En Basil confirmou que era esse o nome e acrescentou que não tinha a intenção de revelá-lo a Lord Henry.

En Lord Henry então perguntou por que Basil não quisera lhe contar o nome.

En Basil explicou que achava impossível revelar os nomes das pessoas que admirava enormemente, pois sentia que estava entregando uma parte delas. Ele passara a amar o segredo, que acreditava adicionar mistério e maravilha à vida moderna. Até as coisas mais comuns se tornavam encantadoras quando escondidas. Ele nunca contava a ninguém seus planos de viagem, porque fazê-lo estragaria seu prazer. Ele admitiu que poderia ser um hábito tolo, mas trazia romance à sua vida.

En Lord Henry respondeu que não achava Basil tolo. Lembrou a Basil que era casado, e o charme do casamento estava em tornar o engano necessário para ambos os parceiros. Ele nunca sabia onde sua esposa estava, e ela nunca sabia o que ele fazia. Quando se encontravam ocasionalmente, contavam um ao outro histórias absurdas com rostos sérios. Sua esposa era particularmente habilidosa, nunca confundindo as datas como ele fazia. Quando o descobria, ela não fazia escândalo, mas simplesmente ria.

En Basil Hallward expressou sua antipatia pela maneira como Lord Henry falava sobre sua vida conjugal. Ele acreditava que Lord Henry era, na verdade, um marido muito bom, mas tinha vergonha de suas próprias virtudes. Basil o chamou de sujeito extraordinário, observando que ele nunca dizia nada moral, mas também nunca fazia nada errado. Seu cinismo era apenas uma pose.

En Lord Henry riu e declarou que ser natural era simplesmente uma pose, e a mais irritante que conhecia. Em seguida, os dois jovens foram para o jardim e sentaram-se em um longo banco de bambu à sombra de um alto arbusto de louro. A luz do sol deslizava sobre as folhas polidas, e margaridas brancas tremiam na grama.

En Após uma pausa, Lord Henry puxou seu relógio e disse que temia ter que ir. Antes de sair, insistiu que Basil respondesse a uma pergunta que havia feito algum tempo atrás.

En Mantendo os olhos fixos no chão, o pintor perguntou o que era aquilo.

En Ele respondeu que o pintor sabia perfeitamente bem.

En O pintor negou saber, dirigindo-se ao outro homem como Harry.

En Ele então declarou que diria ao pintor o que era: queria a verdadeira explicação de por que se recusou a expor o retrato de Dorian Gray.

En O pintor manteve que já havia dado a verdadeira razão.

En Ele discordou, apontando que o outro havia dito que a pintura continha muito de si mesmo. Ele chamou isso de desculpa infantil.

En Basil Hallward olhou diretamente para Harry e explicou que qualquer retrato pintado com emoção revela o artista, não o modelo. O modelo é apenas uma ocasião. O pintor se expõe na tela. Ele recusou exibir o quadro porque temia que mostrasse o segredo de sua própria alma.

En Lord Henry riu e perguntou qual poderia ser esse segredo.

En Hallward disse que explicaria, mas uma expressão perplexa cruzou seu rosto.

En Seu companheiro, olhando para ele, disse que estava cheio de expectativa.

En O pintor respondeu a Harry que havia muito pouco a contar, e temia que Harry mal compreendesse ou talvez nem acreditasse.

En Lord Henry sorriu, abaixou-se para colher uma margarida de pétalas rosadas da grama e a examinou cuidadosamente. Ele respondeu que tinha certeza de que entenderia, e quanto a acreditar, poderia acreditar em qualquer coisa, desde que fosse completamente inacreditável.

En O vento sacudiu flores das árvores, e os pesados cachos de lilás balançavam suavemente no ar parado. Um grilo cantou perto do muro, e

uma libélula esguia flutuou como um fio azul. Lord Henry pensou que podia ouvir o coração de Basil Hallward e se perguntou o que viria a seguir.

En O pintor disse que a história era simples: dois meses antes, ele havia comparecido a uma festa na casa de Lady Brandon. Observou que os pobres artistas devem aparecer na sociedade de vez em quando para lembrar ao público que não são selvagens. Após dez minutos de conversa, ele de repente sentiu alguém o observando. Ele se virou e viu Dorian Gray pela primeira vez. Quando seus olhos se encontraram, ele sentiu um terror estranho; sabia que estava diante de alguém cuja personalidade poderia absorver toda a sua natureza, alma e arte. Ele não queria influência externa, sendo naturalmente independente, mas a partir daquele momento sentiu-se à beira de uma crise terrível, com alegrias e tristezas requintadas no horizonte. Ficou com medo e tentou sair, não por consciência, mas por covardia.

En Lord Henry disse a Basil que consciência e covardia eram essencialmente a mesma coisa; consciência era apenas o nome comercial para isso.

En Hallward disse a Harry que não acreditava na afirmação de Harry e suspeitava que o próprio Harry também não acreditava. Ele admitiu que seu motivo poderia ter sido orgulho, pois costumava ser muito orgulhoso, mas ele conseguiu chegar à porta. Lá ele colidiu com Lady Brandon, que exclamou em sua voz famosamente estridente que ele não poderia ir embora tão cedo.

En Lord Henry concordou, descrevendo Lady Brandon como um pavão sem beleza, enquanto ele nervosamente rasgava uma margarida com seus dedos longos e inquietos.

En Hallward não conseguiu escapar de Lady Brandon. Ela o apresentou a realeza, cavalheiros condecorados e senhoras idosas com tiaras enormes e narizes proeminentes. Ela o chamou de seu amigo mais querido, embora tivessem se encontrado apenas uma vez antes, e decidiu torná-lo famoso. Ele pensou que uma de suas pinturas havia alcançado sucesso recentemente, pelo menos sendo comentada em jornais baratos, o que ele considerava o padrão de imortalidade do século XIX. De repente, ele se viu face a face com o jovem cuja personalidade o havia estranhamente comovido. Eles ficaram muito

próximos, quase se tocando, e seus olhos se encontraram novamente. Imprudentemente, ele pediu a Lady Brandon uma apresentação, embora sentisse que era inevitável; eles teriam falado sem uma. Dorian confirmou mais tarde que também sabia que estavam destinados a se encontrar.

En Lord Henry perguntou como Lady Brandon descreveu o jovem, observando seu hábito de dar resumos rápidos de seus convidados. Ele lembrou que ela o apresentou a um velho beligerante e vermelho coberto de medalhas e fitas, e sussurrando detalhes surpreendentes sobre ele em um sussurro trágico que todos podiam ouvir. Ele fugiu, preferindo descobrir as pessoas por conta própria. Ele pensava que Lady Brandon tratava seus convidados como um leiloeiro trata suas mercadorias, ou explicando-os completamente ou contando tudo exceto o que se quer saber.

En Hallward comentou apaticamente que Harry estava sendo injusto com Lady Brandon.

En Lord Henry comentou que a mulher havia tentado estabelecer um salão, mas só conseguiu abrir um restaurante. Ele perguntou o que ela havia dito sobre o Sr. Dorian Gray.

En Lord Henry contou que a mulher descreveu Dorian Gray como um menino encantador e afirmou ser inseparável da mãe dele. Ela parecia incerta sobre o que Dorian fazia, primeiro achando que ele não fazia nada, depois que tocava piano ou talvez violino. Lord Henry e a outra pessoa riram juntos e imediatamente se tornaram amigos.

En O jovem lorde disse que o riso é uma ótima maneira de começar uma amizade, e é a melhor maneira de terminá-la.

En Hallward balançou a cabeça e disse calmamente a Lord Henry que ele não entendia o que amizade ou inimizade realmente significavam. Ele disse que Lord Henry gostava de todos, o que significava que era indiferente a todos.

En Lord Henry protestou que Hallward era terrivelmente injusto. Ele explicou que fazia distinções claras entre as pessoas: escolhia amigos pela boa aparência, conhecidos pelo bom caráter e inimigos pela boa inteligência. Ele aconselhou ter cuidado ao escolher inimigos,

observando que todos os seus inimigos eram inteligentes e o apreciavam, o que ele admitiu que poderia parecer vaidoso.

En Basílio concordou que provavelmente era, mas observou que, de acordo com a classificação de Harry, ele só poderia ser considerado um conhecido.

En Harry garantiu a Basílio que ele era muito mais do que apenas um conhecido.

En Basílio então se perguntou se ele era algo menos que um amigo, talvez como um irmão.

En Harry expressou desgosto por irmãos, observando que seu irmão mais velho se recusava a morrer, enquanto seus irmãos mais novos pareciam não fazer nada além de morrer.

En Hallward chamou o nome de Harry com uma carranca.

En Lord Henry disse que não estava completamente sério, mas não podia deixar de desgostar de seus parentes. Ele pensava que isso vinha do fato de que as pessoas não suportam que outros tenham os mesmos defeitos que elas. Ele expressou simpatia pela raiva da democracia inglesa em relação aos vícios das classes altas, explicando que as massas consideram a embriaguez, a estupidez e a imoralidade como propriedade especial delas, e se ressentem quando alguém das classes altas se comporta mal. Ele mencionou que quando Southwark acabou no Tribunal de Divórcio, a indignação pública foi notável. No entanto, ele duvidava que mesmo dez por cento da classe trabalhadora vivesse corretamente.

En Basil disse a Lord Henry que discordava de cada palavra que ele havia dito e, além disso, ele tinha certeza de que Lord Henry também não acreditava em suas próprias palavras.

En Lord Henry acariciou sua barba castanha pontiaguda e bateu a ponta de sua bota de verniz com uma bengala de ébano com borla. Ele comentou que Basil era muito inglês, pois já havia feito a mesma observação duas vezes. Explicou que, quando se apresenta uma ideia a um verdadeiro inglês, este nunca considera se a ideia é certa ou errada, mas apenas se o próprio falante acredita nela. Lord Henry argumentou que o valor de uma ideia não tem nada a ver com a sinceridade de quem a expressa; na verdade, quanto mais insincero o homem, mais

puramente intelectual é a ideia, porque não é colorida por suas necessidades, desejos ou preconceitos. No entanto, disse que não pretendia discutir política, sociologia ou metafísica com Basil. Preferia pessoas a princípios e, acima de tudo, pessoas sem princípios. Em seguida, pediu a Basil que lhe contasse mais sobre o Sr. Dorian Gray e com que frequência ele o via.

En Basil respondeu que via Dorian Gray todos os dias. Disse que não poderia ser feliz se não o visse diariamente, e que Dorian era absolutamente necessário para ele.

En Lord Henry achou isso extraordinário, pois pensara que Basil nunca se importaria com nada além de sua arte.

En O pintor disse ao amigo Harry que Dorian Gray havia se tornado seu foco artístico completo. Ele refletiu que existem apenas duas eras significativas na história da arte: o surgimento de um novo meio artístico e o surgimento de uma nova personalidade artística. Para ele, o rosto de Dorian era tão revolucionário quanto a pintura a óleo foi para os venezianos ou o rosto de Antínoo foi para a escultura grega. Ele explicou que Dorian era muito mais que um modelo; sua personalidade inspirou um estilo e uma maneira de ver totalmente novos. O pintor agora percebia e recriava a vida de forma diferente, como se a presença de Dorian tivesse desbloqueado um potencial criativo oculto. Ele descreveu Dorian como um sonho de forma em dias de pensamento e afirmou que Dorian inconscientemente definiu os princípios de uma nova escola artística que combinava paixão romântica com perfeição grega. O pintor lamentou que a arte moderna tivesse separado alma e corpo, criando realismo vulgar e idealismo vazio. Ele então recordou uma pintura de paisagem que se recusou a vender, mesmo por um preço alto, porque Dorian sentou-se ao seu lado enquanto ele a pintava. Através da influência sutil de Dorian, o pintor viu pela primeira vez a maravilha na natureza que sempre procurara, mas nunca encontrara.

En Lord Henry disse a Basil que a situação era extraordinária e que ele precisava urgentemente ver Dorian Gray.

En Hallward se levantou e caminhou pelo jardim. Depois de um tempo, ele voltou e disse a Harry que Dorian Gray era simplesmente uma inspiração artística para ele. Ele explicou que, embora Harry não visse nada de especial em Dorian, ele próprio via tudo. Hallward

acrescentou que a presença de Dorian era mais forte quando nenhuma imagem real dele aparecia em seu trabalho; Dorian representava uma nova abordagem, uma sugestão encontrada nas curvas das linhas e na beleza de certas cores.

En Lord Henry perguntou ao pintor por que ele não exibiria o retrato de Dorian Gray.

En O pintor confessou que, sem querer, havia derramado no retrato uma expressão de sua devoção artística a Dorian. Ele nunca havia falado sobre isso com Dorian e nunca falaria. Mas ele temia que, se a pintura fosse exibida, o mundo pudesse adivinhar a verdade, e ele se recusava a expor sua alma à sua curiosidade superficial. Seu coração nunca seria examinado sob o microscópio deles. Havia muito de si mesmo na obra, muitos de seus próprios sentimentos ocultos.

En Lord Henry comentou que os poetas são menos escrupulosos do que Basil; eles sabem como a paixão é útil para vender livros. Ele acrescentou que hoje em dia um coração partido pode ser publicado em muitas edições.

En Hallward gritou que odiava tais pessoas. Ele acreditava que um artista deveria criar belas obras sem colocar sua própria vida nelas. Lamentou que as pessoas agora tratam a arte como uma forma de autobiografia, perdendo o sentido abstrato da beleza. Ele jurou mostrar ao mundo a verdadeira beleza algum dia, e por essa razão, o mundo nunca veria seu retrato de Dorian Gray.

En Lord Henry disse a Basil que o considerava enganado, mas não iria discutir, alegando que apenas aqueles que estão intelectualmente perdidos discutem. Ele então perguntou se Dorian Gray gostava muito de Basil.

En O pintor fez uma pausa para refletir. Ele respondeu que Dorian gostava dele, tinha certeza disso. Ele admitiu que frequentemente bajulava Dorian em excesso, sentindo um prazer estranho em dizer coisas que depois lamentaria. Geralmente, Dorian era encantador e eles conversavam sobre muitas coisas, mas às vezes ele era terrivelmente impensado e parecia gostar de causar dor. Naqueles momentos, Hallward sentia que havia dado sua alma inteira a alguém que a tratava como uma mera flor para adornar seu paletó, uma decoração para a vaidade.

En Lord Henry murmurou que os dias de verão tendem a se prolongar. Ele sugeriu que Basil poderia se cansar de Dorian antes que Dorian se cansasse dele, observando tristemente que o gênio dura mais que a beleza. É por isso que as pessoas se supereducam, enchendo suas mentes de fatos na esperança tola de perdurar. O homem bem informado, o ideal moderno, é uma coisa terrível, como uma loja empoeirada de bricabraque com itens superfaturados. Ele previu que Basil se cansaria primeiro, acabando por encontrar defeitos na aparência ou nos modos de Dorian, repreendendo-o interiormente. Na próxima vez, Basil seria frio e indiferente, uma pena porque isso o mudaria. Ele chamou o que Basil lhe contara de um romance de arte, e a pior parte de qualquer romance é que ele deixa a pessoa sem romantismo.

En Basil implorou a Harry que não falasse daquela maneira. Ele declarou que a influência da personalidade de Dorian Gray o dominaria pelo resto de sua vida. Basil sentia que Harry não conseguia realmente entender seus sentimentos porque Harry era muito volúvel em suas afeições.

En Lord Henry respondeu que era exatamente por isso que ele podia apreciar a profundidade do amor: os fiéis só conheciam seu lado trivial, enquanto os infiéis entendiam suas tragédias. Então acendeu um cigarro com ar satisfeito, como se suas palavras tivessem capturado a essência do mundo. O jardim era agradável, e ele achava as emoções das outras pessoas mais interessantes do que suas ideias. Refletiu que sua própria alma e as paixões de seus amigos eram as coisas verdadeiramente fascinantes da vida. Ele se divertia ao pensar no almoço chato que havia evitado ao ficar com Basil. Se tivesse ido à casa de sua tia, teria encontrado Lord Goodbody e suportado uma conversa sobre caridade e reformas habitacionais. Achou irônico como cada classe elogiava virtudes que elas mesmas não precisavam praticar. Quando esse pensamento lhe ocorreu, ele de repente se lembrou de algo e disse a Basil que acabara de recordar onde tinha ouvido o nome Dorian Gray.

En Hallward perguntou a Lord Henry o que ele acabara de lembrar.

En Lord Henry respondeu que lembrara onde ouvira o nome Dorian Gray pela primeira vez.

En Hallward perguntou, franzindo levemente a testa, onde aquilo tinha sido.

En Harry disse a Basil para não ficar tão zangado. Ele soube de Dorian Gray por sua tia, Lady Agatha, que o descreveu como um jovem maravilhoso que a ajudaria no East End. Ela enfatizou sua seriedade e bela natureza, mas nunca mencionou sua aparência, levando Harry a imaginar alguém com óculos, cabelos lisos, sardas e pés enormes. Ele desejou ter sabido que Dorian era amigo de Basil.

En Basil expressou alívio por Harry não ter conhecido Dorian.

En Harry perguntou por quê.

En Basil respondeu que não queria que Harry o conhecesse.

En Harry repetiu a afirmação como uma pergunta, confirmando que Basil não queria que eles se encontrassem.

En Ele respondeu que não.

En O mordomo entrou no jardim e anunciou que o Sr. Dorian Gray estava esperando no estúdio.

En Rindo, Lord Henry insistiu que fosse apresentado imediatamente.

En O pintor dirigiu-se ao seu criado Parker, que estava piscando os olhos sob a luz do sol. Ele instruiu Parker a pedir ao Sr. Gray que esperasse, dizendo que se juntaria a ele em breve. Parker fez uma reverência e voltou pelo caminho.

En Então, olhando para Lord Henry, ele disse que Dorian Gray era seu amigo mais querido, de natureza simples e bela. Ele concordou com a tia de Lord Henry a respeito dele. Ele implorou a Lord Henry que não estragasse ou influenciasse Dorian, pois sua influência seria prejudicial. Ele explicou que Dorian era a única fonte de encanto em sua arte, e sua vida artística dependia dele. Ele falou devagar, como se as palavras fossem arrancadas dele contra sua vontade.

En Lord Henry sorriu e comentou que Hallward estava falando bobagem. Em seguida, pegou o braço de Hallward e o guiou para dentro de casa.

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En Ao entrarem, viram Dorian Gray. Ele estava sentado ao piano, de costas para eles, folheando um livro das 'Cenas da Floresta' de Schumann. Pediu que Basil lhe emprestasse a música, explicando que queria aprendê-la porque a achava perfeitamente encantadora.

En Basil respondeu que dependia inteiramente de como Dorian se sentava naquele dia.

En Dorian respondeu que estava cansado de posar e não queria um retrato em tamanho natural de si mesmo. Ele girou no banco de maneira voluntariosa e mal-humorada. Ao notar Lord Henry, corou brevemente e levantou-se, pedindo desculpas a Basil por não ter percebido que ele tinha um visitante.

En Basil apresentou Lord Henry Wotton a Dorian como um velho amigo de Oxford. Comentou que acabara de dizer a Lord Henry como Dorian era um excelente modelo, e agora Dorian estragara tudo.

En Lord Henry deu um passo à frente, apertou a mão de Dorian e disse que sua tia falava frequentemente dele. Observou que Dorian era um dos favoritos dela e também uma de suas vítimas.

En Dorian admitiu que estava atualmente em desgraça com Lady Agatha. Ele havia prometido acompanhá-la a um clube em Whitechapel, mas tinha esquecido completamente. Eles deveriam tocar um dueto, e ele estava com muito medo de vê-la.

En Lord Henry ofereceu-se para reconciliar Dorian com sua tia, garantindo-lhe que a devoção dela por Dorian era forte. Ele sugeriu que a ausência de Dorian provavelmente passou despercebida, já que o piano de Lady Agatha fazia barulho suficiente para duas pessoas.

En Dorian respondeu rindo que o comentário de Lord Henry foi indelicado com sua tia e descortês com ele mesmo.

En Lord Henry observou a beleza marcante de Dorian — seus lábios escarlates, olhos azuis e cabelos dourados. Havia uma qualidade honesta e pura em seu rosto que inspirava confiança imediata. Ele tinha uma inocência jovem intocada, e não era surpresa que Basil Hallward o adorasse.

En Lord Henry disse ao Sr. Gray que ele era charmoso demais para a filantropia. Então ele se deitou no divã e tirou seu porta-cigarros.

En O pintor estava ocupado preparando suas tintas e pincéis. Ele parecia preocupado. Quando ouviu o comentário mais recente de Lord Henry, ele olhou para ele, hesitou brevemente e então perguntou se ele consideraria muito rude se lhe pedisse para sair, pois queria terminar a pintura naquele dia.

En Lord Henry sorriu e olhou para Dorian Gray. Ele perguntou a Dorian se deveria ir embora.

En Dorian pediu a Lord Henry que não fosse, explicando que Basil estava de mau humor e ele não o suportava quando estava assim. Ele também queria que Lord Henry explicasse por que não deveria se envolver em filantropia.

En Lord Henry disse que talvez não dissesse ao Sr. Gray por quê, pois era um assunto tão tedioso que exigia discussão séria. No entanto, ele certamente não iria embora agora que o Sr. Gray havia pedido que ficasse. Então ele perguntou a Basil se ele realmente se importava, lembrando-lhe que ele frequentemente dissera que gostava que seus modelos tivessem alguém com quem conversar.

En Basil Hallward mordeu o lábio e concedeu que, se Dorian desejasse que Lord Henry ficasse, então ele certamente deveria ficar. Ele comentou que os caprichos de Dorian eram leis para todos, exceto para o próprio Dorian.

En Lord Henry pegou seu chapéu e luvas, dizendo que Basil estava insistente, mas ele realmente precisava ir, pois tinha um compromisso no Orleans. Ele se despediu do Sr. Gray, convidando-o a visitá-lo na Curzon Street, mencionando que geralmente estava em casa às cinco, e solicitou um bilhete antes para não perdê-lo.

En Dorian Gray exclamou que, se Lord Henry fosse embora, ele também iria. Ele reclamou que Basil nunca falava enquanto pintava e que era terrivelmente chato ficar de pé na plataforma tentando parecer agradável. Ele insistiu que Basil pedisse a Lord Henry que ficasse.

En Basil Hallward, enquanto estudava sua pintura atentamente, pediu a Harry que ficasse para agradar tanto a Dorian quanto a si mesmo. Ele reconheceu que nunca falava nem ouvia enquanto trabalhava, o que

devia ser extremamente chato para seus modelos, e implorou a Harry que permanecesse.

En Lord Henry perguntou sobre o homem que deveria encontrar no Orleans.

En O pintor riu e garantiu a Harry que não haveria dificuldade. Pediu a Harry que se sentasse novamente, então instruiu Dorian a subir na plataforma, a não se mover muito e a ignorar as palavras de Lord Henry. Explicou que Lord Henry tinha uma má influência sobre todos os seus amigos, exceto sobre o próprio pintor.

En Dorian Gray subiu na plataforma com a postura de um jovem mártir grego e dirigiu um leve beicinho de desagrado a Lord Henry, por quem havia desenvolvido simpatia. Achou Lord Henry muito diferente de Basil, e eles formavam um contraste agradável. Dorian também possuía uma bela voz. Após um breve momento, perguntou a Lord Henry se ele realmente tinha uma má influência, como Basil afirmava.

En Lord Henry respondeu que não existia influência boa. Afirmou que toda influência era imoral, do ponto de vista científico.

En Dorian perguntou por que isso era assim.

En Lord Henry explicou que influenciar uma pessoa era dar a ela a própria alma. A pessoa influenciada não pensa mais seus próprios pensamentos nem sente suas próprias paixões. Suas virtudes não são genuínas, e seus pecados, se é que tais coisas existem, são emprestados. Essa pessoa se torna um eco da música de outro, um ator em um papel não escrito para ela. Ele afirmou que o objetivo da vida é o autodesenvolvimento, realizar a própria natureza perfeitamente. As pessoas hoje têm medo de si mesmas, esquecendo o mais alto dever: o dever para consigo mesmo. Embora sejam caridosas, alimentando os famintos e vestindo os mendigos, suas próprias almas passam fome e permanecem nuas. A coragem desapareceu da humanidade, se é que alguma vez existiu verdadeiramente. O terror da sociedade, que fundamenta a moral, e o terror de Deus, o segredo da religião, são as duas forças que nos governam. Ele fez uma pausa.

En O pintor, absorto em seu trabalho, instruiu Dorian a virar a cabeça mais para a direita. Ele notou uma nova expressão no rosto do jovem, uma que nunca tinha visto antes.

En Lord Henry continuou com sua voz musical, gesticulando graciosamente. Ele argumentou que, se uma pessoa vivesse completamente, dando forma a cada sentimento e sonho, o mundo ganharia uma alegria renovada e retornaria a um ideal mais refinado. No entanto, as pessoas têm medo de si mesmas, e a abnegação apenas as envenena. Ceder à tentação é a única maneira de escapar; a resistência torna a alma doente de desejo. Ele afirmou que grandes eventos e pecados ocorrem no cérebro. Dirigiu-se diretamente a Dorian, sugerindo que, apesar de sua juventude inocente, ele abrigava paixões e pensamentos que poderiam assustá-lo ou causar vergonha.

En Dorian Gray hesitou, pedindo a Lord Henry que parasse porque se sentia confuso e incapaz de encontrar uma resposta. Ele pediu silêncio para poder pensar, ou melhor, para evitar pensar.

En Por quase dez minutos, Dorian ficou imóvel, lábios entreabertos e olhos estranhamente brilhantes. Ele sentiu novas influências se agitando dentro dele, mas pareciam vir de si mesmo. As palavras paradoxais do amigo de Basil tinham atingido uma corda oculta que agora vibrava com pulsos desconhecidos.

En Ele lembrou como a música o havia emocionado antes, mas a música carecia de clareza. As palavras, no entanto, eram terrivelmente claras e vívidas, mas possuíam uma magia sutil. Elas davam forma ao que não tinha forma e tinham sua própria música, tão doce quanto qualquer instrumento. Ele questionou se algo era tão real quanto as palavras.

En Ele recordou momentos de sua juventude que antes o intrigavam. Agora compreendia seu significado. A vida aparecia para ele em cores vívidas e ardentes, como se estivesse se movendo através de chamas o tempo todo. Questionou por que permanecera inconsciente dessa intensidade.

En Lord Henry observou Dorian com seu sorriso sutil característico, sabendo precisamente quando permanecer em silêncio. Ele estava profundamente intrigado e surpreso com o impacto imediato de suas próprias palavras. Lembrando-se de um livro que lera aos dezesseis anos e que lhe revelara muito, questionou se Dorian estava passando por uma revelação semelhante. Sentiu que havia lançado uma ideia

imprevisível; ela encontraria seu alvo? Ele achava o jovem totalmente cativante.

En Hallward continuou pintando com suas notáveis e ousadas pinceladas, que possuíam um verdadeiro refinamento e uma qualidade delicada que, na arte, só vem da força. Ele não percebia o silêncio na sala.

En Dorian exclamou de repente para Basil que estava cansado de ficar em pé e precisava sair para se sentar no jardim, pois o ar dentro estava sufocante.

En Basil se desculpou, explicando que quando pinta, não consegue pensar em mais nada. Assegurou a Dorian que ele nunca posara melhor; permanecera perfeitamente imóvel, e Basil capturara o efeito desejado—os lábios entreabertos e os olhos brilhantes. Perguntou-se o que Lord Henry dissera para produzir tal expressão, e advertiu Dorian a não acreditar em uma palavra dos elogios de Harry.

En Ele não recebera elogios daquela pessoa, o que, especulou, poderia explicar sua completa falta de fé em tudo o que o homem dissera.

En Lord Henry, olhando para Basil com olhos sonhadores e lânguidos, insistiu que sabia que Basil acreditava em tudo. Ele propôs que fossem ao jardim, já que o estúdio estava insuportavelmente quente, e sugeriu que pedissem uma bebida gelada com morangos.

En Basil concordou prontamente, pedindo a Harry que tocasse a campainha para que pudesse instruir Parker. Explicou que precisava terminar o fundo e se juntaria a eles em breve. Pediu a Lord Henry que não detivesse Dorian por muito tempo, pois nunca estivera em melhor forma para pintar; declarou que a obra já era sua obra-prima.

En Ao entrar no jardim, Lord Henry encontrou Dorian Gray pressionando o rosto contra as frescas flores de lilás, absorvendo sua fragrância como se fosse vinho. Aproximou-se e colocou a mão em seu ombro, murmurando que Dorian tinha toda razão: nada poderia curar a alma senão os sentidos, nem os sentidos senão a alma.

En O jovem sobressaltou-se e recuou. Sua cabeça estava descoberta, e as folhas haviam desalinhado seus cachos rebeldes, emaranhando os fios dourados. Seus olhos expressavam medo, como se tivesse sido

acordado abruptamente. Suas narinas finamente esculpidas tremeram, e um nervo oculto fez seus lábios escarlates tremerem.

En Lord Henry continuou, afirmando que um dos grandes segredos da vida era curar a alma através dos sentidos e os sentidos através da alma. Ele observou que Dorian era uma criação notável, que compreendia mais do que percebia, mas também sabia menos do que gostaria de saber.

En Dorian Gray franziu a testa e desviou o olhar. Ele não pôde deixar de se sentir atraído pelo jovem alto e elegante ao seu lado. O rosto romântico de pele morena e a expressão cansada do homem o intrigavam. Sua voz baixa e lânguida era totalmente cativante, e até mesmo suas mãos frias e brancas pareciam se mover como música, possuindo uma linguagem própria. No entanto, Dorian sentia tanto medo quanto vergonha de ter medo. Ele se perguntava por que foi preciso um estranho para revelá-lo a si mesmo. Ele conhecia Basil Hallward há meses, mas a amizade entre eles nunca o havia mudado. Agora alguém havia entrado em sua vida e parecia desvendar seu mistério. Ainda assim, questionava por que deveria ter medo—não era um estudante nem uma garota, então era absurdo ficar assustado.

En Lord Henry propôs que se sentassem na sombra, observando que Parker havia trazido bebidas. Ele alertou que, se Dorian permanecesse sob a luz forte do sol, ele ficaria estragado e Basil nunca mais o pintaria. Ele aconselhou Dorian a não se deixar queimar pelo sol, pois isso seria inconveniente.

En Dorian Gray riu e exclamou que isso não poderia importar, enquanto se sentava no banco no final do jardim.

En Lord Henry respondeu que isso deveria significar tudo para o Sr. Gray.

En Lord Henry indagou sobre o motivo.

En Lord Henry respondeu que Dorian possuía uma juventude maravilhosa, a única coisa que realmente valia a pena ter.

En Dorian Gray confessou que não compartilhava daquele sentimento.

En Lord Henry advertiu Dorian de que um dia, quando estivesse velho e já não fosse bonito, ele sentiria terrivelmente a perda da juventude. Ele insistiu que a beleza era uma forma de gênio, até superior, que não precisava de explicação, e que era uma verdade fundamental do mundo, como a luz do sol ou a primavera. As pessoas que julgavam apenas pelas aparências não eram superficiais; o visível era o verdadeiro mistério. Ele disse a Dorian que os deuses lhe haviam dado juventude e beleza, mas que logo as tirariam. Exortou Dorian a viver plenamente enquanto pudesse, a buscar novas sensações e a não perder tempo com o tedioso ou o vulgar. Lord Henry declarou que a época precisava de um novo Hedonismo e que Dorian poderia ser seu símbolo. Ele descreveu como seria trágico se a juventude de Dorian fosse desperdiçada, pois, ao contrário das flores que renascem, a juventude nunca retorna. À medida que se envelhece, a alegria de viver se desvanece, o corpo falha, e a pessoa se torna um fantoche assombrado por memórias de paixões e tentações não perseguidas. No final, Lord Henry concluiu que nada no mundo importava além da juventude.

En Dorian Gray ouviu, com os olhos arregalados de admiração. O ramo de lilás escorregou de sua mão sobre o cascalho, onde uma abelha peluda o explorou brevemente antes de rastejar entre as flores. Ele observou a abelha com uma atenção incomum aos detalhes, como se faz quando perturbado por emoções profundas ou pensamentos assustadores. Eventualmente, a abelha voou para dentro de uma flor em forma de trombeta, que pareceu tremer e balançar suavemente.

En O pintor apareceu de repente na porta do estúdio e fez um gesto brusco para que entrassem. Eles trocaram olhares e sorriram.

En Ele chamou impacientemente, dizendo que estava esperando e insistiu para que entrassem, explicando que a iluminação estava ideal e que poderiam trazer suas bebidas.

En Eles se levantaram e caminharam juntos pelo caminho. Um par de borboletas verdes e brancas passou voando, e um tordo começou a cantar na pereira no canto do jardim.

En Lord Henry olhou fixamente para o Sr. Gray e comentou que ele parecia feliz por tê-lo conhecido.

En O Sr. Gray admitiu que estava feliz no momento, mas questionou se essa felicidade duraria.

En Lord Henry disse que a palavra Sempre era terrível e o fazia estremecer. Ele achava que as mulheres gostavam de usá-la e estragavam o romance ao tentar torná-lo eterno. Era também uma palavra sem sentido; a única diferença entre um capricho e uma paixão duradoura era que o capricho durava um pouco mais.

En Ao entrarem no estúdio, Dorian Gray tocou o braço de Lord Henry e murmurou que, nesse caso, a amizade deles deveria ser um capricho. Ele corou diante de sua própria ousadia, então subiu na plataforma e retomou sua pose.

En Lord Henry se acomodou em uma grande poltrona de vime e observou. Os únicos sons que quebravam o silêncio eram as pinceladas na tela e Basil Hallward ocasionalmente se afastando para examinar seu trabalho à distância. A luz do sol entrava pela porta aberta, fazendo a poeira dourada dançar. O perfume intenso das rosas parecia permear tudo.

En Após cerca de quinze minutos, Hallward parou de pintar e estudou Dorian Gray por um longo tempo, depois o quadro, mordendo o pincel e franzindo a testa. Finalmente, declarou-o pronto, abaixou-se e escreveu seu nome em grandes letras vermelhas no canto esquerdo da tela.

En Lord Henry aproximou-se para examinar a pintura. Era claramente uma magnífica obra de arte e uma notável semelhança.

En Basil parabenizou calorosamente seu querido amigo e declarou que era o melhor retrato dos tempos modernos. Ele convidou o Sr. Gray a vir e se olhar.

En O jovem sobressaltou-se como se acordasse de um sonho. Murmurou, perguntando se estava realmente terminado, enquanto descia da plataforma.

En O pintor confirmou que estava completamente terminado. Ele acrescentou que o Sr. Gray havia posado esplendidamente naquele dia e expressou sua profunda gratidão.

En Lorde Henry interrompeu, alegando que o crédito pertencia inteiramente a ele, e pediu que o Sr. Gray confirmasse.

En Dorian não respondeu, mas passou apaticamente diante do quadro e virou-se para encará-lo. Quando o viu, recuou, com as

bochechas coradas de prazer. Um olhar de alegria surgiu em seus olhos, como se ele se reconhecesse pela primeira vez. Ele ficou imóvel e maravilhado, vagamente ciente de que Hallward estava falando, mas sem captar o significado de suas palavras. A percepção de sua própria beleza veio sobre ele como uma revelação. Ele nunca a sentira antes. Os elogios de Basil Hallward pareciam apenas exageros encantadores de amizade; ele os ouvira, rira e os esquecera — eles não o influenciaram. Então Lorde Henry Wotton viera com seu estranho elogio à juventude e seu terrível aviso sobre sua brevidade. Isso o comovera na época, e agora, contemplando a sombra de sua própria formosura, a realidade completa da descrição passou por ele como um relâmpago. Sim, chegaria um dia em que seu rosto estaria enrugado e murcho, seus olhos opacos e sem cor, a graça de sua figura quebrada e deformada. O escarlate desapareceria de seus lábios, e o ouro roubaria seus cabelos. A vida que faria sua alma danificaria seu corpo. Ele se tornaria terrível, hediondo e grotesco.

En Quando o pensamento lhe veio, uma dor aguda o atravessou como uma faca, fazendo tremer cada parte delicada de sua natureza. Seus olhos adquiriram um tom mais profundo de ametista, e lágrimas os embaçaram. Ele sentiu como se uma mão gelada tivesse sido colocada sobre seu coração.

En Hallward finalmente exclamou, um pouco ferido pelo silêncio do jovem, incapaz de entender o que significava, perguntando se ele não gostava.

En Lord Henry declarou que ele, claro, gostava; quem não gostaria de tal obra-prima da arte moderna? Ele disse que daria qualquer coisa para tê-la e insistiu que precisava possuí-la.

En Ele respondeu que não era sua propriedade, chamando-o de Harry.

En O outro perguntou de quem era a propriedade.

En O pintor respondeu que era de Dorian, naturalmente.

En Alguém comentou que ele era um homem extremamente sortudo.

En Dorian Gray murmurou tristemente, com os olhos fixos no retrato, lamentando que envelheceria e se tornaria horrível enquanto a pintura permaneceria para sempre jovem. Ele desejou desesperadamente que

pudesse ser o contrário, que ele pudesse permanecer jovem e o retrato envelhecesse. Declarou que daria tudo, até sua alma, por isso.

En Lord Henry riu e apontou para Basil que ele dificilmente aprovaria tal acordo, pois seria bastante injusto para sua obra de arte.

En Hallward disse a Harry que se oporia fortemente à ideia.

En Dorian Gray se virou para Basil e comentou que acreditava que o pintor valorizava mais sua arte do que seus amigos. Ele sentiu que não significava mais para Basil do que uma estátua de bronze, talvez até menos.

En O pintor olhou incrédulo. Era tão diferente de Dorian falar daquela maneira. Algo claramente o havia perturbado; seu rosto estava vermelho e suas bochechas queimavam de raiva.

En Dorian continuou, afirmando que ele importava menos para Basil do que seu Hermes de marfim ou Fauno de prata, que sempre seriam admirados. Ele se perguntou por quanto tempo Basil se importaria com ele — talvez apenas até sua primeira ruga aparecer. Ele havia aprendido com o retrato que perder a beleza significava perder tudo. Ele concordou com Lord Henry que apenas a juventude era valiosa. Ele declarou que tiraria a própria vida quando começasse a envelhecer.

En Hallward ficou pálido e segurou a mão de Dorian. Ele implorou que Dorian não falasse daquela maneira, insistindo que nunca teve um amigo como ele e nunca teria novamente. Perguntou se Dorian realmente poderia ter ciúmes de objetos inanimados, lembrando-lhe que ele próprio era mais belo do que qualquer um deles.

En Dorian confessou que tinha ciúmes de tudo que mantinha sua beleza para sempre. Ele tinha ciúmes do retrato que Basil pintara, que preservaria sua juventude enquanto ele perderia a dele. Cada momento que passava, ele sentia, tirava algo dele e dava à pintura. Ele desejava que fosse o contrário — que a imagem envelhecesse e ele permanecesse inalterado. Perguntou por que Basil o pintara, prevendo que um dia o retrato zombaria terrivelmente dele. Lágrimas encheram seus olhos; ele se afastou, jogou-se no divã e enterrou o rosto nos travesseiros como se estivesse orando.

En O pintor acusou Harry amargamente de ser responsável pelo que havia acontecido.

En Lord Henry deu de ombros e afirmou simplesmente que a pessoa era de fato o verdadeiro Dorian Gray.

En Alguém negou isso, insistindo que não era o verdadeiro Dorian Gray.

En A pessoa questionou que, se não era o verdadeiro Dorian Gray, então que relevância aquilo tinha para ela.

En Ele murmurou que Harry deveria ter partido quando solicitado.

En Lord Henry respondeu que ele tinha ficado porque Dorian havia solicitado.

En Dorian disse a Harry que não podia brigar com seus dois melhores amigos ao mesmo tempo. Ele expressou que, entre os dois, eles o fizeram odiar o melhor trabalho que ele já havia criado, e ele pretendia destruí-lo. Ele questionou o que era além de tela e cor, e declarou que não permitiria que isso perturbasse as três vidas deles.

En Dorian Gray ergueu a cabeça dourada do travesseiro, o rosto pálido e os olhos manchados de lágrimas, e observou enquanto Basil caminhava até a simples mesa de pintura sob a janela alta com cortinas. Ele se perguntou o que Basil estava fazendo. Os dedos de Basil se moviam entre os tubos de estanho espalhados e pincéis secos, procurando algo. Sim, era a longa espátula com sua lâmina fina de aço flexível. Ele a havia encontrado finalmente. Ele ia rasgar a tela.

En Com um soluço abafado, o jovem saltou do sofá, correu até Hallward, arrancou a faca de sua mão e a jogou para o extremo do estúdio. Ele gritou, implorando a Basil que não o fizesse, dizendo que seria um assassinato.

En O pintor, tendo se recuperado de sua surpresa, disse friamente que estava satisfeito que Dorian finalmente apreciava seu trabalho, acrescentando que nunca havia esperado isso.

En Dorian exclamou que ele não apenas apreciava a pintura; ele estava apaixonado por ela. Ele sentia que ela era uma parte do seu próprio ser.

En Basil informou a Dorian que assim que a pintura estivesse seca, ela seria envernizada, emoldurada e entregue em sua casa, após o que Dorian poderia fazer o que quisesse com ela. Então Basil atravessou a

sala e tocou a campainha para chamar o chá, perguntando a Dorian e Harry se eles participariam, acrescentando uma observação sobre prazeres simples.

En Lord Henry declarou sua adoração por prazeres simples, chamando-os de último refúgio dos complexos. No entanto, ele não gostava de cenas da vida real, preferindo-as apenas no palco. Ele comentou sobre o absurdo de Basil e Dorian discutirem sobre a pintura, e questionou a definição do homem como um animal racional, chamando-a de prematura. Ele ficou feliz que o homem não era racional, mas desejava que eles parassem de brigar e, em vez disso, deixassem que ele ficasse com o quadro, já que Dorian não o queria de verdade.

En Dorian Gray gritou que se Basil permitisse que alguém além dele ficasse com a pintura, ele nunca o perdoaria. Ele também se opôs a ser chamado de garoto tolo.

En Basil assegurou a Dorian que a pintura já era dele, tendo sido dada a ele antes mesmo de ser criada.

En Lord Henry comentou que o Sr. Gray havia sido um pouco tolo e realmente não se importava em ser lembrado de sua extrema juventude.

En O Sr. Gray respondeu que teria objetado muito fortemente naquela manhã.

En Lord Henry exclamou que muito havia mudado desde aquela manhã, insinuando que o jovem havia ganhado experiência.

En Ouviu-se uma batida, e o mordomo entrou carregando uma bandeja de chá repleta, que colocou sobre uma pequena mesa japonesa. O barulho de xícaras e pires acompanhou o chiado de um bule georgiano. Um pajem trouxe dois pratos de porcelana em forma de globo. Dorian Gray foi até lá e serviu o chá, e os dois homens caminharam languidamente até a mesa para ver o que estava sob as tampas.

En Lord Henry propôs que fossem ao teatro naquela noite, afirmando que certamente haveria uma apresentação em algum lugar. Ele mencionou que havia prometido jantar no White's com um velho amigo, mas poderia enviar um telegrama alegando doença ou um compromisso conflitante. Ele considerou isso um pretexto bastante encantador, pois teria a surpresa da franqueza.

En Hallward reclamou que vestir trajes formais era tedioso e que as próprias roupas eram detestáveis quando usadas.

En Lorde Henry concordou pensativamente, observando que a moda do século XIX era horrível—sombria e opressiva. Ele afirmou que o pecado era a única fonte de vivacidade restante na existência contemporânea.

En Alguém alertou Harry que ele absolutamente não deveria expressar tais opiniões na presença de Dorian.

En Harry perguntou a qual Dorian se referiam—o que servia chá ou o do retrato.

En O outro respondeu que se aplicava a ambos—nenhum Dorian deveria ouvir tais palavras.

En O jovem expressou a Lord Henry seu desejo de acompanhá-lo ao teatro.

En Lord Henry confirmou que o jovem viria e perguntou a Basil se ele também os acompanharia.

En Basil recusou, explicando que tinha muito trabalho a fazer e preferia não ir.

En Lord Henry então propôs que ele e o Sr. Gray fossem sozinhos.

En O Sr. Gray respondeu que gostaria muito disso.

En O pintor mordeu o lábio e foi até o quadro com sua xícara. Ele disse tristemente que ficaria com o verdadeiro Dorian.

En O homem do retrato aproximou-se e perguntou se era o verdadeiro Dorian e se ele realmente se parecia com aquilo.

En O pintor confirmou que ele era de fato exatamente assim.

En Ele exclamou com admiração, chamando Basil de maravilhoso.

En Hallward suspirou e comentou que, embora o homem se parecesse com o retrato, o retrato nunca mudaria, o que era significativo.

En Lord Henry expressou sua opinião de que as pessoas faziam um alvoroço excessivo sobre a fidelidade. Ele argumentou que, no amor, era meramente uma questão fisiológica e não tinha nada a ver com força de

vontade. Ele observou que os jovens desejavam ser fiéis, mas não eram, enquanto os velhos desejavam ser infiéis, mas não conseguiam.

En Hallward pediu que Dorian não fosse ao teatro naquela noite e, em vez disso, ficasse para jantar com ele.

En Dorian respondeu que não poderia ficar.

En Hallward perguntou por que ele não poderia ficar.

En Dorian explicou que já havia feito uma promessa de acompanhar Lord Henry Wotton.

En Basil disse a Dorian que Lord Henry não pensaria melhor dele por manter suas promessas, já que Lord Henry sempre quebrava as suas. Basil implorou a Dorian que não fosse.

En Dorian Gray riu e balançou a cabeça.

En Basil implorou-lhe mais uma vez.

En O jovem hesitou e olhou para Lord Henry, que os observava da mesa de chá com um sorriso divertido.

En Dorian respondeu que precisava ir.

En Hallward concordou, colocando sua xícara na bandeja. Ele observou que estava ficando tarde e, como eles tinham que se vestir, não deveriam perder tempo. Ele se despediu de Harry e Dorian, e pediu que o visitassem novamente em breve, talvez no dia seguinte.

En A pessoa respondeu que certamente o faria.

En Ele perguntou se eles se lembrariam.

En Dorian exclamou que não se esqueceria, como se fosse evidente.

En Harry então chamou Dorian.

En Uma pessoa indagou a Basil se ele necessitava de algo.

En Ele lembrou Basil da pergunta que ele havia feito a ele naquela manhã no jardim.

En Basil reconheceu que tinha esquecido.

En O falante disse a Basílio que tinha confiança nele.

En Lord Henry riu e disse que gostaria de poder confiar em si mesmo. Ele se ofereceu para deixar o Sr. Gray em sua casa em seu coche de aluguel, e se despediu de Basil, observando que a tarde havia sido muito interessante.

En Após a porta se fechar atrás deles, o pintor se jogou em um sofá, seu rosto demonstrando dor.

3

En No dia seguinte, à meia-noite e meia, Lorde Henry Wotton caminhou da Curzon Street até o Albany para visitar seu tio, Lorde Fermor, um solteirão amigável, porém de maneiras rudes. O mundo exterior o considerava egoísta, pois não obtinha nenhum benefício dele, mas a sociedade o achava generoso, já que alimentava aqueles que o divertiam. Seu pai havia sido embaixador em Madrid quando Isabella era jovem, mas renunciou num momento de aborrecimento por não ter recebido a embaixada de Paris, cargo ao qual se sentia intitulado por nascimento, indolência, bom inglês em seus despachos e grande amor pelo prazer. O filho, que fora secretário do pai, renunciou junto com ele, o que foi considerado tolice na época. Ao herdar o título alguns meses depois, dedicou-se à arte aristocrática de não fazer nada. Possuía duas grandes casas, mas preferia viver em aposentos para ter menos trabalho, e fazia a maioria das refeições em seu clube. Dava alguma atenção às suas minas de carvão nos condados das Midlands, desculpando-se por essa mancha de indústria sob o argumento de que a vantagem do carvão era permitir a um cavalheiro ter a decência de queimar lenha em sua própria lareira. Na política, era Tory, exceto quando os Tories estavam no poder, período em que os criticava severamente como um bando de radicais. Era um herói para seu criado, que o intimidava, e um terror para a maioria dos parentes, a quem ele intimidava por sua vez. Só a Inglaterra poderia tê-lo produzido, e ele sempre dizia que o país estava indo para o brejo. Seus princípios estavam desatualizados, mas seus preconceitos tinham valor.

En Quando Lord Henry entrou, encontrou seu tio sentado em um casaco de caça rústico, fumando um charuto e resmungando sobre o The Times. O velho perguntou o que o trazia tão cedo, comentando que pensava que os dândis nunca acordavam antes das duas e não eram vistos até as cinco.

En Lord Henry assegurou ao seu tio que era puro afeto familiar, acrescentando que queria conseguir algo dele.

En Lord Fermor adivinhou que era dinheiro, fazendo uma careta, e disse-lhe para se sentar e contar tudo, comentando que os jovens hoje em dia imaginam que dinheiro é tudo.

En Lord Henry murmurou em concordância, ajustando sua flor na lapela. Ele observou que as pessoas se tornam conscientes da idade à medida que envelhecem. Expressou não ter desejo por dinheiro, afirmando que apenas aqueles que pagam suas contas precisam dele, e ele nunca pagava as suas. Considerava o crédito o capital de um filho mais novo, permitindo viver encantadoramente. Acrescentou que negociava exclusivamente com os comerciantes de Dartmoor, então eles nunca o incomodavam. O que ele buscava era informação, mas não informação útil—antes, informação inútil.

The Preface

Pt/En

Português

Um artista é o criador de coisas belas.

Original English

THE artist is the creator of beautiful things.

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Pt/En

Português

O objetivo da arte é revelar a si mesma enquanto mantém o artista oculto.

Original English

To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

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Pt/En

Português

Um crítico é alguém que pode traduzir sua impressão de coisas belas em uma forma diferente ou novo material.

Original English

The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

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Pt/En

Português

Tanto as formas mais altas quanto as mais baixas de crítica são um modo de autobiografia.

Original English

The highest, as the lowest, form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

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Pt/En

Português

Aqueles que encontram significados feios em coisas belas são corruptos sem serem encantadores, e isso é uma falha.

Original English

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

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Pt/En

Português

Indivíduos que percebem significados belos em coisas belas são considerados cultos. Para essas pessoas, há esperança.

Original English

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Eles são os escolhidos para quem objetos belos significam apenas a Beleza.

Original English

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Não existe classificação como livro moral ou imoral.

Original English

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A única distinção entre os livros é se são bem ou mal escritos.

Original English

Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A aversão do século XIX ao Realismo se assemelha à fúria de Caliban ao ver seu próprio reflexo num espelho.

Original English

The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A antipatia do século XIX pelo Romantismo era como a raiva de Caliban, que não conseguia ver o próprio rosto no espelho.

Original English

The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A vida moral dos seres humanos é um assunto para o artista, mas a moralidade da arte está no uso perfeito de um meio imperfeito. Nenhum artista quer provar nada; até verdades podem ser provadas, mas esse não é o objetivo do artista.

Original English

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium. No artist

desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Um artista não deve ter simpatias éticas; se as tiver, isso se torna um hábito estilístico imperdoável.

Original English

No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Nenhum artista é jamais doentio; um artista é capaz de expressar qualquer coisa.

Original English

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Para o artista, o pensamento e a linguagem servem como ferramentas do seu ofício.

Original English

Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Para um artista, tanto o vício quanto a virtude servem como matérias-primas para sua arte.

Original English

Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Em termos de forma, a música representa o modelo ideal para todas as artes, enquanto em termos de emoção, a atuação serve como arquétipo.

Original English

From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the art of the musician. From the point of view of feeling, the actor's craft is the type.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Toda arte existe simultaneamente como aparência superficial e como significado simbólico.

Original English

All art is at once surface and symbol.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Aqueles que tentam olhar além da superfície da arte correm um risco ao fazer isso.

Original English

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Da mesma forma, aqueles que tentam interpretar os símbolos dentro da arte também correm um risco.

Original English

Those who read the symbol do so at their peril.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A arte reflete a perspectiva do espectador, em vez da própria realidade.

Original English

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Quando as pessoas têm opiniões diferentes sobre uma obra de arte, isso indica que a obra é inovadora, complexa e viva.

Original English

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Se os críticos têm opiniões conflitantes, significa que o artista é consistente em sua própria visão.

Original English

When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uma pessoa pode ser perdoada por criar algo útil se não se orgulhar disso. A única justificativa para criar algo inútil é que o criador o admira apaixonadamente.

Original English

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A arte não serve a nenhum propósito prático.

Original English

All art is quite useless.

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1

Pt/En

Português

O estúdio estava repleto do rico aroma de rosas. Quando uma brisa de verão agitava as árvores do jardim, o perfume mais pesado do lilás ou a delicada fragrância do espinho florido rosa entrava pela porta aberta.

Original English

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 pinkflowering thorn.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry Wotton estava deitado em um divã coberto com alforjes persas, fumando cigarros como de costume. Ele podia ver as doces flores amarelas de uma árvore de laburno do lado de fora, seus galhos trêmulos pesados de beleza. Ocasionalmente, sombras de pássaros deslizavam pelas cortinas de seda, criando um efeito japonês fugaz, lembrando-o dos pintores de rosto pálido de Tóquio que buscavam capturar o movimento em uma arte estática. O murmúrio baixo das abelhas na grama não cortada e o rugido distante de Londres apenas tornavam a quietude mais profunda.

Original English

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 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 stragglng woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

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Pt/En

Português

No centro da sala, em um cavalete vertical, estava um retrato de corpo inteiro de um jovem excepcionalmente bonito. O artista, Basil Hallward, estava sentado a uma curta distância na frente dele. O súbito desaparecimento de Basil alguns anos antes havia causado grande excitação pública e muitos rumores estranhos.

Original English

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.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Enquanto o pintor olhava para a forma graciosa que havia capturado tão habilmente, um sorriso de prazer cruzou seu rosto. Mas então ele se levantou repentinamente, fechou os olhos e pressionou os dedos sobre as pálpebras, como se tentasse segurar um sonho estranho que temia perder.

Original English

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.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry comentou languidamente que era o melhor trabalho de Basil, o melhor que ele já havia feito. Ele insistiu que Basil deveria enviá-lo para a Grosvenor no próximo ano. Ele achava a Academia muito grande e vulgar, onde ou muitas pessoas impediam ver os quadros, ou muitos quadros impediam ver as pessoas. A Grosvenor era o único lugar adequado.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que não achava que enviaria a lugar algum, inclinando a cabeça para trás daquela maneira peculiar que costumava divertir seus amigos em Oxford. Ele insistiu que não enviaria a lugar algum.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry ergueu as sobrancelhas e olhou para ele espantado através da fina fumaça azul de seu cigarro com cheiro de ópio. Perguntou por que não o enviaria, chamando-o de sujeito estranho. Observou que os pintores fazem de tudo para ganhar reputação, mas, assim que a têm, parecem ansiosos para descartá-la. Considerou isso tolo, já que a única coisa pior do que ser comentado é não ser comentado. Um retrato como aquele o colocaria acima de todos os jovens da Inglaterra e deixaria os velhos invejosos, se fossem capazes de alguma emoção.

Original English

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows, and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whirls 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que sabia que Lord Henry riria, mas que realmente não podia exibi-lo. Tinha colocado demais de si mesmo na obra.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry se espreguiçou no divã e riu.

Original English

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele disse que sabia que Lord Henry riria, mas ainda era bastante verdade.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry disse a Basil que a pintura continha muito do próprio artista. Ele disse que não sabia que Basil era tão vaidoso e que não via semelhança entre Basil, com seu rosto forte e rugoso e cabelo preto, e o jovem na pintura, que parecia ser feito de marfim e pétalas de rosa. Ele comparou o jovem a Narciso e disse que a verdadeira beleza termina onde o intelecto começa. Argumentou que o intelecto é uma forma de exagero que destrói a harmonia de um rosto. Zombou dos profissionais instruídos por serem horríveis, exceto pelos bispos, que nunca pensam e, portanto, continuam encantadores. Declarou que o misterioso jovem na pintura nunca pensa, chamando-o de criatura bela mas sem cérebro, que deveria

estar presente no inverno quando não há flores, e no verão para esfriar a inteligência. Advertiu Basil para não se iludir, pois ele não se parecia em nada com o jovem.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil respondeu que Harry não o entendia. Ele admitiu que não era como o jovem e que lamentaria se parecer com ele. Falou de uma fatalidade que acompanha toda distinção física e intelectual, como uma maldição que segue os reis pela história. Acreditava que era melhor não ser diferente dos outros. Disse que os feios e estúpidos têm a melhor vida: podem sentar-se à vontade e assistir ao teatro da vida, poupados tanto da vitória quanto da derrota. Vivem imperturbáveis, indiferentes e sem preocupações. Previu que seus dons os fariam sofrer terrivelmente: a posição e a riqueza de Harry, o próprio cérebro e arte de Basil, e a boa aparência de Dorian Gray.

Original English

'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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry perguntou se o nome do jovem era Dorian Gray enquanto atravessava o estúdio em direção a Basil Hallward.

Original English

'Dorian Gray? Is that his name?' asked Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hall ward.

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Pt/En

Português

Basil confirmou que era esse o nome e acrescentou que não tinha a intenção de revelá-lo a Lord Henry.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry então perguntou por que Basil não quisera lhe contar o nome.

Original English

'But why not?'

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Pt/En

Português

Basil explicou que achava impossível revelar os nomes das pessoas que admirava enormemente, pois sentia que estava entregando uma parte delas. Ele passara a amar o segredo, que acreditava adicionar mistério e maravilha à vida moderna. Até as coisas mais comuns se tornavam encantadoras quando escondidas. Ele nunca contava a ninguém seus planos de viagem, porque fazê-lo estragaria seu prazer. Ele admitiu que poderia ser um hábito tolo, mas trazia romance à sua vida.

Original English

'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?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry respondeu que não achava Basil tolo. Lembrou a Basil que era casado, e o charme do casamento estava em tornar o engano necessário para ambos os parceiros. Ele nunca sabia onde sua esposa estava, e ela nunca sabia o que ele fazia. Quando se encontravam ocasionalmente, contavam um ao outro histórias absurdas com rostos sérios. Sua esposa era particularmente habilidosa, nunca confundindo as datas como ele fazia. Quando o descobria, ela não fazia escândalo, mas simplesmente ria.

Original English

‘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.’

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil Hallward expressou sua antipatia pela maneira como Lord Henry falava sobre sua vida conjugal. Ele acreditava que Lord Henry era, na verdade, um marido muito bom, mas tinha vergonha de suas próprias virtudes. Basil o chamou de sujeito extraordinário, observando que ele nunca dizia nada moral, mas também nunca fazia nada errado. Seu cinismo era apenas uma pose.

Original English

‘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.’

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry riu e declarou que ser natural era simplesmente uma pose, e a mais irritante que conhecia. Em seguida, os dois jovens foram para o jardim e sentaram-se em um longo banco de bambu à sombra de um alto arbusto de louro. A luz do sol deslizava sobre as folhas polidas, e margaridas brancas tremiam na grama.

Original English

‘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.

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Pt/En

Português

Após uma pausa, Lord Henry puxou seu relógio e disse que temia ter que ir. Antes de sair, insistiu que Basil respondesse a uma pergunta que havia feito algum tempo atrás.

Original English

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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Mantendo os olhos fixos no chão, o pintor perguntou o que era aquilo.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que o pintor sabia perfeitamente bem.

Original English

'You know quite well.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor negou saber, dirigindo-se ao outro homem como Harry.

Original English

'I do not, Harry.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ele então declarou que diria ao pintor o que era: queria a verdadeira explicação de por que se recusou a expor o retrato de Dorian Gray.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor manteve que já havia dado a verdadeira razão.

Original English

'I told you the real reason.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ele discordou, apontando que o outro havia dito que a pintura continha muito de si mesmo. Ele chamou isso de desculpa infantil.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Basil Hallward olhou diretamente para Harry e explicou que qualquer retrato pintado com emoção revela o artista, não o modelo. O modelo é apenas uma ocasião. O pintor se expõe na tela. Ele recusou exibir o quadro porque temia que mostrasse o segredo de sua própria alma.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry riu e perguntou qual poderia ser esse segredo.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Hallward disse que explicaria, mas uma expressão perplexa cruzou seu rosto.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Seu companheiro, olhando para ele, disse que estava cheio de expectativa.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor respondeu a Harry que havia muito pouco a contar, e temia que Harry mal compreendesse ou talvez nem acreditasse.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry sorriu, abaixou-se para colher uma margarida de pétalas rosadas da grama e a examinou cuidadosamente. Ele respondeu que tinha certeza de que entenderia, e quanto a acreditar, poderia acreditar em qualquer coisa, desde que fosse completamente inacreditável.

Original English

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.'

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Pt/En

Português

O vento sacudiu flores das árvores, e os pesados cachos de lilás balançavam suavemente no ar parado. Um grilo cantou perto do muro, e uma libélula esguia flutuou como um fio azul. Lord Henry pensou que podia ouvir o coração de Basil Hallward e se perguntou o que viria a seguir.

Original English

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilacblooms, 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 Hall ward's heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor disse que a história era simples: dois meses antes, ele havia comparecido a uma festa na casa de Lady Brandon. Observou que os pobres artistas devem aparecer na sociedade de vez em quando para lembrar ao público que não são selvagens. Após dez minutos de conversa, ele de repente sentiu alguém o observando. Ele se virou e viu Dorian Gray pela primeira vez. Quando seus olhos se encontraram, ele sentiu um terror estranho; sabia que estava diante de alguém cuja personalidade poderia absorver toda a sua natureza, alma e arte. Ele não queria influência externa, sendo naturalmente independente, mas a partir daquele momento sentiu-se à beira de uma crise terrível, com alegrias e tristezas requintadas no horizonte. Ficou com medo e tentou sair, não por consciência, mas por covardia.

Original English

'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 overdressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, I suddenly became conscious that some one 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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry disse a Basil que consciência e covardia eram essencialmente a mesma coisa; consciência era apenas o nome comercial para isso.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward disse a Harry que não acreditava na afirmação de Harry e suspeitava que o próprio Harry também não acreditava. Ele admitiu que seu motivo poderia ter sido orgulho, pois costumava ser muito orgulhoso, mas ele conseguiu chegar à porta. Lá ele colidiu com Lady Brandon, que exclamou em sua voz famosamente estridente que ele não poderia ir embora tão cedo.

Original English

'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?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry concordou, descrevendo Lady Brandon como um pavão sem beleza, enquanto ele nervosamente rasgava uma margarida com seus dedos longos e inquietos.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward não conseguiu escapar de Lady Brandon. Ela o apresentou a realeza, cavalheiros condecorados e senhoras idosas com tiaras enormes e narizes proeminentes. Ela o chamou de seu amigo mais querido, embora tivessem se encontrado apenas uma vez antes, e decidiu torná-lo famoso. Ele pensou que uma de suas pinturas havia alcançado sucesso recentemente, pelo menos sendo comentada em jornais baratos, o que ele considerava o padrão de imortalidade do século XIX. De repente, ele se viu face a face com o jovem cuja personalidade o havia estranhamente comovido. Eles ficaram muito próximos, quase se tocando, e seus olhos se encontraram novamente. Imprudentemente, ele pediu a Lady Brandon uma apresentação, embora sentisse que era inevitável; eles teriam falado sem uma. Dorian confirmou mais tarde que também sabia que estavam destinados a se encontrar.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry perguntou como Lady Brandon descreveu o jovem, observando seu hábito de dar resumos rápidos de seus convidados. Ele lembrou que ela o apresentou a um velho beligerante e vermelho coberto de medalhas e fitas, e sussurrando detalhes surpreendentes sobre ele em um sussurro trágico que todos podiam ouvir. Ele fugiu, preferindo descobrir as pessoas por conta própria. Ele pensava que Lady Brandon tratava seus convidados como um leiloeiro trata suas mercadorias, ou explicando-os completamente ou contando tudo exceto o que se quer saber.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward comentou apaticamente que Harry estava sendo injusto com Lady Brandon.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry comentou que a mulher havia tentado estabelecer um salão, mas só conseguiu abrir um restaurante. Ele perguntou o que ela havia dito sobre o Sr. Dorian Gray.

Original English

'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?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry contou que a mulher descreveu Dorian Gray como um menino encantador e afirmou ser inseparável da mãe dele. Ela parecia incerta sobre o que Dorian fazia, primeiro achando que ele não fazia nada, depois que tocava piano ou talvez violino. Lord Henry e a outra pessoa riram juntos e imediatamente se tornaram amigos.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O jovem lorde disse que o riso é uma ótima maneira de começar uma amizade, e é a melhor maneira de terminá-la.

Original English

'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.

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Pt/En

Português

Hallward balançou a cabeça e disse calmamente a Lord Henry que ele não entendia o que amizade ou inimizade realmente significavam. Ele disse que Lord Henry gostava de todos, o que significava que era indiferente a todos.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry protestou que Hallward era terrivelmente injusto. Ele explicou que fazia distinções claras entre as pessoas: escolhia amigos pela boa aparência, conhecidos pelo bom caráter e inimigos pela boa inteligência. Ele aconselhou ter cuidado ao escolher inimigos, observando que todos os seus inimigos eram inteligentes e o apreciavam, o que ele admitiu que poderia parecer vaidoso.

Original English

'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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basílio concordou que provavelmente era, mas observou que, de acordo com a classificação de Harry, ele só poderia ser considerado um conhecido.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Harry garantiu a Basílio que ele era muito mais do que apenas um conhecido.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basílio então se perguntou se ele era algo menos que um amigo, talvez como um irmão.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Harry expressou desgosto por irmãos, observando que seu irmão mais velho se recusava a morrer, enquanto seus irmãos mais novos pareciam não fazer nada além de morrer.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward chamou o nome de Harry com uma carranca.

Original English

'Harry!' exclaimed Hallward, frowning.

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry disse que não estava completamente sério, mas não podia deixar de desgostar de seus parentes. Ele pensava que isso vinha do fato de que as pessoas não suportam que outros tenham os mesmos defeitos que elas. Ele expressou simpatia pela raiva da democracia inglesa em relação aos vícios das classes altas, explicando que as massas consideram a embriaguez, a estupidez e a imoralidade como propriedade especial delas, e se ressentem quando alguém das classes altas se comporta mal. Ele mencionou que quando Southwark acabou no Tribunal de Divórcio, a indignação pública foi notável. No entanto, ele duvidava que mesmo dez por cento da classe trabalhadora vivesse corretamente.

Original English

'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 any one 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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil disse a Lord Henry que discordava de cada palavra que ele havia dito e, além disso, ele tinha certeza de que Lord Henry também não acreditava em suas próprias palavras.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry acariciou sua barba castanha pontiaguda e bateu a ponta de sua bota de verniz com uma bengala de ébano com borla. Ele comentou que Basil era muito inglês, pois já havia feito a mesma observação duas vezes. Explicou que, quando se apresenta uma ideia a um verdadeiro inglês, este nunca considera se a ideia é certa ou errada, mas apenas se o próprio falante acredita nela. Lord Henry argumentou que o valor de uma ideia não tem nada a ver com a sinceridade de quem a expressa; na verdade, quanto mais insincero o homem, mais puramente intelectual é a ideia, porque não é colorida por suas necessidades, desejos ou preconceitos. No entanto, disse que não pretendia discutir política, sociologia ou metafísica com Basil. Preferia pessoas a princípios e, acima de tudo, pessoas sem princípios. Em seguida, pediu a Basil que lhe contasse mais sobre o Sr. Dorian Gray e com que frequência ele o via.

Original English

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?’

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Pt/En

Português

Basil respondeu que via Dorian Gray todos os dias. Disse que não poderia ser feliz se não o visse diariamente, e que Dorian era absolutamente necessário para ele.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry achou isso extraordinário, pois pensara que Basil nunca se importaria com nada além de sua arte.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor disse ao amigo Harry que Dorian Gray havia se tornado seu foco artístico completo. Ele refletiu que existem apenas duas eras significativas na história da arte: o surgimento de um novo meio artístico e o surgimento de uma nova personalidade artística. Para ele, o rosto de Dorian era tão revolucionário quanto a pintura a óleo foi para os venezianos ou o rosto de Antínoo foi para a escultura grega. Ele explicou que Dorian era muito mais que um modelo; sua personalidade inspirou um estilo e uma maneira de ver totalmente novos. O pintor agora percebia e recriava a vida de forma diferente, como se a presença de Dorian tivesse desbloqueado um potencial criativo oculto. Ele descreveu Dorian como um sonho de forma em dias de pensamento e afirmou que Dorian inconscientemente definiu

os princípios de uma nova escola artística que combinava paixão romântica com perfeição grega. O pintor lamentou que a arte moderna tivesse separado alma e corpo, criando realismo vulgar e idealismo vazio. Ele então recordou uma pintura de paisagem que se recusou a vender, mesmo por um preço alto, porque Dorian sentou-se ao seu lado enquanto ele a pintava. Através da influência sutil de Dorian, o pintor viu pela primeira vez a maravilha na natureza que sempre procurara, mas nunca encontrara.

Original English

'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 the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar, 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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry disse a Basil que a situação era extraordinária e que ele precisava urgentemente ver Dorian Gray.

Original English

'Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward se levantou e caminhou pelo jardim. Depois de um tempo, ele voltou e disse a Harry que Dorian Gray era simplesmente uma inspiração artística para ele. Ele explicou que, embora Harry não visse nada de especial em Dorian, ele próprio via tudo. Hallward acrescentou que a presença de Dorian era mais forte quando nenhuma imagem real dele aparecia em seu trabalho; Dorian representava uma nova abordagem, uma sugestão encontrada nas curvas das linhas e na beleza de certas cores.

Original English

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 curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all.'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry perguntou ao pintor por que ele não exibiria o retrato de Dorian Gray.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor confessou que, sem querer, havia derramado no retrato uma expressão de sua devoção artística a Dorian. Ele nunca havia falado sobre isso com Dorian e nunca falaria. Mas ele temia que, se a pintura fosse exibida, o mundo pudesse adivinhar a verdade, e ele se recusava a expor sua alma à sua curiosidade superficial. Seu coração nunca seria examinado sob o microscópio deles. Havia muito de si mesmo na obra, muitos de seus próprios sentimentos ocultos.

Original English

'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!'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry comentou que os poetas são menos escrupulosos do que Basil; eles sabem como a paixão é útil para vender livros. Ele acrescentou que hoje em dia um coração partido pode ser publicado em muitas edições.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Hallward gritou que odiava tais pessoas. Ele acreditava que um artista deveria criar belas obras sem colocar sua própria vida nelas. Lamentou que as pessoas agora tratam a arte como uma forma de autobiografia, perdendo o sentido abstrato da beleza. Ele jurou mostrar ao mundo a verdadeira beleza algum dia, e por essa razão, o mundo nunca veria seu retrato de Dorian Gray.

Original English

'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. Some day I will show the world what it is; and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Dorian Gray.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry disse a Basil que o considerava enganado, mas não iria discutir, alegando que apenas aqueles que estão intelectualmente perdidos discutem. Ele então perguntou se Dorian Gray gostava muito de Basil.

Original English

'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?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor fez uma pausa para refletir. Ele respondeu que Dorian gostava dele, tinha certeza disso. Ele admitiu que frequentemente bajulava Dorian em excesso, sentindo um prazer estranho em dizer coisas que depois lamentaria. Geralmente, Dorian era encantador e eles conversavam sobre muitas coisas, mas às vezes ele era terrivelmente impensado e parecia gostar de causar dor. Naqueles momentos, Hallward sentia que havia dado sua alma inteira a alguém que a tratava como uma mera flor para adornar seu paletó, uma decoração para a vaidade.

Original English

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 some one 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry murmurou que os dias de verão tendem a se prolongar. Ele sugeriu que Basil poderia se cansar de Dorian antes que Dorian se cansasse dele, observando tristemente que o gênio dura mais que a beleza. É por isso que as pessoas se supereducam, enchendo suas mentes de fatos na esperança tola de perdurar. O homem bem informado, o ideal moderno, é uma coisa terrível, como uma loja empoeirada de bricabaque com itens superfaturados. Ele previu que Basil se cansaria primeiro, acabando por encontrar defeitos na aparência ou nos modos de Dorian, repreendendo-o interiormente. Na próxima vez, Basil seria frio e indiferente, uma pena porque isso o mudaria. Ele chamou o que Basil lhe contara de um romance de arte, e a pior parte de qualquer romance é que ele deixa a pessoa sem romantismo.

Original English

'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-brac 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 it will alter you. What you have told me is quite a romance, a romance of art one might call it, and the worst of having a romance of any kind is that it leaves one so unromantic.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil implorou a Harry que não falasse daquela maneira. Ele declarou que a influência da personalidade de Dorian Gray o dominaria pelo resto de sua vida. Basil sentia que Harry não conseguia realmente entender seus sentimentos porque Harry era muito volúvel em suas afeições.

Original English

'Harry, don't talk like that. As long as I live, the personality of Dorian Gray will dominate me. You can't feel what I feel. You change too often.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry respondeu que era exatamente por isso que ele podia apreciar a profundidade do amor: os fiéis só conheciam seu lado trivial, enquanto os infiéis entendiam suas tragédias. Então acendeu um cigarro com ar satisfeito, como se suas palavras tivessem capturado a essência do mundo. O jardim era agradável, e ele achava as emoções das outras pessoas mais interessantes do que suas ideias. Refletiu que sua própria alma e as paixões de seus amigos eram as coisas verdadeiramente fascinantes da vida. Ele se divertia ao pensar no almoço chato que havia evitado ao ficar com Basil. Se tivesse ido à casa de sua tia, teria encontrado Lord Goodbody e suportado uma conversa sobre caridade e reformas habitacionais. Achou irônico como cada classe elogiava virtudes que elas mesmas não precisavam praticar. Quando esse pensamento lhe ocorreu, ele de repente se lembrou de algo e disse a Basil que acabara de recordar onde tinha ouvido o nome Dorian Gray.

Original English

'Ah, my dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it. Those who are faithful know only the trivial side of love: it is the faithless who know love's tragedies.' And Lord Henry struck a light on a dainty silver case, and began to smoke a cigarette with a self-conscious and satisfied air, as if he had summed up the world in a phrase. There was a rustle of chirruping sparrows in the green lacquer leaves of the ivy, and the blue cloud-shadows chased themselves across the grass like swallows. How pleasant it was in the garden! And how delightful other people's emotions were! – much more delightful than their ideas, it seemed to him. One's own soul, and the passions of one's friends – those were the fascinating things

in life. He pictured to himself with silent amusement the tedious luncheon that he had missed by staying so long with Basil Hallward. Had he gone to his aunt he would have been sure to have met Lord Goodbody there, and the whole conversation would have been about the feeding of the poor, and the necessity for model lodging-houses. Each class would have preached the importance of those virtues, for whose exercise there was no necessity in their own lives. The rich would have spoken on the value of thrift, and the idle grown eloquent over the dignity of labour. It was charming to have escaped all that! As he thought of his aunt, an idea seemed to strike him. He turned to Hallward, and said, 'My dear fellow, I have just remembered.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward perguntou a Lord Henry o que ele acabara de lembrar.

Original English

'Remembered what, Harry?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry respondeu que lembrara onde ouvira o nome Dorian Gray pela primeira vez.

Original English

'Where I heard the name of Dorian Gray.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward perguntou, franzindo levemente a testa, onde aquilo tinha sido.

Original English

'Where was it?' asked Hallward, with a slight frown.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Harry disse a Basil para não ficar tão zangado. Ele soube de Dorian Gray por sua tia, Lady Agatha, que o descreveu como um jovem maravilhoso que a ajudaria no East End. Ela enfatizou sua seriedade e bela natureza, mas nunca mencionou sua aparência, levando Harry a imaginar alguém com óculos, cabelos lisos, sardas e pés enormes. Ele desejou ter sabido que Dorian era amigo de Basil.

Original English

'Don't look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt, Lady Agatha's. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man, who was going to help her in the East End, and that his name was Dorian Gray. I am bound to state that she never told me he was good looking. Women have no appreciation of good looks; at least, good women have not. She said that he was very earnest, and had a beautiful nature. I at once pictured to myself a creature with spectacles and lank hair, horribly freckled, and tramping about on huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil expressou alívio por Harry não ter conhecido Dorian.

Original English

'I am very glad you didn't, Harry.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Harry perguntou por quê.

Original English

'Why?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil respondeu que não queria que Harry o conhecesse.

Original English

'I don't want you to meet him.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Harry repetiu a afirmação como uma pergunta, confirmando que Basil não queria que eles se encontrassem.

Original English

'You don't want me to meet him?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que não.

Original English

'No.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O mordomo entrou no jardim e anunciou que o Sr. Dorian Gray estava esperando no estúdio.

Original English

'Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir,' said the butler, coming into the garden.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Rindo, Lord Henry insistiu que fosse apresentado imediatamente.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor dirigiu-se ao seu criado Parker, que estava piscando os olhos sob a luz do sol. Ele instruiu Parker a pedir ao Sr. Gray que esperasse, dizendo que se juntaria a ele em breve. Parker fez uma reverência e voltou pelo caminho.

Original English

The painter turned to his servant, who stood blinking in the sunlight. 'Ask Mr. Gray to wait, Parker: I shall be in in a few moments.' The man bowed, and went up the walk.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Então, olhando para Lord Henry, ele disse que Dorian Gray era seu amigo mais querido, de natureza simples e bela. Ele concordou com a tia de Lord Henry a respeito dele. Ele implorou a Lord Henry que não estragasse ou influenciasse Dorian, pois sua influência seria prejudicial. Ele explicou que Dorian era a única fonte de encanto em sua arte, e sua vida artística dependia dele. Ele falou devagar, como se as palavras fossem arrancadas dele contra sua vontade.

Original English

Then he looked at Lord Henry. 'Dorian Gray is my dearest friend,' he said. 'He has a simple and a beautiful nature. Your aunt was quite right in what she said of him. Don't spoil him. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. The world is wide, and has many marvellous people in it. Don't take away from me the one person who gives to my art whatever charm it possesses; my life as an artist depends on him. Mind, Harry, I trust you.' He spoke very slowly, and the words seemed wrung out of him almost

against his will.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry sorriu e comentou que Hallward estava falando bobagem. Em seguida, pegou o braço de Hallward e o guiou para dentro de casa.

Original English

'What nonsense you talk!' said Lord Henry, smiling, and, taking Hallward by the arm, he almost led him into the house.

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2

Pt/En

Português

Ao entrarem, viram Dorian Gray. Ele estava sentado ao piano, de costas para eles, folheando um livro das 'Cenas da Floresta' de Schumann. Pediu que Basil lhe emprestasse a música, explicando que queria aprendê-la porque a achava perfeitamente encantadora.

Original English

AS they entered they saw Dorian Gray. He was seated at the piano, with his back to them, turning over the pages of a volume of Schumann's 'Forest Scenes.' 'You must lend me these, Basil,' he cried. 'I want to learn them. They are perfectly charming.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil respondeu que dependia inteiramente de como Dorian se sentava naquele dia.

Original English

'That entirely depends on how you sit to-day, Dorian.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian respondeu que estava cansado de posar e não queria um retrato em tamanho natural de si mesmo. Ele girou no banco de maneira voluntariosa e mal-humorada. Ao notar Lord Henry, corou brevemente e levantou-se, pedindo desculpas a Basil por não ter percebido que ele tinha um visitante.

Original English

'Oh, I am tired of sitting, and I don't want a life-sized portrait of myself,' answered the lad, swinging round on the music-stool, in a wilful, petulant manner. When he caught sight of Lord Henry, a faint blush coloured his cheeks for a moment, and he started up. 'I beg your pardon, Basil, but I didn't know you had any one with you.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil apresentou Lord Henry Wotton a Dorian como um velho amigo de Oxford. Comentou que acabara de dizer a Lord Henry como Dorian era um excelente modelo, e agora Dorian estragara tudo.

Original English

'This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old Oxford friend of mine. I have just been telling him what a capital sitter you were, and now you have spoiled everything.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry deu um passo à frente, apertou a mão de Dorian e disse que sua tia falava frequentemente dele. Observou que Dorian era um dos favoritos dela e também uma de suas vítimas.

Original English

'You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr. Gray,' said Lord Henry, stepping forward and extending his hand. 'My aunt has often spoken to me about you. You are one of her favourites, and, I am afraid, one of her victims also.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian admitiu que estava atualmente em desgraça com Lady Agatha. Ele havia prometido acompanhá-la a um clube em Whitechapel, mas tinha esquecido completamente. Eles deveriam tocar um dueto, e ele estava com muito medo de vê-la.

Original English

'I am in Lady Agatha's black books at present,' answered Dorian, with a funny look of penitence. 'I promised to go to a club in Whitechapel with her last Tuesday, and I really forgot all about it. We were to have played a duet together – three duets, I believe. I don't know what she will say to me. I am far too frightened to call.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry ofereceu-se para reconciliar Dorian com sua tia, garantindo-lhe que a devoção dela por Dorian era forte. Ele sugeriu que a ausência de Dorian provavelmente passou despercebida, já que o piano de Lady Agatha fazia barulho suficiente para duas pessoas.

Original English

'Oh, I will make your peace with my aunt. She is quite devoted to you. And I don't think it really matters about your not being there. The audience probably thought it was a duet. When Aunt Agatha sits down to the piano she makes quite enough noise for two people.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian respondeu rindo que o comentário de Lord Henry foi indelicado com sua tia e descortês com ele mesmo.

Original English

'That is very horrid to her, and not very nice to me,' answered Dorian, laughing.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry observou a beleza marcante de Dorian — seus lábios escarlates, olhos azuis e cabelos dourados. Havia uma qualidade honesta e pura em seu rosto que inspirava confiança imediata. Ele tinha uma inocência jovem intocada, e não era surpresa que Basil Hallward o adorasse.

Original English

Lord Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly wonderfully handsome, with his finely-curved scarlet lips, his frank blue eyes, his crisp gold hair. There was something in his face that made one trust him at once. All the candour of youth was there, as well as all youth's passionate purity. One felt that he had kept himself unspotted from the world. No wonder Basil Hallward worshipped him.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry disse ao Sr. Gray que ele era charmoso demais para a filantropia. Então ele se deitou no divã e tirou seu porta-cigarros.

Original English

'You are too charming to go in for philanthropy, Mr. Gray – far too charming.' And Lord Henry flung himself down on the divan and opened his cigarette-case.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor estava ocupado preparando suas tintas e pincéis. Ele parecia preocupado. Quando ouviu o comentário mais recente de Lord Henry, ele olhou para ele, hesitou brevemente e então perguntou se ele consideraria muito rude se lhe pedisse para sair, pois queria terminar a pintura naquele dia.

Original English

The painter had been busy mixing his colours and getting his brushes ready. He was looking worried, and when he heard Lord Henry's last remark he glanced at him, hesitated for a moment, and then said, 'Harry, I want to finish this picture to-day. Would you think it awfully rude of me if I asked you to go away?'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry sorriu e olhou para Dorian Gray. Ele perguntou a Dorian se deveria ir embora.

Original English

Lord Henry smiled, and looked at Dorian Gray. 'Am I to go, Mr. Gray?' he asked.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian pediu a Lord Henry que não fosse, explicando que Basil estava de mau humor e ele não o suportava quando estava assim. Ele também queria que Lord Henry explicasse por que não deveria se envolver em filantropia.

Original English

'Oh, please don't, Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his sulky moods; and I can't bear him when he sulks. Besides, I want you to tell me why I should not go in for philanthropy.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry disse que talvez não dissesse ao Sr. Gray por quê, pois era um assunto tão tedioso que exigia discussão séria. No entanto, ele certamente não iria embora agora que o Sr. Gray havia pedido que ficasse. Então ele perguntou a Basil se ele realmente se importava, lembrando-lhe que ele frequentemente dissera que gostava que seus modelos tivessem alguém com quem conversar.

Original English

'I don't know that I shall tell you that, Mr. Gray. It is so tedious a subject that one would have to talk seriously about it. But I certainly shall not run away, now that you have asked me to stop. You don't really mind, Basil, do you? You have often told me that you liked your sitters to have some one to chat to.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil Hallward mordeu o lábio e concedeu que, se Dorian desejasse que Lord Henry ficasse, então ele certamente deveria ficar. Ele comentou que os caprichos de Dorian eram leis para todos, exceto para o próprio Dorian.

Original English

Hallward bit his lip. 'If Dorian wishes it, of course you must stay. Dorian's whims are laws to everybody, except himself.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry pegou seu chapéu e luvas, dizendo que Basil estava insistente, mas ele realmente precisava ir, pois tinha um compromisso no Orleans. Ele se despediu do Sr. Gray, convidando-o a visitá-lo na Curzon Street, mencionando que geralmente estava em casa às cinco, e solicitou um bilhete antes para não perdê-lo.

Original English

Lord Henry took up his hat and gloves. 'You are very pressing, Basil, but I am afraid I must go. I have promised to meet a man at the Orleans. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Come and see me some afternoon in Curzon Street. I am nearly always at home at five o'clock. Write to me when you are coming. I should be sorry to miss you.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray exclamou que, se Lord Henry fosse embora, ele também iria. Ele reclamou que Basil nunca falava enquanto pintava e que era terrivelmente chato ficar de pé na plataforma tentando parecer agradável. Ele insistiu que Basil pedisse a Lord Henry que ficasse.

Original English

'Basil,' cried Dorian Gray, 'if Lord Henry Wotton goes I shall go too. You never open your lips while you are painting, and it is horribly dull standing on a platform and trying to look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I insist upon it.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil Hallward, enquanto estudava sua pintura atentamente, pediu a Harry que ficasse para agradar tanto a Dorian quanto a si mesmo. Ele reconheceu que nunca falava nem ouvia enquanto trabalhava, o que devia ser extremamente chato para seus modelos, e implorou a Harry que permanecesse.

Original English

'Stay, Harry, to oblige Dorian, and to oblige me,' said Hallward, gazing intently at his picture. 'It is quite true, I never talk when I am working, and never listen either, and it must be dreadfully tedious for my unfortunate sitters. I beg you to stay.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry perguntou sobre o homem que deveria encontrar no Orleans.

Original English

'But what about my man at the Orleans?'

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor riu e garantiu a Harry que não haveria dificuldade. Pediu a Harry que se sentasse novamente, então instruiu Dorian a subir na plataforma, a não se mover muito e a ignorar as palavras de Lord Henry. Explicou que Lord Henry tinha uma má influência sobre todos os seus amigos, exceto sobre o próprio pintor.

Original English

The painter laughed. 'I don't think there will be any difficulty about that. Sit down again, Harry. And now, Dorian, get up on the platform, and don't move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the single exception of myself.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray subiu na plataforma com a postura de um jovem mártir grego e dirigiu um leve beicinho de desagrado a Lord Henry, por quem havia desenvolvido simpatia. Achou Lord Henry muito diferente de Basil, e eles formavam um contraste agradável. Dorian também possuía uma bela voz. Após um breve momento, perguntou a Lord Henry se ele realmente tinha uma má influência, como Basil afirmava.

Original English

Dorian Gray stepped up on the dais, with the air of a young Greek martyr, and made a little moue of discontent to Lord Henry, to whom he had rather taken a fancy. He was so unlike Basil. They made a delightful contrast. And he had such a beautiful voice. After a few moments he said to him, 'Have you really a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry respondeu que não existia influência boa. Afirmou que toda influência era imoral, do ponto de vista científico.

Original English

'There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral – immoral from the scientific point of view.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian perguntou por que isso era assim.

Original English

'Why?'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry explicou que influenciar uma pessoa era dar a ela a própria alma. A pessoa influenciada não pensa mais seus próprios pensamentos nem sente suas próprias paixões. Suas virtudes não são genuínas, e seus pecados, se é que tais coisas existem, são emprestados. Essa pessoa se torna um eco da música de outro, um ator em um papel não escrito para ela. Ele afirmou que o objetivo da vida é o autodesenvolvimento, realizar a própria natureza perfeitamente. As pessoas hoje têm medo de si mesmas, esquecendo o mais alto dever: o dever para consigo mesmo. Embora sejam caridosas, alimentando os famintos e vestindo os mendigos, suas próprias almas passam fome e permanecem nuas. A coragem desapareceu da humanidade, se é que alguma vez existiu verdadeiramente. O terror da sociedade, que fundamenta a moral, e o terror de Deus, o segredo da religião, são as duas forças que nos governam. Ele fez uma pausa.

Original English

'Because to influence a person is to give him one's own soul. He does not think his natural thoughts or burn with his natural passions. His virtues are not real to him. His sins, if there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He

becomes an echo of some one else's music, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life is self-development. To realise one's nature perfectly – that is what each of us is here for. People are afraid of themselves, nowadays. They have forgotten the highest of all duties, the duty that one owes to one's self. Of course they are charitable. They feed the hungry, and clothe the beggar. But their own souls starve, and are naked. Courage has gone out of our race. Perhaps we never really had it. The terror of society, which is the basis of morals, the terror of God, which is the secret of religion – these are the two things that govern us. And yet –'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor, absorto em seu trabalho, instruiu Dorian a virar a cabeça mais para a direita. Ele notou uma nova expressão no rosto do jovem, uma que nunca tinha visto antes.

Original English

'Just turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian, like a good boy,' said the painter, deep in his work, and conscious only that a look had come into the lad's face that he had never seen there before.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry continuou com sua voz musical, gesticulando graciosamente. Ele argumentou que, se uma pessoa vivesse completamente, dando forma a cada sentimento e sonho, o mundo ganharia uma alegria renovada e retornaria a um ideal mais refinado. No entanto, as pessoas têm medo de si mesmas, e a abnegação apenas as envenena. Ceder à tentação é a única maneira de escapar; a resistência torna a alma doente de desejo. Ele afirmou que grandes eventos e pecados ocorrem no cérebro. Dirigiu-se diretamente a Dorian, sugerindo que, apesar de sua juventude inocente, ele abrigava paixões e pensamentos que poderiam assustá-lo ou causar vergonha.

Original English

'And yet,' continued Lord Henry, in his low, musical voice, and with that graceful wave of the hand that was always so characteristic of him, and that he had even in his Eton days, 'I believe that if one man were to live out

his life fully and completely, were to give form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream – I believe that the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we would forget all the maladies of mediaevalism, and return to the Hellenic ideal – to something finer, richer, than the Hellenic ideal, it may be. But the bravest man amongst us is afraid of himself. The mutilation of the savage has its tragic survival in the self-denial that mars our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind, and poisons us. The body sins once, and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure, or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful. It has been said that the great events of the world take place in the brain. It is in the brain, and the brain only, that the great sins of the world take place also. You, Mr. Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheek with shame –’

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Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray hesitou, pedindo a Lord Henry que parasse porque se sentia confuso e incapaz de encontrar uma resposta. Ele pediu silêncio para poder pensar, ou melhor, para evitar pensar.

Original English

‘Stop!’ faltered Dorian Gray, ‘stop! You bewilder me. I don’t know what to say. There is some answer to you, but I cannot find it. Don’t speak. Let me think. Or, rather, let me try not to think.’

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Por quase dez minutos, Dorian ficou imóvel, lábios entreabertos e olhos estranhamente brilhantes. Ele sentiu novas influências se agitando dentro dele, mas pareciam vir de si mesmo. As palavras paradoxais do amigo de Basil tinham atingido uma corda oculta que agora vibrava com pulsos desconhecidos.

Original English

For nearly ten minutes he stood there, motionless, with parted lips, and eyes strangely bright. He was dimly conscious that entirely fresh influences were at work within him. Yet they seemed to him to have come really from himself. The few words that Basil's friend had said to him – words spoken by chance, no doubt, and with wilful paradox in them – had touched some secret chord that had never been touched before, but that he felt was now vibrating and throbbing to curious pulses.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele lembrou como a música o havia emocionado antes, mas a música carecia de clareza. As palavras, no entanto, eram terrivelmente claras e vívidas, mas possuíam uma magia sutil. Elas davam forma ao que não tinha forma e tinham sua própria música, tão doce quanto qualquer instrumento. Ele questionou se algo era tão real quanto as palavras.

Original English

Music had stirred him like that. Music had troubled him many times. But music was not articulate. It was not a new world, but rather another chaos, that it created in us. Words! Mere words! How terrible they were! How clear, and vivid, and cruel! One could not escape from them. And yet what a subtle magic there was in them! They seemed to be able to give a plastic form to formless things, and to have a music of their own as sweet as that of viol or of lute. Mere words! Was there anything so real as words?

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Pt/En

Português

Ele recordou momentos de sua juventude que antes o intrigavam. Agora compreendia seu significado. A vida aparecia para ele em cores vívidas e ardentes, como se estivesse se movendo através de chamas o tempo todo. Questionou por que permanecera inconsciente dessa intensidade.

Original English

Yes; there had been things in his boyhood that he had not understood. He understood them now. Life suddenly became fiery-coloured to him. It seemed to him that he had been walking in fire. Why had he not known it?

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry observou Dorian com seu sorriso sutil característico, sabendo precisamente quando permanecer em silêncio. Ele estava profundamente intrigado e surpreso com o impacto imediato de suas próprias palavras. Lembrando-se de um livro que lera aos dezesseis anos e que lhe revelara muito, questionou se Dorian estava passando por uma revelação semelhante. Sentiu que havia lançado uma ideia imprevisível; ela encontraria seu alvo? Ele achava o jovem totalmente cativante.

Original English

With his subtle smile, Lord Henry watched him. He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. He felt intensely interested. He was amazed at the sudden impression that his words had produced, and, remembering a book that he had read when he was sixteen, a book which had revealed to him much that he had not known before, he wondered whether Dorian Gray was passing through a similar experience. He had merely shot an arrow into the air. Had it hit the mark? How fascinating the lad was!

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Pt/En

Português

Hallward continuou pintando com suas notáveis e ousadas pinceladas, que possuíam um verdadeiro refinamento e uma qualidade delicada que, na arte, só vem da força. Ele não percebia o silêncio na sala.

Original English

Hallward painted away with that marvellous bold touch of his, that had the true refinement and perfect delicacy that in art, at any rate, comes only from strength. He was unconscious of the silence.

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Pt/En

Português

Dorian exclamou de repente para Basil que estava cansado de ficar em pé e precisava sair para se sentar no jardim, pois o ar dentro estava sufocante.

Original English

‘Basil, I am tired of standing,’ cried Dorian Gray, suddenly. ‘I must go out and sit in the garden. The air is stifling here.’

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Pt/En

Português

Basil se desculpou, explicando que quando pinta, não consegue pensar em mais nada. Assegurou a Dorian que ele nunca posara melhor; permanecera perfeitamente imóvel, e Basil capturara o efeito desejado—os lábios entreabertos e os olhos brilhantes. Perguntou-se o que Lord Henry dissera para produzir tal expressão, e advertiu Dorian a não acreditar em uma palavra dos elogios de Harry.

Original English

‘My dear fellow, I am so sorry. When I am painting, I can’t think of anything else. But you never sat better. You were perfectly still. And I have caught the effect I wanted – the half-parted lips, and the bright look in the eyes. I don’t know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has certainly made you have the most wonderful expression. I suppose he has been paying you compliments. You mustn’t believe a word that he says.’

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele não recebera elogios daquela pessoa, o que, especulou, poderia explicar sua completa falta de fé em tudo o que o homem dissera.

Original English

'He has certainly not been paying me compliments. Perhaps that is the reason that I don't believe anything he has told me.'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry, olhando para Basil com olhos sonhadores e lânguidos, insistiu que sabia que Basil acreditava em tudo. Ele propôs que fossem ao jardim, já que o estúdio estava insuportavelmente quente, e sugeriu que pedissem uma bebida gelada com morangos.

Original English

'You know you believe it all,' said Lord Henry, looking at him with his dreamy, languorous eyes. 'I will go out to the garden with you. It is horribly hot in the studio. Basil, let us have something iced to drink, something with strawberries in it.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil concordou prontamente, pedindo a Harry que tocasse a campainha para que pudesse instruir Parker. Explicou que precisava terminar o fundo e se juntaria a eles em breve. Pediu a Lord Henry que não detivesse Dorian por muito tempo, pois nunca estivera em melhor forma para pintar; declarou que a obra já era sua obra-prima.

Original English

'Certainly, Harry. Just touch the bell, and when Parker comes I will tell him what you want. I have got to work up this background, so I will join you later on. Don't keep Dorian too long. I have never been in better form for painting than I am to-day. This is going to be my masterpiece. It is my

masterpiece as it stands.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ao entrar no jardim, Lord Henry encontrou Dorian Gray pressionando o rosto contra as frescas flores de lilás, absorvendo sua fragrância como se fosse vinho. Aproximou-se e colocou a mão em seu ombro, murmurando que Dorian tinha toda razão: nada poderia curar a alma senão os sentidos, nem os sentidos senão a alma.

Original English

Lord Henry went out to the garden, and found Dorian Gray burying his face in the great cool lilac-blossoms, feverishly drinking in their perfume as if it had been wine. He came close to him, and put his hand upon his shoulder. 'You are quite right to do that,' he murmured. 'Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O jovem sobressaltou-se e recuou. Sua cabeça estava descoberta, e as folhas haviam desalinhado seus cachos rebeldes, emaranhando os fios dourados. Seus olhos expressavam medo, como se tivesse sido acordado abruptamente. Suas narinas finamente esculpidas tremeram, e um nervo oculto fez seus lábios escarlates tremerem.

Original English

The lad started and drew back. He was bare-headed, and the leaves had tossed his rebellious curls and tangled all their gilded threads. There was a look of fear in his eyes, such as people have when they are suddenly awakened. His finely-chiselled nostrils quivered, and some hidden nerve shook the scarlet of his lips and left them trembling.

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry continuou, afirmando que um dos grandes segredos da vida era curar a alma através dos sentidos e os sentidos através da alma. Ele observou que Dorian era uma criação notável, que compreendia mais do que percebia, mas também sabia menos do que gostaria de saber.

Original English

'Yes,' continued Lord Henry, 'that is one of the great secrets of life – to cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful creation. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray franziu a testa e desviou o olhar. Ele não pôde deixar de se sentir atraído pelo jovem alto e elegante ao seu lado. O rosto romântico de pele morena e a expressão cansada do homem o intrigavam. Sua voz baixa e lânguida era totalmente cativante, e até mesmo suas mãos frias e brancas pareciam se mover como música, possuindo uma linguagem própria. No entanto, Dorian sentia tanto medo quanto vergonha de ter medo. Ele se perguntava por que foi preciso um estranho para revelá-lo a si mesmo. Ele conhecia Basil Hallward há meses, mas a amizade entre eles nunca o havia mudado. Agora alguém havia entrado em sua vida e parecia desvendar seu mistério. Ainda assim, questionava por que deveria ter medo—não era um estudante nem uma garota, então era absurdo ficar assustado.

Original English

Dorian Gray frowned and turned his head away. He could not help liking the tall, graceful young man who was standing by him. His romantic olivecoloured face and worn expression interested him. There was something in his low, languid voice that was absolutely fascinating. His cool, white, flower-like hands, even, had a curious charm. They moved, as he spoke, like music, and seemed to have a language of their own. But he felt afraid of him, and ashamed of being afraid. Why had it been left for a stranger to reveal him to himself? He had known Basil Hallward for months, but the friendship between them had never altered him. Suddenly there had come some one across his life who seemed to have disclosed to him life'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.

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry propôs que se sentassem na sombra, observando que Parker havia trazido bebidas. Ele alertou que, se Dorian permanecesse sob a luz forte do sol, ele ficaria estragado e Basil nunca mais o pintaria. Ele aconselhou Dorian a não se deixar queimar pelo sol, pois isso seria inconveniente.

Original English

'Let us go and sit in the shade,' said Lord Henry. 'Parker has brought out the drinks, and if you stay any longer in this glare you will be quite spoiled, and Basil will never paint you again. You really must not allow yourself to become sunburnt. It would be unbecoming.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray riu e exclamou que isso não poderia importar, enquanto se sentava no banco no final do jardim.

Original English

'What can it matter?' cried Dorian Gray, laughing, as he sat down on the seat at the end of the garden.

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry respondeu que isso deveria significar tudo para o Sr. Gray.

Original English

'It should matter everything to you, Mr. Gray.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry indagou sobre o motivo.

Original English

'Why?'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry respondeu que Dorian possuía uma juventude maravilhosa, a única coisa que realmente valia a pena ter.

Original English

'Because you have the most marvellous youth, and youth is the one thing worth having.'

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Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray confessou que não compartilhava daquele sentimento.

Original English

'I don't feel that, Lord Henry.'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry advertiu Dorian de que um dia, quando estivesse velho e já não fosse bonito, ele sentiria terrivelmente a perda da juventude. Ele insistiu que a beleza era uma forma de gênio, até superior, que não precisava de explicação, e que era uma verdade fundamental do mundo, como a luz do sol ou a primavera. As pessoas que julgavam apenas pelas aparências não eram superficiais; o visível era o verdadeiro mistério. Ele disse a Dorian que os deuses lhe haviam dado juventude e beleza, mas que logo as tirariam. Exortou Dorian a viver plenamente enquanto pudesse, a buscar novas sensações e a não perder tempo com o tedioso ou o vulgar. Lord Henry declarou que a época precisava de um novo

Hedonismo é que Dorian poderia ser seu símbolo. Ele descreveu como seria trágico se a juventude de Dorian fosse desperdiçada, pois, ao contrário das flores que renascem, a juventude nunca retorna. À medida que se envelhece, a alegria de viver se desvanece, o corpo falha, e a pessoa se torna um fantoche assombrado por memórias de paixões e tentações não perseguidas. No final, Lord Henry concluiu que nada no mundo importava além da juventude.

Original English

'No, you don't feel it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought has seared your forehead with its lines, and passion branded your lips with its hideous fires, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. Now, wherever 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 explanation. It is of the great facts of the world, like sunlight, or springtime, or the reflection in dark waters of that silver shell we call the moon. It cannot be questioned. It has its divine right of sovereignty. It makes princes of those who have it. You smile? Ah! when you have lost it you won't smile...People say sometimes that Beauty is only superficial. That may be 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 world 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 are no triumphs left for you, or have to content yourself with those mean triumphs that the memory of your 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 against your lilies and your roses. You will become sallow, and hollow-cheeked, and dull-eyed. You will suffer horribly...Ah! realise your youth while you have it. Don't squander the gold of your days, listening to the tedious, trying to improve the hopeless failure, or giving away your life to the ignorant, the common, and the vulgar. These are the sickly aims, the false ideals, 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 personality 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 what you really are, of what you really might be. There was so much in you that charmed me that I felt I

must 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 – such a little time. The common hill-flowers wither, but they blossom again. The laburnum will be as yellow next 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. 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 exquisite temptations that we had not the courage to yield to. Youth! Youth! There is absolutely nothing in the world but youth!

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Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray ouviu, com os olhos arregalados de admiração. O ramo de lilás escorregou de sua mão sobre o cascalho, onde uma abelha peluda o explorou brevemente antes de rastejar entre as flores. Ele observou a abelha com uma atenção incomum aos detalhes, como se faz quando perturbado por emoções profundas ou pensamentos assustadores. Eventualmente, a abelha voou para dentro de uma flor em forma de trombeta, que pareceu tremer e balançar suavemente.

Original English

Dorian Gray listened, open-eyed and wondering. The spray of lilac fell from his hand upon the gravel. A furry bee came and buzzed round it for a moment. Then it began to scramble all over the oval stellated globe of the tiny blossoms. He watched 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 some 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 stained trumpet of a Tyrian convolvulus. The flower seemed to quiver, and then swayed gently to and fro.

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor apareceu de repente na porta do estúdio e fez um gesto brusco para que entrassem. Eles trocaram olhares e sorriram.

Original English

Suddenly the painter appeared at the door of the studio, and made staccato signs for them to come in. They turned to each other, and smiled.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele chamou impacientemente, dizendo que estava esperando e insistiu para que entrassem, explicando que a iluminação estava ideal e que poderiam trazer suas bebidas.

Original English

'I am waiting,' he cried. 'Do come in. The light is quite perfect, and you can bring your drinks.'

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Pt/En

Português

Eles se levantaram e caminharam juntos pelo caminho. Um par de borboletas verdes e brancas passou voando, e um tordo começou a cantar na pereira no canto do jardim.

Original English

They rose up, and sauntered down the walk together. Two green and white butterflies fluttered past them, and in the pear-tree at the corner of the garden a thrush began to sing.

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry olhou fixamente para o Sr. Gray e comentou que ele parecia feliz por tê-lo conhecido.

Original English

'You are glad to have met me, Mr. Gray,' said Lord Henry, looking at him.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Gray admitiu que estava feliz no momento, mas questionou se essa felicidade duraria.

Original English

'Yes, I am glad now. I wonder shall I always be glad?'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry disse que a palavra Sempre era terrível e o fazia estremecer. Ele achava que as mulheres gostavam de usá-la e estragavam o romance ao tentar torná-lo eterno. Era também uma palavra sem sentido; a única diferença entre um capricho e uma paixão duradoura era que o capricho durava um pouco mais.

Original English

'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 make it last for ever. It is a meaningless word, too. The only difference between a caprice and a life-long passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ao entrarem no estúdio, Dorian Gray tocou o braço de Lord Henry e murmurou que, nesse caso, a amizade deles deveria ser um capricho. Ele corou diante de sua própria ousadia, então subiu na plataforma e retomou sua pose.

Original English

As they entered 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 boldness, then stepped up on the platform and resumed his pose.

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry se acomodou em uma grande poltrona de vime e observou. Os únicos sons que quebravam o silêncio eram as pinceladas na tela e Basil Hallward ocasionalmente se afastando para examinar seu trabalho à distância. A luz do sol entrava pela porta aberta, fazendo a poeira dourada dançar. O perfume intenso das rosas parecia permear tudo.

Original English

Lord Henry flung himself into a large wicker armchair, and watched him. The sweep and dash of the brush on the canvas made the only sound that broke the stillness, except when, now and then, Hallward stepped back to look at his work from a distance. In the slanting beams that streamed through the open doorway the dust danced and was golden. The heavy scent of the roses seemed to brood over everything.

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Pt/En

Português

Após cerca de quinze minutos, Hallward parou de pintar e estudou Dorian Gray por um longo tempo, depois o quadro, mordendo o pincel e franzindo a testa. Finalmente, declarou-o pronto, abaixou-se e escreveu seu nome em grandes letras vermelhas no canto esquerdo da tela.

Original English

After about a quarter of an hour Hallward stopped painting, looked for a long time at Dorian Gray, and then for a long time at the picture, biting the end of one of his huge brushes, and frowning. 'It is quite finished,' he cried at last, and stooping down he wrote his name in long vermilion letters on the left-hand corner of the canvas.

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry aproximou-se para examinar a pintura. Era claramente uma magnífica obra de arte e uma notável semelhança.

Original English

Lord Henry came over and examined the picture. It was certainly a wonderful work of art, and a wonderful likeness as well.

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Pt/En

Português

Basil parabenizou calorosamente seu querido amigo e declarou que era o melhor retrato dos tempos modernos. Ele convidou o Sr. Gray a vir e se olhar.

Original English

'My dear fellow, I congratulate you most warmly,' he said. 'It is the finest portrait of modern times. Mr. Gray, come over and look at yourself.'

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Pt/En

Português

O jovem sobressaltou-se como se acordasse de um sonho. Murmurou, perguntando se estava realmente terminado, enquanto descia da plataforma.

Original English

The lad started, as if awakened from some dream. 'Is it really finished?' he murmured, stepping down from the platform.

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor confirmou que estava completamente terminado. Ele acrescentou que o Sr. Gray havia posado esplendidamente naquele dia e expressou sua profunda gratidão.

Original English

'Quite finished,' said the painter. 'And you have sat splendidly to-day. I am awfully obliged to you.'

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Pt/En

Português

Lorde Henry interrompeu, alegando que o crédito pertencia inteiramente a ele, e pediu que o Sr. Gray confirmasse.

Original English

'That is entirely due to me,' broke in Lord Henry. 'Isn't it, Mr. Gray?'

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Pt/En

Português

Dorian não respondeu, mas passou apaticamente diante do quadro e virou-se para encará-lo. Quando o viu, recuou, com as bochechas coradas de prazer. Um olhar de alegria surgiu em seus olhos, como se ele se reconhecesse pela primeira vez. Ele ficou imóvel e maravilhado, vagamente ciente de que Hallward estava falando, mas sem captar o significado de suas palavras. A percepção de sua própria beleza veio sobre ele como uma revelação. Ele nunca a sentira antes. Os elogios de Basil Hallward pareciam apenas exageros encantadores de amizade; ele os ouvira, rira e os esquecera — eles não o influenciaram. Então Lorde Henry Wotton viera com seu estranho elogio à juventude e seu terrível aviso sobre sua brevidade. Isso o comovera na época, e agora, contemplando a sombra de sua própria formosura, a realidade completa da descrição passou por ele como um relâmpago. Sim, chegaria um dia em que seu rosto estaria enrugado e murcho, seus olhos opacos e sem cor, a graça de sua figura quebrada e deformada. O escarlate desapareceria de seus lábios, e o ouro roubaria seus cabelos. A vida que

faria sua alma danificaria seu corpo. Ele se tornaria terrível, hediondo e grotesco.

Original English

Dorian made no answer, but passed listlessly in front of his picture, and turned towards it. When he saw it he drew back, and his cheeks flushed for a moment with pleasure. A look of joy came into his eyes, as if he had recognised himself for the first time. He stood there motionless and in wonder, dimly conscious that Hallward was speaking to him, but not catching the meaning of his words. The sense of his own beauty came on him like a revelation. He had never felt it before. Basil Hallward's compliments had seemed to him to be merely the charming exaggerations of friendship. He had listened to them, laughed at them, forgotten them. They had not influenced his nature. Then had come Lord Henry Wotton with his strange panegyric on youth, his terrible warning of its brevity. That had stirred him at the time, and now, as he stood gazing at the shadow of his own loveliness, the full reality of the description flashed across him. Yes, there would be a day when his face would be wrinkled and wizen, his eyes dim and colourless, the grace of his figure broken and deformed. The scarlet would pass away from his lips, and the gold steal from his hair. The life that was to make his soul would mar his body. He would become dreadful, hideous, and uncouth.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando o pensamento lhe veio, uma dor aguda o atravessou como uma faca, fazendo tremer cada parte delicada de sua natureza. Seus olhos adquiriram um tom mais profundo de ametista, e lágrimas os embaçaram. Ele sentiu como se uma mão gelada tivesse sido colocada sobre seu coração.

Original English

As he thought of it, a sharp pang of pain struck through him like a knife, and made each delicate fibre of his nature quiver. His eyes deepened into amethyst, and across them came a mist of tears. He felt as if a hand of ice had been laid upon his heart.

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Pt/En

Português

Hallward finalmente exclamou, um pouco ferido pelo silêncio do jovem, incapaz de entender o que significava, perguntando se ele não gostava.

Original English

'Don't you like it?' cried Hallward at last, stung a little by the lad's silence, not understanding what it meant.

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry declarou que ele, claro, gostava; quem não gostaria de tal obra-prima da arte moderna? Ele disse que daria qualquer coisa para tê-la e insistiu que precisava possuí-la.

Original English

'Of course he likes it,' said Lord Henry. 'Who wouldn't like it? It is one of the greatest things in modern art. I will give you anything you like to ask for it. I must have it.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que não era sua propriedade, chamando-o de Harry.

Original English

'It is not my property, Harry.'

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Pt/En

Português

O outro perguntou de quem era a propriedade.

Original English

'Whose property is it?'

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor respondeu que era de Dorian, naturalmente.

Original English

'Dorian's, of course,' answered the painter.

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Pt/En

Português

Alguém comentou que ele era um homem extremamente sortudo.

Original English

'He is a very lucky fellow.'

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Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray murmurou tristemente, com os olhos fixos no retrato, lamentando que envelheceria e se tornaria horrível enquanto a pintura permaneceria para sempre jovem. Ele desejou desesperadamente que pudesse ser o contrário, que ele pudesse permanecer jovem e o retrato envelhecesse. Declarou que daria tudo, até sua alma, por isso.

Original English

'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!'

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Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry riu e apontou para Basil que ele dificilmente aprovaria tal acordo, pois seria bastante injusto para sua obra de arte.

Original English

'You would hardly care for such an arrangement, Basil,' cried Lord Henry, laughing. 'It would be rather hard lines on your work.'

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Pt/En

Português

Hallward disse a Harry que se oporia fortemente à ideia.

Original English

'I should object very strongly, Harry,' said Hallward.

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Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray se virou para Basil e comentou que acreditava que o pintor valorizava mais sua arte do que seus amigos. Ele sentiu que não significava mais para Basil do que uma estátua de bronze, talvez até menos.

Original English

Dorian Gray turned and looked at him. 'I believe you would, Basil. You like your art better than your friends. I am no more to you than a green bronze figure. Hardly as much, I dare say.'

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Pt/En

Português

O pintor olhou incrédulo. Era tão diferente de Dorian falar daquela maneira. Algo claramente o havia perturbado; seu rosto estava vermelho e suas bochechas queimavam de raiva.

Original English

The painter stared in amazement. It was so unlike Dorian to speak like that. What had happened? He seemed quite angry. His face was flushed and his cheeks burning.

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Pt/En

Português

Dorian continuou, afirmando que ele importava menos para Basil do que seu Hermes de marfim ou Fauno de prata, que sempre seriam admirados. Ele se perguntou por quanto tempo Basil se importaria com ele — talvez apenas até sua primeira ruga aparecer. Ele havia aprendido com o retrato que perder a beleza significava perder tudo. Ele concordou com Lord Henry que apenas a juventude era valiosa. Ele declarou que tiraria a própria vida quando começasse a envelhecer.

Original English

'Yes,' he continued, 'I am less to you than your ivory Hermes or your silver Faun. You will like them always. How long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle, I suppose. I know, now, that when one loses one's good looks, whatever they may be, one loses everything. Your picture has taught me that. Lord Henry Wotton is perfectly right. Youth is the only thing worth having. When I find that I am growing old, I shall kill myself.'

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Pt/En

Português

Hallward ficou pálido e segurou a mão de Dorian. Ele implorou que Dorian não falasse daquela maneira, insistindo que nunca teve um amigo como ele e nunca teria novamente. Perguntou se Dorian realmente poderia ter ciúmes de objetos inanimados, lembrando-lhe que ele próprio era mais belo do que qualquer um deles.

Original English

Hallward turned pale, and caught his hand. 'Dorian! Dorian!' he cried, 'don't talk like that. I have never had such a friend as you, and I shall never have such another. You are not jealous of material things, are you? — you who are finer than any of them!'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian confessou que tinha ciúmes de tudo que mantinha sua beleza para sempre. Ele tinha ciúmes do retrato que Basil pintara, que preservaria sua juventude enquanto ele perderia a dele. Cada momento que passava, ele sentia, tirava algo dele e dava à pintura. Ele desejava que fosse o contrário — que a imagem envelhecesse e ele permanecesse inalterado. Perguntou por que Basil o pintara, prevendo que um dia o retrato zombaria terrivelmente dele. Lágrimas encheram seus olhos; ele se afastou, jogou-se no divã e enterrou o rosto nos travesseiros como se estivesse orando.

Original English

'I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not die. I am jealous of the portrait you have painted of me. Why should it keep what I must lose? Every moment that passes takes something from me, and gives something to it. Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture could change, and I could be always what I am now! Why did you paint it? It will mock me some day – mock me horribly!' The hot tears welled into his eyes; he tore his hand away, and, flinging himself on the divan, he buried his face in the cushions, as though he was praying.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor acusou Harry amargamente de ser responsável pelo que havia acontecido.

Original English

'This is your doing, Harry,' said the painter, bitterly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry deu de ombros e afirmou simplesmente que a pessoa era de fato o verdadeiro Dorian Gray.

Original English

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. 'It is the real Dorian Gray – that is all.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Alguém negou isso, insistindo que não era o verdadeiro Dorian Gray.

Original English

'It is not.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A pessoa questionou que, se não era o verdadeiro Dorian Gray, então que relevância aquilo tinha para ela.

Original English

'If it is not, what have I to do with it?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele murmurou que Harry deveria ter partido quando solicitado.

Original English

'You should have gone away when I asked you,' he muttered.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry respondeu que ele tinha ficado porque Dorian havia solicitado.

Original English

'I stayed when you asked me,' was Lord Henry's answer.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian disse a Harry que não podia brigar com seus dois melhores amigos ao mesmo tempo. Ele expressou que, entre os dois, eles o fizeram odiar o melhor trabalho que ele já havia criado, e ele pretendia destruí-lo. Ele questionou o que era além de tela e cor, e declarou que não permitiria que isso perturbasse as três vidas deles.

Original English

'Harry, I can't quarrel with my two best friends at once, but between you both you have made me hate the finest piece of work I have ever done, and I will destroy it. What is it but canvas and colour? I will not let it come across our three lives and mar them.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray ergueu a cabeça dourada do travesseiro, o rosto pálido e os olhos manchados de lágrimas, e observou enquanto Basil caminhava até a simples mesa de pintura sob a janela alta com cortinas. Ele se perguntou o que Basil estava fazendo. Os dedos de Basil se moviam entre os tubos de estanho espalhados e pincéis secos, procurando algo. Sim, era a longa espátula com sua lâmina fina de aço flexível. Ele a havia encontrado finalmente. Ele ia rasgar a tela.

Original English

Dorian Gray lifted his golden head from the pillow, and with pallid face and tear-stained eyes looked at him, as he walked over to the deal paintingtable that was set beneath the high curtained window. What was he doing there? His fingers were straying about among the litter of tin tubes and dry brushes, seeking for something. Yes, it was for the long palette-knife, with its thin blade of lithe steel. He had found it at last. He was going to rip up the canvas.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Com um soluço abafado, o jovem saltou do sofá, correu até Hallward, arrancou a faca de sua mão e a jogou para o extremo do estúdio. Ele gritou, implorando a Basil que não o fizesse, dizendo que seria um assassinato.

Original English

With a stifled sob the lad leaped from the couch, and, rushing over to Hallward, tore the knife out of his hand, and flung it to the end of the studio. 'Don't, Basil, don't!' he cried. 'It would be murder!'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor, tendo se recuperado de sua surpresa, disse friamente que estava satisfeito que Dorian finalmente apreciava seu trabalho, acrescentando que nunca havia esperado isso.

Original English

'I am glad you appreciate my work at last, Dorian,' said the painter, coldly, when he had recovered from his surprise. 'I never thought you would.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian exclamou que ele não apenas apreciava a pintura; ele estava apaixonado por ela. Ele sentia que ela era uma parte do seu próprio ser.

Original English

'Appreciate it? I am in love with it, Basil. It is part of myself. I feel that.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil informou a Dorian que assim que a pintura estivesse seca, ela seria envernizada, emoldurada e entregue em sua casa, após o que Dorian poderia fazer o que quisesse com ela. Então Basil atravessou a sala e tocou a campainha para chamar o chá, perguntando a Dorian e Harry se eles participariam, acrescentando uma observação sobre prazeres simples.

Original English

'Well, as soon as you are dry, you shall be varnished, and framed, and sent home. Then you can do what you like with yourself.' And he walked across the room and rang the bell for tea. 'You will have tea, of course, Dorian? And so will you, Harry? Or do you object to such simple pleasures?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry declarou sua adoração por prazeres simples, chamando-os de último refúgio dos complexos. No entanto, ele não gostava de cenas da vida real, preferindo-as apenas no palco. Ele comentou sobre o absurdo de Basil e Dorian discutirem sobre a pintura, e questionou a definição do homem como um animal racional, chamando-a de prematura. Ele ficou feliz que o homem não era racional, mas desejava que eles parassem de brigar e, em vez disso, deixassem que ele ficasse com o quadro, já que Dorian não o queria de verdade.

Original English

'I adore simple pleasures,' said Lord Henry. 'They are the last refuge of the complex. But I don't like scenes, except on the stage. What absurd fellows you are, both of you! I wonder who it was defined man as a rational animal. It was the most premature definition ever given. Man is many things, but he is not rational. I am glad he is not, after all: though I wish you chaps would not squabble over the picture. You had much better let me have it, Basil. This silly boy doesn't really want it, and I really do.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray gritou que se Basil permitisse que alguém além dele ficasse com a pintura, ele nunca o perdoaria. Ele também se opôs a ser chamado de garoto tolo.

Original English

'If you let any one have it but me, Basil, I shall never forgive you!' cried Dorian Gray; 'and I don't allow people to call me a silly boy.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil assegurou a Dorian que a pintura já era dele, tendo sido dada a ele antes mesmo de ser criada.

Original English

'You know the picture is yours, Dorian. I gave it to you before it existed.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry comentou que o Sr. Gray havia sido um pouco tolo e realmente não se importava em ser lembrado de sua extrema juventude.

Original English

'And you know you have been a little silly, Mr. Gray, and that you don't really object to being reminded that you are extremely young.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Gray respondeu que teria objetado muito fortemente naquela manhã.

Original English

'I should have objected very strongly this morning, Lord Henry.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry exclamou que muito havia mudado desde aquela manhã, insinuando que o jovem havia ganhado experiência.

Original English

'Ah! this morning! You have lived since then.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ouviu-se uma batida, e o mordomo entrou carregando uma bandeja de chá repleta, que colocou sobre uma pequena mesa japonesa. O barulho de xícaras e pires acompanhou o chiado de um bule georgiano. Um pajem trouxe dois pratos de porcelana em forma de globo. Dorian Gray foi até lá e serviu o chá, e os dois homens caminharam languidamente até a mesa para ver o que estava sob as tampas.

Original English

There came a knock at the door, and the butler entered with a laden tea-tray and set it down upon a small Japanese table. There was a rattle of cups and saucers and the hissing of a fluted Georgian urn. Two globe-shaped china dishes were brought in by a page. Dorian Gray went over and poured out the tea. The two men sauntered languidly to the table, and examined what was under the covers.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry propôs que fossem ao teatro naquela noite, afirmando que certamente haveria uma apresentação em algum lugar. Ele mencionou que havia prometido jantar no White's com um velho amigo, mas poderia enviar um telegrama alegando doença ou um compromisso conflitante. Ele considerou isso um pretexto bastante encantador, pois teria a surpresa da franqueza.

Original English

'Let us go to the theatre to-night,' said Lord Henry. 'There is sure to be something on, somewhere. I have promised to dine at White's but it is only

with an old friend, so I can send him a wire to say that I am ill, or that I am prevented from coming in consequence of a subsequent engagement. I think that would be a rather nice excuse: it would have all the surprise of candour.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward reclamou que vestir trajes formais era tedioso e que as próprias roupas eram detestáveis quando usadas.

Original English

'It is such a bore putting on one's dress-clothes,' muttered Hallward. 'And, when one has them on, they are so horrid.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lorde Henry concordou pensativamente, observando que a moda do século XIX era horrível—sombria e opressiva. Ele afirmou que o pecado era a única fonte de vivacidade restante na existência contemporânea.

Original English

'Yes,' answered Lord Henry, dreamily, 'the costume of the nineteenth century is detestable. It is so sombre, so depressing. Sin is the only real colour-element left in modern life.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Alguém alertou Harry que ele absolutamente não deveria expressar tais opiniões na presença de Dorian.

Original English

'You really must not say things like that before Dorian, Harry.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Harry perguntou a qual Dorian se referiam—o que servia chá ou o do retrato.

Original English

'Before which Dorian? The one who is pouring out tea for us, or the one in the picture?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O outro respondeu que se aplicava a ambos—nenhum Dorian deveria ouvir tais palavras.

Original English

'Before either.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O jovem expressou a Lord Henry seu desejo de acompanhá-lo ao teatro.

Original English

'I should like to come to the theatre with you, Lord Henry,' said the lad.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry confirmou que o jovem viria e perguntou a Basil se ele também os acompanharia.

Original English

'Then you shall come; and you will come too, Basil, won't you?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil recusou, explicando que tinha muito trabalho a fazer e preferia não ir.

Original English

'I can't really. I would sooner not. I have a lot of work to do.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry então propôs que ele e o Sr. Gray fossem sozinhos.

Original English

'Well, then, you and I will go alone, Mr. Gray.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Gray respondeu que gostaria muito disso.

Original English

'I should like that awfully.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor mordeu o lábio e foi até o quadro com sua xícara. Ele disse tristemente que ficaria com o verdadeiro Dorian.

Original English

The painter bit his lip and walked over, cup in hand, to the picture. 'I shall stay with the real Dorian,' he said, sadly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O homem do retrato aproximou-se e perguntou se era o verdadeiro Dorian e se ele realmente se parecia com aquilo.

Original English

'Is it the real Dorian?' cried the original of the portrait, strolling across to him. 'Am I really like that?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pintor confirmou que ele era de fato exatamente assim.

Original English

'Yes; you are just like that.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele exclamou com admiração, chamando Basil de maravilhoso.

Original English

'How wonderful, Basil!'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward suspirou e comentou que, embora o homem se parecesse com o retrato, o retrato nunca mudaria, o que era significativo.

Original English

'At least you are like it in appearance. But it will never alter,' sighed Hallward. 'That is something.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry expressou sua opinião de que as pessoas faziam um alvoroço excessivo sobre a fidelidade. Ele argumentou que, no amor, era meramente uma questão fisiológica e não tinha nada a ver com força de vontade. Ele observou que os jovens desejavam ser fiéis, mas não eram, enquanto os velhos desejavam ser infiéis, mas não conseguiam.

Original English

'What a fuss people make about fidelity!' exclaimed Lord Henry. 'Why, even in love it is purely a question for physiology. It has nothing to do with our own will. Young men want to be faithful, and are not: old men want to be faithless, and cannot: that is all one can say.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward pediu que Dorian não fosse ao teatro naquela noite e, em vez disso, ficasse para jantar com ele.

Original English

'Don't go to the theatre to-night, Dorian,' said Hallward. 'Stop and dine with me.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian respondeu que não poderia ficar.

Original English

'I can't, Basil.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward perguntou por que ele não poderia ficar.

Original English

'Why?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian explicou que já havia feito uma promessa de acompanhar Lord Henry Wotton.

Original English

'Because I have promised Lord Henry Wotton to go with him.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil disse a Dorian que Lord Henry não pensaria melhor dele por manter suas promessas, já que Lord Henry sempre quebrava as suas. Basil implorou a Dorian que não fosse.

Original English

'He won't like you the better for keeping your promises. He always breaks his own. I beg you not to go.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian Gray riu e balançou a cabeça.

Original English

Dorian Gray laughed and shook his head.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil implorou-lhe mais uma vez.

Original English

'I entreat you.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O jovem hesitou e olhou para Lord Henry, que os observava da mesa de chá com um sorriso divertido.

Original English

The lad hesitated, and looked over at Lord Henry, who was watching them from the tea-table with an amused smile.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian respondeu que precisava ir.

Original English

'I must go, Basil,' he answered.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Hallward concordou, colocando sua xícara na bandeja. Ele observou que estava ficando tarde e, como eles tinham que se vestir, não deveriam perder tempo. Ele se despediu de Harry e Dorian, e pediu que o visitassem novamente em breve, talvez no dia seguinte.

Original English

'Very well,' said Hallward; and he went over and laid down his cup on the tray. 'It is rather late, and, as you have to dress, you had better lose no time. Good-bye, Harry. Good-bye, Dorian. Come and see me soon. Come to-morrow.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A pessoa respondeu que certamente o faria.

Original English

'Certainly.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele perguntou se eles se lembrariam.

Original English

'You won't forget?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dorian exclamou que não se esqueceria, como se fosse evidente.

Original English

'No, of course not,' cried Dorian.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Harry então chamou Dorian.

Original English

'And...Harry!'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uma pessoa indagou a Basil se ele necessitava de algo.

Original English

'Yes, Basil?'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele lembrou Basil da pergunta que ele havia feito a ele naquela manhã no jardim.

Original English

'Remember what I asked you, when we were in the garden this morning.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Basil reconheceu que tinha esquecido.

Original English

'I have forgotten it.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O falante disse a Basílio que tinha confiança nele.

Original English

'I trust you.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry riu e disse que gostaria de poder confiar em si mesmo. Ele se ofereceu para deixar o Sr. Gray em sua casa em seu coche de aluguel, e se despediu de Basil, observando que a tarde havia sido muito interessante.

Original English

'I wish I could trust myself,' said Lord Henry, laughing. 'Come, Mr. Gray, my hansom is outside, and I can drop you at your own place. Good-bye, Basil. It has been a most interesting afternoon.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Após a porta se fechar atrás deles, o pintor se jogou em um sofá, seu rosto demonstrando dor.

Original English

As the door closed behind them, the painter flung himself down on a sofa, and a look of pain came into his face.

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3

Pt/En

Português

No dia seguinte, à meia-noite e meia, Lorde Henry Wotton caminhou da Curzon Street até o Albany para visitar seu tio, Lorde Fermor, um solteirão amigável, porém de maneiras rudes. O mundo exterior o considerava egoísta, pois não obtinha nenhum benefício dele, mas a sociedade o achava generoso, já que alimentava aqueles que o divertiam. Seu pai havia sido embaixador em Madrid quando Isabella era jovem, mas renunciou num momento de aborrecimento por não ter recebido a embaixada de Paris, cargo ao qual se sentia intitulado por nascimento, indolência, bom inglês em seus despachos e grande amor pelo prazer. O filho, que fora secretário do pai, renunciou junto com ele, o que foi considerado tolice na época. Ao herdar o título alguns meses depois,

dedicou-se à arte aristocrática de não fazer nada. Possuía duas grandes casas, mas preferia viver em aposentos para ter menos trabalho, e fazia a maioria das refeições em seu clube. Dava alguma atenção às suas minas de carvão nos condados das Midlands, desculpando-se por essa mancha de indústria sob o argumento de que a vantagem do carvão era permitir a um cavalheiro ter a decência de queimar lenha em sua própria lareira. Na política, era Tory, exceto quando os Tories estavam no poder, período em que os criticava severamente como um bando de radicais. Era um herói para seu criado, que o intimidava, e um terror para a maioria dos parentes, a quem ele intimidava por sua vez. Só a Inglaterra poderia tê-lo produzido, e ele sempre dizia que o país estava indo para o brejo. Seus princípios estavam desatualizados, mas seus preconceitos tinham valor.

Original English

AT half-past twelve next day Lord Henry Wotton strolled from Curzon Street over to the Albany to call on his uncle, Lord Fermor, a genial if somewhat rough-mannered old bachelor, whom the outside world called selfish, because it derived no particular benefit from him, but who was considered generous by Society as he fed the people who amused him. His father had been our ambassador at Madrid when Isabella was young, and Prim unthought of, but had retired from the Diplomatic Service in a capricious moment of annoyance at not being offered the Embassy at Paris, a post to which he considered that he was fully entitled by reason of his birth, his indolence, the good English of his despatches, and his inordinate passion for pleasure. The son, who had been his father's secretary, had resigned along with his chief, somewhat foolishly as was thought at the time, and on succeeding some months later to the title, had set himself to the serious study of the great aristocratic art of doing absolutely nothing. He had two large town houses, but preferred to live in chambers, as it was less trouble, and took most of his meals at his club. He paid some attention to the management of his collieries in the Midland counties, excusing himself for this taint of industry on the ground that the one advantage of having coal was that it enabled a gentleman to afford the decency of burning wood on his own hearth. In politics he was a Tory, except when the Tories were in office, during which period he roundly abused them for being a pack of Radicals. He was a hero to his valet, who bullied him, and a terror to most of his relations, whom he bullied in turn. Only England could have produced him, and he always said that the country was going to the dogs. His principles were out of date, but there was a good deal to be said for his prejudices.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Quando Lord Henry entrou, encontrou seu tio sentado em um casaco de caça rústico, fumando um charuto e resmungando sobre o The Times. O velho perguntou o que o trazia tão cedo, comentando que pensava que os dândis nunca acordavam antes das duas e não eram vistos até as cinco.

Original English

When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his uncle sitting in a rough shooting-coat, smoking a cheroot, and grumbling over The Times. 'Well, Harry,' said the old gentleman, 'what brings you out so early? I thought you dandies never got up till two, and were not visible till five.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry assegurou ao seu tio que era puro afeto familiar, acrescentando que queria conseguir algo dele.

Original English

'Pure family affection, I assure you, Uncle George. I want to get something out of you.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Fermor adivinhou que era dinheiro, fazendo uma careta, e disse-lhe para se sentar e contar tudo, comentando que os jovens hoje em dia imaginam que dinheiro é tudo.

Original English

'Money, I suppose,' said Lord Fermor, making a wry face. 'Well, sit down and tell me all about it. Young people, nowadays, imagine that money is everything.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lord Henry murmurou em concordância, ajustando sua flor na lapela. Ele observou que as pessoas se tornam conscientes da idade à medida que envelhecem. Expressou não ter desejo por dinheiro, afirmando que apenas aqueles que pagam suas contas precisam dele, e ele nunca pagava as suas. Considerava o crédito o capital de um filho mais novo, permitindo viver encantadoramente. Acrescentou que negociava exclusivamente com os comerciantes de Dartmoor, então eles nunca o incomodavam. O que ele buscava era informação, mas não informação útil—antes, informação inútil.

Original English

'Yes,' murmured Lord Henry, settling his buttonhole in his coat; 'and when they grow older they know it. But I don't want money. It is only people who pay their bills who want that, Uncle George, and I never pay mine. Credit is the capital of a younger son, and one lives charmingly upon it. Besides, I always deal with Dartmoor's tradesmen, and consequently they never bother me. What I want is information; not useful information, of course; useless information.'

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Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

advised əd'vaɪzd (9 occurrences)

Português: aconselhou

Simple English: Told someone what is best or what to do.

Example: *He advised them not to send a search party for at least twenty-four hours.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also advised Dorian not to pay attention to Lord Henry, because Lord Henry had a bad influence on his friends, except for the painter himself. [Back to B1](#)
2. Basil advised Dorian not to believe everything Lord Henry said, suggesting he might have been giving compliments. [Back to B1](#)
3. Lord Henry advised Dorian to enjoy his youth fully, to seek new experiences, and not waste his time on boring or hopeless things. [Back to B1](#)
4. Lord Henry advised not to criticize dyed hair and painted faces, saying they could sometimes be very charming.
5. He advised Dorian not to worry too much about it and suggested they go to dinner and then the Opera.

ahead ə'hɛd (4 occurrences)

Português: à frente

Simple English: In front or in the lead.

Example: *He walked ahead of the group.*

Uses in this book:

1. He wanted to leave because he felt he was at a very important point in his life, with possible great happiness and sadness ahead. [Back to B1](#)
2. After they left, Basil drove alone and watched the car lights ahead.
3. He also mentioned that he had already sent his heavy luggage ahead, so he only had a small bag and could reach Victoria station in twenty minutes.

4. But instead of stopping, his horrible thoughts raced ahead, showing him a terrible future.

anymore ,ɛni'mɔ:r (10 occurrences)

Português: mais

Simple English: No longer; not now.

Example: *I don't live there anymore.*

Uses in this book:

1. Basil, after he was not surprised anymore, said coldly that he was glad Dorian finally liked his work. [Back to B1](#)
2. He guessed that this was why the other person did not dine with him anymore and that he must have a special love story, but it was not what he expected.
3. She told her mother they did not need Mr. Isaacs anymore because Prince Charming now controlled their lives.
4. But now, he felt she was not interesting or curious to him anymore.
5. He decided Sibyl was not important to him anymore.

apart /ə'pɑ:rt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: além; aparte; separados

Simple English: At a distance from each other in space.

Example: *The two houses are quite apart from each other on the street.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was pulling a daisy apart with his fingers. [Back to B1](#)

apologized ə'pɒlə,dʒaɪzd (9 occurrences)

Português: pediu desculpas

Simple English: Said sorry for a mistake.

Example: *He apologized for being late.*

Uses in this book:

1. He stood up and apologized to Basil, saying he did not know he had a visitor. [Back to B1](#)
2. Basil apologized, saying that when he paints, he concentrates completely. [Back to B1](#)

3. He apologized to Dorian for being late, explaining he had spent hours bargaining for an old piece of fabric in Wardour Street.
4. She apologized, saying she knew talking about their father caused pain.
5. He apologized for asking about his father, but said he had to know.

attractive ə'træktɪv (7 occurrences)

Português: atraente

Simple English: Nice or good looking, causing interest.

Example: *The promises were attractive to young men.*

Uses in this book:

1. Harry imagined that Dorian was not attractive, with messy hair, many spots on his face, and large feet. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Duchess replied that blushing is only attractive when someone is young.
3. He said there are only two types of women: plain and attractive.
4. Attractive women are charming but make a mistake by trying to look young with makeup.
5. These rumors, however, made him seem more mysterious and attractive to many.

based beɪst (3 occurrences)

Português: baseado

Simple English: Using information to make a decision.

Example: *The story is based on real events.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that he chose his friends based on their looks, his acquaintances on their good character, and his enemies on their intelligence. [Back to B1](#)
2. He believed people were not meant to judge others based on their own ideas of right and wrong.
3. Someone accused Harry of talking about gossip and said that gossip was never based on truth.

behaviour *bi'heɪvjər* (4 occurrences)

Português: comportamento

Simple English: The way someone acts.

Example: *His behaviour was very kind.*

Uses in this book:

1. He understood why ordinary people were angry with the upper classes for their bad behaviour. [Back to B1](#)
2. He did not like his mother's artificial behaviour.
3. Dorian criticized English society, saying that ordinary people talk about the bad behaviour of the rich to feel important.
4. They explained that when these people made their accounts, they used wealth to cover up stupidity and hypocrisy to cover up bad behaviour.

breathe */bri:ð/* (2 occurrences)

Português: respirar; inspire

Simple English: To inhale and exhale air using the lungs.

Example: *I need to breathe deeply to feel calm before the exam.*

Uses in this book:

1. He wanted to go outside and sit in the garden because the air inside felt too hot and difficult to breathe. [Back to B1](#)
2. He waited quietly and did not breathe.

building *'bɪldɪŋ* (4 occurrences)

Português: construção

Simple English: A structure with walls and a roof, like a house.

Example: *They were building a new barn on the farm.*

Uses in this book:

1. He imagined meeting Lord Goodbody at his aunt's house, where the talk would be about helping the poor and building better housing. [Back to B1](#)
2. The building had golden apples with carbuncles, which shone during the day and night.
3. In front of a pink building,
4. In front of a pink building facade,

checked /tʃekt/ (4 occurrences)

Português: verificou

Simple English: looked carefully to see if everything is okay

Example: *He checked his wife for injuries.*

Uses in this book:

1. After a short silence, Lord Henry checked his watch. [Back to B1](#)
2. His servant, Victor, had quietly checked on him several times because he was sleeping very late.
3. Hallward checked his watch and said he had plenty of time because his train was not until 12:15 AM and it was only 11:00 AM.
4. Then he checked his watch.

comment /'kɒmənt/ (3 occurrences)

Português: comentário; comentar; observação

Simple English: Something said or written to express an opinion.

Example: *She made a useful comment.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dorian laughed and replied that Lord Henry's comment was unkind to his aunt and not very nice to him. [Back to B1](#)
2. When he heard Lord Henry's comment, he looked at him. [Back to B1](#)
3. A short sentence he heard at the theatre and a quiet, mean comment he heard one night made him have terrible thoughts.

complicated /'kɒmplɪkeɪtɪd/ (4 occurrences)

Português: complicado; complicada

Simple English: Involving many parts, making it difficult to understand.

Example: *The instructions for assembling the furniture are quite complicated and unclear.*

Uses in this book:

1. When people have different ideas about a work of art, it means the art is new, complicated, and full of life. [Back to B1](#)
2. Lord Henry said he loved simple pleasures, calling them the last place for complicated people. [Back to B1](#)

3. Curiosity and the desire for new experiences played a part, but it was a complicated feeling.

4. Threads can break, and you might get lost in a complicated place like a labyrinth.

complimentary ,kɒmplɪ'mentəri (1 occurrence)

Português: elogioso

Simple English: expressing praise or approval

Example: *She gave a complimentary comment about the painting.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker said that the other person had not been complimentary. [Back to B1](#)

concluded kən'kluːdɪd (2 occurrences)

Português: concluído

Simple English: Decided after thinking about information.

Example: *She concluded that it was time to leave.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry concluded that youth was the only thing that mattered in the world. [Back to B1](#)

2. He concluded that he had acted out of vanity, pretended to be good through hypocrisy, and tried self-denial out of curiosity.

confident 'kɒnfɪdənt (1 occurrence)

Português: confiante

Simple English: feeling sure about your abilities

Example: *He said they must be very confident to handle the situation.*

Uses in this book:

1. If critics disagree about art, it means the artist is confident in their own ideas. [Back to B1](#)

criticized *'krɪtɪsaɪzd* (3 occurrences)

Português: criticou

Simple English: To say that someone did something wrong or badly.

Example: *The teacher criticized his homework.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was a Tory politician, but he often criticized his own party when they were in power. [Back to B1](#)
2. People often criticized the focus on senses, fearing strong feelings.
3. Dorian criticized English society, saying that ordinary people talk about the bad behaviour of the rich to feel important.

cultural */'kʌltʃərəl/* (1 occurrence)

Português: cultural

Simple English: Involving society's customs and traditions broadly.

Example: *The cultural festival showcased many traditional dances from different regions.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry told his friend that a woman he knew tried to start a cultural meeting place but only managed to open a restaurant. [Back to B1](#)

decreases *dɪ'kri:si:z* (1 occurrence)

Português: diminui

Simple English: becomes smaller or less

Example: *Her energy decreases after a long day.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said that as people get older, their energy decreases, and they become like puppets remembering past chances they were too afraid to take. [Back to B1](#)

Despite *dɪ'spaɪt* (1 occurrence)

Português: apesar de

Simple English: Even though something happens.

Example: *Despite the rain, they played outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. He wondered if words, despite their power, had a special magic and a beauty of their own, and if anything was as real as words. [Back to B1](#)

dragonfly *'dræɡənflaɪ* (1 occurrence)

Português: libélula

Simple English: A long-bodied flying insect with two pairs of large wings.

Example: *A dragonfly flew over the pond.*

Uses in this book:

1. A grasshopper made noise near the wall, and a dragonfly flew past. [Back to B1](#)

eager *'i:gər* (3 occurrences)

Português: ansioso

Simple English: very excited and interested to do something

Example: *They were very eager to learn new things.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry told Basil he was very eager to hear, and looked at him. [Back to B1](#)

2. He explained that this was why they were eager to leave it, like Eve leaving the Garden of Eden.

3. The fresh, pine-scented air of the winter morning helped him feel happier and more eager for life.

earlier *'ɜ:liər* (4 occurrences)

Português: mais cedo

Simple English: before now or before another time

Example: *I arrived earlier than expected.*

Uses in this book:

1. Before he went, he insisted that Basil must answer a question he had asked earlier. [Back to B1](#)
2. He wondered why he had not known this feeling earlier. [Back to B1](#)
3. He thought he should have been told earlier if his suspicions were correct.
4. Basil thought he had seen Dorian, or at least his fur coat, earlier.

easier 'i:ziə (1 occurrence)

Português: mais fácil

Simple English: Not difficult or needing less effort.

Example: *This method is easier than the old one.*

Uses in this book:

1. He thought that ugly and less intelligent people had an easier life because they could watch others without worry. [Back to B1](#)

Embarrassed /ɪm'bærəst/ (2 occurrences)

Português: envergonhado; embaraçado; constrangido

Simple English: Feeling ashamed or uncomfortable because of past events.

Example: *He felt embarrassed after tripping in front of everyone at the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. Basil believed Lord Henry was a good husband but was embarrassed by his own good qualities. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Duchess felt embarrassed and said their host was unpleasant that evening.

event ɪ'vent (13 occurrences)

Português: acontecimento

Simple English: Something important or unusual that happens.

Example: *Even this hard event could not make him suffer more.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also suggested that it was not a big problem if Dorian missed the event, because Aunt Agatha made enough noise when she played the piano for two people. [Back to B1](#)
2. Dorian's strong, sudden love for Sibyl Vane was an interesting psychological event.

3. He had a vague feeling that he had been part of a strange, sad event, but it felt like a dream.
4. He felt that if he had read about such a sad event in a book, he would have cried, but because it happened to him, it felt too strange to cry.
5. He felt it was not his fault that a terrible event stopped him from doing the right thing.

eventually /ɪˈvɛntʃuəli/ (2 occurrences)

Português: eventualmente; acabou; conseqüentemente

Simple English: After a series of events or extended period.

Example: *We eventually found the solution after many trials and errors.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry thought Basil would eventually get tired of Dorian. [Back to B1](#)
2. Eventually, it did end, but he forgot why.

example ɪgˈzæmpəl (5 occurrences)

Português: exemplo

Simple English: A thing or person that shows how to do something.

Example: *She is a good example for her classmates.*

Uses in this book:

1. Music is the best example of art when thinking about its structure. [Back to B1](#)
2. Acting is the best example when thinking about feelings. [Back to B1](#)
3. He thought Dorian was a wonderful example of youth, purity, and beauty, like ancient Greek statues.
4. He gave an example of refusing to paint a man because his hands looked bad, and later learning that man had a terrible life.
5. She thought he believed her husband married her for scientific reasons, like she was a special example of a modern butterfly.

exciting *ɪk'saɪtɪŋ* (13 occurrences)

Português: emocionante

Simple English: Causing strong feelings of happiness or interest.

Example: *These exciting events made his life less boring.*

Uses in this book:

1. His life suddenly felt very intense and exciting, as if he had been walking through fire. [Back to B1](#)
2. Lord Henry found it very exciting to influence someone.
3. He changed it many times, making it exciting and surprising.
4. The mother felt that her son's dramatic threat and words made life more exciting.
5. Sometimes we wish to wake up to a completely new world, changed and exciting, where the past does not matter.

fame *feɪm* (2 occurrences)

Português: fama

Simple English: Being well known by many people.

Example: *The singer quickly gained fame.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that painters try hard to become famous, but then they want to give up their fame. [Back to B1](#)
2. Basil said Dorian's friendship was more important to him than any fame or reputation.

favourite *'feɪvərɪt* (1 occurrence)

Português: favorito

Simple English: Most liked or preferred.

Example: *Barbara was sad because her favourite teacher was rude.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry added that Mr. Gray was one of her favourite people, but he also thought Mr. Gray might be one of her victims. [Back to B1](#)

focused /'foukəst/ (7 occurrences)

Português: concentrados

Simple English: giving full attention to something

Example: *She was focused on her homework.*

Uses in this book:

1. The painter, who was focused on his work, asked Dorian to turn his head a little more. [Back to B1](#)
2. He suggested that Dorian could be a symbol for a new way of living that focused on pleasure. [Back to B1](#)
3. They wondered how someone so charming could avoid the bad influences of their time, which was both dirty and focused on pleasure.
4. He thought they stayed wild because people tried to control them with rules or pain, instead of using them to create a new kind of spirituality focused on beauty.
5. At another time, Dorian Gray focused on music.

forever /fɔ:'evər/ (12 occurrences)

Português: eternamente; sempre; tempão

Simple English: Describing a period of time with no end.

Example: *I will love you forever, no matter what happens.*

Uses in this book:

1. He warned Dorian that beauty and youth would not last forever, and that when they were gone, he would have no more triumphs. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought women used it too much and ruined love stories by wanting them to last forever. [Back to B1](#)
3. He explained that a short, strong feeling lasted longer than a long love if people expected it to last forever. [Back to B1](#)
4. He wished that he could stay young forever and the picture could grow old. [Back to B1](#)
5. Sibyl asked her mother not to be sad and said she wanted to be happy forever, just like her mother was twenty years ago.

gifts *gifts* (2 occurrences)

Português: presentes

Simple English: Things given to someone as a surprise or reward.

Example: *She gave him many gifts on his birthday.*

Uses in this book:

1. Basil believed that he, Lord Henry with his status and money, and Dorian Gray with his good looks, would all suffer greatly for the special gifts they had received. [Back to B1](#)
2. She explained that actors often received attention and gifts.

goal *goal* (6 occurrences)

Português: objetivo

Simple English: A result you want to achieve.

Example: *Her goal is to learn English this year.*

Uses in this book:

1. The goal of art is to show the art and hide the artist. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, he thought marriage could make some people more complex, forcing them to live more lives and become more organised, which he saw as the goal of human existence.
3. He thought that true individualism has a higher goal.
4. Its goal was experience itself, not the results.
5. Dorian Gray believed that creating new worlds was a main goal in life.

goodbye *gud'bai* (20 occurrences)

Português: adeus

Simple English: Words said when leaving.

Example: *He said goodbye before leaving.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said goodbye and asked them to visit him soon, perhaps the next day. [Back to B1](#)
2. He offered to give Mr. Gray a ride home in his hansom cab, and said goodbye to Basil, calling the afternoon very interesting. [Back to B1](#)
3. He then said goodbye to his Uncle George, as he would be late for lunch.

4. She said goodbye to her friends, calling Lord Henry delightful but also bad for her.

5. He then said goodbye to the person's aunt and explained he had to go to the Athenaeum, as it was the time when they rested there.

heal *hi:l* (2 occurrences)

Português: curar

Simple English: To become healthy after an injury.

Example: *This helped his body heal more quickly.*

Uses in this book:

1. He told Dorian that he was right to do that, saying that only experiences could heal the soul, and only the soul could heal experiences. [Back to B1](#)

honest *'ɒnɪst/* (1 occurrence)

Português: honesto; sincero; franco

Simple English: Telling the truth with no intent to cheat or steal.

Example: *It's important to be honest about your feelings and thoughts.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dorian's face seemed honest and pure, like a young person who had not been spoiled by the world. [Back to B1](#)

inspiration *ˌɪnspə'reɪʃən* (2 occurrences)

Português: inspiração

Simple English: a sudden good idea or feeling that helps you create

Example: *She had inspiration to write a poem.*

Uses in this book:

1. He told Harry that Dorian Gray was his inspiration for art. [Back to B1](#)

2. Lord Henry commented that it was a strange place to find spiritual inspiration.

items *'aɪtəmz* (11 occurrences)

Português: objetos

Simple English: Things or objects, especially small ones.

Example: *Clayton said he wished they had left those items.*

Uses in this book:

1. He felt Lady Brandon treated her guests like items at an auction, either explaining them too much or not giving the information he wanted. [Back to B1](#)
2. He called the modern idea of a very knowledgeable person a terrible thing, like a dusty shop full of old items. [Back to B1](#)
3. But, looking at the items, they did not seem very expensive.
4. Dorian laughed, saying the man thought the items were too expensive for him.
5. He remembered or read about many amazing old textile items.

jokes *dʒoʊks* (1 occurrence)

Português: piadas

Simple English: Funny stories or sayings.

Example: *Tarzan liked to play jokes.*

Uses in this book:

1. He thought Basil Hallward's praise was just friendly jokes. [Back to B1](#)

joking *'dʒoʊkɪŋ* (2 occurrences)

Português: brincando

Simple English: Saying things to be funny, not serious.

Example: *This was serious and required no joking.*

Uses in this book:

1. The old man asked Lord Henry why he was visiting so early, joking that young fashionable men usually woke up much later. [Back to B1](#)
2. She mentioned her brother but dismissed it, saying he was joking.

knowledgeable *'na:ˌlɪdʒ.ə.bəl* (1 occurrence)

Português: sábio

Simple English: having a lot of information and understanding

Example: *She is knowledgeable about history.*

Uses in this book:

1. He called the modern idea of a very knowledgeable person a terrible thing, like a dusty shop full of old items. [Back to B1](#)

lunchtime *'lʌnʃtaɪm* (1 occurrence)

Português: hora do almoço

Simple English: The time when people eat lunch.

Example: *It was lunchtime.*

Uses in this book:

1. The next day at lunchtime, Lord Henry Wotton went to visit his uncle, Lord Fermor. [Back to B1](#)

main *meɪn* (9 occurrences)

Português: principal

Simple English: the most important or biggest

Example: *They followed the main road to get there.*

Uses in this book:

1. He thought courage was missing from people and suggested that fear of society and fear of God were the main things that controlled people. [Back to B1](#)

2. He continued that this was a main secret of life.

3. Harry thought the box number was twenty-seven and that it was on the main level.

4. He decided to make Dorian's portrait the main piece in his exhibition in Paris.

5. He felt that the main character, a young Parisian with a mix of romantic and scientific interests, was like him.

maybe 'meɪbi (5 occurrences)

Português: talvez

Simple English: Possibly or perhaps.

Example: *Maybe he had a fever because he was alone.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said that maybe his reason for acting was pride, but he went to the door. [Back to B1](#)
2. He sighed and said maybe, but women always want it back in small amounts.
3. He explained that maybe Dorian did not see it at first, but then noticed it suddenly.
4. He thought maybe love could come into his life and make him pure, protecting him from sins that were starting to appear.
5. He thought maybe he had imagined the danger and the scary shapes he saw.

medals 'mɛdəlz (1 occurrence)

Português: medalhas

Simple English: metal awards for brave actions

Example: *She won medals for her bravery.*

Uses in this book:

1. He remembered her introducing him to a loud, red-faced man covered in medals. [Back to B1](#)

messy 'mes.i (4 occurrences)

Português: bagunçado

Simple English: Not clean or tidy.

Example: *Her desk is always messy.*

Uses in this book:

1. Harry imagined that Dorian was not attractive, with messy hair, many spots on his face, and large feet. [Back to B1](#)
2. He had no hat, and his curly hair was messy. [Back to B1](#)
3. Her clothes often looked messy, as if she dressed quickly.
4. Real life was messy, but his imagination made things seem very clear.

newspaper *'nu:z,peɪpə* (6 occurrences)

Português: jornal

Simple English: a printed paper with news and information

Example: *I read the newspaper every morning.*

Uses in this book:

1. When Lord Henry arrived, his uncle was sitting in a casual jacket, smoking a cigar and reading The Times newspaper with annoyance. [Back to B1](#)
2. A newspaper was also on the tea tray, which showed that Victor had returned.
3. It said that Lord Henry had sent him a newspaper and a book he might like, and that he would be at the club at 8:15.
4. Dorian opened the newspaper slowly and looked through it.
5. The newspaper reported an inquest on an actress named Sibyl Vane.

onto *'antu* (10 occurrences)

Português: em cima de

Simple English: moving to a higher position on something

Example: *The cat jumped onto the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dorian Gray went onto the platform. [Back to B1](#)
2. A short time later, Sibyl Vane came onto the stage to great applause.
3. He threw himself onto the sofa, turned his face away, and quietly said that she had killed his love.
4. Stepping outside onto the grass, he took a deep breath.
5. Dorian attacked him, stabbing him in the neck and pushing his head down onto the table, stabbing him again and again.

potential */pə'tenʃəl/* (1 occurrence)

Português: potencial; potenciais; possíveis

Simple English: Having the possibility to develop into something significant later.

Example: *She has the potential to become a great leader in our community.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry felt that Dorian did not understand his own potential and that it would be a tragedy if his youth was wasted, because youth could never be regained like the flowers that bloom again each year. [Back to B1](#)

powerful /'paʊəfəl/ (2 occurrences)

Português: poderoso; potente; possante

Simple English: Having great strength force or ability to influence.

Example: *The powerful engine in the car makes it very fast.*

Uses in this book:

1. He realized that words were powerful, clear, and sometimes cruel, and that people could not escape them. [Back to B1](#)
2. He realized that the feelings people did not understand about themselves were the most powerful, and often, when trying to understand others, they were really learning about themselves.

preparing ˌpɪ'peəriŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: preparando

Simple English: getting ready for something

Example: *She was preparing the table for dinner.*

Uses in this book:

1. The painter was preparing his paints and brushes. [Back to B1](#)

protested 'prəʊtɛstɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: protestou

Simple English: said strongly that something is wrong or unfair

Example: *She protested that the rules were unfair.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry protested that this was unfair. [Back to B1](#)

puzzle 'pʌzl (1 occurrence)

Português: quebra-cabeça

Simple English: A problem or question that is hard to understand.

Example: *The puzzle was difficult to solve.*

Uses in this book:

1. The words spoken by Basil's friend, which seemed like a game or a puzzle, had touched something deep inside him that was now reacting strongly. [Back to B1](#)

quietness 'kwaɪətənəs (3 occurrences)

Português: silêncio

Simple English: the state of making little or no noise

Example: *The quietness of the gorilla-men was scary.*

Uses in this book:

1. The sound of bees and the distant noise of London made the quietness feel heavy. [Back to B1](#)
2. The quietness made her feel uneasy.
3. Lord Henry sometimes looked at Dorian, surprised by his quietness and distant manner.

reacting ri'æktɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: reagindo

Simple English: Showing feelings or behavior after something happens.

Example: *She was reacting happily to the news.*

Uses in this book:

1. The words spoken by Basil's friend, which seemed like a game or a puzzle, had touched something deep inside him that was now reacting strongly. [Back to B1](#)

realized 'riə,laɪzd (16 occurrences)

Português: perceberam

Simple English: understood something clearly

Example: *They realized a monster was there.*

Uses in this book:

1. He realized that words were powerful, clear, and sometimes cruel, and that people could not escape them. [Back to B1](#)
2. He realized that he now understood things from his childhood that he had not understood before. [Back to B1](#)
3. He realized he had walked past his aunt's house.

4. He told Harry that Basil was a good friend, but he seemed to lack artistic taste, and he realized this after meeting Harry.

5. He realized that the feelings people did not understand about themselves were the most powerful, and often, when trying to understand others, they were really learning about themselves.

regained *ri'geɪnd* (1 occurrence)

Português: recuperado

Simple English: Got back something lost before.

Example: *She regained her strength after the illness.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry felt that Dorian did not understand his own potential and that it would be a tragedy if his youth was wasted, because youth could never be regained like the flowers that bloom again each year. [Back to B1](#)

relatives *'rɛlətɪvz* (3 occurrences)

Português: parentes

Simple English: People in your family.

Example: *She spent Christmas with her relatives.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry explained that he was not completely serious, but he disliked his relatives. [Back to B1](#)

2. His servant treated him like a hero, and he often argued with his relatives. [Back to B1](#)

3. He wanted to know if she had any relatives.

responded *ri'spændɪd* (4 occurrences)

Português: respondeu

Simple English: to say or do something as an answer

Example: *Tarzan responded quickly.*

Uses in this book:

1. The painter responded that he had already told him the real reason. [Back to B1](#)

2. Talking to Dorian was like playing a musical instrument; he responded to every word.

3. Dorian responded that he wished she were ill.
4. Dorian responded that it had been a very disappointing confession.

role *roul* (3 occurrences)

Português: papel

Simple English: The function or part played by someone.

Example: *He had a big role in the play.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said people become like an echo or an actor playing a role they were not meant for. [Back to B1](#)
2. They felt that if she was not good in that scene, she was not right for the role.
3. When he became an adult, he accepted his new role.

royalty *'rɔɪəlti* (1 occurrence)

Português: realeza

Simple English: People from a royal family, like kings and queens.

Example: *The royalty attended the big celebration.*

Uses in this book:

1. She introduced him to important people, like royalty and ladies with many decorations. [Back to B1](#)

scared *skæəd* (22 occurrences)

Português: com medo

Simple English: Feeling afraid or frightened.

Example: *The man felt scared and helpless when he thought about their serious situation.*

Uses in this book:

1. When they looked at each other, the painter felt scared. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt too scared to visit her. [Back to B1](#)
3. But Dorian felt scared of him, and ashamed of being scared. [Back to B1](#)
4. She was very unhappy with the way he spoke to her, and his expression made her feel scared.
5. The difficult moment she had feared for a long time had finally arrived, but she was not scared.

sell *sɛl* (1 occurrence)

Português: vender

Simple English: to give something to someone for money

Example: *They sell fresh fruits at the market.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry explained that poets use strong feelings because it helps them sell their books. [Back to B1](#)

shady *'ʃeɪdi* (1 occurrence)

Português: com sombra

Simple English: protected from the sun

Example: *We sat in a shady spot under the tree.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lord Henry suggested they move to a shady spot. [Back to B1](#)

shone *ʃɒn* (8 occurrences)

Português: brilhou

Simple English: gave light or shined

Example: *The first light shone on the open atlas.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sunlight shone on the leaves, and white daisies moved gently in the grass.

[Back to B1](#)

2. The windows shone brightly, like hot metal.

3. Her eyes shone with happiness, and then she closed them for a moment, as if hiding a secret.

4. The sky was now a beautiful opal colour, and the house roofs shone like silver.

5. Its hair shone in the sun, and its blue eyes looked at him.

sincere /sɪnˈsɪər/ (3 occurrences)

Português: sincero

Simple English: Genuine honest and expressing true feelings or beliefs openly.

Example: *His sincere apology made her feel much better after the argument.*

Uses in this book:

1. He thought that if a person is not sincere, the idea might be more pure because it is not affected by their own needs or feelings. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt she was not sincere and became afraid of something he could not explain.
3. He was too smart and not sincere enough to be a true friend.

skilled skɪld (1 occurrence)

Português: habilidoso

Simple English: good at doing something

Example: *Mbonga was skilled at following animals quietly.*

Uses in this book:

1. Hallward continued painting with his skilled and delicate style, which showed great strength in art. [Back to B1](#)

someday ˈsʌmdeɪ (1 occurrence)

Português: algum dia

Simple English: at some time in the future

Example: *Someday I want to visit Europe.*

Uses in this book:

1. He promised to show the world what beauty really was someday, and for that reason, the world would never see his painting of Dorian Gray. [Back to B1](#)

status ˈsteɪtəs (1 occurrence)

Português: status

Simple English: position or rank in society or a group

Example: *He has a high status in the company.*

Uses in this book:

1. Basil believed that he, Lord Henry with his status and money, and Dorian Gray with his good looks, would all suffer greatly for the special gifts they had received. [Back to B1](#)

structure /'strʌktʃər/ (1 occurrence)

Português: estrutura; estruturar

Simple English: Anything that is built from various components, like a building or bridge.

Example: *The new structure in the park will serve as a community center.*

Uses in this book:

1. Music is the best example of art when thinking about its structure. [Back to B1](#)

stubborn 'stʌbərn (2 occurrences)

Português: teimoso

Simple English: Not willing to change your ideas or attitude.

Example: *He is stubborn and never says sorry.*

Uses in this book:

1. He turned around on the music stool in a stubborn way. [Back to B1](#)
2. He cried that Gladys was disarming him, noticing her stubborn mood.

thankful 'θæŋkfəl (2 occurrences)

Português: grato

Simple English: feeling happy because of help or kindness

Example: *She was thankful for the gift.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said he was very thankful to him. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was thankful he had not killed him.

today *tə'deɪ* (9 occurrences)

Português: hoje

Simple English: on this day

Example: *Today is a good day for a walk.*

Uses in this book:

1. He felt that people today treated art like a personal story. [Back to B1](#)
2. He added that young people today thought money was the most important thing. [Back to B1](#)
3. Lord Fermor told Harry that he could share information from English Blue-books, but he thought writers today wrote a lot of nonsense.
4. Today was Tuesday, so he suggested they choose tomorrow.
5. He told Dorian he would not talk about the terrible event again after today.

tools *tu:lz* (1 occurrence)

Português: ferramentas

Simple English: Objects used to do a job or work.

Example: *He used many tools to fix the chair.*

Uses in this book:

1. For an artist, thinking and language are tools for their art. [Back to B1](#)

truly *'tru:li/* (9 occurrences)

Português: verdadeiramente; realmente; sinceramente

Simple English: In a sincere and genuine manner; with heartfelt honesty.

Example: *She truly believes that everyone deserves a second chance.*

Uses in this book:

1. Their good qualities are not real to them, and their bad actions are not truly theirs. [Back to B1](#)
2. He believed that truly great artists were not interesting people themselves, but their work was.
3. She explained that Dorian had come and freed her soul, teaching her what reality truly is.
4. He explained that while Dorian might have been kind, Sibyl would have realised he did not truly care about her.

5. He explained that the girl was never truly alive, so she did not really die.

unfaithful *ʌnˈfeɪθfəl* (1 occurrence)

Português: infiel

Simple English: not loyal or truthful to someone

Example: *He was unfaithful to his promises.*

Uses in this book:

1. He stated that young men wished to be faithful but could not be, and old men wished to be unfaithful but were unable to be. [Back to B1](#)

unhealthy *ʌnˈheɪθi* (2 occurrences)

Português: doentio

Simple English: Not in good health.

Example: *The man had unhealthy skin and dirty fingernails.*

Uses in this book:

1. No artist is ever unhealthy in mind. [Back to B1](#)

2. He thought youth was a bad time, full of shallow feelings and unhealthy thoughts.

uninterested *ˌʌnɪnˈtrɛstɪd* (3 occurrences)

Português: desinteressado

Simple English: Not showing interest or care.

Example: *The villagers seemed unfriendly and uninterested.*

Uses in this book:

1. The next time Dorian visited, Basil would be cold and uninterested. [Back to B1](#)

2. However, she seemed uninterested.

3. He looked pale, proud, and uninterested.

unpleasant *ʌnˈplezənt* (9 occurrences)

Português: desagradável

Simple English: Causing discomfort or dislike.

Example: *The smell was very unpleasant.*

Uses in this book:

1. Hallward said that putting on his formal clothes was boring and that they were unpleasant to wear. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator found himself in a small, unpleasant private box.
3. Dorian then said that he meant actresses who were unpleasant people with fake hair and makeup.
4. Dorian found him unpleasant, though he loved Shakespeare.
5. Dorian disliked the manager greatly, feeling like he had expected to see someone special but met someone unpleasant instead.

unusual *ʌnˈjuːʒuəl* (7 occurrences)

Português: incomum

Simple English: Not common or normal.

Example: *He saw many unusual things that night.*

Uses in this book:

1. He thought Lord Henry was unusual because he never said or did anything immoral, but his cynical attitude was just for show. [Back to B1](#)
2. Dorian's words were very unusual for him. [Back to B1](#)
3. He explained that to understand reality, we must see it in unusual or difficult situations, like an acrobat on a tightrope.
4. He found it was the most unusual book he had ever read.
5. He was interested in fashion, which made unusual things popular for a short time, and in Dandyism, which was a way to show that beauty is modern.

visitor *ˈvɪzɪtər* (3 occurrences)

Português: visitante

Simple English: Someone who goes to see a place or person

Example: *The visitor stayed at the hotel for two nights.*

Uses in this book:

1. He stood up and apologized to Basil, saying he did not know he had a visitor. [Back to B1](#)
2. The King of Malabar showed a visitor a necklace with 304 pearls, one for each god he worshipped.
3. He asked Francis to invite the visitor in immediately.

woken *'woukən* (2 occurrences)

Português: acordados

Simple English: past participle of wake; to be caused to stop sleeping

Example: *She was woken by the loud noise.*

Uses in this book:

1. His eyes showed fear, like someone suddenly woken up. [Back to B1](#)
2. Many people have woken up before dawn after difficult nights.