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

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

The Picture of Dorian Gray
Oscar Wilde
“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!
"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!"
“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!”

Oscar Wilde

Oxford University press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Sunken placement of text lends an air of heaviness. Here, the same “snap” is implied through slight rotation.
"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!"
"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray, with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait.

"How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

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

Oxford world’s classics
Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0

Oscar Wilde
The Picture of Dorian Gray
“How sad it is!”, murmured Dorian Gray with a look 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 the day of June.

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

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

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0
"How sad is all," murmured Dorian Grey, with the eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad is all! And how dear, how dear!"

"But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than the particular day of June."

"If I were the other way, I knew I would never do."

"I must give everything!"

"There is nothing in the whole world, I wish I had given."

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-280355-0

6pt. Small type plays on the delicacy of a previous design.
"How sad it is!" said Dorian Gray with a shudder, and fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreary. But the novel picture will remain forever 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 condemned young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—I would give everything! I would not give!

I would give my soul for that!

Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0
"How sad it is!", murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June."

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Oscar Wilde

Oxford world's classics
Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0
"How sad it is!" mumured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and homely, 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 anything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!"

Oxford world’s classics
Oxford University Press
ISBN 0-19-283365-0
Oscar Wilde
The Picture of Dorian Gray
Oxford world's classics
The Picture of Dorian Gray
Oscar Wilde

"How sad it is!" murmured Dorian Gray with a sigh.
"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 the young 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!"
"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 horrid, and dreadful. But this picture 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!"

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

Oxford world's classics

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

Oscar Wilde

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

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

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

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

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

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

“...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!”

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

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

“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!”

Stolen tricks from samurai movie posters allude to Dorian’s hazardous double life.
“If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—I would give everything!”

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

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

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

OSCAR WILDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY
Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

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

DORIAN GRAY
THE PICTURE OF
OSCAR WILDE

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Isobel Murray

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

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

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

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!
Oscar Wilde says:

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

FORMAL TYPE

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

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

CHAPTER 1

The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flamelike as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid, jade-faced painters of Tokyo who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion.

The sullen murmur of the bees Shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement and gave rise to so many strange conjectures.

As the painter looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skilfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up, and closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

“It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done,” said Lord Henry languidly.

“You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever I have gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not been able to see the pictures, which
worse. The Grosvenor is really the only place."

"I don’t think I shall send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford.

"No, I won’t send it anywhere." Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls from his heavy, opium-tainted cigarette.

"Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. As soon as you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you, for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. A portrait like this would set your face above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion."

"I know you will laugh at me," he replied, "but I really can’t exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into it." Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

"Yes, I knew you would; but it is quite true, all the same. Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn’t know you were so vain; and I really can’t see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose-leaves."

"Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you—well, of course you have an intellectual expression and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face."

"The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don’t think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful."

"Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is some brainless beautiful creature who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don’t flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him."

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

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

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

"But why not?"

"Oh, I can’t explain. When I like people immensely, I never tell their names to any one. It is like surrendering a part of them. I have grown to love secrecy. It seems to be the one thing that can make modern life mysterious or marvellous to us. The commonest thing is delightful if one only hides it. When I leave town now I never tell my people where I am going. If I did, I would lose all my pleasure. It is a silly habit, I dare say, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one’s life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it?"

"Not at all," answered Lord Henry, "not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing."

"When we meet—we do meet occasionally, when we dine out together, or go down to the Duke’s—we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it—much better, in fact, than I am. She never gets confused over her dates, and I always do. But when she does find me out, she makes no row at all. I sometimes wish she would;"
Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish.

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

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

Encouraged by Lord Henry to substitute pleasure for goodness and art for reality, Dorian tries to watch impassively as he brings misery and death to those who love him, but the picture is watching him, and, made hideous by the marks of sin, it confronts Dorian with the reflection of his fall from grace, the silent bearer of what is in effect a devastating moral judgement.
Dorian's own name seems to decay under the weight of his hedonistic desires.
Spellbound before his own portrait, Dorian Gray utters a fateful wish. In exchange for eternal youth he gives his soul, to be corrupted by the malign influence of his mentor, the aesthete and hedonist Lord Henry Wotton. The novel was met with moral outrage by contemporary critics who, dazzled perhaps by Wilde’s brilliant style, may have confused the author with his creation, Lord Henry, to whom even Dorian protests, ‘You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.’

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

“I would give everything!” 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.”

For that—for that—I would give everything!

Dorian’s existence seems to straddle light and dark, heaven and hell. In the eyes of many of his contemporaries, Wilde existed only in the latter. Absence of the author’s first name plays on the novel’s enduring fame.
“If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—I would give everything!”

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

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

“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 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!”

36
I would give everything!

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

"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!"