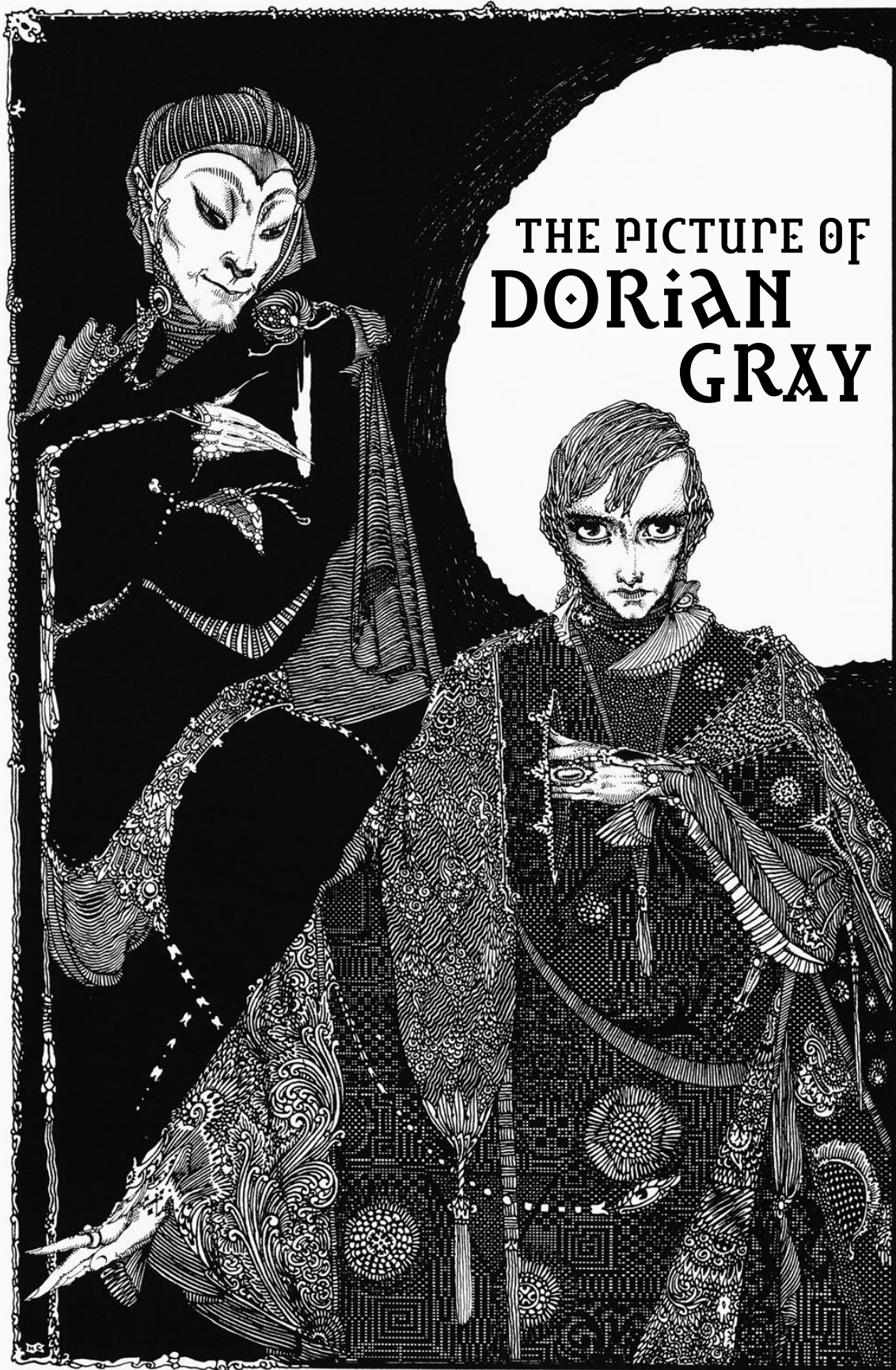
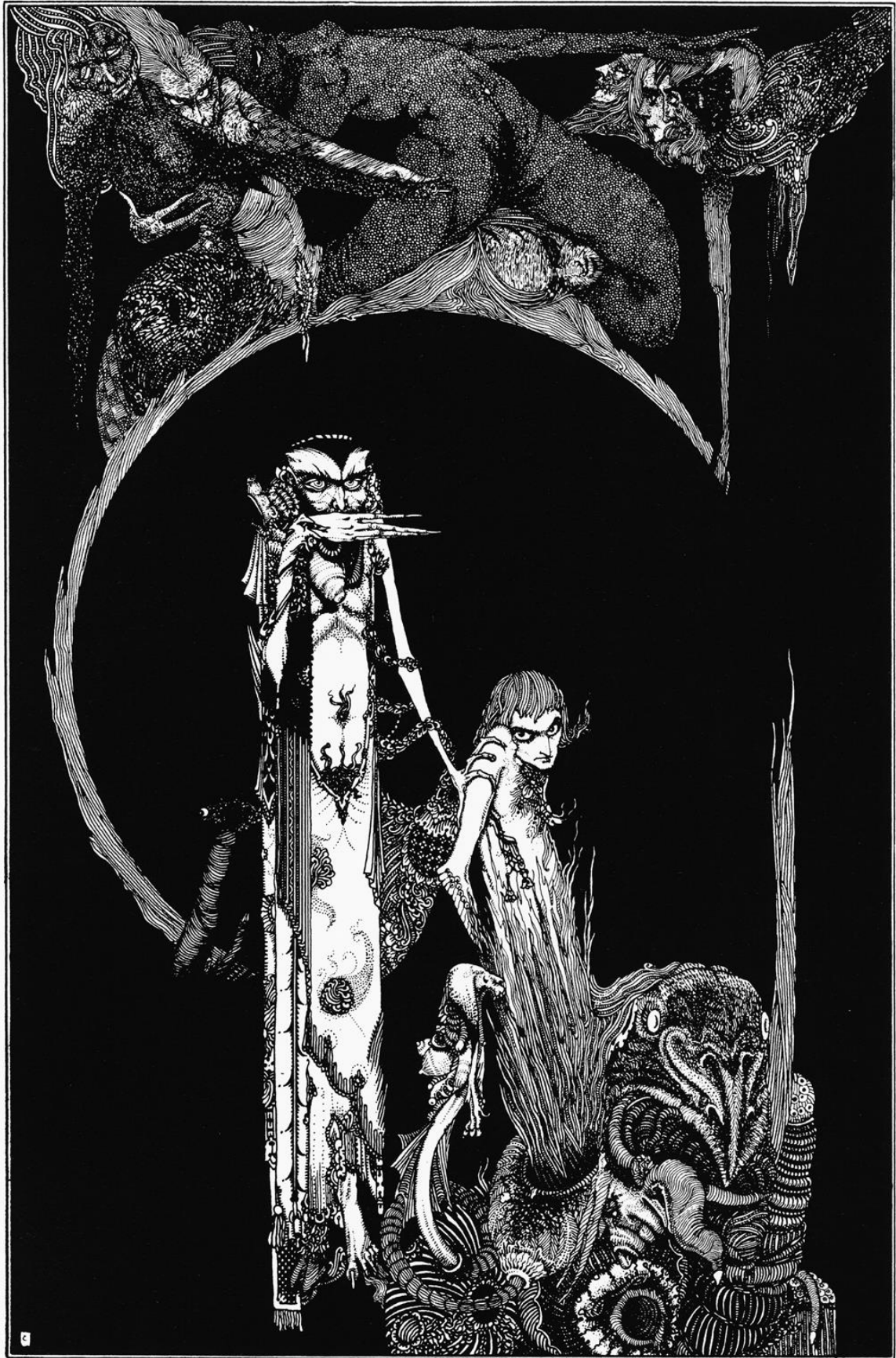
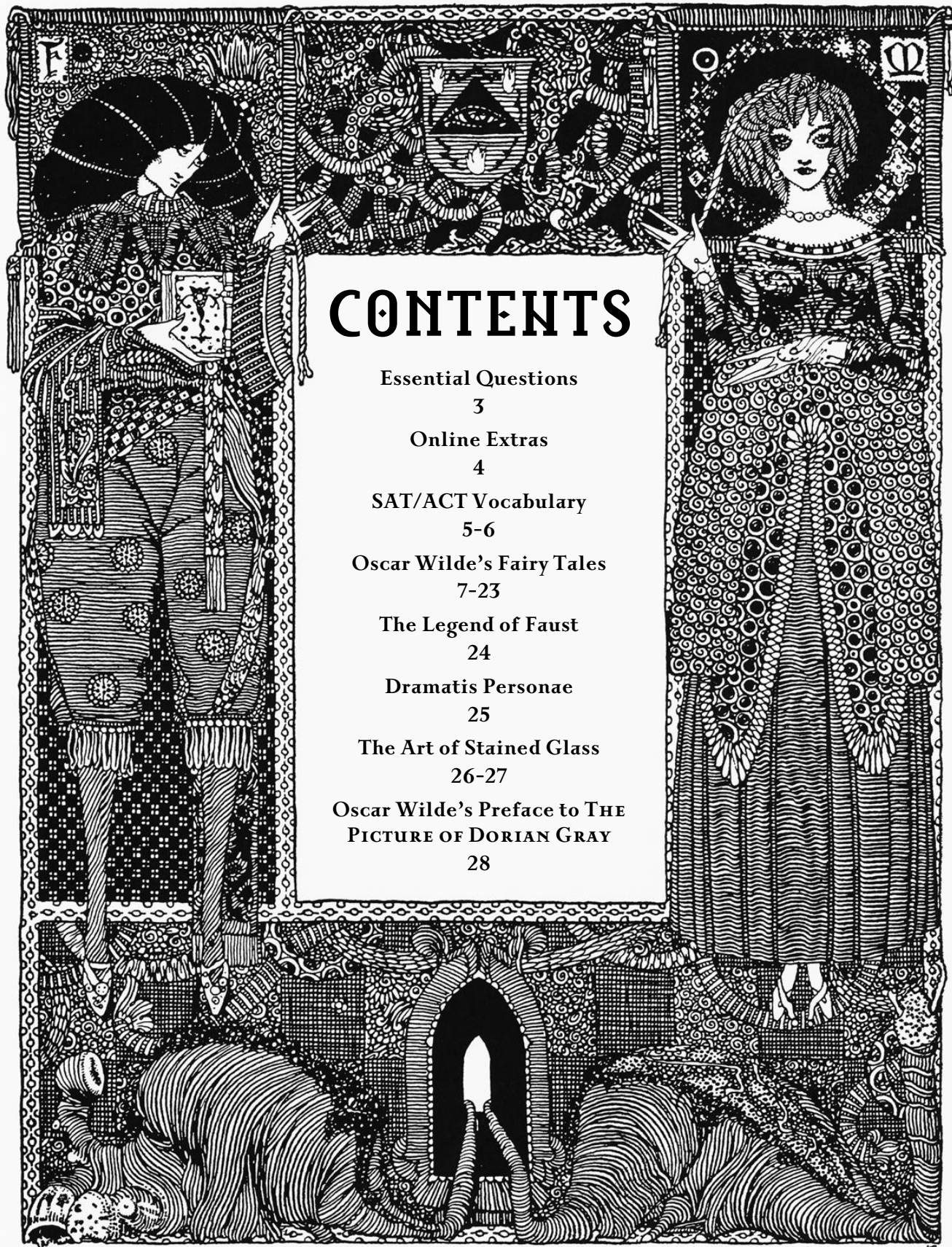


THE PICTURE OF
DORIAN GRAY







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ESSENTIAL QUESTIONS

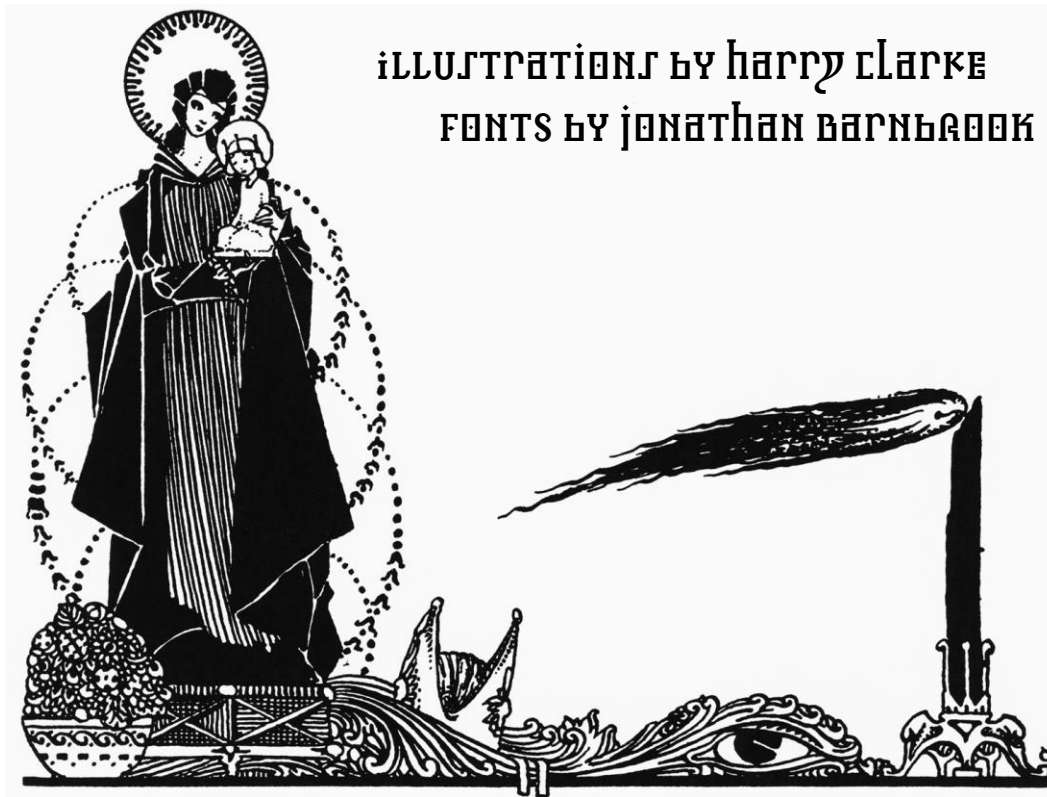
Who was Oscar Wilde, and what aspects of his life are reflected in his characters and stories?

How does Oscar Wilde expand upon some of the moral lessons from his fairy tales in his novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*?

How can *The Picture of Dorian Gray* be seen as a modern retelling of the Faust legend?

What is flower imagery, and how does Oscar Wilde use it in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*?

How does Oscar Wilde stress the differences between Realism and Romanticism in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*? Also consider the novel's Victorian era setting in your response.



ONLINE EXTRAS

Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891) read by Edward Petherbridge:

Disc 1: Page xxiii – Page 27

Disc 2: Page 27 – Page 68

Disc 3: Page 68 – Page 99

Disc 4: Page 99 – Page 125

Disc 5: Page 125 – Page 153

Disc 6: Page 153 – Page 180

Disc 7: Page 180 – Page 213

Disc 8: Page 213 – Page 254

Faust (1926) directed by F.W. Murnau and distributed by UFA.

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945) directed by Albert Lewin and distributed by MGM.

The Selfish Giant (1971) directed by Peter Sander and distributed by Pyramid Films.

The Happy Prince (1974) directed by Michael Mills and distributed by Pyramid Films.

For these resources and others, including electronic copies of this handout and accompanying PowerPoint presentation, go to www.mrquerino.com.



VOCABULARY

These words which appear in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* have been identified as words or derivatives of words that have appeared on past SAT and ACT exams. They are listed here in the order in which they appear in the novel.

1. **Divan** - (*noun*) a long low sofa without a back or arms, typically placed against a wall.
2. **Laburnum** - (*noun*) a small European tree that has hanging clusters of yellow flowers succeeded by slender pods containing poisonous seeds.
3. **Flit** - (*verb*) move swiftly and lightly.
4. **Pallid** - (*adjective*) pale, typically because of poor health; feeble or dull.
5. **Gilt** - (*adjective*) covered thinly with gold leaf or gold paint.
6. **Comely** - (*adjective*) pleasant to look at; attractive.
7. **Languid** - (*adjective*) lacking in vigor or vitality; slow moving.
8. **Truculent** - (*adjective*) eager or quick to argue or fight; aggressively defiant.
9. **Enmity** - (*noun*) the state or feeling of being actively opposed or hostile to someone or something.
10. **Proletariat** - (*noun*) workers or working-class people, regarded collectively.
11. **Metaphysics** - (*noun*) the branch of philosophy that deals with the first principles of things, including abstract concepts such as being, knowing, substance, cause, identity, time, and space.
12. **Idolatry** - (*noun*) extreme admiration, love, or reverence for something or someone.
13. **Penitence** - (*noun*) the action of feeling or showing sorrow and regret for having done wrong; repentance.
14. **Candor** - (*noun*) the quality of being open and honest in expression; frankness.
15. **Gilded** - (*adjective*) wealthy and privileged.
16. **Squander** - (*verb*) waste something in a reckless and foolish manner.

17. **Saunter** - (*verb*) walk in a slow, relaxed manner, without hurry or effort.
18. **Caprice** - (*noun*) a sudden and unaccountable change of mood or behavior.
19. **Mar** - (*verb*) impair the appearance of; disfigure.
20. **Uncouth** - (*adjective*) lacking good manners, refinement, or grace.
21. **Squabble** - (*noun*) a noisy quarrel about something petty or trivial.
22. **Laden** - (*adjective*) heavily loaded or weighed down.
23. **Indolence** - (*noun*) avoidance of activity or exertion; laziness.
24. **Travail** - (*noun*) painful or laborious effort.
25. **Tarry** - (*verb*) stay longer than intended; delay leaving a place.
26. **Facile** - (*adjective*) easily achieved; effortless.
27. **Iridescent** - (*adjective*) showing luminous colors that seem to change when seen from different angles.
28. **Abstruse** - (*adjective*) difficult to understand; obscure.
29. **Myriad** - (*noun*) a countless or extremely great number.
30. **Sordid** - (*adjective*) involving ignoble actions and motives; arousing moral distaste and contempt.
31. **Tawdry** - (*adjective*) showy but cheap and of poor quality.
32. **Grotesque** - (*adjective*) comically or repulsively ugly or distorted.
33. **Dogma** - (*noun*) a principle or set of principles laid down by an authority as incontrovertibly true.
34. **Dowager** - (*noun*) a widow with a title or property derived from her late husband.
35. **Petulant** - (*adjective*) moved to or showing sudden, impatient irritation, especially over some trifling annoyance.
36. **Elocution** - (*noun*) the skill of clear and expressive speech, especially of distinct pronunciation and articulation.
37. **Inveterate** - (*adjective*) having a particular habit, activity, or interest that is long-established and unlikely to change.
38. **Smite** - (*verb*) strike with a firm blow.
39. **Debauchery** - (*noun*) excessive indulgence in sensual pleasures.
40. **Quay** - (*noun*) a platform lying alongside or projecting into water for loading and unloading ships.



ONCE UPON A TIME

Oscar Wilde published two collections of fairy tales: *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* in 1888 and *A House of Pomegranates* in 1891. The fairy tales did not create the sensation that the novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1890), or subsequent plays did, although the collections were reviewed favorably by *The Saturday Review*, *The Athenaeum*, and *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Wilde himself said little of the two books, but a passing remark of his about one of the tales could be applied to all of them and to *The Picture of Dorian Gray* as well: “The Happy Prince,” he wrote in a letter, “is an attempt to treat a tragic modern problem in a form that aims at delicacy and imaginative treatment; it is a reaction against the purely imitative character of modern art.” That Wilde’s fairy tales are considered aesthetically and ethically suspect (one critic finds their style “fleshy” and unsuitable for children) seems peculiar in light of their emphatic articulation of moral truths. The same author who recited with glee such maxims as “To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance” embedded in his fairy tales stinging critiques of boorish self-absorption, willful selfishness, and brazen greed. Wilde clearly modeled his stories more on Hans Christian Andersen’s fairy tales, with their ostentatious moral pronouncements and their displays of pious self-denial, than on the Irish folklore that his mother collected. That Wilde deeply respected the Danish writer becomes evident from “The Fisherman and His Soul,” inspired by “The Little Mermaid,” and by the unmistakable tribute to “The Little Match Girl” in one of the many visions of human misery in “The Happy Prince.”

The Happy Prince

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. “He is as beautiful as a weathercock,” remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; “only not quite so useful,” he added, fearing lest people should think him impractical, which he really was not.

“Why can’t you be like the Happy Prince?” asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. “The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything.”

“I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy,” muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

“He looks just like an angel,” said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

“How do you know?” said the Mathematical Master, “you have never seen one.”

“Ah! but we have, in our dreams,” answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

“Shall I love you?” said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

“It is a ridiculous attachment,” twittered the other Swallows; “she has no money, and far too many relations”; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. “She has no conversation,” he said, “and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind.” And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtseys. “I admit that she is domestic,” he continued, “but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also.”

“Will you come away with me?” he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

“You have been trifling with me,” he cried. “I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!” and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. “Where shall I put up?” he said; “I hope the town has made preparations.”

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

“I will put up there,” he cried; “it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air.” So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

“I have a golden bedroom,” he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. “What a curious thing!” he cried; “there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness.”

Then another drop fell.

“What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?” he said; “I must look for a good chimney-pot,” and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw—Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

“Who are you?” he said.

“I am the Happy Prince.”

“Why are you weeping then?” asked the Swallow; “you have quite drenched me.”

“When I was alive and had a human heart,” answered the statue, “I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I

can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What! is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!"

"I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy, "I must be getting better"; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My

companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold-fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves

of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor; and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor in fact, "he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

The Nightingale and the Rose

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not: night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers—what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the marketplace. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her"; and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose?" they cried; "how very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are white,” it answered; “as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are yellow,” it answered; “as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student’s window, and perhaps he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student’s window.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are red,” it answered, “as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year.”

“One red rose is all I want,” cried the Nightingale, “only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?”

“There is a way,” answered the Tree; “but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you.”

“Tell it to me,” said the Nightingale, “I am not afraid.”

“If you want a red rose,” said the Tree, “you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart’s-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine.”

“Death is a great price to pay for a red rose,” cried the Nightingale, “and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?”

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

“Be happy,” cried the Nightingale, “be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart’s-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. Flame-coloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense.”

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

“Sing me one last song,” he whispered; “I shall feel very lonely when you are gone.”

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

“She has form,” he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove—“that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good.” And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top-most spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river—pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. As the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the topmost spray of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. “Press closer, little Nightingale,” cried the Tree, “or the Day will come before the rose is finished.”

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose’s heart remained white, for only a Nightingale’s heart’s-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. “Press closer, little Nightingale,” cried the Tree, “or the Day will come before the rose is finished.”

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale’s voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping

shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

“Look, look!” cried the Tree, “the rose is finished now”; but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

“Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!” he cried; “here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name”; and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor’s house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

“You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose,” cried the Student. “Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it to-night next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you.”

But the girl frowned.

“I am afraid it will not go with my dress,” she answered; “and, besides, the Chamberlain’s nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers.”

“Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful,” said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.

“Ungrateful!” said the girl. “I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don’t believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain’s nephew has”; and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

“What a silly thing Love is,” said the Student as he walked away. “It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics.”

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

The Selfish Giant

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant’s garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. “How happy we are here!” they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

“What are you doing here?” he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

“My own garden is my own garden,” said the Giant; “any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.” So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

<p>TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED</p>
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He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. “How happy we were there,” they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. “Spring has forgotten this garden,” they cried, “so we will live here all the year round.” The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. “This is a delightful spot,” he said, “we must ask the Hail on a visit.” So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was like ice.

“I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming,” said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; “I hope there will be a change in the weather.”

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant’s garden she gave none. “He is too selfish,” she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King’s musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. “I believe the Spring has come at last,” said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children’s heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the

branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said: "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here to-morrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

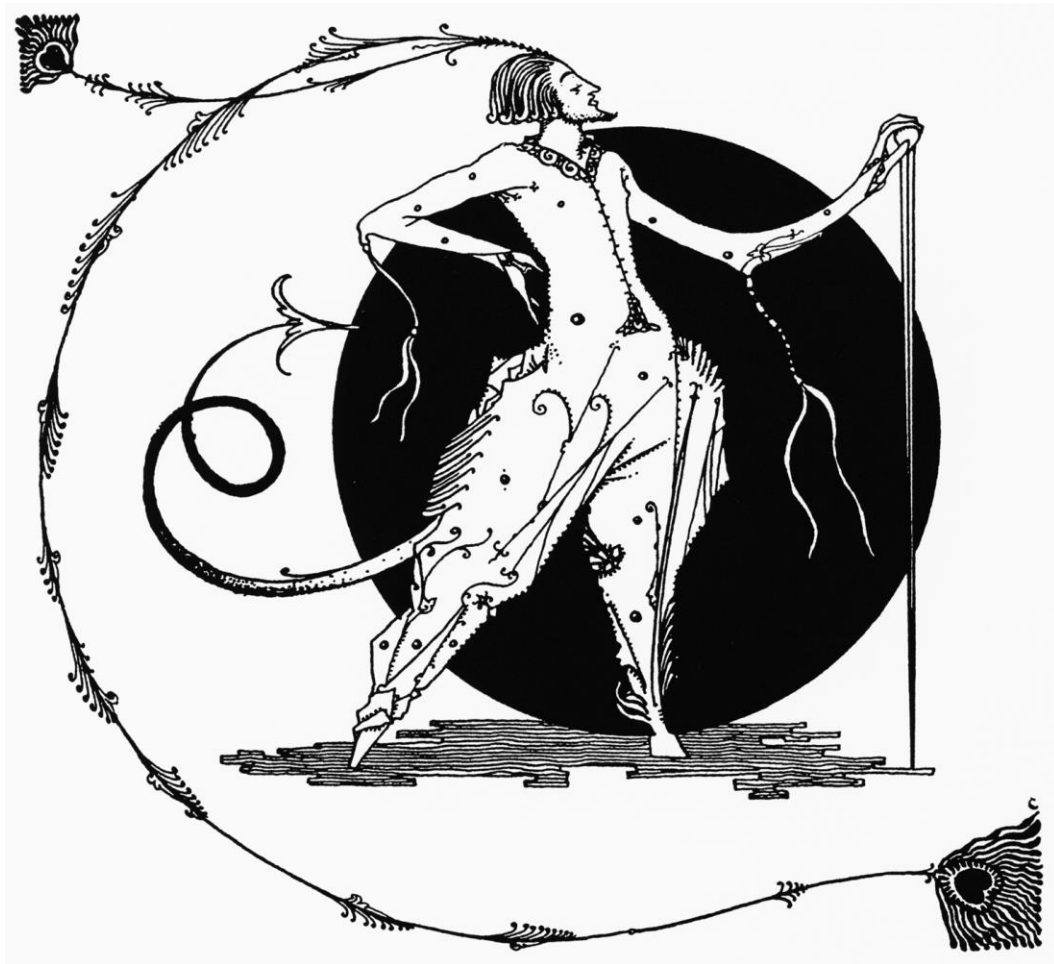
"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

“Nay!” answered the child; “but these are the wounds of Love.”

“Who art thou?” said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, “You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise.”

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.



Name _____

Date _____

WILDE INTERPRETATIONS

Generally, like Aesop's fables, Oscar Wilde's fairy tales reveal levels of human folly and wisdom while they also uphold virtuous behavior. How do the fairy tales specifically expose and criticize facets of human nature?

In a few of the fairy tales, the main character recognizes his error, is repentant, and achieves something like a state of grace. Choose a character from one of the three fairy tales we read and show his transformation through this process.

Some of Oscar Wilde's fairy tales have been labeled "lessons in practical Christianity" by critics, but I suspect that Wilde would rather say "imaginative treatment" than Christian lesson, however Christian the moral of a particular tale might be. Are Wilde's fairy tales meant to encourage faith and advocate Christianity? If not, what do the stories propose?



WRITING FAIRY TALES

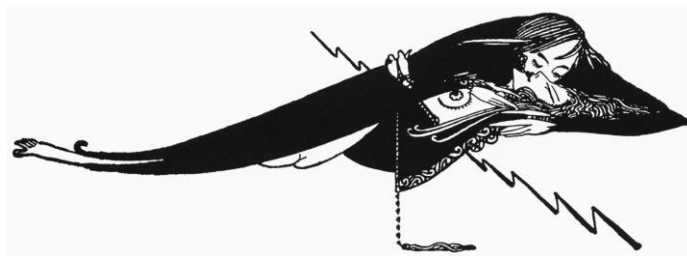
“I told him a story with a moral.’ ‘Ah! That is always a very dangerous thing to do,’ said the Duck. And [the narrator adds] I quite agree with her.”

– OSCAR WILDE, FROM THE DEVOTED FRIEND

What are fairy tales? Folklore is the collective name applied to sayings, verbal compositions, and social rituals that have been handed down primarily by word of mouth and example rather than in written form. Among the various forms of folklore—including legends, superstitions, songs, tales, proverbs, riddles, spells, and nursery rhymes—are fairy tales. A fairy tale is a short narrative in prose of unknown authorship which has been transmitted orally. Many of these tales eventually achieve written form, and the term is often extended to include stories invented by a known author—such as “The Little Mermaid” by Hans Christian Andersen—which has been picked up and repeatedly narrated by word of mouth as well as written form. Fairy tales, J.R.R. Tolkien reminds us in his essay “On Fairy-stories,” are not necessarily stories about fairies, but “stories about Fairy, that is Faerie, the realm or state in which fairies have their being. Faerie contains many things besides elves and fays, and besides dwarfs, witches, trolls, giants, or dragons: it holds the sea, the sun, the moon, the sky; and the earth, and all things that are in it: tree and bird, water and stone, wine and bread, and ourselves, mortal men, when we are enchanted.” Many fairy tales preserve a basic shape and can be told four or five times under different circumstances and in different ways so that it appears, from the outside, to be different.

1. **Oral Tradition:** Fairy tales are stories that were either created or strongly influenced by oral traditions.
2. **Good vs. Evil:** Their plots feature stark conflicts between good and evil, with magic and luck determining the usually happy endings.
3. **Globalization:** While each culture and geographic region of the world has its own body of folk tales and fairy tales that it considers its own, certain themes and motifs tend to be repeated across many cultures and time periods.
4. **Universal Emotions:** Universal human emotions such as love, hate, courage, kindness, and cruelty appear in bold, broad strokes on the canvas of fairy tales.
5. **Popular Culture:** Fairy tales have had a vast impact on many different forms of literature. Their elements and echoes are alive in plays, movies, and books for all ages.

Using the definition of a fairy tale from above, write your own fairy tale. Your fairy tale can be in the style of Oscar Wilde’s or any other fairy tale author. Similar to our ghost story contest, we will each share our story with the class. At the conclusion of the stories, we will vote on our favorite fairy tale. Don’t worry too much about grammar as you will be reading the story to the class. Focus instead on your ideas and storytelling skills. Be creative and have fun with the assignment!



Name _____

Date _____

[illegible]

Which of your classmates' fairy tales was your favorite? What did you like about it? Describe some of the story's strengths. What other feedback would you like to share with the author of your favorite fairy tale?

[illegible]

THE LEGEND OF FAUST

Johann George Faust, who called himself “Faust” or “Faustus,” lived in the early part of the sixteenth century and left his trace in cities like Ingolstadt and Wittenberg. For the year 1506, there is a record of Faust appearing as a performer of magical tricks and horoscopes in Gelnhausen. Over the following 30 years, there are numerous similar records spread over southern Germany. Faust appeared as a physician, a doctor of philosophy, an alchemist, a magician, and an astrologer. He was often accused as a fraud, and the church denounced him as a blasphemer in league with the devil. Faust’s death is dated to 1541; he allegedly died in an explosion of an alchemical experiment in a hotel in Breisgau. His body is reported to have been found in a “grievously mutilated” state, which was interpreted to the effect that the devil had come to collect him in person.¹

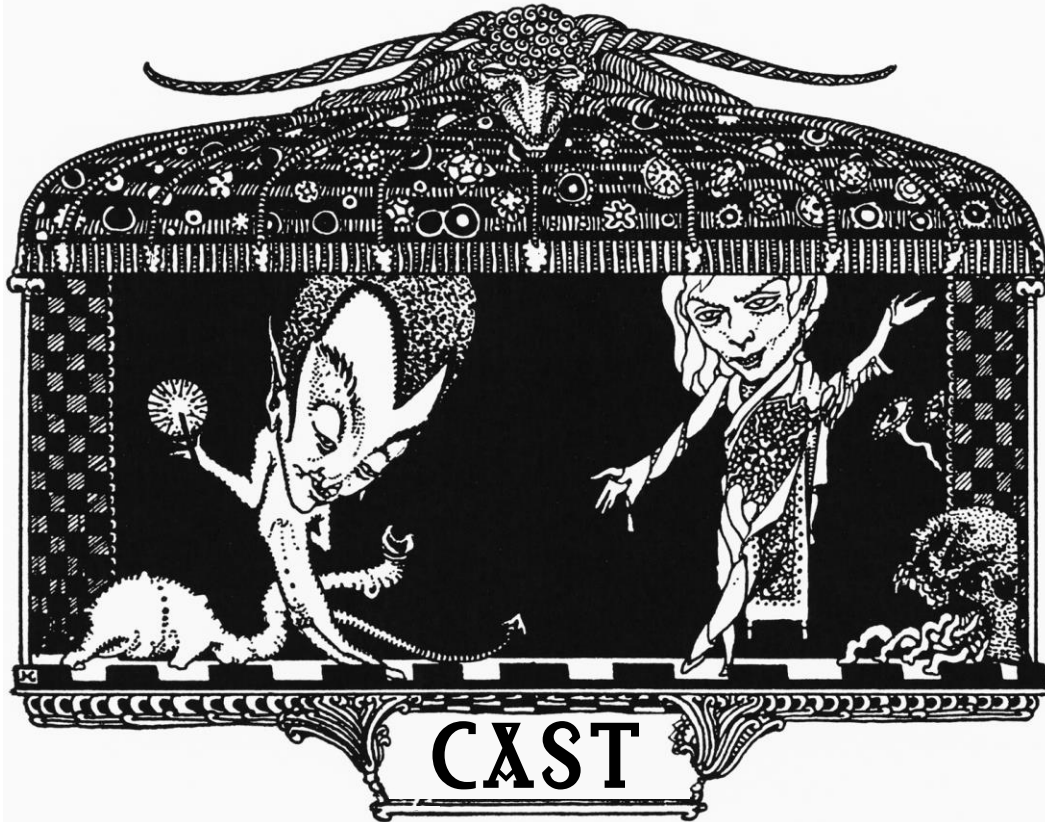
In his *Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* (ca. 1590), Christopher Marlowe largely follows the morality-play tradition, though treating his hero, who is certainly a glorious, at times gloriously lyrical, Renaissance malefactor, with an empathy lacking in the previous Faust stories. More willfully wicked than his German model, Marlowe’s Faustus rebels with obviously youthful arrogance against conventional modes of thought and feeling. Through traveling actors, Marlowe’s play soon reached Germany and became the source of a long series of sensational dramas (including, with the eighteenth century, puppet shows). It thus directly or indirectly inspired both English and German popular stage spectacles until well into the later eighteenth century.

The transmutation of morality play into symbolic drama was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s achievement. Goethe completed *The First Part of the Tragedy* in 1808, reconciling the obligatory folklorist elements of the legend with his conception of Faust as the symbol of man seeking the meaning of life and the maximal realization of its possibilities. He replaced the traditional pact with Hell by a challenge: if Faust, who is regarded as a representative of all men, is ever satisfied by shallow pleasure or by a sense of having achieved all he would and could, he will gladly renounce this life, the only meaningful existence he can conceive of. Mephistopheles embodies all inner and outer forces hostile to human aspiration and achievement, and functions as the machinery allowing Faust a wide variety of representative human experiences.

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1890) is Oscar Wilde’s version of the Faust legend, the bartering of a soul for eternal youth and gratification. In *Sibyl Vane* it has its Gretchen, and in *Lord Henry* its Mephistopheles. Dorian Gray, because of his demonic pact, imagines himself free of conscience and duty. Like Faust, he never is.



¹ Salm, Peter. “Introduction and Notes to *Faust*.” *Faust, First Part* translated by Peter Salm. New York: Bantam Dell, 2007, pp. vii-xix.



Characters in the Prologue in Heaven

THE LORD: _____
 RAPHAEL: _____
 GABRIEL: _____
 MICHAEL: _____
 MEPHISTOPHELES: _____

Characters in the Tragedy

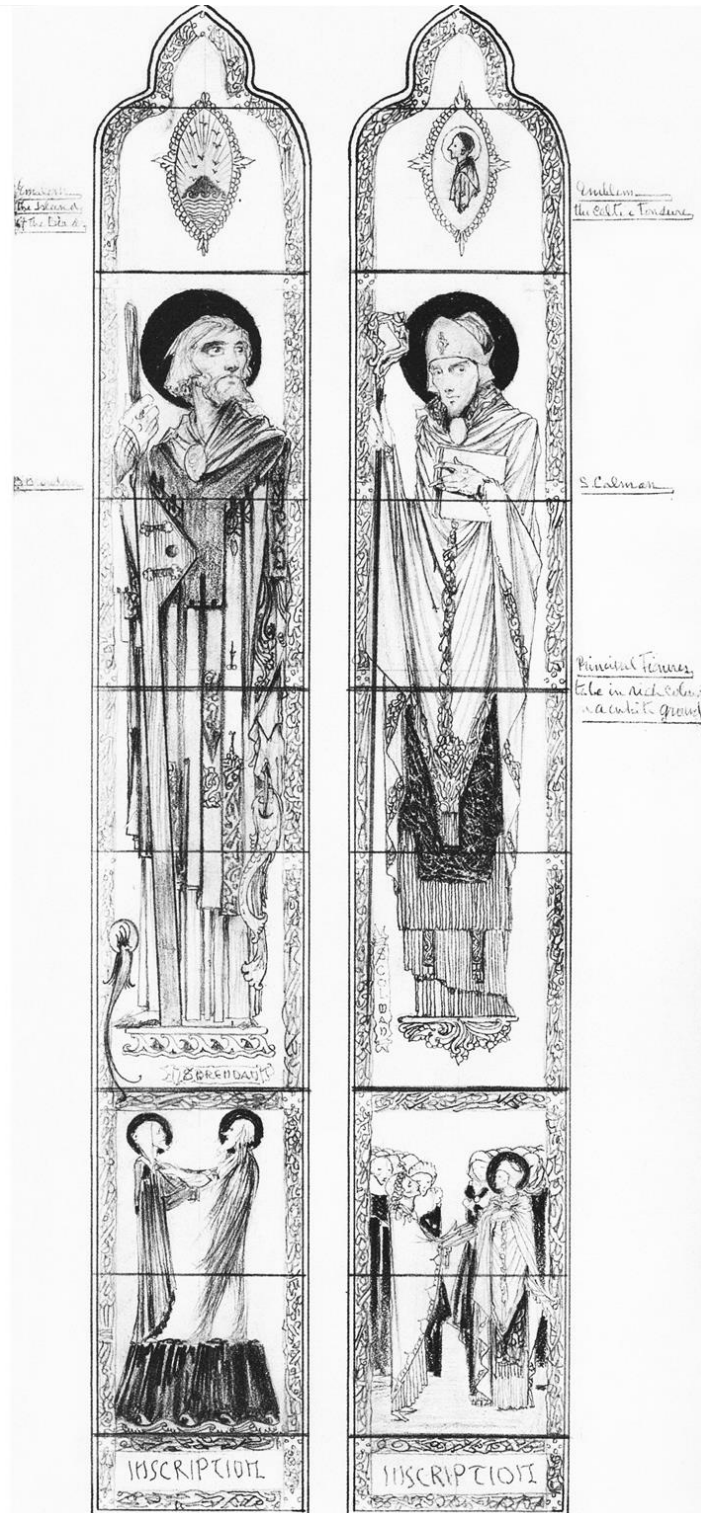
FAUST: _____
 MEPHISTOPHELES: _____
 WAGNER, Faust's academic assistant: _____
 MARGARET: _____
 MARTHA, Margaret's neighbor: _____
 VALENTINE, Margaret's brother: _____
 OLD PEASANT: _____
 A STUDENT: _____
 LIESCHEN, an acquaintance of Margaret's: _____
 MARMOSET TOM: _____
 A MONKEY: _____
 A WITCH: _____
 PEOPLE: _____

THE ART OF STAINED GLASS

THE FIRST STEP in creating a stained-glass window is for the artist to make an initial design or sketch (pictured to the right). The design is then shown to the client and, if accepted, a full-scale drawing of the window is created. This is where the artist decides upon the placement of the leadlines, and most of the painting is worked out.

The rich colors in Harry Clarke's windows that would become his hallmark involved a rather in-depth process to find the perfect hue. He explains, "A pane of blue glass acidied five times gave me four blue tints and white on which I could get three stains varying from pale lemon to orange. A pane of ruby acidied five times gave me four ruby tints and white for three stains... Then came the colors got by leaving color in each glass—pale blue and pale ruby—ruby tinged with blue—deep ruby backed with orange stain on both glasses—greens—pale white—warm whites (like around the lady's head)—there is no limit to the quantity of color one can get—the panels could be acidied to give ten times each—if one had a glass with a good body of color to start on."

Use colored pencils and your imagination to finish the window designs that Harry Clarke began in the 1920s. You can try experimenting with colors by overlapping and rubbing the pencil marks to achieve the acidie effect described above. The small-scale pencil sketch to the right features St. Brendan and St. Colman; the two-light stained window was commissioned for St. Mary's church, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo. The drawing on the back is a detail from a full-scale drawing of St. Cecilia. The completed window can still be seen at St. Mary's church in Nantwich, Cheshire.





Name _____

Date _____

PREFACE TO DORIAN GRAY

When Oscar Wilde's novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, first appeared in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* in July 1890, it scandalized readers with its portrayal of a cruelly hedonistic young man who remains unblemished by his crimes while his portrait ages hideously. Responding to critics' charges that the novel fostered immoral ideas, Wilde published the preface separately in *The Fortnightly Review* in March 1891. He then added it to the revised novel when it came out in book form a month later. Read "The Preface" on pages xxiii-xxiv and then answer the following questions.

What seems to be Oscar Wilde's purpose in writing such an unusual preface? What kinds of reading does he encourage and what kinds does he discourage?

What comment is Wilde making about Victorian values when he writes, "The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass" (xxiii).

How does the epigrammatic, often paradoxical form of "The Preface" contribute to its contents? What are some of the epigrams?

