

Monologue – OSCAR WILDE.

WILDE. 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.

I see Dorian every day now. I could be happy if I didn't see him every day. Of course, sometimes it is only for a few minutes, but a few minutes with somebody one worships is worth a great deal. It is quite true that I have worshipped you with far more romance of feeling than a man usually gives to a friend. From the moment we met, your personality had the most extraordinary influence over me. I quite admit that I adore you madly, extravagantly, absurdly. I was jealous of everyone to whom you spoke. I wanted to have you all to myself. I was only happy when I was with you. When I was away from you, you were still present in my art.

One day I determined to paint a wonderful portrait of you. It was to have been my masterpiece. It is my masterpiece. But, as I worked on it, each flake and film of color seemed to me to reveal my secret. I grew afraid that the world would know of my idolatry. I felt, Dorian, that I had told too much. Then, it was that I resolved never to allow the picture to be exhibited. The picture must not be shown.