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The Picture of Dorian Gray.

the studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and then the light summer wind stoned amidst the trees. 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-caps on which he was lying, smoking, as usual, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the ~~various~~ gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of the laburnum, that were hanging from the tremulous branches that were 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 glittered across the long tassore-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 who, in an art that is receding immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The dull murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unnoon grass

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or circling with monotonous insistence
round the black-crocketed spires &
the early Jane holly hocks, seemed to make
the stillness more oppressive, ~~and~~
~~and the bellowing of the steamer,~~
~~and the roar of the waves,~~
~~and the roar of the waves,~~
~~and the roar of the waves,~~
London was like the boudoir note
of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room,
was standing the
damped to an upright easel,
full-length portrait of a young
man of extraordinary personal
beauty, and in front of it, some
little distance away, was sitting
artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose
sudden disappearance some years
^{at the time} past, excited such conjecture,
as caused so many ~~strange~~ ^{suspicious} conjectures.

As he looked at the gracious
and comely form he had so
skillfully mirrored in his art, a
gentle 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 ~~dangerous~~
~~and mysterious~~ ^{curious} dream upon which he
feared to melt awake.

"It is your best work, Basil,"

the best thing you have ever
done," said Lord Henry ~~next~~^{languidly} to
"you must certainly ^{see} the Academy too
the Grosvenor. the "Eros" is too
large, and too vulgar."

"I don't think I will send it
anywhere," he answered, tossing
his head back in that odd
way that used to make his ~~was~~ friends call
him at Oxford. "no; I won't
send it anywhere. And yet, you
are quite right about it. It is
my best work."

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows,
and looked at him in amazement
through the thin blue wreath of smoke that curled ~~at~~ ^{in such baneful whorls} ~~around~~^{about} his cigarette. "Not send it anywhere?
my dear fellow, why? Have you
any reason? What odd chaps
you painters are! You do any thing
in the world to gain ^{one} reputation.
As soon as you have ~~it~~, you seem
to want to throw it away. It is
such of you, for there is nothing
one thing in the world worse than
being talked about, and there 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

reasons, it old men are " "
B " and emotion. " 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 his long
legs out on the divan, and shook
with laughter.
— "Yes; I knew you would laugh,
but it is quite true, see the
case."
— "Too much ~~Basil~~ yourself in it!
upon my word, ~~Basil~~ didn't know
you were so vain, and I really
cait off 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 of
ivory and rose-leaves. Why, my
dear Basil, he is a ~~marquis~~
and you — well of course you
have an intellectual expression,
and all that. But Beauty,
real Beauty, ~~of body~~ where
an intellectual expression begins.
Intellect is in itself an
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 and
indeed the learned professions. How perfectly
they are! Except 8
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 about 8
eighteen, and consequently he is
absolutely delightful. Your
most tenacious young friend, who
have never told me,
name you have really become
but whose picture really
me, never thinks. I feel quite
sure of that. He is a braver,
beautiful thing, who should be
always here in winter when we
have no gloves to cook at, and
always here in summer when we want something
to chill our intelligences. Don't
flatter yourself, Basil. You
are not in the least like him."

"You don't understand me, Harry.
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 gulf about all physical
and intellectual distinction, the
~~sort~~ ~~though~~ ~~gulf~~ ~~between~~ ~~the~~ ~~two~~ ~~kings~~. It seems to
be better not to be different from one's

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gallows. the ugly and the stupid
have the best & quietest, and except at
they can sit the know nothing &
the play. If they are at least ~~savages~~ the knowledge
victory, they they live as we all
defeat. & disturbed, ignorant,
shoed live, disturbed, ignorant,
as what disquiet. they neither
bring ruin upon others, nor ever
receive it from alien lands. Your
rank and wealth, Harry; my
brains, such as they are, my
fame, whatever it may be worth;
Dorian Grey ~~looks~~ good; we will
all subtler & that the Gods
have given us, subtler terrors.

"Dorian Grey? Is that his
name?" said 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. ~~Dorian~~. When
I like people immensely, I
never tell their names to any one.

It seems like surrendering a part
of them. You know how I love
secrecy. It is the only thing
that can make modern life
wonderful, or mysterious to us.
The commonest thing is delightful
& we only hide it. When I

leave town
~~and~~ ~~not~~ I never tell my people
 where I am going. If I did, I
 would lose all my pleasure. It is
 a silly habit, I daresay, but
 somehow it ^{to} 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, laying his hand upon his
 shoulder; "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 absolute
 necessary ^{to} both parties. I never
 know ~~where~~ ^{where} my wife is ^{now}, and
 my wife never knows ^{what} ~~where~~ I
 am ^{doing} when we meet — we do
 meet occasionally, when we ^{are} ~~are~~
^(together) or go down to the Dukes —
 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 give me out, she never
 makes a row. I sometimes
 wish she did, but she merely
 laughs at me."
 — "I hate the way you talk

"about your married life, Harry," said Basil Hellward, shaking his hand off, and 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 wrong thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose."

"Being natural is only a pose, and the most irritating pose I know," said Lord Henry laughing, and the two young men went out into the garden together, and for a time they did not speak.

After a long 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 one question I put to you ~~an hour~~ ^{an hour} ago."

"What is that?" asked Basil Hellward, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

"You know quite well."

"I do not, Harry."

"Well, I will tell you what it is."

"Please don't" I want you to exhibit
I must. I want you to exhibit
explain to me why you won't exhibit
Dorian Gray's picture. I want
the real reason."

"I told you the real reason."
"No! You did not. You said it
was because there was too
much of yourself in it. Now, that
is childish."

"Hang!" said Basil Hallward, taking
~~his~~ portrait ~~hand~~ looking him
straight in the face, "Every portrait
that is painted with ~~passion~~ 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. The painter,
it is rather the painter who
reveals himself. The reason why
I will not exhibit this picture,
is that I am afraid that I
have shown it to the world &
my own soul."

Lord Henry ~~wanted~~ ^{laughed.}
"What?" "And what is that?" he
asked, in his sly voice.

"I will tell you," said Hallward,
as an ~~expansion~~ ^{supposition} of pain ^{came} over
his face.

"~~Doris Gray does not exist,~~"
murmured his companion, looking at him.
"Oh! There is really very little to

tell you, Harry," answered the young
painter; "and I am afraid you will
hardly understand it."

Lord Henry smiled, and leaning
down plucked a pink-petaled daisy
from the grass, and examined it. "I
am quite sure, I shall understand
it," he replied, gazing intently at
the little golden white-bearded
disk. ~~that has charmed all men~~
~~so far as chance or taste goes~~

The wind shook some blossoms
from the trees, and the heavy lilac-
blooms, with their clustering stars,
moved too and fro in the languid
air. A ~~grasshopper~~ began to sing in
the grass, and a long thin
dragon-fly floated ~~just~~ on its
brown gauze wings. Lord Henry bent
as if he could hear Basil
Hallward's heart beating, and wondered
~~what was coming,~~
~~what was going on,~~

"Yes! There is ~~very~~ ^{rather} little to
tell you," repeated Hallward, and
I ~~wondered~~ you will be
disappointed. Two months ago I
went to a crush at Lady Brandon's.
You know we poor painters 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, and

(as you told me once,

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(Even a stock broker,) can gain a reputation for being civilized. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, been over-dressed downwards looking to have over-dressed academics, I suddenly ad tedious became conscious that one was looking at me. I turned half way round, and saw Dorian Gray 8th feet time. When our eyes met, I ^{instinctive} ~~feeling~~ that I was growing pale. A curious ^{face to face with} 8th tenor came over me. I knew that I had ~~walked~~ come ^{face to face with} some one whose mere presence was so fascinating that it would absorb my ~~soul~~, my soul, my ~~consciousness~~, my art, its self. I did not wait any ^{extreme} pleasure gratification in my life.

You know yourself, Harry, how independent I have always been. My father destined me for the army. I insisted on going to Oxford. Then he made me enter my name at the Middle Temple. Before I had eaten half a dozen dinners I gave up the Bar, and announced my intention of becoming a painter. I have always been my own master; I had at least always been so till I met Dorian Gray. Then — but I don't know how to explain it to you. Something ^{seems to tell} me that I was on the verge of a ~~walkabout~~ a tempestuous crisis in my

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had a strange feeling that
life-fate had in store for me exquisite
joys and exquisite sorrows. I knew
that he spoke to him, and that I ^{should} ought
~~become absolutely devoted to him; and that I ought~~
~~never speak to him.~~ I grew afraid, and
~~not to speak to him.~~ I ^{would} quit the room. It was
turns to ~~the~~ ^{that made me do so,} it was cowardice. I
not conscience ^{that made me do so,} it was cowardice. I
take no credit to myself for
trying to escape.

"Conscience and cowardice are
really the same things, Basil. Conscience
is the trade-name of the firm, that
is all." "I don't believe that, Harry." However,
what ever 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. Hulbert?"
she screamed out. "You know her
still horrid voice?"

"Yes: she is a peacock in every
thing but beauty", said Low Henry,
pulling the daisy to bits with his
long nervous fingers.

"I could not get rid of her. She
brought me up to Royalties, and
people with Stars and ^{and looked nose} Carters, and
elderly ladies with ^{and} Gigantic tiaras.
She spoke to me as her dearest

friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionize 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 standard is ^{immortal} & ^{famous} ^{face to} whose sudden ^{I found} ^{mrs cb} ^{man} face with the young ^(changed) ^{stunned} me. We were personally ^{so} ^{introduced} quite close, almost touching. Our ^{was} ^{so} mad again. It was mad & we met again. It was mad to me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so mad after all. It was ^{so} inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure & That. Dorian told me so afterwards.

" And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man? I know she goes in for giving a rapid piece & her guests. I remember her bringing spots me up to a most turbulent ad red-faced old ^{gentleman} ~~and~~ covered all over with orders and ribands, and rising into my car in a tragic whisper, which must have been perfectly audible to ~~every~~ ^{body} in the room, something like " Sir Humpty Dumpty - you know -

afghan frontier - Russian in tongues: very
 successful man - ~~extra~~ ~~extra~~ ~~extra~~
~~extra~~ ~~extra~~
 elephant - quite ~~beautiful~~ ~~beautiful~~ ~~beautiful~~ ~~beautiful~~ ~~wife~~ killed by an
 to many ~~as~~ ^{an} American ~~widow~~ ~~widow~~ ~~widow~~ ~~widow~~ ~~widow~~ ~~widow~~ ~~widow~~ wants
 Mr. Gladstone - but very much interested
 in beetles - ask him about the new
 and military frontier. I simply
 fled. I like to find out people &
 myself. But poor Lady Brandon treats her
 guests, exactly as an auctioneer ^{entirely} treats
 his goods. She either explains them & does
~~or tell one over his~~ ^{what one} about them ~~that~~
~~one~~ ~~one~~ ~~wants to know.~~ But
 what did she do about Mr. Dorian

Gray? "Oh, she murmured, 'charming boy -
 going to be so rich - mother ad I great
 friend - ~~sugger~~ to be married to the
 same man - I mean married on the
 same day - how very silly you are! Quite
 forget what he does - afraid he doesn't
 do anything - Oh, yes plays the piano -
 or is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?'
 we could neither of us keep laughing, &
 we became friends at once"

"Laughter is not a bad beginning for
 a friendship, and it is the best
 ending for one," said Lord Henry
 plucking another daisy.

Holloway buried his face

" Oh! brothers! I don't care for
brothers. my elder brother won't
die, as my younger brothers
never do any thing else."

" Hang!"
" my dear fellow, I am not
quite serious. But I can't
help testing my relations.
But it comes from the fact
that we can't stand other
people having the same faults
as ourselves. I quite sympathise
with the rage & the ^{early} democracy
~~and~~ displayed against what they
call the vices & the upper
classes. They ~~feel~~ ^{indignation} towards
that drunkenness, ~~and~~ ^{immorality} stupidities,
~~and~~ ^{shoes} be their own special
property, as the rich one
of us makes an all & ^{we are}
himself ~~being~~ ^{poaching} on their
preserves. When poor Southwark
got into the Divorce Court, Their
~~advice~~ was quite magnificent. A
ret I don't suppose that
ten per cent of the lower orders
are not their own wives."
" I don't agree with a single
word that ~~you~~ have said, and,
what is more, I don't believe
you do either."

Lord Henry ~~had~~ his ~~little~~
~~stern~~ colourless ~~reproachful~~ and
stroked his pointed ~~heavy dark~~ beard, and
groan

tapped the toe of his patent-leather
 boot with a tasselled malacca-cane.
 "How English you are, Basil! 16 one
 gets forward an idea to a real
 Englishman & always a rash thing
 to do - he never dreams of
 considering whether the idea is
 right or wrong. The only thing he
 considers is ~~whether~~ ^{any} importance is
 attached to it oneself.
 One ~~says~~ believes it oneself.
 How the value of an idea lies
 in 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 pure ^{intellectual} will the
 idea be, ~~as it will~~ ^{in net effect} not be coloured
 by either his wants, his desires, or
 his prejudices. However, I don't
 propose to discuss ~~with~~ politics,
 zoology, or metaphysics with you.
 I like persons better than principles.
 Tell me more about Dorian Gray.
 How often do you see him?"

"Every day, Harry. I couldn't ~~help~~
^{help} ~~but~~ if I didn't want to see him
 every day. Of course, sometimes it
 is only for a few minutes. But
 a few minutes with some body
 one worships means a great
 deal." "But ~~you~~ ^{do it} you ~~worship~~ worship him?"

" " " I do! " " " I thought " " "
 How extraordinary! " " " I thought " " "
 you never care for any this
 but your painting — your art, " " "
 shows " " " art sounds better,
 doesn't it?" " " "
 " He is all my art to me now. " " "
 sometimes think ' ^{The} Hand ^(of any importance)
 are only the two ^{in as} ^{the first is} appearance &
 his to ^{the world} ^{as a} ^{the second} ^{for art also}
 a new medium, and ^{for personal} ^{beauty}
 is ^{the} appearance & a new ^{oil-painting} ^{face}
 what the invention & ^{beauty}
 was to the Venetians, the ^{beauty}
 of Antinous was to late Greek
 sculpture, as the ^{face} ^{beauty} & Dorian
 Gray will soon ^{say} be to me.
 It is not merely ^{that} I paint
 from him, draw from him, model
 from him. Of course I have
 done see that. He has stood
 as Paris in dandy armour, and
 as Adonis with huntsman's cloak
 and polished boar-spear, crowned
 with heavy lotus-flowers he
 has sat on the prow of Adrian's
 barge looking into the green
 turbid Nile. He has leaned over
 the still pool of some Greek
 woodland, and seen in the water's
 silent silver the wonder & his
 own ^{beauty}: But he is much more
 to me than that. I won't tell you

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that I am dissatisfied with his
 art cannot
 have done by him, & that his
 beauty is such that there is nothing that
 can express it. There is no art, as I know
 art cannot express, as I have done, since
 the work that I have done, since
 I met Dorian Gray, is the good
 work, in the best work by my
 side. But in some curious way —
 I wonder will you understand
 me — his personal
 to me an entire
 in art, an entire
 style. I see things differently,
 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 ~~that~~ ^{who} says that? — I forget; —
 but it is what Dorian Gray has
 been to me. The mere visible
 presence of this ~~boy~~ ^{lad} — he sees
 to be little more than a ~~boy~~ ^{lad}, though
~~he is over twenty~~
~~over~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
 his mere 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 its ~~its~~ ^{all} romantic the pension of
 the ~~and~~ ^{romantic} spirit, all the
 perfection of the spirit ~~that~~ is

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Greek. the harmony is! we in
body - how much that is! the two,
our madness here separate the
as have invented a realism
is bestial, an ~~deality~~^{deity} that is
void. Hang! Hang! ~~come~~^{come}! You
knew what Dorian Gray ~~was~~^{is} like, &
remember that landscape is mine, & a
which agrees offered me such a
~~huge~~ price, at 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, ~~as on a leave~~^{again}
~~in a corner~~^{in a corner}, his ~~dark~~^{dark}
~~hands~~^{hands} ~~never~~^{never} break. Other men break
water under their hands & those who break,
or who are broken, the reactions
of their own souls are terrible!"
— Basil, this is quite wonderful. I
must see Dorian Gray ~~soon~~^{soon}. ~~you~~
~~will~~^{will} tell ~~something~~^{something} ~~you~~^{all} ~~you~~
~~now~~^{now}, ~~now~~^{now} is good, you
~~now~~^{now} ~~now~~^{now}, to make yourself
the ~~whole~~^{whole} ~~whole~~^{whole}! It is
more than wicked, it is silly. I
hate Dorian Gray."

Holloway got up from the seat,
and walked up and down the
garden. ~~occasionally~~
~~occasionally~~
~~occasionally~~: After some time he
came back. " You don't understand,

Hans," he said. "Dorian
meant to me a motive
is never more present
than when no more
there. He is ~~said~~ a suggestion,
I have said, of a new manner. I see
him in the curves of certain lines, in
the loveliness and the subtleties of
certain colours. That is all."

- "Then why won't you exhibit his
portrait?"

"Because I have put into it all
that in any romance of which, ~~of course~~ there never
dare to speak to him. He knows
nothing about it, ~~He will never know anything about it.~~
~~But the world~~
~~never~~ guesses it, ~~and~~ ~~when there is~~
~~danger and traps everywhere,~~
~~and when there is trouble every-
where and danger every-
where, I~~
will not bare my soul to their
shallow eyes. My heart shall
never be put under their microscope.
~~nor~~ ~~under~~ ~~their~~ ~~scrutiny.~~ There
is too much of myself in ~~the~~ ~~thing,~~
Hans, too much of myself!"

"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."

"I hate them for it. An artist
should create beautiful things, let
them put nothing of his own life
into them. we live in an age when

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men treat art as if it were meat
to be an autobiography. we have
lost the abstract sense & beauty. 16
I live I well know the value what
it is, as far that reason the work
will never be my portrait & Dorian

Basil, but

Eug. "I think you are wrong, it is of
I won't argue with you. ever
the intellectually east who ever
argue. Tell me; is Dorian. Eug very

You & you?"
Halls and consider to a few
moments. "He likes me; he answered
after a pause; "I know he likes me.
of course I blather him dried fish.
I give a strange pleasure in ~~say~~
things to him that I know I ~~shall~~
be sorry to having said. I give
myself away. ~~area similar to~~
~~great attractions of genius in life.~~
~~than genius, and it need no~~

~~explanation, as is a bright sheet~~
~~back of the wood like sunlight,~~
~~expanding the rosy other radiation in~~
~~each among them their children~~
~~was present the room, as a~~
~~rule, he is charming to me, and~~
~~we walk now together, & on the~~
~~club, arm in arm, or sit in the~~
~~studio ~~over~~ relaxation and talk~~
~~with Thomas. Now as you,~~
~~however, he is hardly together,~~

seems to like a real delight in giving (23)
me pain. Then I feel, Hans, that some one
I have given away my whole soul to some one
seen to take or never render back
seen a pain can imagine
giving it up without having him
except once or twice we had him
apart from the others. I have
been very beaten them, am now
all to myself & am alone.
jealous of him & like to isolate
let him take to me to isolate
people & on he rest & like to live, & to
him & on he absolute & absolute to
think that he does not know. But it
i.e. he does not know. This
que - e please to think on. Tell
he does Hans. In warmer who
~~commercial~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

it as if it were a flower to
put in his coat, & fit &
decoration to charm his vanity, an
ornament for a summer's day."

"Days in summer, Basil, are apt
describing. Perhaps you will tire
sooner than he will. It is a
sad thing to think of, but there
is no doubt the genius lasts
longer than we do. That accounts
for the fact that we all take such pains
to overestimate ourselves. ~~we were well aware~~
~~of our own limitations~~ In the wild
struggle for existence, we wait to
have something that endures, as do
we fill our minds with rubbish &
facts, in the sole hope of keeping
our place. The thorough well-informed

the modern ideal.

man — that is ~~the modern ideal~~ ^{the modern} ~~and versatile~~
 that and the mind & the thorough
 well-informed man is a dreadful
 thing. It is like a big-a-bang
 shop, all monsters and dust, and
 every thing, gives above its proper
 value. Soe as you will see to
 all the same. You will see to
 look at him, as he will be
 you to be a little out of drawing,
 or you won't like his tone &
 colour, & soe thing. You will bitterly
 reproach him in your own heart,
 and say, "This that he has behaved
 very badly to you. The rest he
 deserves you." The next time he
 calls, you will be perfectly cold
 and indifferent. It will be a
 great pity, for it will enter you.
 the worst of having a romance is
 that it leaves one so unromantic."

— "Hang, don't talk like that.
~~I am not afraid of things, but~~
~~afraid of words, I cannot~~
~~understand do it is that no~~
~~prophecy has ever been fulfilled.~~
~~has I know.~~ As yet it seems to
~~me to say a thing is to~~
~~bring it to pass.~~ Whatever has been
~~expression becomes true, of what~~
~~happens. As bound expression can never~~
~~happen.~~ In giving birth to
~~the being — it is out of the~~
~~matrix that生 me.~~ What is

personal is monotonous
 produces no effect. Out of first
 become deep & what is said, the
 with us. as long as I live, will
 personally & Dorian Gray will
 dominate me. This will be a mere
 it is to know & dream it.
 will in now feel what I feel.
 You can't realize what "I
 You change too often.
 — "Ah! my dear Basil, tell me
 exactly why I can't feel it. Those
 who are faithful know of
 pleasures & love, it is the
 faithful who know loves' tragedies,"
 said Henry struck a light on
 a shiny silver case, and began
 to smoke a cigarette with a
 self-conscious & self-satisfied
 air, as if he had summed up
 all in a phrase. There was a
 rustle of chipping sparrows in the
 ivy, as 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, as the pension &
 one's friends — those were the
 beauties there in life. He thought

with pleasure & the tedious luncheon
 that he had missed by staying so long
 with Basil Hallward. Had he ever
 to his aunts, he would have been
 quite sure to have met Lord
 Goodbody there, & the whole conversation
 would have been about the housing &
 the poor, & the necessity for model
 lodging-houses. It was charming to
 have escaped all that! as he
 thought & his aunt, and did
 seem to strike him. He turned to
 Hallward, & said "my dear"
 "I have just remembered."
 — "Remembered what, Harry?"
 — "When I heard the name of Dorian
 Gray."
 "Where do you think it was
 it?" asked Hallward, with a
 slight frown.
 "Did you look so angry, Basil. It
 was at my aunts, Lady
 Agatha's. She told me she had
 discovered a wonderful young
 man, who was going to keep
 her in the East End, as that
 his name was Dorian Gray. I am
 bound to state the old woman
 told me he was good-looking.
 Women have no appreciation of
 good cooks, at least, good
 women have not. She said that
 he was very clever, & had

a beautiful nature. I at once
picture to myself ^a lank
with spectacles ^{and} about on
freckles, ^{as} ~~was~~ ^{about} here
wish ^I had known it was your
friend." "I am very glad you did'nt,

"Hang!"
"Why?"
"I don't want you to meet him." "Sir"
"Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio," said the butler coming ^{into} the garden.
"You must introduce me now," cried Lord Henry, laughing.

Basil Hallward turns to the butler who stood blinking in the sunlight. "Ask Mr. Gray to wait, Parker; I will be in in a few moments." The man bowed, and went up the walk.

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 for me. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. The world is wide, and it may meet marvellous people in one person that makes life ~~interesting~~.

(27. B.)

absolutely loved to me, and yet
gives to my art whatever wonder
or charm it possesses. mud, Hans,
I trust you." He spoke very slowly,
and the words seemed wrung out of
him almost against his will. "said
"What nonsense do talk!" said
Lord Henry smiling, and taking
Hellebard by the arm, he almost
led him into the house.