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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 <sup>pink</sup> 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  
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  
recessing immobile, seek to convey the  
sense of swiftness and motion. The  
duller 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  
<sup>at the time</sup> past, excited such conjecture,  
as caused so many ~~strange~~ <sup>suspicious</sup> 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~~ <sup>curious</sup> 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~~<sup>languidly</sup> to  
"you must certainly <sup>see</sup> 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~~ <sup>in such baneful whorls</sup> ~~around~~<sup>about</sup> 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 <sup>one</sup> 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  
nurse you have never told me!  
but whose picture really fascinates  
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 fatal about all physical  
and intellectual distinction, the  
~~sort~~ ~~though~~ ~~history~~ ~~fatal~~ ~~the better~~ ~~it seems to~~  
~~dog~~ ~~steps~~ ~~of~~ ~~King~~. It is  
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 <sup>it to</sup> 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 <sup>seems</sup> to bring  
 a great deal of romance <sup>into</sup>  
 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 <sup>to</sup> both parties. I never  
 know ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> my wife is <sup>now</sup>, and  
 my wife never knows <sup>what</sup> ~~where~~ I  
 am <sup>doing</sup> when we meet — we do  
 meet occasionally, when we <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~  
<sup>(together)</sup> 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~~ <sup>an hour</sup> 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~~ <sup>laughed.</sup>  
"What?" "And what is that?" he  
asked, in his sly voice.

"I will tell you," said Hallward,  
as an ~~expansion~~ <sup>supposition</sup> of pain <sup>came</sup> over  
his face.

"~~Doris Gray does not know~~ "  
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~~ <sup>rather</sup> 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 8<sup>th</sup> feet time. When our eyes met, I <sup>instinctive</sup> ~~feeling~~ that I was growing pale. A curious <sup>face to face with</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> tenor came over me. I knew that I had ~~walked~~ come <sup>face to face with</sup> 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 longer than 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 ~~revolution~~ a terrible 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 <sup>should</sup> ought  
~~become absolutely devoted to him, and that I ought~~  
~~never speak to him.~~ I grew afraid, and  
~~not to speak to him.~~ I <sup>would</sup> quit the room. It was  
turns to ~~the~~ <sup>that made me do so,</sup> it was cowardice. I  
not conscience <sup>that made me do so,</sup> 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 <sup>and looked nose</sup> Carters, and  
elderly ladies with <sup>and</sup> 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 in the papers, which standard is immortal.

I had been chattered about in many newspapers, <sup>standard</sup> & <sup>immortal</sup> & <sup>famous</sup> <sup>face to</sup> whose

Suddenly I found myself <sup>the young</sup> <sup>man</sup> <sup>muscled</sup> man. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was mad. I never asked Lady Brandon to me, but I asked Lady Dorian to him. Perhaps it introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so mad after all. It was <sup>so</sup> inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of 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 peep <sup>(all)</sup> at her guests. I remember her bringing spots me up to a most turbulent and red-faced old <sup>gentleman</sup> ~~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~~ <sup>body</sup> in the room, something like " Sir Humpty Dumpty - you know -

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Afghan frontier - Russian inquisitor: very  
successful man - wife killed by an  
exact to many wife, inconsolable, wants to  
elephant - quite <sup>beautiful</sup> American widow now ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~drove~~  
to many as a <sup>quite</sup> <sup>beautiful</sup> widow ~~widow~~ hates  
Mr. Elderton - but very much interested  
in beetles - ask him about the new  
military frontier. I simply  
feel. I like to find out people &c  
myself. But poor Lady Brandon treats her  
guests exactly as an auctioneer <sup>entirely</sup> treats  
his goods. She either explains them <sup>and</sup> ~~not~~  
~~or~~ tells one over his <sup>what one</sup> about them ~~not~~  
~~ever~~ <sup>never</sup> wants to know. But  
what did she do about Mr. Dorian

"Er... oh, she murmured, "Charming boy -  
going to be so rich - mother ad I great  
friends - supposed to be married to the  
same man - I mean married on the  
same day - how very silly & ne! Quite  
forget what he does - always he doesn't  
do anything - Oh, res play the piano -  
or is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?"  
we could neither of us keep laughing, &  
we became friends at once"

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

Heller was ~~were~~ 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 <sup>early</sup> democracy  
~~and~~ displayed against what they  
call the vices & the upper  
classes. They ~~feel~~ <sup>indignation</sup> towards  
that drunkenness, ~~and~~ <sup>immorality</sup> stupidities,  
~~and~~ <sup>shoes</sup> be their own special  
property, as the rich one  
of us makes an all & <sup>we are</sup>  
himself ~~being~~ <sup>poaching</sup> 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~~ <sup>any</sup> 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 <sup>intellectual</sup> will the  
 idea be, ~~as it will~~ <sup>in net effect</sup> 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~~  
<sup>help</sup> ~~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~~ <sup>do it</sup> you ~~worship~~ worship him?"

" " " I do! " " " I thought " " "  
 How extraordinary! " " " any this  
 were never care & any this  
 but your painting — your art, " " "  
 shows " " " art sounds better,  
 doesn't it?" " " "  
 " He is all my art to me now. " " "  
 sometimes think ' Hand <sup>The</sup> importance  
 are only the two <sup>in as</sup> <sup>the</sup> first is  
 his to <sup>the world</sup> <sup>as</sup> the appearance &  
 a new medium, ad <sup>for art also</sup>  
<sup>the</sup> appearance & a new <sup>for personal</sup>  
 what the invention & oil-painting  
 was to the Venetians, the <sup>beauty</sup>  
 of Antinous was to late Greek  
 sculpture, as the <sup>face</sup> <sup>beauty</sup> & Dorian  
 They will soon <sup>say</sup> be to me.  
 It is not merely <sup>that</sup> 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  
 ad polished boar-spear, crowned  
 with heavy lotus-blossoms he  
 has set on the prow of Adrian's  
 barge looking into the green  
 turbid Nile. He has leaned over  
 the still pool & seen Greek  
 woodland, ad seen in the water's  
 silent silver the wonder & his  
 own <sup>beauty</sup>: 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 him, or that there is nothing that  
beauty is such that art cannot express, as I know  
express it. There is no this, that art cannot  
express that I have done, since  
the work that I have done, is the good  
I met Dorian Gray, in the way —  
work, in the best work of my  
life. But in some curious way —  
I wonder will you understand  
me — his personality has suggested  
to me an entirely new manner  
in art, an entirely new mode of  
style. I see things differently,  
think 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 ~~the~~ says that? — I forgot; —  
but it is what Dorian Gray has  
seen to me. The mere visible  
presence of this ~~had~~ man he sees  
to be little more than a ~~had~~ boy, though  
~~he is over twenty~~  
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 very romantic all the tension of  
perfection of the spirit, all the  
spirit — that is

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Greek. the harmony is! we are  
body - how much that is! we are  
our madness here separate the two,  
as have invented a realism that is  
as bestial, an ~~deality~~<sup>60</sup> only  
void. Hang! Hang! ~~Dorian Gray~~<sup>60</sup> 70-  
knew what Dorian Gray was, &  
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~~<sup>again</sup>  
~~in a corner~~<sup>in a corner</sup>, his ~~dark~~<sup>dark</sup>  
~~hands~~<sup>hands</sup> ~~never~~<sup>never</sup> break. Other ones break  
when they stand those windows,  
and when you sit in the room  
they never stand outside!" quite wonderful. I  
"Basil, this is ~~something~~<sup>must see</sup> Dorian Gray. ~~something~~<sup>you all</sup> you  
~~must take~~<sup>must</sup> ~~something~~<sup>you all</sup> you.  
~~something~~<sup>is</sup> good, you  
~~something~~<sup>to make</sup> you  
~~the~~<sup>the</sup> ~~but~~<sup>but</sup> you like! It is  
more than wicked, it is silly. I  
like Dorian Gray."

Hellebard got up from the seat,  
as walked up as soon to  
garden. ~~occasionally~~  
~~occasionally~~  
~~occasionally~~: After some time he  
came back. " You don't understand,

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

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

"Because I have put it to the  
world in my romance & which, ~~of course~~ here never  
dared to speak to him. <sup>(He will never know anything about it.)</sup> But the world  
nothing about it, and ~~might~~ guess it, <sup>and where there is</sup> meager and trifling success,  
~~and where there is continual good~~  
~~the book would be a success.~~ I  
will not bare my soul to their  
shallow eyes. My heart shall  
never be put under their microscope. There  
~~not underneath their looking.~~ There  
is too much of myself in ~~other~~ this,  
Hans, too much of myself!"

"Poets are not so scrupulous as  
you are. They know how useful  
passion is for publication. Now-and-then  
a broken heart will run to  
many editions."

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

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  
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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

Eug. "I think you are wrong, it is of  
Basil, but

I won't argue with you. So ever  
the intellectually east who ever  
argue. Tell me; is Dorian Eug very

good for you?"

Halls and consider to a few  
moments. "He likes me; he answered  
after a pause; "I know he likes me.  
of course I blotted him dried off.  
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 radiations~~  
~~carrying their tints with them~~  
~~over the room as a~~  
~~rule, he is charming to me, and~~  
~~we walk home together, & on the~~  
~~club, arm in arm, & sit in the~~  
~~studio ~~over~~ relaxation and talk~~

~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~ ~~things. now as we,~~  
~~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  
is. He does not, I know. But it  
que - e pleasure to think on that  
he does Hans. In warmer who  
~~days~~ ~~the~~ ~~days~~ ~~the~~ ~~days~~ ~~the~~ ~~days~~ ~~the~~ ~~days~~  
as if it were a flower to  
put in his coat, & fit &  
decoration to charm his vanity, an  
ornament on 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 &, 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 & keeping  
one place. The thought well-informed

the modern ideal.

man — that is ~~the modern ideal~~ <sup>the modern</sup> ~~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 <sup>a</sup> lank  
with spectacles <sup>and</sup> about on  
freckles, <sup>as</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>about</sup> here  
wish <sup>I</sup> 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 <sup>into</sup> the garden.  
"You must introduce me now," cried Lord Henry, laughing.

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.