

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  
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 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 <sup>at</sup> ~~in such baneful whorls~~  
from his heavy opium-tainted cigarette. "Not send it anywhere?  
my dear fellow, why? Have you  
any reason? What odd chaps  
you painters are! You do any thing  
in the world to gain <sup>one</sup> a 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  
 where I am going. If I did, I  
 would lose all my pleasure. It is  
 a silly habit, I daresay, but  
 somehow it <sup>to</sup> seems 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 dine  
<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."

"Young 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 so 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 <sup>the</sup> a question I put to you ~~now~~ <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 ~~feeling~~ **feeling** 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 **laughed.**  
**What**. "And what is that?" he  
asked. **in a low voice.**

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

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

tell you, Hang," 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 <sup>and</sup> grasshopper began to sing in  
the grass, and a long thin  
dragon-fly floated ~~over~~ on its  
brown gauze wings. Lord Henry felt  
as if he could hear Basil  
Hallward's heart beating, and he  
~~wondered what was coming.~~  
~~what was coming.~~

"Yes! There is ~~very~~ <sup>rather</sup> little to  
tell you," repeated Hallward, and  
I ~~wondered~~ <sup>dare say</sup> 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 had been chattered about in the penny newspapers, which standard is <sup>the</sup> immortal ~~standard~~ <sup>fame</sup> ~~fame~~. In the nine-tenth century <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ 8 <sup>the</sup> face to sudden I found myself whose face with the <sup>young</sup> man we were personally had so <sup>changed</sup> ~~stunned~~ ~~known~~ me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was mad & I introduced us 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 & That. Dorian told us so afterwards."

" And how did Lady Braddon 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 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 -

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

Evry? "Oh, she murmured, 'Charming boy -  
 going to be so rich - mother ad I great  
 friend - ~~suspect~~ 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. Evry?'  
 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.

Hellward 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 down 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>himself</sup> 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  
live near their own wines."  
" 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 intellectual 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! " " " 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 ' <sup>The</sup> Hand <sup>(of any importance)</sup>  
 are only the two <sup>in as</sup> <sup>the first is</sup> appearance &  
 his to <sup>the world</sup> <sup>as a</sup> <sup>the second</sup> <sup>for art also</sup>  
 a new medium, and <sup>for personal</sup> <sup>beauty</sup>  
 is <sup>the</sup> appearance & a new oil-painting  
 what the invention of <sup>face</sup> <sup>beauty</sup>  
 was to the Venetians, the <sup>beauty</sup>  
 of Antinous was to late Greek  
 sculpture, as the <sup>face</sup> <sup>beauty</sup> & Dorian  
 Gray 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 <sup>see</sup> 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 <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 by him, & that his art cannot  
express it. Such that there is nothing that  
art cannot express, as I have done, since  
the work that I have done is ~~the~~ good  
I met Dorian Gray in my  
work, in the best work & my  
life. 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 them differently, I can now  
recreate life in a way that was  
hidden from me before. a dream  
of form in days & thought — who  
is it ~~that~~ <sup>who</sup> says that? — I forgot; —  
but it is what Dorian Gray has  
seen to me. The mere visible  
presence of this ~~boy~~ <sup>lad</sup> — he <sup>was</sup> seen  
to be little more than a ~~boy~~ <sup>lad</sup>, though  
~~he is over twenty~~  
and ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~  
had ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~  
his mere visible presence, ah! I  
wonder can you realise all that  
that means. Unconsciously he defines  
for me the lines & a fresh  
school, a school that is to have  
in its ~~romantic~~ <sup>all</sup> the passion &  
the ~~perfection~~ <sup>romantic</sup> spirit, all the  
perfection & 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~~<sup>deity</sup> that is  
void. Hang! Hang! ~~come~~<sup>come</sup>! You  
knew what Dorian Gray ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> 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~~<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 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~~<sup>soon</sup>. ~~you~~  
~~will~~<sup>will</sup> tell ~~something~~<sup>something</sup> ~~you~~<sup>all</sup> ~~you~~  
~~now~~<sup>now</sup>, ~~now~~<sup>now</sup> is good, you  
~~now~~<sup>now</sup> good, to make yourself  
the ~~best~~<sup>best</sup> you can! 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  
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. ~~He will never know anything about it.~~  
~~nothing about it, but the world~~  
~~might guess it, and where there is~~  
~~tear and sorrow there is sweet~~  
~~and bitter there is greater grief~~  
~~than has ever been known before,~~  
will not bare my soul to their  
~~rising~~ 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, but  
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~~ in a new manner. I see  
I have said, of a new manner, in  
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, not  
show off 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 Big 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  
~~commercial~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

it as if it were a flower to  
put in his coat, a bit of  
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 at  
facts, in the sole hope of keeping  
on place. The thought of well-informed

the modern ideal.

man — that is ~~the modern ideal~~ <sup>the modern ideal</sup>  
 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, you will tire first,  
 value. Soe as you will see to  
 all the same. See as he will  
 look at him, as he will be wrong,  
 you to be a little out & his tone &  
 as you won't like his bitter  
 colour, & something. You will  
 approach him in your own heart,  
 and say, "That he has behaved  
 very badly to you. The rest will be  
 destroyed by you. The rest will be  
 cells, you will be perfectly cold  
 as independent. It will be a  
 great pity, & 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~~  
~~I am afraid of words, I cannot~~  
~~understand them. It is that no~~  
~~prophecy has ever been fulfilled.~~  
~~None I know.~~ As yet it seems to  
~~me that to say a thing is to~~  
~~bring it to pass. Whatever has been~~  
~~expression becomes true, or what~~  
~~happens. As soon as expression can never~~  
~~happen. Then again it is out of the~~  
~~possibility that others 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, an idea  
 struck 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  
the spectacles <sup>and</sup> about on  
freckles, <sup>as</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>thumping</sup> here  
wish <sup>I</sup> had know 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.

## Chapter Two -

~~He~~ "you" He  
 spoke very slowly, as the words  
 seemed to hang out of him, almost  
 against his will. His shell care  
 for him, and I am quite sure he  
 won't care for me," replied Lord  
~~Hallward~~  
~~had~~ ~~falling~~ ~~as~~ ~~he~~ ~~took~~  
~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~room~~, ~~and~~ ~~almost~~ ~~led~~ ~~him~~  
~~into~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~.

as they entered, they said  
 Dorian Gray. He was seated at the  
 piano with his back to them, turning  
 over the pages of volume 8  
 of Schumann's Forest Scenes. "You must  
 lend me these, Basil," he cried. "I  
 want to begin them. They are  
 perfectly charming."

"That entirely depends on how you sit  
 to day, Dorian."

"Oh! I am tired of sitting, and I  
 don't want a life-sized portrait of  
 myself," answered the young lad, swinging  
 round on the music-stool, in an ~~an~~ <sup>most</sup> wilful,  
~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> pretentious manner. When he  
 caught sight of Lord Henry, a faint  
 blush stained his cheeks for a  
 moment, as he started up. "I beg  
 your pardon, Basil, but I didn't  
 know you had any one with you."  

"This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian,  
 an old Oxford friend of mine. I have  
 just been telling him what a

"But what about <sup>man</sup> the  
orleus?" I don't think  
Halloway laughed. "I don't think  
there will be any difficulty about  
that. Sit down again, Harry, and  
now Dorian, sit up on the platform  
as well more about too much, &  
as do it more about Lord  
Pax and Martin to what a very  
bad influence over all his friends,"  
Henry says. He has got a very  
bad influence over the dais,  
with the exception of myself.  
Dorian stepped up on the platform Greek  
onto the dais & young Pax  
martyr, and made a little move &  
discontent to Lord Henry. After a  
few moments he said to him "Have  
you really got a very bad  
as bad as Basil says?"  
"There is no such thing as a  
good influence, Mr. Eng. All  
influence is immoral — immoral, from  
the scientific point of view."

"Why?"

"Because to influence a person, is  
to give him one's own soul. He does  
not think his <sup>natural</sup> thoughts, or burn  
out his <sup>natural</sup> passions. His virtues  
are not <sup>real</sup> natural to him. His  
sins, if there are such things as  
sins, are borrowed. He becomes an  
actor & some one else's music, an  
writer for him. ~~that~~ has not been  
the aim & the

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is sub-developed. To realize one's nature  
perfectly - that is what each & us is  
here for. People are above & themselves,  
now-a-days. They have forgotten the  
nest to oversee. & all duties, the rest that one  
oversees. So course they are charitable.  
They feed the hungry, & clothe the  
beggar. But their own souls starve, and  
are naked. Courage has gone out of  
our race. Perhaps we never really had  
it. The tenor of society, which is the  
basis of morals, the tenor of England, which  
is the secret of religion, — these are the  
two things that govern us. And yet...  
*Moderation...*

"Just turn you head a little more  
to the right, Dorian, like a good  
boy," said Halloway, deep in his  
work, as of consciousness took a look  
he had come into ~~Dorians~~<sup>the last</sup> face that he  
had never seen there before.

"*In bedlam,*" continued Lord Henry, in  
his low musical voice, as with the  
graceful <sup>and yet</sup> was of the hand that was  
so characteristic of him,  
as that he had even in his Eton days,  
"I believe that '6 or men were to  
live his life out fully as collected,  
were to give form to every feeling,  
expression to every thought, reality to  
every dream — I believe that the  
worst woes gain such a fresh  
impulse & youth that we would

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quiet all the malades & medievalism,  
 and return to the Greek Hellenic ideal, to Hellenic  
 some his finer, sicker than the Greeks  
 ideal, it may be. But the bravest  
 man amongst us is afraid &  
 himself. ~~and he has its~~  
 overall ~~savagery~~ ~~and he has its~~  
 tragic survival in the self-denial  
 that mars our lives. We are  
 punished ~~on~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~it~~. Every impulse that  
 we ~~attractive~~ strive to strangle broods  
 in ~~the~~ <sup>mind</sup> ~~mind~~, as poisons us. The  
 body sins once, and has done with  
 its sin, for action is a mode &  
 purification. <sup>then</sup> ~~nothing~~ remains <sup>but</sup> at the  
 collection <sup>on the</sup> ~~luxury~~ & <sup>a secret</sup> ~~secret~~ The only  
 way & a pleasure, ~~and~~ The temptation is  
 way to get rid & a temptation is  
 to yield to it. Resist it — and  
 your soul grows sick with longing  
 for <sup>the</sup> ~~things~~ it has forbidden to itself,  
 with desire for what its monstrous  
 laws have made monstrous and  
 unlawful. It has been said that the  
 great events & the woes take  
 place in the brain. It is in the  
 brain, as the brain only, that the  
 great sins & the woes <sup>take place also</sup> ~~experience~~.  
 You, Mr. Grey, you yourself in  
 your rose-red youth, and <sup>your</sup> ~~perhaps~~  
 rose-white boyhood, you have ~~had~~  
 passions that have made you afraid,  
 thoughts that have filled you with  
 terror, day-dreams as sleeping dreams

more memory  
with "Shane McRae...".  
"Stop," said Dorian Gray, "Stop. You  
bewilder me. I don't know what to  
say. There is some answer to you,  
but I cannot find it. Basil, I am  
tired standing. I must sit out and  
sit in the garden. The air is  
stifling here."

"My dear fellow, I am ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> sorry.  
— when I am painting, I ~~were~~  
do any thing else. But you never  
sat better. You are perfectly still.  
and I have caught the effect /  
wanted, the half-painted lips, and  
the bright look in the eyes. I  
don't know what Harry has been  
saying to you, but he has certainly  
made you have the most wonderful  
expression. I suppose he has been  
paying you compliments. You must  
believe a word that he says."

"He has certainly not been paying  
me compliments. Perhaps that is the  
reason I doct that I believe any  
~~thing he has told me~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~nothing~~ <sup>he has said</sup>."

"You know you believe it all," said  
Lord Henry, looking at him with his  
dreadful heavy-lidded eyes. "Let us  
come to the garden with you. We  
will finish our conversation there. It  
is horrid hot in the studio. Basil,  
let us have something cool to drink,

said Lord Henry. " If you stay any  
 longer in this glare you will be  
 quite spoiled, and Basil will never  
 paint you again. You really must not  
 let yourself become unattractive." It would  
 be very unbecoming to you! " cried Dorian  
 " What does it matter? " said the boy.  
 laughing, as he sat down on the seat  
 that was at the end of the garden.  
 " It doesn't matter every thing to you,  
 Mr. Gray."

" Why? "

" Because you have now the most  
 marvellous youth, and youth is the one  
 thing worth having."

" I don't feel that, Lord Henry."

" No! you don't feel it now. Some day,  
 when you are old and wrinkled and  
 ugly, when thought has seared your  
 forehead with its lies, and pension  
 branded your lips with its ~~terrible~~  
 fires, you will feel it, & then you set  
 yourself to know like you will  
 look evil, 't' you are afraid &  
 like you will <sup>look</sup> unexpressive, &  
 vacant & common. Now, whenever  
 you go, you charm the world. [You  
 have a wonderfully beautiful face,  
 Mr. Gray, and Beauty ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> a  
 born <sup>bij</sup> Genius, is higher indeed than Genius,  
 as it needs no explanation. It is  
 one of the great facts of the world,  
 like sunlight, or spring time, or the

shall make

res: I am ~~old~~ now. I wonder  
I always be old." word.  
" always! That is a dread'le word,  
It makes me shudder when I  
hear it. Women are so good &  
it. They spoil every romance  
by trying to make it last &  
ever. ~~such a guest in the family~~ too.  
~~and a woman's constant shadow,~~  
~~attempt to only reward and~~  
~~reward for yesterday the only difference~~  
~~between a caprice, and a life-long~~  
~~pension, is that the caprice lasts~~  
a little longer."

as they entered the studio, Dorian  
Grey put his hand upon Lord  
Henry's arm. 'In that case, let  
~~our friendship be a caprice', he~~  
~~brushing off his own boldness,~~  
~~murmured.~~ Then stepped  
up on the platform, and assumed,  
~~walking again about the room~~  
~~his pose. the not ungraceful~~  
~~and commanding attitude.~~

Lord Henry flung himself into  
a large wicker arm-chair, and  
watched him. The sweep and dash  
of the brush on the canvas made  
the old sound that broke the  
silence, except when Hallward  
stepped back, now and then, to  
look at his work from a distance.  
In the select planting bears, to  
tear through the open doorway.

I am old now. I wonder shall  
I always be old. That is a dreadful word.  
It makes me shudder when I  
hear it. Women are so good &  
it. They spoil every romance  
by trying to make it last &  
ever. ~~like a guest in the family~~  
~~and a visitor in the garden~~  
~~attention only~~  
~~from~~<sup>for</sup> ~~extreme~~ the of difference  
between a caprice, as a life-long  
passion, "till the caprice lasts  
a little longer."  
as they entered the studio, Dorian  
Grey put his hand upon Lord  
Henry's arm. "In that case, let  
~~our friend keep his own boldness,~~  
~~blushing with his~~  
~~murmured, as~~ Then stepped  
up on the platform, as assured,  
~~were~~  
~~his~~  
~~pose.~~  
~~and~~

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a large wicker arm-chair, and  
watched him. The sweep and dash  
of the brush on the canvas made  
the old sound that broke the  
silence, except when Hallward  
stepped back, now and then, to  
look at his work from a distance.  
In the silent planting bears, that  
passed through the open doorway,

"W. Gray"

you most warmly," said Lord Henry.  
 "you as look at yourself." "I  
 core the led started, as I awoke  
 from one dream, stepping down from the  
 marmures, ~~evening~~<sup>now</sup> platform.  
 "Quite finished; said Hallward, "and  
 you have sat splendidly to-day. I am  
 awfully obliged to you." broke  
 that is entirely due to me,<sup>me</sup> Gray?  
 in Lord Henry. "Is it at ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup>?"  
 Dorian ~~Remy~~ made no answer, but  
 penced in front of his picture, and his  
 turned towards it. He drew back, and his  
 cheeks flushed for a moment with  
 pleasure, when he saw it. A look of  
 joy came into his eyes as if he had  
 recognised himself for the first time.  
 He stood there motionless, and in  
 wonder, dimly conscious that Hallward  
 was speaking to him, but not catching  
 the meaning of the words. The sense  
 of his own beauty, came on him  
 like a revelation. He had never  
 felt it before. Basil Hallward's  
~~compliments~~ <sup>panegyric</sup> had never to him to be  
 merely the charming exaggerations of  
 friendship. He had listened to them,  
 laughed at them, forgotten them. They  
 had not influenced his nature. Then  
 had come Lord Henry with his terrible  
~~exaggerated~~<sup>stark</sup> ~~boastful~~<sup>truth</sup> ~~overstatement~~<sup>at its levity</sup>. That  
 had stung him, at the time, and now

"He is a very lucky fellow." Dorian  
 "How sad it is!" murmured Basil.  
 Every one with his eyes still fixed upon him said "How sad it is!"  
 I shall grow old, as horrid, as  
 dreadful. ~~As soon as you touch it from~~  
 It was the last picture I will  
 remain always young. It will  
 never be older than this ~~ever~~  
 day 8 June.... 16 it was, also  
 the other way! If it was, also  
 was to be ~~were~~ always young, and the  
 picture, that's ever old! To that - for  
 this ~~text~~, should give every thing.  
 "You would not care for ~~the~~,"  
mangement, said Lord Henry, laughing. "It  
 would be rather hard lines on you."  
 "I should object very strongly, Harry."  
 Dorian Gray turned and looked at  
 him. "I believe you voice, Basil. You  
 like your art better than your friends.  
 I am no more to you than ~~you~~ a  
 green bronze ~~figure~~. Hardly as much,  
 I dare say."

Hellward stared in amazement. It  
 was so unlike Dorian to speak  
 like that. What had happened? He  
 was quite changed, and almost  
 as his face was flushed,  
 "Yes," he ~~was~~ continued: "I am even

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