

## Chapter three.

One afternoon, month later, Dorian was reclining in a ~~extravagant~~<sup>luxurious</sup> arm-chair, in the little library of Lord Henry's house in Carson Street. It was, as we<sup>'d</sup>, a very charming room with high and panelled wainscoting of olive-stained oak, its cream-coloured guize ad ceiling of raised plaster-work, ad 15 brick-dust feet carpet over its <sup>long-fringed</sup> sick Persian rugs. On a tiny satin-wood table stood a statuette of Clodion, ad beside it lay a copy of 'Les Cent Nouvelles', bound for Margaret of Valois by Cloris Lee, and powdered with the girt daisies that the Queen had selected for her service. On the mantelpiece were ranged some blue china jars filled with yellow jonguils, ad through the small leaded panes of the window stream the spicet-coloured light of a summer's day in London. Lord Henry ~~now~~ had not come in ret. He was always late punctually is the thief of time. So as taxes us looking rather sneaky, as he is with his hands behind his back.

turned over the page of an elaborated  
elaborated edition of *Maison Lescaut*,  
but he had found in one of the  
book-cases. The formal monotonous  
ticking of the Louis Quatorze clock  
annoyed him. Once or twice he  
thought of going away.

at last he heard a light  
step outside, and the door opened. "How  
late you are, Harry!" he murmured.  
"I am afraid it is not Harry,  
m' lady," said a woman's voice.  
He glanced quickly round, and  
rose to his feet. "I beg your pardon, I  
thought . . ."

"You thought it was my husband. It  
is only his wife. You must let me  
introduce myself. I know you quite  
well by your photographs. I think  
my husband has got twenty-seven or  
you."

"not twenty-seven, Lady Henry?"

"Well, twenty-six then. As I saw  
you with him the other night at  
the Opera." She laughed nervously,  
as she spoke, and watched him  
with her vague forget-me-not eyes. She  
was a curious woman, whose  
dresses always looked as if they  
had been designed in a rage, and  
put on in a hurry. She was  
always in love with some body, and  
as her pension was never certain

she had kept all her illusions. She  
had to look pictures &c, at org  
succeeded in being untidy. Her name  
was Victoria, as she had a perfect  
marie for going to church.  
That was at Lohengrin, Lady

Henry, I think.

Yes: it was at dear Lohengrin.  
like Wagner's music better than any  
music. It is so loud that one can  
talk the whole time, without people  
hearing what one says. That is  
a great advantage. Don't you  
think so, M. Eng?" The same  
nervous staccato laugh broke from  
her thin lips, and her fingers began  
to play with a long paper-knife.  
Dorian smiled, and shook his  
head. "I am afraid I don't think  
so, Lady Henry. I never took dancing  
music, at least during good music.  
If one hears bad music it is one's  
duty to drown it by conversation."  
"ah! that is one of Harry's views.  
Isn't it, M. Eng. But you  
must not think I don't like good  
music. I adore it, at I am  
afraid of it. It makes me too  
romantic. I have only <sup>worshipped</sup> ~~adored~~  
pianists, two at a time, sometimes.  
I don't know what it is about  
them. Perhaps it is that they are  
foreigners. They all are, aren't they?

those that are born in England  
 ever become foreigners after a time, don't  
 they? It is so clever & new, and  
 such a contrast to art. makes it  
 quite cosmopolitan, doesn't it? You  
 never care to any of my parties,  
 have you, in Eng? You must come.  
 I can't afford orchids, at 1<sup>st</sup> space  
 no expense in foreigners. They make  
 old rooms look so picturesque. But  
 here is Harry! Harry, I care in to  
 look for you, to ask you something. I  
 forget what it was. And I found  
 N. Eng here. We have had such a  
 pleasant chat about music. We have  
 quite the same views. No, I like  
 our views are quite different. But he  
 has been most pleasant. I am so  
 glad I've seen him.

"I am charmed, my love, quite  
 charmed," said Lord Henry, elevating  
 his dark crescent-shaped eyebrows, &  
 looking at them both with an amused  
 smile. "Was so sorry I am late,  
 Dorian. I went to look after a  
 piece of <sup>old</sup> brocade in Wardon Street,  
 as had to bargain for hours for  
 it."

"I am afraid I must be going now,"  
 said exclaims Lady Henry, after an  
 awkward silence, with her silly  
 sudden laugh. "I have promised to  
 dine with the Duchess. Good bye, N. Eng.

Good-bye, Harry. You are going out,  
I suppose? ~~Breakfast~~ So am I, perhaps.  
I shall see you at Lady Thornebury's.  
I dare say, my dear," said Lord  
Henry, shutting the door behind her,  
as he flitted out of the room, looking  
out at a bird & parades till Lady  
Doris, & patchouli behind her. Then  
he shook hands with Dorian Gray, lit  
a cigarette and flung himself down  
on the sofa.

"There many a woman with  
straw-coloured hair, Dorian," he said,  
after a few puffs.

"Why, Harry?"  
"Because they are so continental."  
"But, like continental people."  
"There many at all, Dorian. Men  
many because they are tired: women  
because they are curious: both are  
disappointed."

"I don't think I am likely to  
marry, Harry. I am too much in  
love. That is one of your aphorisms."

"Who are you in love with?", said  
Lord Henry looking at him with  
a curious smile.

"With an actress", said Dorian Gray  
blushing.

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "That  
is a rather commonplace situation," he

" you would not say  
saw her, Hang."

" Who is she?"

" Her name is Sybil Fane"

" never heard of her." Profile ill done 27,

" no one does. She is a genius."

" however. She is a woman is a  
my dear boy, no woman is a  
genius. Women are a decorative  
sex. they never have any thing to

say, but they say it charmingly.  
they represent the triumph of  
matter over mind, just as we men

represent the triumph of mind

over morals. there are <sup>are</sup> ~~absolutely~~ two

kind of women, the plain, and

the coloured. the plain women

are very useful. if you want to  
gain a reputation & respectability  
you have merely to take them

you to offer. the ~~coloured~~

women are charming. they commit  
one mistake, however. they paint  
in order to try as look young.

Our grandmothers painted in  
order to try as look brilliant.

Rouge and esprit used to go  
together. That has all gone out

now. as long as a woman  
can look ten years younger

than her own daughter, she is  
perfectly satisfied. as for

conversation there are only five  
grades

women in London worth taking to,  
 and too <sup>to</sup> these can't be admitted  
 to decent society. However, tell  
 me about your genius. How long  
 have you known her?"  
 "about three weeks. not so much.  
 - about two weeks and two days."  
 - "How did you come across her?"  
 - "I will tell you, Harry, but  
 you ~~oast~~ mustn't be un sympathetic  
 about it. after all, it ~~was~~  
 never here happened '6 I had not  
 met you. You ~~will~~ be with a  
 wed desire to know every thing  
 about life. To day after I met  
 you, something ~~occurred~~ to throw in  
 my veins. as I lounge in the  
 Park, or strolled down Piccadilly,  
 I used to look at every one who  
 passed me, and wonder with a  
 mad curiosity what sort of lives  
 they led. Some of them fascinated me.  
 Others filled me with terror. there  
 was an exquisite poison in the air.  
 I had a passion for observations.

One evening about seven o'clock  
 I determined to go out in search  
 of some adventure. I went into  
 this very, monstrous London of ours  
 with its myriad of people, and its  
 splendid <sup>dinners</sup> and <sup>its</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>as you once said</sup> social sins, most  
 have done things in store for me. I  
 carried a thousand things. The next

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danger gave me a dress & I  
 I remember what a  
 said to re<sup>turn</sup> that wonderful night  
 we just dined together, about the  
 search & beauty being the secret &  
 life. I don't know what I expected,  
 but I went out, ad wandered in  
 east-ward, soon losing my way in  
 a labyrinth & passing by a  
 black & crossless street, about  
 half past eight  
 little third-rate  
 flaming gas-jets,  
 a hideous Jew, in the most  
 amazing waistcoat I ever saw in  
 life, was standing at the entrance,  
 smoking a vile cigar. He had  
 green singlets, and an enormous  
 diamond blaze in the centre & a  
 soiled shirt. "Ave a box, my lord," he  
 said, when he saw me, and he took  
 off his hat with an air & enormous  
 scowl. There was something about  
 him, Hang, that amused me. He  
 was such a monster. You will  
 laugh at me, I know, but I really  
 went in and paid a guinea for  
 the stage-box. To the present day I  
 can't make out why I did so, and  
 yet if I hadn't! — my dear  
 Hang if I had it I would have  
 my eye. I see you are laughing. It is

horrid & you." I am not laughing, Douan; at  
 least I am not laughing at you.  
 But you should not say the  
 greatest romance & your life, you  
 should say the first romance & your  
 life. You will always be loved,  
 and you will always be in love  
 with love. There are exquisite things  
 in store for you. This is merely  
 the beginning.

— "Do you think my nature so  
 shallow?" cried Douan very angrily.  
 "No; I think your nature so deep."

— "How do you mean?"

— "My dear boy, people who only  
 love once in their lives, are  
 simply shallow people. What they  
 call their loyalty, as their  
 belief, I call either the lethargy  
 of custom, or the lack of  
 imagination. But I do not want to  
 interrupt you. Go on with your  
 story."

— "Well, I found myself seated  
 in a horrid little private  
 box, with a vulgar drop-scene  
 staring me in the face. I looked  
 out behind the curtain, and  
 surveyed the house. It was a  
 tawdry affair, all caps and  
 cornucopias, like a third-rate  
 wedding cake. The gallery and

at the two  
bars & stalls we see quite  
empty, as there was hardly a  
person in what is called the dress-circle. Women sat  
about with oranges and ginger-beer,  
and there was a terrible consumption  
of nuts going on.  
"It must have been just like  
the palms of the British

drama."  
"Just like," I shouted, "I began to wonder  
very horrid what on earth I should do, when  
I caught sight of the playbill.  
What do you think the play was,  
Hang?"

"I should think 'The Idiot Boys,  
or Dumb but Innocent.' Our  
fathers used to like that sort of  
piece, I believe. The longer I live,  
the more keenly I feel  
that whatever was good enough for  
our fathers is not good enough  
for us. In art as in politics les grandes

this play was good enough for  
us, Hang. It was 'Romeo and  
Juliet.' I must admit I was  
rather annoyed at the idea of  
seeing Shakespeare done in such a  
wretched hole of a place. Still I  
was interested in a sort of way. At  
any rate I determined to <sup>see</sup> the

(wait for)

first act. There was a dreadful  
 orchestra, preside over by a young  
 man who sat at a cracked piano, that  
 nearly drove me mad, at it lost  
 the drop scene was drawn up, & the  
 play began. Romeo was a stout  
 elderly gentleman, with corked  
 eyebrows, a husky traged voice, and  
 a blue eke a beer barrel. mercutio  
 was almost as bad. He was please  
 by the low comedian, who had  
 introduced gasps of his own, and was  
 on most familiar terms with the pit.  
 They were as protégé as the  
 scenery, and that looked as if it  
 had come out of a pantomime 8  
 five years ago. But Juliet! Harry,  
 imagine a girl, hardly seventeen  
 years of age, with a little flower-like  
 face, a small Greek head with  
 plaited coils of dark-brown hair, eyes  
 that were violet wells of passion, lips  
 that were like the petals of a rose.  
 She was the loveliest thing I had  
 ever seen in my life. You said to  
 me once that pathos left you unmoved,  
 but that beauty, mere beauty, could  
 fill your eyes with tears. I tell  
 you, Harry, I could hardly see this  
~~present~~<sup>case</sup> in the mist of tears that  
 her voice — — — across me. And  
 voice. It was very low at first, with

deep mellow notes, that seemed to  
 fall softly upon one's ear. Then it  
 became a little louder, and sounded  
 like a flute, or a distant hautbois.  
 In the garden - scene it had all  
 the tremulous ecstasy that one hears  
 just before dawn the nightingales are  
 singing. There were moments, later on,  
 when it had the wild passion of  
 violins. You know how a voice can  
 stir one. Your voice and the voice  
 of Sibyl Vane are two things. That  
 I shall never forget. When I close  
 my eyes, I hear them, and each of  
 them says something different. I don't  
 know what to believe. Only once  
 I not love her? Hang, I do love  
 her. She is every thing to me in life.  
 Next after night I go to see her  
 play. One evening she is Rosalind,  
 as the next evening she is Imogen.  
 I have seen her die in the gloom  
 of an Italian Tomb, sucking the  
 poison from her lover's lips. I have  
 watched her wandering through the  
 forest of Arden, disguised as a pretty  
 boy in hose as doublet and tabard  
 cap. She has been mad, and has  
 come into the presence of a quiet  
 King, and given him love. She has  
 been innocent, as the black hands of  
 Thoth have crushed her reed-like  
 throat. I have seen her in every age

women  
 and in <sup>every</sup> costume. ordinary they  
 never appeal to one's <sup>women</sup> imagination. no  
 are limited to their century. One  
 glamour ever transgresses them. One  
 knows <sup>men</sup> as well as one  
 knows <sup>comets</sup> as <sup>seconds</sup>. One can always  
 find them. There is no mystery in one  
 of them. They ride in the park in  
 the morning, and chatter at tea-parties  
 in the afternoon. They have <sup>Their</sup>  
 stereotyped smile, and their fashionable  
 manner. But an actress! How different  
 she is! Why didn't you tell me,  
 Harry, that the old thing was worth loving  
 "an actress?"

"Because I have loved so many of  
 them, Dorian."

"Oh yes, horrid people with dried  
 hair, and painted faces."

"Don't run down dried hair, and  
 painted faces. There is an extraordinary  
 charm in them, sometimes."

"I wish, <sup>now</sup> I had not told you about  
 Sibyl Vane," now "

"You could not have kept telling  
 me, Dorian. All through you like  
 you will tell me every thing you  
 do."

"Yes, Harry, I believe that is true. I  
 cannot keep telling you things. You  
 have a curious influence over me.  
 '61 ever did a curse, I would  
 dare and confide it to you. You

would understand me." "People, like you—the wretched  
sunbeams & the—don't commit  
crimes, Dorian. But I am much  
older & the contrast, all the  
same. And now tell me—reach  
me the matches, like a good boy:  
thanks—tell me, is Sybil Vane  
your mistress?"

Dorian Gray leapt to his feet, with  
flushed cheeks, and burning eyes. "How  
dare you suggest such a thing,  
Henry? It is horrible. Sybil Vane  
is sacred!"

"It is only the sacred things that  
are worth touching, Dorian," said  
Lord Henry with a strange touch  
of pathos in his voice. "But why  
should you be annoyed? I suppose  
she will <sup>be</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>mis</sup>ter~~s~~ someday. When one is  
in love, one begins by deceiving  
oneself, and one ends by deceiving  
others. That is what <sup>the world</sup> ~~we~~ calls  
romance. You know her, I suppose?"

"Of course, I know her. On the  
first night I was at the theatre,  
the horrid old Jew came round to  
the box after the performance was  
over, and offered to bring me behind  
the scenes, and introduce me to her.  
I wasbanious with him, and told  
him that Juliet had been dead  
for hundreds of years, & that her

body was <sup>in</sup> a marble Tomb  
in Verona. In this, from his black  
look & aspect, he thought I  
had taken too much champagne,

"something."

"I am not surprised either. Then

"I was not surprised either. Then

he asked me if I wrote for any

of the newspapers. I told him I

never even read them. He assured

himself disappointed at that, ad-

ding to me that all the

critics were in a conspiracy

diametric against him, and that they were

against him, and that they were

all to be bought." <sup>with</sup>

"I believe he was quite <sup>wrong</sup> there. But

on the other hand they are not at

all expensive."

"Well, he seemed to think they were

beyond his means. By this time the

lights were being put out in the

Theatre, and I <sup>had to go</sup> insisted in leaving. He

wanted me to try some cigars which

he strongly recommended, and I did.

The next night, however, I arrived

at the Theatre again. When he

saw me he made me a bow bow,

and assured me that I was a

patron of art. He was a most

obnoxious brute, though he had an

extraordinary pension for Shakespeare.

He told me once with an air of

pude that his three bankruptcies

(the post whom he <sup>was</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>called</sup> the Bard)  
very <sup>entitled</sup> due to Shakespeare. He  
said "It was a distinction, my dear  
Doran, a great distinction. But  
who did you just speak to?  
Miss Sybil Vane?"  
"The other night. She had been  
playing Rosalind. I could not help  
going round. I had thrown her  
some flowers, as she had looked  
at me. At least I fancied that  
she had. The old Jew was  
persistent. He seemed determined to  
bring me behind, so I consented. He  
was curious my not wanting to  
know her, wasn't it?"  
"No; I don't think so."  
"My dear Harry, why?"  
"I will tell you some other time. Now  
I want to know about the girl."  
"Sybil? Oh, she was so shy, and  
so gentle. There is something of a  
child about her. Her eyes opened  
wide in exquisite wonder, when I  
told her what I thought of her  
performance, and she seemed quite  
unconscious of her power. I think  
we were both rather nervous. The  
old Jew stood grinning at the  
doorway of the dusty Green-room,  
and making elaborate operations about  
us both, while we stood looking at  
each other like children. He soon

visit on calling as "my Lord", "not  
had to assume Sybil that I was quite  
as this & the kind. She said quite  
truth, to me "you look more like a  
prince"

"upon my word, Doctor, miss Sybil  
knows how to pass continents." She  
"you do not understand her, Harry. She  
regards cook as mere as a person  
in a play. She knows nothing of life.  
She lives like her mother, & Zadie  
the woman who plays Lady  
Capulet in a sort of magnified  
dressing - wrapper on the bust next,  
as looks as "she had seen better  
days."

"I know that cook. It very depends  
me."

"The Jew wanted to tell a her  
history, but I saw it did not  
interest me."

"You are quite right. There is  
always something infinitely mean about  
other people's tragedies."

"Sybil is the only this I care about.  
What is it to see when she care  
from! From her little head to  
her little feet, she is absolute  
as entirely divine. I go to see  
her act, every night & as life,  
as every night she is more  
marvelous."

"That is the reason I return the

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"you ~~would~~ never dine with me?"  
 Howbeit you must have some curios  
 romance or had. You have; get it  
 "not quite what I expect."  
 "Mrs. Dyer Harry, we often lunch  
 or sup together every day, & I have  
 been to the Opera with you several  
 times."

"You always come dreadfully late."  
 "Well, I can't help going to see  
 Sylil Vane, over '6 it is out for an  
 act. I get hungry by her presence,  
 as when I think of the wonderful  
 soul that is hidden away in that  
 little way body, I am filled with  
 awe."

"You can dine with me tonight,  
 Dorcas, can't you?"  
 He shook his head. "Tonight she is  
 Is Imogen"; he answered, as Tomorow  
 night she will be Phantis, or the  
 next afternoon Adelicia Juliet."

"Who is she Sylil Vane?"

"Never".

"I congratulate you".

"How happy you are! She is all  
 the great heroines of the ~~one~~  
 "one. She is more than an  
 individual. You laugh, but I tell  
 you she has genius. I love her,  
 as I must make her love me;  
 you know all the secrets of her,  
 tell me how to <sup>force</sup> make Sylil Vane,

Romeo  
 Love me! I want to make the dead  
 jealous. I want to make the dead  
 loves & the world hear our laughter,  
 & even dead. I want a breath &  
 our passion to stir their dust into  
 consciousness, to wake their bones  
 into pain. "my God! Hang, now!  
 worship her!" He was walking up  
 as down the room as he spoke.  
 Hectic spots of red ~~burned~~ on his  
 cheeks. ~~Her expression was very~~  
 He was looking excited.

Lord Henry watched him with a  
 subtle sense of pleasure. How different  
 he was now from the boy, frightened  
 by he had not in Basil Hallward's  
 studio! His nature had developed like  
 a flower, and borne blossoms of  
 scarlet glore. Out of its secret  
 hiding place had crept his soul, and  
 Desire had come to meet it on the  
 way.

"And what do you propose to do?"  
 said Lord Henry, at last.

"I want you and Basil Hallward  
 to come down with me soon melt, &  
 his act. I have not the slightest  
 & to the result. You will be able  
 to keep recognising her genius - then  
 we must set her out of the  
 Devil's hands - She is bound to him  
 for three years: at least & too  
 years as next months, for the

present time. we will have  
 pay her something, & course.  
 all that is settle we must take  
 a West-end theatre & bring her  
 out properly. She will make the  
 world as mad as she has made  
 me.

" Impossible, my dear boy."  
 " Yes: she will. She has not merely  
 art, consummate art - instinct in  
 her, but she has personalitg also;  
 so you have got to see that it  
 is personalities, not principles, that  
 move the age."

" Well, what night shall we go?"  
 " Let us see. Today is Tuesday. Let  
 us fix <sup>tomorrow</sup> Thursday. She plays Juliet  
 on Thursday." tomorrow  
 " all right. <sup>the Bristol</sup> ~~Broad~~ at eight o'clock.  
 and I will get Basil."

" not eight, Hans, <sup>please</sup> Half past six.  
 we must be there before the  
 curtain rises. You must see her in  
 the first scene, when she meets  
 Romeo."

" Half past six! What an hour! It  
 will be like having a meet-tea.  
 However, just as you <sup>wish</sup> like. Shall  
 you see Basil between this and  
 then? or shall I write to him?

Deer Basil! I have not seen  
 him for a week. It is rather  
 hard on me, as he has ~~not~~ my

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picture in the most wonderful game,  
desired by himself, and, though I am  
a little jealous of it or he is a  
whole month younger than I am,  
I must admit that I delight in  
it. Perhaps you had better write to  
him. I don't want to see him alone.

"He says this that annoys me." "He gives you  
Lord Henry smiled. "People are  
good advice, I suppose. What they  
very good & giving and what they  
need not themselves."

"You don't mean to say that Basil  
has got ~~some~~ <sup>a</sup> pension & some body?"  
"Yes: he has. Has he never told  
you?"  
"Never. I must ask him about it.  
He is the best & bellowes, but he  
is just a bit & Philistine. Since I  
have known you, Hans, I have  
discovered that."

"Basil, my dear boy, puts every thing  
that is charming in him into his  
work. The consequence is that he  
has nothing left in life but his  
<sup>his principles</sup> prejudices, & his common sense. The  
only artists I have ever known who  
are personally delightful are bad  
artists. Good artists give every thing  
to their art, and consequently are  
perfectly uninteresting in themselves.  
A great poet, a really great  
poet, is the most unpoetical &

Wallas  
all creatures. But in senior poets  
one ~~permitted~~ <sup>abstained</sup> from painting the vase  
their shrines are, the more pictures &c  
they look. The mere fact of sonnets  
published a book of second-rate  
makes a man quite irresistible. He  
lies the poets that he cannot  
write. The others write the poets  
that they do not realize.  
That "I wonder" that really "Hans"  
in Dorian Gray, putting some perfume  
on his handkerchief out of a large  
gold-topped bottle that stood on the  
table, "It must be '67 you say." "Ad  
now I must be '66. Imogen is  
waiting for me. Do it fast about  
tomorrow." "Goodbye."  
as he left the room, Lord Henry  
heavy creeds drooped few people he began  
to think. Certain ~~no~~ <sup>interested</sup> had ever  
interested him so much as Dorian  
Gray, and yet the last mad adoration  
of one or else caused him no  
pang of jealousy. He was pleased by  
it. It made him a more interesting  
man. He had been always fascinated  
by the methods of Science, and  
the ordinary subject-matter of Natural  
Science had seemed to him trivial and  
of no import. <sup>(and)</sup> He had begun by  
reflecting himself; as he had ended by  
reflecting others. Human life - That  
was the one thing worth investigating. Then

was nothing else & and value,  
 compared to it. It was true that  
 as one <sup>one</sup> base watched it in one <sup>one</sup> case not  
 nephrous <sup>one</sup> & glared mask <sup>one</sup> or keep the  
 brain, as making <sup>one</sup> & on <sup>one</sup> troubling the  
 with monstrous <sup>one</sup> <sup>one</sup> Ganes, ad mishapen  
 means. There were poisons <sup>one</sup> on other  
 but, to know their properties, one had  
 to sicken & them. There were maladies  
 so strange that one had to pass  
 through them <sup>one</sup> one sought to  
 understand <sup>one</sup>  
 great reward one received! How  
 wonderful the whole one became To  
 one! To know the curious hard logic  
 & passion, and the emotional coloured  
 & the intellect: to observe  
 where they met, and where they  
 separated, at what point they became  
 one, & what point they <sup>were at discord</sup> ~~were~~ was —  
 there was a pleasure in that! what  
 matter what the cost was? One  
 does never pay too high a price  
 for knowledge any experience."

He was conscious — & the  
 thought brought a look of pleasure  
 into his brown agate eyes — That  
 it was through certain words & his  
 musical voice saw its musical  
 utterance, that Dorian Gray's soul had  
 "worship before her. To a certain

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extant, the ~~bad~~ was his own creation.  
 He had made him premature. That  
 was one thing. ordinary people  
 tell also disclosed to her its  
 but to the few, to the elect, before  
 mysterious & the veil was revealed. Sometimes  
 the veil was drawn away. Sometimes  
 this was the effect of art, and  
 chiefly of the art of literature  
 such direct immediate with the  
 persons of the intellect. But, now  
 as then, a complex personality took  
 the place, & assumes the office, &  
~~work of art,~~ life was indeed, in  
 15 w<sup>y</sup>, a work of art, like having  
 15 elaborate masterpieces, just as  
 poetry has, or sculpture, or painting.  
 Poetry has, or sculpture, or painting.  
 20 Dorian Gray was premature.

Yes: Dorian Gray was premature.  
 He was gathering his harvest, while  
 it was yet spring. The pulse and  
 passion of youth was in him, but he  
 was becoming self-conscious. It was  
 delightful to watch him, with his  
 beautiful face, & his beautiful soul,  
 he was & this to wonder at. It was  
 no matter how it all ended, & was  
 destined to end. He was like one of  
 those gracious figures in a pageant  
 in a play, whose joys seem to be  
 remote from us, but whose sorrows  
 other ones sense of heart, & whose  
 wounds are like red roses.

There <sup>was</sup> animation in the soul,  
 Soul and body, body and soul —  
 how mysterious they were!

and he had its moments of  
spiritual life. The senses could refine, &  
the intellect could degrade. Who could  
say where the fleshly impulse ceased  
or the psychical impulse began? How  
were the arbitrary definitions of  
ordinary psychologists! And yet how  
difficult to decide between the  
claims of the various schools! Was  
the soul a shadow seated in the  
house of sin? or was the body really  
in the soul, as Giordano Bruno thought?  
the separation of spirit from matter  
was a mystery, and the union of  
spirit with matter was a mystery  
also.

He began to wonder whether we  
should ever make psychology so absolute  
a science that each little spring (<sup>it was</sup>)  
she could be revealed to us. As we  
always misunderstood ourselves, and  
rarely understood others. Experience was  
of no ethical value. It was merely the name  
we gave to our mistakes. Men had,  
as a rule, regarded it as a  
mode of warning, had claimed for it  
a certain <sup>more</sup> efficacy in the  
formation of character, had praised  
it as something that taught us  
what to follow, <sup>showed us</sup> what to avoid.  
But there was no motive power in  
experience. It was as little as an  
active cause as conscience itself.

all that it really demonstrated that  
 our future would be the same as  
 our past, and that the sin we had done  
 once, and with loathing, we would do  
 many times, and with less. It was clear to him that the  
 experimental method was the only  
 method by which one could arrive  
 at any scientific analysis of the  
 pionies, as certainly Dorian Gray  
 was a direct made to his hand, and  
 used to pronounce him rich and  
 fruitful results. His sudden and  
 late for Sibyl Vane was a psychological  
 phenomenon of no small interest. There  
 was no doubt that curiosity had much  
 to do with it, curiosity and the desire  
 for new experiences, but it was not a  
 simple but rather a very complex  
 piony. What there was in it of the  
 purely sensuous instinct of boyhood had  
 been transformed by the workings of the  
 imagination, changed into something that  
 seemed to the boy himself to be remote  
 from sense, and was for that very  
 reason all the more dangerous. It was  
 the pionies about whose origin and  
 nature we deceived ourselves. That  
 transmuted most strongly over us. Our  
 weakest motives were those of those  
 happenings we were conscious. It often  
 happened that when we thought we  
 were experimenting on others, we were

while Lord Henry was dreaming  
 on these things, a knock came to the  
 door and his valet entered, and  
 reminded him it was time to dress  
 for dinner. He got up and looked  
 out ~~of the window~~ into the street.  
 The sunset had沉入 the scarlet  
 glow <sup>after</sup> the windows & the opposite  
 houses. The panes glowed like  
 plates of heated metal. The sky  
 above was like a bader rose. He  
 thought of Dorian Gray's young fiery  
 coloured life, and wondered how it  
 was all going to end.  
 When he arrived home, about saw  
 half past twelve o'clock, he found  
 a telegram lying on the hall-table. He  
 opened it, and found it was from  
 Dorian. It was to tell him  
 that he was engaged to be married  
 to Sybil Vane.