

“You

remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such [unclear] a [unclear] ^{huge} price, but 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, ~~and as he leaned across to look at it, his cheek~~ ^{hair} just brushed ~~my cheek~~ ^{touched} ~~my cheek~~ ^{hand}. The world becomes young to me when I hold his hand, as when I ask him the [unclear] yield [unclear] their [unclear]”

“Basil, this is ^{quite wonderful}. I [unclear] must you must not talk ^{must see Dorian Gray} [unclear] [unclear] his power, you [unclear] [unclear] to make yourself the [unclear] of [unclear] slave! It is worse than wicked, it is silly. I hate Dorian Gray.”

Hallward got up from the seat, and walked up and down the garden. ~~A curious smile curled his lips. He seemed like a man in a dream.~~ After some time he came back. “You don’t understand,

Harry...” he said. “Dorian Gray is merely to me a motive in art. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He is simply a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I see him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all.”

“Then why won’t you exhibit his picture ^{portrait}?”

“Because I have put into it ^{all} the extraordinary romance of which, ^{of course}, I have never dared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it, ^{he will never know anything about it}, but the world ~~might~~ ^{might} guess it ^{and} ~~where there is merely love, they would see something evil, where there is spectacular passion they would suggest something vile.~~

I will not bear my soul to their shallow ^{prying} eyes. My heart shall ~~not be made their mockery~~ ^{never be put under their microscope}. There is too much of myself in [unclear] ^{the thing}, Harry, too much of myself!”