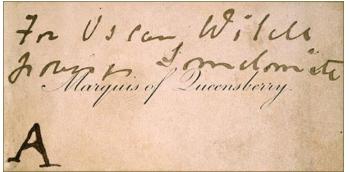




The Oscar Wilde Trials



London, Spring 1895

From Ruskin's The Stones of Venice to the unwanted children of Walter Pater.

The Wilde family of Dublin, and Oscar's undergraduate splash at Oxford.

The marketing genius of Gilbert & Sullivan and Richard O'Oyly Carte.

Melding the comic, the provocative, and the profound.

Pushing the envelope --- in print and in public conduct.

"Bosie," his father, and one step too far.

The three trials and the catastrophe.

Final years in France

The Wilde legacy.

It seems to me that whenever I glory to think that for once I have discovered an ancient painting that is beautiful and worthy of all praise, the pleasure it gives me is an infallible proof that it is not a beautiful picture and not in any wise worthy of commendation. This very thing has occurred more times than I can mention, in Venice. In every single instance the guide has crushed out my swelling enthusiasm with the remark:

"It is nothing—it is of the Renaissance."

I did not know what in the mischief the Renaissance was, and so always I had to simply say,

"Ah! so it is—I had not observed it before."

... But it occurred too often for even my self-complacency, did that exasperating "It is nothing—it is of the Renaissance." I said at last:

"Who is this Renaissance? Where did he come from? Who gave him permission to cram the Republic with his execrable daubs?"

We learned, then, that Renaissance was not a man; that renaissance was a term used to signify what was at best but an imperfect rejuvenation of art. The guide said that after Titian's time and the time of the other great names we had grown so familiar with, high art declined; then it partially rose again—an inferior sort of painters sprang up, and these shabby pictures were the work of their hands. Then I said, in my heat, that I "wished to goodness high art had declined five hundred years sooner."

A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the very brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.

For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion — that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has most. For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

Pater's Note: This brief "Conclusion" was **omitted** in the second edition of this book, as I conceived **it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall.**



THE SIX-MARK TEA-POT.

Æsthetic Bridegroom. "It is quite consummate, is it not?"
Intense Bride. "It is, indeed! Oh, Algernon, let us live up to it!"

"I find it harder and harder every day to live up to my blue China."

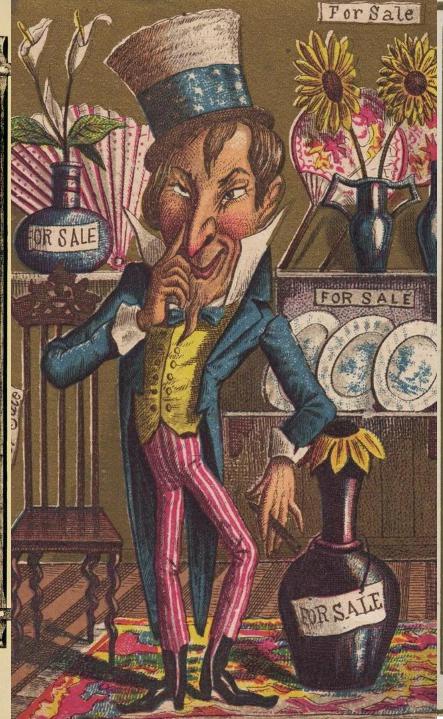




Oscar and his entourage at Oxford



LONDON: HOPWOOD & CREW, 42 NEW BOND ST



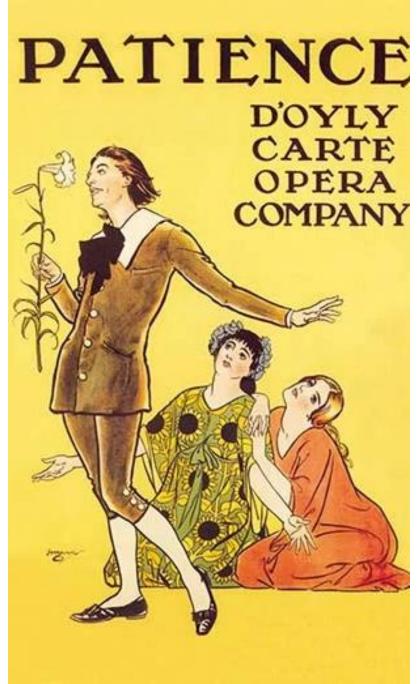


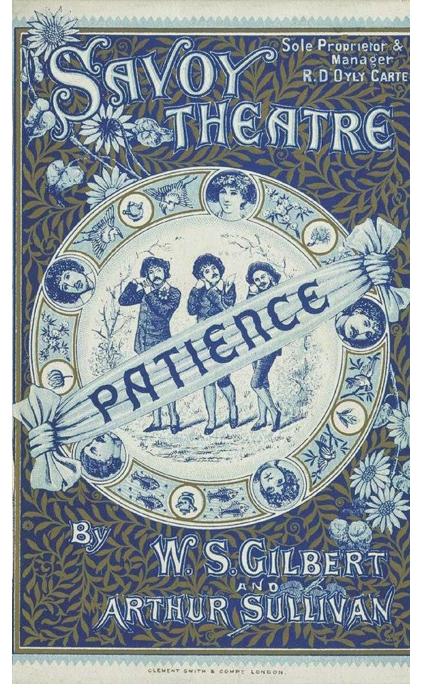
WITH YEARNINGS . FOR . YOUR . INTENSE . JOY.

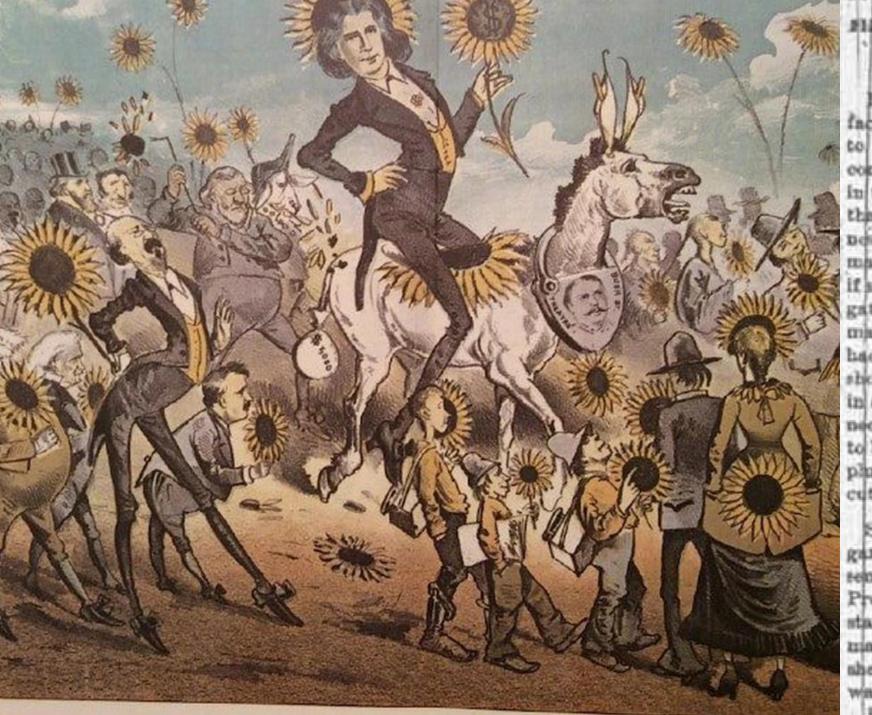


SSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

THE LATEST CONVERTS TO LESTHETICISM.







Said to be Students, at Wilde's Lecture.

It is with great regret we chronicle the fact that certain young men of this city, said to be students of the Rochester University. comported themselves at Oscar Wilde's lecture in the Opera House, last evening, in a manner that would be considered the bight of boorishness at a country singing school or spelling match; indeed there is little doubt but that if such conduct were attempted at one of these gatherings the turbulent souls would be summarily ejected. Their contemptible conduct had not even the merit of originality and should stamp each of them as utterly lacking in all that makes the gentleman. It is not necessary to detail their proceedings, but it is to be regretted that Manager Gobay had not plack enough to put them out first and prosecute them for disturbance afterward.

Some genius, who evidently has as little regard for the truth, as pride in his abiding place, sent the following dispatch to the Associated Press upon this subject. It is not enough to state the facts,—this person must needs make Rochester a hundred par cent worse than she really is. The number who left the hall was insignificant:

ROCHESTER, Feb. S .- A hundred students of





OSCAR WILDE.

The Esthetic Apostle Greeted by an Immense Audience.

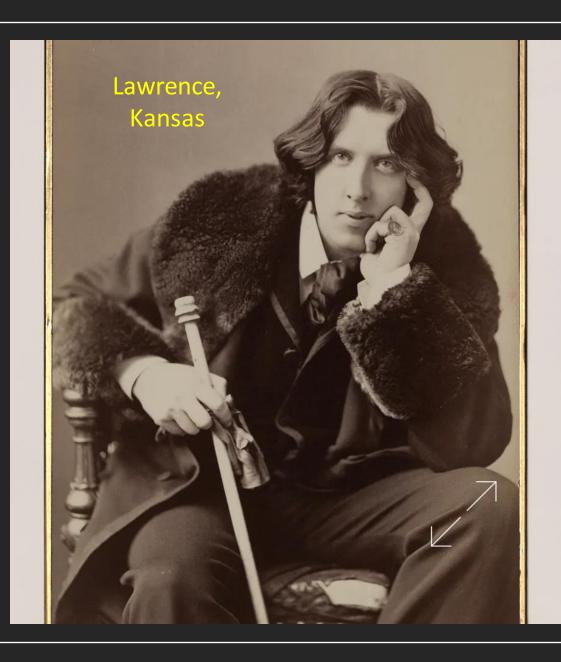
Chiefly Drawn to Central Music-Hall by a Marked Curiosity.

"The Chicago Water-Works Tower a Castellated Monstresity."

"Only an Oriental Beauty Can Wear the Sunflower."

Oscar Wilde was announced to lecture last evening at Central Hall, and the great esthete had obtained so much free advertising hitherto that he was greeted with a crowded house. The lecture was announced for 8 o'clock, but long before that hour the impatient auditors began to crowd in, and the consequence was that early in the evening the lobby was crowded with anxious ticket-holders and buyers. It was not long before the significant legend of " standing-room only" was prominently posted, and yet the crowd kept thronging in. They were mainly nice people, too, although the audience viewed as a whole was not a dressy one. The crowd was so great that the lecturer was unavoidably obliged to postpone his appearance for some minutes to allow the bustle and confusion to subside. The great esthete was greeted with a magnificent audience of 2,000 people, who were orderly and appreciative. There was not the slightest suggestion of rowdyism or ridicule.





LIBERTY HALL.

ONE NIGHT ONLY: Friday Evening, April 21st.

Mr. J. Edward Fulton has the honor to

OSCAR WILDE

Will deliver an address at the above hall. Subject, - The English Renaissance.

SCALE OF PRICES:

Reserved Sea	ts			\$1.00
General Adn	ission			. 150
Bank Seats				
Sale of	Reserved	Seats now	Copen a	Poss
Ticket office	STODEL FCM	WORLD HOT	open a	LOSE

Lecture!

OSCAR WILDE,

THE ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITE,

--- Will Lecture at-

HARPER'S THEATRE, ROCK ISLAND,

Saturday Eve., April 29th,

'The English Renaissance.'

Tickets, 85, 50 and 75 cents. No extra charge for Reserved seats. The box sheet is now open at the Harper House Drugstors.

OSCAR HANGED IN EFFIGY.

A Great Crowd Indignant Because the Æsthete Did Not Bathe.

Special Dispatch to THE TIMES.

SPRING LAKE, August 23.

There was a funny scene on the beach today. An effigy of Oscar Wilde swung from the top of the lofty pole which bears the flag of the bathing industry. Oscar, who was to lecture here to-night, was announced as intending to bathe in the surf at eleven this morning. This announcement brought an immense crowd to the beach. The people anticipated a great treat, for comparatively few of them had ever seen the much-advertised apostle of æstheticism and none of them had seen him in the surf. Eleven o'clock came and passed and the waiting throng showed signs of disappointment. blamed Oscar, others blamed his managers and some blamed themselves for having subjected themselves to the risk of being badly sold just for the sake of gratifying their curiosity.

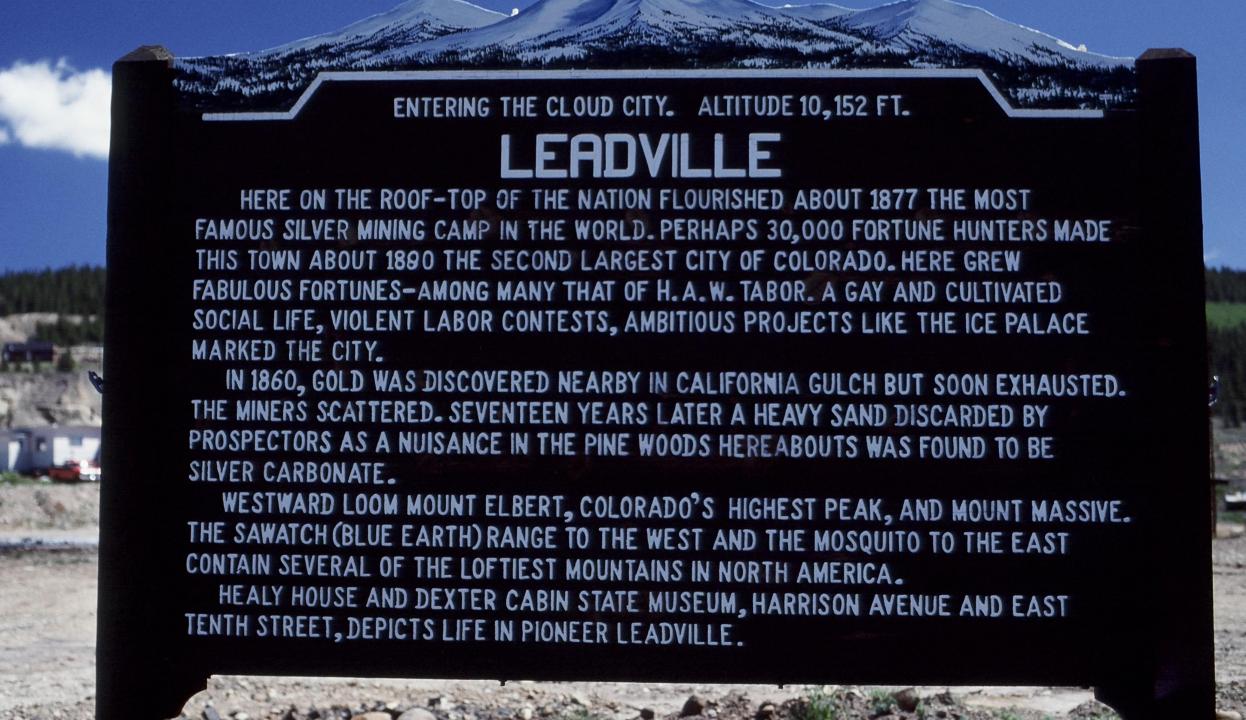
GUSH AND GREED.

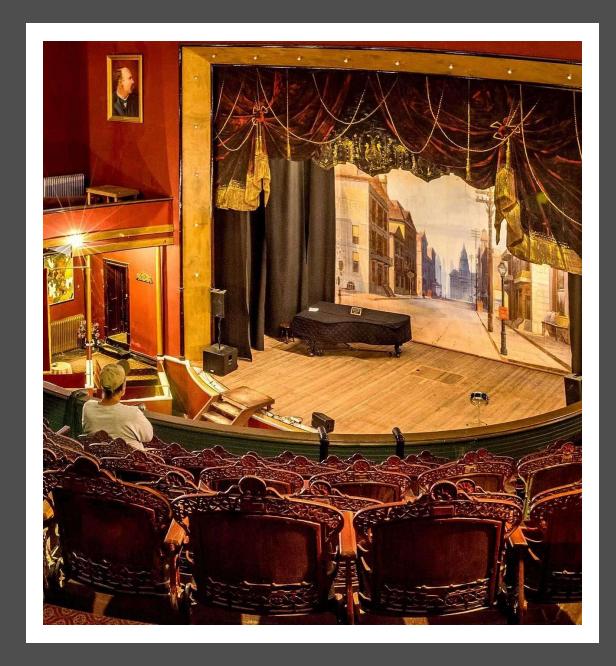
Oscar Wilde, the Traveling Æsthete, in Decatur—His Personal Appearance, and the Talk.

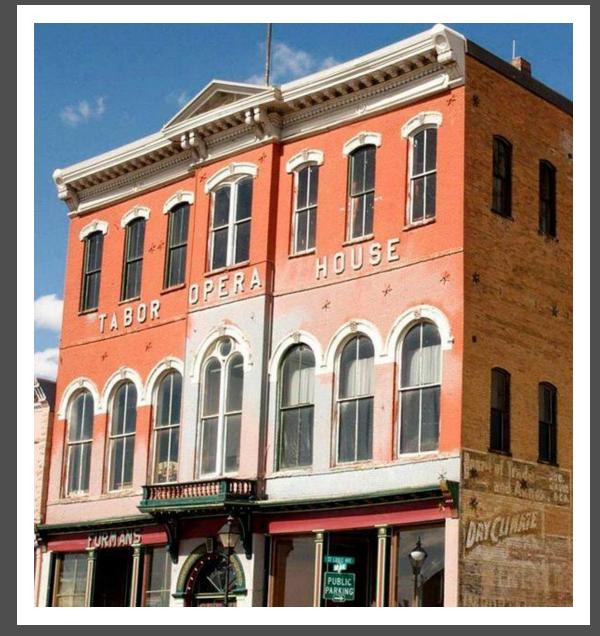
Mr. Oscar Wilde, the æsthetic bundle of egotism from England, who has an unmistakable and vulgar greed for American dollars, filled his appointment to "lecture" at the opera house in this city last evening. It was not expected that Oscar would be greeted by a large or enthusiastic audience, because westerners are not given to running after long-haired novelties, no matter what ism they may represent. The residents of Decatur are distinctively a discriminating people, and pretenders and egotists generally look upon vacant chairs when the curtain rises in our temple of music and comedy.

SNOW.* →*Arr. by W. A. EVANS & BRO., Publishers







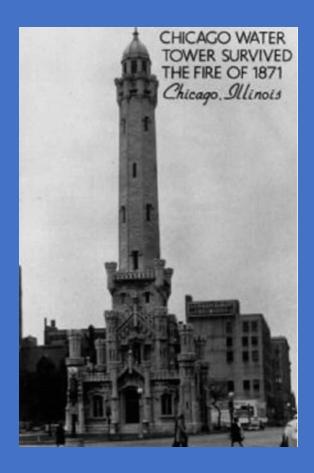


From Salt Lake City one travels over the great plains of Colorado and up the Rocky Mountains, on the top of which is Leadville, the richest city in the world. It has also got the reputation of being the roughest, and every man carries a revolver. I was told that if I went there they would be sure to shoot me or my travelling manager. I wrote and told them that nothing that they could do to my travelling manager would intimidate me. They are miners—men working in metals, so I lectured to them on the Ethics of Art. I read them passages from the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini and they seemed much delighted. I was reproved by my hearers for not having brought him with me. I explained that he had been dead for some little time which elicited the enquiry "Who shot him"? They afterwards took me to a dancing saloon where I saw the only rational method of art criticism I have ever come across. Over the piano was printed a notice:—

PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT THE PIANIST. HE IS DOING HIS BEST.

The mortality among pianists in that place is marvellous. Then they asked me to supper, and having accepted, I had to descend a mine in a rickety bucket in which it was impossible to be graceful. Having got into the heart of the mountain I had supper, the first course being whisky, the second whisky and the third whisky.

Your machinery is beautiful. Your society people have apologized to me for the envious ridicule with which your newspapers have referred to me. Your newspapers are comic but never amusing. Your Water Tower is a castellated monstrosity with pepperboxes stuck all over it. I am amazed that any people could so abuse Gothic art and make a structure not like a water tower but like a tower of a medieval castle. It should be torn down. It is a shame to spend so much money on buildings with such an unsatisfactory result. Your city looks positively dreary.



"Mr. Wilde," said the reporter, "are you aware that you wounded the pride of our best citizens by referring slightingly to our water-tower?"

"I can't help that. It's really too absurd. It you build a water-tower, why don't you build it for water and make a simple structure of it, instead of building it like a castle, where one expects to see mailed knights peering out of every part. It seems a shame to me that the citizens of Chicago have spent so much money on buildings with such an unsatisfactory result from an architectural point of view. Your city looks positively too dreary to me," and the esthete closed his eyes as if to shut out the view of a flat across the street.

I was disappointed with Niagara—most people must be disappointed with Niagara. Every American bride is taken there, and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest, disappointments in American married life.... To appreciate it really one has to see it from underneath the fall, and to do that it is necessary to be dressed in a yellow oil-skin, which is as ugly as a mackintosh—and I hope none of you ever wears one. It is a consolation to know, however, that such an artist as Madame Bernhardt has not only worn that yellow, ugly dress, but has been photographed in it.



To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance.

I have nothing to declare but my genius.

I can resist everything except temptation.

Everything in moderation. Including moderation.

Frivolous?

Consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative.

I am so clever that sometimes I don't understand a single word that I am saying.

I always pass on good advice. It is the only thing to do with it. It is never of any use to oneself.

Work is the curse of the drinking classes.

Life far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about.

It is absurd to divide people into the good and the bad. People are either charming or tedious.

Youth is wasted on the young.

[Not so frivolous?]

What is a cynic? A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Beauty is the only thing that time cannot harm. Philosophies fall away like sand, creeds follow one another, but what is beautiful is a joy for all seasons, a possession for all eternity.

Most people are other people. Their thoughts are someone else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their passions a quotation.

America is the only country that went from barbarism to decadence without civilization in between.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has no enemies but is intensely disliked by all his friends.

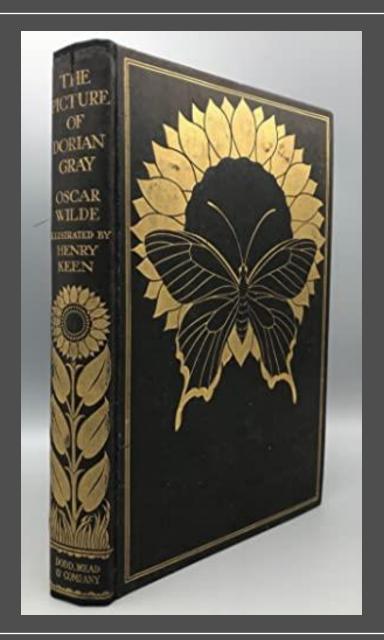
Be yourself. Everyone else is already taken.

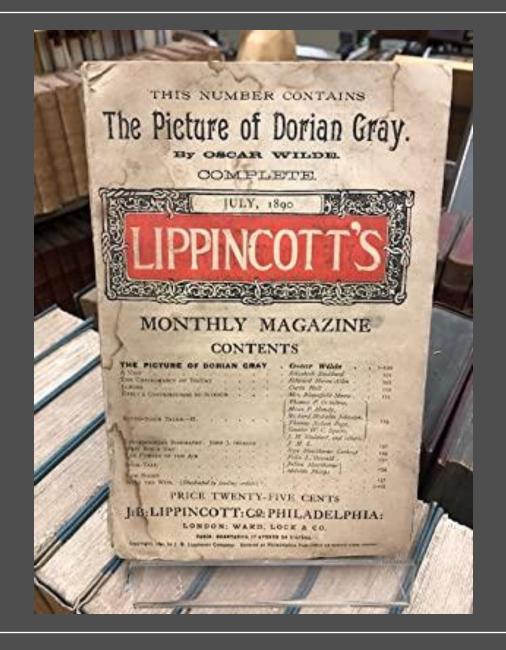
There are only two tragedies in life: one is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it.

Things are because we see them, and what we see, and how we see it, depends on the Arts that have influenced us. To look at a thing is very different from seeing a thing. One does not see anything until one sees its beauty. Then, and only then, does it come into existence. At present people see fogs, not because there are fogs, but because poets and painters have taught them the mysterious loveliness of such effects. There may have been fogs for centuries in London. I dare say there were. But no one saw them, and so we do not know anything about them. They did not exist until Art invented them. Now, it must be admitted, fogs are carried to excess. They have become the mere mannerism of a clique, and the exaggerated realism of their method give dull people bronchitis. Where the cultured catch an effect, the uncultured catch a cold.

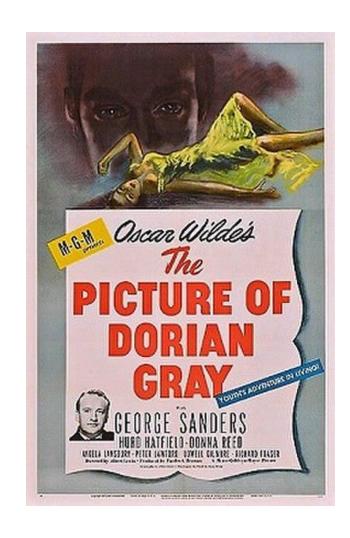
In the matter of histrionics, see, for instance, what that furious world-boiler Marx had done, insisting that revolutions were made in historical costume, the Cromwellians as Old Testament prophets, the French in 1789 dressed in Roman outfits. But the proletariat, he said, he declared, he affirmed, would make the first non-imitative revolution. It would not need the drug of historical recollection. From sheer ignorance, knowing no models, it would simply do the thing pure. . . . It would be free from Art.

Oh, no. No, no, not so, thought Sammler. Instead, Art increased, and a sort of chaos. More possibility, more actors, apes, copycats, more invention, more fiction, illusion, more fantasy, more despair. Life looting Art of Its wealth, destroying Art as well by its desire to become the thing itself. Pressing Itself into pictures. Reality forcing itself Into all these shapes. Just look (Sammler looked) at this imitative anarchy of the streets: these Chinese revolutionary tunics, these babes in unisex toyland, these surrealist warchiefs, Western stagecoach drivers -- Ph.D.s in philosophy, some of them (Sammler had met such, talked matters over with them). They sought originality. They were obviously derivative. And of what-of Paiutes, of Fidel Castro? No, of Hollywood extras. Acting mythic.



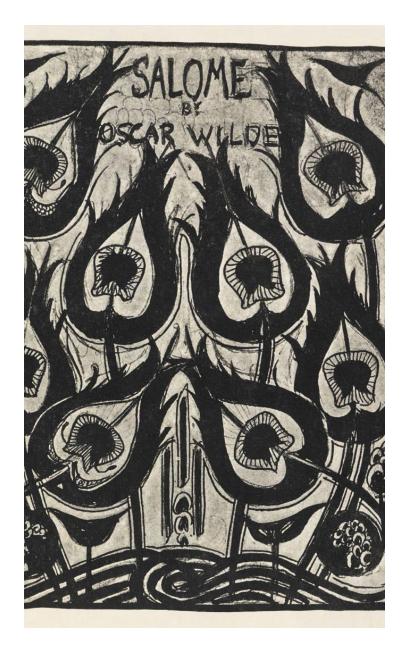




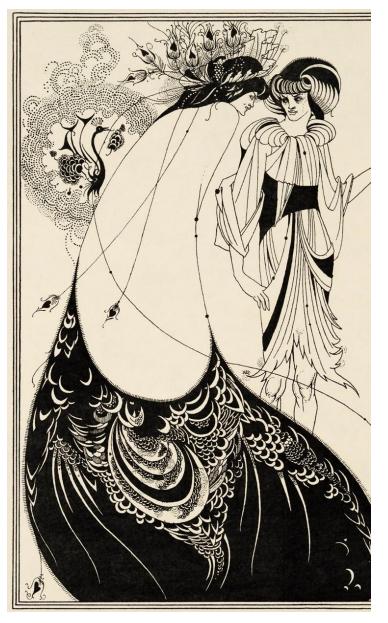




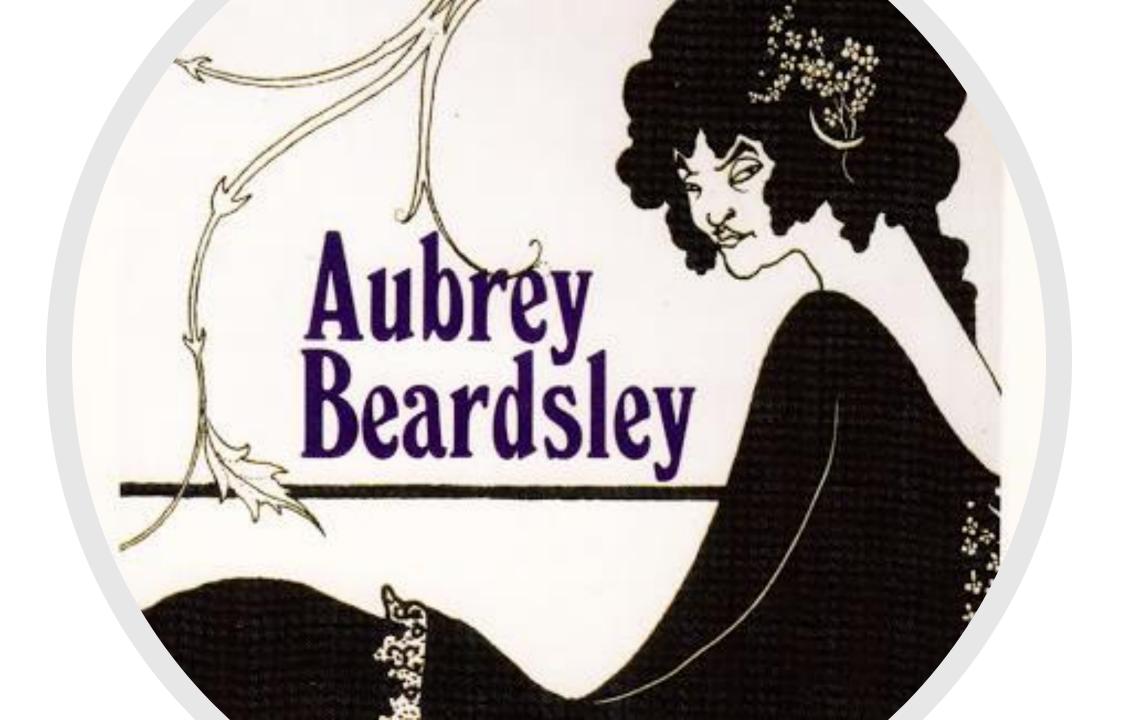








Salome [written in French], 1891





Cheatre Royal

Haymarket.

Sole Lessee Managers ... Mr. TREE.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER and Mr. H. H. MORELL.

Mr. Tree begs to announce that during his absence in America his Theatre has been taken for the Spring Season by Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. H. H. Morell.

TO-NIGHT at 8.30,

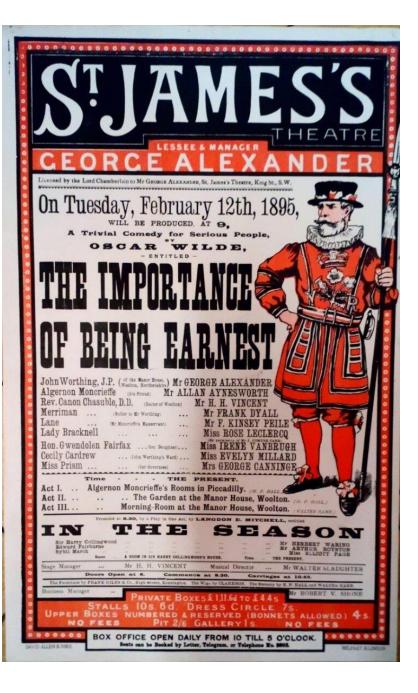
A New and Original Play of Modern Life, entitled

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

By OSCAR WILDE

The Earl of Caversh	am, K.G.				Mr. ALFRED BISHOP
Lord Goring		(his Son)	***		Mr. CHARLES H. HAWTREY
Sir Robert Chiltern					Mr. LEWIS WALLER
(Under Sec	retary for F	oreign A	ffairs	
Vicomte de Nanjac			***		Mr. COSMO STUART
Mr. Montford					Mr. HENRY STANFORD
Phipps			***		Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD
Mason					Mr. H. DEANE
Footman		Lord Goring	's)		Mr. CHARLES MEYRICK
Footman		Robert Chil			Mr. GOODHART
Lady Chiltern					Miss IULIA NEILSON
Lady Markby	***				Miss FANNY BROUGH
Lady Basildon					Miss VANE FEATHERSTON
Mrs. Marchmont	•••				Miss HELEN FORSYTH
Miss Mabel Chiltern	(Sir	Robert's Si	ster)		Miss MAUDE MILLETT
Mrs. Cheveley			111111111111111111111111111111111111111		Miss FLORENCE WEST

GEROLSTEIN	ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,	Dinolia					
THE CHAMPAGNE OF	Sole Lessee and Manager · Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.	Comment					
PURE SPARKLING	On Saturday, February 20th, 1892, at 8 30 punctually, and Every Evening, A New and Original Play, in Four Acts, by OSCAR WILDE, entitled	Soap					
DELICIOUS Supplied at all the Bars of this Theatr	Lady Windermere's Fan	"An Ideal Scap,"—Chemist & Druggist.					
THE ONLY IRISH WHISKEY Supplied in this Theatre is	Lord Windermere Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER	SWEET					
The "C,O,M," BRAND (JOHN JAMESON & SON).	Lord Augustus Lorton Mr. H. H. VINCENT Mr. Charles Dumby Mr. A. VANE TEMPESTER Mr. Bell Crabon Mr. Bell Crabon	GUINEA GOLD TOBACCO & CIGARETTES. OF ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS.					
ANDRIWS & Co., DUBLIN. Sole Proprieturs "C.O.M." Brand.	Mr. Hopper	GODFREY PHILLIPS & SONS, LONDON-					
CON DOHERTT, 12, John Street, Adolphi.	The Duchess of Berwick Miss FANNY COLEMAN Miss GRANVILLE	DAKIN & COMPY.					
Juvenia	Lady Jedbargh Miss B. PAGE Lady Agatha Cadible Miss ALURA GRAVES Lady Strutfield Miss M. GIRDLESTONE Rosalie Miss W. DOLAN	Tea & Coffee Merchants, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C. WEST END BRANCH: 80. SHAPTESBURY AVENUE, W.					
Marvellous! SOAP Preserves the Complexion.	Mrs. Edynne	CHOCOLAT					
BUPPLIERS TO BPEAR ROUSE, PRINCIPAL THEATRES, AND BHIPPIER COMPARIES. TOR CIPRETT	The Incidental Munic by Walter Slavouries. The Furniture and Despectes by Mestr. Frank Giler & Co., Kenningson. The Dresses by Mesdanes Swage and Pearler. The Nilge by Mr. C. H. Fox. The Richnigs and Engravings in the Corridors and vestible hindly in the Pox Ir. J. Wiscobers. King Girect, 1-3 Janes's. Signature of the State of						
CHERRIES CONCRETED TO BAILS. STANSON OF MANAGEMENT OF THE STANSON OF MANAGEMENT OF THE STANSON OF T	OVERTURE. "Marco Soudo" Autor Waltz Papollons Bleen Waltzellen Ster Balatan. "Shell Waltzellen Overtress Marco Soudo" Autor Waltzellen Overtress Marco	SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES					
18, GREHARD ST., OXFORD ST., W.	Doors open at 8. Commence at 8.30. Carriages at 10.50.	BRYANT & MAY'S					
	The Attendants are strictly forbidden to accept gratuities, and are liable to instant dismissal should they do so. Visitors to the Theatre are earnestly begged to assist the Management in carrying out a regulation framed for their continuous contentions. Photographs of the Artistee may be obtained from ALTERD ELLIS, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.	MATCHES Are used in the Bars of this Theatre.					
SALVINE	THE PARISIAN DIAMOND CO.,						
Choice, Scientific Tellet Preparations DENTIFRICE, SOAP, CREAM	Afternoon Performances of "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" Fury State day, at 2.10. NO FEES. THE THEATRE IS LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY NO FEES. The Floral Decognitions by Hannow's STORES.	35, Piccadilly Circus, 43, Burlington Arcade					
POWDER, &c. FURITY absolute. Highest EXCELLENCE.	PRICES—Private Boxes, f: 1s. to f4 as ; Stalls, 1os. 6d.; Dress Circle, 7s. and 3s.; Upper Boxes Numbered and Reserved (Bennets allowed) 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery. 1s. Box Office open daily from to till yo'dcck. Seats can be flooked by Letter, Telegram. or Telephone No. 3903.	And in Paris.					
OF ALL CHEMISTS. Salvine Depet: 3, Oxford St., W.	Stage Manager Mr. ROBERT V. SHONE. Musical Director Mr. WALTER SLAUGHTER. Busicess Manager Mr. ALWYN LEWIS.	application. Price, 25:					

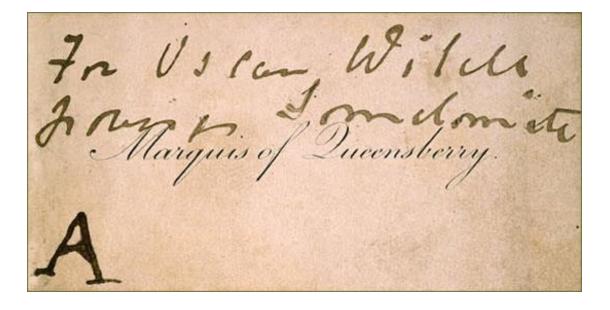




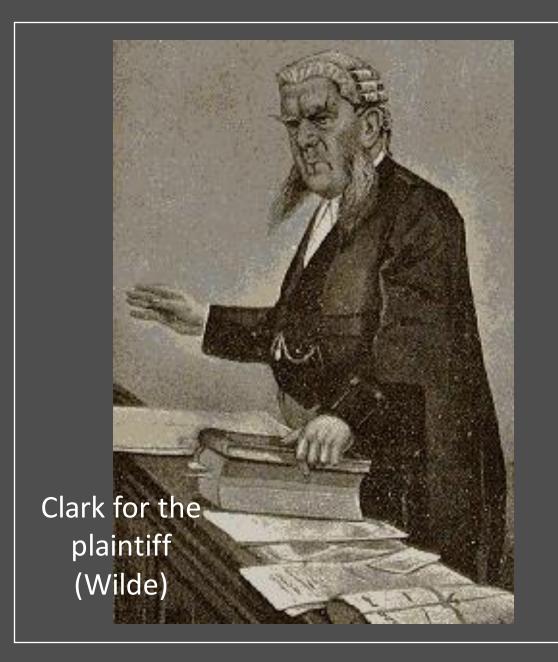
Oscar and Lord Alfred Douglas, 1894

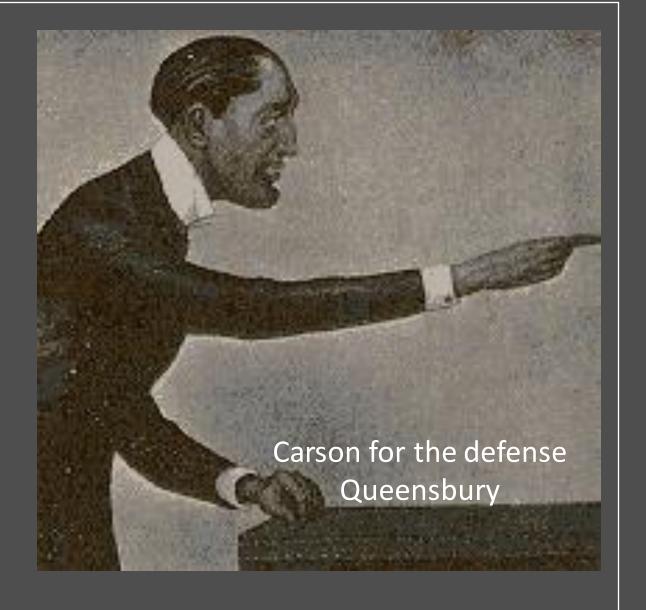
The 9th Marquess of Queensbury



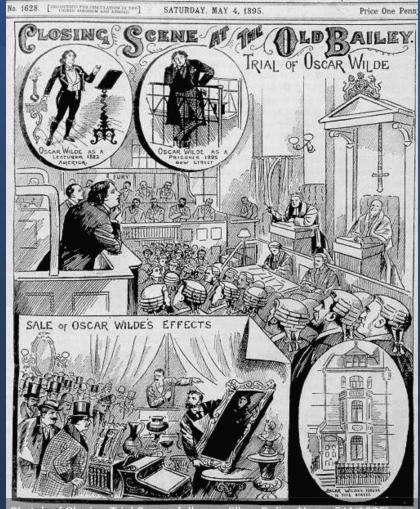


The Albemarle Club (Oscar's Club), and the fatal message

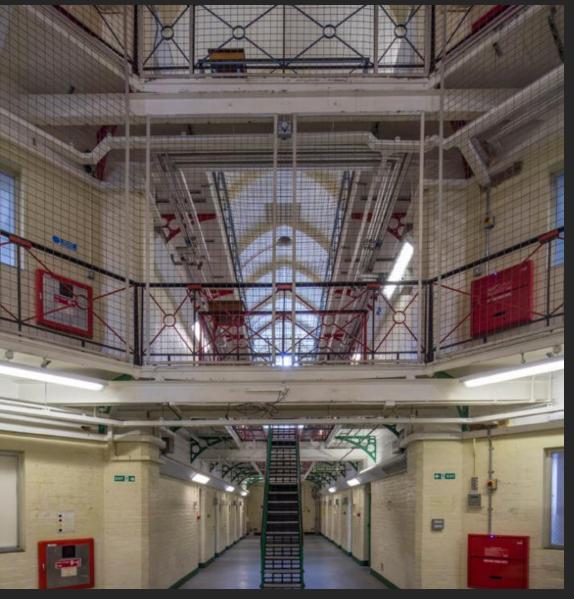












The
Ballad of Reading Gaol
By
C. 3. 3.

Leonard Smithers Royal Arcade London W Mdcccxcviii







OSCAR WILDE'S CLASSIC COMEDY









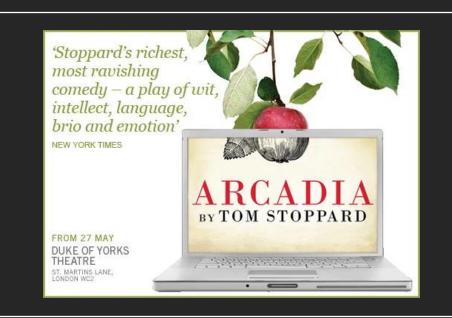


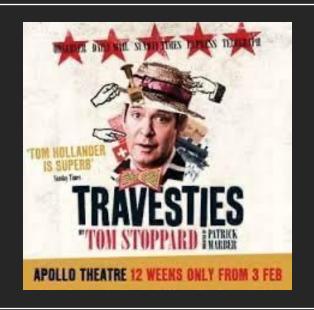






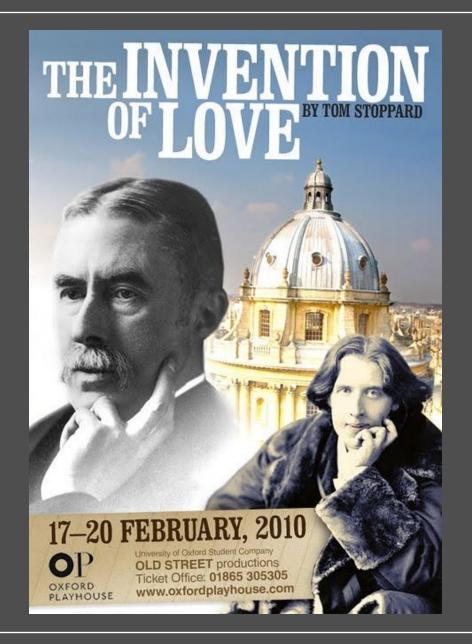


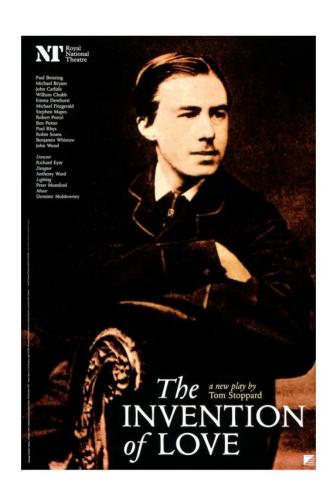














Halalard





