Testimony of Charles Parker

Charles Parker was examined by Mr. C. F. Gill

Parker--I am 21 years of age. I have a brother, William. I have been engaged as a valet and my brother as a groom. At the beginning of 1893 I was out of employment. I remember one day at that time being with my brother at the St. James's Restaurant, in the bar. While there Taylor came up and spoke to us. He was an entire stranger. He passed the compliments of the day, and asked us to have a drink. We got into conversation with him. He spoke about men.

Gill--In what way?
P--He called attention to the prostitutes who frequent Piccadilly Circus and remarked, "I can' t understand sensible men wasting their money on painted trash like that. Many do though. But there are a few who know better. Now, you could get money in a certain way easily enough if you cared to." I understood to what Taylor alluded and made a coarse reply.
G--I am obliged to ask you what it was you actually said?
P--I do not like to say.
G--You were less squeamish at the time, I dare say. I ask you for the words?
P--I said that if any old gentleman with money took a fancy to me, I was agreeable. I was agreeable. I was terribly hard up.
G--What did Taylor say?
P--He laughed and said that men far cleverer, richer and better than I preferred things of that kind. After giving Taylor our address we parted.
G--Did Taylor mention the prisoner Wilde?
P--Not at that time.
G--Where did you first meet Wilde?
P--Taylor asked us to visit him next day at Little College Street. We went the next morning. He said he could introduce us to ' a man who was good for plenty of money, and that. we were to meet him at the St. James's bar. We went the next evening to the St. James's and saw Taylor there. He took us to a restaurant in Rupert Street. I think it was the Solferino. We were shown upstairs to a private room, in which there was a dinner table laid for four. After a while Wilde came in and I was formally introduced. I had never seen him before, but I had heard of him. We dined about eight o'clock. We all four sat down to dinner, Wilde sitting on my left.
G--Who made the fourth?
P--My brother, William Parker. I had promised Taylor that he should accompany me.

G--Was the dinner a good dinner?
P--Yes. The table was lighted with red-shaded candles. We had plenty of champagne with our dinner and brandy and coffee afterwards. We all partook of it. Wilde paid for the dinner.
G--Of what nature was the conversation?
P--General, at first. Nothing was then said as to the purposes for which we had come together.
G--And then?
P--Subsequently Wilde said to me. "This is the boy for me! Will you go to the Savoy Hotel with me?" I consented, and Wilde drove me in a cab to the hotel. Only he and I went, leaving my brother and Taylor behind. At the Savoy we went first to Wilde's sitting room on the second floor.
G--More drink was offered you there?
P--Yes, we had liqueurs. Wilde then asked me to go into his bedroom with him.
Let us know what occurred there?--He committed the act of sodorny upon me.
G--With your consent? [Parker did not reply.]
Did Wilde give you any money on that occasion?
P--Before I left Wilde gave me £2, telling me to call at the Savoy Hotel in a week. I went there about a week afterwards at eleven o'clock at night. We had supper, with champagne. Wilde on that occasion committed the same acts as on the first occasion. I stayed about two hours. When I left, Wilde gave me £3. I remember subsequently going with my brother to 13 Little College Street. We slept there with Taylor. Taylor told us on that occasion that he had gone through a form of marriage with a youth named Mason.
G--Did he say who acted as the woman?
P--Yes; he said he did; that he was in woman's dress, and that they had a wedding breakfast. . . I stayed with Taylor at Chapel Street for about a fortnight. Wilde used to call there, and the same thing occurred as at the Savoy. I had for a fortnight or three weeks a room at 50 Park Walk, Chelsea. At the time I was living at Park Walk, Wilde visited me there. I was asked by Wilde to imagine that I was a woman and that he was my lover. I had to keep up this illusion. I used to sit on his knees and he used to [censored]. . . as a man might amuse himself with a girl. Wilde insisted on this filthy make-believe being kept up. Wilde visited me at Park Walk one night between half-past eleven or twelve. He came in a cab, and drove away after staying about a quarter of an hour. Wilde kept his cab standing outside. In consequence of this incident my landlady gave me notice to leave and I left.
G--Apart from money, did Wilde give you any presents?
P--Yes, he gave me a silver cigarette case and a gold ring. I don't suppose boys are different to girls in acquiring presents from them who are fond of them.
G--You pawned the cigarette case and the ring?
P--Yes.
G--Where else did you visit Wilde?

P--I visited Wilde at his rooms in St. James's Place. Taylor gave me the address. Wilde had a bedroom and a sitting room opening into each other. I have been there in the morning and to tea in the afternoon. [Parker described a sexual act which he said took place with Wilde on one of these occasions.]
G--Where else have you been with Wilde?
P--To Kettner's Restaurant.
G--What happened there?
P--We dined there. We always had a lot of wine. Wilde would talk of poetry and art during dinner, and of the old Roman days.
G--On one occasion you proceeded from Kettner's, to Wilde's house?
P--Yes. We went to Tite Street. It was very late at night. Wilde let himself and me in with a latchkey. I remained the night, sleeping with the prisoner, and he himself let me out in the early morning before anyone was about.
G--Where else have you visited this man?
P--At the Albemarle Hotel. The same thing happened there.
G--Where did your last interview take place?
P--I last saw Wilde in Trafalgar Square about nine months ago. He was in a hansom and saw me. He alighted from the hansom and spoke to me.
G--What did he say?
P--He asked me how I was and said, "Well, you are. looking as pretty as ever." He did not ask me to go anywhere with him then.
G--During the period of your acquaintance with Wilde did you frequently see Taylor?
P--Yes.
G--Who else did you meet at Little College Street?
P--Atkins, Wood, and Scarfe, amongst others.
G--Did you continue your acquaintance with Taylor until a certain incident occurred last August? You were arrested in the course of a police raid on a certain house in Fitzroy Street?
P--Yes.
G--Orgies of the most disgraceful kind used to happen there?
P--Yes.
Mr. Grain (attorney for Taylor)--My lord, I must protest against the introduction of matter extraneous to the indictment. Surely I have enough to answer.
Mr. Gill--I wish to show that Parker ceased his acquaintance with Taylor after that incident...
When did you cease your association with Taylor?
P--In August, 1894. I went away into the country and took up another occupation.
Mr. Justice Charles--What was the occupation?
P--I enlisted. While I was with my regiment I was seen by Lord Queensberry's solicitor, and he took down a statement from me.
G--Until you became acquainted with Taylor had you ever been mixed up with men in the commission of indecent acts?

P--No, never.

Cross-examined by Sir Edward Clarke--On what date did you enlist?
P--On 3rd September.
C--When were you seen in the country in reference to this case?
P--Towards the end of March.
C--Did you state at Bow Street that you received £30 not to say anything about a certain case?
P--Yes. I stated at the Police Court that I had received £30, part of moneys extorted from a gentleman with whom I had committed acts of indecency. I received the £30 a few days before I was arrested in August, 1894. 1 can't remember the exact date, but it was a month or two before I enlisted.
C--I don't ask the name of the gentleman from whom the money was extorted, but I do ask the names of the two men who got the money and gave you £30?
P--Wood and Allen. I could not tell you where Allen is now. He used to live in Crawford Street. Wood is a witness in this case, I know.
C--When had the incident occurred in consequence of which you received the £30-how long before?
P--I cannot think.
C--You had had indecent behaviour with the gentleman in question?
P--Yes, but only on one occasion, at Camera Square, Chelsea.
C--Where you were living?
P--Yes.
C--Did the gentleman come to your room?
P--Yes.
C--By your invitation?
P--He asked me if he could come.
C--And you took him home with you?
P--Yes.
C--Did Wood and Allen happen to come in while the gentleman was there?
P--No.
C--How much did Wood and Allen tell you they got?
P--I can't remember.
C--Try and remember?
P--£300 or £400.
C--Was that the first sum of money you had received under circumstances of that kind?
P--Yes.
C--What did you do with the £30?
P--Spent it.
C--And then went into the army?
P--I spent it in about a couple of days.
C--I'll leave that question. You say positively that Mr. Wilde committed sodomy with you at the Savoy?
P--Yes.

C--But you have been in the habit of accusing other gentlemen of the same offence?
P--Never, unless it has been done.
C--I submit that you blackmail gentlemen?
P--No, sir. I have accepted money, but it has been offered to me to pay me for the offence. I have been solicited. I have never suggested this offence to gentlemen. . . .
C--When you allowed yourself to be introduced to Mr. Wilde you knew perfectly well the purpose for which the introduction was made?
P--Yes.
C--At the dinner, Mr. Wilde was the principal conversationalist, I suppose?
P--Yes.
C--And you found him a brilliant and an amusing talker?
P--Yes.
C--Was the door locked during the time you describe?
P--On the first visit to the Savoy Hotel Wilde locked the bedroom door. I did not see any servants as I left the hotel. I went away in a hansom. As to the second visit Wilde told me the night and the time to come again. I found Wilde occupying the same rooms. I gave my name and the hall porter showed me up by the lift. Wilde on this occasion, too, locked the bedroom door. The waiter who served the supper of course saw me there. It was on the second or third floor; I cannot be certain which. In the sitting room Mr. Wilde rang a bell for the waiter, and the waiter went for drinks and brought them in. The sitting room and bedroom opened one into the other. Mr. Wilde did not lock the sitting room door, but he locked that of the bedroom. I did not know Mr. Wilde even by sight till I was introduced to him at the restaurant. I did not see anybody but a hall boy at the hotel entrance.
C--There was no concealment about your visit, was there? You gave your name, were shown up, and in going away you did not attempt to avoid any of the servants?
P--That's so.
C--Did you hear that Wood had got £2O or £30 from Mr. Wilde for some letters?
P--I did not hear that he got the money. I heard from someone, I can't remember from whom, that Wood got the letters out of some clothes which were given to him by Lord Alfred Douglas. I never saw the letters.
C--Were Wilde's rooms on the ground floor at St. James's Place very public ones?
P--Yes. There were men servants about. The sitting room was a sort of library there were a good many books about.
C--Do you suggest that in rooms such as you have described and so situated this kind of conduct went on again and again?
P--Yes.
C--There was not the smallest concealment about your visit with Mr. Wilde to the music-hall?
P--No.

C--You shared a box with him at the Pavilion?
P--Yes.

Re-examined by Mr. Gill--Did you know Lord Alfred Douglas?
P--Yes. Taylor introduced me to him. I know that the letters referred to belonged to Lord Alfred Douglas. Until I met Taylor I did not know Atkins, Wood, Allen, Cliburn, or Burton.
G--When did you first make the acquaintance of Wood?
P--About six months before he went to America.

Testimony of Alfred Wood

Wood was examined by Horace Avery

Wood: I was formerly a clerk. In January 1893, I was not in any occupation. I first knew Taylor about that time.
Avory: When did you go to Little College Street to live?
W: In January, 1893. I stayed there about three weeks.
A: Where did you sleep there?
W: In the same room with Taylor. There was only one bed there.
A: When did you first get to know Wilde?
W: About a month after I made the acquiantance of Taylor.
A: How did you come to know Wilde?
W: I was introduced to him by a gentleman at the Cafe Royal.
A: Who was the gentleman?
W: Must I give the name?
A: Yes.
W: Lord Alfred Douglas.
A: What took place when you were introduced to Wilde?
W: Mr. Wilde was sitting down. He spoke to me first. He asked, "Are you Alfred Wood?" I said, "Yes." Then he offered me something to drink and I had something; and then he invited me to go round to the Florence in Rupert Street for dinner. I went with him and we dined in a private room.
A: What kind of meal was it?
W: Very nice, one of the best to be got.
A: What wine did you have?
W: Champagne. After dinner I went with Mr. Wilde to 16 Tite Street. There was nobody in the house to my knowledge. Mr. Wilde let himself in with a latchkey. We went up to a bedroom where we had hock and selzer. Here an act of grossest indecency occurred. Mr. Wilde used his influence to induce me to consent. He made me nearly drunk.[testimony censored.]....Afterwords I lay on the sofa with him. It was a long time, however, before I would allow him to actually do the act of indecency.
A: Did he give you any money that night?
W: Yes, at the Florence. About £3 I think it was. He said he thought I must need some money to buy some things with. The money was given me before any suggestion about going to Tite Street....

A: Did you ever meet Wilde again?
W: He once came to my room in Langham Street.
A: Did you know he was coming?
W: Yes.
A: How did you know?
W: He came by appointement. He took me out to buy a present. He bought me a half-dozen shirts, some collars, and hankerchiefs, and a silver watch and chain. Before he took me out we had some tea.
A: Up to what time did your acquaintanceship with Wilde go on?
W: Up to the end of March.
A: How did it cease?
W: I told Mr. Taylor that I would like to get away from a certain class of people. I think I mentioned it to Mr. Wilde, who gave me £30. I saw him at Taylor's rooms.
A: What took place between you?
W: Mr. Wilde asked me if I wanted to go away to America. I said, Yes," and then he said he would give me the money. He said, "You have some letters I should like to get back," and he gave me £30.
A: Was it a fact that you had any letters of his in your possession?
W: Yes. I don't remember how many.
A: Did the letters belong to you?
W: No. They were letters I found in some clothes Lord Alfred Douglas had given me. They were letters from Mr. Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas.

Testimony of Edward Shelley

Shelley was examined by Horace Avery

Shelley--I am twenty-one years of age. In 1891 I was employed as a clerk in the offices of Messrs. Elkin Mathews & John Lane, publishers, of the Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W. In 1892 they were publishing a book for Mr. Wilde. Mr. Wilde was in the habit of coming to the firm's place of business; he seemed to take note of me, and he generally stopped and spoke to me for a few moments. As Mr. Wilde was leaving Vigo Street one day he invited me to dine with him at the Albemarle Hotel. I kept the appointment. I was proud of the Invitation. We dined together in a public room. Mr. Wilde was very kind and attentive, and pressed me to drink. I had champagne with dinner, and after had whisky and soda and smoked cigarettes in Mr. Wilde's sitting room.
Avory--What happened afterwards?
S--I do not like to say. . . .Mr. Wilde's conversation was principally about books and myself. Mr. Wilde said, "Will you come into my bedroom?" I did not know what he meant. As I went into the room Mr. Wilde kissed me. He also put his arms round me. I had been taking a lot of wine. I felt insulted, degraded, and objected vigorously. Mr. Wilde said he was sorry and that he had drunk too much wine. I stayed the night and shared his bed. Mr. Wilde saw me next day and again kissed me and there was a repetition of the previous night's performance. Mr. Wilde said he could get me on, and he invited me to go with him to

Brighton, Cromer and Paris, but I did not go. He made me a present of a set of his writings, including The Picture of Dorian Gray. He wrote something in the books, "To one I like well," or something to that effect, but I tore out the pages bearing the inscriptions. I only did that quite recently, after I heard of the charges suggested by Lord Queensberry. My father objected to my friendship with Mr. Wilde. At first I thought that Mr. Wilde was a kind of philanthropist, fond of youth and eager to be of assistance to young men,of any promise. But certain speeches and actions on the part of Mr. Wilde caused me to alter this opinion. I also received letters from Mr. Wilde which I kept until about a couple of years ago. At the same time I wrote Mr. Wilde a letter in which I said that I could not have anything more to do with a man of his morality and that I would break off the acquaintance.

Cross-examined by Sir Edward Clarke-About two years ago, in 1893, did you write a certain letter to Mr. Wilde?
S--Yes.
C--On what subject?
S--It was to break off the acquaintance.
C--How did the letter begin?
S--It began "Sir."
C--Give me the gist of it?
S--I believe I said, "I have suffered more from my acquaintance with you than you are ever likely to know of." I further said that he was an immoral man and that I would never, if I could help it, see him again.
C--If such a thing as you allege happened you must have resented the outrage upon you?
S--Yes, I did.
C--Then why did you go and dine with him the very next day?
S--I suppose I was a young fool. I tried to think the best of him.
C--Are you sure that you have not made any mistake with reference to what you say occurred between you and Mr. Wilde?
S--No, I have made no mistake.
C--Did it occur to you after the second occasion that it was a sin?
S--Yes, it did occur to me that it was a sin I was committing.
C--Did you become familiar with some of Mr. Wilde's writings?
S--Yes.
C--And did you talk to him upon literary subjects?
S--Yes, before I went to the Albemarle Hotel.
C--You seem to have put the worst possible construction on his liking for you. Did your friendly relations with Mr. Wilde remain unbroken until the time you wrote that letter in March, 1893?
S--Yes.
C--Have you seen Mr. Wilde since then?
S--Yes.
C--After that letter?
S--Yes.
C--Where did you see him?
S--I went to see him in Tite Street.

[Counsel read from a letter written by Shelley to Wilde after the commission of the alleged acts:]

Dear Oscar,
. . . I can never forget your kindness and am conscious that I can never sufficiently express my thankfulness to you . . . .

C--Was it present in your mind at the time you wrote this that Mr. Wilde had insulted you when you had had too much to drink?
S--Certainly, I could not forget such a thing.
C--Were you under the painful sense of having committed sin?
S--I tried to forget it. I wanted to think some good of the man. I thought Mr. Wilde was really sorry for what he had done.
C--What do you mean, "for what he had done"?
S--His improper behaviour with young men.
C--Yet you say he never practiced any actual improprieties upon you?
S--Because he saw that I would never allow anything of the kind. He did not disguise from me what he wanted, or what his usual customs with young men were.
C--Yet you wrote him grateful letters breathing apparent friendship?
S--For the reason I have given.
C--These letters were written to one whom you thought an immoral man?
S--Yes.
C--Well, we'll leave that question. Now, tell me why did you leave the Vigo Street firm of publishers?
S--Because it got to be known that I was friendly with Oscar Wilde.
C--Did you leave the firm of your own accord?
S--Yes.
C--Why?
S--People employed there, my fellow clerks, chaffed me about my acquaintance with Mr. Wilde.
C--In what way?
S--They implied scandalous things. They called me "Mrs. Wilde" and "Miss Oscar."
C--So you left?
S--I resolved to put an end to an intolerable position.
C--You were in bad odour at home too, I think?
S--Yes, a little.
C--I put it to you that your father requested you to leave his house?
S--Yes. He strongly objected to my friendship with Mr. Wilde. But the difference between us was made up again.
C--I find that in January of this year you were in serious troub1e?
S--In what way?
C--You were arrested for an assault upon your father?
S--Yes, I was.
C--Did your father tell you to leave his house?
S--Yes. It was because of my friendship with Mr. Wilde.
C--Did your parents accuse you of idleness?

S--Yes, they thought me idle.
C--Were you quite in your sound mind when you assaulted your father?
S--No, I couldn't have been.
C--Where were you taken?
S--To the Fulham Police Station.
C--You were offered bail?
S--Yes.
C--Did you send to Mr. Wilde and ask him to bail you out?
S--Yes.
C--What happened?
S--In an hour my father went to the station and I was liberated. My father withdrew the charge and the case was dismissed.

Testimony of Antonio Migge

Wood was examined by Charles Gill

Migge: I am a professor of massage, and I attend the Savoy Hotel to massage patients. I attended to massage Mr. Oscar Wilde at the hotel, a bedroom on the third floor being occupied by him. It was March 1893, from the 16th to the 20th of the month. One morning on going into the room--I entered after knocking--I saw someone in bed. At first I thought it was a young lady, as I saw only the head, but afterwards I saw that it was a young man. It was someone about sixteen to eighteen years of age. Mr. Wilde was in the same room dressing himself. He told me he felt so much better that morning and that, as he was very busy, he could not stay to have the treatment. I never attended Mr. Wilde again.

Edward Clarke (cross-examination): You had gone to the room at the usual time for the massage, had you not?
Migge: Yes
Clarke: Was the door of the bedroom locked?
Migge: No, the door was not locked.
Clarke: And when you opened the door, Mr. Wilde was dressing?
Migge: Yes
Clarke: In what part of the room was he?
Migge: At the washstand.

Testimony of Jane Cotter

Wood was examined by Horace Avery

Cotter: I am employed as a chambermaid in the Savoy Hotel. I remember Mr. Wilde staying at the hotel in March, 1893. At first he occupied No. 361 and Lord Douglas the room adjoining, No. 362. I found it necessary to call the attention of the housekeeper to the condition of Mr. Wilde's bed. The sheets were stained in a peculiar

way. On the third morning of his stay, about eleven o'clock, Mr. Wilde rang the bell for the housemaid. On answering the bell I met Mr. Wilde in the doorway of No. 361, and he told me he wanted a fire in his own room, No. 362. There I saw a boy of eighteen or nineteen years of age with dark close-cropped hair and a sallow complexion. Some days later Lord Alfred Douglas left the hotel, and Mr. Wilde then removed into rooms in the front of the hotel.

Testimony of Oscar Wilde

Wood was examined by Sir Edward Clarke

Wilde--In 1884 I married Miss Constance Lloyd, and from that time to the present I have lived with her at 16 Tite Street, Chelsea. I have occupied also for a time some rooms at St. James's Place, which I took for the purpose of my literary work, it being quite out of the question to secure quiet and mental repose at my own house when my two young sons were at home. I have heard the evidence against me in this case, and I declare that there is no truth in any one of the allegations of indecent behaviour.
Clarke--Was the evidence you gave [in the libel trial] absolutely and in all respects true?
W--Entirely true evidence.
C--Is there any truth in any of the allegations made against you in the evidence in this case?
W--There is no truth whatsoever in any one of the allegations, no truth whatsoever.

Cross-examined by Mr. C. F. Gill-You are acquainted with a publication entitled The Chameleon?
W--Very well indeed.
G--Contributors to that journal are friends of yours?
W--That is so.
G--I believe that Lord Alfred Douglas was a frequent contributor?
W--Hardly that, I think. He wrote some verses occasionally for The Chameleon, and indeed for other papers.
G--The poems in question were somewhat peculiar?
W--They certainly were not mere commonplaces like so much that is labelled poetry.
G--The tone of them met with your critical approval?
W--It was not for me to approve or disapprove. I left that to the reviews.
G--On the last occasion you were cross-examined with reference to two letters written to Lord Alfred Douglas?
W--Yes.
G--You were asked as to those letters, as to The Picture of Dorian Cray and as to The Chameleon?
W--Yes.
G--You said you had read Lord Alfred Douglas's poems in The Chameleon?

W--Yes.
G--You described them as beautiful poems?
W--I said something tantamount to that. The verses were original in theme and construction, and I admired them.
G--Lord Alfred Douglas contributed two poems to The Chameleon, and they were beautiful poems?
W--Yes.
G--Listen, Mr. Wilde, I shall keep you only a very short time in the witness box. [Counsel read the following poem from The Chameleon.]

"Last night unto my bed methought there came
Our lady of strange dreams, and from an urn
She poured live fire, so that mine eyes did burn
At sight of it. Anon the floating flame
Took many shapes, and one cried: I am Shame
That walks with Love, I am most wise to turn
Cold lips and limbs to fire; therefore discern
And see my loveliness, and praise my name.

And afterwards, in radiant garments dressed
With sound of flutes and laughing of glad lips,
A pomp of all the passions passed along
All the night through; till the white phantom ships
Of dawn sailed in. Whereat I said this song,
'Of all sweet passions Shame is loveliest.' "

G--Is that one of the beautiful poems?
Sir Edward Clarke--That is not one of Mr. Wilde's.
Mr. Gill--I am not aware that I said it was.
Sir Edward Clarke--I thought you would be glad to say it was not.
Mr. Justice Charles--I understand that was a poem by Lord Alfred Douglas.
Mr. Gill--Yes, my lord, and one which the witness described as a beautiful poem. The other beautiful poem is the one that follows immediately and precedes "The Priest and the Acolyte."
G--Your view, Mr. Wilde, is that the "shame" mentioned here is that shame which is a sense of modesty?
W--That was the explanation given to me by the person who wrote it. The sonnet seemed to me obscure.
G--During 1893 and 1894 You were a good deal in the company of Lord Alfred Douglas?
W--Oh, yes.
G--Did he read that poem to you?
W--Yes.
G--You can, perhaps, understand that such verses as these would not be acceptable to the reader with an ordinarily balanced mind?
W--I am not prepared to say. It appears to me to be a question of taste, temperament and individuality. I should say that one man's poetry is another man's poison! (Laughter.)

G--I daresay! The next poem is one described as "Two Loves." It contains these lines:

"'Sweet youth,
Tell me why, sad and sighing, dost thou rove
These pleasant realms? I pray thee tell me sooth,
What is thy name?' He said, 'My name is Love,'
Then straight the first did turn himself to me,
And cried, 'He lieth, for his name is Shame.
But I am Love, and I was wont to be
Alone in this fair garden, till he came
Unasked by night; I am true Love, I fill
The hearts of boy and girl with mutual flame.'
Then sighing said the other, 'Have thy will,
I am the Love that dare not speak its name'."

G--Was that poem explained to you?
W--I think that is dear.
G--There is no question as to what it means?
W--Most certainly not.
G--Is it not clear that the love described relates to natural love and unnatural love?
W--No.
G--What is the "Love that dare not speak its name"?
W--"The Love that dare not speak its name" in this century is such a great affection of an elder for a younger man as there was between David and Jonathan, such as Plato made the very basis of his philosophy, and such as you find in the sonnets of Michelangelo and Shakespeare. It is that deep, spiritual affection that is as pure as it is perfect. It dictates and pervades great works of art like those of Shakespeare and Michelangelo, and those two letters of mine, such as they are. It is in this century misunderstood, so much misunderstood that it may be described as the "Love that dare not speak its name," and on account of it I am placed where I am now. It is beautiful, it is fine, it is the noblest form of affection. There is nothing unnatural about it. It is intellectual, and it repeatedly exists between an elder and a younger man, when the elder man has intellect, and the younger man has all the joy, hope and glamour of life before him. That it should be so the world does not understand. The world mocks at it and sometimes puts one in the pillory for it. (Loud applause, mingled with some hisses.)
Mr. Justice Charles--If there is the slightest manifestation of feeling I shall have the Court cleared. There must be complete silence preserved.
G--Then there is no reason why it should be called "Shame"?
W--Ah, that, you will see, is the mockery of the other love, love which is jealous of friendship and says to it, "You should not interfere."
G--You were staying at the Savoy Hotel with Lord Alfred Douglas at the beginning of March, 1893?
W--Yes.

G--And after that you went into rooms?
W--Yes.
G--I understand you to say that' the evidence given in this case by the witnesses called in support of the prosecution is absolutely untrue?
W--Entirely.
G--Entirely untrue?
W--Yes.
G--Did you hear the evidence of the servants from the Savoy?
W--It is absolutely untrue.
G--Had you a quarrel with Lord Alfred Douglas in that week?
W--No; we never did quarrel-perhaps a little difference. Sometimes he said things that pained me and sometimes I said things that pained him.
G--Had he that week said unkind things?
W--I always made a point of forgetting whenever he said anything unkind.
G--I wish to call your attention to the style of your correspondence with Lord Alfred Douglas?
W--I am ready. I am never ashamed of the style of my writings.
G--You are fortunate, or shall I say shameless? (Laughter.) I refer to passages in two letters in particular?
W--Kindly quote them.
G--In letter number one you use the expression "Your slim gilt soul," and you refer to Lord Alfred's "red rose-1eaf lips." The second letter contains the words, "You are the divine thing I want," and describes Lord Alfred's letter as being "delightful, red and yellow wine to me." Do you think that an ordinarily constituted being would address such expressions to a younger man?
W--I am not happily, I think, an ordinarily constituted being.
G--It is agreeable to be able to agree with you, Mr. Wilde? (Laughter.)
W--There is nothing, I assure you, in either letter of which I need be ashamed. The first letter is really a prose poem, and the second more of a literary answer to one Lord Alfred had sent me.
G--In reference to the incidents alleged against you at the Savoy Hotel, are you prepared to contradict the evidence of the hotel servants?
W--It is entirely untrue. Can I answer for what hotel servants say years after I have left the hotel? It is childish. I am not responsible for hotel servants. I have stayed at the hotel and been there constantly since.
G--There is no possibility of mistake? There was no woman with you?
W--Certainly not.
G--You knew that while the counsel for Lord Queensberry was addressing the jury, the case was interrupted, a verdict of "Not Guilty" was agreed to, and the jury found that the justification was proved and the libel published for the public benefit?
W--I was not in Court.
G--But you knew it?
W--No, I did not. I knew my counsel had considered it would be impossible to get a verdict on the question as far as the literature went, and it was not for me to dispute their superior wisdom. I was not in

Court, nor have I read any account of that trial.
G--What is there untrue in the evidence of Shelley?
W--I say that his account of what happened is entirely untrue. It is true that he came to the Independent Theatre with me, but it was in a box with some friends. His accusations of impropriety arc equally untrue.
G--Do you see no impropriety in kissing a boy?
W--In kissing a young boy, a child, of course not; but I certainly do not think that one should kiss a young man of eighteen.
G--Then as to Shelley's letters, there was a line in a later one which says, "God forgive the past; do your best for me now." Do you know the meaning of that?
W--Yes. Shelley was in the habit of writing me many morbid, very morbid letters, which I tore up. In them he said that he was a great sinner and anxious to be in closer communion with religion. I always tore them up.
G--Charles Parker--what part of his evidence is untrue?
W--Where he says he came to the Savoy and that I committed acts of indecency with him. He never came to the Savoy with me to supper. It is true that he dined with me and that he came to St. James's Place to tea. The rest is untrue.
G--Who introduced you to Wood?
W--Lord Alfred Douglas.
G--Did you ever take Wood to Tite Street with you?
W--It is entirely untrue that he ever went to Tite Street with me at all.
G--And these witnesses have, you say, lied throughout?
W--Their evidence as to my association with them, as to the dinners taking Place and the small presents I gave them, is mostly true. But there is not a particle of truth in that part of the evidence which alleged improper behaviour.
G--Why did you take up with these youths?
W--I am a lover of youth. (Laughter.)
G--You exalt youth as a sort of god?
W--I like to study the young in everything. There is something fascinating in youthfulness.
G--So you would prefer puppies to dogs and kittens to cats?
W--I think so. I should enjoy, for instance, the society of a beardless, briefless barrister quite as much as that of the most accomplished Q.C. (Laughter.)
G--I hope the former, whom I represent in large numbers, will appreciate the compliment. (More laughter.) These youths were much inferior to you in station?
W--I never inquired, nor did I care, what station they occupied. I found them, for the most part, bright and entertaining. I found their conversation a change. It acted as a kind of mental tonic.
G--Who introduced you to Taylor?
W--Mr. Schwabe.
G--Why did you go to Taylor's rooms?
W--Because I used to meet actors and singers of many kinds there.
G--A rather curious establishment, wasn't it, Taylor's?

W--I didn't think so.
G--You saw nothing peculiar or suggestive in the arrangement of Taylor's rooms?
W--I cannot say that I did. They were Bohemian. That is all. I have seen stranger rooms.
G--Did you notice that no one could see in through the windows?
W----No; that I didn't notice.
G--He burned incense, did he not?
W--Pastilles, I think.
G--Incense, I suggest?
W--I think not. Pastilles, I should say, in those little Japanese things that run along rods.
G--Did it strike you that this place was at all peculiar?
W--Not at all.
G--Not the sort of street you would usually visit in? You had no other friends there?
W--No; this was merely a bachelor's place.
G--Rather a rough neighbourhood?
W--That I don't know. I know it was near the Houses of Parliament.
G--What did you go there for?
W--To amuse myself sometimes; to smoke a cigarette; for music, singing, chatting, and nonsense of that kind, to while an hour away.
G--You never suspected the relations that might exist between Taylor and his young friends?
W--I had no need to suspect anything. Taylor's relations with his friends appeared to me to be quite normal.
G--I may take it, Mr. Wilde, that you see no reason why the police should keep observation at Little College Street?
W--No.
G--What do you say about Alphonse Conway?
W--I met him on the beach at Worthing. He was such a bright happy boy that it was a pleasure to talk to him. I bought him a walking stick and a suit of clothes and a hat with a bright ribbon, but I was not responsible for the ribbon. (Laughter.)
G--You made handsome presents to all these young fellows?
W--Pardon me, I differ. I gave two or three of them a cigarette case: Boys of that class smoke a good deal of cigarettes. I have a weakness for presenting my acquaintances with cigarette cases.
G--Rather an expensive habit if indulged in indiscriminately, isn't it?
W--Less extravagant than giving jewelled garters to ladies. (Laughter.)
G--With regard to your friendship towards the persons I have mentioned, may I take it, Mr. Wilde, that it was as you describe, a deep affection of an elder man for a younger?
W--Certainly not. One feels that once in one's life, and once only, towards anybody.

Testimony of Alfred Taylor

Taylor was examined by J. P. Grain

Alfred Taylor--I am thirty-three years of age. I am the son of a cocoa manufacturer, whose business is now being carried on as a limited liability company. Up to the age of 16 or 17 I was educated at Marlborough School, 2nd afterwards I went to a private tutor at Preston, near Brighton. I then entered the militia, going into the 4th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment. My original intention was to 90 into the army, but on coming of age in 1883 I came into a fortune of £45,000 and have since that time had no occupation but have lived a life of pleasure.

Cross--examined by Mr. Gill

Taylor--I have no occupation. It is untrue that I was expelled from a public school for being caught in a compromising situation with a small boy in the lavatory. It is true that I used to have a number of young men living in my rooms and sleeping in the same bed.
G--Is it true that you ever went through a mock marriage with Mason?
T--Absolutely untrue.
G--Had you a woman's dress in your rooms?
T--An Eastern costume.
G--A woman's dress?
T--Yes.
G--A woman's wig?
T--I will explain. It was--
G--Had you women's stockings?
T--Yes.
G--At the time you were living in Chapel Street, were you in serious money difficulties?
T--I had just gone through the Bankruptcy Court.
G--Have you not actually made a living since your bankruptcy by procuring lads and young men for rich gentlemen whom you knew to be given to this vice?
T--No.
G--Have you not extracted large sums of money from wealthy men by threatening to accuse them of immoralities?
T--No.
G--You made the acquaintance of the Parkers in the St. James's Restaurant?
T--It was outside, and I was introduced to them by a friend.
G--What did you give them your address for?
T--Well, when one makes an acquaintance and you think you will like one another--
G--Are you in the habit of speaking to young men in Piccadilly?
T--I know what you mean. No.
G--You go into Piccadilly?
T--Yes, always.
G--St. James's?

T--Yes.
G--Have you ever accosted men at the Alhambra or the Empire?
T--Never.
G--Did you know Mr. Wilde well?
T--Yes.
G--Did you tell certain lads that he was fond of boys?
T--No, never.
G--Did you know that he is?
T--I believe he is fond of young people.
G--Why did you introduce Charles Parker to Mr. Wilde?
T--I thought Mr. Wilde might use his influence to obtain for him some work on the stage.
G--Did you know a man named Marling who was concerned in the Fitzroy Street raid?
T--Yes.
G--Do you know what he is?
T--I have heard a good deal.
G--Were you and Charles Parker both arrested in that raid?
T--Yes, but we were discharged from custody.
G--What was the reason for the dinner at Kettner's?
T--It was in honour of my birthday. After dinner was over the Parkers and I went home to my rooms in Little College Street.
G--Why did you burn incense in your rooms?
T--Because I liked it.

Testimony of Oscar Wilde on Cross Examination (April 3,1895)(Literary Part)

Wilde was questioned on cross-examination by Queensberry's defense attorney, Edward Carson

Edward Carson--You stated that your age was thirty-nine. I think you are over forty. You were born on 16th October, 1854?
Oscar Wilde--I have no wish to pose as being young. I am thirty-nine or forty. You have my certificate and that settles the matter.
C--But being born in 1854 makes you more than forty?
W--Ah! Very well
C--What age is Lord Alfred Douglas?
W--Lord Alfred Douglas is about twenty-four, and was between twenty and twenty-one years of age when I first knew him. Down to the time of the interview in Tite Street, Lord Queensberry was friendly. I did not receive a letter on 3rd April in which Lord Queensberry desired that my acquaintance with his son should cease. After the interview I had no doubt that such was Lord Queensberry's desire. Notwithstanding Lord Queensberry's protest, my intimacy with Lord Alfred Douglas has continued down to the present moment.
C-- You have stayed with him at many places?

W--Yes.
C--At Oxford? Brighton on several occasions? Worthing?
W--Yes.
C--And in various hotels in London?
W--Yes; at one in Albemarle Street, and in Dover Street, and at the Savoy.
C--Did you ever take rooms yourself in addition to your house in Tite Street?
W--Yes; at 10 and 11 St. James's Place. I kept the rooms from the month of October, 1893, to the end of March, 1894. Lord Alfred Douglas has stayed in those chambers, which are not far from Piccadilly. I have been abroad with him several times and even lately to Monte Carlo. With reference to the writings which have been mentioned, it was not at Brighton, in 20 King's Road, that I wrote my article for *The Chameleon*. I observed that there were also contributions from Lord Alfred Douglas, but these were not written at Brighton. I have seen them. I thought them exceedingly beautiful poems. One was "In Praise of Shame" and the other "Two Loves."
C-- These loves. They were two boys?
W--Yes.
C-- One boy calls his love "true love," and the other boy calls his love "shame"?
W--Yes.
C-- Did you think that made any improper suggestion?
W--No, none whatever.
C-- You read "The Priest and the Acolyte"?
W--Yes.
C-- You have no doubt whatever that that was an improper story?
W--From the literary point of view it was highly improper. It is impossible for a man of literature to judge it otherwise; by literature, meaning treatment, selection of subject, and the like. I thought the treatment rotten and the subject rotten.
C--You are of opinion, I believe, that there is no such thing as an immoral book?
W--Yes.
C--May I take it that you think "The Priest and the Acolyte" was not immoral?
W--It was worse; it was badly written.
C--Was not the story that of a priest who fell in love with a boy who served him at the altar, and was discovered by the rector in the priest's room, and a scandal arose?
W--I have read it only once, in last November, and nothing will induce me to read it again. I don't care for it. It doesn't interest me...
C--Do you think the story blasphemous?
W--I think it violated every artistic canon of beauty.
C-- I wish to know whether you thought the story blasphemous?
W--The story filled me with disgust. The end was wrong.
C--Answer the question, sir. Did you or did you not consider the story blasphemous?

W--I thought it disgusting.
C--I am satisfied with that. You know that when the priest in the story administers poison to the boy, he uses the words of the sacrament of the Church of England?
W--That I entirely forgot.
C--Do you consider that blasphemous?
W--I think it is horrible. "Blasphemous" is not a word of mine.

[Carson then read from "The Priest and the Acolyte."]:

Just before the consecration the priest took a tiny phial from the pocket of his cassock, blessed it, and poured the contents into the chalice.

When the time came for him to receive from the chalice, he raised it to his lips, but did not taste of it.

He administered the sacred wafer to the child, and then he took his hand; he turned towards him; but when he saw the light in the beautiful face he turned again to the crucifix with a low moan. For one instant his courage failed him; then he turned to the little fellow again, and held the chalice to his lips:

"The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life."

C--Do you approve of those words?
W—I think them disgusting, perfect twaddle....I strongly objected to the whole story. I took no steps to express disapproval of *The Chameleon* because I think it would have been beneath my dignity as a man of letters to associate myself with an Oxford undergraduate's productions. I am aware that the magazine may have been circulated among the undergraduates of Oxford. I do not believe that any book or work of art ever had any effect whatever on morality.
C--Am I right in saying that you do not consider the effect in creating morality or immorality?
W—Certainly, I do not.
C--So far as your works are concerned, you pose as not being concerned about morality or immorality?
W—I do not know whether you use the word "pose" in any particular sense.
C--It is a favorite word of your own?
W—Is it? I have no pose in this matter. In writing a play or a book, I am concerned entirely with literature—that is, with art. I aim not at doing good or evil, but in trying to make a thing that will have some quality of beauty.
C--Listen, sir. Here is one of the "Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young" which you contributed: "Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others." You think that true?
W—I rarely think that anything I write is true.
C--Did you say "rarely"?
W--I said "rarely." I might have said "never"—not true in the actual sense of the word.
C--"Religions die when they arc proved to be true." Is that true?
W—Yes; I hold that. It is a suggestion towards a philosophy of the

absorption of religions by science, but it is too big a question to go into now.
C--Do you think that was a safe axiom to put forward for the philosophy of the young?
W--Most stimulating.
C--"If one tells the truth, one is sure, sooner or later, to be found out"?
W—That is a pleasing paradox, but I do not set very high store on it as an axiom.
C-- Is it good for the young?
W—Anything is good that stimulates thought in whatever age.
C--Whether moral or immoral?
W—There is no such thing as morality or immorality in thought. There is immoral emotion.
C--"Pleasure is thc only thing one should live for"?
W—I think that the realization of oneself is the prime aim of life, and to realize oneself through pleasure is finer than to do so through pain. I am, on that point, entirely on the side of the ancients—the Greeks. It is a pagan idea.
C--"A truth ceases to be true when more than one person believes in it"?
W—Perfectly. That would be my metaphysical definition of truth; something so personal that the same truth could never be appreciated by two minds.
C--"The condition of perfection is idleness: the aim of perfection is youth"?
W—Oh, yes; I think so. Half of it is true. The life of contemplation is the highest life, and so recognized by the philosopher.
C--"There is something tragic about the enormous number of young men there are in England at the present moment who start life with perfect profiles, and end by adopting some useful profession"?
W—I should think that the young have enough sense of humor.
C--You think that is humorous?
W—I think it is an amusing paradox, an amusing play on words....
C--This is in your introduction to Dorian Gray: "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written." That expresses your view?
W—My view on art, yes.
C--Then, I take it, that no matter how immoral a book may be, if it is well written, it is, in your opinion, a good book?
W—Yes, if it were well written so as to produce a sense of beauty, which is the highest sense of which a human being can be capable. If it were badly written, it would produce a sense of disgust.
C--Then a well-written book putting forward perverted moral views may be a good book?
W—No work of art ever puts forward views. Views belong to people who are not artists.
C--A perverted novel might be a good book?
W--I don't know what you mean by a "perverted" novel.
C--Then I will suggest Dorian Gray as open to the interpretation of being such a novel?

W--That could only be to brutes and illiterates. The views of Philistines on art are incalculably stupid.
C--An illiterate person reading Dorian Gray might consider it such a novel?
W—The views of illiterates on art are unaccountable. I am concerned only with my view of art. I don't care twopence what other people think of it.
C--The majority of persons would come under your definition of Philistines and illiterates?
W—I have found wonderful exceptions.
C--Do you think that the majority of people live up to the position you are giving us?
W—I am afraid they are not cultivated enough.
C--Not cultivated enough to draw the distinction between a good book and a bad book?
W—Certainly not.
C--The affection and love of the artist of Dorian Gray might lead an ordinary individual to believe that it might have a certain tendency?
W—I have no knowledge of the views of ordinary individuals.
C--You did not prevent the ordinary individual from buying your book?
W—I have never discouraged him.

[Carson read from The Picture of Dorian Gray, in which the painter Basil Hallward describes to Lord Henry Wooton his first meetings with Dorian Gray.]:

". . . The story is simply this. 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, as you told me once, anybody, even a stockbroker, can gain a reputation for being civilized. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, I suddenly became conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned half-way round, and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious instinct of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with some one whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. 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; had at least always been so, till I met Dorian Gray. Then--but I don't know how to explain it to you. Something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my life. I had a strange feeling that Fate had in store for me exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows. I knew that if I spoke to Dorian I would become absolutely devoted to him, and that I ought not to speak to him. I grew afraid, and turned to quit the room. It was not conscience that made me do so: 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, whatever 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. Hallward?' she screamed out. You know her shrill horrid voice?"

"Yes, she is a peacock in everything but beauty," said Lord 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 Garters, and elderly ladies with gigantic tiaras and hooked noses. She spoke of 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 is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was mad of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so mad, after all. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other."
". . . Tell me more about Dorian Gray. . How often do you see him?"
"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. Of course sometimes it is only for a few minutes. But a few minutes with somebody one worships means a great deal."
"But you don't really worship him?"
"I do."
"How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your painting--your art, I should say. Art sounds better, doesn't it?"
"He is all my art to me now. I sometimes think, Harry, that there are only two eras of any importance in the history of the world. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antino?s was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, model from him. Of course I have done all that. He has stood as Paris in dainty armour, and as Adonis with huntsman's cloak and polished boar-spear. Crowned with heavy lotus-blossoms, 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 of his own beauty. But he is much more to me than that. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that art cannot express it. There is nothing that art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done since I met Dorian Gray is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way—I wonder will you understand me? —his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now recreate life in a way that was hidden from me before. 'A dream of form in days of thought'—who is it who says that? I forget, but it is what Dorian Gray has been to me. The merely visible presence of this lad-for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty—his merely visible presence—ah! I wonder can you realize all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in itself all the passion of the romantic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body—how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is bestial, an ideality that is void. Harry! Harry! if you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me! You remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such a 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."
"Basil, this is quite wonderful! I must see Dorian Gray."

C---Now I ask you, Mr. Wilde, do you consider that that description of the feeling of one man towards a youth just grown up was a proper or an improper feeling?
W—I think it is the most perfect description of what an artist would feel on meeting a beautiful personality that was in some way necessary to his art and life.

C--You think that is a feeling a young man should have towards another?
W—Yes, as an artist.

[Carson continued reading from the book.]

"Let us sit down, Dorian," said Hallward, looking pale and pained. "Let us sit down. I will sit in the shadow, and you shall sit in the sunlight. Our lives are like that. Just answer me one question. Have you noticed in the picture something that you did not like? —something that probably at first did not strike you, but that revealed itself to you suddenly?"
"Basil!" cried the lad, clutching the arms of his chair with trembling hands, and gazing at him with wild, startled eyes.
"I see you did. Don't speak. Wait till you hear what I have to say. It is quite true that I have worshipped you with far more romance of feeling than a man usually gives to a friend. Somehow, I have never loved a woman. I suppose I never had time. Perhaps, as Harry says, a really 'grande passion' is the privilege of those who have nothing to do, and that is the use of the idle classes in a country. Well, from the moment I met you, your personality had the most extraordinary influence over me. I quite admit that I adored you madly, extravagantly, absurdly. I was jealous of every one to whom you spoke. I wanted to have you all to myself. I was only happy when I was with you. When I was away from you, you were still present in my art. It was all wrong and foolish. It is all wrong and foolish still. Of course I never let you know anything about this. It would have been impossible. You would not have understood it; I did not understand it myself. One day I determined to paint a wonderful portrait of you. It was to have been my masterpiece. It is my masterpiece. But, as I worked at it, every flake and film of colour seemed to me to reveal my secret. I grew afraid that the world would know of my idolatry. I felt, Dorian, that I had told too much. Then, it was that I resolved never to allow the picture to be exhibited. You were a little annoyed; but then you did not realize all that it meant to me. Harry, to whom I talked about it, laughed at me. But I did not mind that. When the picture was finished, and I -sat alone with it, I felt that I was right. Well, after a few days the portrait left my studio, and as soon as I had got rid of the intolerable fascination of its presence it seemed to me that I had been foolish in imagining that I had said anything in it, more than that you were extremely goodlooking and that I could paint. Even now I cannot help feeling that it is a mistake to think that the passion one feels in creation is ever really shown in the work one creates. Art is more abstract than we fancy. Form and colour tell us of form and colour—that is all. It often seems to me that art conceals the artist far more completely than it ever reveals him. And so when I got this offer from Paris I determined to make your portrait the principal thing in my exhibition. It never occurred to me that you would refuse. I see now that you were right. The picture must not be shown. You must not be angry with me, Dorian, for what I have told you. As I said to Harry, once, you are made to be worshipped."

C—Do you mean to say that that passage describes the natural feeling of one man towards another?
W—It would be the influence produced by a beautiful personality.
C--A beautiful person?
W—I said a "beautiful personality." You can describe it as you like. Dorian Gray's was a most remarkable personality.
C--May I take it that you, as an artist, have never known the feeling described here?
W—I have never allowed any personality to dominate my art.
C--Then you have never known the feeling you described?
W—No. It is a work of fiction.

C--So far as you are concerned you have no experience as to its being a natural feeling?
W—I think it is perfectly natural for any artist to admire intensely and love a young man. It is an incident in the life of almost every artist.
C--But let us go over it phrase by phrase. "I quite admit that I adored you madly." What do you say to that? Have you ever adored a young man madly?
W—No, not madly; I prefer love-that is a higher form.
C--Never mind about that. Let us keep down to the level we are at now?
W—I have never given adoration to anybody except myself. (Loud laughter.)
C--I suppose you think that a very smart thing?
W—Not at all.
C--Then you have never had that feeling?
W—No. The whole idea was borrowed from Shakespeare, I regret to say—yes, from Shakespeare's sonnets.
C--I believe you have written an article to show that Shakespeare's sonnets were suggestive of unnatural vice?
W—On the contrary I have written an article to show that they are not." I objected to such a perversion being put upon Shakespeare.
C--"I have adored you extravagantly"?—Do you mean financially?
W--Oh, yes, financially!
C--Do you think we are talking about finance?
W—I don't know what you are talking about.
C--Don't you? Well, I hope I shall make myself very plain before I have done. "I was jealous of every one to whom you spoke." Have you ever been jealous of a young man?
W—Never in my life.
C--"I wanted to have you all to myself." Did you ever have that feeling?
W—No; I should consider it an intense nuisance, an intense bore.
C--"I grew afraid that the world would know of my idolatry." Why should he grow afraid that the world should know of it?
W--Because there are people in the world who cannot understand the intense devotion, affection, and admiration that an artist can feel for a wonderful and beautiful personality. These are the conditions under which we live. I regret them.
C--These unfortunate people, that have not the high understanding that you have, might put it down to something wrong?
W--Undoubtedly; to any point they chose. I am not concerned with the ignorance of others....

[Carson continued reading from The Picture of Dorian Gray.]

". . . I think it right that you should know that the most dreadful things are being said about you in London—things that I could hardly repeat to you."
"I don't wish to know anything about them. I love scandals about other people, but scandals about myself don't interest me. They have not got the charm of novelty."
"They must interest you, Dorian. Every gentleman is interested in his good name. You don't want people to talk of you as something vile and degraded. Of course you have your position, and your wealth, and all that kind of thing. But position and wealth are not everything. Mind you, I don't believe these rumours at all. At least, I

can't believe them when I see you. Sin is a thing that writes itself across a man's face. It cannot be concealed. People talk of secret vices. There are no such things as secret vices. If a wretched man has a vice, it shows itself in the lines of his mouth, the droop of his eyelids, the moulding of his hands even. Somebody—I won't mention his name, but you know him—came to me last year to have his portrait done. I had never seen him before, and had never heard anything about him at the time, though I have heard a good deal since. He offered an extravagant price. I refused him. There was something in the shape of his fingers that I hated. I know now that I was quite right in what I fancied about him. His life is dreadful. But you, Dorian, with your pure, bright, innocent face, and your marvellous untroubled youth—I can't believe anything against you. And yet I see you very seldom, and you never come down to the studio now, and when I am away from you, and I hear all these hideous things that people are whispering about you, I don't know what to say. Why is it, Dorian, that a man like the Duke of Berwick leaves the room of a club when you enter it? Why is it that so many gentlemen in London will neither go to your house nor invite you to theirs? You used to be a friend of Lord Cawdor. I met him at dinner last week. Your name happened to come up in conversation, in connexion with the miniatures you have lent to the exhibition at the Dudley. Cawdor curled his lip, and said that you might have the most artistic tastes, but that you were a man whom no pure-minded girl should be allowed to know, and whom no chaste woman should sit in the same room with. I reminded him that I was a friend of yours, and asked him what he meant. He told me. He told me right out before everybody. It was horrible! Why is your friendship so fateful to young men? There was that wretched boy in the Guards who committed suicide. You were his great friend. There was Sir Henry Ashton, who had to leave England with a tarnished name. You and he were inseparable. What about Adrian Singleton, and his dreadful end? What about Lord Kent's only son, and his career? I met his father yesterday in St. James Street. He seemed broken with shame and sorrow. What about the young Duke of Perth? What sort of life has he got now? What gentleman would associate with him? Dorian, Dorian, your reputation is infamous. . . ."

C—Does not this passage suggest a charge of unnatural vice?
W—It describes Dorian Gray as a man of very corrupt influence, though there is no statement as to the nature of the influence. But as a matter of fact I do not think that one person influences another, nor do I think there is any bad influence in the world.
C--A man never corrupts a youth?
W—I think not.
C--Nothing could corrupt him?
W—If you are talking of separate ages.
C--No, sir, I am talking common sense.
W--I do not think one person influences another.
C--You don't think that flattering a young man, making love to him, in fact, would be likely to corrupt him?
W—No.
C--Where was Lord Alfred Douglas staying when you wrote that letter to him?
W—At the Savoy; and I was at Babbacombe, near Torquay.
C--It was a letter in answer to something he had sent you?
W—Yes, a poem.
C--Why should a man of your age address a boy nearly twenty years younger as "My own boy"?
W—I was fond of him. I have always been fond of him.
C--Do you adore him?

W—No, but I have always liked him. I think it is a beautiful letter. It is a poem. I was not writing an ordinary letter. You might as well cross-examine me as to whether King Lear or a sonnet of Shakespeare was proper.
C--Apart from art, Mr. Wilde?
W—I cannot answer apart from art.
C--Suppose a man who was not an artist had written this letter, would you say it was a proper letter?
W—A man who was not. an artist could not have written that letter.
C--Why?
W—Because nobody but an artist could write it. He certainly could not write the language unless he were a man of letters.
C--I can suggest, for the sake of your reputation, that there is nothing very wonderful in this "red rose-leaf lips of yours"?
W—A great deal depends on the way it is read.
C--"Your slim gilt soul walks between passion and poetry." Is that a beautiful phrase?
W—Not as you read it, Mr. Carson. You read it very badly.
C--I do not profess to be an artist; and when I hear you give evidence, I am glad I am not—
Sir Edward Clarke—I don't think my friend should talk like that. (To witness) Pray, do not criticize my friend's reading again.
C—Is that not an exceptional letter?
W—It is unique, I should say.
C--Was that the ordinary way in which you carried on your correspondence?
W—No; but I have often written to Lord Alfred Douglas, though I never wrote to another young man in the same way.
C--Have you often written letters in the same style as this?
W—I don't repeat myself in style.
C--Here is another letter which I believe you also wrote to Lord Alfred Douglas. Will you read it?
W—No; I decline. I don't see why I should.
C--Then I will.

Savoy Hotel,
Victoria Embankment, London.

Dearest of all Boys,

Your letter was delightful, red and yellow wine to me; but I am sad and out of sorts. Bosie, you must not make scenes with me. They kill me, they wreck the loveliness of life. I cannot see you, so Greek and gracious, distorted with passion. I cannot listen to your curved lips saying hideous things to me. I would sooner—than have you bitter, unjust, hating. . . . I must see you soon. You are the divine thing I want, the thing of grace and beauty; but I don't know how to do it. Shall I come to Salisbury? My bill here, is £49 for a week. I have also got a new sitting-room. . . . Why are you not here, my dear, my wonderful boy? I fear I must leave-no money, no credit, and a heart of lead.

YOUR OWN OSCAR.

C—Is that an ordinary letter?
W—Everything I write is extraordinary. I do not pose as being ordinary, great heavens! Ask me any question you like about it.
C--Is it the kind of letter a man writes to another?
W—It was a tender expression of my great admiration for Lord Alfred Douglas. It was not, like the other, a prose poem

Closing Speech for the Defense by Sir Edward Clarke

Sir Edward Clarke--May it please you, my lord, gentlemen of the jury--Having in my mind the observations which, under some stress of feeling I made in the early part of the day, I may state at the outset that I recognize the admirable fairness with which the Solicitor-General cross-examined Mr. Wilde. And if earlier in the day I was moved, by what I am glad to think I then described as the momentary forgetfulness of my learned friend yesterday, to expressions which sounded hostile in regard to him, he will let me say at once, in the frankest manner, that the way in which he has cross-examined absolutely destroys any suggestion which might have lain in my words. . . .

I suggest to you, gentlemen, that your duty is simple and clear and that when you find a man who is assailed by tainted evidence entering the witness-box, and for a third time giving a clear, coherent and lucid account of the transactions, such as that which the accused has given to-day, I venture to say that that man is entitled to be believed against a horde of blackmailers such as you have seen. . . . this matter. I know not on what grounds the course has been taken. . . .
This trial seems to be operating as an act of indemnity for all the blackmailers in London. Wood and Parker, in giving evidence, have

established for themselves a sort of statute of limitations. In testifying on behalf of the Crown they have secured immunity for past rogueries and indecencies. It is on the evidence of Parker and Wood that you are asked to condemn Mr. Wilde. And, Mr. Wilde knew nothing of the characters of these men. They were introduced to him, and it was his love of admiration that caused him to be in their society. The positions should really be changed. It is these men who ought to be the accused, not the accusers. It is true that Charles Parker and Wood never made any charge against Mr. Wilde before the plea of justification in the libel case was put in--but what a powerful piece of evidence that is in favour of Mr. Wilde! For if Charles Parker and Wood thought they had material for making a charge against Mr. Wilde before that date, do you not think, gentlemen, they would have made it? Do you think that they would have remained year after year without trying to get something from him? But Charles Parker and Wood previously made no charge against Mr. Wilde, nor did they attempt to get money from him, and that circumstance is one among other cogent proofs to be found in the case that there is no truth whatever in the accusations against Mr. Wilde. . . .

You must not act upon suspicion or prejudice, but upon an examination of the facts, gentlemen, and on the facts, I respectfully urge that Mr. Wilde is entitled to claim from you a verdict of acquittal. If on an examination of the evidence you, therefore, feel it your duty to say that the charges against the prisoner have not been proved, then I am sure that you will be glad that the brilliant promise which has been clouded by these accusations, and the bright reputation which was so nearly quenched in the torrent of prejudice which a few weeks ago was sweeping through the press, have been saved by your verdict from absolute ruin; and that it leaves him, a distinguished man of letters and a brilliant Irishman, to live among us a life of honour and repute, and to give in the maturity of his genius gifts to our literature, of which he has given only the, promise in his early youth.

Closing Speech for the Prosecution by Solicitor-General Frank Lockwood

Solicitor-General Lockwood--As regards the hardship which my learned friend alleges to have been inflicted on the defendant in being cross-examined three times, I am prepared to argue that so far from being placed at a disadvantage, there are good grounds for coming to thc conclusion that he is now better fitted and readier with his answers than before. . . . It is upon the evidence only that I ask you to condemn the accused; but you win not appreciate the evidence until you know what manner of man it is you are dealing with. Who were his associates? He is a man of culture and literary tastes, and I submit that his associates ought to have been his equals and not these illiterate

boys whom you have heard in the witness-box. . . .
You cannot fail to put the interpretation on the conduct of the prisoner that he is a guilty man, and you ought to say so by your verdict.

As to the statement of Sir Edward Clarke that Mr. Wilde himself created inquiry into the matter, that statement of my learned friend makes it necessary for me to recall to your minds, gentlemen, the relative positions of the parties in the Queensberry case. Sir Edward Clarke has contended that Lord Queensberry's libels referred to events of two years back, and that in the lapse of time witnesses for Mr. Wilde have been lost sight of. But I ask you, what witness has been lost sight of? I suggest to you that it was the fact that Wilde had seen nothing of Parker, and that he could rely implicitly on his intimate friend Taylor, that encouraged him to prosecute Lord Queensberry.

Sir Edward Clarke--I must rise to object to Mr. Solicitor-General's rhetorical descriptions of what has never been proved in evidence, in asserting that an intimate friendship existed between Mr. Wilde and Taylor.

The Solicitor-General--Gentlemen, it is not rhetoric; it is a plain statement of-fact. What are the indications of an intimate friendship? They call each other by their Christian names. Is he not a great friend on his own profession? Does he not say to Taylor: "Bring your friends; they are my friends; I win not inquire too closely whether they come from the stables or the kitchen"? No doubt my learned friend desires now to disconnect them. He wishes as a result of this trial that one should be condemned and the other left free to continue his grand literary career.

Sir Edward Clarke--I protest.

The Solicitor-General--My friend hopes to preserve Wilde by means of a false glamour of art.

Sir Edward Clarke--My lord, I must protest against this line of argument. I protest strongly against the line the learned Solicitor-General is taking.

The Solicitor-General--Oh, you may protest.

Mr. Justice Wills--So far no mention has been made of the verdict in the other case.

Sir Edward Clarke--All this is as far removed from the evidence as anything ever heard in this Court.

The Solicitor-General--I am alluding, my lord, and I maintain that I am right in alluding, to my learned friend's last appeal to the jury as to

the literary position of his client; and I am dealing in connexion with that with his connexion with the man Taylor, and I say that these men must be judged equally.

Sir Edward Clarke--They ought to have been fairly tried in their proper order.

The Solicitor-General--Oh, my lord, these interruptions should avail my friend nothing.

Mr. Justice Wills--Mr. Solicitor-General is perfectly within his rights. The only objection is to allusions to the result of the trial of Taylor.

The Solicitor-General--My learned friend does not seem, to have gained a great deal by his superfluity of interruption. (Laughter.)

Mr. Justice Wills--These interruptions arc offensive to me beyond anything that can be described. To have to try a case of this kind, to keep the scales even and do one's duty is hard enough; but to be pestered with the applause or expressions of feeling of senseless people who have no business to be here at all except for the gratification of morbid curiosity, is too much. I hope that no further interruption of this kind will be heard throughout the rest of the trial. If there is anything of the kind again I shall clear the Court.

The Solicitor-General--I contend that such a letter found in the possession of a woman from a man would be open to but one interpretation. How much worse is the inference to be drawn when such a letter is written from one man to another. It has been attempted to show that this was a prose poem, a sonnet, a lovely thing which I suppose we arc too low to appreciate. Gentlemen, let us thank God, if it is so, that we do not appreciate things of this sort San at their proper value, and that is somewhat lower than the beasts. If that letter had been seen by any right-minded man, it would have been looked upon as evidence of a guilty passion. And you, men of pride, reason, and honour, are tried to be put off with this story of the prose poem, of the sonnet, of the lovely thing.

It is a common-sense conclusion that Mr. Wilde bargained with Wood and bought the letters. Indeed Mr. Wilde's own admissions--which agree up to a certain point with the evidence of Wood--prove Wood's story to be true. What necessity was there for Mr. Wilde to give Wood supper in a private room or to tell him that his family was out of town? If what Mr. Wilde has said is true as to his first meeting with Wood, all he had to do was to hand over to him the money he was deputed to give him and, if he thought there was aught in this young man that appealed to his own benevolence, to add such sum as provided for such refreshment as Wood might desire. In my submission Wood has no motive for deceiving you on this occasion. I say that the transaction with regard to the letters is capable of one construction only. Mr. Wilde knew they were letters which he must recover; he bought them and tore them to pieces. He kept the one which he had from Allen, because he knew that Mr. Beerbohm Tree had a copy of it, so that it was useless to destroy the original. Gentlemen, if you come to the conclusion that Mr. Wilde did purchase these letters, it throws a flood of light upon his conduct. It shows that he knew the class of men with whom he had been intimate and with whom he continued to be intimate. . . .

My learned friend has said that these witnesses arc blackmailers and has warned you against giving a verdict which should enable this detestable trade to rear its head unblushingly in this city. Gentlemen, I should have as much right to ask you to take care lest by your verdict you should enable another vice, as detestable, as abominable, to raise its head with unblushing effrontery in this city. The genesis of the blackmailer is the man who has committed these acts of indecency with him. And the genesis of the man who commits these foul acts is the man who is willing to pay for their commission. Were it not that there

are men willing to purchase vice in this most hideous and detestable form, there would be no market for such crime, and no opening for these blackmailers to ply their calling. . . .

With regard to Taylor, who on the occasion of the first trial was charged by Mr. Carson with procuration on behalf of Wilde, I must point out that Taylor was in Court during the Queensberry trial, and yet he was not put into the witness-box. Again, one would have thought that after the Wood incident, Taylor would have been asked to be careful in the selection of the friends he introduced to Mr. Wilde. But, no. Taylor had carte blanche to bring along any friends he pleased. He brought along Charles Parker, and it is manifest that the prisoner's intimacy with Charles Parker was not a matter of ordinary friendship. In connexion with Parker's testimony I must repel the suggestion that Mr. Russell, Lord Queensberry's solicitor, or any of the representatives of the Crown have given either fee or reward to the youths who have given evidence in this case. All the prosecution has done has been to take precautions to prevent tampering with those witnesses, and to ensure their attendance in Court. Naturally the witnesses have been removed secretly from place to place, and I make no apology for the course the Crown has taken in this matter. Charles Parker, whose evidence gave rise to this suggestion, could not possibly have had any sinister motive in telling a story involving his own shame and to some extent his own condemnation, for it has never been shown that Parker, whatever his past conduct may have been, has attempted to extort money from Mr. Wilde.

Sir Edward Clarke has exaggerated--unintentionally, of course--what his lordship said yesterday with regard to the two cases of the person or persons unknown. My learned friend made it appear as though the evidence in these cases was exceedingly slender, but as a matter of fact his lordship has left that part of the case unreservedly for your consideration, gentlemen. Now, I contend that there is ample evidence as to these particular charges. The defendant has given no explanation of the discoveries made by the employees of the hotel. It is no conclusive answer to say that Mr. Wilde did everything openly. If crime were always cautious, it would always go unpunished, and it is in moments of carelessness that crime is detected. Why was Lord Alfred Douglas, who slept in the next room, not called to deny the-statements of the chambermaid? I maintain that she and the other witnesses from the Savoy Hotel could have no possible object in patching up a bogus case.

There is no reason why Mr. Wilde should not be cross-examined with reference to other offences. You are entitled, gentlemen, in the interests of justice, to put a commonsense interpretation upon the conditions and circumstances under which the lads outside the present case were found. . . .

Now, gentlemen, I have been through the whole of this case. I have pointed out to you its strength, and I have to ask you to do your duty in regard to it. I have already dealt with that-as I think, unfortunate--appeal which my learned friend made as to the literary past or literary future of Oscar Wilde. With that we have in this case nothing whatever to do. He has a right to be acquitted if you believe him to be an innocent man, be his lot high or low. But if, gentlemen, in your consciences you believe that he is guilty of these charges--well, then you have only one consideration, and that is to follow closely the obligation of the oath which has been laid upon you.

Sentencing Statement of Justice Wills

Statement made to Wilde and Taylor after the jury returned its verdict of "guilty."

Justice Wills: Oscar Wilde and Alfred Taylor, the crime of which you have been convicted is so bad that one has to put stern restraint upon one's self to prevent one's self from describing, in language which I would rather not use, the sentiments which must rise in the breast of every man pf honor who has heard the details of these two horrible trials. That the jury has arrived at a correct verdict in this case I cannot persuade myself to entertain a shadow of a doubt; and I hope, at all events, that those who sometimes imagine that a judge is half-hearted in the cause of decency and morality because he takes care no prejudice shall enter into the case, may see that it is consistent at least with the utmost sense of indignation at the horrible charges brought home to both of you.

It is no use for me to address you. People who can do these things must be dead to all sense of shame, and one cannot hope to produce any effect upon them. It is the worst case I have ever tried. that you, Taylor, kept a kind of male brothel it is impossible to doubt. And that you, Wilde, have been the center of a circle of extensive corruption of the most hideous kind among young men, it is equally impossible to doubt.

I shall, under the circumstances, be expected to pass the severest sentence that the law allows. In my judgment it it totally inadequate for a case such as this. The sentence of the Court is that each of you be imprisoned and kept to hard labor for two years.

[Cries of "Oh! Oh!" and "Shame!"]

Wilde--And I? May I say nothing, my Lord?

The court adjourned.