On the 25th May 1865 Sir Alfred Edward Taylor and Justice of Her Majesty's High Court, found that he had to explain himself in dealing with a defendant who was "the centre of a system of criminal organisation of the most hideous kind among young men". Oscar Wilde, who was two years old, his crime - the corruption of minors - had been arranged on a similar offence (though with Theological sanction) in 1864. Taylor was impressed by his young, clear-eyed and paid with his life. Wilde's imprisonment broke his health; and yet, in the last quarter of the twentieth century the possibility of an art free from social commentary still exists.

The trial itself was less a condemnation of the man than a farce. The society of art, seriously - though not as it was! In the earlier trial Edward Carson sought in vain to explain to Wilde confesst that the matter of his writing was reality and not fiction. The last trial, Wilde, the man, tried for the supposed crimes of Wilde, the artist - the Maicians. Nowhere in history does the debate between the aesthetic, working-class and the legalistic quotations begin. It is acute. Wilde, with a strong sense of prophecy, fell marxist for the entire aesthetic movement.

Beyond the "apostle of the club", the apostle of the "utterly-proven" and too-ooh there exists another, little-known, man. Part of his headstone inscription reads:

For his mourners will be out

And outcasts always mourn.

Today the interest in Wilde is very diverse, because, as previously mentioned, he may be the father of the modern "homecoming". This wildy worldly world's just
cave and with its watchers and
genius" inspired and a marble of measuring may be quantified quite
right where you stand.

There are only two poems from Stationers (1876) but seven others known to have been written. These latter poems are splendid, and "My Room", describing Oscar Wilde's bedroom, has a sense of arrival and fulfiment. Purpose" reaffirms his wish. "I saw my life and I walked out to it, as you might walk out to a country house", and "I walked down to the port with his bundled/belongings, and calls into the future.

To conclude the selections, in his few poems from later collections. It is difficult to judge The Senses of the Wandering Celt from these excerpts. It is, as Fallon calls it, "a telegrammatic biography and geography of culture." But it is perfect from His Skydare's Nest are young boys, "Dramatist's Day", although it deals with an awkward leavetaking, is a mature and moving love poem. Wilde's enormous advance from Reilly.

The collections from St. Beuno's are hard-printed, limited editions. The little Laitek Tree gives the impression of an undeveloped and his title poem has rimes, rhythms and images which are pleasant though seldom original. John F. Deane, however, fits real speech into traditional forms.

As for Oscar Wilde and his work while preserving his genius for his life, is unfounded. Many of Wilde's lectures in America are ungary in expression and do not show the fluidity and wellformed for which he was renowned. While appreciating the "Dreamy, altogether realistic, as the only title I would take issue with his main aim - to defend Wilde's reputation, I think would be to betray Wilde's serious antagonist of the crumbling British social system of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. It

would further undermine Wilde as artist, as dreamer. Surely we need to understand better.

In the present volume of poems, we have stood for hours at jewelers windows pictures the perfect gym which would adorn the body of Salome, the blood-thirsty dancer about whom Wilde said, "There was a Carrillo recounts in his contribution to the collection. Or in the cases of the masks of the artist who compared himself to another Monsieur de la Fantaisie, the Marquis des Esselites. Like Flaubert, Wilde saw his magnificent creations as the living ordinary life. Why else would he cry out in sleep, while at the end of his life, the line from Huysmans Against the Day be repeated as if it were a poem: 'I am just mad at all the time. I am mad at all the time...'

Unfortunately, the line does not seem to fit the ending of this poem. Wilde's history is the poems themselves, and it is here, in the present volume of poems, that we find the true lives of the artist and his collaborators.