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Meet Oscar Wilde. His life is ending. The year is 1898. Wilde's reputation is in ruins. After the scandal, after the trial, and after the incarceration at Reading Gaol, Wilde lives in precarious exile in Paris. His friends urge him to start another great work, a new play or poem. But Wilde's attention is elsewhere: on the mysteries of art, on the demands of love, and on a final great flowering of the spirit.

The Last Days of Oscar Wilde Details

Date : Published January 15th 2018 by Burlesque Press

ISBN : 9780996485098

Author : John Vanderslice

Format : Mass Market Paperback 358 pages

Genre : Historical, Historical Fiction, Cultural, France

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From Reader Review The Last Days of Oscar Wilde for online ebook

Jacqueline says

This book attracted me for two reasons, firstly I rather like fiction books that are based on real lives and events, and secondly it struck me I didn't know enough about Oscar Wilde. I have read some of his work and I can claim that we both spent time living in Reading, although as his stay was in prison it was rather different to my time there, and we both made France our home. This book calls on John Vanderslice's love for Wilde's work as well as vast amounts of reading over many years, which enabled him to put together a picture of what Oscar's life was like when he moved to Paris, following his release from prison.

Homeless, penniless and unpopular in the English-speaking world, Wilde relied on a few loyal friends to keep his spirits up, put food on his table and champagne in his glass. It seemed such a sad and lonely existence for someone who had previously been 'the one' to invite to a dinner party in London, I couldn't help but feel sorry for him. I found the strained meetings with Bosie, his former lover whose father had brought the court case against Wilde, especially sad, and felt hurt and upset for Wilde at the way he was treated by those who he had given so much to.

He still had friends who would have loved him to start writing again and many did their best to encourage him, including fully funded excursions to the south of France and Rome, all in the hope that time away from his daily gloom in Paris would do him good, but it was evident his heart was no longer in it. Despite a few romantic liaisons, there were to be no happy endings for Wilde in Paris.

It was the end of the book, Wilde's last days, when thankfully he wasn't alone, that I found the most moving. A change in the writing style beautifully portrayed his lapsing in and out of consciousness and was very emotive.

I certainly learned a lot about the last years of Oscar Wilde as well as the beliefs and culture of the era and felt John had done a great job of portraying Wilde. I'm sure this book will appeal to those with an interest in Wilde, who was an extraordinary man.

Zohar - ManOfLaBook.com says

The Last Days of Oscar Wilde by John Vanderslice is a novel set in 1898 Paris (mostly) imaging the days before the famous author died. Mr. Vanderslice is a prolific writer and University teacher from Maryland.

The first thing I noticed when reading The Last Days of Oscar Wilde by John Vanderslice is how elegant the writing in this novel is, sorrowful but not depressing. I admit that I don't know much about Oscar Wilde's life beside the bullet points (writings, jail, etc.), so getting a glimpse at his last days through this novel was enlightening.

Oscar Wilde lived as a public disgrace in Paris, after being jailed in England for a homosexual scandal. Few friends remained loyal to the author, this book shows the reader the relationship of those friends to the infamous Mr. Wilde. Even though a successful author, Mr. Wilde was living in poverty, not able to even buy a meal since he stopped working.

The whole book Mr. Wilde searching for inner peace. No matter where he goes, what he tries, and who he meets, this search is front and center during the narrative. As his depression and desperation grows, Mr. Wilde turns to religion, refusing to admit it but keeping his sardonic wits about him.

Even though some of the book is depressing, the depiction of the last days of the author especially, it is still an experience. One could almost feel themselves in the same filth hotel room, watching Oscar Wilde's life slip away without being able to help.

Mr. Vanderslice, obviously a fan of Mr. Wilde, wrote this book as an homage to a literary giant that he should be proud of.

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Fran says

The Last Days of Oscar Wilde: John Vanderslice

Learning about the finality of the life of his great poet, playwright and actor the reader gets immersed in his relationships, his successes and failures. Meeting Lord Alfred "Bosie" Douglas who was the third son of the Marquis of Queensbury, we are aware that Bosie knows of Oscar's novel Dorian Gray. Back then it was unheard of for two men to become one or lovers and yet they were together for four years. The author shares their friendship, Bosie's gambling and debt weakness and the fact that he does not hesitate a moment to flaunt his mother's help when refurbishing, spending money he owes others and his flippant and cavalier attitude comes through yet Oscar seems to want his friendship at all costs. Talking about the Marquis we learn that in April of 1895 Oscar was accused of homosexuality and that the Marquis was the one that brought it out and then Oscar withdrew his case suing this man but was arrested and jailed for gross indecency and spent two year in prison and sentenced to hard labor.

Oscar Wilde had many trysts with several young men including Boise. Meeting Maurice Gilbert and wanting to please him he purchases a bike for him for his birthday before he goes off to the army. Next with his friend Frank Harris, Oscar meets Leon a young man who will carry them both by boat to their hotel but staying behind because this young man pleases him. In Europe the last three years of his life he seems to be wandering and searching for something to fulfill him but what? Trying to help him write and hearing Bosie's offerings of poems in honor of someone close to him, Oscar is encouraged to write some more but does not. Oscar thinks back to when he was married to Constance and the interaction between him and his son Cyril when he wanted to complete reading Kidnapped and his wife wanted the session over to complete his evening rituals. However, what Oscar does helps readers realize his love for his son and the importance of reading. The author then flashes back to the present and back again to conversations with Constance and his life before having to deal with his time in prison and what came after. Men with men was considered a crime and definitely against the mores of the time in Britain. Floundering back and forth between how he felt about being with both men and women was how he himself tried to deal with people accepted by society yet an outcast. Even his wife decided to withdraw her petition for divorce and reconciled to give him an allowance each month but when his habits did not change she cancelled the stipend but later on for other reasons hid the fact that she was sending him money from her solicitors. The author allows Boise and Oscar to flashback on their many encounters and it seems as you listen to the dialogue the readers are experiencing the interaction as it happened years ago. Wilde presents himself as a sad and defeated man after learning that Boise has moved on, dejected within himself at times and refusing to pen anymore poems, novels or stories leaving the

literary world devoid of any of his new words. The novel reminds us of the prejudice and discrimination even today against same sex marriages or relationships and within this novel we learn about the progress of dignity and equality of that these men and women had to endure. Finding his voice was hard after being imprisoned many times and then as we learn bankrupted, exiled and then losing the one man who mattered to him Boise over and over again in reality and his own mind.

The scenes that follow remind the reader of the feelings that Wilde had for Boise, trying to relate that he was promised money from his inheritance and the constant rebuff he received, the promises that would never be filled and in the end losing him for good. But, Wilde does not give up and he meets a young man who is painting and they become fast friends but will this be more than a casual encounter? Flashing back to Wilde asking Boise to translate *Salome* into English and his acceptance.

Frank Harris has produced a play but in reality we learn it written by Oscar and hoping that he would sell him the rights to the play before anyone realizes that he did not write it or really own it. Friendships are tested, tension builds each time Oscar comes into play with someone he wants to just accept and love him but in many cases he has lost.

There are numerous issues that come to light regarding Oscar's friendships and they deteriorate and how he believes that some owe him his due. Ear Surgery is necessary and at first he appears to be getting better but the doctor he enlisted seems too cavalier at times and his methods not exactly medically sound. Using too much morphine and Oscar mixing it with champagne the end result might have been worse except for Ross and Reggie who kept a constant vigilance over the dying man. Spending his dying days in Paris where he felt he belonged and his health ruined it seems as you learn more about it from lack of proper medical care and the doctor's assessment as to whether he had an infection in his ear as a result of the surgery you realize that Oscar is about to leave this world.

When Oscar realized that he had a rash on his face he decided to try and pay to see the Pope. Within his own mind his ailments seem to disappear yet in reality they did not. Thinking he might be allergic to Paris and he needed to do something to find out and hopefully get the money to learn the truth from doctor but unfortunately the one he chose and maybe all during that time period did not have any idea what they were dealing with. On pages 169 Oscar shares his conversation about what Boise owed him as Robbie explains how he should proceed? Within the rest of the chapter Oscar and Douglas share how Boise created some special sonnets for his brother and the reaction that Oscar had and his way of enveloping him back in his life by asking him to translate *Salome* into English. It comes back to their present with his rebuff to Oscar about not paying him what he thinks he is owed as Robbie had explained to him. Told within a timeline of several months author John Vanderslice gives us a picture of this outstanding playwright, author and poet. Robbie Ross was loyal to him from the start to the finish and Wilde loved the beauty of life, the world and yet as I am reading this he seemed to live within his own private fantasy world facing what he thought his own reality of how life should be and how others should treat and view him.

Lord Alfred Douglas was someone whom he sought out for romance and for comfort knowing he was there. When he shuns or rebuffs him friendship or advances Wilde from his words feels betrayal, lies and deceptions. The chapter in part 3 titled *Paris 1900* encompasses his last days and last minutes as both Robbie and Reggie rally round him as he becomes delirious, unresponsive at times and their conversation stilted and not comprehensible. Wilde says, "Where is Reggie, Robbie? He went out. Out? Where? He's out. I'm here now. He'll be back later. He'll be back tomorrow. He's out, Oscar.

Oscar replies: but, I feel him here."

Whether he really does and as he says at the end of this short dialogue: I feel someone here, Robbie might be a result of his disease, delusions or hope that both Robbie and Reggie would never leave him alone. Thinking back to Frank Harris and his play they talk about the case against Harris and how he finally paid him off to allow him to use his words but Harris lost and Oscar relates the money he finally got. Moving his head slightly Oscar thinks he sees Reggie but a second later it is Ross.

Sadness sets in but although Douglas left him Oscar still thinks he's a "Dear boy," and loves the fact that he gave him fifty whole pounds. His love for champagne comes through and no matter what food, water, nothing could replace this passion for him. The ending comes slowly and the funeral filled with so many who paid tribute in their own way to this man yet only one would remain to see that his final place was respected and telling the assemblage that he would be moved to Paris did not really move anyone nor can you tell from the ending whether anyone would visit his grave where he was buried or when he was moved. Scandal, trial, exiled, shunned, imprisoned, bankrupt yet within his mind at times feeling loved, wanted and just needing acceptance this memoir or recount of his life is heartfelt, well researched and definitely worth the read.

I would be remiss if I did not quote some of the amazing words of Oscar Wilde: Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone.

It is very painful for me to be forced to speak the truth. It is the first time in my life that I have ever been reduced to such a painful position, and I am really quite inexperienced in doing anything of the kind.

I've now realised for the first time in my life the vital Importance of Being Earnest.

These quotes I think sum up what Oscar was trying to say to the world.

<http://www.literary-quotations.com/w/...>

Fran Lewis: Just reviews/MJ magazine

Alyssa says

Almost immediately, you're drawn into Oscar Wilde's life. It only takes a page or two, and his personality is so vivid that I began to feel as if I might know him. I don't know much about Wilde historically, so I can't speak as to the accuracy (or not) of this fictional story to the real history, but to me it was very good at painting a vibrant picture of not only his life, but of Paris at the time.

I really felt for Wilde, and I knew that his decline was coming as I read, but the last part portrayed it well, in fits and starts as I'd imagine his last days would seem, sober and then not, in pain and then not. The book gives me a greater appreciation of Wilde, and I will have to seek out more of his work (I've only read Dorian Grey).

I'm also impressed with the writing of the author, John Vanderslice. I may also be looking up some of his other works, too!

I was provided this book by the author for an honest review.
