

*I treated Art as the supreme reality, and life as a mere mode of fiction:
I awoke the imagination of my century so that it created
myth and legend around me.*



Oscar Wilde.

One cannot always ... rise up every night to sow thorns in the garden of one's soul. I must say to myself that ... nobody, great or small, can be ruined except by his own hand. I am quite ready to do so. I am trying to do so...

I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come wild despair; ... misery that could find no voice: sorrow that was dumb.

Now I find hidden away in my nature something that tells me that nothing in the whole world is meaningless, and suffering least of all.

Morality does not help me ... I am one of those who are made for exceptions, not for laws.

Religion does not help me ... My Gods dwell in temples made with hands, and within the circle of actual experience is my creed made perfect and complete... When I think about Religion at all, I feel as if I would like to found an order for those who cannot believe... Everything to be true must become a religion.

Reason ... tells me that the laws under which I am convicted are wrong and unjust laws, and the system under which I have suffered a wrong and unjust system. But, somehow, ... each and all of these things I have to transform into a spiritual experience.

I want to get to the point when I shall be able to say, quite simply and without affection, that the two great turning-points of my life were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison. ... The important thing that lies before me, the thing I have to do, or be for the brief remainder of my days ... is to absorb into my nature all that has been done to me, to make it part of me, to accept it without complaint, fear, or reluctance. The supreme vice is shallowness.

Oscar Wilde. De Profundis (1897)