

Monologues – CHORUS

Please choose one monologue to perform.

TAYLOR. Well, am I to judge him by own standards or by the standard of the courtroom or by the standard of later gay liberationists. They take him up as a model but inevitably find him unsatisfactory if they pursue it very far because he was about something else. So, yes he lied, but it doesn't... I'm on very slippery moral ground here. Ethically it doesn't bother me that he lied. Alas, what they were trying to do I think was to fix homosexuality, to contain the disruption which Wilde presented, and this is a disruption of all kinds of things, of class, of gender, of sexuality, and they did that, very successfully. But of course by that point he had released these ideas into Western culture that you know... are still there.

SHAW. Wilde could plead not guilty with perfect sincerity and indeed could not honestly put in any other plea. Guilty or not guilty is a question not of fact but of morals. The prisoner who pleads not guilty is not alleging that he did this or did not do that; he is affirming that what he did does not involve any guilt on his part. A man rightly accused of homosexuality is perfectly entitled to plead not guilty in the legal sense. He might admit that he was technically guilty of a breach of local law, and his own conscience might tell him that he was guilty of a sin against the moral law, but if he believes, as Wilde certainly did, that homosexuality is not a crime, he is perfectly entitled to say he is not guilty of it.

PARKER. Wilde said to me, "This boy is for me! Will you go to the Savoy Hotel with me?" I consented, and Wilde drove me in a cab to the hotel. We had liqueurs. Wilde then asked me to go into his bedroom with him... He committed the act of sodomy upon me. 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. When I left, he gave me £3. 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... as a man might amuse himself with a girl. Wilde insisted on this filthy make-believe being kept up. 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.