

## **Monologue – LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS**

**DOUGLAS.** Oscar was imprisoned in Holloway Gaol as he waited for another trial. I used to see him there every day in the ghastly way that visits are arranged in prisons. The prisoner goes into a box rather like the box in a pawn shop. There are rows and rows of these boxes, each occupied by a prisoner and opposite him, the visitor. We were separated by a corridor about a yard in width and a warder passed up and down between us.

We had to shout to make our voices heard above the voices of other prisoners and visitors. Nothing more revolting and cruel and deliberately malignant could be devised by human ingenuity. Poor Oscar was rather deaf. He could hardly hear what I said in this tower of Babel. He just looked at me with tears running down his cheeks and I looked at him.

Oscar and his legal advisors urged me to go to France before the second trial. They assured me that my presence in the country could only do Oscar more harm. They said that if I were to be called to the witness stand, I should infallibly destroy what small chance he had for acquittal. His solicitors also told me that unless I left the country, Sir Edward Clarke, who was defending Oscar for no charge, would throw up his defense.

So I embarked for France on the day before the trial, the 25th of April 1895. It would be two years before I was to see him again.