Monologue 1

Jarman 4: For the first twenty-five years of my life I lived as a criminal, and the next twenty-five were spent as a second-class citizen, deprived of equality and human rights. No right to adopt children; and if I had children, I could be declared an unfit parent; illegal in the military; and age of consent of twenty-one; no right of inheritance; no right of access to a loved one; no right to public affection; no right to an unbiased education; no legal sanction of my relationships and no right to marry.

These restrictions subtly deprived me of my freedom. It seemed unthinkable it could be any other way, so we all accepted this.

In ancient Rome, I could have married; but in the way that ideals seem to become their shadows, love came only to be accepted within marriage. Since we could not be married, we could not fall in love. Since we could not fall in love, we were not loved.

I have lived for fifty years as an unequal in this country, enveloped by hate; to ignore it I insulated myself, subtly changed my life; each man created his own island to cope with the prejudice and censure. The time for politeness had to end.