

Pride – but not mother's

If you live in the Brighton area and you're planning to have a heart attack, be sure to avoid this weekend. The news presenter on BBC South East announced that 300,000 extra sexual deviants and drug addicts will converge on the town over the next couple of days to add to the conspicuous numbers of that persuasion who live there already. The presenter warned that local hospitals and the NHS generally would be "overwhelmed."

This surprises me, for I would have thought that the much admired lifestyle of the deviants and druggies would have acted as a prophylactic – so to speak – against all ills of both body and soul.

I supported the decriminalisation of homosexual practice in the 1960s. But what I voted for was what we were officially told we were going to get: "the decriminalisation of homosexual acts between consenting adults in private." *Between* meant two. *Adults* meant men aged at least twenty-one. *Private* meant behind closed doors.

How did we get from that to these regular public debauches involving hundreds of thousands in traditional seaside towns such as Brighton? Educational entertainment for the children. Blessed by the clergy.

St Augustine (354-430) would have recognised our LGBT culture very well. In *City of God* he wrote:

"Full publicity is given where shame would be appropriate; close secrecy is imposed where praise would be in order. Decency is veiled from sight; indecency is exposed to view. Scenes of evil attract packed audiences; good words scarcely find any listeners. It is as if purity should provoke a blush and corruption give grounds for pride."

Congratulations, Gus! You even got the *pride* word in. Now that's what I call prophetic!

I understand that this weekend's event is to be further enhanced by pop music and the police are sympathetic and have promised to be supportive.

Jolly good. So I have composed what I think are termed some topical *lyrics* for the occasion, as my own personal celebration and a gesture of gratitude for the LGBT organisers, participants, the police and all they do:

"When there's homosexual duties to be done,
To be done,
Then the force must take a holiday from crime,
Day from crime;
Every copper must capacitate his bum,
Ate his bum;
And see that his libido's in its prime,
In its prime.

"The same applies to all our Sapphic coppers,
Sapphic coppers;
They must practise with vibrators and dildos,
And dildos;
From small to medium, finally those whoppers,
Those whoppers,
That make for watery eyes and curled up toes,

Curled up toes.

“When the rent boys and the tartlets are all ready,
Are all ready;
Constabulary dead sexy and a-buzz,
And a-buzz;
Then it’s hard to hold our rigid truncheons steady,
Truncheons steady;
We’re the finest f***ing faggots, we’re the fuzz,
We’re the fuzz.”

(After A Policeman’s Lot is not A Happy One from The Pirates of Penzance)