

Paisley

It gives me great pleasure to send good wishes to all of you who have chosen to follow the recent royal example, and celebrate at this great festival, Bride 99, Edward and Sophie, what a wonderful example. The Royal answer to Terry and June.

In these times of social degeneracy, it is good to see young people who have not capitulated to the forces of evil – abortion, promiscuity, homosexuality, line dancing. There is a rising tide of degeneracy and perversion which we must stamp out at all costs. We must tell the world that we are not going to have homosexuality rammed down our throats, that we find it leaves a very nasty taste indeed.

But it was not always thus. There was a time when gay meant happy. When faggots were something you ate with mushy peas. When a lesbian was an inhabitant of a greek island; when a pouf was something you sat on. And I hope for some of you it still is. There was a time when a pansy was something which grew in the garden, when Nancy was a character in **Oliver Twist**; when a dyke was something a little boy stuck his finger in; when a queen sat on a throne; when nellie was an elephant who packed her trunk and said goodbye to a circus.

There was a time when "Bi" was a word of farewell; when a cottage had roses round the door; when NSU was a great British motorcycle; when gonorrhoea was a climbing plant; when rubberwear was a pair of green wellies.

There was a time when SM meant scoutmaster; when only policemen had handcuffs; when water sports took place in swimming pools; when a golden shower was a firework; when scat was performed by Ella Fitzgerald; when a butt plug was found in a barrel.

But I am heartened by the great stand that you all are making. There is hope for our young people yet/ So join with me in fighting to preserve the inalienable right of all our children. The right to ignorance.