

SODOMY

Further, lest 'broad-minded' prigs come to smash me by their aid, I shall fight openly for that which no living Englishman dare defend, even in secret—sodomy!

At school I was taught to admire Plato and Aristotle, who recommend sodomy to youths. I am not so rebellious as to oppose their dictum; and in truth there seems no better way to avoid the contamination of woman and the morose pleasures of solitary vice. (Not that women themselves are unclean; it is the worship of them as ideals that rots the soul). Again we may say that all the great men of antiquity were sodomites: Socrates, Caesar, Alexander, Martial, Catullus, Virgil, Achilles; Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Goethe, Shakespeare, Bacon, an unbroken line of English monarchs; Mohammed, Benvenuto Cellini, Wilde, Symonds, Emerson, Pater, Fitz-Gerald, Leighton, Whitman, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, and a host of others—even unto this hour. But of this hour I will not speak. I am now collecting a great body of evidence similar to that which Herr Harden has gathered in Germany, and involving an even higher class of society. Not in the least to show the corruptions of that class; but to proclaim sodomy as an aristocratic virtue, which our middle class had better imitate if they wish to be smart.

If I have not already published the correspondence in my possession between the late Duke of Clarence and "Boy Morgan"—as well as many other important papers—and a pretty penny they have cost me!—it is not for any dog-in-the manger

reasons, but because it would coincide so dramatically with the moment when, like Socrates, I get into trouble for corrupting morality, and because I never like to leave a job half done. It is almost incredible how large a number of peers there are against whom I have not a shadow of evidence or even suspicion. Luckily the judges are less wary. While the bishops are such easy game as to be hardly worth powder and shot.

There, I've done it now!

Vous avez écrit contre le bon Dieu ; c'est mauvais, mais Il le vous pardonnera.

Vous avez écrit contre Jesus Christ ; c'est pire encore, mais Il le vous pardonnera.

Mais vous avez écrit contre Leurs Excellences, et Elles ne le vous pardonneront jamais.

But this lion can bite back!

Nor after all, is fear precisely the sentiment inspired by the spectacle of a nation which has so recently placed at the head of its affairs that William Ewart Gladstone who shaped his policy by the predictions of a charlatan clairvoyant in Bond Street, while his drunken harlot performed her wtery exploits on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre.

The proofs, too, (in my hands) that a certain member of the present Cabinet derives much of his income from the profits of a brothel, lend a certain solidity to my position.

This lion can bite back.