

# Deportation

SPEECH

By Sebastian Horsley

I'm sorry I can't be with you this evening.

I am suffering from moral turpitude... which is odd, because I feel quite well ... and I have never drunk turpentine in my life.

"Do you have anything to declare Sir?" the custom's official popped up to ask me as I arrived in this country: "Nothing but my genitals and my penis." I dutifully said ... well I thought it was going to be a Bon Mot Voyage. I had certainly dressed for the occasion - though I had made one concession to your Ivy League conventions - I had removed my nail polish.

Maybe it was the top hat that caused the problem. They took me aside. And there was good news and bad news.

The good news was : They had read my book.

The bad news was : They had read my book.

"Raise your right hand. Do you swear on the Bible to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"Well ... I've been kissed more often than a copy of the court Bible ... so yes... I suppose."

"You have been determined to be inadmissible under section 212 (a) (2) (A) (i) (I) of the Immigration and Nationality Act, as amended, in that you are an alien who has been convicted of, or who admits having committed, or who admits committing acts which constitute the essential elements of a crime involving moral turpitude ... You will be refused admission to the United States under the Visa Waiver program and you will be returned to your county. Do you understand?"

"Yes ... (well that explained a lot. I had always suspected that I might be an alien but it was reassuring to have it confirmed in writing).

"Have you ever used or been involved with illicit substances?"

"Yes, brown rice. Oh you mean heroin and crack ... yes and proud of it ... if I had to live my life again I would take the same drugs ... only sooner ... and more of them."

"Have you ever solicited prostitution?"

"Yes. Mary Magdalene set a saintly precedent."

"Who is Mary Magdalene?"

"And why are you wearing that hat?"

Well there we are. I suppose it was relief. They seemed to have missed out the more scandalous charges against me. I was being accused only of racism, misogyny, homophilia, homosexuality, sodomy, drug addiction, whore mongering, pimping, perversion and prostitution.

I was quickly dispatched from this country on the next British Airways flight. Then I came back again. It seems you can't travel BA in a top hat. Prison was the next option. Well at least the food would be better.

"A nice white boy like you won't last two minutes in a cell full of Hispanics and blacks" snarled the police. They seemed fairly healthily racist themselves.

"Prison? Buggery, porridge and Class A drugs? Is there a three year waiting list, sir?" I wondered.

Anyway, Robert is here tonight as my representative on earth. Here is what I was intending to say to you in person.

Good evening. My name is Sebastian. I know you all want to fuck me but you'll have to wait 5 minutes until I finish this speech.

I know what you are thinking. Never transmit a sexual disease in public.

I'm sure you're all worried about getting Aids, but don't worry. I'm far too well dressed to get that. And even if I did - so what? Why all the whining? I mean, you live for weeks.

Anyway, here I am, in the USA ... and my God, what is happening to this country? A WOMAN, A NIGGER AND NOW SEBASTIAN HORSLEY! How's this speech going? If there's anyone who I have not offended so far, then I must beg your pardon.

I have come to conquer America. But I know it is not enough to conquer. One must also know how to seduce. Strangers are just people you haven't fucked yet. Enemies are just people you have failed to charm.

Right. We've got to the "I'd like to thank" part of the speech. I'd like to thank absolutely no one. Thank You.

Actually there is one person in the room who I want to thank. She would have been responsible for me being here. Her name is Carrie Kania. When we first met, money changed hands - probably a dime. But now she is like a sister to me, only we don't have sex quite so often.

Carrie Kania. Melancholic. Solitary. Discerning. Shy. Witty. Sharp. She will blush if she reads this in company. Look at her. Thank you my darling. You have given me the opportunity of offering myself "gift wrapped to the world - or least shrink wrapped." Thank you for making me edible. Americans will eat garbage provided you sprinkle it liberally with ketchup.

I asked Carrie what would happen if we sold all the copies of my book she had printed. She said "I'll just print another ten."

God knows how Dandy in the Underworld will go down here. Reading it in translation is like fucking through a blanket. "Two countries divided by a common language." they say. Was it Wilde or Shaw? I'm not Wilde about Shaw and I'm not Shaw about Wilde. But you've got to admit they had a point.

Oh well who cares? Popularity is the one insult I have never suffered. A year ago I was unknown throughout England. In a year I shall be unknown throughout America.

And I wonder what will happen next?

I asked Carrie. She had a few plans:

"I'm going to bring it out in Braille so blind people can hate you too."

Oh, and I suppose I ought to thank you, the reader. But I don't suppose it matters that much. I only write to get my knob sucked - and the kind of girls I am attracted to are illiterate.

In coming to America I so longed to be worthy of assassination. I have had to settle for deportation. But you can only live in hope. Thank you for coming. I'm sure you all look beautiful. I hope you will like the book. There comes a time in every person's life when they realise they adore me. Yours has come

GOD BLESS AMERICA! LAND OF THE FREE ... BUT SADLY NOT THE HOME OF THE DEPRAVED

On March 19, 2008 Sebastian Horsley has been denied entry to the US after arriving to promote Dandy in The Underworld, his memoir of sex, drugs and flamboyant fashion. The author, who was set to promote his book in the US, said he was questioned for eight hours by border officials at Newark airport in New Jersey before being denied entry on grounds of "moral turpitude." "I was dressed flamboyantly - top hat, long velvet coat, gloves," he admitted. "My one concession to American sensibilities was to remove my nail polish. I thought that would get me through... They knew more about me than I did. They said, 'We know you're a heroin addict, we know you're a crack addict, we know you're involved in prostitution'.