

# The Surgeon General William Barrington



## Official Place of Residence:

The Old Rectory, Chitterling Lane, Mumps,  
Yorkshire

**What is your favourite Cheese?** I believe I once ate Head Cheese in Calais. Other than that I'm sickly fond of all the the massed blue veined and aggressive Cheeses of Europe. If it's won't attract flies, those tiny epicures of the air then it's no damn good at all, no damn good at all.

**What is your marital Status?** Surviving Groom of Several Fillies.

**What is your preferred Alcoholic Beverage?** Brandy and Rum in a pewter tankard. "Rumdy Tum" I call it. I'm most partial to the Absinth in addition though I do find weeks can simply fly by if one gets too involved. A fine grain from the Caledonians is a

arousing early tipple on a chilly morning with a larks tongue pate in bed. "Up with the larks" I roar amusingly rolling around the counterpane in mirth until Martha my secretary comes to close the curtains again and leaves to cancel the appointments for the day.

**Briefly describe your best self-inflicted injury sustained whilst drunk, and the circumstances surrounding this event:** I did once parade around the drawing room demonstrating how a sheep's bladder could be utilised as a device to prevent ones hair getting wet during a sudden downpour. I pulled the Bladder tight down over my head and I damn near suffocated! Blasted thing was for keeping a house guests' stump from wetting the rug and I stank like a failed organ for days!

**What, in your erudite opinion, is the Greatest Book Ever Written?** Savignys "Diary of a Pall Mall Flap Attendant" Without a doubt the finest account of wounds in the late 18th Century.

And what is your ideal choice for Bedtime Reading?

"Philadelphia Experimentia" (a discussion and discourse on the gleeful opportunities presented to inexperienced surgeons during the American Civil War).

In the realm of the motion picture, what would be your perfect Afternoon Matinee? "The Incredibles"

And for Late Night viewing? "Wings of Desire"

If forced for tax reasons to leave dear old Blighty, where would you choose to reside? I have often fancied I could fly so I would perhaps try to get to that misty bauble of the Ink-Mistress moon. Probably through the West Gable Larder Window that is reassuringly high above a plunging Limestone escarpment. That would be the only option if forced out between the birthing hips of Mother England.

In the unlikely event of you being deprived of your vast unearned income, which of the professions would beckon? I've always viewed myself as something

of a Physicist. I am fortunate to have met a young fellow named Volta who had an unusual fancy that he might harness Static and cause it to make the legs of a dead frog kick about! What an extraordinary idea and what a merry time one could have with all manner of dead creatures if this dream might one day come to fruit.

What, might I enquire, is your favourite work of Art? Without Doubt Giovanni Battista Tieopolos' "Allegory of the Seated Man and the Girl with the Mahogany Ear Scoops" is the finest pictorial Tableau with surgical equipment that I know of and I'm afraid I have gazed for hours at this masterpiece in the National Gallery with no sustenance save laudanum for hours and hours until Martha and the Officer with the hare lip finally caught up with me.

What, within the confines of good taste, is your favourite aroma? The coming of Autumn, expectant with her mossy mushroom skin, fat with the skull of another still born winter OR Boiled Cabbage and Prussian Dogs.

Blondes, or Brunettes? The darker the hair the freer the care, The blacker the curl more savage the girl.

In the unfortunate event of your demise, which (living or deceased) performer or artistes would you engage for the wake/funeral? The remaining "Land Speed Loungers"

And, in a similar vein, (perhaps), which historical figure would you most like to meet? I'd rather like to meet Edward Jenner. Any fellow that injects the pus from a milkmaid's cowpox sore into the arm of an 8 year old boy would make a fine drinking partner.

As a man not only of refinement, but of action, what is your preferred sporting activity, either as participant or observer? Shove ha'penny.

And finally, do you have a personal motto, and if so, what in God's name is it? "Si motua ea vultus forsitan ea non. (digitatus transgedior)" Or "If it lies still it may not necessarily mean it is dead (fingers crossed)"