

The Viceroy



Full Title: The Viceroy, Lord Lambretta of Scarborough, Special Envoy to the Court of Kebababad.

Official Place of Residence: Wherever I lay my large, feather covered hat.

What is your favourite Cheese? Anything solid and English. None of your wishy-washy continental insipidness (I wouldn't even dry my arse on any of that waxy Dutch nonsense! And that goes for the Swiss as well).

What is your marital Status? Married to the Sultana of Swing, Mrs. J. Ribz these ten, long years (the illuminator of my life and stopper of "just one more drink").

What is your preferred Alcoholic Beverage? A 50 year old Isla St. Claire or a good, honest cooking

lager. In these days of poncery a Pim Pom is agreeable but damn me if I know what it is!

Briefly describe your best self-inflicted injury sustained whilst drunk, and the circumstances surrounding this event: Field hospitalised after claiming to be able to run across a large bonfire on Guido Fawkes night (the boulder!) Both hands in plastic bags, my left arm severely burnt from the elbow to wrist (I have a splendid white mark where my shiny new wrist watch shielded me) and a ghastly deep burn on my back that came within a whisker of reaching my liver! The physician said at the time that, had it reached that organ, the ignition would have produced a crater the like of which had not been seen since the Lochnagar mine of 1916. I also nearly suffocated demonstrating that a condom can be pulled out of your mouth and nose at the same time (via the throat, obviously. The other way wouldn't be that impressive). And I have a neatly obscured scar behind one eyebrow inflicted by a skinhead on a fine summer eve when it turned out I wasn't as hard as I thought I

was.

And a broken nose from a punk who took exception to nothing else but my neat apparel.

And a broken hand from hitting one of those "hit as hard as you can" punch bags on the sea front.

And my "sporting" injury when I ripped tendons in my foot whilst playing pool in the pub on wet lino.

I could go on..

What, in your erudite opinion, is the Greatest Book Ever Written? Mr. Faulks "Birdsong": the Boche gets it royally and there's a top notch rude bit in it.

And what is your ideal choice for Bedtime Reading? Said top notch rude bit in "Birdsong".

In the realm of the motion picture, what would be your perfect Afternoon Matinee? For derring-do "I'll meet by Moonlight" where the Boche gets it royally and for japery "Father Goose" where the Japs get a touch inconvenienced.

And for Late Night viewing? Lord Attenborough's

acclaimed "A Bridge Too Far" where the Boche should have got it royally (and where we were defeated only by Gene Hackmans Polish accent). For a touch of historical accuracy try "Escape to Victory" or any "Uncle" Richard Holmes documentary.

If forced for tax reasons to leave dear old Blighty, where would you choose to reside? God above man! Are you serious!? I suppose I've always had a soft spot for Crete (where the Boche should have etc etc) or Turin (where I believe you can drive Mini cars around in a carefree manner leaving the rozzers in a dreadful spin!).

In the unlikely event of you being deprived of your vast unearned income, which of the professions would beckon? Good God man! Beyond the pale! (But if a colony needs a firm hand, I'm their man).

What, might I enquire, is your favourite work of Art? There are some splendid paintings of Alma at Sandhurst but the Leeds born artist John Atkinson

Grimshaw would have to take precedence for his fine observations (although I couldn't possibly choose one in particular).

You could do worse than investigate British cartoonists from the 1940s, notably Philip Zec (try Daily Mirror 8.5.45) and, of course, David Low (for starters Evening Standard 14.5.40 and for sheer lump-in-throat inducing Britishness Evening Standard 18.6.40). Oh, and those metal dudes on the beach near Liverpool.

What, within the confines of good taste, is your favourite aroma? Apple Sheesha, the smell of fear or Napalm in the morning.

Blondes, or Brunettes? Brunettes (or a blonde in a dark wig).

In the unfortunate event of your demise, which (living or deceased) performer or artistes would you engage for the wake/funeral? I feel that Richard Burton could deliver a fair eulogy and Mr. Elgar would be apt to pen a tune.

And, in a similar vein, (perhaps), which historical figure would you most like to meet? Arthur Wellesley (obviously), Mr. Churchill (for a drink) and Ms. Eva Braun (just to see what she would look like in a dark wig).

As a man not only of refinement, but of action, what is your preferred sporting activity, either as participant or observer? Cricket (is there any other?) although I must admit a fondness for those plucky Association Football chaps at Leeds United!

And finally, do you have a personal motto, and if so, what in God's name is it? Never thrash tomorrow what you can thrash today!