

Warrington Minge Monologue 2

Aaaaargggghhhh, good evening, good afternoon, good morning and good God I wish I knew where this microphone had been.

Warrington Minge here coming to you with all the grace and candour of a Japanese Geisha Girl.

Today's slightly soiled topic is one alarmingly relevant to today's populace. Not that I know today's populace but I'm sure you're a multi-orificed bunch with all the smells and flavours we associate with the young.

Asylum it is! Sanctuary, which so concerns all you Esmeralda's out there. Some alarmingly senile Cambridge dons have much excited their little punts of late on this very issue. Why, they cry, are all these Johnny foreigners forcibly entering the country without even the grace to buy it a meal or a bunch of daffodils first?

Well, let me tell you my little inaudible bunch that if you'd seen the state of the Kosovan theatre at the moment you'd be left in no doubt as to why they are here.

I remember touring Kosovo just before the outbreak of hostilities, nothing to do with me I assure you, ending up in a bustling little town called Zagreb. Well you should have seen the state of that theatre's curtains. Not one hint of brushed velvet left, riddled with small round holes as though they'd been attacked by a squadron of incontinent moths intent on refuelling.

And don't get me started on the subject of Kosovan dressing rooms. Not one light bulb with more strength than a starving Pekinese. Shards of what used to be a mirror scattered on the sawdust covered floor. Was I a beast of the field I asked myself? I may be a little misshapen but I am no donkey let me tell you. Bending over whilst squinting is no way to do your make up love.

Mind you, the audiences were suitably gob smacked not simply by the size of my codpiece but also by what some have called the greatest Richard III this side of the Orinoco. And what a lovely little canal that is by the way.

It is said that word of mouth of my triumph travelled so quickly that I had to be smuggled out of the country for fear of the crowds that I would draw. Believe me my young poppets when you're under the cover of night and a rather strange smelling horse blanket you'll know the price of success. So starved of cultural shrubbery these poor little Armenians were.

The Yemen!! Aaargh. How could we forget all those little Yemens. Also over here I fancy for their theatrical pieces of pork sausage. I hear entire communities have sprung up around the various provincial theatres of this great land of ours.

I remember performing for the Yemens in front of a large wall in a backwater called Jerusalem. A backwater you may remember well for its part in many a Monty Python skit. A little play of my own it was entitled "You'll never play the West End in those tights". A wall is never an ideal backdrop, but as the many thousands of people that had flocked to see me, dropped to their knees and began wailing for me to begin I knew that I had picked the right location.

So culturally barren are they, that every line I uttered was met with a wail of appreciation, every gesture met with a bow. Never in all my years in the theatre have I seen a more appreciative crowd, not even in Colwyn Bay.

Aaargh, who can then blame them for making their pilgrimage here. Do we not flock over to our cultural and spiritual homes? All those many thousands that flock over to the Costa del Sol, Ibiza and Tenerife every year can surely not be going there simply for the sunshine. Why you can get that in Scarborough, home of the travelling Aykbournes. And what a lovely band they are too. No, it must be for culture that we flock to these resorts every year. There are only so many weeks that we can take the social realism of the East End. We must be transported to headier climes, where the arts have flourished. I myself succumbed to such a jaunt only last year and MY the originality of Ibizan theatre. Did you realise that they perform on the streets. On the beaches, even in swimming pools. I was myself accosted by a band of street performers as they recreated the storming of the beaches on D-day. I felt they were a little garishly dressed to accurately represent the horrors of war, but my god the enthusiasm. They took to those beaches like a veritable army of commandoes. One of them even said they were going commando and that he hoped to have mounted the enemy by 2 that very afternoon. The actresses did marvellous impersonations of the French resistance as they offered in fact, no resistance at all. It had been years since I'd done any improv work, but I entered into the spirit of things and sang the marsellaise. It was then that I was approached by a young French fancy by the name of Sharon, who like the method actress that she obviously was offered to sit on my lap for 10 francs and a couple of margaritas. I felt it was the least I could do to show my appreciation of her theatrical efforts. And as she sat there, her garish make-up slowly melting off her face in the heat, I realised how appreciative I was of other cultures. So you see, if we travel abroad for our theatre, isn't it right to allow these refugees to come here for theirs. After all, were would the provincial theatres be today without them. Your thanks are noted to save you time. Well, until you've twiddled with your knobs again.....

Announcer: You have been listening to Warrington Minge. We apologise.