

## Boris for Your Valentine!

“How can somebody as fat as you get so many good-looking women to find you attractive?”

(question asked in Belfast)

When Chaucer mentioned Seynt Valentynes Day in his *Parlement of Foules* in 1372, he could never even remotely have envisaged that someone like Boris Johnson would make it so very spectacularly to Oxford, then to Fleet Street, then to Parliament, and then to London **Mayorhood** in such a short time...(an Oscar Wilde of sorts!)... and who knows to what other Olympian **posture** right after the Olympics.

Boris as St George definitely not! But Boris as St Val may be far more to the point (particularly in the light of the above epigraph). After all, Val—Valentinus in Latin comes from VALE... ‘health etc’—something that Sterling is badly in need of at the moment. And they are both—Boris & Val, I mean—embodying characters of the more flirty, flighty, and fugacious type... Hopefully, not the sterling pound!

To keep up with Boris’ sayings, there is an ample bibliography already; here are but a few samples from the latest book:

*(Boris on Boris:)* \*I am a wise guy playing the fool to win.

\*Hello, I’m your MP. Actually no, I am your candidate. Gosh!

\*I’m backing David Cameron’s campaign out of pure, cynical self-interest.

*(On Arguments:)* \*I could not fail to disagree with you less.

*(On Being Fired:)* \*All politicians in the end are like crazy wasps in a jam jar, each individually convinced that they are going to make it.

*(On Chances of Being Prime Minister:)* \*My chances of being PM are as good as the chances of finding Elvis on Mars or my being reincarnated as an olive.

**\* I have as much chance of becoming Prime Minister as being decapitated by a Frisbee or of finding Elvis.**

**(As Mayor of London:) \* If there are any dogs in the manger, then I will have those dogs humanely euthanased.**

**\*Every day I wake up with a sense of wonderment that I'm Mayor of London. Obviously, I realise that other people may feel a little wonderment.**

**(On Tony Blair:) \*I'd want to get Blair and really interrogate the guy. I'd really want to pin him up against a palm tree and slap him around and get the truth out of him about a few things.**

(Book published by New Holland Publishers, London 2008, at £4.99)

P.S. George has just learnt from highly reliable sources that BJ's Complete Works are being at present translated into the Scottish national language, together with Roger's Profanisaurus (q.v.) that Boris so much admired in his maiden address as Mayor of London.

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