

25/7/20.

Well Gail, here it is. All the bits and pieces I had left from seven years or so of viking rampaging.

So much fun, so many shows in so many places. So many glorious deaths and and damn silly stunts and so many, many wonderful memories.

The opening credits of the TV series "The Vikings" by good old Magnus Magnusson himself. Me and Bob the Bear battling it out for the camera. The hilarious filming with the BBC in the quarries outside Chorley.

The foolish BBC paying for our dinner with a free bar (exit Liverpool sweater for the afternoons shooting. All totally pissed).

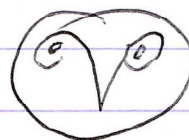
It's all so different now.

A lot less chainmail and Earl Erel bling for a start back then. We started scruffy and just got more 'authentic'.

I hope you find all this useful and if you have any questions or want any stories then please don't hesitate to contact me, while I still have access to most (?) of my memory. Funny isn't it. I have trouble remembering what we did last week but I can remember the big battle on the Moray (Zulu's hundreds of them, big uns and all) and the fiasco of the Peel beach invasion (Carry on Viking that was) so well.

Fair winds and fine weather

Phil the Owl



NOTES

1973 The "Young Observer" article, ~~was~~ 1973/4 (?) that started my whole personal saga.

1976 My first show at Park Hall, Charnock Richard 1976. I managed to get copies of the photos in the article from the local paper. OGL (Our Glorious Leader) Ragnar showing off his well fed physique on our very short longship and Black Harry demonstrating ravishing for the cameraman. He did ask for it.

1979 THE MANX MILLENNIUM. Probably the only time there were cameramen and tv from all over the world. So many stories from this event. I was in the advance party as I had to organise a castle and a Celtic village. Most of the gaster pictures show Gerry and John Wolfenden, who always played the king opposite Gerry. You will notice a few 17thC photos from our re-enactment of the siege of the Castle at Castletown. All the 'authentic' (?) muskets/pistols etc were outside. The small number of defenders had to run around the battlements to give the impression of a lot of people and used shotguns to return fire. Several lads kitted out in what they were told was armour with lobster pot helmets decided to form a line and crawl down the pavement "doing an impression of lobsters" was the excuse they gave. The French messenger galloped into the square, reared the horse up onto its hind legs and forgot his speech and in the lull of noise just yelled "I'm French! Open the fucking gates!" Now that was a faux pas par excellence.

The Peel Beach 'Invasion' has a lot of stories on its own.