

The Marquis De Qu'est que c'est



Official Place of Residence:
Pocklington Manor, Yorkshire

What is your favourite Cheese? Stilton

What is your marital Status? Single.

What is your preferred Alcoholic Beverage? Ales.

Briefly describe your best self-inflicted injury sustained whilst drunk, and the circumstances surrounding this event: Broke my man Slayer's collar bone whilst demonstrating a rugby tackle. (note: whilst not strictly self-inflicted, The Viscount, who witnessed this occurrence, can verify that the spectacular drunken recklessness of the incident merits its inclusion herein - Lord S.).

What, in your erudite opinion, is the Greatest Book Ever Written? On the Road, by Jack. Kerouac.

And what is your ideal choice for Bedtime Reading? Women, by Charles Bukowski.

In the realm of the motion picture, what would be your perfect Afternoon Matinee? Withnail and I.

And for Late Night viewing? Easy Rider.

If forced for tax reasons to leave dear old Blighty, where would you choose to reside? Amsterdam.

In the unlikely event of you being deprived of your vast unearned income, which of the professions would beckon? Law rather appeals to me.

What, might I enquire, is your favourite work of Art? The poem "Why I Am Not A Painter" by Frank O'Hara.

What, within the confines of good taste, is your favourite aroma? Herbs and spices of The Orient.

Blondes, or Brunettes? Brunettes.

In the unfortunate event of your demise, which (living or deceased) performer or artistes would you engage for the wake/funeral? The Doors.

And, in a similar vein, (perhaps), which historical figure would you most like to meet? John Coltrane or Charlie Parker.

As a man not only of refinement, but of action, what is your preferred sporting activity, either as participant or observer? Cricket, old boy.

And finally, do you have a personal motto, and if so, what in God's name is it? "I demand to have some booze!"