

The Viscount



Official Place of Residence: In exile from Yorkshire, we have taken rooms, in reduced circumstances, in the North East of Scotland on the edge of the Grampian Mountains.

What is your favourite Cheese? Smoked Applewood

What is your marital Status? Living in glorious sin with 'mi Lady the Fox' and the young 'Squire Andrew'.

What is your preferred Alcoholic Beverage? Rather partial to a fine Malt, from Islay or Mull. The Fox uses a wild array of vegetables and fruits to brew rather palatable and potent wines which invariably produce a fine effect.

Briefly describe your best self-inflicted injury sustained whilst drunk, and the circumstances surrounding this event: Whilst carousing, early in my

long career, I fell headlong onto a brick edged fireplace hearth. When I came to, several minutes later, I found my head nestled in the ample bosom of a redhead, blood from the wound spotting her white shirt. The scar, on my forehead, still remains a visible reminder of that evening over 20 years later.

What, in your erudite opinion, is the Greatest Book Ever Written? The Outsider – Albert Camus

And what is your ideal choice for Bedtime Reading? Sharpe or the SMC's book of Munros.

In the realm of the motion picture, what would be your perfect Afternoon Matinee? Farewell my Lovely – Edward Dmytryk (1944) with Dick Powell, excellent as the laconic Marlowe.

And for Late Night viewing? Cabaret – Bob Fosse (1972) decadence, deviance and the wonderful Joel Grey.

If forced for tax reasons to leave dear old Blighty, where would you choose to reside? I'd give St Petersburg a try.

In the unlikely event of you being deprived of your vast unearned income, which of the professions would beckon? Journeyman.

What, might I enquire, is your favourite work of Art? The Burne-Jones Window' St Giles - Edinburgh

What, within the confines of good taste, is your favourite aroma? The scent of the garden following a summer rainfall.

Blondes, or Brunettes? Yes, and redheads too.

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

And, in a similar vein, (perhaps), which historical figure would you most like to meet? Jean Genet

As a man not only of refinement, but of action, what is your preferred sporting activity, either as participant or observer? Without question, Cricket. Little compares to the splendid isolation (at times desolation) of being high in the Scottish mountains, which usually involves no small amount of distance to be covered on foot.

And finally, do you have a personal motto, and if so, what in God's name is it? 'Don't let the bastards grind you down'.*

*Editors note: "Nil illegitimae Carburundum".
Gratitudes to The Monk for this delve into the world of foreign.