



Harumph. Not wishing to whinge, but just what does it take to be served a glass of Proper Claret around here? These were precisely the words I spoke just the other day at my Club¹ to the cheeky bloke who presented a "fruit-forward" Blaufränkelpfler wine for my consideration. Crikey, I was gobsmacked.² I could have boxed his ears. I told him to bu**er off and bring me some Proper Claret. We did not fight (and win!!) The War only to be served jammy, "fruit-forward" beverages at one's Club, I'll tell you that. This is just another fine example of the utter decline of standards and the moral laxity I observe on a more or less daily basis, especially in these young 'uns. Now, mind you, if you are enjoying a joint³ and Yorkshire pudding, you will want to be drinking A Proper Claret, somewhat of a rare and endangered species, don't you know. Allow me a moment to edify you as to what constitutes "A Proper Claret," inverted commas. It's Cabernet Sauvignon-based, to be sure, but it's proper, elegant Cabernet, not the semi-ubiquitous confected/treacly stuff one might spread on bickies.⁴ But along with that, there are other bits—I can't be bothered to remember them all—that fill things in; no gaps to mind, mind you. A Proper Claret brings order and focus to a meal as well as to a world that is in constant danger of, dare I say, changing. In conclusion, it is likely that it is only A Proper Claret that will keep the barbarous hordes at bay, and allow Civilization a modest prospect of some undoubtedly short-term continuity.

¹ With the rather unlikely name of BONNY DOON VINEYARD

² Astonished, amazed, for the Yanks who might be following.

³ Of proper British mutton, to be sure.

⁴ That would be "biscuits." Do I have to explain everything?