"All the News That's Fit for Fops"

The Resign! Triannual GOD SAVE THE KING

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Her Majesty The Queen Elizabeth II 1926–2022 A life of service, duty and devotion



Fruity Hatfield-Peverel Award for Unabashed Excellence Bestowed for First Time By Larry

CONGRATULATIONS must go to club member Luigi Sbaffi for winning the newly-minted Fruity Hatfield-Peverel Award for Unabashed Excellence at the New Sheridan Club 'Raising Spirits' Summer Party in June. I have it on good authority that our Italian friend won the award for his sheer enthusiasm, excellent attendance record, and vast number of extraordinary costumes, which require their own room in his house in Ancona. I'm sure Fruity would have thoroughly approved of a man with whom he had so much in common.

For those of you who may not have known the award's namesake, perhaps a little explanation is necessary. The trophy was presented to the club during the memorial dinner at the Oriental Club for our erstwhile colleague Flight Lieutenant Fruity Hatfield-Peverel who sadly dropped off the perch back in October last year. Fruity (Michael to his mother) was a beloved member of our dear club who sprang onto the scene fully formed in 2006 when he won the Golden Cravat at the Chap Olympiad. You can buy photographs of this auspicious occasion from Getty Images for the bargain price of £375 each. He was a member of the original Sheridan Club and was there from the inception of the New Sheridan Club, never missed a Christmas House and could get anywhere in London in just over two hours.

You may be aware of the recent sale of his vast collection of militaria and chappist paraphernalia which he had amassed in his headquarters at Rorke's Drift—including a collection of reënactment costumes to rival Signor Sbaffi's, which has raised over £7,000 thanks to the hard work of Clayton Hartley. Fruity loved nothing more than to don his wwII Irvin flying jacket and itchy blue trousers and, together with his chums, stumble upon unsuspecting passers-by, looking dishevelled and demanding to be told what year it was.

Fruity Hatfield-Peverel is survived by his mother Gwen, his beloved Isabel and his goddaughter Michaela and joins James Bond, Bertie Wooster and Captain James Hook in the pantheon of fictional Old Etonians. He will be sorely missed as attested to by the large turnout for his memorial dinner and the warm speeches and tributes. His untimely passing also means there is currently a vacancy in the club for a gloriously grouchy raconteur with appalling time-keeping—so applications to the usual address.



King Proclaimed at World's Oldest Parliament: Veteran Sheridanite Witnesses History Made

By Juan Watterson

TIKE MANY Sheridanites, it was with great sadness that I learnt of the death of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth 11 at 6:30pm on Thursday the 8th of September. In the modern era of social media, the protocols that should have informed Governments around the Commonwealth fell flat. Like so many others, instead of hearing the news through the carefully designed official channels, I learnt through the BBC. As Speaker of the House of Keys in the Isle of Mann, this immediately meant the suspension of all Parliamentary sittings and committee meetings until after the funeral, as a mark of respect. A flurry of media interviews followed soon after, remembering the Queen's visits to the Island as well as those of the now King. On Saturday, the Accession Council met in London, and afterwards, King Charles III was proclaimed King. In the Isle of Mann, alongside other nations, the Lieutenant Governor was joined by other dignitaries for a short ceremony at Government House, where King Charles, Lord of Mann was proclaimed our Head of State. A far grander proclamation ceremony occurred on Friday 16th. Members of the World's Oldest Parliament, Tynwald, gathered alongside church and civic representatives at the Royal Chapel at St. John's. The ceremony commenced with divine service, before processing to the ancient hill where each midsummer's day new laws are proclaimed to the people. In a sea of wigs, gowns, and top hats, of which Members of the New Sheridan Club will doubtless approve, the Governor again proclaimed King Charles III the Lord of Mann. There were three cheers for the King before the assembled returned to the Royal Chapel for the passing of a motion of loyalty and condolence to present to His Majesty.

We look forward to King Charles, Lord of Mann's return to the Island to preside over the ancient Tynwald ceremony, as he has done before and as previous Kings and Lords of Mann have done for over a thousand years.

Sandwiches, Cake & Cricket for нм

A selection of views on the club's invasion of Hyde Park for the Queen's Platinum Jubilee

To CELEBRATE Her Majesty's seventy glorious years on the throne the massed ranks of the New Sheridan Club (including a good showing from the cadet branch) gathered on Friday 3rd June in Hyde Park. We met as usual by the statue of Achilles before sending out a reconnaissance party to establish a perimeter (sentries posted, Claymore mines deployed) and bag a shady picnic spot near the Serpentine.

The New Sheridan Club flag was hoisted and the Earl of Essex unfurled a Platinum Jubilee banner in honour of Her Maj. The weather gods smiled on us as we spread blankets, unpacked our hampers and broached bottles. Chez Hutchinson brought along a Jubilee cake, with the Union Flag picked out in white icing, raspberries and blueberries. Some people followed the Jubilee theme by bringing along Coronation Chicken. Any latecomers to the picnic easily found the group by scanning the park for a cluster of Panama hats.

While the adults grazed and sluiced, several children climbed a nearby tree while the others on the ground attempted to dislodge them with various missiles. James Rigby and Mrs. Morley had kindly brought along two cricket bats and a set of stumps, so an impromptu cricket match ensued. Luigi Sbaffi was instructed in the rudiments of the members of the Sheridan club through all this which involved claiming a tree, climbing it, going away, attacking someone else and their tree then getting back into your tree. Although it was a very far-fetched but simple game, it was enjoyed by many.

In conclusion I would say that the Sheridan jubilee picnic was a great success! —*Caroline, nine-years-old*

'I had ice cream and won at cricket. God save the Queen!'

—Quentin, five-years-old

'On Friday the 3rd June we assembled at Hyde Park, in our Sunday clothes for a picnic, with our friends, their parents and a bunch of old people in funny clothes.

We had a land battle inspired by *Swallows and Amazons*, one of our favourite books. Most of us had read it, but those who hadn't quickly grasped the rules of the game: destroy your opponents. The Chocolate Penguins under the command of the Beckwiths vs. the bloodthirsty Valkyries led by myself and Caroline waged enthusiastic war on land and in the trees until it was time to stop for ice cream.

There was a short break for cricket and tea, with delicious Union Jack cake baked by Max's mother. We investigated the pedalos, which were closed, so we climbed some more trees instead until we were all dragged off home.'

—Gwendolyn, 11-years-old

The Aztecs and Their Pantheon

By Timothy Eyre

THE AZTECS were the dominant culture in what is today Mexico from around 1430 until their demise at the hands of the Spanish *conquistadors* in 1521. They were notable for their sophisticated society, aggressive militarism, bloody religion and the moon, with the latter being personified in the Aztec pantheon by Huitzilopochtli's sister, Coyolxāuhqui. In the Aztec worldview, Huitzilopochtli needed sustenance to win this daily battle and that sustenance was provided by sacrifice, including human sacrifice. The sacrificial ritual was performed by a priest, who would cut open the individual's chest with an obsidian dagger, pluck out the still-palpitating heart and raise it to the sun. The Aztecs' drive to wage war was motivated as much by a need to capture sacrificial victims as it was to exert hegemony and extract tribute. Indeed, once the Aztecs had conquered so much territory that they had started to run out of people to fight, they devised the ritual 'Flower War' (xōchiyāōyōtl) to maintain the supply of sacrificial victims and provide ongoing combat training.

The number of human sacrifices made by the Aztecs remains a topic of debate among historians. Otherwise credible contemporary accounts put the numbers in the tens of thousands per year. However, archæological excavations have only revealed several hundred victims, raising suspicions that the Spaniards inflated the numbers to justify the brutality of their colonisation.

The main temple to Huitzilopochtli stood atop a sixty-metre pyramid in the centre of Tenochtitlan. Alongside stood the temple of the rain god Tlāloc. Agriculture and therefore rain was crucial to the Aztecs, who raised crops of maize, squash, beans and much else on artificial islands that they created in the lake. The Aztecs sacrificed children to Tlāloc, with their tears seen to represent imminent rain.

The god of agriculture and spring was Xipe Totec 'Our Lord the Flayed One', whose own flayed skin was seen to represent the growth of new vegetation. A sacrificial ritual for this god was to lash a victim to a wooden frame and shoot him with arrows, with the spilt blood representing the hoped-for nourishing rain. The priests then removed the victim's heart, flayed him and wore the skin ritually for twenty days.

In Aztec mythology, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec were two of the four gods who created the world. The third creator-god was Tezcatlipoca, the god of the night, obsidian and hostility. His name meant 'Smoking Mirror', an allusion to his connection with sorcery and divination. In veneration of this god, the Aztecs would select a physically impressive captured warrior and treat him as a personification of Tezcatlipoca for a year. They furnished him with every luxury and people worshipped him as the embodiment of the deity. At the end of the year, the man-god was sacrificed by the priests of Tezcatlipoca and the next victim was chosen. The fourth creator-god was Quetzalcoatl, meaning 'Feathered Serpent'. Quetzalcoatl's origins predated the Aztecs by hundreds of years. He was associated with life, light and wisdom. In some myths, he was seen as being opposed to human sacrifice. An engaging (but largely discredited) historical narrative tells that the Aztec emperor Moctezuma II took Hernán Cortés, leader of the Spanish conquistadors, to be Quetzalcoatl making a prophesied return from the east, with this misapprehension of divinity leading to the Aztecs' defeat. In reality, the Aztecs' defeat came about through a combination of smallpox, against which the Mesoamericans had no natural defence, and Cortés's considerable skill in forming alliances with the Aztecs' rivals and tributary provinces, leading to what was in effect a civil war. As a monument in the centre of today's Mexico City says, 'It was neither a triumph nor a defeat. It was the painful birth of the Mestizo people that is the Mexico of today.'



Others may have known Fruity as the excellent DJ of the equally excellent Candlelight Club, a career sadly cut short by his regular bouts of ill health. Suffice to say his knowledge of music was encyclopædic and his vinyl collection the envy of many an eye. Fruity was indeed a man of numerous talents who in his time wrote several plays and poems and also engaged in a brief dalliance with journalism. This began when he left university, writing for the Windsor and Eton Observer and finished with his coverage of the Reader's Digest Great Race from Land's End to John O'Groats, which he memorably won by beating some teenage girls and a couple of pensioners.

The Award for Unabashed Excellence takes the form of a golden hand pinching a hand-rolled cigarette which hopefully captures the essence of Fruity who never knowingly didn't have a wheeze dangling from his lips. Many will fondly remember him cooking breakfast with fag ash hanging precariously over the bacon. Unquestionably a gourmet, he served the tastiest Quorn bacon simply by cooking it with the regular rashers.



game and proved to be a natural batsman.

As is usual at any Club gathering our presence attracted much curiosity from passers-by. One couple asked if we were all part of the same family, which I suppose, in many ways, we are ... Many thanks to Chez and Scarheart for organising the picnic. And thanks to all the Club members who toddled along, brightening the park with a hefty dash of elegance. I'm sure Her Majesty would have approved.

—Torquil Arbuthnot, 59 and one-quarter-years-old



The event of the jubilee picnic was widely enjoyed by everyone. While the grownups contented themselves with eating and talking the children indulged themselves in running around, climbing trees and hitting things (and people) with sticks.

As the picnic went on the adults became more docile and unfortunately the children became ever so slowly more violent. Photos were taken, flags were tied to trees and a general jubilee feeling was widely felt. Many fun things were to be done and were done and I am glad to say that fun was used to its fullest extent and many people must have been in need of a nap in the events afterwards.

A union flag was a commonplace item at this celebration. Sometime in the proceedings a cricket set was brought out and a very far fetched idea of 'cricket' was played by all who desired so. In this so-called game of cricket the wickets were not needed and the mistake of leaving them out was made, soon instead of wicket sticks there were ancient cannibal war drumming sticks.

An odd game was being played by the younger

and colourful arts and crafts.

The Aztecs called themselves the *Mexica*, hence the name of the modern-day nation of Mexico. Their founding legend was that their tribe originated in a mythical place called Aztlan. Their patron god Huitzilopochtli told them through a shaman's dream to leave Aztlan and seek another place to live. In 1325, after two hundred years of wandering, the Aztecs saw an eagle perched on a cactus, holding a snake in its beak. They took this as a divine indication that they should build their settlement in this location. This image of an eagle on a cactus eating a snake appears on the flag of Mexico today.

The divinely-ordained location was unpromising. It was a small swampy island in the middle of the brackish Lake Texcoco. This lake no longer exists, with modern-day Mexico City now standing in its place. Over the next two hundred years, the Aztecs built a city called Tenochtitlan on the island. It was home to at least 200,000 people, which made it one of the largest cities in the world at the time. By way of comparison, in 1521 London's population was a mere 50,000. Territorial control in Mesoamerica was divided into city-states (known as *altepeme*) rather than what we understand today as nations or countries. The Aztecs set about conquering their surrounding city-states until they exerted political hegemony over most of what is today central Mexico. Client states were required to send tribute to the Aztecs in Tenochtitlan. Money in the sense that we understand it did not exist in Mesoamerica, so tribute was paid in the form of goods such as food, tropical feathers, incense, precious stones and warrior costumes. These were sold in orderly markets by a hereditary merchant class known as pochteca. Commodity money in the form of items such as cacao beans and squares of cloth was used as the means of exchange.

Conquest meant war, and war was fundamental to the Aztec way of life. The primary weapon of the Aztecs was a wooden club edged with razor-sharp obsidian blades; the Aztecs made only limited use of metals in warfare. Warriors wore cotton armour and carried shields decorated with feathers.

The Aztecs' patron god Huitzilopochtli was a god of war and also of the sun. The Aztecs viewed each sunrise as a battle between the sun See Dr. Eyre's full talk, and others, at newsheridanclub.co.uk/watch.



The Resign! Triannual October 2022

Healing With Love As told to Timothy Eyre

THE SPEAKER for our June meeting was Ridade Stardust, who clued members into 'Healing With Love'.

Ms. Stardust arrived at the meeting with a slide presentation prepared with a number of video excerpts—many thanks to Clayton Hartley's contribution in adding the slides to the talk. However, Ms. Stardust chose not to show any of them, and instead led the club in a series of exercises in her engaging and inimitable theatrical manner. These involved closing one's eyes, breathing in a deep and measured way and then visualising elaborate sequences revolving around one's connection with the cosmos in a positive, reassuring, and calm way.

We learned the importance of keeping the spine straight, keeping a still mind with prolonged breathing, and of seeking therapy for long-term resolution rather than only focusing on the symptom alleviation which the exercises offer.

This experience was something of a first for a New Sheridan Club turn (although we did once have a talk on Pilates which did involve an element of physical experimentation). Those attendees who turned up after the presentation had started were no doubt startled to find the room filled with silent Sheridanites with their eyes closed. Some of the attendees shared with Ms. Stardust, saying they fell asleep during the meditative practices and felt very relaxed.

And now for something of our speaker, by her own account: Ms. Stardust is a member of the Circassian people and both sides of her family hail from the Caucasus. She was brought up areligiously in the Middle Eastern country of Jordan before settling in the UK some decades ago. The Circassians are an ancient culture, dating back tens of thousands of years. They are neither Russian nor Eastern European: they have their own unique ancient language and culture.

Circassians faced a long war against the Russians between the 1700s and the 1800s and had to migrate to other countries. Indeed, Ms. Stardust was originally invited to give another talk, to be given in October, regarding her Circassian background. Further details of Circassian history and culture will be forthcoming, she assures us.

Ms. Stardust was talent-spotted by an energy healer at a folk dance festival in Wales and has since embarked on what she describes as 'a journey of self-development, discovering therapy, healing modalities and practices that help alleviate the symptoms of trauma'. The English energy healer, a gentleman by the name of Phillip, had been practising Reiki and other healing practices for about nine years, by the time she met him. He studied psychology and combines it together with energy healing.

Readers who were unable to attend the meeting but who would like to try out the exercises for themselves can watch a video of Ms. Stardust's talk at newsheridanclub.co.uk/watch.

> Safari Swell By the Chairman



According to Wikipedia, the earliest reference to a 'safari suit' is from the popular prints in the United States in 1935, its distinguishing trait being that it is a suit with a jacket cut in the 'coat shirt style'. Such jackets are commonly made of lightweight cotton drill, and are traditionally khaki in colour, belted and with four expandable bellows pockets.

it with buttons, but when in exotic parts, nothing

else quite fits the bill.

It was in this style that my jacket was cut, and it was delivered by the tailor in time for my wife and me to go elephant trekking in Chiang Mai. The jacket was also worn on the occasion my wife and I took tea in the Authors' Lounge of the Oriental Hotel on the Chao Phraya river in Siam on the same trip. I seem to recall that *The Rough Guide to Thailand* noted that 'the days of visitors to the Oriental wearing safari suits are long gone', with only the staff of their shuttle boats now being so attired, but I was met with admiring glances from the young Thai gentlemen upon our disembarking the hotel's boat on our arrival, which I can only put down to my attire.

Subsequent sojourns have seen the safari suit make an appearance at the pyramids in Cairo, the Gateway of India in old Bombay and in the souks of Marrakesh with an accompanying Moroccan (low crowned) fez and a fly whisk to fend off overexcited stall holders. The other advantage of the safari jacket is that when worn buttoned to the top in the Mao-style of the 'Zhongshan suit' jacket, it lends the sartorial air of the benevolent dictator to the wearer or that of a Bond villain or indeed James Bond himself, which surely illustrates the versatility of said garment, were that any were necessary.

In issue 34 of the *Chap* magazine, one Richard w. Burdett examined summer clothing, and illustrated the article with a picture of your correspondent wearing said suit, and noting that 'It's one thing to face-down a black rhino at 30 yards with only one round left in your 500 nitroexpress, but it takes another kind of courage to walk around Soho in a safari suit'.

The safari suit style isn't for everyone, I readily acknowledge, but with regards to Mr. Burdett's conclusion, I couldn't have put it better myself.

150 Years of Aubrey Beardsley

A dispatch by our correspondent Darcy Sullivan from the magnificently named British Association of Decadence Studies

JUST A couple of weeks before the Tate opened its major exhibition of British *fin-de-siècle* artist Aubrey Beardsley, *Chap* editor Gustav Temple asked me if I'd like to go to the press launch. I already had plans to go with The Oscar Wilde Society, on a guided tour of it, but decided to take Gustav up on his invitation. In part, this was to see Stephen Calloway, one of the curators for the exhibition, who is known for his dandy style. Indeed, he was very entertaining, and you can see a short clip of him talking about Beardsley's influence on my You'Tube channel.

I feel sorry for Calloway and the show's other curators. It really was a splendid exhibition, and the largest of Beardsley's work since the 1966 show at the Victoria & Albert Museum, which brought Beardsley into the swinging '60s, where his work would have a major impact on not just fine art and illustration but advertising. But the Tate show opened in March 2020. As such, it drew only a fraction of the intended audience before it moved to the Musée d'Orsay in Paris. That was not the only Beardsley event in the UK to be spoiled by Covid. I was due to speak at an academic conference called *AB 2020: Beardsley* Re-Viewed in spring 2020. The Aubrey Beardsley Society organized that, and after moving it to August 2020 (remember when we thought the pandemic would only last a few weeks?) they cancelled

Dandy of the Grotesque, commented on Wilde's annoyance that Beardsley 'was willfully making drawings that failed—in the conventional sense to illustrate the book at all.' Perhaps most tellingly, Brian Reade wrote: 'Some of the series [of illustrations] were quite distant from the play. They were like hallucinations arising, as it were, out of the text into a mysterious imagery wherein most of Beardsley's peculiar qualities were boldly put forward ...'

Just as galling to Wilde were the illustrations where Beardsley clearly caricatured the author himself. But then, Beardsley had a naughty schoolboy's desire to provoke. On top of peopling illustrations throughout his career with pierrots, dwarves and ambulatory fœtuses, he snuck so many penises and vulvas into his drawings that one publisher said he had to turn images upside down to find (and censor) them.

He became the art editor of *The Yellow Book* when it launched in 1894, this being a hardback periodical that collected articles, poetry and artwork of a distinctly modern (for the time) nature. If J.K. Huysmans' \hat{A} *Rebours* was the breviary of the decadent movement in France, *The Yellow Book* was its magazine of choice in England. An argument can be made that there was no decadent movement in England, but *The Yellow Book* gave it a go—its title alone is a reference to the yellow-jacketed novels imported from France, which had a reputation for being scandalous, and decadent works like \hat{A} *Rebours* were amongst them.

The æstheticism movement was short-lived, like the decadence movement in France, and came to a lurching halt when Oscar Wilde was tried for gross indecency in 1895. In fact, publisher John Lane fired Beardsley from *The Yellow Book* due to his association with Wilde. Beardsley continued producing impressive work, including an x-rated set of illustrations for Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, until his untimely death.

Like his contemporary William Morris, Beardsley's work has become iconic. Following the exhibition at the British Museum in 1966, his work became a major part of the Art Nouveau revival in the 1960s and 1970s, with designers and fashion illustrators, in particular, emulating his elegant lines. His profile has been high ever since—a two-volume *catalogue raisonné* of his work by Linda Gertner Zatlin was published in 2016.

Like Oscar Wilde, Beardsley is a fascinating character whose œuvre is constantly being reappraised and discovered. On his 150th birthday this year, I participated in an academic conference held in London and organized by the British Association of Decadence Studies and the Aubrey Beardsley Society, sponsored by the Alessandra Wilson Fund. Topics ranged from a study of his pierrots to an ecocritical reading of Beardsley to his queering of the fairy tale. My own paper linked Beardsley with Dario Argento's 1977 film *Suspiria*.

This year there was also a series of events in Brighton, where you can still catch a small exhibition until November. The eminent Beardsley collector Mark Samuels Lasner has an exhibition at the Grolier Club in New York, with a superb online catalogue. And you can also join the relatively new Aubrey Beardsley Society (https://ab2020.org), and find more resources and articles there.

Finally, let me leave you with my favourite Beardsley story. He and the innovative American painter James McNeill Whistler were generally at odds—Whistler had dismissed his work, and Beardsley had published unflattering caricatures of both Whistler and his wife. They accidentally met in 1896 when Beardsley came to Joseph Pennell's house to show him his recent work for Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*. Whistler kept an eye on the drawings being presented and finally announced, *Aubrey, I have made a very great mistake—you are a very great artist.* Beardsley, we are told, burst out crying. boats, and so I soon found myself surging across the water, powered by the sure strokes of Mr. Viktor Heegaard, our good friend from Copenhagen.

As is practically compulsory for whenever the bright and well-heeled of society meet, several notable members of the New Sheridan Club were in attendance, including Clayton Hartley (working his magic camera) and Stephen Myhill, who delighted several of the young fellows by allowing them turns on his superb velocipede.

The giddy gathering also marked a notable stop during Luigi Sbaffi's goodbye tour before he and his wife Barbara return to their native Italy. We missed Charlie that day, but we'll be missing the Sbaffis for many parties to come.

This was also one of the last times I sported a Cambridge straw boater before it was nicked off of the train at Cannon Street. A story for another day to be sure.

As the sun hung low and the crowd began to contemplate the journey home, we stood together for one last time to video our heartfelt message to our absent host. The man was indeed missed, but I think we did him proud.

Sheridan Conquers Bonkers Concours, Sheikh's Two-Door Coupé Gets High Score in Group

Our motoring correspondent talks his way into judging a Concours day of classic and vintage Bentleys

By Actuarius

THOSE OF you who are familiar with the Actruarian équipe will know that both cars are far from pristine and wear their histories with a certain amount of shabby pride. It was a surprising honour then to receive an invitation to be a judge at the Bentley Drivers Club's highly prestigious annual concours. This is an event where members can enter their cars in various categories, or simply turn up and enjoy the weekend of activities in a convivial garden party atmosphere. There are also awards given for the best cars within certain date ranges to be found among the general attendees and, thankfully, it was this less technical category that I was assigned to.

A very early start on the Sunday saw me arriving at Cubberly House on the outskirts of Rosson-Wye, the owners being members of the BDC and kindly offering to host the event, while they were still setting up. Early morning sunshine and a lack of general punters gave an opportunity for getting photos of the cars already on site while chatting to some of the exhibitors before signing on. I was immediately taken with the drop head built for Bentley Boy supreme Woolf Barnato, stunning in a period correct metallic pale blue, but there were also EXP2s—the oldest surviving Bentley—and überdesirable Continentals (the 1950s vintage grandest of tourers rather than modern supercar) as far as the eye could see. It was difficult to know where to

A report on the Club's Visit to the v&A's Menswear Exhibition

By 'Clotheshorse'



AN EXHIBITION all about the important subject of trousers seemed eminently suitable for Club scrutiny and so it was that in May a small group of New Sheridan Club members, ably marshalled by Frances Mitchell, descended on South Kensington to deliver their verdicts.

The exhibition is sponsored by Gucci, whose creative director Alessandro Michele wants 'to celebrate a man who is free to practise self-determination without social constraints, without authoritarian sanctions, without suffocating stereotypes'. Chaps can only applaud, although the show might not illustrate this liberating premise in ways you would expect.

The first room strips off to examine the idea of the 'perfect' male body, celebrated in the statuary of Classical Greece, rediscovered by the artists of the Renaissance and highly influential on the Grand Tourists of the eighteenth century, who came home and began (shudder) 'working out'. Trying to look like Hercules eventually led to gym culture and the pursuit of unobtainable abs. This section ends with a display of unmentionables from Calvin Kleins to binding undergarments for transmasculine wearers.

Next comes a parade of male peacocks throughout history, from the Florentine duke Alessandro de' Medici to Harry Styles, embodied in painted images and real garments that are colourful—often a manly pink—and enhanced with jewels, ribbons and lace. There is a callback to this theme (with a twist) in the final space, which showcases three extravagant gowns recently sported by drag queen Bimini, Styles again, and actor Billy Porter, who probably wouldn't be delighted by the juxtaposition. (He criticised *Vogue* for putting the straight white Styles in a dress as its first male cover model.)

There's a glimpse of tweed in the third room with some English country looks (the chronology is a bit confusing here), before an examination of the impact of the Napoleonic Wars on male costume in the nineteenth century. In the middle of that century, it was back to black, as actual uniforms gave way to a virtual one with the development of the frock coat as a ubiquitous business dress. The show ends with what may have been the highlight for Club members: the continuing evolution of the suit and its many and diverse wearers. This is not a comprehensive survey of menswear through the ages. In the current questioning climate, it focuses quite reasonably on the issue of how clothes have always constructed masculine gender identity. But these are also predominantly the clothes of the white, Western and wealthy. There is no real sportswear, and only one pair of jeans—obviously a relief to sensitive New Sheridan Club types, but leaving the impression that what we see here accounts for relatively little of what is actually worn. The historical displays are almost exclusively Eurocentric in focus, with the inclusion of a single refashioned Chinese robe and an elegant Indian jama (Jean-Paul Gaultier is told off sternly for appropriating a sari), although a few outfits by contemporary designers from non-European backgrounds (including the late Virgil Abloh) appear The knowledgeable members of our group had some criticisms of how the clothes were displayed, and it wouldn't have hurt to include images of the paintings referenced by certain exhibits. Nevertheless, with one hundred outfits matched by one hundred artworks, this is an ambitious and informative show. For Chaps, already seasoned self-fashioners, there will be much of interest. The exhibition Fashioning Masculinities: The Art of Menswear continues at the v&A until 6 November.

As FRIENDS of mine will readily attest, I like a good holiday as much as the next man. Presupposing, of course, the next man is not the late great Alan Whicker. Whicker had a career spanning sixty years in journalism, some thirty of which were spent presenting *Whicker's World* in which he travelled the world in a navy brass-buttoned blazer, sporting a trademark well-trimmed moustache and armed only with a Barclaycard.

I had the pleasure of standing behind him at airport security on one of our foreign jaunts, and security regulations in place at the time necessitated the removal of his elegant basket weave brown loafers. Note to reader—take your tips from the best: no re-lacing for Alan after his shoes had been checked for bombs. I wish I had apologised to him on behalf of all fellow travellers for making him undergo this indignity, but I let the moment pass without comment. I still regret it now.

Wicker may have advocated the Daks house styling for his foreign adventures, but for me, the definitive garment for travel to exotic parts has to be the safari suit. Try searching for safari jackets (let alone suits) on the high street and you may be sadly disappointed. The Internet doesn't offer much by the way of online options in this field either, and so during the years when travel to the Orient was almost affordable (before one was blessed with issue), I decided to commission a safari jacket in Chiang Mai in northern Thailand armed only with a picture of Ernest Hemingway sporting a '476' made for him by Abercrombie and Fitch during their glory years before hooded tops and bare torsos became the order of the day. The tailor was most accommodating bearing in mind his brief, and in less than 48 hours had managed to knock up the garment you observe me photographed wearing here. It's not perfect, and I might have preferred But then, it's hard to argue that Aubrey Beardsley needs reviving. As he reached his 150th birthday on 21 August this year, he seems as vibrant and influential as at almost any time since he died in 1898, at just 25 years old.

For those readers unfamiliar with him, Aubrey Beardsley was an English illustrator in the 1890s, whose graceful but often perverse linework came to be one of the leading visual signifiers of the Æsthetic Movement in Britain. Beardsley produced an enormous amount of work for one who died so young, perhaps because he knew from an early age he had tuberculosis and would not live long. He also built a reputation very quickly, based not only on his originality and talent but also on his propensity to shock viewers. Writer and caricaturist Max Beerbohm dubbed the late 1890s the 'Beardsley Period' due to the young artist's oversize contribution to the *fin de siècle* culture in England.

While Beardsley evolved his style intentionally through several phases, he is best remembered today for illustrating the 1894 printed version of Oscar Wilde's play *Salome*, and for editing *The Yellow Book*. Beardsley sought the Wilde commission, and his illustrations for it have aged better than the play itself. This is certainly what Beardsley intended, as he did not so much illustrate the play as extrapolate from it. In his 1998 biography of Beardsley, Matthew Sturgis wrote, 'Connection with the text does not seem to have been an overriding concern.' Chris Snodgrass, in his study *Aubrey Beardsley:*



Boaters Optional By Marcus Walters

I N A severe strike of irony, the first Champagne Charlie 1920s picnic of the post-coronavirus era was without its leading man: he was struck down just days before, and we were left to make merry without his convivial presence.

'We miss you, Charlie!' chimed the group in unison. We'd gathered by the waters of Hollow Pond for one of the inaugural get-togethers of the season, and directing from his sick bed, Charlie ensured that we were left in the best possible hands. Tom Carradine, of Cockney Sing Along fame, brought his gramophone, his charming family, and a repertoire of classic ditties to sing.

But even the best performers can't play to an empty house. The park was our hall, and it was filled with some of the best folk the flâneur scene had to offer. Laverne Gronnestad provided further musical distraction in the form of his Hurdy Gurdy, which he played to the delight of all.

Mr. J. Haart showcased a fine new suit, a prototype of the nascent menswear company, Southworth and Haart. Interested parties continue to observe the line's development and are ready to pounce as soon as it rolls out.

The Bunnys brought their easy manner and charm, along with their dog. Yet no trip to the Pond would be complete without a little time on the look next.

Eventually, I managed to tear myself away from the various automotive delights on display and went hunting through the serried ranks of Cricklewood and Crewe's finest dispersed around the manicured field-the term 'lawn' simply doesn't cut it-seeking out examples in my category. Basically, I was after examples from the mid-1980s through to the early 'noughties', from the Mulsanne Turbo that reignited the brand through to the start of the modern era. With a majority of owners making the most of the entertainment provided I could thankfully avoid the usual criteria based around precision-placed original under-bonnet stickers and polished inner faces of exhaust pipes, instead looking for a combination of appeal and external condition.

I rather surprised myself when I found I kept returning to a lurid yellow specimen, not my colour but equally not entirely repulsive, the questionable paint covering a sublime 'Azure'. Apparently, it was one of only two examples turned out in this colour for a Sheik, one left-hand drive, the other right. This one remained in the UK while the other is now owned by Mike Tyson. As far as I know, Mr. Tyson is not a member of the BDC but HRH Prince Michael of Kent is and it was nice to see him enjoying the assembled motors throughout the day alongside everyone else. The best-in-show trophy was taken home by Paul Dacre in his 1936 3-position drop head coupé, a worthy winner.

Fine weather, a lovely venue, and the best Bentleys in the country accompanied by a friendly crowd. One of those days to be looked back on and remembered with fondness. I can only wonder though if they'll ask me back next year after picking such a garish winner?



The Unexpected Sheridan House

By 'Philoctetes'

'You can only Bimble without Sense, You cannot Bimble without Sensibility'

WHEN A shonky-bodied Wonky with limited ambulatory skills is faced with the ski-slope of central Guildford—rich in Architectural interest—needs must, and this is what they must do. Bimble their way around, that is, enact the gentle rumble-sway of the Greater Spotted Bimbler.

On a delightfully sunlit day back in May, (when the last edition of this publication was being birthed), I escaped the Fraternal Semi to wander



the locale. Guildford in truth is a treasure box for the architecturally voracious. Gorge your eyes you can, becoming drunk on Ancient buildings embodying centuries of Civic pride, on corbels and columns and jetty bow windows. By the time you've scaled the High Street this scaling—for reasons various—was not for me this May day: I struck rare and true early on in my Bimble.

OED informal•British

verb verb: **bimble**; 3rd person present: **bimbles**; past tense: **bimbled**; past participle: **bimbled**; gerund or present participle: **bimbling**

 walk or travel at a leisurely pace.
'on Sunday we bimbled around Spitalfields and Brick Lane'

noun

noun: **bimble**; plural noun: **bimbles** 1. a leisurely walk or journey.

'we were enjoying a pleasant bimble over the rocks'

Bimbling is so much more than mere slow walking. It is far from aimless. A Bimble must include an appreciation of the environment, even if that environment is a piss-soaked bus stop in Leyton or a bare field outside Banbury. Bimbling, indeed, is a catalyst for environmental appreciation: atmosphere, essence, ethos (cha!), it is to 'take time, use Grey Cells, rods and cones, *nerves all over your meatsack*', to appreciate the variegated surface of that rock, the time and pollution softened crumble of centuries-old brick. Blink in wonder at the precise and polite pointing of a wall built for a Lord when your Great Grandsire was no more than a twinkle in an Ironmonger's eye.

Hence my limping on a grand discovery in Surrey. A ramshackle and seemingly unloved, overlooked and lonely early-twentieth-century (mildly) Arts and Crafts dwelling hunkering down in slight terror opposite the brick and glass bulk of a 1970s church.

'Slight Terror' might be an understatement. This hunched yet charming white-painted render and red-brick house seemed to have quaked, shook and shuddered itself into 'artistic' (or slobby, depending on the viewer's æsthetic sensibilities and habits of home neatness) shabbiness.

'So what?' you may say. 300 words already and not a drop to drink. A shabby, oldish house near an awful newish building: commonplace stuff, Average Joe. But this Shabby House is necessarily of interest to us, the New Sheridan Club, for this is *SHERIDAN HOUSE, GUILDFORD*!

My bid to escape leisurely Bimble led me to discover Sheridan. This once lovely but now tired structure was the owner of a naïve iron name plate connecting it to our esteemed organisation (and that Irish playwright M.P. guy). I was of course surprised to discover a Sheridan House in Guildford—but not surprised to find it empty—the party having (sensibly) moved on from a place opposite a site of Religious practice.





in this, a building that looks built by the (Glorious) Committee where all tastes have been accommodated.

It does loom this lovely tactile building, it looms and embraces. The more time you spend with it, the friendlier it becomes—though in the spirit of Club *joie de vivre* japery, it did try to trip me on my arse several times—I believe the Committee may have been on the djinn when finalising the design for the steps and frontage—it certainly got a bit M.C. Escher out there.

Behind Sheridan is a 'barn' for keeping your transportation warm, dry and well-fed. Guildford is very green with lots of park space for frolicking, so the need for a garden, I imagine, was considered null. However, the house has one provision for comfort: the attic and its central window show that 'Youssef' has been accommodated for.

Reader, I did Bimble on. But with Sheridan on my mind, I saw little else. Luckily I did notice the cars and lampposts. Just.



Club Raises Nation's Spirits at Summer Party

Timothy Eyre writes:

The Glorious Committee for Life has a strong track record of devising creative themes for our biannual parties. The inter-war occult provided an especially fertile area for creative costumes, games and raffle prizes. Few organisations provide its members with the opportunity to stand next to a Lizard King while admiring an ectoplasm-on-a-stick and listening to H.P. Lovecraft-themed country and western music. My raffle prize was a pair of divining rods, which I was pleased to pass on to Ms. Hess. Having seen Stewart Vickers crush the game that most others found rather tricky, we now know not to be hasty in challenging him to any remote-controlbased games. It is yet to be seen whether the Tarot authorities will welcome our new card designs into their canon.

so controlling it to make small movements was not easy. At times the hand seemed more interested in running up people's legs like some boisterous puppy. The winner was Stewart Lister Vickers, who coolly achieved the maximum possible score by knocking down all the letters that are in 'SHERI-DAN' and none that are not.

This was followed immediately by our other piece of entertainment, a performance by the Arkham Hillbilly himself. The Arkham Hillbilly started as a lockdown project for New Sheridan Club member Darcy Sullivan, writing and singing country and western songs from the perspective of a somewhat naïve character living in the world of the Cthulhu Mythos created by 1920s horror writer H.P. Lovecraft. To get an idea, see his Bandcamp page. He was joined for some songs by the Nashville Shamblers, Leroy and J.T. (in reality Darcy's adult children Zoe and Finnian). In between numbers there was plenty of droll patter, much of it revolving around the Hillbilly's producer/manager Colonel Hartley's condescension towards his client.

The evening ended as ever with our Grand Raffle featuring a wealth of delicious prizes connected with the party's theme. We were also treated to a complimentary buffet laid on by the venue, which was nice of them.

Did we invoke any spirits or draw the attention of ancient slumbering gods? Well, early on one of the glass candle holders spontaneously cracked. And our initial attempts to run the ouija game were stymied when the remote-controlled car wouldn't work-this turned out to be because the handset batteries had gone flat. (This was after only about five minutes of use since being installed two days earlier: clearly the work of Eldritchian forces.) And interestingly our presence was noted by a couple of actual cultists who happened to be in the pub and came down to join us. (In fairness they probably don't describe themselves as cultists; I think they were pagans. In fact one of them was and the other revealed she was actually the pagans' house DJ.) Many thanks to all who braved the rail strikes to come along and make for a convivial, ethereal knees-up.

Of course, it may seem like a charmed life for a subaltern on the front line. Being a gentleman (many junior officers in the Great War being recruited directly from the Officer Training Corps of the public schools) they would have had the luxury of a dugout to keep dry, private-purchase home comforts and permission to bring alcohol into the line (unlike the 'other ranks' who only had their daily rum ration). But of course, they still had to endure the same problems as their men: rats, lice, water tasting of petrol (as it was brought up from out of the line in petrol cans) and the constant risk of being shot by a sniper or wounded in artillery barrages. Thankfully the Dorset recreation didn't go that far in its authenticity.

I did live in my dugout for a week, and under 'battle conditions' for the five days the trench was open to the public. An eye-opening experience, albeit one without the risk of death, of course.

The Platoon Commander's major responsibility was for the health and welfare of his 50 men. So, along with the mountains of paperwork and messages, which needed to be dealt with every hour of the day and night, they had the glamorous task of inspecting their men's feet daily for signs of trench foot and ensuring they were fed, watered and had somewhere to sleep. Only after his men were comfortable would an officer be allowed to look after himself. Also, don't forget that the officer would have been the first 'over the bags' in an attack. It is suggested that the average life expectancy of a 2/Lt. on the Somme in 1916 was just six weeks.

Needless to say, after a week of living and working in my dugout on the front line I was a broken man, emotionally, physically and vocally. Will I be back next year? You bet your life I will!

COPENHAGEN, IOTH SEPTEMBER

Having recovered from my exertions over the bank holiday weekend, it wasn't long before I was boarding the plane for a short hop over to Copenhagen for their annual Tweed Ride. Having entertained them two years ago for their Copenhagen Tweed Picnic with my Cockney Singa-long act (a much smaller affair thanks to Covid) I was delighted to be invited back to play at this year's after-party at a traditional Danish restaurant, Bjælkehuset, with its convivial beer garden atmosphere—the perfect place for a sing-a-long. Not actually affiliated with the London Tweed Run, but run along very similar lines, this year's event saw 120 stylishly clad participants cycling through the streets of the Danish capital on an eighteen-kilometre route. Unlike the London Tweed Run, however, the team of volunteer motorcycle marshals stopping traffic allowed us an uninterrupted ride and, in my opinion, a much more pleasant experience. As I'm used to performing for an international crowd at my Thursday night residency at Mr. Fogg's Tavern in London, a Danish crowd was not as daunting a prospect as you might imagine. Alongside my regular repertoire of vintage sing-along hits, they particularly enjoyed selections from Mary Poppins, The Beatles, Queen, American imports such as You Are My Sunshine and Monty Python's Always Look on the Bright Side of Life. I also took the opportunity to introduce them to such cockney classics as My Old Man's a Dustman, I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts and Knees Up Mother Brown. They particularly enjoyed the 'av a banana' interjection (as required in the Music Hall classic Let's All Go Down the Strand), which they were encouraged to slip in at any appropriate moment in the proceedings, which they did with aplomb. Along with the sing-a-long entertainment, there were also prizes for Best Dressed, Best Hat etc. sponsored by local businesses and the main sponsor, Hendrick's Gin. You'll be pleased to know that the New Sheridan Club made a good showing, myself jointly winning 'Best Dressed Man' and fellow New Sheridan Club member, Gary Gronnestad, walking away with 'Best Dressed Man', 'Best Tweed', 'Best Facial Hair' and 'Best Hat'. I'm not sure we'll be invited back next year after that prize haul!

Letter From America By The Colonel

LAS VEGAS

THERE IS something about the desert that attracts. Maybe it's the clear white light. Maybe it's the openness or cloudless cerulean blue skies. Maybe it's the wind. I don't know. What I do know is that it does cause people to do some extraordinary things. I think it might have something to do with the remoteness one feels in a desert, the freedom to act as you like with no fear of judgment or reproach other than what nature dishes out. Not sure. Not much of a philosopher, really.

O'Toole's Lawrence liked it because it was clean. An empty stage for heroes, saints, demons, and fools to prove to the world exactly what they are. Jesus supposedly wandered around the desert for forty days, wrestled with the devil, chatted with God, and emerged with a few good ideas that managed to stick.

More recently, the annual orgy of art, drugs, and sex known as Burning Man held in northern Nevada's Black Rock Desert offers artists, one per cent jet-setters, and every Tom, Dick, and Harry (and Jane) who can get to that big empty flat space to create big, big, art, get smashed, talk to the wind, walk around as naked as Isaiah or ride a bicycle across the playa dressed as Cardinal Richelieu. The freedom to show the world just what you are without reproach.

In my small corner of Nevada where I've lived and toiled these last twenty-six years, the Mojave Desert isn't much different, I suspect than its Arabian, Judaic, or northern Nevada cousins. Big spaces, silence, sun, wind, and dust. Just another clean stage for heroes, saints, demons, and fools.

Shorty Harris was one of those. No, I think he was a bit of all of those. Born in Rhode Island on the eastern seaboard in 1857 he was orphaned into poverty and self-reliance at a young age. Following the well-known advice of Horace Greeley, he went West to grow with the country. After stints in Colorado, Idaho, and Arizona where his gold prospecting successes were invariably followed by wealth-reducing binges of drinking, whoring, gambling, brawling, and more drinking, Shorty found himself in Nye County, Nevada near the eastern edge of Death Valley in the summer of 1904.

Shorty had been meandering around the desert with his burro and came across a fellow prospector named Ed Cross. Ed was low on food and was about to give up on the site he'd been working. Shorty, like a gentleman, offered to share his grub with Ed. A few days later, as they were about to leave after finding nothing, Shorty saw his burro a few hundred yards from a nearby stream. Walking towards the beast he tripped over a fair-sized rock, all green like malachite with chunks of dull yellow metal embedded in the green. It was gold.



Though I have attempted to gain further information on this pretty house with flirty bow window and jutting bay happily sandwiching a curved Tuscan pillared dentiled porch—perfect for smoking—all I can learn is it is considered a 'Landmark Edwardian' property and one of the 'most recognisable buildings' of the area. Internally it has been defiled and neutered by division into boxed offices of mind-numbing white, and small sleeping areas for minions. Since my visit, it has been sold for over £1 million ...

One must ask if our great institution (that would be the Club) saw any of this coin—or having abandoned this Surrey bastion to the Gods of Property, we, as is usual, gained nothing from the 'asset' blessed with our name and illumined by our reputation?

There it stands, the embodiment of our Clubmixed awkward angles and polite quoins. Variety, glorious variety in its details-a hunger for styles—curved bays, plaster, brick, white pointing, red pointing, all flavours of building yet strange and alluring harmony brings languor and grace to this place. 'Tis a mischievous building I tell theecharming, inviting yet—with its steps of changing depth and camera-guarded porch—it is a challenging and stern edifice. But its attempts to be remote and aloof are undermined by its deep black eaves jutting out like the brows of the late Denis Healey (or indeed our Editor) and the pretty Serliana windows with their cheeky Roman Brick lintels winking at passers-by like a Demi-Mondaine at a Masher in Piccadilly. The forecourt is large and prominent enough for members to display to locals(!), and the attendees at Mass and Sunday School, their best trouserings, most languid poses and brightest silk stockings, while the grouping of fans, vents and airconditioning units on the right elevation of Sheridan hints that some 'Urban Gardening' might have been possible.

The mist of Lutyensesque—Arts and Crafts politesse fails to hide Sheridan's true anarchic nature. Its snook-cocking lack of symmetry and rapid changes of scale, colour and texture—the democratic and inclusive nature of our Club bursts through Clayton Hartley writes:

FOR REASONS lost in the mists of the spirit world, the New Sheridan Club's summer party took as its theme inter-war spiritualism and the occult—think divination, tarot, the golden age of stage magic (Harry Houdini, Thurston, Carter the Great, etc.), ectoplasm, Nazi occult and hollow earth beliefs, Indiana Jones, H.P. Lovecraft and more. The venue was the Duke pub on Roger Street (off Gray's Inn Road), which is a small but nicely preserved 1920s pub with Art Deco features (some original, some brought in to enhance the effect). We were in the basement function room, which was compact but just about big enough for our numbers, given that the rail strike meant some guests who would have liked to have come had to stay away.

In addition to the delight of each other's company, guests had three other morsels of entertainment. Throughout the evening we were running a competition to design a new card for the tarot deck. (I'm always struck that seemingly all our members can draw.) Secondly, around 8pm we had another competition-remote-controlled ouija. Contestants were presented with a circle of wooden letters about three inches high. In the centre was a hand with a pointing finger, with which they had to knock over the letters that spelled the word 'SHERIDAN'. For every correct letter struck the player won a point, but for every letter knocked over that was not in the word they lost a point. The hand was strapped to a remote-controlled toy car and players had to use the remote control handset to direct the finger of fate. The car was quite boisterous (the instructions say it can achieve 20mph), You can see many more photos from the event in this album on Flickr: https://www.flickr.com/ photos/sheridanclub/albums/72177720300145763

Diary of a Cockney Lad

Tom Carradine, honorary Sheridanite and creator of Carradine's Cockney Sing-a-Long reports from the front line of historic goings-on and intrepid tweed

DORSET, 25TH–29TH AUGUST

DESPITE the vagaries of the British bank holiday weather some might choose to have a quiet weekend away. Then again, the intrepid may wish to consider living in a Great War trench for a week.

Having spent a week living in the boots of an infantry officer on the Western Front in a set of impressively recreated trenches at the Great Dorset Steam Fair in Blandford Forum, I can highly recommend it.

The trenches on the farm were dug in 2014 and since were extended to a complete tunnel system including offices, a First Aid post, and bunk rooms. All this is supported by a working field kitchen unit and other displays of ww1 vehicles, horses and equipment.

The scale of the operation is immense, with over 1,500 passing through the trench and tunnels every day. In my role as Second Lieutenant and Platoon Commander, it was my job to give the public a small glimpse into the life of a junior officer on the Western Front. Shorty and Ed thought the rock looked like a bullfrog, so they named their mining claim the Bullfrog. After registering the Bullfrog claim Shorty took his share of the first haul of rocks, cashed out, and then went on a solid bender buying drinks for all, keeping the local working girls fed, and no doubt having the time of his life. About a week later after sobering up, Shorty and Ed hiked back to the Bullfrog and happily saw about a thousand prospectors with pickaxes hammering away all around their claim. The offers to buy out Ed and Shorty started coming in. They held firm.

As the weeks passed and the gold rush frenzy grew, Shorty in a burst of optimism for the future went on an epic six-day binge. He finally passed out in a cheap hotel room with the usual assortment of empty whisky bottles on the floor. When Shorty woke up, he found that he'd sold his half of the Bullfrog for \$25,000 (about \$860,000 today) via a formally drawn up bill of sale with his genuine signature witnessed by several men sober and true. It was even notarized by the local notary.

Resigned to his fate Shorty held no grudges. Shorty knew who he was. He blew through the \$25,000 in short order and then picked up his pickaxe, got his burro, and went on to eke out a simple living as a prospector in and around Death Valley until he died in 1934. As to Ed, he sold his share of the Bullfrog for about \$250,000 (about \$8.6 million today). He left the desert, bought a ranch in a lovely patch of Escondido, California, and got married.

Shorty described himself as 'a single blanket jackass prospector'. That's what he wanted inscribed on his tombstone and how he wanted to be remembered. He also said he wanted to be buried at the bottom of Death Valley. He got his wish. Rest in Peace Shorty.

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