

SOLD OUT!

“Look, Watson!
Broken Holmes is a
box office smash!”

PLUS:

- The Tashes: official match report
- Flay & Deville: the circus comes to town
- Thief! Hackett rips off NSC logo

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XXXVI • October 2009



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of the Wheatsheaf pub just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in here and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women here as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square; Pound and Lewis launched *Blast!* at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place and in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms here, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Editor Writes

It feels as though I have much to impart this month, even though little of it actually concerns official Club activities. (Those looking for a report on the Film Night scheduled for this month should see the note on p.19.) Without further ado...

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 7th October in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Our guest speaker will be Matthew "The Chairman" Howard—so called because he is the Chairman of the Witham Rowing Club, a club at which no rowing ever takes place. He is now actually a Committee Member of the NSC too, though—just to confuse matters—not the Chairman. Anyway, he will doubtless scandalise the neighbourhood with his address, *The Big Siam: Oriental Excess in the East Indies*, a talk he insists upon styling "The Second Lady Malvern Memorial Lecture". (Lady Malvern was introduced in *Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest*. She was noted for writing books such as *India and the Indians* after only the briefest of visits and hoped to write a companion volume on the United States after having spent less than a month therein. Mr Howard once spent two weeks on

the Sinai Peninsula, visiting Cairo for two days, on the basis of which he delivered The First Lady Malvern Memorial Lecture, *The Manners And Customs of the Modern Egyptians (Revisited)*.)

The Last Meeting

At our September meeting we were privileged to have as our guest speaker Mr David Waller, talking to us about the subject of his latest book, *The Magnificent Mrs Tennant*. I met Mr Waller at a talk by Ian Kelly at the Hunterian Museum. (I chatted briefly with Mr Kelly afterwards and he wanted to know where I had acquired my Old Town suit; clearly a Chap at heart.)

Gertrude Tennant's early life is a tale of bohemian impecuniosity, thwarted love matches and political marriage-scheming, but she came to prominence as a widow later in life, through the literary and political salon she established at her home in Whitehall—habitués included Gladstone and Balfour, Mark Twain, Thomas Huxley, Millais, Henry James, Browning, Henry Irving, Oscar Wilde and Victor Hugo. She was apparently the only person on the planet of whom the explorer Henry Morton Stanley was afraid. She was also a lifelong friend of Gustave Flaubert and Mr Waller's book is based on a previously unknown cache of letters between the two, found in a farmhouse attic.

I hope to present an essay version of the talk in the next Newsletter.



(Left) Club ties akimbo, though Matthew is clearly revolted by what Chuckles just said



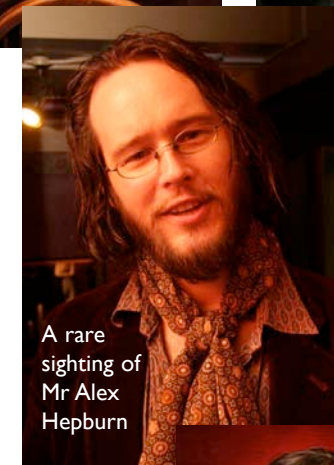
(Above) Our speaker, David Waller; (below) Lady Grace and Tiffany pore over the NSC Newsletter while snapper Ed Chapman checks his gear; (left) note Ed's smarter attire than last month's T-shirt



(Left) Yes, it was still summer then; (below left) Ian looks like a private eye failing to blend in



(Below) Mr Waller had a whole slide show prepared but we could not get the Club's laptop to read it so we enjoyed just one (not terribly relevant) image



A rare sighting of Mr Alex Hepburn



(Above) a good crowd turned out, including Isabel's mum in the middle there



(Right) the kind of moustache with which empires are built (and eyes had out)





Flay and Deville's Circus of Marvels

AT THE LAST Club Night we acquired two new Members who were both involved in running a monthly variety night at Madam JoJo's. So, taking a firm grip on my moral fibre, I boldly assayed London's louche Soho.

Madam JoJo's is a splendid cabaret venue if you can fill it, and Messrs Flay and Deville certainly can—though I feel duty bound to inform Members that the crowd were a raucous lot and largely dressed in T-shirts and other scruffy workwear. It is not a



haven for the dandy or aesthete. But the acts were many and of an impressive quality. I had to leave before the end so there may have been a stunning finale, but what I saw was enormous fun. This month there was a Back to School theme...

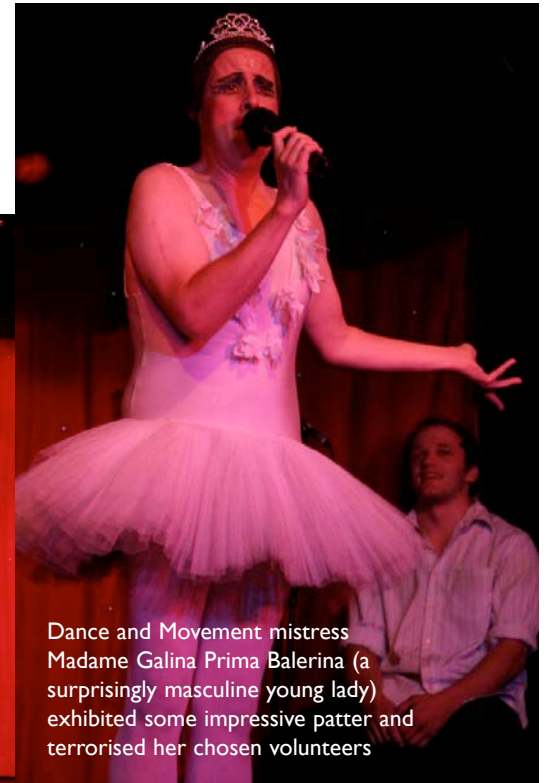
(Right) our hosts, Edwin Flay (l) and Balthazar Deville, as schoolmasters



Richard Sullivan leads the class astray by showing off his yo-yo chops; below he lights a match, lodged in a volunteer's mouth



(Above) These two chanteuses helped keep the form's spirits up. Supply teacher Caroline Grannel (l) demonstrated the correct use of the ukulele while (r) Miss Fanny Malone led the whole class in an old-fashioned cockernee singalong



Dance and Movement mistress Madame Galina Prima Balerina (a surprisingly masculine young lady) exhibited some impressive patter and terrorised her chosen volunteers



Galina gives it some dying swan, then has the volunteers show their version



Diva Hollywood shows what happened when primitive woman first stumbled upon some heels. It all ends in nipple tassels...



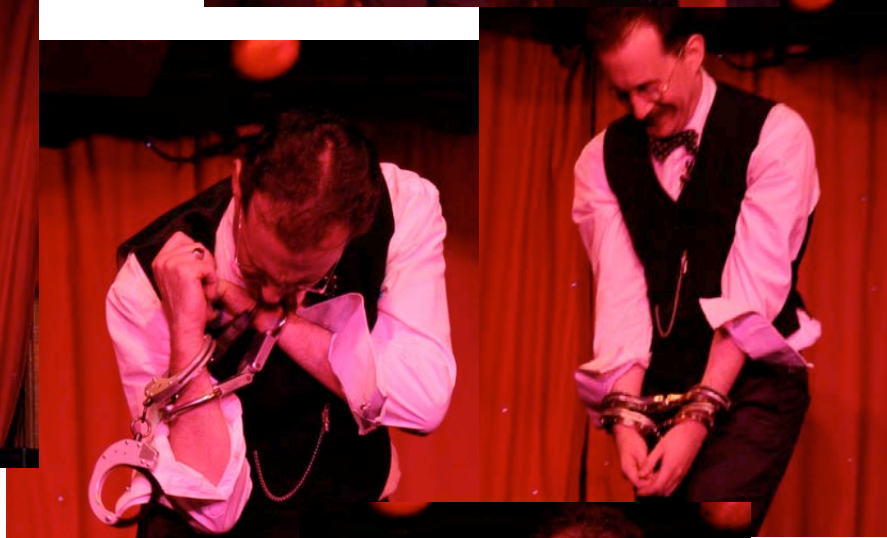


Mr Flay gives the class some basic escapology lessons. Each of the volunteers sports handcuffs from a different European state and is shown how to pick the lock. This is remarkably successful, except for the girl in the striped dress who uses the wrong end of the pick and jams the whole thing. I never

did see Mr Flay actually get her out of the cuffs, so she may still be wearing them. Then Flay himself escapes from all five handcuffs in three minutes flat



I think this was Tallulah Tempest. It's the old story: woman decides she's overweight and wants to lose 10lbs. Put down the cake? No, disrobe!



The wonderful Flirtinis and their band



Now Is the Age of the Pyjama

As the world spirals into an economic cesspool vortex of its own venal devising, there is some cheering news from the world of commerce: sales of pyjamas are up.

Apparently pyjamas were at their zenith in the 1970s, which some attribute to their appearance on the Morecombe and Wise television programme (in which, if memory serves, the two men were, rather controversially, depicted sharing a bed, which sends all kinds of interesting messages). Anyway, in the last year sales of full-length male nightwear rocketed by 30 per cent.

The theory is that, thanks to Johnny Recession, instead of sloping off to pubs and restaurants, couples are staying in and, ahem, making their own entertainment.



(Debenhams reports a 45 per cent rise in the sale of basques, a 50 per cent hike in suspenders and an 83 per cent splurge on fishnet stockings, though it seems to me

this could all be explained by the fashionability of burlesque performance.)

Single men too, however, are also seeing the truth of the Way of the Pyjama. Rather than heading for a trendy bar and blowing his monthly pay packet on a bottle of designer lager with a pine cone in the top, the hep bachelor is now staying in and lounging around in his jam-jams (presumably in a silk dressing gown, with a cigarette holder in one hand and a Corpse Reviver in the other, though the report, by analyst TNS, does not expressly say so).



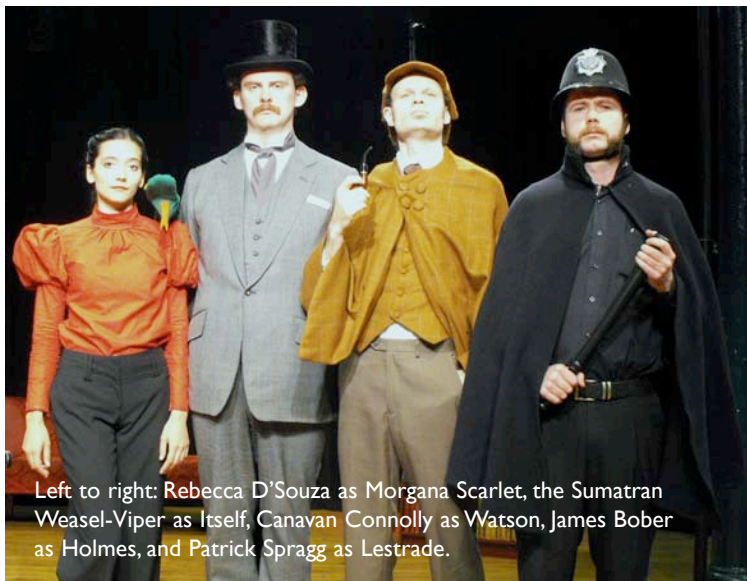
Bringing It All Back Holmes

By Robin Johnson

TWO YEARS AGO I read through the whole of Sherlock Holmes and found afterwards that the characters of Holmes and Watson were still stuck in my head. They started arguing and I wrote down what they said, and found I'd written the first draft of *Broken Holmes*.

Late last year I decided to put it on the Edinburgh Fringe. I'd just quit my job and gone on a three-month holiday to San Francisco on a whim, so it seemed a good time to commit to an expensive project. I hadn't been to the Fringe since my student days, when we'd put on a rather silly piece called *Cows—The Musical*, and I'd forgotten the amount of work involved: venues to book, accommodation to find and tortuous bureaucratic dealings with a shadowy organisation called the Fringe Society—all that, and casting and rehearsing the blessed thing as well.

By early summer I'd rounded up some actors and a technician and made a down payment or

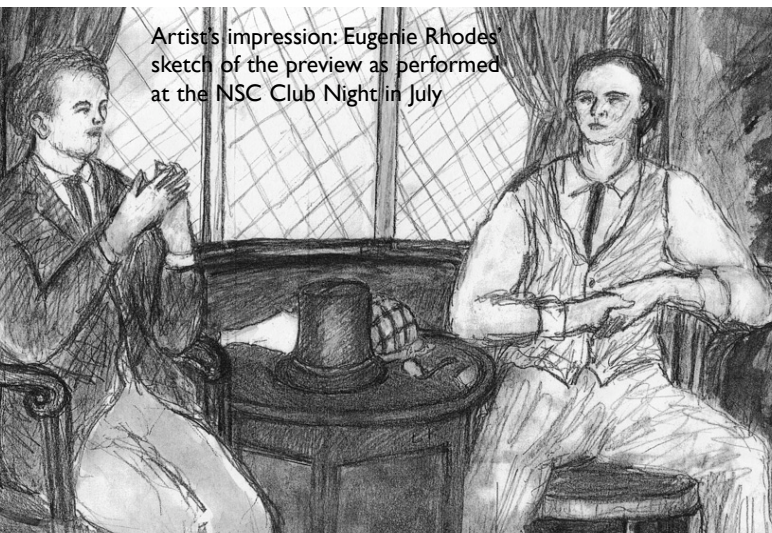


Left to right: Rebecca D'Souza as Morgana Scarlet, the Sumatran Weasel-Viper as Itself, Canavan Connolly as Watson, James Bober as Holmes, and Patrick Spragg as Lestrade.

two on a venue, but the whole project was teetering uneasily on the cliffs of bankruptcy. It was then that we performed our twenty-minute preview at the July Sheridan Club night, and I would like to thank all of the

Club for your support and donations—these put the play firmly back on to its feet and we trundled into Edinburgh a month later.

The full play—which is about an hour long but we managed to squeeze into 45 minutes—ran for two and a half weeks to sell-out audiences. Feedback was universally positive; a couple of people seemed taken aback at the less-than-flattering portrayal of their idol, but everyone was glad to see Doctor Watson finally stand up to the arrogant Holmes. Reviewers were also very kind: *FringeReview* called us “farce of the highest order”, *The Scotsman* said we were “an irreverent joy”, and *Call That A Show* said we had “a script so wonderful you could have fulfilling, loving sex with it”, which is going on my posters for the rest of my career.



Artist's impression: Eugenie Rhodes sketch of the preview as performed at the NSC Club Night in July



2009 TASHES MATCH REPORT Gentlemen Victorious!

By William Maple Watermere

ENGLISH CRICKET WITNESSED its first great shock of the summer on Saturday 22nd August when the Hirsute Gentlemen finally overcame a confident Clean-Shaven side at Roehampton Vale to claim the Tashes Trophy at the fifth attempt.

The day had started promisingly for all concerned, as the weather gods defied the gloomy prognostications of the Meteorological Office to treat a record number of players and spectators to a glorious day of late summer sunshine. With memories of last year's tense finish still fresh in the mind of Tashes veterans, registration saw a satisfying number of new faces applying to join the Clean-Shaven Players. Defending captain Hayes-Ballantine gave debuts to Wing-Commander, Smith, William and Krause among others, while his opposite number, Watermere, added youthful keeper-batsman James, sprightly bowler Grace N. Favour and useful all-rounder George to his more experienced line-up. At twelve o'clock the captains met for the toss; Watermere called wrongly and, after some noticeable hesitation, Hayes-Ballantine elected to bat first on a pitch which, despite a stiff breeze and a long boundary, appeared to be full of runs.

Essex and Hayes-Ballantine opened the innings for the Players while Hallamshire-Smythe and Grace N. Favour spearheaded the attack for the Gentlemen.

The initial exchanges implied that the growing crowd of spectators, sunbathers and passing dog-walkers were in for a tight match. Hallamshire-Smythe's first over went for a paltry single as Essex latched on to the only loose ball of the



Proof that cricket did take place



Sophie Jonas' new venture Roaring For Teas was mouth-wateringly in evidence

over. The pressure was maintained by Grace in the subsequent over, as Essex and Hayes-Ballantine struggled to get the ball off of the square. Keen to keep both batsmen (and scorers) guessing, Watermere put his bowling rotation strategy into action, giving all but bright wicket-keeper James a feel of the ball.

Except for one expensive over from Nippetweed, the strategy seemed to work, restricting the Players' scoring and setting up the opportunity for Arbuthnot to make the breakthrough, trapping Essex leg-before for 2. Scarheart came to the crease, defending doggedly as his captain started to find the boundary with a range of lusty blows and subtle deflections. Such a policy was not without its risks, however, and Hayes-Ballantine, as in previous years, presented the opposition with two or three sharp chances that they failed to

take and Scarheart survived a couple of near run-outs.

Fortunately for the Hirsutes, the two dropped catches and one missed run-out did not prove too costly as Scarheart was eventually bowled by Northumberland for a battling 1, and Hayes-

Ballantine slogged a Grace slower ball straight down the throat of Nippetweed in the deep for 28. The fall of Hayes-Ballantine sparked a mini-collapse as Hallamshire-Smythe bowled Cromwell for 1, then Russington for 0 in the space of a single over to leave the Players foundering on 54 for 5. It was a devastating spell from which the Players only recovered with the careful stroke-play of Krause and Smith as Cassidy was caught by Nippetweed off Stern for 0, before the Hirsutes' inspirational fielder bowled Wing Commander in the middle of a nine-ball over for 0 and then drew William into a hurried shot which saw him caught by George for 1. With lunch looming, the determined Krause edged a slow, swinging delivery to Watermere low down in the slips, and Smith and Andy were left with the challenge of scoring some quick runs to frustrate the bowlers. Despite Smith's determined innings of 7 not out, Hayes-Ballantine declared on 102 for 9 at lunch, setting the Hirsutes a target of 103 runs to win.

The lunch interval saw much merry-making over another enormous picnic, this year supplemented by a beautiful and colourful array of cakes and sweetmeats kindly provided by the equally eye-catching Sophie and Fleur. Many discussions were had about the wisdom of Hayes-Ballantine's apparently generous declaration, the superiority of the butterfly-winged cup cake over its rivals, and the progress of another cricket match that was taking place on the other side of London. Umpire Rushen, who had enjoyed a very good first innings eventually called lunch to a halt, and the Players ceased their impromptu fielding practice and returned to the field. Having been set a target of 103, Stern and Watermere strode out to the crease for the Gentlemen and found the first few overs rather hard work. Wing-Commander and Smith



Fleur minds the cake stall

opened the attack, drawing Stern and Watermere into a number of vigorous misses, however the Gentlemen picked up the scoring rate in the fourth and fifth overs, Stern opting for a strategy of all-out aggression which was repaid by a couple of boundaries and some well-judged singles. Taking his lead from Stern, Watermere seized the opportunity to punish the off-side line of Clean-Shaven spinner Essex with two reverse hooks to the boundary in an expensive over.

The opening pair continued to score at a good rate from this point onwards, presenting relatively few chances to the opposition, despite their positive approach. Indeed, it wasn't until the eighth over, by which time the Gentlemen had close to one third of the required runs, that the Players made the breakthrough they so desperately needed. Looking to hoist a straight ball high over the Clean-Shaven fielders in the deep, Stern failed to connect with a delivery bound for his middle stump, and Cromwell claimed his reward for some accurate medium-pace bowling. Stern's 17 had helped the Gentlemen get off to a flying start, and Nippetweed came in next with the intention of building yet another innings

of epic belligerence.

Having broken the Gentlemen's opening partnership, the Players made some long overdue bowling changes. Hayes-Ballantine brought William into the attack. This brave decision was swiftly vindicated, as the young Tashes debutant bowled Watermere with a fast straight ball that leapt off the pitch, scattering the bails and dispatching the Hirsute captain for a useful 20 runs. Watermere was replaced by Hallamshire-Smythe, and the Hirsutes began to rebuild their innings against a Clean-Shaven bowling attack that appeared to be flagging. Hayes-Ballantine threw the ball to Choy and Wing-Commander in the hope of luring the

Hirsute batsmen into some rash shots. As Nippetweed and Hallamshire-Smyth calmly rotated the strike, however, Hayes-Ballantine had to wait a further four overs before his ploy succeeded, the captain himself taking a good catch off the bowling of Wing-Commander to claim the wicket of Hallamshire-Smythe for 6 runs. After twelve overs, the Hirsutes were well on their way to an historic victory having amassed 68 runs for the loss of a mere three wickets. The arrival of Bunty at the crease saw the run rate dip slightly, as both Hirsute batsmen struggled to score off the exceptional bowling of Wing-Commander, William and Cromwell. It was little surprise when Wing-Commander claimed Bunty for 0 after a couple of lucky escapes, providing Umpire Rushen with one of the easier LBW decisions of his Tashes career.

Just when the Hirsute reply appeared to be stalling, Nippetweed was joined by James, and the pair proceeded to add some gritty runs. Frustratingly for the bowlers, both batsmen edged and missed on more than one occasion. The partnership was broken when Nippetweed was caught by Joel off the bowling of William for a characteristically determined 10 runs.

With the Hirsutes five wickets down, Hayes-Ballantine brought back his strike bowlers, hoping to make short work of the tail. In the figure of the incoming George, however, the Clean-Shaven bowlers had met their match. Aply supported by the defensive batting of James, George methodically started compiling a match-winning innings, bludgeoning the relatively few loose balls that came his way to the boundary and nudging his side towards their target with some quick singles. The tension in the air was palpable as everyone wondered whether the Hirsutes had done enough as 20 runs to win became 10 runs to



Young master William gets some batting practice in



Actuarius, Hallamshire-Smythe and Rushen appear to be discussing a biscuit

win. Despite a couple of late scares, the Hirsutes' middle-order pair survived unscathed and when George followed up a couple of nervous singles with an immaculate shot to the boundary, he had, on his way to a score of 18 not out, succeeded in securing the Hirsute Gentlemen's first Tashes victory by a margin of five wickets.

Once the initial Hirsute celebrations had died down, Umpire Rushen presented William and James jointly with the man of the match award in recognition of William's exceptional bowling and James's outstanding wicket-keeping. This was followed by the presentation of the Tashes Trophy to the Hirsute captain, Watermere, who will be looking to mount his first defence of the Sheridan Club's greatest cricketing prize in August 2010.

After the presentations, players, officials and spectators retired to the Green Man pub, where another series of Tashes stories were exchanged amid pleasing ale, pleasant company and peculiar garden decor. The Tashes organiser, Watermere, would like to extend a warm thank you to Umpires Viscount Rushen, Miss Suttie and Ensign Polyethyl for officiating so judiciously, scorers Mrs Downer and Miss Newman for scoring so meticulously, both teams for playing so sportingly, and the spectators for following the action so enthusiastically. This year both teams managed to muster eleven players, which significantly contributed to the quality and balance of the game. It is to be hoped that next year's event will attract a similar number of willing participants.

12 September 2009
WMW

Trends for the weekend

www.telegraph.co.uk/thefriday



THE WHITE BLACKBIRD



THE TWEED CYCLING CLUB



THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB

Past perfect: there's more to retro-socialising than dressing the part – organised events are a major attraction

We're going to party like it's 1899

Wear tweed, drink tea, talk about the gold standard... Leisa Barnett discovers why "retro-socialising" is all the rage

Ten years have passed since we partied like it was 1999, and it turns out that the 21st century isn't all it was cracked up to be. It's expensive to go out. The novelty of writing on our friends' Facebook walls instead of talking to them has worn off. We can't leave the house without seeing five other people wearing the same high-street look. But, for a new breed of bright young things, the antidote to modern monotony is simple: ladies, get busy with petticoats; gentlemen, start cultivating a natty arrangement of facial hair. For why party like it's 1999 when you can party like it's 1899?

Damned fine chaps
Dressing up and doing something fun with friends is hardly a new idea, but the vogue for retro-socialising takes it one step further – with everything from radio shows to dining events being held in entirely authentic vintage settings. It's a bit silly and a touch tongue-in-cheek, but it's a whole lot now. The editors of *The Chap* – a popular

underground fanzine dedicated to reviving the aesthetics and civility of a bygone era – put it this way: "A society without courteous behaviour and proper headwear is a society on the brink of moral and sartorial collapse."

The possibilities for retro-socialising are almost limitless – and the more bizarre the better. Take a cue from existing groups: members of The Tweed Cycling Club (motto: "Style not speed, elegance not exertion") kit themselves out in plus fours, Forties Fair Isle sweaters and bicycle clips for day trips on their beautifully refurbished steel touring bikes.

The Last Tuesday Society's Viktor Wynd hosts decadent fin-de-siècle salon events in and around London – from lectures and poetry readings to masked balls. In the north of England, meanwhile, the Northern Forties hosts Second World War-based events where guests are free to dress in civvies or militaria.

And dressing the part is only the half of it. Some retro-socialisers are even dipping into *Mrs Beeton's Book of Household Management* to create historical recipes, such as fowl pie and Aunt Nelly's pudding.

The queen bee of London's retro-socialising scene is 28-year-old Polly Betton, right-hand woman to Johnny Vercoutre – a man who lives, breathes and promotes a vintage Thirties lifestyle through his Time For Tea room and shop in east London. Their Zeppelin Club, for instance, was a Weimar-era

Gentlemen's Club recreated in a Clerkenwell pub. Replete with cabaret acts, girls were welcome, but only if they dressed as boys, with pencilled-on moustaches as standard. The pair now hosts events under the name The White Blackbird.

Dandyism and decadence
"When I was a teenager, the options for socialising were so unappealing," Betton says. "You could sit in a pub and drink, but that wasn't mentally stimulating. Or you could go to a club where they played music without lyrics and it was all flashing lights and people dancing on their own." Socialising in an historicised way, she believes, introduces variety into the way people interact.

"It's grown-up and glamorous. To dress well in vintage is much harder work than buying something off the high street. So, as an events organiser, you want to make it worth

it for people." In other words, you get out what you put in. It's true, today's dominant modes of socialising can be limiting. Our instant-download style of entertainment requires little or no effort – other than consumption – and can often seem transient, unsatisfying and downright impolite. There's something comforting about the idea of living in the past when the credit-crunched present is so unattractive and the future looks a tad scary. The lure of gently muted sepias, then, is obvious.

But it isn't about escapism, according to 42-year-old Torquil Arbuthnot, contributor to *The Chap* and founding member of retro-social group The New Sheridan Club. Dressing as if you're a Victorian and doing genteel things is, he believes, a way for people to be their true selves.

They may often be a disparate lot – with differing incomes, political

views and jobs – but it's a shared outlook that draws the New Sheridans together; they bond over ideals of "dandyism, decadence and an insistence on civility." "We always have a lecture at our monthly meeting," Arbuthnot says. "Next time it's by one of our members, Rupert, who is a clubber in real life." Indeed, one doesn't need to have a profound, life-changing epiphany to join in the fun. Retro-socialisers aren't deluded throwbacks woefully clinging onto "the good old days" – they're exciting, passionate people teasing out the best bits of a shared history and bringing them alive.

Time for tea and cake
"There is something very relevant in Forties values," says 26-year-old Naomi Thompson, founder of London clothing store, Vintage Secret – which quickly evolved into a retro-socialising phenomenon when she began inviting clients to her Forties-themed home to browse merchandise over tea and a slice of home-made cake. "It's all about make do and mend, growing your own food and talking to people. It's about being social." Other lifestyle businesses are tapping into the trend, too. Pip Black, 27, of Frame – a hip, east London fitness studio – notes the popularity of retro exercising (or "retro-cising"); think cancan, lindy hop (based on the Charleston) and tap-themed aerobic dance classes. "Girls see these classes as a social activity more than an exercise session, even

So now	So over
Dressing like it's the 1880s	Dressing like it's the 1980s
Dancing in couples	Dancing on your own
Waxed moustaches	Designer stubble
Eccentric social pursuits	Lonely social networking
Tea and cake	Fast food and fizzy pop
Being civil	Being selfish

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VINTAGE SECRET

THE LAST TUESDAY SOCIETY

Have a blast in the past

Ten ways to retro-socialise

- PICK AN ERA AND DRESS AUTHENTICALLY**
Late-Victorian and Forties and Fifties styles are currently the most popular at online vintage stores – eBay is also a good place to look for era-relevant clothes and accessories like these. Read Fummi Odulate's book *Shopping for Vintage* for a guide to the world's best vintage shops. And don't skimp on grooming; ladies should visit www.thepowderpuffgirls.com, while www.murdocklondon.com is ideal for discerning gentlemen.
- DO SOMETHING SOCIAL**
Whatever you're interested in – sport, dancing, music, parties, travelling – consider how you can make it work in a vintage context.
- JOIN AN EXISTING GROUP**
In a raucous take on old-country-house parties, Time For Tea is organising a series of events for the Dhillon Group of hotels – such as the Colourscape Party at Stoke Place, Buckinghamshire, on August 28 (call 01753 534790 for details). While The Last Tuesday Society is holding three events in September – visit its website for details.
- INVENT A SOCIETY**
It doesn't take much effort. Just get a few friends together and get stuck in. You might be surprised by how quickly interest grows.
- HOLD A VINTAGE SPORTS DAY**
Take inspiration from *The Chap*, which holds its own Olympiad. Visit www.thechapolympiad.com
- THROW A DECADENT DINNER PARTY**
Get inspiration from the old-fashioned recipes within *The Best of Mrs Beeton's Easy Everyday Cooking*.
- START A RADIO SHOW**
Video didn't kill the radio star. He simply went underground to The Fitzrovia Radio Hour – the Forties-style radio show performed in front of a live audience. Visit www.fitzroviaradio.co.uk
- GET CYCLING**
Buy a classic, steel-framed touring bike, or roadster, and hit the road. Try eBay or Sargent & Co., which restores vintage bicycles. Visit www.sargentandco.com
- MAKE AND BAKE**
Invite your friends over for cake and serve it on vintage crockery.
- ADOPT OLD-FASHIONED MANNERS**
Hold open doors, offer up your seat on the bus. Exemplary manners, civility and decency are paramount at all times.

though they get a good workout," she says. "And people round here love to dress up!" As did our great-grandparents, when they were going to a tea dance, or a ball. From seances to singalongs, they knew a damn sight more than us 21st-century guys and dolls about how to have fun. As Polly Betton points out: "In the days before television, you had to make your own entertainment." Beats a takeaway in front of *Big Brother* any day.

JOIN THE CLUB

The Chap: www.thechap.net
The Tweed Cycling Club: www.tweed.cc
The Last Tuesday Society: www.thelasttuesday.society.org
Northern Forties: www.northernforties.org.uk
Time For Tea: 110, Shoreditch High Street, London E1
The White Blackbird: www.thewhiteblackbird.com

The New Sheridan Club: www.newsheridanclub.co.uk
Vintage Secret: www.vintagesecret.com
Frame: www.moveyourframe.com

ONLINE Start by dressing the part – we show you where to find a vintage clothing store near you at www.telegraph.co.uk/thefriday

DAPPER AND DIGITAL

They may party in the past, but retro-socialisers don't eschew the modern world entirely. On the contrary, they use its technology to spread the word. Although if you log on to The New Sheridan Club's website you'll see daguerreotypes, rather than photos, and are invited to email them a telegram. Meanwhile, The Last Tuesday Society and Time For Tea use Facebook to promote their events.

If you're planning to start a club or society, social networking is the easiest way to find like-minded people. Applying new technology for retro purposes? How very civilised.

Johnny Vercoutre of Time For Tea

Recognition at last

This feature appeared in the Telegraph on 21st August in the weekend section. On the whole the NSC comes out of it pretty well. To give the journalist credit she seems to have understood what we are about and resisted the temptation to poke fun or depict us as a coven of snobs and racists. The only blight is that the writer misheard Torquil over the phone—he actually described Lord Rupert as a "plumber" in real life, rather than a "clubber". (The latter is true as well, though it makes us seem more detached and sniffy than we really are.) Mind you, I didn't notice any particular surge in Membership applications following publication. In any case, there is a useful checklist of other organisations to check out.



THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU DIDN'T KNOW

Famous Typewriters

By Torquil Arbuthnot

HERE'S A SELECTION of writers and the typewriters they used:

Raymond Chandler: Underwood Noiseless.

Agatha Christie: Remington 5 (portable).

William Faulkner: Underwood Standard Portable, Royal KHM.

Ian Fleming: Royal portables (one was gold-plated).

Dashiell Hammett: Royal De Luxe.

Ernest Hemingway: Corona 3, Underwood Noiseless Portable, various Royal portables, Halda portable.

Jack Kerouac: Underwood portable (On the Road was typed on a continuous roll of paper).

Rudyard Kipling: Remington

Noiseless (in late life).

George Orwell: Remington Home Portable (a name variant of the #3).

Anthony Powell: Olympia SM 9.

J.B. Priestley: Imperial Good Companion.

Georges Simenon: Royal 10.

John Steinbeck: Hermes Baby.

Mark Twain: Sholes & Glidden.

John Updike: Olivetti MP1 portable.

P.G. Wodehouse: Monarch; Royal (bought reluctantly when the Monarch died).

William S. Burroughs: throughout the 1950s he owned various typewriters, since he was constantly pawning them. Many of his manuscripts were done on a Remington. The Naked Lunch was typed from handwritten notes by Jack Kerouac, presumably on Kerouac's Underwood. In a 1965 Paris Review interview Burroughs says he uses a Facit Portable. By the 1970s he was using an Olympia SG1.



Cider Inside 'Er Insides

NSC Member and CAMRA member Mr Ian White has put together another of his famous London pub crawls, this time taking in some real cider, as well as real ale. It's this Saturday, 3rd October. To contact the drinking party on day telephone 07775 973760.

The itinerary:

13.00–13.45: Harp, Chandos Place, Covent Garden

14.15–15.00: Doggett's Coat and Badge, Blackfriars Bridge

15.15–15:59: The New Forest Cider Bar, Borough Market

16.00–16.44: The Market Porter, Borough Market

16.45–17.30: Brindisa, Borough Market

17.35–18.30: Wwheatsheaf, 24 Southwark Street

From 18.40: The Royal Oak, 44 Tabard St



Hackett Steals NSC Logo

IMAGINE THE Committee's horror when we passed the windows of the Hackett emporium on Jermyn street to see, winking at us from a polished vitrine, the tie and scarf displayed below. It was a cue for synchronised monocle-popping, as you can imagine.

The items are part of Hackett's Mayfair range for Autumn 2009 that "takes the modern gentleman from day to evening with seamless ease". At the expense of the NSC's intellectual property, it does.

It is just about conceivable that the Hackett designers came up with the concept all by themselves but I think it far more likely that they spotted our noble Brolly Roger design and decided to purloin it.

Needless to say, a stiff letter is on its way to Mr Hackett's in tray.

Mr Graves Steals the Show

HAROLD HERWARD GRAVES, known in his professional capacity as Paul Gazzoli, scored a point recently with a letter to *The Times*. I shall



reproduce the full text:

Sir, If you examine the pictures of the Anglo-Saxon hoard from Staffordshire (report, Sept 25), you will note that the Latin inscription on one of the objects [see *daguerreotype above*] reads "surge domine disepentur inimici tui et fugent qui oderunt te a facie tua", which should read "surge domine et dissipentur inimici tui et fugiant qui oderunt te a facie tua".

This is taken from Numbers 10:35, "may they who hate Thee flee from Thy face", fugiant being the third person plural present active subjunctive of fugio, "flee". Fugent, however, is third person plural present active subjunctive of fugo, "put to flight, rout, cause to flee", thus altering the meaning of the phrase considerably, to "let they who hate Thee rout" — the object is lacking, so we might fill in "Thee" or "us" or "Thine army" in place of "from Thy face". Thus the Christians from whom this was putatively plundered by pagans were, through their incorrect grammar, asking for it. This only goes to show the danger posed by poor Latinity, as King Alfred recognised only too well.

As our Government threatens further cuts in education and the elimination of so-called pointless studies, this small piece of bent metal should stand in our minds as a grim warning.

Paul Gazzoli
Department of Anglo-Saxon,
Norse and Celtic,
University of
Cambridge



Chance to Win the Complete Wodehouse

THAT JEWEL OF the bookselling world Heywood Hill have an exhibition devoted to P. G. Wodehouse on their premises at 10 Curzon Street. It runs until 16th October (9–5.30 Monday–Friday; 9–4.30 on Saturdays). I quote:

"How many aunts did P. G. Wodehouse himself actually have? What were the real secrets of his success? Find out by visiting Plum Pie, Heywood Hill's unique exhibition celebrating the life and work of England's greatest literary humorist.

"The exhibition's curators, Sir Edward Cazalet, the author's step-grandson, and Mr Tony Ring, a leading authority on Wodehouse, have brought together rarely seen material from various private collections including family photographs, and Wodehouse's own golf putter, cocktail shaker and typewriter.

"During the exhibition enter our free competition and win a set of all 66 superbly produced volumes so far published in the Everyman Wodehouse uniform edition. Or discover the location of Bertie Wooster's flat and Gally Threepwood's Romano's Restaurant on a free guided walk through Wodehousean Mayfair every Wednesday afternoon led by Lt-Col N. T. P. Murphy. Colonel Murphy is the author of *Three Wodehouse Walks*, a new book on Wodehouse landmarks in London exclusively for sale at Heywood Hill until 16th October.

"To receive a competition entry form or to book your place on one of Colonel Murphy's Wodehouse walks please telephone 020 7629 0647 or email books@heywoodhill.com.

"We hope you will agree with Stephen Fry (pictured) who said: 'Heywood Hill has played a blinder. What better antidote during this pestilential year than Wodehouse? I called in at the shop the other day and bumped into Gloria, a stout Berkshire sow, browsing on the doorstep. The Empress of Mayfair had come to visit. You should too.'"



CLUB NOTES

William IV to Rise From Ashes?

I had a telephone call from Henry, the erstwhile landlord of the William IV pub where we have been having our new run of Film Nights. As suspected, he is no longer in business, but he did say that he had sold the place as a going concern and he expected it to reopen again soon. So we may be able to resume our residency there shortly. I'll keep you posted.

New Members

I WOULD LIKE to hop into the stunt plane of affability and sky-write a message of welcome to the following stout types who have signed up for Club Membership in the last month: Miss Madeleine Pearce, Mr Edwin Flay, Mr Johnnie Rockingham-Smith, Mr John S. Delikanakis, Mr Stuart Elliot Waller, Mr Edward John Sussum, Mr Vincent Moses and Mr Didrik and Mrs Aleksandra Mazurek Søderlind.

Forthcoming Events

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk.

Ian White's Cider Trail

Saturday 3rd October
From 1pm
A series of London boozers
Admission: Free
See page 15.

Tricity Vogue's Secret Cabaret

Saturday 3rd October
10pm–4am
The Old Boys Hall, 688 Boleyn Road, London N16 8RG
Admission: Free
Ukulele-wielding songstress Tricity Vogue writes:
“My friends are holding an art exhibition at the Old Boys Hall in Dalston from Friday 2nd to Sunday 4th October, and they've invited me to do a show on Saturday night. There's a piano in the old ballroom to tinkle on, and a chandelier to swing off, so all the essential ingredients are in place. Any musicians/singers/cabaret show-offs want to come and join me for a jam? I'm going to play for an hour between 10 and 11 and I have no idea what's going to happen. I'm looking for some play-mates so we can make it up as we go along.

“This building is a real hidden gem, and it's a private party, so although it's free, you need to RSVP to theboyshall@yahoo.co.uk to make sure your name will be on the door.”

NSC Club Night

Wednesday 7th October
8pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

The Hendrick's College of Practical Knowledge

Wednesday 7th October–Tuesday 3rd November
Events start at 7pm
Viktor Wynd's Academy of Domestic Science, 11 Mare Street, Hackney, London E8
Viktor is running a series of workshops at his Little Shop of Horrors in Hackney:
7th October (£10): An Evening of Artists & Muses—Erotic Life Drawing from Kink In

13th October (£7): Belly Dancing with Luna Dinez
23rd October (Free): Halloween Make Up Masterclass from Lost in Beauty
26th October (£10): Prof. Mervyn Heard's Magic Lantern Show
27th & 29th October (£15): Pumpkin Carving Workshop with Simon Aronson—learn how to carve that special pumpkin and take one home with you
28th October (£5): Halloween Make Up & Prop Advice from Simon Aronson—as given to Rada students
2nd November (£10): Hendrick's Quarterly Séance
3rd November (£5): Louis Xavier Smith Cocktail Master Class
Places are very limited so do book in advance at www.lasttuesdaysociety.org.

The Hendrick's Autumn Lectures

Thursday 8th October–Monday 14th December
Events start at 7pm
Viktor Wynd's Academy of Domestic Science, 11 Mare Street, Hackney, London E8
In addition to the workshops, Wynd is hosting a series of lectures too:
8th October: Book Launch for *Bite: A Vampire Book* by Kevin Jackson, with bloody make up from Lost in Beauty—6-9pm (free)
13th October: The Two-headed Boy. The Tocci Brothers and other Dicephali by Jan Bondeson
20th October: Linda Stratmann on Chloroform—The Quest for Oblivion
31st October: John Hutchinson on Aleister Crowley
10th November: Mike Jay on The Atmosphere of Heaven
17th November: Philip Hoare on Whales
24th November: Brian Dillon on Hypochondria
1st December: James Putnam on The Museum as Art Form
8th December: Ian Kelly on Syphilis
15th December: Stephen Bayley on Why He Hates Christmas
17th December: Christopher MacIntosh on Rosicrucianism
Admission to all lectures is £5. Places are

very limited so do book in advance at www.lasttuesday.society.org.

The Good Life: 100 Years of Growing Your Own

6 October–21 February
The Garden Museum, Lambeth Palace Road, London SE1 7LB (020 7401 8865)
Admission: £6
This exhibition might stir your Dig For Victory gene, though it spans everything from the 1908 Allotment Act to the 1970s' weave-your-own-yoghurt self-sufficiency movement to today's renewed interest in Growing One's Own.

International Wodehouse Day

Thursday 15th October
All day
Everywhere
Rather formless, but I guess it's up to the individual to express it as he or she best sees fit. The proposers suggest: “Have a cocktail party or a themed dinner party; read all the P. G. Wodehouse books (hope you're a fast reader), do whatever you like, but Wodehouse's birthday is too momentous to forget, so do something. It is also an excuse to throw a party!” Indeed. For those with the technology, there is a Facebook event.

The Clockwork Quartet

Thursday 15th–Saturday 17th October
Doors 7.30pm, show 8pm
The Horse Hospital, Colonnade, Bloomsbury, London WC1N 1HX
Admission: £15; best to book in advance from clockworkquartet.com.
The much talked-about Clockwork Quartet finally perform. The Quartet (actually there are some 20 of them) consists of a core quartet of guitar, bass banjo, violin and cello, with help from accordion, oboe, piccolo banjo, Stroh



Just some of the Clockwork Quartet

violin, musical saw, and the magnificent Steamdrone, as well as the percussive possibilities of clocks, metronomes, discarded mechanical parts and found objects. Members include two trained luthiers, a carpenter, a jeweller, a prop maker and sculptor and a doctor of zoology. The music follows the tragic stories of a series of characters and for the evening the Horse Hospital is transformed into a Victorian music hall where you can enjoy strong drink and refreshments crafted by the band's resident chocolatier.

Power Down

Saturday 17th October
8pm–11pm
Islington Arts Factory, 2 Parkhurst Road, London N1
Admission: £5
Marmaduke Dando's regular “low-carbon” night of entirely unamplified music and candle-powered lighting. He even suggests that if you were planning to drive to the event then he'd rather you stayed at home. Playing live are Will Miles, Zhanna Tonaganyan, Seb Genovese, and This Is Laura.

Blitz Party

Saturday 17th October
From 8pm
Arches, 54 Holywell Lane, London EC3 3PQ
Admission: £15; see www.theblitzparty.com
Bourne & Hollingsworth fire up another themed bash complete with sand bags, blackout curtains, period live music and Spitfire ale. Even the cocktail list looks like a ration book.



CONTACTING US

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FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. Those of a technological bent can befriend us electrically at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub or indeed www.facebook.com.

