

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

LXIII • January 2012

DOES MY BRAIN
LOOK BIG IN THIS?

PLUS:

**Club exposed to
licentious filth!**

The shocking history of *Harris's List*, the 17th-century equivalent of cards in phone boxes

**Lord Mendrick
spotted**

Club's errant historian returns from Egypt in search of ale

Hot and spirited

A thorough consideration of that seasonal beverage the hot toddy

Tinker,
Tailor,
Dandy,
Spy

We could tell you what happened at the Christmas party. But then we'd have to kill you.



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, 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 The Wheatsheaf and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women there 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 there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 4th January in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Ms Evadne Raccat will tingle our spines with *Plaster, Wax and Death: Funeral Effigies in Westminster Abbey*. "This is not about tomb sculptures", she says, "but the plaster or wax model that was made of the dead and put on top of the coffin for the funeral procession, and kept on the burial site until the monument was finished. The Museum at Westminster Abbey has a collection including Henry VII, Queen Anne, Charles II and Nelson (pictured), even though Nelson was not buried in the Abbey. They are amazing and little known. Most were taken from death masks (you can see Henry VII had a droopy lip from a stroke) and survived flooding caused by the Blitz."



The Last Meeting

Just in case any of our Members might be led by seasonal jollity down the crimson path of lasciviousness, our December meeting was graced by the Right Reverend

Septimus Theophilus Dee, former Bishop of Matabeleland, ably assisted by Mr Ronald Jeremiah, the noted Shakespearian actor, who presented *Vice and Lewdness in Georgian London: A Cautionary Lecture*. We learned just what a festering den of iniquity Georgian London was and focused on the extraordinary publication *Harris's List*, essentially a guidebook to all the prostitutes of the Covent Garden area, then the epicentre of this particular trade. Jack Harris was the head waiter in one of the coffee houses of the district and he fancied himself top pimp to the whole of England. His book both praised the merits of those who impressed him and was blunt about those ladies he considered ugly, wilful, mercenary or frankly diseased. The volume appeared annually for some 38 years (long after the death of ghost writer Sam Derrick, as the torch was carried by successive publishers) until the forces of rectitude clamped down and imprisoned those responsible for its publication. Harris himself was canny enough to know that such a volume would be out of date as soon as it hit the shelves so its existence wouldn't damage his own value as a pander with a little black book.



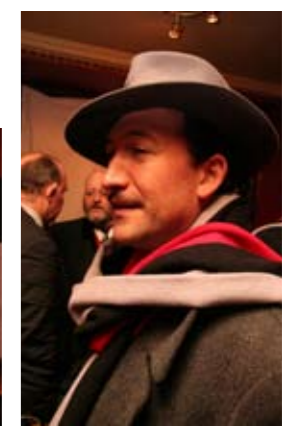
(Above) Giles Culpepper asks a question



(Above) Ruth Lacey-Common applies some finishing touches; (far right) our scholarly hosts present a subject so shocking that (right) feathers were provided to burn in case of fainting; (below) Essex, Von Gregory and Frisax plot; (below right) an incendiary text indeed



(Below and right) Charles's batch of scarves included a miniature one for young master William Beckwith



(Above) Eugenie Rhodes; (right) Mrs H and Mrs Downer; (below) the smoking party outside, including Robert Hoare in a splendid straw top hat; (above right) Ernie Samat (r) with chum and wife (known only as "+1")



(Above) Mr Howard dispenses wordly advice; (right) Scarheart with a sample for a Club Fez



LONDON in the 18th century, the London of Garrick, Reynolds, Johnson and, of course, Hogarth and Gin Lane, smaller than today but rapidly expanding. The old Roman city of Londinium, mercantile and legal London, has grown and started to merge with its neighbours Westminster and Whitehall, Anglo-Saxon Londonwic, royal and political London. Over the river lay Bankside and Southwark, the notorious and traditional home of play houses and trugging houses, as Tudor brothels had been known. Sex and the stage next to each other, as they so often were.

This concentration was due to the fact that the south bank of the Thames lay outside the jurisdiction of the Middlesex magistrates and City fathers. This old legal loophole was closed by Edward VI but the area continued in its iniquity until the Godly government of the Commonwealth swept away both stage and bawds. The Restoration, in 1660, brought with it not just

Charles II but in his wake came theatres and many other sources of entertainment; this time, north of the river, between the two great centres of money and power.

Charing Cross, the Strand and especially Covent Garden became what Southwark had been, London's fetid playground. The model estate of Covent Garden, centred on an Italianate Piazza, conceived by the 4th Earl of Bedford in the 1630s had soon become a much more down-at-heel and doubtful area than its creator had envisaged. The Theatre

Royal in Drury Lane in 1663, and the fruit and vegetable market in 1670 marked the area's journey from desirable residential area to a place of all sorts of commerce. By the middle of the 18th century Covent Garden had become the notorious epicentre of London's sex trade. Taverns are familiar to us, as are Coffee Houses; there were also Bagnios, something like a Turkish Hamam. Any and all of these types of establishments

With the publication of *Harris's List* Samuel Derrick's fortunes rose and he became Master of Ceremonies at Bath



Mr. Derrick
Master of the Ceremonies at Bath
Vapour pure. Hibbert sculp.

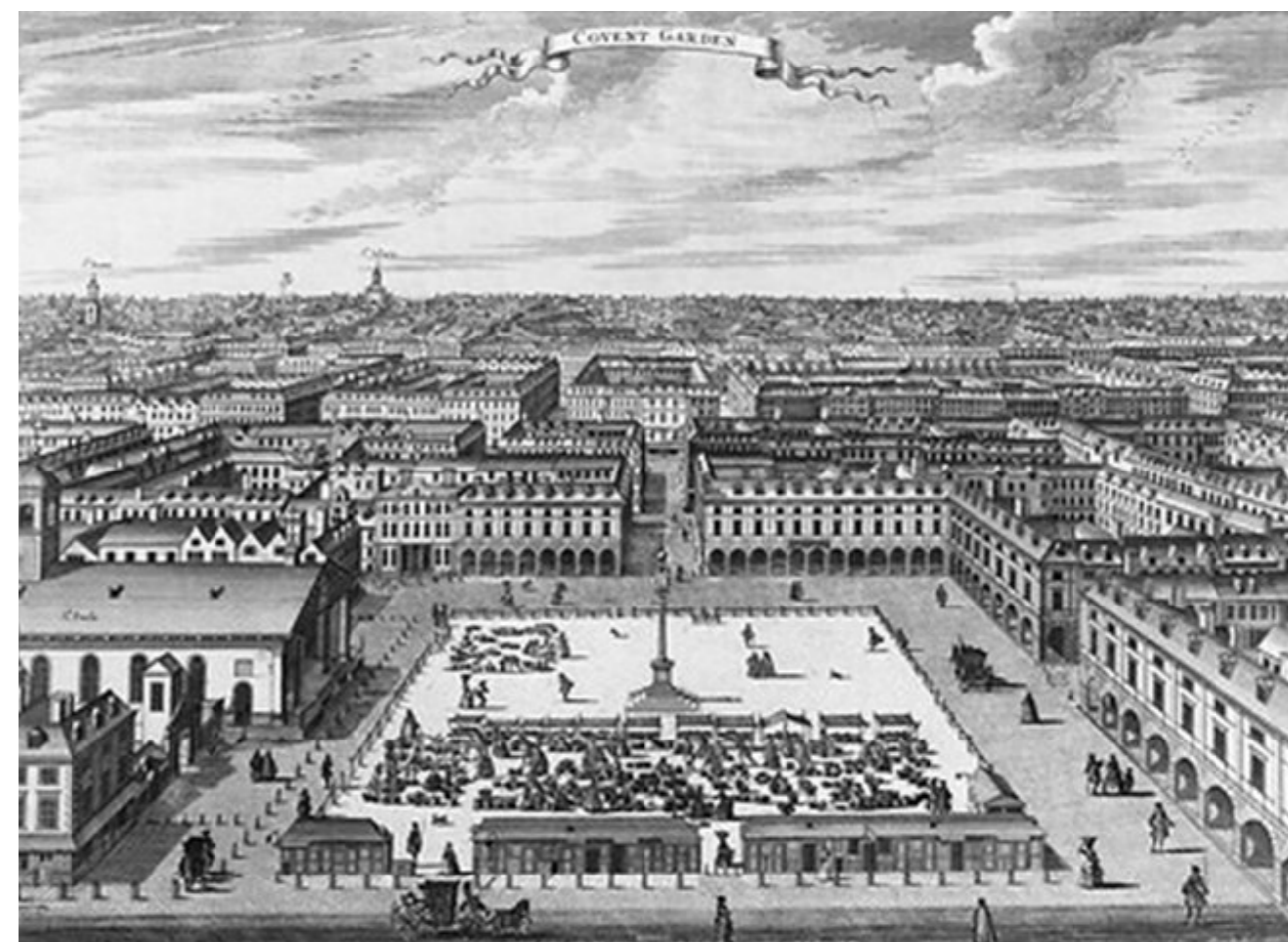
might vie with conventional brothels for trade, the bagnios especially—there were few indeed where all you might expect was a steam bath with hot sweet coffee to follow.

There were many famous establishments around the Piazza, Mother Douglas's Brothel, Tom & Moll King's Coffee House, Haddock's Bagnio, the Bedford Arms Tavern, to name a few, but it is the Shakespeare's Head that claims our attention. It was situated in the north east corner of the piazza. The head waiter there was one John Harrison, more usually known as Jack Harris. Jack was not just the head waiter; he was, so he claimed the "Pimp General of all England". Most of the pimps and procurers had their own list, or little book of whores—Jack's ran to more than 400 names, from Wapping to Soho, and was without peer. It was claimed he had initiated many of them himself.

Jack's Covent Garden was as colourful and full of life as a three week old dead dog, and like a dead hound drew many lesser forms of life; one such was the actor and writer, Samuel Derrick. A Dubliner by birth, he left the life of linen draper to seek his fortune in London and swiftly fell into debt. To escape the Fleet prison

he conceived the idea of publishing a version of Harris's list, and publish it he did, the first edition coming in 1757. We can only assume he came to some arrangement with Harris, who was a dangerous man to cross. As an annual publication it could not, in any case, compete on a day to day basis with the constantly updated original. Derrick drew on his own experience and acquaintances as well as inviting contributions from the clients of the whores. Perhaps a little like the "Readers' Wives" of our own time.

Derrick continued to write the *List*, anonymously, until his death in 1769. His pen was then taken up by unknown hands, publishing each Christmas tide what had become a regular publication. A veritable Wisden's *Almanack* of whoredom. In the end this scurrilous work was to last for 38 years. Retailing at 2s 6d, it was estimated to sell some 8,000 copies a year. It should be remembered that during the period of the *List's* existence two shillings and sixpence was equivalent to £140–180 in today's money. So the *List's* audience was by no means lower orders of Georgian London, but the middle and upper classes. Imagine



this little handbook of sin, some cared for and kept pristine, some passed from hand to hand, rapidly becoming dirty and dog-eared.

We should now turn to the meat, as it were, of the appalling book we are here considering, its subject, or indeed, objects, the women described in its pages. Many, like poor Moll from Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, were simple country girls led astray, or servants turned out to fend for themselves. Some made fortunes at their trade, most did not. Don't think though, that all of these women were from the humblest of backgrounds: many were middle-class lasses, the fortunes of the 18th-century middle classes being volatile indeed, going up and down, if you'll excuse the phrase, like a whore's drawers. There now follows a selection from the earlier editions of the list.



A scene from Hogarth print series *The Harlot's Progress*, charting a girl's descent into whoredom

Miss Cross, Bridge's Street
1764

A smart little black gypsy, with a very pleasing symmetry of parts; has an odd way of wriggling herself about, and can communicate the most exquisite sensations when she is well paid.

Pol Forrester, Bow Street
1761

She is disagreeable, ugly and ill-behaved. She

has an entrance to the palace as wide as a church door; and a breath worse than a Welsh bagpipe. She drinks like a fish, eats like a horse, and swears like a trooper. An errant drab.

Betsy Miles, Old Street, Clerkenwell
1773

Known in this quarter for her immense sized breasts, which she alternately makes use of with the rest of her parts, to indulge those who are particularly fond of a certain amusement. She is what you may call, at all; backwards and forwards, are all equal to her, posteriors not excepted, nay indeed, by her own account she has most pleasure in the latter. Very fit for a foreign Macaroni—entrance at the front door tolerably reasonable, but nothing less than two pound for the back way. As her person has nothing remarkable one way or the other, we shall leave her for those of the Italian gusto.

Nancy Burroughs, Devil's Gap, Drury Lane
1761

Very impudent and very ugly; chiefly a dealer with old fellows. It is reported that she uses more birch rods in a week than Westminster school in a twelvemonth. In a word, this lady will condescend to oblige her companion in whatsoever way he likes, if she is but sure of being well paid for it.

Miss Young, No. 6 Cumberland Court, Bridge's Street
1779

Miss Young is an adopted child to the bawd, who keeps, or more properly, is kept by the above mentioned houses, and is so very fond of cutting a figure that in a hired tawdry silk gown, she will fancy herself a woman of the first quality.

We mentioned her in the last list as tolerably handsome, but of a disposition mercenary, almost beyond example; her beauty is now vanished, but her avarice remains, and what is worse, she has very lately had the folly and



JACK got safe into FORTY with his PRIZE.

wickedness to leave a certain hospital, before the cure of a certain distemper which she had was completed, and has thrown her contaminated carcass on the town again, for which we hold her inexcusable, and which was our only reason for repeating her name, that her company might be avoided, and that she might be held in the infamous light she so justly deserves for her wilful villainy.

Sally Cummins, Charles Street, Westminster
1761

A bluish-eyed comely lass, but too much indebted to art for her complexion. She talks French, and sings agreeably, and in her cups is very religious, when you should find her to be a most bigoted papist. She is descended of a genteel family in Wiltshire, and was bred up in a nunnery in France. How she came among the sisters of carnality, nobody knows. She positively denies having been debauched by a friar.

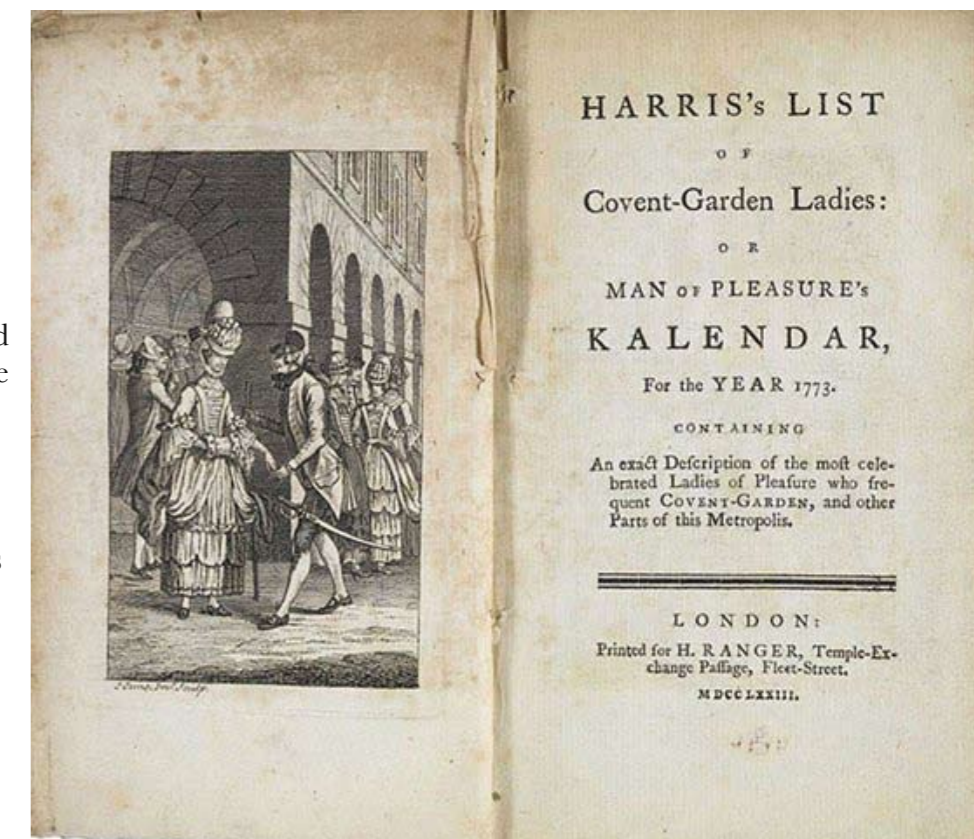
A varied list indeed and a shocking

one. Ladies and gentlemen, do not imagine that our Georgian ancestors were all as debauched as the writer, subjects and readers of the list. There were those that struggled to bring down this edifice of sin. In so doing one reformer sought to classify the thousands of ladies of negotiable affection:

- Women of Fashion who Intrigue
- Demi-Reps
- Good Natured Girls
- Kept Mistresses
- Ladies of Pleasure
- Whores
- Park Walkers
- Street Walkers
- Bunters
- Bulk Mongers

We will return, in due course, to the reformers. Notice that the guide is as fulsome about those sisters of carnality to be avoided as those

to seek out. In so doing it promotes its sinful agenda all the more, helping debauchees to avoid the god given and natural penalties for their sins. There was another method, beyond simple, blessed chastity, that helped both parties to these encounters escape the common outcomes of pestilence, parenthood and poverty. The Condom.



*By this Machine secure, the willing Maid
Can taste Love's Joys, nor is she more afraid
Her swelling Belly should, or squalling Brat,
Betray the luscious Pastime she has been at.*

Many innocent folk assume that before the advent of vulcanised rubber the condom did not exist. They are deceived. The condom dates to at least the 17th century and Georgian Londoners could purchase them from Constatia Philip's shop in Half Moon St, The Green Cannister. Made from sheep's gut, or bladder, they were secured by a ribbon, often green. As you can see from the illustration at the bottom of this page, they could even be printed with scenes of carnality, such as these debauched friars and a nun. Indeed, brothels were often called nunneries. The Green Cannister sold not only preventatives, but also dildos. Mistress Philips was a famous figure about Covent Garden and even crossed swords with Henry Fielding, writer, reformer and the founder of the Bow Street Runners.

The list had first seen the light of day in the closing years of King George II's reign, but with the accession of George III the mood began to change and as the reign progressed the efforts of Henry and his brother John Fielding, the famous "blind Beak of Bow Street", and many others began to bear fruit. England started slowly to climb out of Gin Lane. By the 1780s a pair of quite different brothers, John and James Roach, of Vinegar Yard, had become the publishers of *Harris's List*. While still providing would be clients with information, and the merely curious with titillation, they attempted to breathe some semblance of gentility of language into the squalid pages, in order to keep up with

A 17th-century condom made from gut and illustrated with a lewd scene depicting a nun making her selection from three priapic men of the cloth



the changing times. The list itself had moved some way from its early days; it was no longer as reliable a guide as Derrick's original had been. Moreover, Covent Garden had changed, with the most fashionable brothels moving ever westward to Soho, St James's, Marylebone and Mayfair. The following are a selection of entries from the 1793 edition, the last complete List in public ownership.

Mrs Page, No. 26 Upper Newman Street

*Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
With thy sweet simplicity.*

The above two lines are highly descriptive of Mrs. Page, who for ease, freedom and simplicity is scarcely to be matched among the whole sisterhood, besides which her beauty is by no means inconsiderable. She about twenty, has been near five years in business, and has had tolerable fortune; her features are good, except her mouth, which is a little too wide, especially when she laughs, which is pretty often.

Those who are inclined to mirth, will find her to be a good companion, without the least tincture of blasphemy, she is not of a mercenary disposition, yet she expects one pound one shilling, but rather than lose a customer will put up with the sum.

Miss Davis, No.22 Upper Newman Street

ARTFUL WAYS beguile the implicit rake

This is a fine lively girl, about 21, rather above the middle size, genteelly made; has very good friends, but is much attached to young Broome,



Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Kitty Fisher with a parrot. A prominent courtesan, Kitty is mentioned in at least one edition of *Harris's List*

the lottery office keeper, who is now in prison, where she often visits him; is ever obliging and seldom out of humour, understands a great deal of her business, and never fails to please. She enjoys her favourite man with ecstasy; and pleases, with cold indifference, managed by art, the rest of her votaries; who are content with thinking they have fathomed the deepest part of a girl so replete with sensation; in short, she can so well counterfeit the passions of love and lust, that many of the most knowing rakes of the town would be easily deceived. This lady occupies the parlour.

Miss Kent, No. 9 Warren Street, Tottenham Court Road

*Round your neck, like the ivy, she'll fold her sweet arms,
And wickedly wanton display all her charms;
With transport she'll usher your hand to her breast,
Whilst with hers she applies the tumid bold giest.*

Here the epicures in youth and beauty may satisfy their most ardent longings. Here Venus seems to have shed her choicest influence; and cupid has called forth his choicest arrow of the amorous kind to warm her little breast to soft enjoyment. 'Tis not a lukewarm flame that burns in her breast, no, 'tis an enthusiastic rapture which enlightens her whole soul with

a divine spirit of love. Whenever she is offering incense at the shrine of Venus, her whole frame is agitated with pleasure, her eyes languish, her breasts heave, and her limbs quiver; while involuntary sighs and murmurs burst forth from her tender bosom, provoking the transports of the happy priest who administers with her. She is about 20 years old, has fine black eyes and hair, is very genteel and full of spirits.

In the end, you will be delighted to hear, ladies and gentlemen, the times had changed too much and the weight of disapproval become too great. In January of 1795, due to pressure from "A Great number of Gentlemen of the Highest Rank and Estimation" led by the Bishop of London, James Roach was hauled before Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, fined £100 and given 12 months in Newgate prison.

When he was released there were still prostitutes walking the streets of London, still men eager to degrade themselves with them, but *Harris's List* was never published again. It expired, like poor Moll. Speaking of lists, we have heard a good deal about the women in *Harris's List* so it might be appropriate and fair to end with a list of just some of the men who were clients of those women. Some may well be familiar to you:

- Richard "Beau" Nash
- James Boswell
- The Rev William Dodd
- John Wilkes MP
- John Calcroft MP
- Sir William Stanhope MP
- Charles James Fox MP
- Colonel Sir Banastre Tarleton
- Admiral George Rodney, 1st Baron Rodney
- John Spencer, 1st Earl Spencer
- Edward Stanley, 12th Earl of Derby
- Augustus Fitzroy, 3rd Duke of Grafton
- His Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, later King George IV

And so ends our sobering story, ladies and gentlemen. But just think, what if there were a modern *Harris's List*? Just imagine, if some disturbed and degraded mind were to create a great compendium of whores and debauchery in our own time.

They have. It's called the internet.

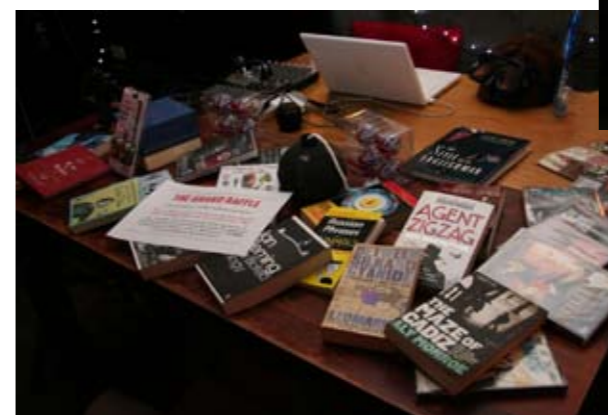
Tinker, Tailor, Dandy, Spy

Report on the Club's spy-themed Christmas party

THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB'S Christmas party, "Tinker, Tailor, Dandy, Spy", this time had the theme of spies and secret agents, based on the premise that there was a mole lurking at the heart of the Club, feeding our secrets to our enemies.

We were treated to a seminar on subterfuge and misdirection by comedy magician Christian Lee, a Berlin Wall Jenga game (basically giant Jenga but with the pieces lovingly decorated with actual Berlin Wall graffiti by Mrs H.) and the traditional shooting game, this time an attempt at shooting a Sean Connery action figure through the hole in a cut-out of the gun barrel image at the beginning of every Bond film—made more difficult by the fact that the cut-out was swinging from side to side.

We also had our usual complimentary Snuff Bar, with an array of flavoured snuffs to try and our bathrooms stocked with the customary fine soaps, colognes, pomades and moustache wax. There was a Lucky Dip filled with glorious and perplexing tat, and of course the evening finished with the mighty Grand Raffle. Prizes were also awarded for Best Costume and Best Spy Gadget.



(Top) Artemis is interviewed by Sadie from *The Vintage News*; (above) some of the prizes for the Grand Raffle; (above right) the Snuff Bar; (right) David Bridgman-Smith with his, actually quite useful, Lucky Dip prize; (below) Willow and companion came in matching explosive outfits



(Above left) Mr Dave Hollander as Our Man in Havana: he even brought plans for his vacuum cleaner, for which he got the prize for Best Spy Gadget; (above) Dr Black (I) and Actuarious; (below) Fleur de Guerre

(Left) The Conte arrives; (right) Jeremy from Brighton; (below) Mr Paul Fletcher with a delightful walking stick



(Below) Few recognised Mrs Downer in her blonde wig; (above) a table of Miss MoneyPennies: (below) Pandora and Andrew Harrison, with Pandora as one of quite a few Mata Haris in the house that night





Comedy magician Christian Lee began his act by getting Compton-Bassett to point a gun at him—then simply put the fingerprint-marked weapon into a plastic bag for later use...



Mr Lee enlisted the help of Mai Moller, for a mind-reading trick that involved a giant balloon as a psychic enhancer. The low ceiling didn't help



Berlin Wall Jenga
Players must remove blocks from the tower and place them on top, without toppling the structure. (Left) note the authentic Berlin Wall graffiti painted on by Mrs H.



Our performer left us with an audience participation stunt involving clasped hands. It didn't seem to work





Our James Bond Title Sequence Shooting Game required players to use the ancestral foam dart gun (which has been with us since our Mad Dogs and Englishmen party in 2008) to fire at a Sean Connery action figure—but the dart had to pass through the hole in a panel painted like the “gun barrel” image at the beginning of every Bond film. To make it more complicated, the panel was swinging from side to side. On the right we see Father Michael Silver, Watermere, Jeni Siggs and the Earl of Waveney giving it their best shot. Although the plastic stand holding up the figure proved too stout and no one managed to knock him over, Mrs Downer won with the solidest hit to his chest.



Prize time!
(Left) Oliver wins a copy of the true story of Reilly, “Ace of Spies”; (right) Watermere wins a bomb, handmade by Lorna Mower-Johnson; (right) Mara gets a DVD of Spies Like Us



(Above) Clare Solomon bags an Ian Fleming omnibus;
(Below) the Curé wins a pair of tiny working walkie talkies



(Left) Acturius lands himself a voucher for £50 worth of facial treatment from the new vintage beauty salon set up by Ruby Rose (pictured with him); (right) Claudia wins some tea; (above) a slightly woozy Marmaduke Dando wins a DVD of the TV dramatisation of Reilly's life; (below) the mole finally finds a home



(Below) Sean Longden bags some domestic tips from the WI





The Night Before Christmas at the Dover Castle



CLUB CHECKS MENDERS IS NOT DEAD

ON FRIDAY 23RD DECEMBER a bunch of us gathered for what has become something of a tradition: meeting up at the Dover Castle public house just before Christmas. Lord Mendrick, one of the founding members of our movement (before the NSC even formally existed) nowadays teaches history in Egypt, but returns for Crimbo; so this is our annual opportunity to take his pulse and satisfy ourselves that he has not gone native—unlikely given his fondness for ale.



(Above) The 2011 Survivors Photo (l-r): Tim, Essex, Hartley, Scarheart, Isobel, Fruity, Robert, Matthew, Mendrick, Craig



(Above) Cigars in the rain! David Bridgman-Smith (r) and I promised ourselves a cigar when the IAE blog passed 10,000 hits and we finally got round to it (though the blog is at about 46,000 hits now); (below, l-r) Essex, Fr Michael, Hartley, Mendrick



(Top left) Watermere (organiser of our annual Tashes cricket match) and chums; (top) Gemma King explains something to snapper Hanson Leatherby; (above) Mrs H. foolishly confides in 007; (left) Bethan Garland gets some good advice from the Mole; (above left) dancing breaks out; (below left) Sean and Ruby cut some serious rug; (below) watched by Will Smith, Scarheart contemplates the carnage around him and wonders if it has all been worth it...



(Above) A rather Dickensian view of Mendrick (r) and Robert Beckwith through the pub window; (below) Menders tries to impress Rachel with tales of his exotic foreign lifestyle; (below right) Scarheart checks Mrs H. isn't having fun



The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members worship at the temple of Bacchus

Hot Toddies

By David Bridgman-Smith

This month's Cocktail Cabinet is partly in response to a complaint from a Club Member about the toddy recipe in December's edition and partly in response to the increasingly wintry weather, following a relatively mild Christmas.

The toddy is a hot alcoholic drink that dates back at least 300 years. Precise recipes vary greatly, but the basic formula is the same:

Spirit + Sugar + Sour + Hot

- The spirit could be almost any alcoholic beverage, but brandy, whisky, rum and gin are most commonly used.

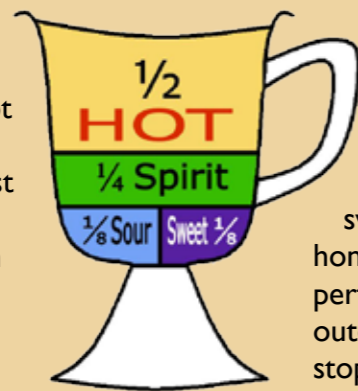
- The sweetness could come from sugar, honey or some other sweet syrup.

- The sourness typically comes from lemon, although lime is sometimes used.

- The heat usually comes from hot water, although this is sometimes replaced with hot apple juice. Typically, the volume of the hot element should be the same as the volume of all the other ingredients combined.

- In some instances, such as when using a liqueur, the spirit and sweet come from the same ingredient.

- Additional flavours from spices or bitters are often added.



Scottish Toddy

Spirit: 30ml Scotch Whisky
Sweet: 15ml sugar syrup plus 1 tsp honey
Sour: 20ml lemon juice
Hot: 100ml hot water



This recipe makes a very rich and

sweet toddy, as it contains both sugar and honey. It's very warming and comforting and perfect to have after a long walk in the frosty outdoors. The sharpness from the lemon juice stops the drink from becoming too sweet and there is a pleasant smokiness from the Scotch at the end.

English Toddy

I have read some suggestions of tea being used instead of hot water in southern England; whilst I remain doubtful that anyone really does this, I nonetheless thought it was worth trying.

Spirit: 30ml gin—it's English, what else?
Sweet: 1 tsp Hampshire honey
Sour: 15ml lemon juice
Hot: 80ml RNLI Lifeboat English Breakfast Tea



This still has the warm comfort of a toddy, but is less rich and much drier, thanks to the gin and tannins from the tea. I imagine it would be nice as a breakfast bracer.



The Mountie

Spirit: 30ml Canadian whiskey
Sweet: 1 tsp maple syrup
Sour: 15ml lemon
Hot: 60ml hot water

Quite dry, but very, very tasty. There is a sweet, rich nuttiness from the maple syrup and a smoothness from the Canadian whiskey. This is a more laid-back, less intense toddy, but is still very warming.

Louisiana Toddy

Spirit: 15ml bourbon or rye
Sweet: 15ml Southern Comfort
Sour: lemon juice
Hot: hot water
Healthy dash of Peychaud's Bitters

Initially, the drink is full of honey-like flavours and quite herbal with just a hint of vanilla. It is much less sweet than the other toddies, but it is still



Delicious. There's a rich, dark sugar flavour, which is well balanced by the lime juice. Usually you would associate these flavours with an ice-cold summer cooler cocktail, so to have it hot is unusual, but really works very well.

For more cocktail recipes, product reviews and musings on booze, see the New Sheridan Club's **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**

very flavourful with a dry, almost bitter, finish. Wonderful for those that find many toddies a bit too sickly.

Cherry Toddy

Spirit & Sweet: Jim Beam Red Stag Cherry Whisky
Sour: lemon juice or sour cherry juice
Hot: hot water

There's a strong nose of sweet, sugary cherries. The taste is sharp and tart, with a sweet kick afterwards, making it somewhat reminiscent of cherry sherbet. The bourbon makes a subtle, but warming appearance at the end. This is a revitalising toddy; good for waking you up on a dreary winter's afternoon, perhaps?

MerryTod

Spirit: 30ml brandy
Sweet: 20ml amaretto
Sour & Hot: 100ml warm apple juice

A rather cosy drink, rich warming flavours coming from the Brandy which is followed by the sweet marzipan of the Amaretto; finally you get the tart apple fruitiness from the apple juice. Smooth, delicious and decidedly moreish.

Rum Toddy

Spirit: 30ml dark rum
Sweet: 1 tsp brown sugar
Sour: 20ml lime juice
Hot: 60ml hot water
Twist of lime peel



CLUB NOTES

Timesaving Device for Absent-Minded Members

AS YOU MAY KNOW I've been gradually working my way through the Membership list, trying to create a reliable database of all current Members with a reliable indication of when subscriptions are due for renewal. I am sometimes asked if it is possible to set up some sort of standing order so subs can be paid automatically without Members having to sober up and deal with it. Well, now there is. If you look on the Membership page of our website you will find a couple of PayPal buttons. The first enables you to make a single payment for a year's subs, while the second will set up a PayPal subscription that will automatically pay your dues every year without you having to put down the hookah and rise from the *chaise longue*.

...way to cough up is by PayPal, to coners@n...
use this handy button:

Membership options

Town Membership £15.00 GBP

Buy Now



If you don't want the bother of trying to remember to renew your subscription each year (or the humiliation of being horsewhipped in the street by the Club Secretary for letting it lapse), this even handier button will set up an automatic PayPal payment every twelve months:

Membership Options

Town Membership : £15.00GBP - yearly

Subscribe



You can unsubscribe from these regular payments at any time. Here is another handy button that will enable you to do this: [Unsubscribe](#)

...what do you get in exchange for your cash? In the first instan...
...ting Membership Pack:

Plea From Bon Viveur Abroad

MEMBER MR CHRISTIAN REYNOLDS sends this open letter to all Sheridanites:

Hello Chaps and Chapesses of the New Sheridan Club, My name is Christian Reynolds and I am a Club Member currently residing in Adelaide, Australia (please do say "Hullo" if you are ever in the area!).

From 23th-29th Feburary, 2012, I am going to be making my way over to New York, New York (US) for a week or so to present a paper at the Annual Meeting of the Association of American Geographers. I know the club does not operate from the USA [actually we have quite a few American Members, though we have yet to put on an event there—Ed], though I am also aware Members of the Club are prodigious travellers of great renown, and so may be able offer advice on lodgings, restaurants and bars, and guidance on what to do and see while in NY City during my scarce free time.

At the moment I am at my wit's end on the topics of lodgings or amusements so any advice would be appreciated (I am even pondering trying couch surfing for a bit of an adventure).

*Cheers, looking forward to hearing any advice,
Christian Reynolds
christianjreynolds@yahoo.com*

Xmas Book Competition Results

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS I invited you to tell me your favourite Yuletide tipples, for a chance to win *How to Drink at Christmas* by Victoria Moore. Congratulations to Giles Culpepper, Maximillion Conrad, Sadie Doherty, Elaine Myburgh and Claire Wallin. See the full results at the IAE blog.

Coded Message From Robert Downey Jr?

EVADNE RACCAT has pointed out that in an article in the *Mail on Sunday* on 3rd December, Robert Downey Jr is wearing a New Sheridan Club tie in the second picture down—a picture for which the caption quotes him saying that “No nation on Earth can touch the English for eccentricity.” What is he trying to say?

Member Covers Himself in...Glory

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW that in every corner of the globe NSC stalwarts are pursuing noble degrees of loucheness and rakish debauchery. For example, the tale of how our own Viscount Rushen, a Member of the House of Keys (the equivalent of a Member of Parliament on the Isle of Man) caused some Yuletide upset made the front page of the *Manx Independent* and the online version attracted three times as many hits as any other story that week. Here are the details again:

Minister says sorry over 'unacceptable' drunken lapse

By Adrian Darbyshire

HOME Affairs Minister Juan Watterson has been forced to make an embarrassing apology after ignoring his own warning to festive revellers about staying out of trouble. Outlining his department's “stay safe this Christmas message” at a press conference last Friday, he said: “Most of us will be out celebrating this Christmas, but it's important not to overdo things and end up in trouble as a result.”

But the island's youngest MHK has apologised after getting drunk at his department's Christmas do that same day—and ending up being sick on board the late bus back home to Port St Mary.

He said he has paid for the work to clean up the bus.

Mr Watterson said in a statement: “I would like to sincerely apologise to all those who had to witness me drunk on Friday night. I am mortified that I allowed my judgement to lapse so seriously. I hold myself to a higher



standard and recognise that the public expect higher standards too from those in positions of responsibility.

“I have already paid the Department of Community Culture and Leisure for the work that needs to be done, and apologised to the driver, chief executive officer and Minister of the Department, and to the Chief Minister, for my behaviour. I am very sorry for the inconvenience experienced by public service staff, who shouldn't have to put up with this kind of thing from anyone. I have always enjoyed good relations with bus staff over the years which makes Friday's incident even more humbling.

“I am highly embarrassed by what happened, which was stupid and unacceptable. I am a young man who has learned a hard lesson.”

It's worth noting that many of the online comments are actually praising Rushen as a positive role model—for apologising and making amends. Positive role model? Now that is really letting the Club down!

Farhan Finds Himself in Media Spotlight

WE'RE A BROAD church here at the NSC—those outsiders who assume that Members must all be ultra-conservative would be interested to see that Farhan Rasheed has made the news for his part played in the Occupy London Stock Exchange encampment outside St Paul's Cathedral. Farhan is quite the political animal (describing his job as “Rabble rouse and arse-kicker at The Revolution” on Facebook) and, while there are plenty of right-wingers in the Club, his own leanings are more Islamist (though socially libertarian), environmentalist and anti-capitalist. What an exotically multi-cultural bunch we are.

New Members

AS THE GRUBBY streamers and limp balloon husks are swept into the dustbin of 2011, and the prospect of 2012 is viewed through blustery midday gloom and the branding iron of a post-New Year's Eve hangover, we offer the comfy slippers of a less garish age, the steaming Cup-a-Soup of hearty yet easygoing bonhomie mixed with the paracetamol of dashing and debonaire companionship—in short, we offer Membership of the New Sheridan Club to the following souls who have come in from the cold and joined up in the last month: Virginie Sélavy, Nicholas Guichard, Hanson Leatherby, Jeremy Wiggins, Helen Vining, Sir Reginald Pikedevant, Nick Clarke and Stephanie Lee.



To find out how our plans might affect yours, visit nationalrail.co.uk/christmas

The Telegraph


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Occupy London Stock Exchange camp at St Paul's Cathedral: eviction notices served



Farhan Rasheed, 41, from London sits outside a tent
Picture: Georgie Gillard/PA

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RELATED ARTICLES

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- Eviction notices tied to tents at St Paul's protest
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HONORARY MEMBER

Sir Reginald Pikedevant

Our attention was drawn to a splendid Chap-Hop musical video, *Just Glue Some Gears On It (And Call It Steampunk)*, notable not just for its lyrical sentiments but also the ingenuity that went into its arrangement (complete with barbershop quartet choruses) and the deuced clever video that takes vintage photographs and animates the mouths to have them singing along. So impressed were we that we offered Honorary Membership to the author, Sir Reginald Pikedevant, which he accepted. Click here to see the video in question.



Forthcoming Events

BOTH OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS (🎩) AND THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

NSC Club Night
Wednesday 4th January
8pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

Cakewalk Café
Wednesday 4th January
8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm and 8–9pm)
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
Admission: £5 (£3.50 if you're in 1920s/1930s)



clobber) or £8 including a dance class, £12 including both.

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Nicholas Ball, Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

Lindy Hop Classes

Thursdays 5th–26th January
 Beginners 7.15–8.15pm, intermediate 8.30–9.30pm
 The Salisbury Pub, 1 Grand Parade, St Annes Rd, London, N4 1JX
 Admission: £30 per person, or £50 for a couple, for the whole course

Four-week courses with Gaia Facchini, either introducing Lindy Hop dancing or, for those with a knowledge of 8-count Lindy, a refresher plus more moves, east coast 6-count and some Charleston. Email vintagedancing@googlemail.com.

Mouthful O' Jam

Saturday 7th January
 From 7.30pm
 The Salisbury Pub, 1 Grand Parade, St Annes

Rd, London, N4 1JX

Admission: £5

Gaia again, with her regular swing DJ night, this time featuring table magic too.

The Lions Part presents

Twelfth Night

Sunday 8th January
 12.30–3.30pm
 Bankside, London, outside
 Shakespeare's Globe
 Admission: Free

A collective celebration of the New Year mixing ancient Midwinter seasonal customs with contemporary festivities. The Holly Man (the Green Man in his winter coat) will arrive from the Thames by boat and will “bring in the green” by toasting the people, the river and the Globe. The Bankside Mummers will then process to the Bankside Jetty and perform a traditional freeform play featuring characters such as the Turkey Sniper, Clever Legs and the Old 'Oss who date from before the

Crusades. Cakes will be distributed and the people lucky enough to find the hidden pulses inside two of them will be crowned King Bean and Queen Pea. All then process to the nearby George Inn for storytelling, dancing and mulled wine.

The Cakewalk Café Orchestra at Wilton's

Tuesday 10th January
 7–11pm
 Wilton's Music Hall, 1 Graces Alley, London E1 8JB
 Admission: Free

Ewan Bleach and his boys play the Mahogany Bar of the lovingly restored Wilton's, the oldest surviving music hall in the world.

The Winter of Our Discontent

Tuesday 17th–Thursday 19th January
 Arcola Tent, 2 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL
 Admission: £12 (£10 concs)

If cabaret is your thing you may be interested in this mini-fest, hosted by Dusty Limits and featuring an array of performers mostly

grumbling—this is officially the most miserable week of the year. David Hoyle, Jonny Woo, Helen Arney, David Mills, Sarah-Louise Young and more will express their discontent through song, dance and comedy.

The Candlelight Club

Saturday 21st January
 7.30pm–12am
 A secret central London location
 Admission: Tickets £15 in advance

Dress: 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail bar with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off bespoke cocktail menu with special themes and featured ingredients. There are live period jazz bands plus dance or burlesque acts and vintage DJing from MC Fruity. This time, in celebration of the fact that it is the third week of January and therefore the time that we all abandon our New Year's Resolutions, the cocktails will be themed precisely around that. For more details see www.thecandlelightclub.com.

Die Freche Muse presents

The Impudent Muse

Saturday 21st January
 10pm–4am
 Adam Street Private Members' Club, 9 Adam Street, Strand, London WC2N 6AA



Here and below, scenes from recent Candlelight Club parties

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www.michaelm.zenfolio.com/candlelight



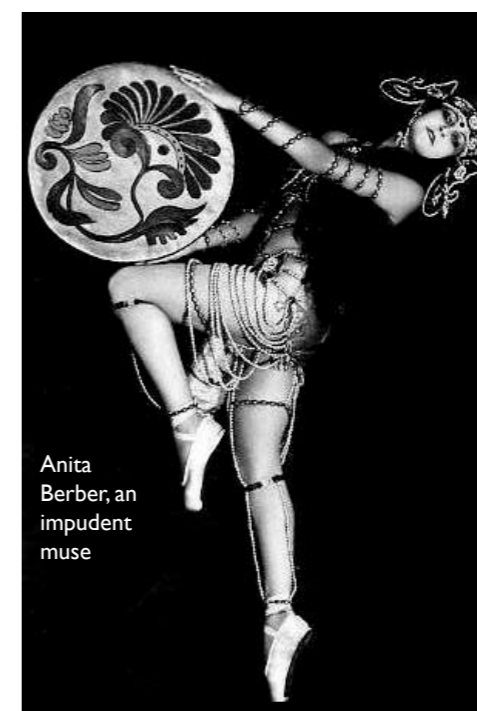
Admission: £15 before 14th January, £20 after that
 Dress: Theda Bara, Louise Brooks, Marlene Dietrich, Clara Bow...

Live music from the Dixie Ticklers meets burlesque from Marianne Cheesecake and Billie Rae and brooding Brechtian theatrical vignettes, in an attempt to recreate the cabarets of Weimar Berlin.

NSC Film Night

Thursday 26th January
 7pm–11pm
 Upstairs room, The Compass, 58 Penton Street, London N1 9PZ (02078373891)
 Admission: Free

The Club Film Nights return with a presentation, curated by Lord Compton-Bassett, of the BBC production *Beau Brummel: This Charming Man*, starring James Purefoy and Hugh Bonneville. C-B will give a brief history of Brummell and Regency Dress by way of an introduction.



Anita Berber, an impudent muse



THE NEW SHERIDAN

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.facebook.com.

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An array of headgear at the last monthly meeting. The fez is a sample for a proposed NSC version that would be red with the "Brolly Roger" logo as seen on the banner