

A man in a sailor's uniform, including a white cap and a dark jacket with white stripes on the sleeves, is smiling and holding a long wooden pole. At the end of the pole is a large, white, stuffed whale. The scene is set in a club or bar with blue and green lighting. In the background, there is a green exit sign with a white silhouette of a person running.

A WHALE OF A TIME

Watery thrills at the
Club's summer party

The Lusitania remembered

Greg Taylor on the characters and
mysteries that inspired his novel

'A taste of the rough stuff'

How one man crossed Iceland's desert interior
in 1933 with only a bicycle and a tweed suit

The Two Jakes

Our July Film Night is the sequel to Polanski's
iconic noir conspiracy flick *Chinatown*

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 105 JULY 2015



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 1st July in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Lord Rupert will doubtless raise a few eyebrows with *Viva VHS!* “I have been collecting VHS [a kind of video cassette tape —Ed] for some time now,” he explains, “and I will discuss the whole background to it, the panic in the 1980s and the banned films, as well as the future of VHS—as it’s still popular as ever! I will bring a load in with me as well so people can experience the format that never dies.”

The Last Meeting

At our June Club Night the speaker was Member Greg Taylor, talking on the subject of the sinking of the *Lusitania* 100 years ago last month. It is a subject that has always fascinated Greg—so much so that he spent years researching the subject to

write a book about it. Although a work of fiction, *Lusitania R.E.X.* (now the winner of the M.M. Bennetts Award for Historical Fiction) uses as much fact as Greg could unearth—so rich is that period with intersecting narratives of the rich, famous and influential—combined with imagined

events that attempt to explain some of the more mysterious facts about the incident. The *Lusitania* was sunk by a German submarine, despite being an unarmed civilian liner. The Germans claimed she was carrying war supplies, which was almost certainly true, although even this makes it hard to explain the mysterious second explosion that ripped the ship apart causing her to sink in minutes, taking almost 1,200 men, women and

children with her. Some were US citizens, and the act precipitated America into the war. Greg’s tale includes Alfred Vanderbilt, who was on board and gave away his life jacket, plus German spies, Irish nationalists and a secret doomsday weapon...



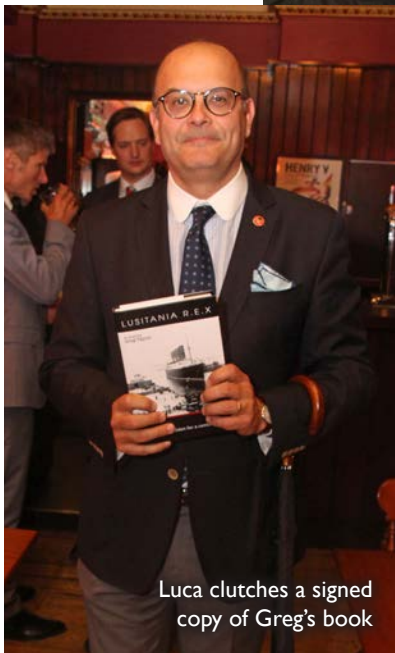
In the pre-internet age VHS meant, for the first time, free access to video content, outside of any official controls—which led to moral panic in the right-wing press



(Above and right) Greg takes us through the history of Lusitania (and why it was better than the Titanic)



(Above) Scarheart stands in for our absent Chairman; (below) the rapt throng



Luca clutches a signed copy of Greg's book

(Below) No Club Night is complete without someone being put to death. The sword we found behind the bar, doubtless connected with a production of *Henry V* that was being advertised



Greg explains why the ship sank so quickly



(l-r) Messrs Beckwith, Scarheart and James



(Below) Simon Pile and friend



THE LUSITANIA COVER-UP

Greg Taylor on the events and characters that inspired his novel about the sinking of the *Lusitania* 100 years ago

LAST YEAR THE National Archives at Kew released secret government documents under the 30-year rule. Why are documents kept secret? They may be dangerous or perhaps embarrassing to the government—and the documents relating to RMS *Lusitania* released on 1st May 2014 are both.

The sinking of the *Lusitania* was the 9/11 of its day. On 7th May 1915, the 31,550-ton Cunard Liner was en route to Liverpool from New York with 1,959 souls aboard when a German U-Boat

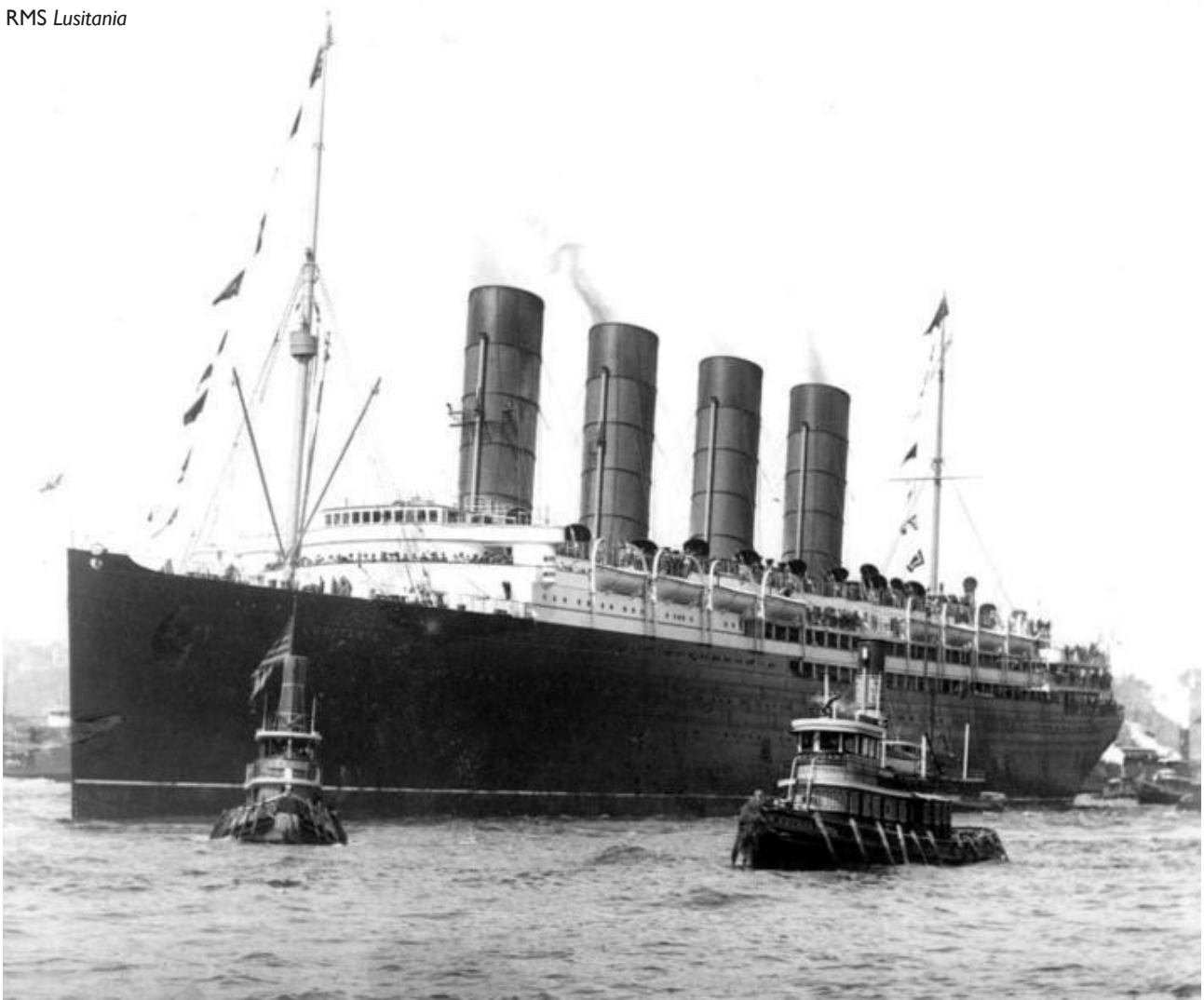
torpedoed her just 11 miles off the coast of Ireland.

Everyone is familiar with the tale of the *Titanic* but what about the *Lusitania*?

She was launched into the River Clyde to the strains of “Rule Britannia” on 7th June 1906, the largest moveable object ever created by man. On the *Lusitania* rested the hopes of the Empire and Cunard Lines that Britain would reclaim from the German liners the Blue Riband for the fastest crossing of the Atlantic.

She was financed with government loans on the condition she be available for troop transport in

RMS *Lusitania*





(Above) the *Lusitania*'s opulent First Class Lounge; (below) German U-boats looking for prey



time of need. Despite this, the *Lusitania* was fitted out to a standard of luxury never seen before. She reclaimed for Britain the Blue Riband on her third Atlantic crossing with a speed of 23.99 knots.

In 1915, the *Lusitania* was the fastest, most luxurious ship making the transatlantic run. When she sailed from New York on 1st May 1915, the *New York Times* and other papers carried a warning from the German Embassy that citizens would be at risk if they sailed to Europe on a vessel flying the British flag, but everyone ignored it—confident the fastest ship in the world could outrun any German submarine that might dare to threaten a passenger

liner travelling from a neutral country.

Submarines of that period had a top speed under water of only nine knots. They could reach 15 knots on the surface but were vulnerable. This led the Admiralty to issue instructions to the merchant fleet in February 1915 to ram enemy submarines rather than surrendering to them, an order that was intercepted by the German High Command.

The U20 spotted the *Lusitania* on 7th May, the last day of her crossing. The submarine nearly lost her due to the liner's superior speed but a last minute change of direction gave the U20 an excellent shot. After being hit by a single torpedo, the *Lusitania* sank in 18 minutes at a list so severe that only eight of the 42 lifeboats were launched. Due to the 30-degree list, the lifeboats on the port side smashed into the decks below, while those on the starboard side hung eight feet from the doomed ship and could not be boarded.

Kapitänleutnant Schwieger, who ordered the torpedo strike, was shocked when he saw through his periscope a second, much larger explosion. He refused to permit his crew to look at the drowning passengers of the *Lusitania*.

To this day, experts continue to debate the cause of the second explosion that sealed the *Lusitania*'s fate. Imperial Germany immediately claimed the ship was loaded with explosives



Alfred Vanderbilt

destined for the front.

In June 1915, during the official inquiry into the sinking, the Admiralty manipulated testimony so that Lord Mersey reached an erroneous conclusion that multiple torpedoes struck the ship. The Admiralty knew from an intercepted message that Kapitänleutnant Schwieger had fired only a single torpedo.

It was important to many that the inquiry blame only Imperial Germany. Lord Mersey waived his fees for the case and formally resigned two days after the verdict, saying, “The *Lusitania* case was a damned, dirty business!” Documents relating to the closed sessions of the inquiry have never been released and Lord Mersey’s personal copy is claimed to be lost.

The Admiralty had withdrawn the *Lusitania*’s escort ship, HMS *Juno*, once the submarine threat became known. Like the *Lusitania*, the *Juno* was built with longitudinal coal bunkers that protected vital machinery from shellfire but made the ship vulnerable to listing when hit by a torpedo. It was

also known that First Sea Lord Winston Churchill had remarked that the loss of an ocean liner such as the *Lusitania* might help bring America into the war on the side of Britain.

Beginning in 1922, Germany repeatedly requested international dives on the *Lusitania* wreck to determine whether the second explosion was a result of contraband munitions on board. The alleged use by the British Navy of the site for testing depth charges is considered by some an effort to destroy evidence.

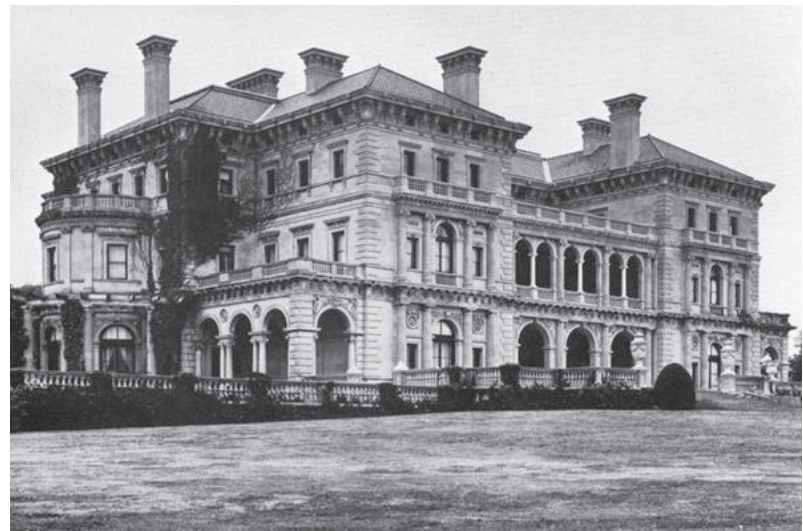
The documents released at Kew last year consisted of internal memoranda between the Ministry of Defence and the Foreign and Commonwealth Office showing that in 1982 the Government was concerned that divers to the *Lusitania* wreck were at risk because the site contained explosives.

Noel Marshall of the Foreign Office’s North American department wrote, “The facts are that there is a large amount of ammunition in the wreck, some of which is highly dangerous. I am left with the uneasy feeling that this subject may yet—literally—blow up on us.”

The British government was worried about



(Above) The Manhattan mansion; (below) The Breakers, Corneil’s Newport cottage



ramifications for British–American relations because the discovery of explosives on the wreck would imply the *Lusitania* had been a legitimate target. Jim Coombes at Treasury Chambers wrote, “If it were now to come to light that there was after all some justification, however slight, for the torpedoing, HMG’s relations with America could well suffer.”

My new book, *Lusitania R.E.X.*, weaves fiction around the known facts to create a plausible explanation of some of the mysteries surrounding the sinking. The story is centred on one of the wealthiest men in the world, Alfred Vanderbilt, who lost his life after giving his lifebelt to a woman passenger. The historical fiction is replete with spies, secret societies and superweapons, as well as millionaires, monarchs and martyrs.

In the book, Alfred and his fellow members of Skull and Bones, a Yale secret society that in 1911 included the President of the United States, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, have taken a secret cargo aboard the ship. The story unfolds on both sides of the Atlantic in settings that range from gilded palaces and the *Lusitania* to the blood-soaked trenches of Ypres.

The hardback is available exclusively at www.lusitaniarex.com and the electronic and paperback versions will soon be available on Amazon.

Alfred Vanderbilt: hero of the novel

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was born into a remarkable life. By the time he joined the ranks of the growing family of Cornelius Vanderbilt II, known as Corneil, and his wife Alice (née Gwynne), on 20th October 1877, his parents were already engaged in a sibling rivalry that would create some of the finest homes in America. It is alleged that the opening



Alfred dressed for coaching; (below) Alfred boarding the *Lusitania* in May 1915

ball of the conspicuous Fifth Avenue chateau built by Alfred’s Uncle Willie and his socially conscious wife Alva, the “party of the century”, catapulted the Vanderbilts into acceptable New York society.

When Alfred was only five years old, his family moved into 1 West 57th Street, the largest mansion ever built in New York City. This early French





Yale secret society Skull and Bones (left, in the traditional portrait with clock and bones) has this spectacular "tomb" (above) as its club house



inherit and expand.

In September of 1895, Alfred followed his two older brothers to Yale. Vanderbilt Hall had opened the year before, built by his grieving parents in memory of Alfred's oldest brother, Bill, who died during his junior year after contracting typhoid fever from a water pump. Vanderbilt Hall

Renaissance mansion of red brick with limestone boasted 157 rooms by the time his parents were finished. It was here that Alfred played as a boy, dashing up the spectacular curved staircase of Caen stone or sneaking into the two-story Moorish smoking room designed by Louis Comfort Tiffany.

From 1895, Alfred was able to enjoy the Newport season from the family's new Italian Renaissance palazzo overlooking the ocean. The Breakers opened that year with the coming out ball of Alfred's sister Gertrude. Given his love of horses, however, Alfred often ventured up the road to his father's Oakland Farm, which he would later

was built with one special suite: for use by future Vanderbilts, it featured wood-panelled walls, an ornate red marble fireplace and a bay window with a commanding view of the campus.

Alfred prospered at Yale, pursuing a variety of sporting activities and winning a "tap" to join the secret society Skull and Bones. His older brother Neily was a serious academic, but Alfred enjoyed himself at Yale and after graduating in 1899 embarked on a round-the-world tour with friends, the first leg in a private Vanderbilt railcar. Alfred was in the Orient when he received the news that his father, weakened from a stroke caused by a



Ernst August III
with his bride,
the Kaiser's
daughter Princess
Viktoria Luise

disagreement with Alfred's brother Neily, had died. Alfred returned to the Breakers to learn that his older brother had been disinherited for choosing the wrong bride, leaving him, the third son, the heir at just 21 to the greatest fortune of the age.

Alfred gave his brother Neily a share of his own inheritance to bring him equal to the other siblings, but Alfred still remained the wealthiest bachelor in America. He was now able to indulge his passion for society and sport, particularly coaching—in August of 1900 he attempted to set a speed record between Newport and Boston driving a four-horse brake. Though he failed to set a new record that time, for the return journey he collected as a passenger the heiress Elsie French, whom he married in January of 1901.

Alfred's love of horses and coaching, with frequent trips to London, gradually pulled him away from Elsie. For one horse show, Alfred shipped a hundred horses across the Atlantic.

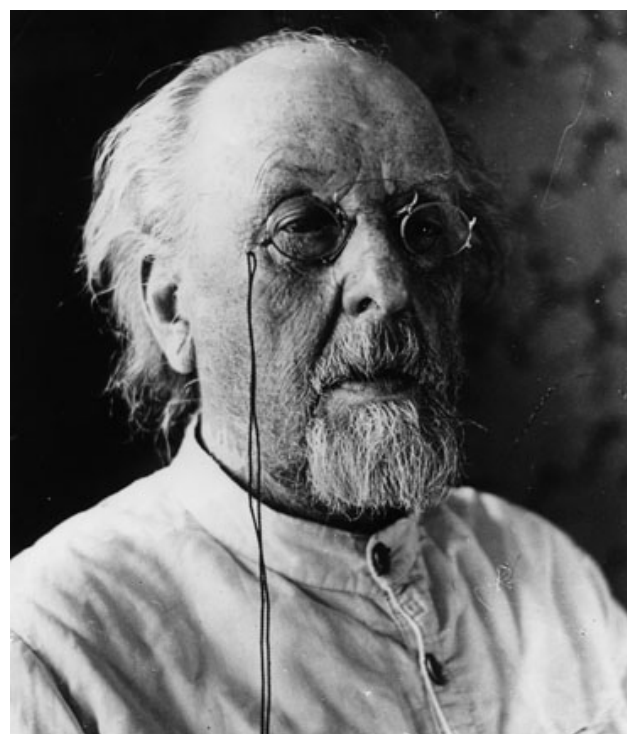
An adventuring beauty named Agnes Ruiz, the wife of a Cuban diplomat, eventually captured Alfred's attentions. Elsie filed for divorce and the newspapers eagerly reported the details of

Alfred's adulterous liaison with Agnes aboard his private railcar the Wayfarer. When Alfred became enamoured of another wealthy American socialite, Maggie Emerson, Agnes shot herself in London. Alfred married Maggie in November 1911 and they divided their time between London, Great Camp Sagamore in the Adirondacks and the top two floors of the new Vanderbilt Hotel that towered over Manhattan from 1912.

It was in order to attend a meeting of the International Breeders Association in London that Alfred booked passage on the *Lusitania* in May, 1915. In my novel Alfred has another reason to travel to England: he is smuggling aboard the ship a prototype rocket, clandestinely developed with his Skull and Bones friends, which Alfred believes has the potential to end the First World War. After the arrest of three German stowaways as the liner sails from New York, the Germans realise their plan to steal the rocket with help from Irish nationalists has failed, and the *Lusitania* is targeted.

As the ship sank, Alfred Vanderbilt gallantly gave his lifebelt to a woman passenger, even though—despite being a gifted sportsman, accomplished at nearly every pursuit befitting a gentleman of leisure—he had never learned to swim. Alfred spent the last few minutes of his life rushing about the deck of the *Lusitania* with his valet gathering up children to hand into the lifeboats.

Russian rocket pioneer Konstantin Tsiolkovsky



Ernst August: greatness from limited expectations

Like Alfred Vanderbilt, Ernst August III was not the oldest son and therefore had no expectation of inheriting his father's fortune. Both Alfred and Ernst were, in fact, their parents' third sons and both were great lovers of horses. Alfred tried to revive the dwindling art of coaching and Ernst became an officer in the 1st Royal Bavarian Heavy Cavalry Regiment.

Ernst had chosen this regiment because it had tried to ride to the assistance of his grandfather, the last reigning King of Hanover, during the battle of Bad Langensalza. Ernst's grandfather's army won the battle but afterwards failed to meet up with the Bavarian allies. The Hanoverians were overcome by superior Prussian forces and Prussia annexed Hanover under the careful guidance of Otto von Bismarck.

In 1714, George Louis of the House of Hanover ascended the throne of Great Britain as George I, and thereafter Hanover and Great Britain shared a single monarch. The Congress of Vienna of 1814 elevated Hanover to an independent kingdom and its Prince-Elector, George III of Great Britain, to King of Hanover. The new Kingdom of Hanover was the fourth-largest state in the German Confederation after Prussia, Austria and Bavaria.

When Queen Victoria succeeded to the British throne in 1837, Salic law prevented accession to the Hanoverian throne by a female while any male of the dynasty survived so Victoria's Uncle Ernest Augustus, the eldest surviving son of George III, became king.

During the Austro-Prussian War, the Kingdom of Hanover attempted to maintain a neutral position but after Hanover mobilised in June 1866, Prussia invaded and soon the immense wealth of the House of Hanover was being used by Bismarck to finance his military adventures.

Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and latterly King of Hungary, permitted three generations of the deposed Guelph family to live in comfortable exile in Gmunden. Ernst had an older brother, Crown Prince Georg, who was in line to inherit not only the deposed throne of Hanover but English titles as well including the Duke of Cumberland.



Tsar Nicholas II (left) and George V at the wedding in Berlin, 1913; (below) Queen Mary weighs in with two chunks of the Cullinan Diamond



Ernst was skeptical that Hanover would be restored to his father or his older brother, despite their royal relatives' entreaties to the Kaiser (Ernst and his brother were first cousins to George V of Great Britain, Nicholas II of Russia, Christian X of Denmark, Haakon VII of Norway and Constantine I of Greece).

In my novel Ernst sees the potential behind the rocket theories of Russian scientist Konstantin Tsiolkovsky when they are published in 1911. When he meets Alfred Vanderbilt at the regatta at Cowes and realises that Alfred shares his interest in Tsiolkovsky's theories, he decides he should learn a bit more about Alfred Vanderbilt.

Ernst is an attractive, young man of 24, possessed of the easy, confident manner of a young man aware of his own strength, youth and sexuality. Years in the saddle had given him strong, muscled legs and on his arrival to thank the Kaiser for honouring his dead older brother, Ernst immediately catches the attention of the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Viktoria Luise. Their remarkable imperial wedding in 1913 was the last great gathering of European monarchs before the Great War (see below).

When Ernst's older brother Georg tragically dies in an automobile accident, it falls upon Ernst to look after the family interests. In the novel he struggles with how he can harness Tsiolkovsky's ideas about reaction expulsion to restore his family's lost throne and fortune. It is this pursuit of Tsiolkovsky's theories that ultimately leads him into conflict with Alfred Vanderbilt, who is working with his comrades from the secret Yale society Skull and Bones to develop a prototype rocket.

Wally Schwabe: astride two eras

Walburga Schwabe does not exist outside the pages of *Lusitania R.E.X.* However, the four people on whom her character is based certainly did exist and their tales are remarkable in their

own right. Wally, as she is known in the book, straddles the pre- and post-war periods. An American of German descent, she is well versed in how a young woman of the Edwardian era should behave. However, when she arrives for her studies in Potsdam after crossing on the *Lusitania* in 1911, she is looking for adventure, imbued with the emerging spirit of a new age where women are assertive and sometimes downright reckless. Though fictional, Wally is a composite of the following four real people.

Schoolmate of Princess Viktoria Luise of Prussia.

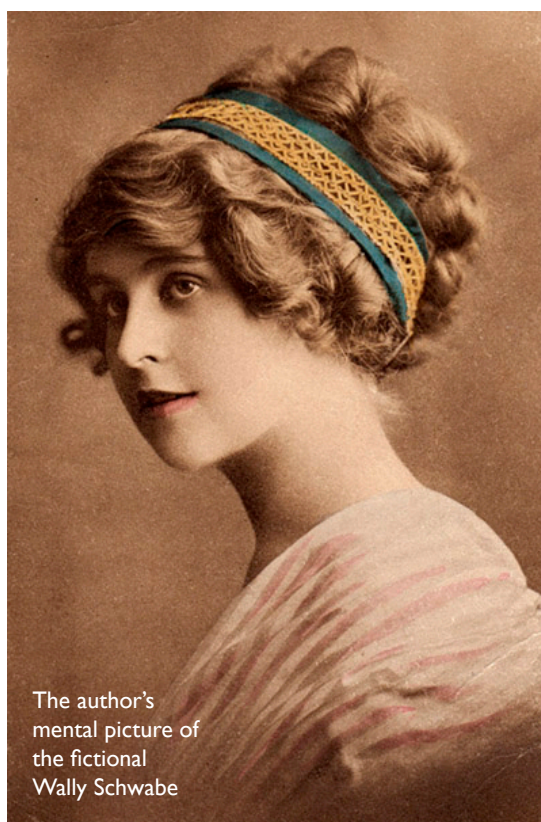
In May 1913, the youngest child and only daughter of the German Kaiser, Wilhelm II, was married in Berlin. She was the apple of her father's eye and when Princess Viktoria Luise, known as Sissy, fell in love with Ernst, heir to the Hanoverian throne, it put her father in an awkward position.

Sissy's beau was the son of a King deposed by Prussian armies at the command of Otto von Bismarck, chancellor to Sissy's great-grandfather Kaiser Wilhelm I. Hanover was annexed to Prussia and the Guelph d'Este family, who had ruled Hanover for 800 years, went into exile in Austria. It was a true Romeo and Juliet tale, but the lovers from families who had been enemies for 60 years were

given permission to marry.

The wedding at the Berlin Schloss (destroyed during the Second World War but currently being rebuilt), was the pinnacle of pre-war aristocratic spectacle. It is the last time that the Kaiser, the Tsar and George V, all cousins, ever saw one another. The Kaiser wore a British Royal Dragoons uniform and the Russian Order of St Andrew, thus paying respects to both his English and Russian relatives. King George V wore a Prussian Dragoons uniform and the Order of the Black Eagle.

The Kaiserin arrived on the arm of the groom's father and wore her signature five



The author's mental picture of the fictional Wally Schwabe

The wife and children of Paul Crompton



strands of pearls, a diadem of diamonds and an emerald collar. She was eclipsed, however, when the Tsar, also wearing a German uniform, led Queen Mary of England to her seat wearing the George IV State Diadem, nine diamond necklaces and, suspended from the lowest two, massive diamonds of 94 and 63 carats cut from the famous Cullinan diamond.

The guests hailed from the noblest families of Europe but there was one surprising addition: an American school friend of the Princess. Despite her rank, Princess Sissy befriended a student from America and insisted that she receive an invitation to the imperial wedding. Perhaps the Princess found the modern views of her American schoolmate refreshing after the formalities and strict etiquette of the Prussian court.

Niece of Alfred Booth, Chairman of Cunard Lines. Alfred Booth forsook the family shipping business founded by his father and uncle to work for larger rival Cunard Lines, eventually becoming its chairman. The son of his cousin, Paul Crompton, was a partner in the family business, Alfred Booth & Company, and managed the company's interests in Philadelphia. Paul sailed on the *Lusitania* on 1st May 1915 with his wife Gladys (née Schwabe) and their six children and nanny. When the ship

sank the entire Crompton family perished along with the nanny.

In my novel Wally is Gladys's younger sister, who happily benefits from brother-in-law Paul's connection to Alfred Booth, even taking up Paul's childhood name for Alfred Booth and calling him Uncle Rhed.

Woman rescued by Alfred Vanderbilt. There are numerous accounts of Alfred Vanderbilt gathering children to put into the lifeboats during the final moments of the *Lusitania*, assisted by his valet Denyer. It was also widely reported that he gave his lifebelt to a woman passenger, knowing that he could not swim. This woman was Alice Middleton.

The notice placed in the New York papers by the German embassy


In *Lusitania R.E.X*, it is to Wally Schwabe that Alfred gives his lifebelt so that she can be saved from drowning. In the novel Alfred also gives something to Wally that she is dutifully carrying as the ship goes down. Wally knows that she must survive in order to deliver this bequest of Alfred that could change the outcome of the war.

Woman shot from Lusitania Funnel.

The *Lusitania* was built with longitudinal coal bunkers; an old navy design intended to protect machinery from shellfire. The Admiralty played a major role in her design since the *Lusitania* and her sister ship the *Mauretania* were built with government loans on condition they could be used

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

CUNARD



EUROPE VIA LIVERPOOL LUSITANIA

Fastest and Largest Steamer
now in Atlantic Service Sails
SATURDAY, MAY 1, 10 A. M.

Transylvania, Fri., May 7, 5 P.M.
Orduna, - - Tues., May 18, 10 A.M.
Tuscania, - - Fri., May 21, 5 P.M.
LUSITANIA, Sat., May 29, 10 A.M.
Transylvania, Fri., June 4, 5 P.M.

Gibraltar—Genoa—Naples—Piraeus
S.S. Carpathia, Thur., May 13, Noon

NOTICE!

TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 22, 1915.



The *Lusitania* had four screws, with one boiler room and one funnel for each—unlike the *Titanic* which had only three screws but was given a fake fourth funnel

as armed cruisers. The design may be effective against shells, but it is disastrous if a ship is struck below the waterline by a torpedo.

When the *Lusitania* was hit by the U20's torpedo, water rushed into the longitudinal coal bunkers and the ship began to list at once to starboard as well as going under at the bows. By the time water was flooding over the deck, the *Lusitania* was probably at an angle of more than 30 degrees, meaning that the four great funnels that towered over the liner were now looming over the passengers frantically thrashing about in the water.

Margaret Dwyer was one such passenger. When one of the massive funnels struck the water beside her, Margaret was pulled towards the yawning circle that was devouring the ocean. As the *Lusitania* slipped into the sea, water rushed to fill the tremendous void, dragging Margaret underwater and down the funnel towards the boiler room. When the icy water hit the hot boilers, however, they ruptured; creating a massive blast of steam that lifted Margaret and others out of the funnel and sent them tumbling into the sea again. According to one account, Margaret lost all her clothes and when she was pulled from the water and at last reunited with her husband, wearing only a blanket, he did not recognize her until she slapped him.

In *Lusitania R.E.X.*, Wally gets sucked into the



funnel above Boiler Room No.3 and dragged down in a torrent of rushing water. She is shot out again but her clothes and the item entrusted to her by Alfred Vanderbilt are gone.

20,000 COCKTAILS UNDER THE SEA!

OUR SUMMER PARTY this time celebrated all things nautical. The venue was the wooden-decked cellar bar of the (aptly named) Water Poet pub in Spitalfields, which we adapted with portholes on the walls, blue-green lighting and a projection of “20,000 Leagues Under the Sea” on one wall. We had live music from the Bohemianauts, playing grog-sozzled, accordion-driven shanties, dark demi-monde ditties and wild gypsy anthems. In addition to our usual Snuff Bar and world-famous Grand Raffle, we had a competition to design a non-Euclidian undersea city to house dread Cthulhu in his slumber of aeons, a game to shoot Lord Nelson (ably played by Action Man) with a foam dart gun, and a whale-hunting game, where players must stand on one leg (Ahab only had one) and catch a small white whale with the hook on the end of an unwieldily long harpoon. Many thanks to all who came, and to Greg Taylor, David Bridgman-Smith and Lorna Mower-Johnson for donating raffle prizes.



Scarheart has recently bought himself a suit of armour and, although it wasn't remotely relevant to the theme, he couldn't resist wearing at least part of it

Our undersea lair for the evening





Clockwise from above: (l-r) Catherine and Laurence Bennion, Miss Minna; (l-r) Floyd Toussaint-Kaye, his chum Aquila, Tim Eyre; the Grand Raffle prize haul; Dorian Loveday; Ian White as a salty fisherman





Mr and Mrs Smith have thrown everything at their costumes



Mrs H



Benjamin, pipe clenched in concentration, went on to win—which is just as well, considering he was the only person in the room who carries a gun every day as part of his job



(left) Nelson stands proud and alone against the French menace



Our first game was the traditional shooting game (although the original foam dart gun has been retired as the fins on the darts were so bent you couldn't really aim at anything). This time the target was Admiral Nelson on the deck of the *Victory*, and contestants played the role of the villainous French sniper



Chez is guided by her future husband who looks a little alarmed at her gun-handling skills



Darcy Sullivan



(Above) many fish suppers were consumed; (right) Suzanne came as a sea nymph complete with elaborate shell headress



Wozza's impromptu cossack dance is spirited but ends in tears (above)

(Right) Our band, the Bohemianuts; (above) Lorna Mower-Johnson (l) and Pandora Harrison; (below) Callum and Emma channelling *Battleship Potempkin*





Aquila gets stuck in



Contestants were given 60 seconds to catch the whale, and the prize went to the fastest successful hunter



Close-up of the whale's final moments

Our second game was essentially Hook-A-Duck but the target was a small white whale (with a metal ring on his back), which had to be snared with a makeshift harpoon, hooking the ring with the curved barb. To make it more difficult the harpoon was deliberately long and unwieldy, and contestants were not only positioned only just close enough to reach, but they also had to stand on one leg (well, Captain Ahab only had one leg...)



(Above) Chez in her moment of triumph; (left) being told she had to stand on one leg brought out the tantric side of Priya; ((below) ever the experimenter, Scarheart finds another use for the harpoon

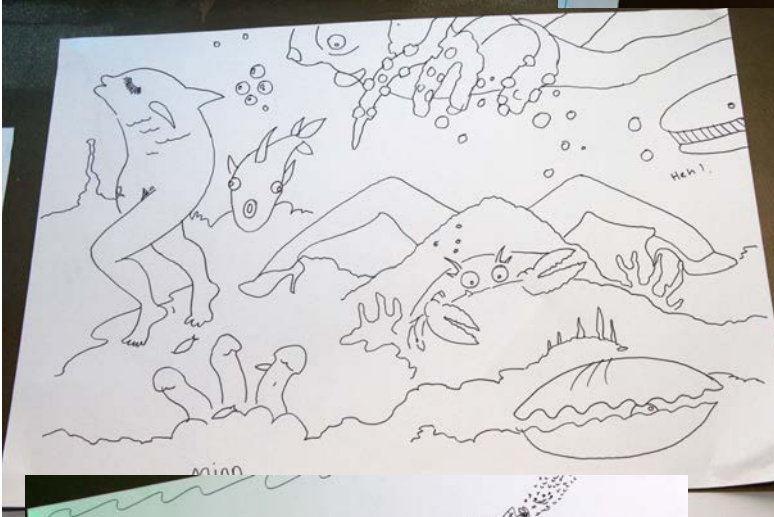
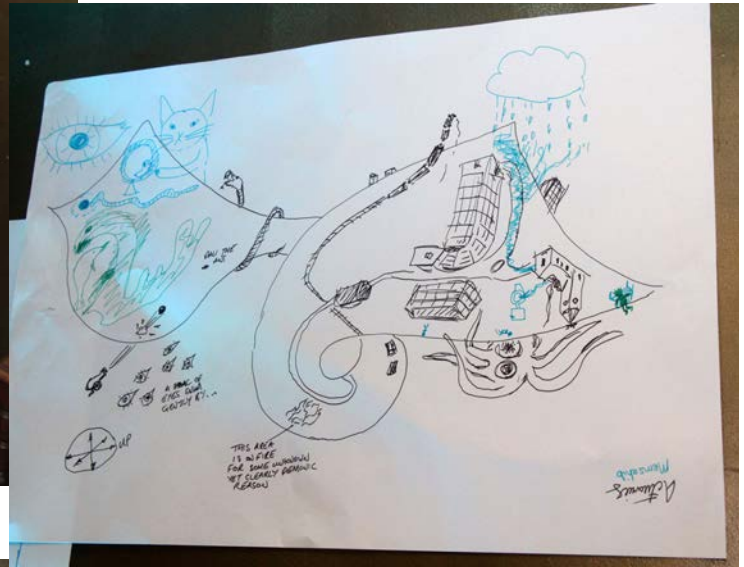
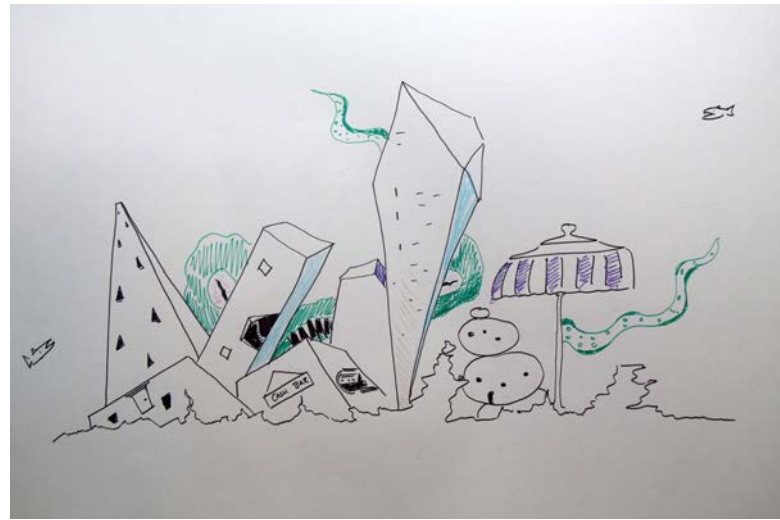


Despite hunting one-handed, Ed won with a time of six seconds

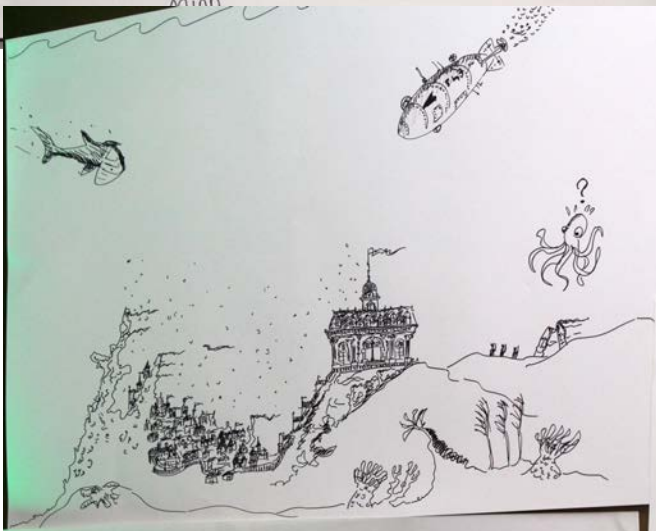




(Above) Torquil mans the door, issuing raffle tickets. Behind him on the Gallery wall are some of the design submissions



Our other game was an ongoing challenge to design a non-Euclidian undersea city to house great Cthulhu in his slumber of aeons. (No clues were given as to exactly what "non-Euclidian" means in practice.) You can see some of the entries on this page. After some debate the contract was eventually awarded to Miss Minna, whose saucy design is above left. One of the raffle prizes was a copy of H.P. Lovecraft's *The Call of Cthulhu*, which, if nothing else, would at least explain what this competition was all about. (in Lovecraft's world the sunken city is called R'lyeh)





Lorna is clearly delighted to win a bag of limes



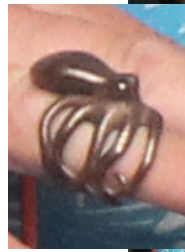
Floyd wins a cat-o-nine-tails and immediately playtests it on Scarheart



Lorna, who made this sunfish cushion with fabric left over from making her dress, presents it to Emma



Benjamin's prize for the shooting game is a model of the Victory; meanwhile Scarheart weeps for our lost national hero



Fiona wins a bronze ring in the shape of an octopus (detail inset)



As is traditional, the evening ended with our famous Grand Raffle. Prizes ranged from the desirable to the frankly silly, and we also took this opportunity to award prizes to the winners of our competitions

(Right) Adrian's prize is allegedly part of HMS Victory herself



The Curé is perplexed by his prize of a pack of prawn cocktail crisps and some Fisherman's Friends



More photos on the Club's Flickr page

LORD ORLANDO, *Lady Orlando* “Same person, different sex”

What could have only been a product of the late 1920s was finally transformed into film almost 70 years later, writes **Pri Kali**

ON 10TH JUNE the NSC screened *Orlando*, a 1992 film directed by Sally Potter that is based upon the 1928 book of the same title by Virginia Woolf. Apparently this is the newest film that the Club has screened, thanks to the flexible and glorious committee’s commitment to the time period in which the book was written—between both World Wars.

This film transcends silly, trivial things such as time, death and sex, to produce an epic-style biography of a lonely, rich and attractive toff sat high in his big house on the hill. The film is divided into sections: Death, Love, Poetry and Sex, as the main character Orlando experiences an extraordinarily long adolescence through Elizabethan times and, still broken-hearted in the 17th century, travels overseas to serve in Constantinople



Virginia Woolf (left) and Vita Sackville-West



Tilda Swinton (left) with Charlotte Valandrey as Princess Sasha, who breaks Orlando’s heart

(now Istanbul) as an ambassador with “interests in this region”. Just as he earns himself the Order of the Bath for services to his country, he makes the decision to support his Turkish brother and fight a battle against “the enemy”, a concept he does not understand. Being much shaken by the experience of



Pri delivers her introduction to the screening

war and death, he overnight transforms into a woman. Although not bothered by the change of sex, at this point Orlando loses not only her status, but all of her possessions (the legal owner of which is male and therefore clearly not the same person as she is) and must live incognito. She experiences the pressure to marry and bears a son as the only way to preserve the wealth and independence she previously enjoyed without hindrance as a single man. She is ridiculed in the intellectual circles of the 18th century (which include Alexander Pope, played by Peter Eyre) as having no true standing, or even worthwhile thoughts of her own.

Virginia Woolf penned the novel in just over a year after deciding to write a fictional biography based upon her dear friend and lover, the sexually-ambiguous Vita Sackville-West who, famous for her writing, parties, style and glamour, provided rich inspiration from which to produce a gender-bending romp. *Orlando* has been described by Sackville-West's son Nigel Nicholson as being "the longest love letter in the world". Although married young her 49-year marriage survived a series of lovers both male and female, her best-known being Violet Keppel. Orlando's desire to write poetry reflects Sackville-West's poet-ancestor Charles Sackville, 6th Earl of Dorset.

Sackville-West and Woolf were members of what is longingly remembered as the "Bloomsbury Group", a literary scene focused around a group of privileged writers and artists engaged in a series of bohemian love triangles, or even quadrangles, to accompany their intense intellectual exchanges and rousing conversation. It included Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, Rupert Brooke, Saxon Sydney-Turner, Duncan Grant,

Leonard Woolf (Virginia's husband), John Maynard Keynes, David Garnett, and Roger Fry. Tragically, following the start of the Second World War, the loss of her home in the Blitz and poor receptions to her latest works, Woolf filled her pockets with stones and drowned herself in the River Ouse, in Sussex in March 1941.

Woolf is considered to be one of the 20th century's most influential novelists and *Orlando* is one of her greatest works. Sally Potter's film adaptation is true to the novel's playful and colourful settings, marrying the alternative spirit of the early 1990s with the time-travelling artistic vision of the original novel. Indeed, the film entered the main competition at the Venice Film Festival in 1992 and prior to its release in the United States in 1993 its review by *The New York Times's* Vincent Canby declared that a

...ravishing and witty spectacle invades the mind through eyes that are dazzled without ever being anesthetized. Throughout Ms Potter's *Orlando*, as in Woolf's, there [is] a piercing kind of common sense and a joy that, because they are so rare these days in any medium, create their own kind of cinematic suspense and delightfully surprised laughter. *Orlando* could well become a classic of a very special kind—not mainstream, perhaps—but a model for independent film makers who follow their own irrational muses, sometimes to unmourned obscurity, occasionally to glory.

The film was nominated for two Academy Awards and in addition won over 25 international awards, including the Felix (best Young European Film 1993) and first prizes at the St Petersburg and Thessaloniki festivals among others. A film of a book originally deemed too difficult to adapt, which had suffered challenges in funding and



Quentin Crisp camps it up as Queen Elizabeth I

which took seven years to make, ultimately made the careers of both Potter and the film's hero/heroine, Tilda Swinton.

Swinton, herself from an old family like Orlando and Sackville-West, who studied at Cambridge and was thought to be suitable marriage material for the son of an Earl, plays Orlando as both man and woman through her mastery of the androgynous look and behaviour for which she is famed. Continuing the cross-dressing theme, Quentin Crisp plays Queen Elizabeth I, adoring Orlando for his youth, naivety and good looks as she passes to her deathbed. Billy Zane plays Orlando's handsome and seductive North American lover, adventurer and father to her child Captain Bonthrop Marmaduke Shelmerdine, Esquire. They meet just as Orlando gives up all hope of finding love and ever

marrying, and tells nature she is "its bride".

Here the film heads towards its end—the Great War, childbirth and the "birth" of her greatest novel, written on a combination of old parchment and modern white paper. Losing her status and privilege after giving birth to a daughter only releases Orlando from the inheritance of her forefathers. At the end of the film she moves towards the future unencumbered and free, moving into the modern times that we ourselves

enjoy today—in our particular case with gin and tonic at hand while sporting fashions inspired by the infamous yet stylish Bloomsbury Group of the 1920s and 1930s.



(Above) With John Wood as Archduke Harry who, unfazed by Orlando's sex-change, offers to marry her; (below) as a cool, confident 1990s woman, Orlando sells her autobiography



NSC FILM NIGHT

The Two Jakes (1990)

Wednesday 7th July

7.30pm–11pm

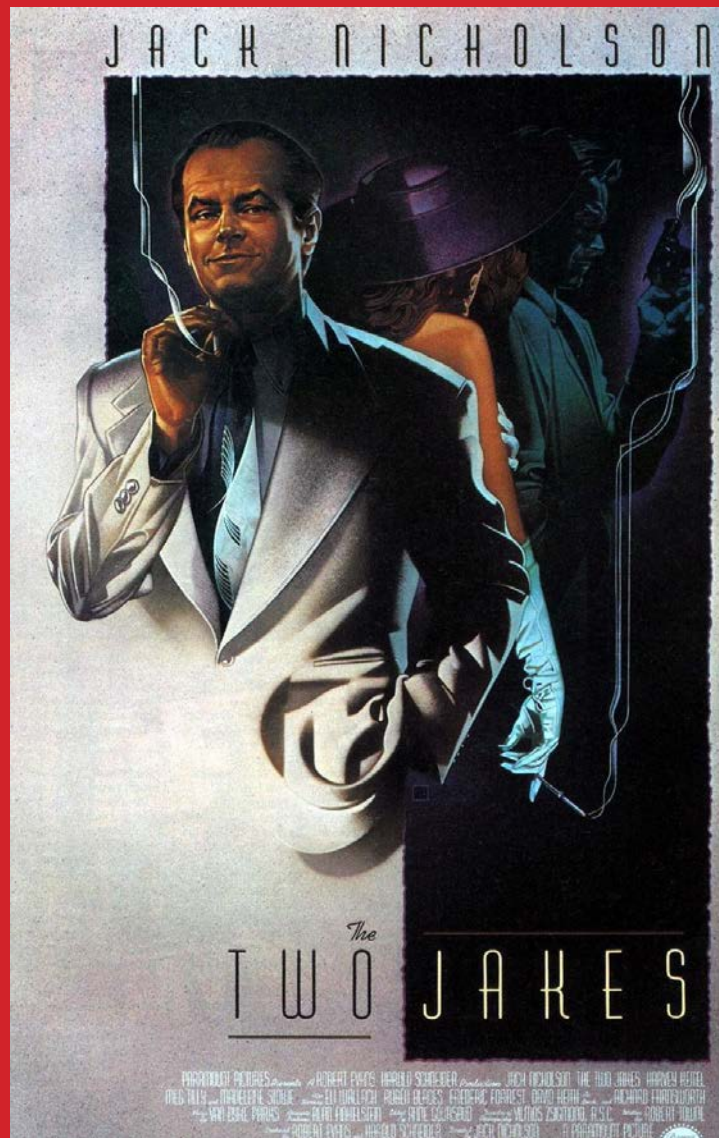
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,

London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

The Earl of Essex presents this sequel to *Chinatown* (1974), one of the most iconic and studied movies of all time. Where *Chinatown* was set in LA of the 1930s, here the action has moved on to the post-war 1940s, with Jack Nicholson's private eye Jake Gittes now running a team of investigators. In *Chinatown* what starts as a classic low-rent adultery case reveals immorality and corruption at such high levels that it is not something Gittes can fix: he is simply granted a glimpse of the lies and greed at the core of the system. Here Gittes is still haunted by his experiences then, and the film is less a genre detective story and more a meditation on guilt and motive.

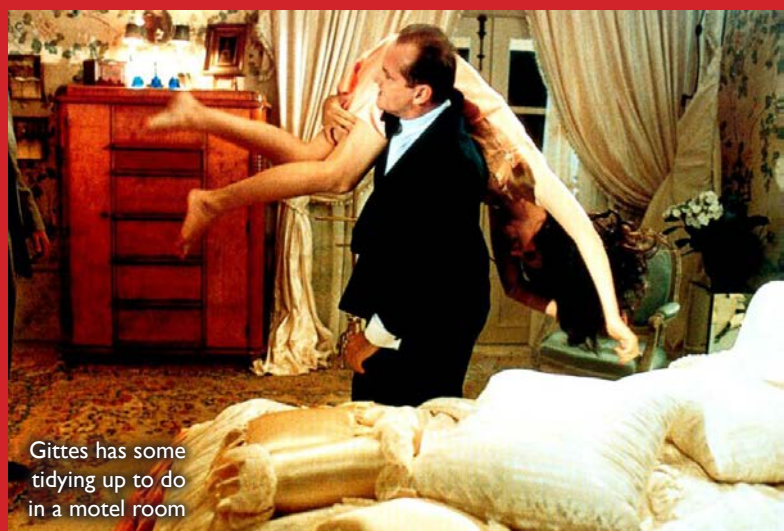
The second Jake is property developer Jake Berman (Harvey Keitel) who fears his wife is having an affair with his partner, but Gittes's attempt to help him get the photographic evidence he needs for the divorce court soon turns messy. The screenplay is by Robert Towne, who also wrote (and received an Oscar for) *Chinatown*, but instead of Roman Polanski the director here is Nicholson himself. The film was seven years in the making thanks to studio problems (it was meant to be made in 1985), but critic Roger Ebert called it at the time "such



a focused and concentrated film that every scene falls into place like clockwork". Towne actually intended it as the second of a trilogy, with the final film, *Gittes vs. Gittes*, set in 1968 and dealing with Jake's own divorce, but this movie has, to date, not been made.



Meg Tilly as
Kitty Berman



Gittes has some
tidying up to do
in a motel room

THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



In which a Member of the New Sheridan Club is asked to introduce themselves to other Members so that those at Home and Across the Seas may all get to know fellow Club Members. No part of this interview may be used in court or bankruptcy proceedings.



Lord Bassington-Bassington

“Semper fido”

Name or preferred name?

I am Ludwig Bassington-Bassington, Lord Bassington-Bassington to you plebs, proles and dodgy Southern types (I consider anyone living south of Norway as a Southerner). And be warned: anyone who casts doubts upon my lordly title, or that I am indeed a Basset Hound, might find their flower beds have been dug up during the night.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

I can only refer you to my answer to the previous question—especially the threats. And I’ll up the threats to insinuate that in the aforementioned flowerbed you’ll find your favourite shoes, chewed to pieces.

Where do you hail from?

I live in Little Storping-in-the-Swuff, right outside Oslo, Norway. I am a Norwegian, but have struggled with a chronic case of Anglophilia for a quarter of a century now. Damn that punk rock and skinhead thing, I say!

Favourite Cocktail?

I am a Tiki enthusiast and tend to like drinks that are gaudy and fruity with way too many garnishings. Which, come to think of it, is also be a good way to sum up my dress sense (or lack of such).

Most Chappist skill?

Chappery and dandyism shouldn’t just be about clothes but also about the pursuit of the interesting and irrelevant. So I suspect that my most Chappist skill is to organise (with a circle of good friends) the Heretical Cellar here in Oslo. The Cellar is a club devoted to the occult and obscure. We invite lecturers from all over the world (we had professor Ronald Hutton over from Blighty last year) and we have a spiffing time. See kjeterskkjeller.blogspot.no.

Most Chappist possession

That would be either my great-grandfathers pocketwatch, or my online

March's Heretic
the subject of "H



chronicles, published at lordbassingtonbassington.blogspot.no. Though I'd say that the only possession that really matters is my wedding ring.

Personal Motto?

I think I'll have to go for "Semper Fido!"

Favourite Quotes?

Surely nobody apart from me has ever said anything interesting?

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...

Since I am an incorrigible blabbermouth, I suspect that too many people already know much more about me than they'd care to. Sorry about that. I'll try to shut my trap more often.



doubt. See lordbassingtonbassington.blogspot.no/2009/10/society-news-his-lordship-joins-club.html

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)?

I'm planning to treat myself to watching Mr Temple and Mr Bell's course on how to dress in the Idler Academy.

Your three chosen dinner party guests from history or fiction and why?

The founders of all three great monotheisms; Christianity, Islam and Sikhism. Since the founder of the first, Mr ben Yosef was Jewish, he could represent Judaism as well. The Holy Trinity would also make interesting dinner guests. Yes, I'm afraid I'm a bit of a religion geek (even if I am a committed atheist).

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart.

Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you planning to do?

I have very little idea about what "a Turn" would entail, but I would gladly do anything my Club asks of me.

Thank you for allowing yourself to be interviewed in the palatial surroundings of the NSC Club House. On behalf of the Members may I respectfully ask you to resign.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

It's an open question how involved I am. Living in Oslo puts a damper on my chances of attending Club meetings. I guess I'm mostly a support member, or possibly something like a reclusive uncle in the provinces who sends his relatives a cheque now and then. A reclusive and stingy uncle, come to think of it.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I think it was none other than butlering legend Mr Rupert Bell who first introduced me to the club. I was hesitant to join at first, but when my Mullah issued a fatwa about the need to help the English economy there was no more

al Cellar meeting addressed
Lucifer as Feminist Icon"

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ACROSS

Tim Eyre on the gloriously under-equipped English eccentric who tried to bicycle across a desert

PICTURE A FELLOW of 32 years, wheeling a black Raleigh Roadster bicycle while wearing a tweed suit, a tie, well-polished shoes and round eyeglasses. He has a side parting and his luggage consists of nothing more than a saddlebag. Off to the Tweed Run with a cargo of gin perhaps? A reasonable guess, but in fact this is how Horace Dall set off for his solo trip across the wilderness of central Iceland in the summer of 1933.

The year 1933 was particularly bad for civilisation. The Great Depression was causing widespread hardship, the Nazi party came to power in Germany and Japan left the League of Nations as it continued its invasion of China. Roosevelt's New Deal offered some hope in America after her economy reached its nadir in March. Twenty-two years earlier Amundsen and Scott had reached the South Pole but, as of 1933, no-one had yet cycled across Iceland, and certainly not alone.

Horace Dall (1901–1986) was perhaps not the sort of person one would immediately expect to make such a journey. Mr Dall is best known not for his adventuring but for his achievements in the field of optics and planetary photography. He ground lenses and mirrors himself in



order to create ever more innovative and powerful telescopes. In 1956 he captured an image of Jupiter complete with the shadows of three of that planet's moons. To aid his astronomical observations, he had a house built with an observatory in the attic. Each of the lower two storeys was constructed to be unusually high so that the whole house was as tall as a three-storey building. The house was located on a hill near Luton. Mild mannered, he was a leading light in the

British Astronomical Association but his dislike of public speaking meant that he never became president.

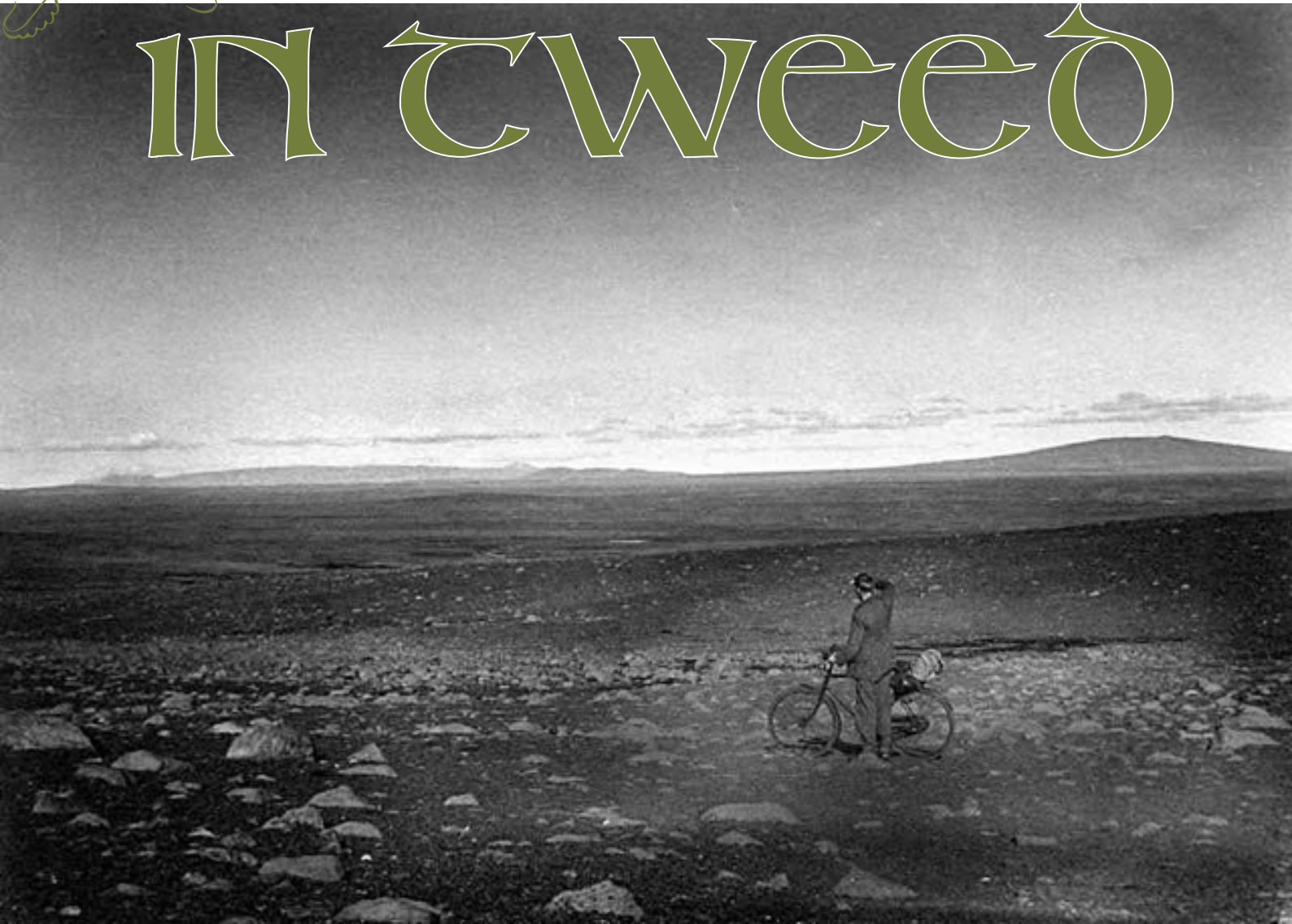
Mr Dall did enjoy adventurous cycle touring, an activity that must have been much more pleasant in those days when motor-cars were a rarity. Following on from a trip to the High Atlas Mountains, Dall made a tour of western Iceland in 1932. It was during this time that he had the idea of crossing the island's interior.

This still-uninhabited region of Iceland is called Sprengisandur. It is Europe's largest desert and is so barren and hostile that NASA used it to train their astronauts for the Moon landings. The tortured landscape is criss-crossed with canyons through which rivers flow swiftly with chilly glacial



Dall's famous photograph of Jupiter

Iceland in tweed



meltwater. Much of the ground underfoot is of volcanic ash; Dall described it as having the consistency of flour. The name SprenGISandur derives from the Icelandic words *sandur* “sand” and *sprengja* “to ride a horse to death”, meaning that a horse would need to be driven almost to death in order to cross the volcanic desert before running out of food; in medieval Iceland people would sometimes cross SprenGISandur on horseback, although they generally preferred safer but longer routes. After the 13th century the route through this desert fell into disuse.

Dall was planning to cover around 200 miles of wilderness. Sure enough, for a well-equipped expedition it would be far less of a

challenge than those undertaken by the likes of Shackleton, Nansen and Livingstone. However, Horace Dall’s was no well-equipped expedition. He was essentially just a plucky and well-dressed touring cyclist willing to strike out into the unknown. Indeed, Dall may have been more naive than brave in attempting the crossing; he even expected there to be some sort of track, but found no such thing.

Dall’s equipment consisted of a sleeping bag, a stove, a compass, a camera and a small map. Naturally there would be no tea shops along the way so for food he carried just a couple of pounds of glucose and pemmican. Pemmican is a concentrate of dried meat and



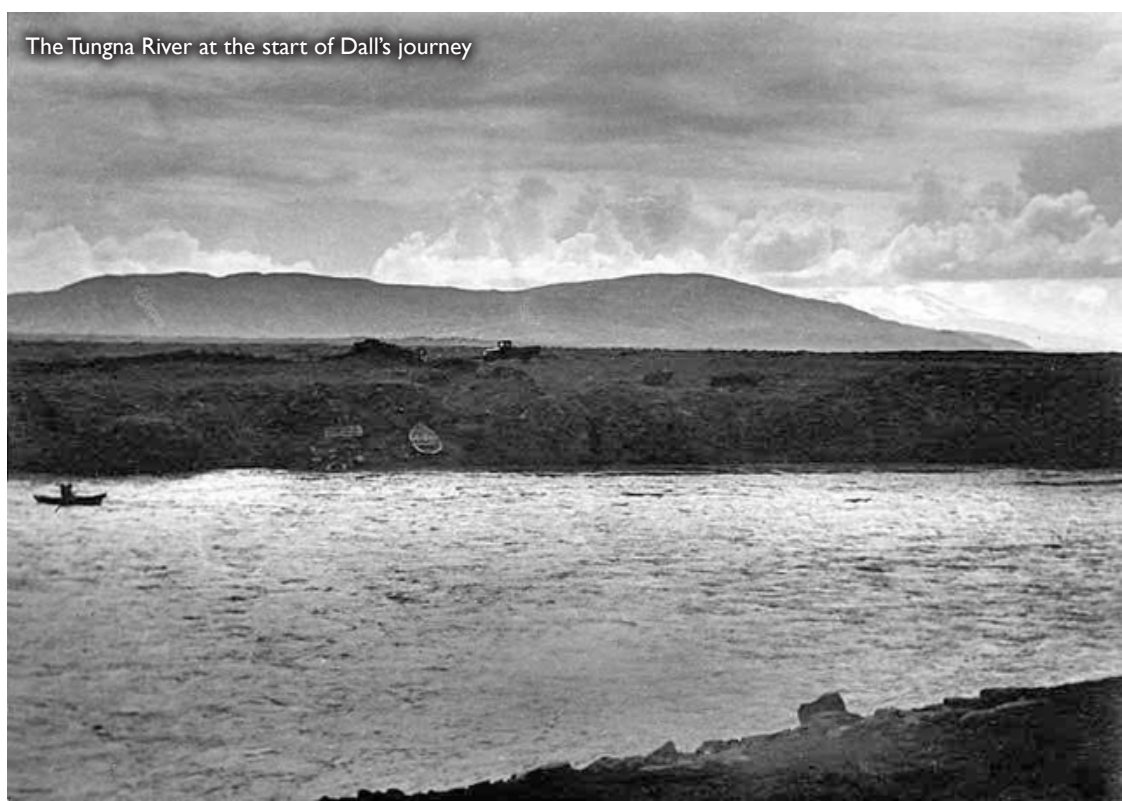
Detours around impassable terrain made Dall's journey much longer

the cyclist promised to send him a telegraph on his arrival at civilization in the north. From the northern bank of the Tungna Dall was completely alone until he reached the far side of Sprengisandur five days later. The journey is well documented because of Dall's enthusiasm for photography. Despite the harsh conditions, Dall took dozens of pictures of his trip and wrote captions on the back of each one. Of the end of his first day he wrote, "The first day gave a taste of the rough stuff—rocks, gullies sand & swamps, & I quickly realised that my hopes of making 30% use of the bicycle were to be disappointed." There are even some shots that include Dall himself, thanks to an automatic shutter mechanism.

As this caption hints, it is not entirely accurate to say that Mr Dall *cycled* across Iceland. As it turned out, Dall was only able

fat that was standard fare for explorers of that era. Dall carried no tent and all his equipment fitted into his saddlebag. It seems that he was relying on good weather so as not to perish.

Dall's journey started at the southern side of Sprengisandur when he arranged for a farmer to row him over the Tungna river. The farmer was so anxious for Dall's welfare that



The Tungna River at the start of Dall's journey

to ride his steed for 5–10% of the way. One might therefore say that Mr Dall crossed Iceland *with* a bicycle rather than *by* bicycle. If anything lugging a few stone of machinery for the entire distance adds to his accomplishment.

The main challenge faced by Dall was not cold or hunger but river crossings. Crossing unbridged rivers is dangerous at the best of times, and all the more so when alone and encumbered with a velocipede. He was also forced to make many detours in order to circumvent impassable canyons; this added considerably to the distance he covered. There were tracks in the desert, but these were largely left by wild ponies rather than provided for the benefit of travellers and did not necessarily head in the direction Dall wished to travel. However, his determination did not waver and a photograph taken on the fifth day records that he had spotted Myri farm eight miles away in the distance. From this point it still took Dall some time to reach this destination. Of the end of his journey he wrote, "... I was in great spirits, & very lucked at the success of my navigation across the wilderness." From the farmhouse he made good on his promise to telegraph the farmer in the south, making the communication by way of the British Vice-Consul.

A farmer at Myri told the cycling journalist Ben Searle that when Mr Dall appeared out of the wilderness he looked so smart in his suit and tie that he might have been on his way to a job interview in Reykjavík. Chaps and chapettes can perhaps take inspiration from this: Horace Dall managed to maintain sartorial standards while on a solo cycling

Crossing rivers was the most dangerous challenge



expedition across Iceland. Surely we can do so in our daily lives, no matter how rushed or hungover we are of a morning?

Cycling across Sprengisandur is no longer an audacious undertaking only for eccentric Englishmen. A gravel track, bridges over most of the rivers and modern equipment make the journey a realistic challenge for intrepid mountain bikers; each year dozens make the journey. This raises an intriguing possibility: just as some mountaineers prove their skill and courage by climbing Himalayan peaks "Alpine style", mountain bikers could demonstrate their prowess by crossing Iceland "Dall style", dressed in tweed, shod in leather and riding an antique Raleigh Roadster. Some day the volcanic desert of Iceland may see a Tweed Run of its own.

For much of the journey Dall wasn't actually able to ride his bike



The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein the bibulous get scribulous

A toast to Steed

By David Bridgman-Smith

Today's Cocktail Cabinet is in memory of Patrick Macnee, whom most members will know best as the British super-spy, John Steed. As a tribute, here is a selection of cocktails inspired by the 1960s TV show *The Avengers*.

Crème de violette

With early origins in Turkey and the Ottoman Empire, the technique for distilling flowers to make floral liqueurs was taken back to France by travelling winemakers, who then exported it to Syria and North Africa. In the 18th century, crème de violette found favour with European nobility and upstanding families across the Atlantic. Alix of Hesse (wife of Tsar Nicholas II) was a big fan and would not drink coffee unless it was laced with the liqueur. However, its popularity fell into decline after the Second World War and, while the 1950s saw a brief revival, it had all but disappeared by the 1960s.

An episode of *The Avengers* from Series 4, "Two's A Crowd",

features the rather dandy Colonel Pseb, whose weakness for crème de violette and Torpedo #2 cigars allows Steed to infiltrate his organisation. This is probably my favourite episode, featuring a superb



The Aviation cocktail



performance from Patrick Macnee, a guest appearance from Julian Glover in a villainous role (what else), and a deadly remote-controlled toy Lancaster bomber.

Whilst no-one is actually seen drinking the liqueur, here is one of its best known cocktails.

Aviation

50ml gin (I used the new Silent Hills from Surrey)

25ml fresh lemon juice

1 tsp maraschino

1 tsp crème de violette

Shake with ice. The poster-child cocktail for crème de violette, the Aviation was originally detailed in 1915 in Hugo Ensslin's book, *Mixed Drinks*. Here the floral and citrus notes of Silent Hills gin work well with the other ingredients and help the liqueurs to sing through without overpowering the spirit. It has a lovely tartness, before a fresh, dry, juniper finish, which makes this an excellent choice for before dinner.

Brandy and Soda

Other than Champagne, this is probably Steed's most notable tittle, usually served as a "dash and splash" (brandy and soda water). In the

Brandy and Soda



episode “Small Game for Big Hunters”, Steed is in the “jungle tropics” of a conservatory in Hertfordshire and, after ordering a brandy, is chastised for asking for the neat spirit, as he will “lacerate his liver”. In response to

the resultant advice to keep it cool and long, he asks for soda to be added. I used Courvoisier, which was a brand popular with Steed.

However, unlike with bitters, a “dash” of sparkling water seems to be around 50–75ml, based on a brandy splash of 25ml.

Even without ice (how Steed usually drinks it), this is a delicious and refreshing drink. You get some sweet, fruity notes from the brandy, along with light, woody spice. The finish of the drink is very similar to that of the neat brandy, but without the heat of the alcohol.

Champagne

No article on the drinks of *The Avengers* would be complete without reference to Champagne. The distinctive title sequence of the five series truly captures the glamour of the wine. While I politely refused Mrs B’s offer to recreate Mrs Peel’s trick of shooting open a bottle of Champagne as I held it, I did decide to follow Steed’s lead and drink from a coupe glass instead of my normal flute. Does it make a difference?

Coupe: Sweeter and more fruity, with more gentle streams of bubbles. Notes of peach and pear.

Flute: Cooler, with more intense bubbles. The flavour is sharper, crisper, and more dry, with notes of apple and a touch of citrus.

Kinky Boots

25ml blended whisky (Johnnie Walker)
5ml cherry brandy
5ml crème de violette
75ml brut Champagne

The name is the title of a single recorded by Patrick Macnee and Honor Blackman, based on the music from a segment of *That Was The Week That Was*. It has an odd rhythm and is only 1 minute 37 seconds long; the B-Side was “Let’s Keep It Friendly”.

This cocktail has an intense flavour from the outset, with the fruit elements of the cherry brandy flowing seamlessly into floral notes from the violette. The finish is long and, after a while, develops with

drier, more complex notes of vanilla, grape, and dry, woody spice (like you would get in fruit cake).



The Kinky Boots cocktail

This is my little tribute to a man who developed a character that will forever be the epitome of the post-Empire English Gentleman; let’s raise a glass to Patrick—cheers!





CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

TWO TIE SPOTS this month: Ian Treal has drawn our attention to this Mitchell and Webb sketch, featuring a middle class alcoholic in an NSC tie. So nothing unusual there. (You can see the sketch on YouTube at www.youtube.com/watch?v=zwXjm64a3QE.) And we have Will Smith to thank for this Calgary taxi driver who came across a mother duck and her ducklings stranded on the central reservation of a busy road, so he scooped them into the passenger seat and drove them to a pond.

New Members

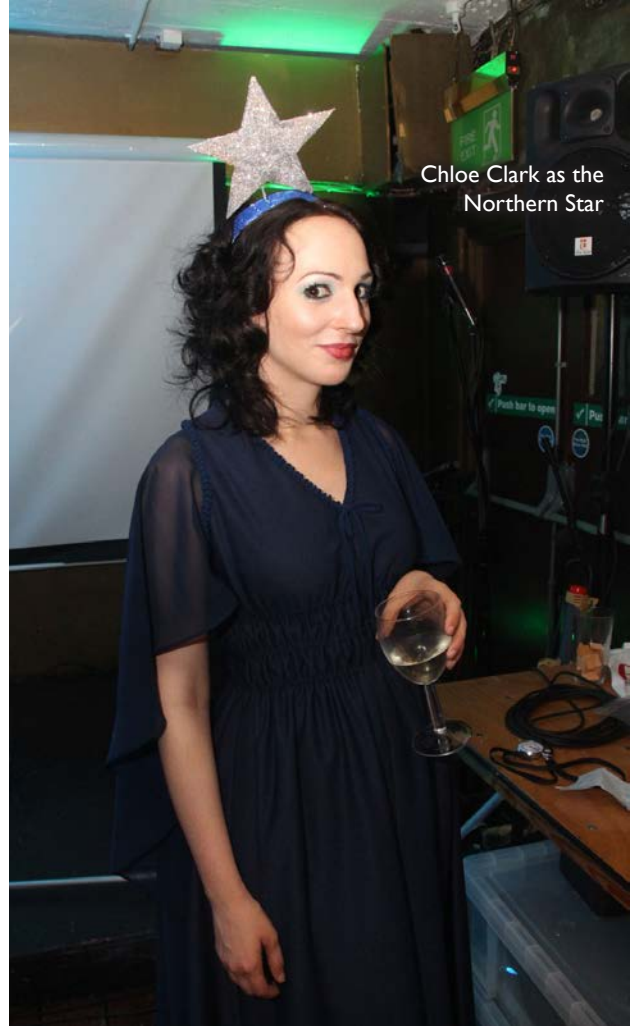
THREE CHUMS HAVE signed up together this month, presumably as some sort of blood pact. A hearty hurrah to Bingo Pittard, Danny Boswell and Gareth Price, all from Sussex. Watch out for them at the Chap Olympics, where they will be proudly sporting their new NSC ties. Then we also had Chloe Clark, Alastair "Wozza" Mac (see page 18) and Miss Lily all join up at the summer party



Gareth Price



Chloe Clark as the Northern Star



Field of Drams

THIS MONTH SEES the Annual Chap Olympiad, organised by *The Chap* magazine. The schedule of games changes from year to year but they usually revolve around aspects of Chappish life and in the past have included Cucumber



Sandwich Discus, Umbrella Jousting and the Martini Relay. Sporting prowess and effort are frowned upon while cheating is positively encouraged. The NSC will have its own gazebo as a rallying point (assuming Lucky Henry can remember how to put it together).



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 1st July,

7pm–11pm

Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday

7pm–1am

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: Free before 9pm, £5 after that

Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred

Live swing jazz every Wednesday, on 1st July featuring the host Ewan Bleach's own combo the Cable Street Rag Band.

Benjamin Louche, your Host from Hell, at the Double R Club



The Golden Era of Jazz

Every Thursday

7pm

Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB

Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 between 8 and 9.30, £5 after that

A weekly night of 1920s jazz and 1930s swing presented by clarinettist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

The Chain Gang: 1st Birthday Party

Friday 3rd July

10pm–3am

The Pack and Carriage, 162 Eversholt St, London NW1 1BL

Admission: Free

A night of DJs playing mid-century dance tunes—gospel, rock and roll, Latin, ska, R&B, jazz and soul. With resident DJs Daddy Rich (Richard Adamson), Slim (Luigi Slim Fiore) and Lady Kamikaze, plus guest DJ Arnold (Alfredo Maddaloni).

East Anglia Transport

All aboard for the EATM's 50th anniversary shindig



Museum: 50th Anniversary

Saturday 4th and Sunday 5th July
12pm–4.30pm Sat, 10.30am–4.30pm Sun
East Anglia Transport Museum, Chapel Road,
Lowestoft, Suffolk NR33 8BL
Admission: £8 (OAPs £7, children £6)

To celebrate 50 years since its site was designated as a museum of bygone public transport, the EATM is having a special weekend. There will be a park-and-ride and free bus services running to Lowestoft and Beccles on both days, a BBQ and trade stands. The museum's working trolleybuses will whisk you round the site and trams will transport you through sun-dappled woods to a secluded picnic spot.

A Curious Invitation presents

The Masonic Masquerade

Saturday 4th July
7.30–12am

Andaz Liverpool
Street Hotel, 40
Liverpool Street,
London EC2M
7QN

Admission: £25 in
advance

In the Grecian Masonic Temple, the City's only original Freemason's meeting lodge, Suzette Field invites you to a macabre night of ballroom play, immersive cinema and murder mystery featuring, in association with the East London Film Festival, a screening of stylised French crime caper *Judex* (1963), theatre, live music from the Top Shelf Band, shibari rope binding, DJs, art classes and wandering entertainers.

The Double R Club

Saturday 4th July
9pm
London Wonderground, Southbank Centre,

Belvedere Road, London SE1 8XX

Admission: £17.50 in advance

An evening of mystery and nightmares inspired by the films of David Lynch, featuring a parade of cabaret and burlesque performers. Comes highly recommended by our Chairman. More at www.thedoublerclub.co.uk. This time it's a special appearance at the London Wonderground.

NSC Film Night

The Two Jakes (1990)

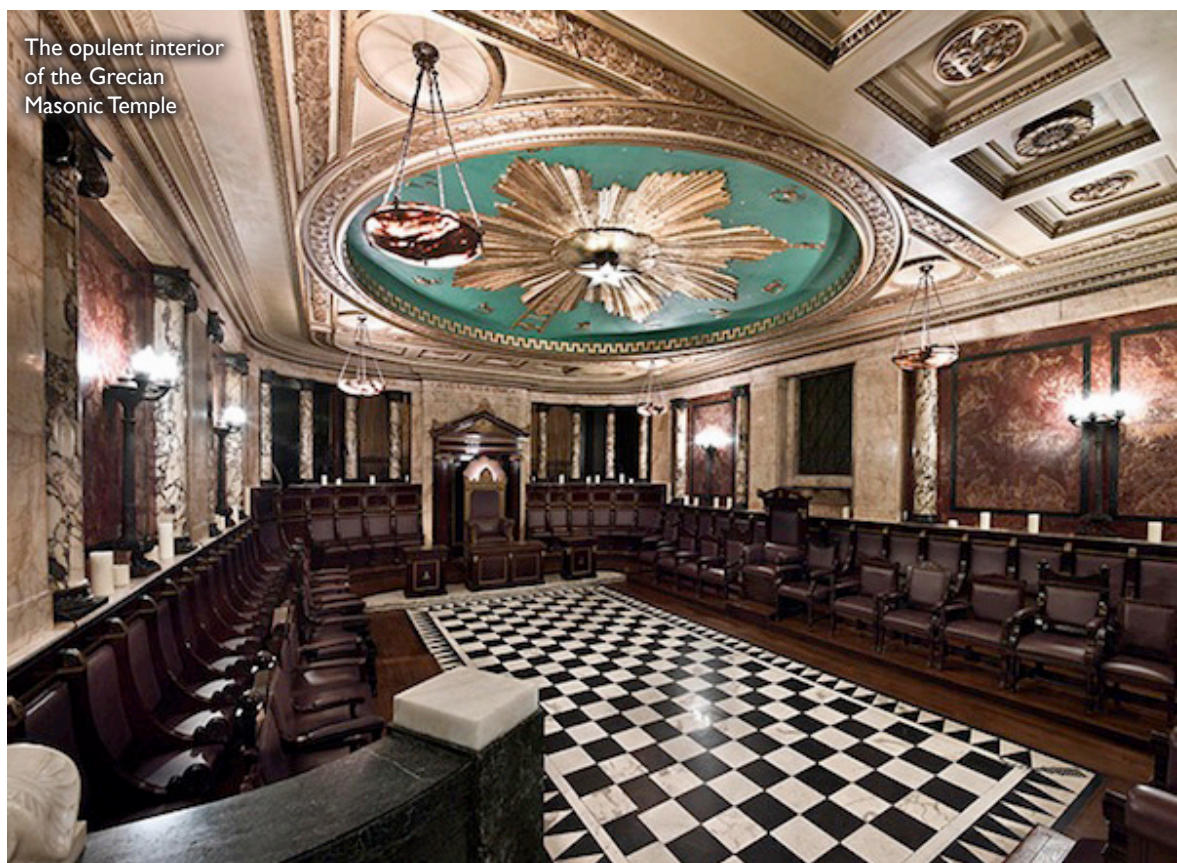
Wednesday 8th July

7pm–11pm

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,
London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

See page 25.



The opulent interior
of the Grecian
Masonic Temple

Fontaine's Variety Revue

Friday 10th July

Dinner service from 7pm

Fontaine's, 176 Stoke Newington Road,
London N16 7UY

Admission: £35 including three-course dinner

The Art Deco club run by burlesque performer Emerald Fontaine starts a new monthly cabaret-and-dinner package, this time featuring Benjamin Louche, Coco Malone,



Contaminate yourself with the Top Shelf Band at the Candlelight Club

Josephine Shaker, Laurence Owen, Anil Desai and Emerald herself.

**The Candlelight Club:
Top Shelf Band album launch**

Friday 10th and Saturday 11th July
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £20 in advance

Dress: Vintage evening wear, 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 party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism (frequently from the New Sheridan Club's own Auntie Maureen). Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

This time our band are those louche troubadours the Top Shelf Band, who will be launching a long-playing album at this very event.

The Chap Olympics

Saturday 11th July
Middayish onwards
Bedford Square Garden,
London WC1B 3HH
(Tottenham Court Road
tube station)

Admission: £25 in advance
(it will sell out)

An annual celebration of louche, debonair and distinctly silly games that having nothing to do with physical prowess and everything to do with sartorial elegance, wit and panache. Winning is frowned upon but creative cheating is positively encouraged. Details are vague at this stage but keep an eye on thechapmagazine.co.uk.

One Room Paradise

Saturday 11th July
9pm–1am

Fontaine's, 176 Stoke Newington Road, London N16 7UY

Admission: £5

Ginger Fizz has moved to London and set up shop at the gorgeous Bamboo Lounge at Fontaine's offering the best of rhythm & blues, rock 'n' roll, doo wop, British beat, sleaze and northern soul, all played on shiny 45s. So come on down for an evening of delicious cocktails, South Pacific décor and a selection of the best records the 1950s and 1960s have to offer.

Tango Supper

Sunday 12th July
6.30–11pm

Palm Court Ballroom, Waldorf Hilton,
Aldwych, London WC2B 4DD

Admission: £69

A regular event at London's Waldorf Hilton, in the beautiful Palm Court Ballroom, where Tango first scandalised Edwardian London society in 1910. These black tie events are hosted by professional Argentine Tango dancers, Leonardo Acosta and Tracey Tyack-King. On arrival at 6.30 you will be greeted by your hosts

and receive the specially created cocktail, Tango Essence. Leonardo and Tracey will then give a 45-minute lesson of Argentine Tango which is suitable for all levels. The two-course supper and dance will follow and during the evening there will also be a performance of Tango through the ages by your hosts. Carriages at 11pm.

The Guinea Club

Sunday 12th July

8pm

Portobello House, 225 Ladbroke Grove, London W10 6HQ

Admission: Free, I believe

A night of traditional cabaret, hosted by NSC Member Anke Landau channelling Marlene Dietrich... This time feature Mzz Kimberley, Oriana Curls, Snakeboy and more.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Saturday 25th July

Beginners' class from 2.30, main dance from 7.30pm

Colliers Wood Community Centre, 66-72 High Street, Colliers Wood, London SW19 2BY

Admission: £10 for the dance, £15 for dance and lesson

Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

A monthly event featuring live sets from the ten-piece strict-tempo Kewdos Dance Orchestra with vocals from Alistair Sutherland singing through the voice trumpet. Period records from the 1920s and 1930s for Charleston, waltz, quickstep, slow foxtrot and tango, 1940s for swing and 1950s for cha cha, rumba and jive. Interactive social activities include a "bus stop" for waltz and quickstep and a "snowball" and "excuse me" dance. Prizes of free glasses of bubbly for the ten most glamorous looking female dancers to perform a jive or swing dance with a partner. Male and female taxi dancers available.

For absolute beginners there is a "learn to dance in a day" class from 2.30pm to 7pm in the same building. The main dance is from 7.30 pm to 11 pm. Prosecco and ice bucket

at just £15 per bottle, wine £10. For further information dial 020 8542 1490.

Alex Mendham and His Orchestra present

The Jazz Age

Monday 27th July

7.30pm

The Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, London WC2H 7JB

Admission: £16 from artstheatrewestend.co.uk or by dialling 020 7836 8463

Join Alex Mendham and His Orchestra as they rip their way through a sensational array of hot classics and forgotten gems from the Art Deco era in this two hour West End show.

The Double R Club

Saturday 1st August

9pm

London Wonderground, Southbank Centre, Belvedere Road, London SE1 8XX

Admission: £17.50 in advance

See above.





Aye aye, Cap'n! Hartley's Nemo costume at the nautical summer party (see pages 14–21)

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. You can even befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com.



CONTACTING US

telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrarbuthnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk