

RADICAN!

THE NEW
SHERIDAN
CLUB

THEY'RE DOING
THEIR PART

**JOIN
UP NOW!**

The Club's summer party celebrates vintage sci-fi

A life without television

Francis Hull conducts a noble experiment

Wrist action

Valentine "Chip" Butty offers some thoughts on buying watches

The gleanings of Culpepper

Giles puts his soul on the slab in the Brogues Gallery

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 129 • JULY 2017



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 5th July in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Louise Newton will give us a musical canter through *Japan the Band and Bands from Japan*.

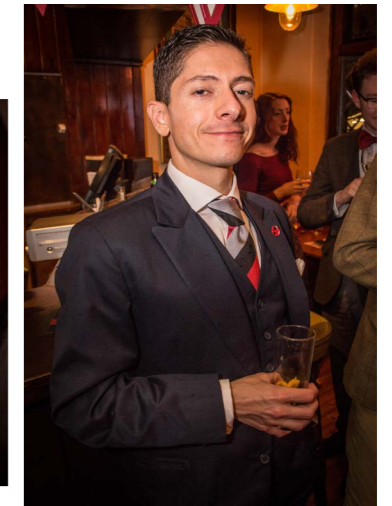
The Last Meeting

Our speaker last month was Matthew “The Chairman” Howard delivering the fifth instalment in his “Lady Malvern Memorial Lecture” series, taking its inspiration from the P.G. Wodehouse character who had a habit of writing definitive travel guides to countries she herself had scarcely visited. This time, in the light of recent Brexit shenanigans, he took the whole of Europe as his subject—Europe being the place British people hop across the Channel to for a holiday. Much of his talk seemed to address exactly how we will adapt our own behaviour following the point when the Continent is finally cut off from Albion. I shan't attempt to explain Howard's thesis—you really had to be there.

Much of Howard's schtick revolves around sight-gags from the slides, but an attempt at an essay version will be made next issue..



(Above) Matthew Howard walks us through his thesis; (left) Priya Kali; (right) new Member Ivan Debono; (below) Adrian poses a question from the floor



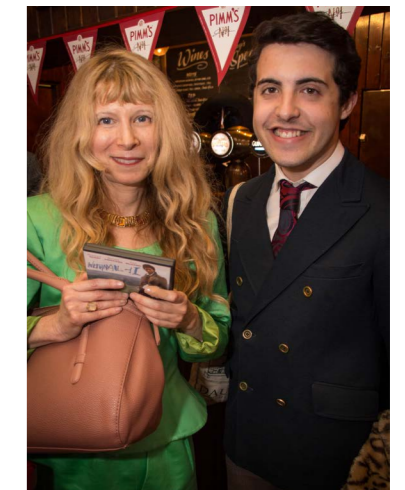
Prof. Hancock (l) and Gabriel Blaze

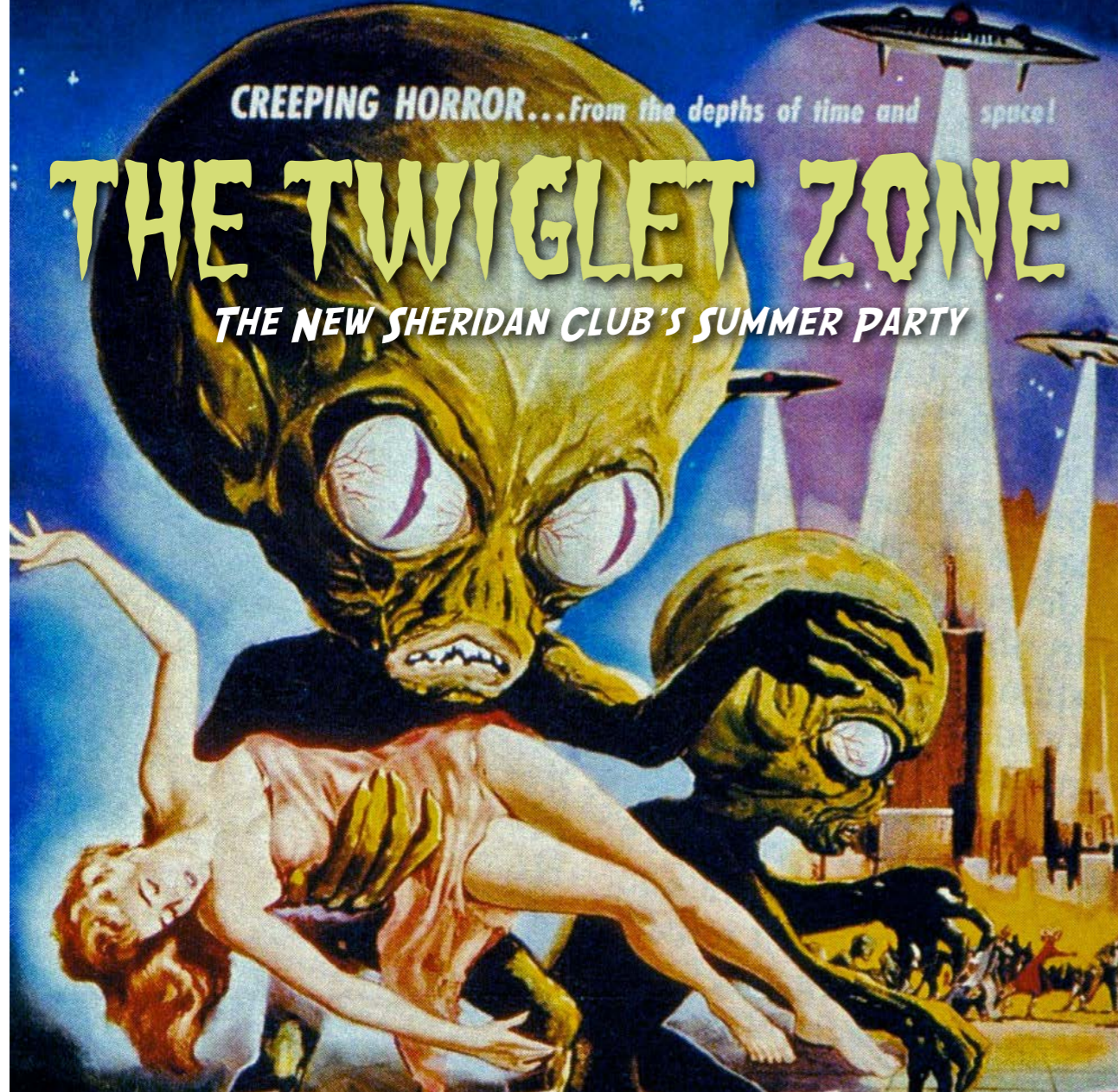


(Above, l-r) William Coles; Oliver Lane, Ella Lane (below) Eugenie Rhodes with Harrison Goldman and a DVD copy of the holy *Withnail and I*



(Above) Matthew with Frances and some errant hands; (left, l-r) Craigh, Mark and Brandi





OUR SUMMER PARTY took its inspiration from the golden age of vintage sci-fi, the 1920s to the 1950s. The belief in the possibilities of science—for good or evil—reached a frenzied peak, and the invention of exotic alien worlds gave endless scope for adventure, inevitably coloured by the era’s ingrained xenophobia. (I’ve just discovered that when Buck Rogers awakes from accidental hibernation in the 25th century, America is now ruled by the Han, a high-tech Mongol horde.) Plus plenty of scope for erotic fantasy: I mean, if you’re going to invent

a planet, why not have one with a cohort of blonde space Amazons who go into battle in high heels and skimpy legionary outfits?



In fact if you look at covers from the pulp magazines of the era—*Amazing Stories* (launched in 1926), *Astounding Stories*, *Startling Stories*, *Planet Stories*, *Super Science Stories*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, etc.—women seem to spend an awful lot of time inside glass tubes of pods being acted upon by male scientists. (I did flirt with the idea of making a big perspex science pod and having a game where the girls had to get inside it, but I honestly couldn’t think

how the game would unfold after that.)

In the end our games were:

Pin the Space Capsule on the Georges Méliès Moon Face, in which contestants are blindfolded and are given an Edwardian space capsule with a pin in the nose cone, which they must stick into an image of the moon from the 1902 silent film *A Trip to the Moon*, to create the famous image of the moon with the capsule in his eye. The winner was Ali, who seemed to be the only person to feel for the edges of the paper and try to calculate where the sweet-spot should be, rather than lunging forward and trusting to blind(fold) luck.

Design an Emblem for NSC Starfleet, which was running all evening in the background. Guests were provided with crayons, glitter pens and chunky markers and invited to create a badge that would be emblazoned on 10,000 epaulettes and forage caps. We declared four winners in the end, each of whom won an *Amazing Stories* anthology reprint (from 1927, 1928, 1940 or 1961).

Shoot the War Rocket Ajax Before it Reaches Earth—tradition dictates that there is always a shooting game, using the club’s nerf gun. The name is a reference to the 1980 reboot of *Flash Gordon*, and the game involved a silver rocket ship that ran along a washing line between an inflatable Mongo and an inflatable Earth. (The planets came from an educational inflatable planet set that was one of the prizes, but I’m not sure which planet from our solar system stood in for Mongo.)

Despite the weeks of R&D that had gone into the mechanism (the trolley wheels were from a sliding shower door), the Mongoan technology proved not to be very robust—it wasn’t being shot at with foam projectiles that did for it, but repeatedly slamming into the wall at the Earth end—and eventually fell apart. So Scarheart resorted to simply carrying it along its trajectory. Three people managed to hit the target, but in a tie-breaking shoot-off no one managed to hit it again, so Ming, in his merciless wisdom, declared Susi O’Neill to be the winner. Her prize was the Ajax itself, which in fact was marketed as a money box (we had even miraculously managed not to lose the plug that goes in the bottom of it).

Evil Laugh Competition, in which players were invited on to the stage in front of the

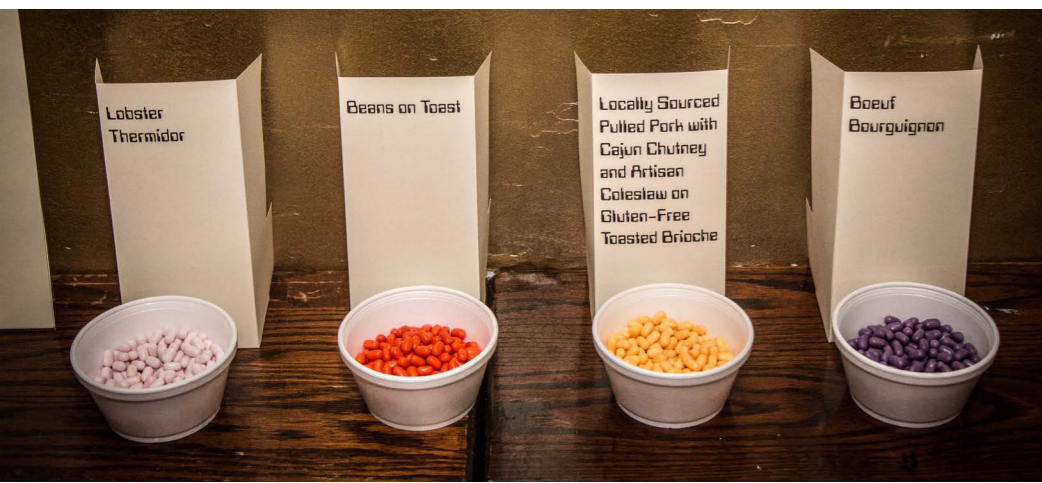


(Above) In the future, all space marines will fight in eight-inch heels; (below) a remarkably common theme for pulp sci-fi magazine covers, a girl in a science pod





The buffet of nutri-pills



back on stage to reprise his cackle, proving it was well deserved. His prize was a DVD box set of the entire 1930s Larry “Buster” Crabbe *Flash Gordon* movie serial. You can see all the feed-lines in the box on the page opposite.

Entertainment came in the form of a theremin recital from Hypnotique. You may not recognise a theremin or know how it works, but you will know its eerie electronic keening from the soundtracks of many a period sci-fi movie. Hypnotique performed to a video backdrop showing clips from some of the movies she was excerpting from, and she also gave out prizes to those who could correctly identify which famous tunes were genuinely recorded using a theremin (a

microphone, handed a card with a feed-line devised by Scarheart, which they had to read out, followed by their best evil laugh. The efforts were judged by audience applause, measured with a high-tech clap-o-meter (a decibel meter), and the winner was John Callaghan, who came

famously difficult instrument to play) and which featured ersatz devices that merely sounded like theremins. She told us how, when demonstrating his invention to Lenin, fearing the premier’s humiliation if he himself attempted to get a tune out of the instrument, Leon Theremin held

the leader’s hands and guided them to make a pleasing sound. Hypnotique tried the same ruse with Miss Minna, guiding her hands to play the theme from *Star Trek*, which was appropriate as Minna was wearing a *Star Trek* outfit. (Although as Hypnotique pointed out, the *Star Trek* theme does not feature a theremin at all, but simply a woman singing.)

Guests were greeted when they arrived with a “Buffet”—but in a reference to one of the enduring early 20th-century notions about the future, all the dishes were in pill form. (The role of the nutri-pills was played by Tic Tacs: for the record they were mint, orange, lime, peach lemonade, grape, the two shades of pink that make up “strawberry fields”, the blue-green ones that tasted of TCP but are officially wintergreen.) Fear not, there was a real buffet later on, which went down very well. Our thanks go to the Water Poet kitchens for the excellent grub.

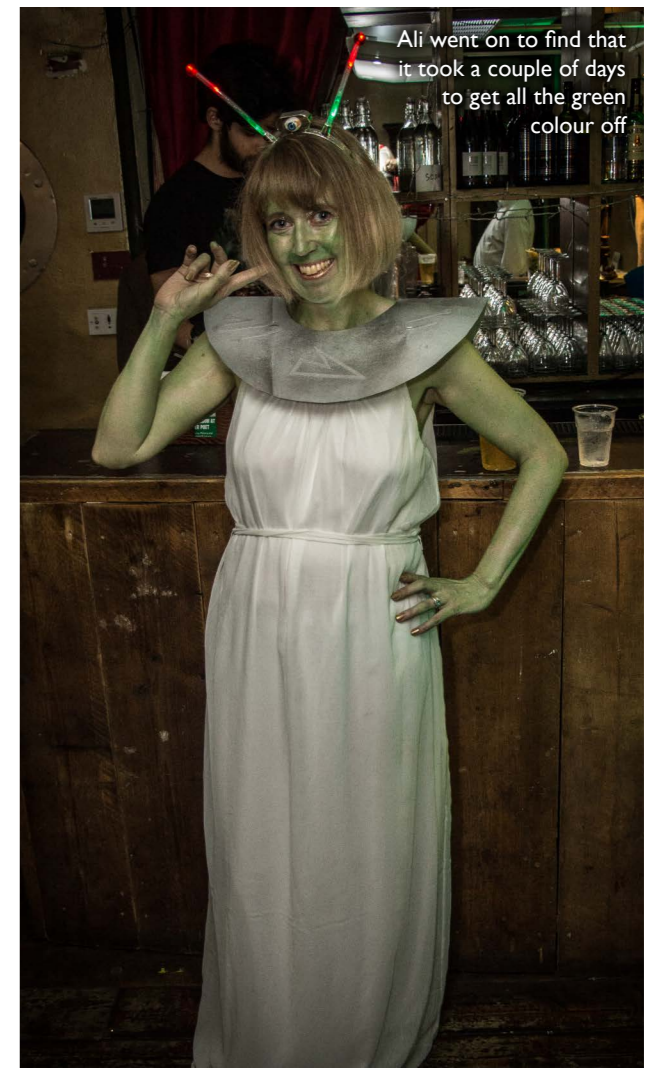
The walls of the party room were adorned with chrome portholes yielding views out into the inky vastness of space. You can see

THE COMPLETE EVIL FEED-LINES:

- You haven’t heard the last of me!
- My Robot Terror Legions will crush your tiny band of freedom fighters!
- I shall return and wreak my revenge on you all!
- And now you will all feel the power of my death ray!
- Bow! Bow before your Star Emperor!
- Oh, I’m afraid I won’t be keeping my part of our bargain after all. Guards! Seize them!
- Pathetic Earthlings!
- Who will save you now?
- Seize them, my metal legionnaires!
- You may have killed me but my atomic rockets will kill your precious Earth!
- You will live out your days in my cyber mines!
- Washing machines live longer with Calgon!
- Under my just and brutal rule, the Galactic Empire is strong and stable!



The Mitchells took joint prize for best costume, in lovingly recreated designs from *Forbidden Planet* and *Devil Girl from Mars*



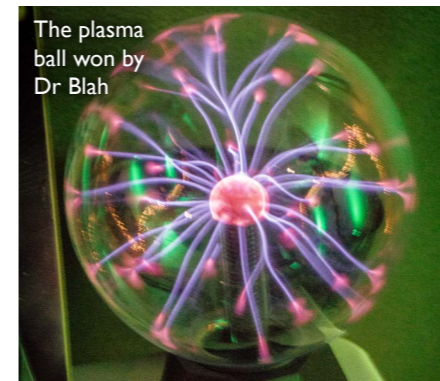
Ali went on to find that it took a couple of days to get all the green colour off



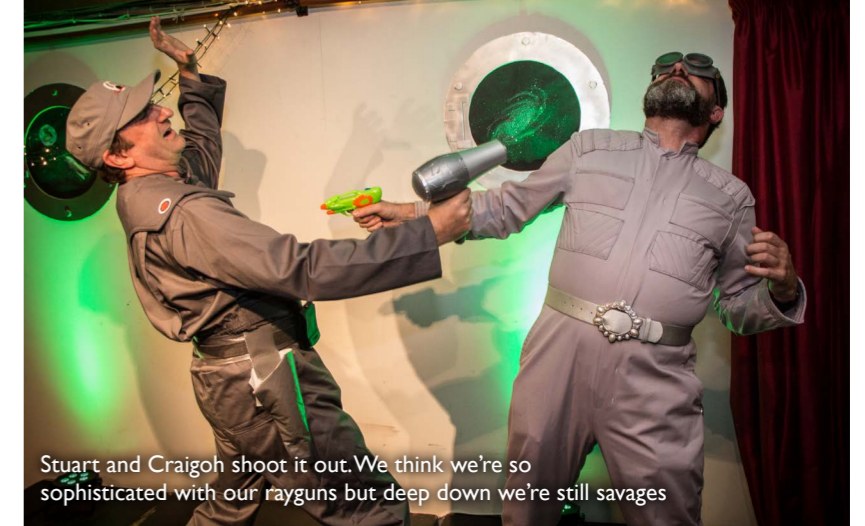
Torquill's understated space bunny ensemble



Ed Marlowe as the Invisible Man



The plasma ball won by Dr Blah



Stuart and Craigoh shoot it out. We think we're so sophisticated with our rayguns but deep down we're still savages



Photo call for space vixens

Ali's designs for all of them in the Club Flickr album for this event at <http://bit.ly/2sk61ui>. The eagle-eyed among you may recognise the portholes as the same ones that graced the walls of our 20,000 Cocktails Under the Sea party, when they brass-coloured and showed underwater scenes.

In an attempt to push the party to new pinnacles of chilling realism we also had some dry ice on hand, to create the classic eerie floor-level layer of mist. Unfortunately, although it did work, the mist dissipated pretty quickly and never made much of an impact. The lesson? Next time get ten times more dry ice.

The evening ended as it always does with our famous Grand Raffle. You can see all the winners with all their prizes in the Flickr album online, but highlights included Craigoh's box of ~~sand~~ Moon Dust, Dr Blah's plasma ball, Oliver's genuine pocket theremin and the remote-controlled UFO drone with built-in camera, which was won by Curé Michael Silver—undoubtedly the person in the room least likely to know what it was, let alone have a use for it.

Thanks to all who came, and we look forward to seeing you again at our Christmas party celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Russian revolution!



Calling all mad scientists!



Pin the Space Capsule on Georges Méliès's Moon Face (Clockwise from top right) The iconic image that players are trying to reproduce; Scarheart prepares to pour scorn on Stewart's attempt, which just misses Space; Ali's winning performance is pretty much bang on; close-up of Tim Eyre's quite reasonable stab; Ed Marlowe almost misses the pin board altogether; Max Conrad seems to be attempting a slingshot around the moon

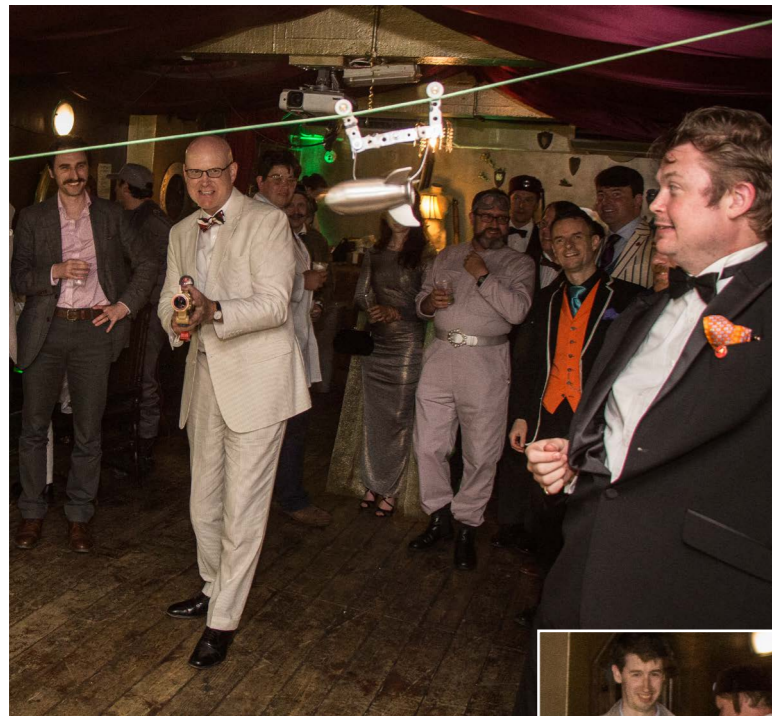


Hypnotique's theremin show Most of the performance was accompanied by projections of movie clips (I don't think many people recognised the one above but the men nevertheless seemed to take a keen interest); (below) Hypnotique gives Minna a crash course in the theremin before helping her play the *Star Trek* theme





Shoot the War Rocket Ajax Before it Reaches Earth Opposite page (clockwise from top left): Artemis releases the rocket from the orange planet of Mongo as Ali pulls on the cord to keep it taut (failure to do this tends to mean the rocket grinds to a halt three quarters of the way to Earth); unwilling to let go of his pint Stuart fires one-handed; Ajax passes Howard with such velocity that his mind is left addled; you can see Ella's projectile (pink with a black tip) passing in front of the rocket; unhindered, Ajax hurtles on towards a helpless Earth; the Curé gets the ship in his sights; Maximillion Conrad gives us his war face



This page (top to bottom): A smile plays around Robert's lips as he sees his projectile is on dead target; the moment that Susi's missile ricochets off the warship; after the mechanism breaks, Scarheart resorts simply to holding the rocket, with inevitable risks; frantic repairs are attempted, but to no avail

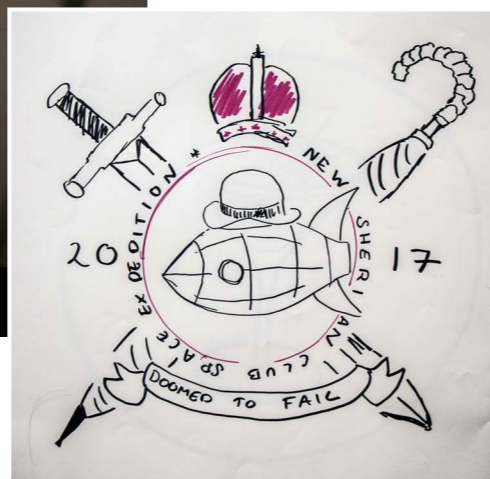




Evil Laugh Competition (Clockwise, from above): Ed Marlowe; Oliver Lane; Louise in Dalek mode; the lap of honour from winner John Constable; (bottom right) two of the winning entries in the Design an Emblem for NSC Starfleet competition. See all the entries at <http://bit.ly/2sk6lui>



(Above and above right) Raffle time, and Craigho wins a box of moon dust; (right) Lord Hare (as a Droog) wins a Dan Dare comic book collection; (below) a baffled Curé is presented with a drone



(Left) Dr Blah scores a plasma ball; (above) one of the nine porthole scenes created by Ali—you can see all of them in close-up at <http://bit.ly/2sk6lui>

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.



Giles Culpepper

"It's your round"

Name or preferred name?

Giles Culpepper QC.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

It was a character played by Bill Nighy in a 1990s television series called *Kavanagh QC*. His stiff collar was outstanding.

Where do you hail from?

I was born in Madchester but largely grew up in parts of Sheffield which still consider

themselves to be in Derbyshire. Ergo my versatility allows me to address fellow Sheridanians as either "luv" (Sheffield) or "duck" (Derbyshire).

Favourite Cocktail?

A pink gin. Surprisingly few bar staff these days have a clue how to make one. They prefer to conjure up vomit-looking variations of the Dry Martini in tiny thimble glasses at fifteen quid a pop.

Most Chappist skill?

I can waggle my ears whilst playing the trombone.

Most Chappist possession?

Well, it was an 1892 state-of-the-art gold pocket watch. Until I dropped it on to a concrete floor earlier this year. So I guess it's now membership of Buck's Club where Bertie Wooster paid his subs.

Personal Motto?

Gidman, it's your round.



Fending off the attentions of Mark Gidman

Favourite Quote?

"The Andover Tesco's stocks 87 types of yoghurt" —Baron Tony de Pfeffel Hallamshire-Smythe

"Get your retaliation in first, Ray—basic rule of English fair-play."

—Arthur Daley

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

I was once unpolitely asked to leave Jordan at gunpoint and have never been to Enfield. Dr Tim Eyre can claim neither of these globetrotting accomplishments.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

I joined in July 2010.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I was then a regular reader of *The Chap*, particularly enjoying Mr Arbuthnot's witterings. I think the club may have appeared in the pamphlet or in a related Internet search when I typed in "Craig Asian babes".

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

If you ever find your shoes not looking up to scratch while on manoeuvres, then purchase a banana. The first thing you need to do is eat the fruit. Then rub the inside of the skin all over your leather footwear of choice. Wait a minute and then rigorously wipe off with the outside of the skin. Hey presto, you have shiny shoes once again. You may now proceed.

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

Sir Roger Moore for his storytelling; Duff Cooper, 1st Viscount Norwich, for his advice on dealing with ladies; and Keith Floyd because I'm not doing the cooking.



With Matthew "The Chairman" Howard and the Earl of Essex

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart. The answer appears to be already printed in the space provided. I have long supported extermination of the committee and their replacement with an all-action triumvirate of Robert Beckwith (all praise him), Jeremy de Brighton and a pigeon.

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

I do impressions of William Hague, Sir John Major, Geoffrey Boycott and The Chairman (Giles blesses himself). I've never thought any of these stage-worthy.

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.



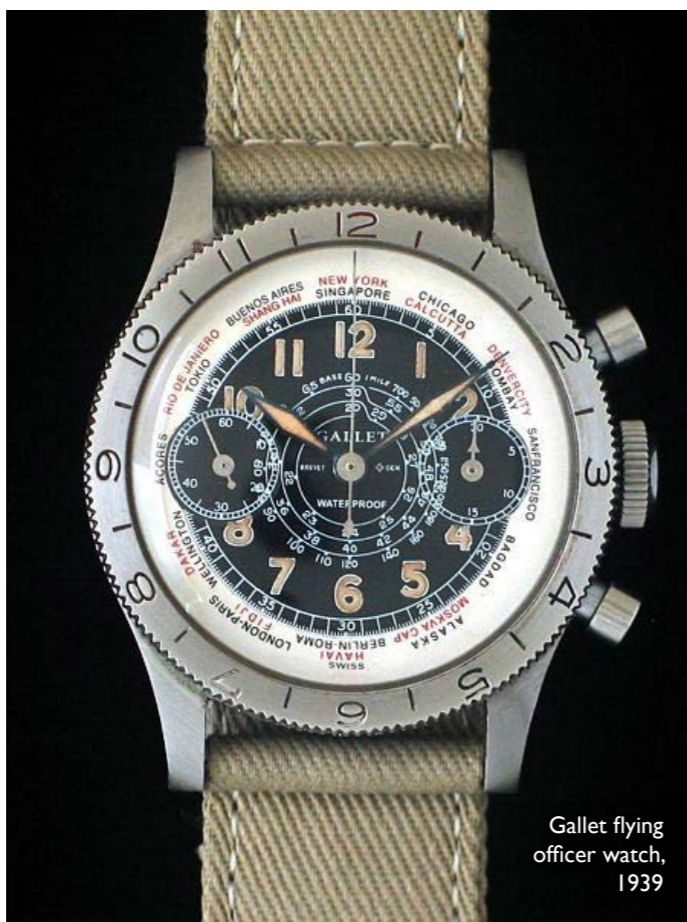
The NSC Sheffield United Supporters' Club

WATCHES OBSERVATIONS OVER TIME

WATCHES SHOULD PREFERABLY be made in Japan, Germany or Switzerland. Most Seikos, for example, are made in China these days. Avoid them unless they're made in Japan. (There'll be a tiny "Made in Japan" at the bottom of the dial.) There's a good, but expensive, German brand of mechanical watch called Archimede. They used to make *Flieger* watches for the Luftwaffe. Available online, if you have 700–800 Euros to spare.

- So-called "aviator" or "military" watches are just fashion aberrations. A genuine military pilot's watch, old school, simply had a black dial and luminous hands. Both were unusual features in a watch 60 or 70 years ago, though of course not now.

- "Swiss" or "Swiss made" is frequently misleading. Avoid brands that are allegedly Swiss but which are actually made in China and poorly reviewed. Most major watch brands these days are multinationals, headquartered in one country but manufacturing in others. Wikipedia is a good start for research on a watch company or brand. The archetypal Swiss watch company is Gallet & Co., founded by a clockmaker, Humbertus Gallet, who set up Geneva in 1466. A far-sighted Senator Harry Truman and his staff selected Gallet pilot's watches for the US Army Air Corps in 1939 (illustrated). Gallet are still going strong today.



Gallet flying officer watch, 1939

By Valentine "Chip" Butty

- Watches should be, in my arbitrary view, at least 100 meters water-resistant (good for swimming and shallow diving). A high degree of water resistance means a good defence against penetration by dust particles and impurities. There are good discussions online about degrees of water resistance, how they're lab-tested, and what they mean. Bear in mind that HOT water and hot water vapour should always be avoided, regardless of the degree of water resistance.

- Related to that, seek out automatic, kinetic, or solar-powered movements (notably Seiko, if made in Japan, and Citizen). The backs never have to be removed to change a battery, reinforcing their water-resistance. Even Rotary, a highly regarded Swiss watch that is rated "Waterproof", say that their quartz watches should be returned to the maker for "resealing" after the battery has been changed.

Seems like a waste of effort and time. Oddly, they make relatively few automatic watches.

- Avoid scratched watch faces. Go for sapphire crystal, if possible. This doesn't scratch, ever. (I have a very accurate Seiko quartz that is pristine after ten years.) The makers don't waste sapphire crystal on cheap watches, so watches with SC faces tend to be above average in other respects as well. They're more expensive, but not



The advantages of sapphire crystal show in this ten-year-old high-quality Seiko. The gold-plated steel bezel has numerous small nicks, but the crystal itself? Not a scratch.

very expensive as such. Again, Seiko and Citizen have some good ones. If you go to a watch retail site and search under "sapphire crystal", you'll come up with an unexpectedly wide array of good and attractive watches.

- Here in Australia, I like to browse downunderwatches.com.au, located in Sydney. A very wide range of watches with what appear to be genuine reductions to half or less than half the RRP. (No, I don't have shares in the company, and haven't even bought anything from them yet—but great for browsing.) Watches2u in the UK is good too, but has a smaller range, and don't stock Seiko or Citizen. Still worth looking at.

Out of the Box

By Francis Hull

I tried to give up television for Lent and failed on several occasions, but some months later, following much research and a lot of willpower, I have finally kicked the habit.

I haven't watched TV for over three weeks and with my current TV Licence about to expire I made the decision to get rid of it altogether. I have given my old TV set away to a noble cause and I now feel liberated and free.

Why have I done this? Well, my research revealed that television fries your brain, zones out your mind, drains your energy, depresses you and makes you lethargic, anxious and stressed. To my surprise I found quite a few other people have also given up television and transformed their lives for the better.

So, with little to lose and much to gain, I finally unplugged myself from the widescreen brain-drainer with all those annoying advertisements.

What do I do in the evenings after work, I hear you ask? I read, write, enjoy silence, think, listen to the BBC Home Service on the wireless, polish my shoes, play the piano and telephone my fellow chaps.

I now have more time and energy. I feel clear-headed, focused, calmer, happier and more motivated. I eat less, read more and my lodgings are cleaner. I feel more in the moment and attuned to my surroundings and my community.

Has this made me a better chap and more

considerate towards my fellow man? Alas, that is for others to judge, not myself. But I do

feel a more peaceful person and I'm much happier for it.

Maybe next I will give up my mobile telephone.

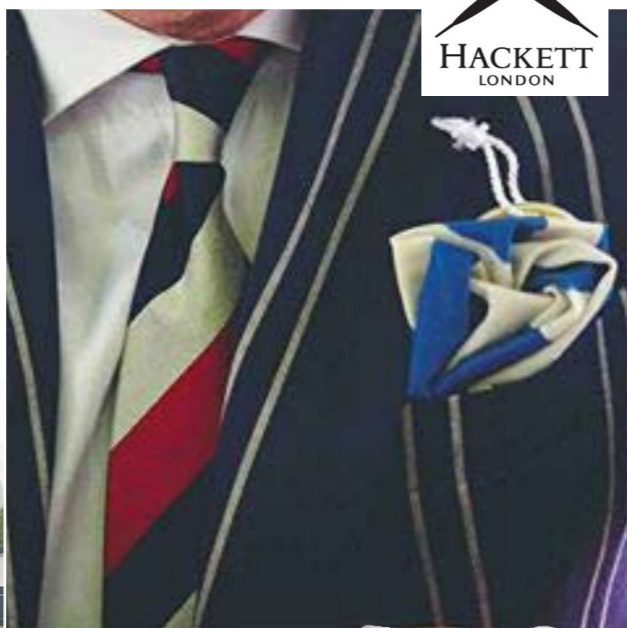
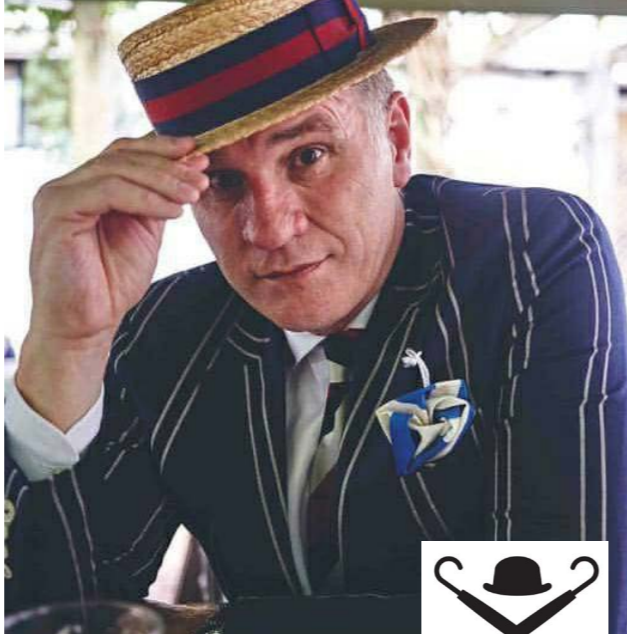




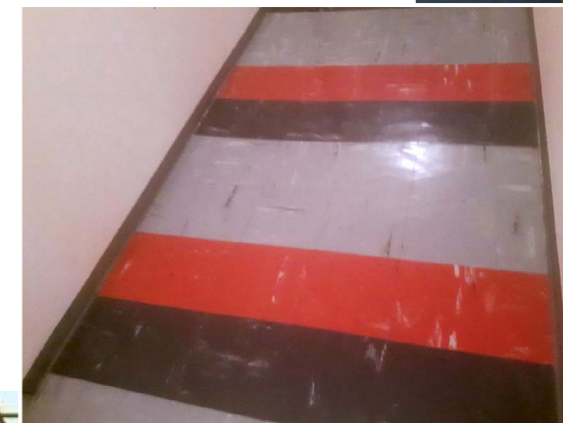
CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

You will doubtless recall how, a few years ago, the outfitter Hackett flagrant ripped off the NSC logo for their own (see inset). Now they seem to have stolen our tie as well; the Earl of Essex noted the “Global Head of Partnerships” masquerading at Henley in our neckwear (right). Meanwhile, Giles Culpepper was intrigued to discover the London New Zealand Cricket Club (below, though I’m not sure if this is all of them) sporting fetching NSC blazers, while Craigho found this old-style rugger jumper in Club colours from Kent & Curwen, a brand associated with a certain Mr David Beckham.



Ivan Debono struck gold when he discovered the NSC executive washroom (below), while Benjamin Negroto has to make do with some flooring in his office (right). Adrian Prooth’s eagle eye spotted Mr Cumberbatch’s NSC braces in *The Imitation Game* (above) and it seems ladies can now show their devotion with this clingy number (far right).





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 5th July

7pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

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.

Tiger Rag

Every Friday

Arcola Bar, Arcola Theatre, 24 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL

10pm–2.30am

Admission: £5 on the door; dance lessons £10

The Vintage Arts Asylum and Ewan Bleach of Passing Clouds' Cakewalk Cafe collaborate on a new weekly event at The Arcola Theatre, Dalston Junction, featuring live jazz, blues, swing, calypso, Dixieland, ragtime, musette, tango, etc. Try your hand at the beginner lesson in swing, Lindy hop, shag, balboa and Charleston dancing, with no partner or prebooking required. Intermediate lessons 8–9pm and beginner lessons 9–10pm.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 7th July

Beginners' class from 7pm, main dance from 7.30–11pm

The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London W1T 6AQ (02073870411)

Admission: £10 in advance (from Design My Night), £15 on the door

Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

Dance progressive partnered dancing to a strict-tempo ten-piece orchestra and a selection of pre war records of slow foxtrot, waltz, quickstep, tango, rumba, Jive and Charleston. Free ballroom dance lesson for absolute beginners from 7pm to 7.30 pm. Candlelit tables and chairs for all guests, a balcony area with tables for those who don't choose to dance, and four of five male and female taxi dancers available free of charge for those who do.

The venue is dry, but free tea and coca cola is provided, and guests may smuggle in their own drinks if they are discreet. Tickets are £10 online or £15 on the door. The venue has a large wooden dance floor and is located in beautiful Fitzroy Square, London W1. In the same building (the Indian YMCA) the excellent in-house canteen does a set vegetarian three course meal for just £8 from 7pm to 9 pm.

Dress code is strictly black tie and evening dress only. Activities include a quickstep bus stop and ten most glamorously dressed women able to get around the floor doing a slow waltz competition. Any questions please phone George Tudor-Hart on 020 8542 1490. For more details see the Facebook group.

The Candlelight Club's Summer Ball

Saturday 8th July

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £25 in advance

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine 1920s speakeasy party in a secret London venue completely lit by candles, with live period jazz bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism. The bar dispenses vintage cocktails and the kitchens offer bar snacks and sharing platters, as well as a fine-dining set menu option.

The July party is a special event in a grand, long-forgotten venue in east London, featuring two rooms of entertainment: in the Ballroom



Only the lucky few will get tickets to the Candlelight Club's summer ball, featuring, among others, the Gatsby Girls (below), Champagne Charlie (below right) and Ruby Deshabillé (bottom)



there will be live jazz from the Shirt Tail Stompers, Charleston routines from those happy-footed flappers the Gatsby Girls and vintage DJing from Auntie Maureen, plus dinner options and tables that can be reserved as usual. Meanwhile in the intimate Cabaret Lounge there will be an extra bar, more seating (not reservable) and two cabaret shows during the evening hosted by louche crooner Champagne Charlie with Michael Roulston on the piano, and featuring burlesque from Ruby Deshabillé, hooping and acrobatics from Abi Collins and feats of balance from the Gentleman Juggler Ian Marchant. More details to come...

"The closest you'll find to an authentic Jazz Age experience in central London. Its unique ambience, fuelled by hundreds of candles, is truly a scene to behold." — *Time Out*

Please note this event is technically sold out, but cancellations are common in the last few days so drop a word in Clayton's shell-like and he may be able to sort you out.



Empire of Booze: A History of the British Empire Told Through Drink

Tuesday 11th July

6.30–9.30pm

The Viktor Wynd Museum of Curiosities, 11 Mare Street, Hackney, London E8 4RP (020 7998 3617)

From renowned booze correspondent Henry Jeffreys comes a full-bodied and history of Britain and the Empire, told through the improbable but true stories of how the world's favourite alcoholic drinks came to be. Learn how we owe the Champagne we drink today to 17th-century methods for making sparkling cider; how madeira and India Pale Ale became



Highlights from last year's Chap Olympics



legendary for their ability to withstand the long, hot journeys to Britain's burgeoning overseas territories; and why whisky, a drink indigenous to Britain, became the familiar choice for weary Empire builders who longed for home. The bar will open for pre-lecture drinks at 6.30 and the lecture will run from 7 till 8pm, followed by a brief Q&A, then the bar will remain open for post-lecture drinks until 9.30pm. See thelasttuesdaysociety.org for more details.

The Chap Olympics

Saturday 15th July
From midday
Bedford Square Gardens, Bloomsbury, London WC1B 3JA
Admission: £25 in advance
Dress: Chappist finery, vintage sportswear, etc

The Chap magazine's annual celebration of the Chappist ethos, with games that reward languid elegance and foppish, workshy guile. Effort or competitive spirit are frowned upon while creative cheating is positively encouraged. The programme will include familiar acts of buffoonery such as Tea Pursuit, Umbrella Jousting, Butler Baiting and Aunt Avoidance,

as well as new challenges, to ensure there is no chance of contestants preparing for the event. Any form of training is frowned upon by the judges—the only preparations contestants should consider are within the confines of their tailor's fitting room. Picnics can be brought although food will be for sale and ready-made picnics can also be pre-ordered. Bourne & Hollingsworth will be running bars within the arena, and their stormtroopers will be confiscating alcohol at the gates, although New Sheridan Club Members will as usual regard it as a matter of honour to find imaginative ways to smuggle booze in.

Elysian Den

Sunday 30th July
5.30–10.30pm
The Boston Room, The George IV, 185 Chiswick High Road, London W4 2DR
Admission: £10 including £5 drinks voucher
Vintage music night featuring a beginners' swing dance class at 6pm followed by swing DJing from 'Tim Hellzapoppin'. The pub's Sunday roast apparently comes highly recommended.

Come to Viktor Wynd's museum to find out how booze ruled the Empire



Oliver inhabits the role of
Herbert West, Reanimator



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FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub.

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