

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XIII

The Editor Writes...

Hello again, my dear friends, and welcome to our thirteenth edition. As we have now passed the year mark for our Club we would like to hear from our dear Members what your memories of the past year have been. Not how you spent four hours waiting for a parcel to be delivered in May, but any memories you have of Club Nights and Events.

As already stated, the Christmas Party is now in a fine stage of organisation but if you have any suggestions or ideas that match the country-house-murder-mystery theme please do get in touch.

Any leads you might have on entertainers/entertainment would also be welcome as we want to offer a feast for all the senses.

For the latest bang-up-to-date news and events open up www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For those of a more technological bent, you can

also help spread the word by becoming a “friend” of the NSC in its “myspace” incarnation at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub There is also a “facebook” page but how you get there I have no idea.

We dare not vouch for those who link to our “myspace” and “facebook” pages but most of them seem to be good eggs.

The Next Meeting

The next official Meeting of the New Sheridan Club will take place on Wednesday 7th November, from 8pm to 11pm, upstairs at The Wheatsheaf public house, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB.

The Turn this month will be David Bridgman-Smith who will tantalise us with his musings on *The Martini—A Brief History with Some Fascinating Facts, a Martini Analogy and an Answer to That All-Important Question, To Stir Or To Shake?*



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of the Wheatsheaf pub just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in here, and legend has it, he was known to flash at women in here as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square, Pound and Lewis launched Blast! At the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place, and in "The Thirty Nine Steps" Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (DH and TE) took rooms there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The October Meeting

As an apt celebration of the first birthday of the New Sheridan Club, "Chuckles" Younghusband treated us to a well researched and deftly presented talk on Sir Richard Burton, the sort of Chap that every male Member of this club secretly wishes he were.

Adept at learning languages (he was fluent in 27 by the time he died) he also fought and explored for Blighty—taking a spear through the head in his stride—but made his fortune by translating the Kama Sutra. (Look for his name on the front cover of the copy you hide in the servants quarters.)

There was only enough time to scratch the surface of this remarkable character but I am sure that the enthusiasm that Chuckles displayed and the information he did manage to share will make Burton a popular character for study for years to come.



ESSAYS OF NOTE AND WORTH

A Journey to Vienna's Coffee Houses

by Torquil Arbuthnot

The Kaffeehäuser of Vienna have more in common with Parisian literary cafés or English pubs than they do with modern espresso bars that serve latté in paper cups. The Austrian writer Stefan Zweig described the Viennese café as “an institution of a special kind...a sort of democratic club for discussion, writing, and playing cards.”

Another writer, Alfred Polgar, had this to say about Vienna's legendary Café Central, a Baroque coffeehouse in the grand tradition whose patrons have included Goethe, Beethoven, Mahler, and Trotsky:

Its inhabitants are, for the most part, people who are misanthropes, and whose aversion to other people is as acute as their need for people: who want to be alone, but must have company to do so. The habitu  of the Central is a person who derives no sense of belonging from his family, profession, or party; the Caf  Central comes to his rescue, inviting him to join and escape. Its customers know, love, and underestimate one another. Even those who profess not to know each other regard this non-relationship as a kind of relationship; mutual dislike serves as a unifying force at the Central, a sort of camaraderie. Everyone knows about everybody. The Caf  Central is a village in the centre of the metropolis, steaming with gossip, curiosity, and slander.

The Viennese coffee house tradition goes back to the year 1683 when the Turks besieged Vienna. Georg Franz Kolschitzky (born 1640 in Poland, died 1694 in Vienna) who was working as translator for the oriental trading company in Belgrade, and who spoke Turkish, went through the enemy lines to Poland's King John Sobiesky who had sent an army to free Vienna. Kolschitzky made it back to the city with the news of imminent relief, as a result of which the city council decided not to surrender. The Turks were defeated and fled.

As rescuer of Vienna, Kolschitzky had first choice of the booty. He ignored the gold, weapons and other goodies: he was only interested in the sacks of brown beans nobody else wanted—Kolschitzky knew about coffee from his travels to Turkey.

Later he opened one of the first coffee houses in Vienna (1686) named "At the Blue Bottle" ("Zur Blauen Flasche"), the basis of the old tradition. The first documented founding of a coffee house was in January 1685 when the Greek Johannes Theodat (Diodato) opened one in his house at Haarmarkt. He held a

"Privileg" (what a licence was called this time) for the retailing of coffee. Until 1700 there were 4 more licences by Kaiser Leopold I. By 1804 there were already 89 coffeehouses and after the Vienna Congress (1814/15) there were 150. Around 1900 the number increased to about 600.

The typical offer was coffee-specialities, cacao, tea, milk, chocolate, mineral water, lemonade, ice-cream, wine, spirits and liqueurs.

In the beginning only men went to coffeehouses. Around 1870 it was fashionable to go to a coffee house with the family. Even lady's parlours were opened. During 1938 there were 1283 coffeehouses; the number decreased to 584 in 1994.

A key factor in the Viennese coffeehouse experience is the unique traditional furnishings and service. Regular local clients cherish the familiarity of the surroundings, with service by waiters who know their coffee preferences. A wide range of reading matter is available. A typical caf  subscribes to around twenty national and regional newspapers—in languages including Austrian, German, Italian, French, English—and a similar count of international magazines. Clients wander over to the newspaper racks and return to their tables with a selection for an hour or two of browsing.

Nobody is hassled by any hint of "drink up and go". By a long-standing tradition, the coffee is served in an elegant cup with matching saucer on a silver tray. Alongside is a serving of water, with a spoon balanced on the glass. If you want something to eat, from a light snack to an apple strudel to a complete meal, all things are possible.

Most of Vienna's traditional coffeehouses date from the latter half of the 19th century, when the decision was

made to remove the broad medieval city walls. In their place, the Ring was laid out, a broad, tree-lined series of boulevards encircling the old city, with parks, squares and sedate public buildings every few hundred yards. Essential to that development was the construction of coffeehouses spaced around the Ring itself or within a few minutes' walk.

Within that broad band, several of the original coffeehouses still flourish: Prückel, facing the Museum of Applied Arts and the City Park; Schwarzenberg, the oldest of those on the Ring, opened in 1861; Rathaus, dating from 1843 and located outside the former city walls, just behind City Hall; and Landtmann, easily accessible from Parliament, City Hall and the National Theatre.

This was the period when the Austrian Empire achieved its greatest power. The construction fever was palatial in style, reflecting the confidence of the era. The coffeehouse salons were grandiose—20 feet from floor to ceiling, with classical columns, lavish chandeliers and red velvet upholstery around the booths.

The furnishings have likewise remained traditional. Essential elements are marble-topped tables and bentwood chairs with a wickerwork seat.

The following is a selection of the various coffees available in Viennese coffee houses:

Schwarzer. Strong black coffee. A kleiner Schwarzer is the equivalent of an espresso; a grosser Schwarzer is a double shot. Also called a *Mokka*.

Brauner. Coffee with a dash of milk or cream.

Goldener. Coffee with milk; similar to “regular coffee” in New York.

Mélange. Equal amounts of milk and coffee with froth.

Kaffee Crème. Coffee with a miniature pitcher of milk on the side.

Kapuziner. Cappuccino. (Same name, different language.)

Kurz. A single shot of espresso.

Mokka. See “Schwarzer” above.

Verlängter. Coffee with hot water added; a good choice for North American and English visitors who like their coffee weak.

Einspänner. Coffee in a glass with a hefty dollop of Schlagobers or Schlag (whipped cream).

Fiaker. Espresso in a glass with sugar and Kirschwasser (a dry cherry brandy), topped with whipped cream and a cherry.

Pharisäer. Espresso in a glass with sugar, whipped cream, cocoa, and a shot of rum.



The New Sheridan Club Guide to Hangovers

By Torquil Arbuthnot and Nathaniel Slipper

A gentleman in his time will receive, like visitors, many ailments. For example gout, ingrowing shoulder-blades, Green Monkey Fever, and the galloping lurgie. However, there will be one ailment that is more than a casual visitor, but rather takes a place in the body more akin to that of a lodger, and this is the dread hangover (or “hammering bastard

behind the eyes” as it is known in medical parlance).

Usually a fellow can be expected to perambulate languidly about the town, cane swinging metronomically from the vertical to the horizontal, tipping his hat to all manner of person and quipping heartily as he goes, regardless of health, weather, bank balance, mood or the going at Lingfield. It is only this disease, the hangover, that can knock a chap out of this ambience. Therefore we examine the hangover, and look at the most modern scientific research into it, and also how a fellow might see his way to the other side, whilst maintaining his *joie de vivre*.

Despite years of medical research by scientists and guinea pigs, it remains impossible for the cause of the hangover to be discovered. The Common Hangover Centre, which has existed out of the Wheatsheaf in Rathbone Place for over half a century now, has repeatedly experimented on volunteers, who will spend hours there by turns listening to ragtime pianola, taking part in quizzes and playing bar billiards. Yet still it is impossible to predict which of the subjects will wake in the morning with their heads under the pillows and groaning loudly whilst others are bouncing out of bed brimful of the joys of the day. The current popular theory is that it is caused by the movements of the moon in relation to the posture of a gentleman and the receipt of his wage-packet, and occurs approximately once every 31 days.

One thing that can be certain of a hangover though (which leads one to suspect that it may indeed be a psychosomatic illness) is that it always occurs after happy times. A fellow can be quaffing away in his club, with dearly beloved chums, chortling, exchanging badinage with the barmaid, spinning out

the first portion of anecdotes and missing the dartboard by some distance only to wake up the following morning struck down by The Beast.

The physical symptoms of the hangover are well known to us all, the dry throat, the tsunamic raging inside the skull, the hollow emptiness of the wallet, and the utter weariness of body. This makes it impossible for a fellow to do any more than crawl to the nearest chaise-longue, pull a cushion over the face and weep silently. From this position he can then proceed to make noises of great pain. Throughout this is the urgent need to remain motionless, as the slightest tremor of the knee will bring agony soaring to new heights.

But there is also the mental suffering brought on by this malaise. This takes the form of self-loathing, shame, paranoia (does the barmaid’s father own a working shotgun?), a desire to apologise to all and sundry and an almost concrete desire never to drink again (for drinking copiously is usually what is blamed despite the lack of scientific evidence). This is emphasised by the subconscious, which will gradually introduce events from the night before to the memory, such as the moment on the way home where it seemed rather amusing to pull off a fellow gentleman’s chemise and then lie in the road using it as a pillow, or diverting the midnight train from Penzance to Budapest. Incidentally the weakening of this refusal to take alcohol again is the first sign that a gentleman is on the road to recovery.

There are any number of cures to this dread illness: much like tips for the Grand National, a frisky queue of individuals will be prepared to give you their advice. One solution is to soldier through, remaining silent and still on the sofa, pale and shivering until,

approximately a fortnight later, the pain is relieved and the state of the body returns to neutral.

However, there are more positive methods to regain a state of normalcy. A hearty fried breakfast for example, and not just of fried eggs and bacon, but encompassing fried mushrooms, fried tomato, fried black puddin', fried snuff, and fried bread. Ideally this should be accompanied by a glass of gold-topped milk, and some exciting tales of tittle-tattle from one of the red tops featuring the latest daguerreotypes of the Welsh chanteuse Miss Church.

Another cure, and this is based on ancient lore ("Similia similibus curantur"), is to take the hair of the dog that bit, which in this case, appears to mean to imbibe more alcohol (even though there is no medical evidence whatsoever that it is the drinking that bit and caused this state of affairs). This takes fortitude and care. One must choose a drink that is gentle and kind upon both body and soul, and be prepared to accept that, at first, this will prove a challenge. Happily after a few of these dust-settlers, ruddiness will return to cheeks, a smile and a quip to the lips, and a familiar horror to friend's faces. London buses will also appear less glaringly red.

It is a well-known fact that when a gentleman is taken ill (if, for example he has fallen prey to the flux or been horse-whipped by some Baron in the town square and finds it prudent to lie frailly upon the chaise-longue) he will receive all manner of sympathetic visitors. His friends will shower him with kind gifts and anoint him with gentle words and wishes of recovery and good health to come. Sadly, the fellow struck low with the hangover will receive none of this, but will be firmly told to pull himself together and that he has brought it upon

himself. Although how this is any more self-inflicted than, say, being thrown from a horse, falling from the trapeze, or being struck by the Clapham omnibus remains a mystery.

Thus a gentleman must be prepared for the hangover as it is a fact of life, much like having to shave one's chin in the morning or having to evade one's creditors in the afternoon. Against his will perhaps, he must contain the suffering with courage, good heart and humour, battling through this miasma until he is free and feeling like his own self again. At which point, as a reward for recovery, he should adjourn to the bar and let the whole merry cycle recommence.

The Arbuthnot-Slipper Hangover Cure:

The Firecracker

Mix a Martini glass half full of tequila and half full of Tabasco. Clears the head like a blast from a shotgun.

Suggestions for Further Reading:

Sir Kingsley Amis On Drink. Contains advice not only on how to deal with the physical hangover but also how to cope with the "Metaphysical Hangover".

Keith Floyd Floyd on Hangovers. Contains recipes for hairs of the dog, and for suitable food for the sufferer, written by a sterling gentleman and toper.

Sir Clement Freud Book of Hangovers. Who better than the grandson of Sigmund Freud to give advice on the hangover?

Possibly the best description of a hangover in fiction occurs in Sir Kingsley Amis' novel *Lucky Jim* where the eponymous hero wakes up one morning after a heavy night:

Dixon was alive again. Consciousness was upon him before he could get out of the way; not for him the slow, gracious wandering from the halls of sleep, but a summary, forcible ejection. He lay sprawled, too wicked to move, spewed up like a broken spider crab on the tarry shingle of the morning. The light did him harm, but not as much as looking at things did; he resolved, having done it once, never to move his eyeballs again. A dusty thudding in his head made the scene before him beat like a pulse. His mouth had been used as a latrine by some small creature of the night, and then as its mausoleum. During the night, too, he'd somehow been on a cross-country run and then been expertly beaten up by secret police. He felt bad.



CLUB NOTES

Ties Lurch Ever Closer

There is now a very handsome image on the NSC site of the NSC Tie. Needless to say, you have to be a NSC Member to purchase a tie, but I am sure we can all agree how splendid it looks and how reasonable it is in price.

They will be silk and have equal broad diagonal stripes in black, red and silver with a discrete repeating NSC logo manifesting itself in the weave of the black stripe. They will sell for a piffling £15 each (plus a bit



for postage if you want us to mail it to you). If you fancy one and have not already apprised us of the fact, propel Mr Hartley a missive (mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk).

Letters to the Editor

From time to time I realise that amongst all the bills and death threats I receive in such abundance each day, there are occasional Letters to the Editor of the NSC Newsletter. Rather than just burn them, I have decided to publish the choicest plums on these pages. If you would like to write to the Editor, please send an esoteric missive to mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk.

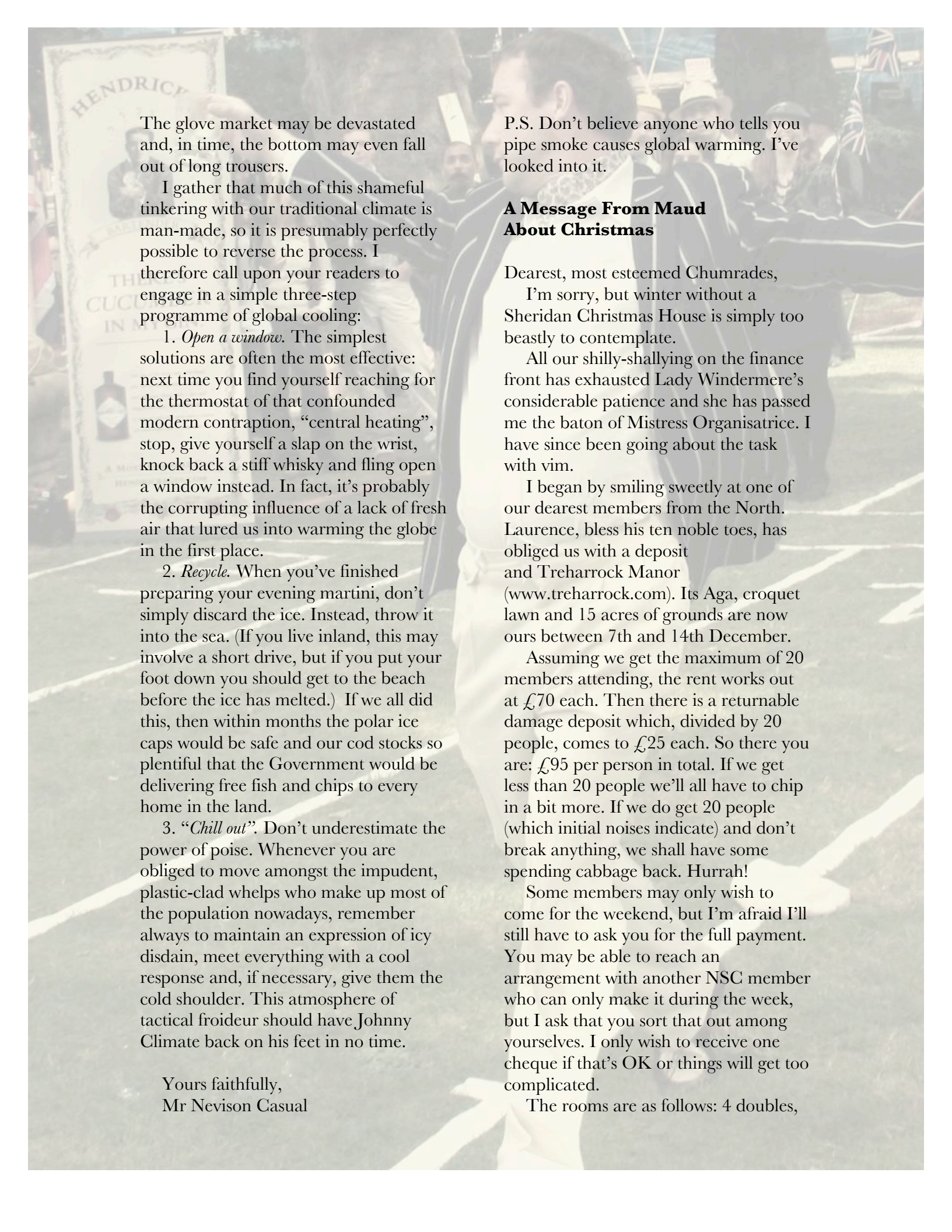
All subjects considered, prizes for the best contribution to be determined but the author will either receive a diamond the size of an elephants head of a free drink up to the value of £3.37.

Our first correspondent writes...

Sir,

I wish to complain about “global warming”. The other day I couldn’t help noticing that, even though it was manifestly late October, the weather was frankly clement, making the sporting of a perfectly normal three-piece tweed suit an uncomfortably hot experience.

My scientist friends, of whom I have none, tell me that our climate is indeed changing and Blighty is set to become warmer and warmer. This is a disaster! I may never get to wear my Inverness cape again.



The glove market may be devastated and, in time, the bottom may even fall out of long trousers.

I gather that much of this shameful tinkering with our traditional climate is man-made, so it is presumably perfectly possible to reverse the process. I therefore call upon your readers to engage in a simple three-step programme of global cooling:

1. *Open a window.* The simplest solutions are often the most effective: next time you find yourself reaching for the thermostat of that confounded modern contraption, “central heating”, stop, give yourself a slap on the wrist, knock back a stiff whisky and fling open a window instead. In fact, it’s probably the corrupting influence of a lack of fresh air that lured us into warming the globe in the first place.

2. *Recycle.* When you’ve finished preparing your evening martini, don’t simply discard the ice. Instead, throw it into the sea. (If you live inland, this may involve a short drive, but if you put your foot down you should get to the beach before the ice has melted.) If we all did this, then within months the polar ice caps would be safe and our cod stocks so plentiful that the Government would be delivering free fish and chips to every home in the land.

3. *“Chill out”.* Don’t underestimate the power of poise. Whenever you are obliged to move amongst the impudent, plastic-clad whelps who make up most of the population nowadays, remember always to maintain an expression of icy disdain, meet everything with a cool response and, if necessary, give them the cold shoulder. This atmosphere of tactical froideur should have Johnny Climate back on his feet in no time.

Yours faithfully,
Mr Nevison Casual

P.S. Don’t believe anyone who tells you pipe smoke causes global warming. I’ve looked into it.

A Message From Maud About Christmas

Dearest, most esteemed Chumrades,

I’m sorry, but winter without a Sheridan Christmas House is simply too beastly to contemplate.

All our shilly-shallying on the finance front has exhausted Lady Windermere’s considerable patience and she has passed me the baton of Mistress Organisatrice. I have since been going about the task with vim.

I began by smiling sweetly at one of our dearest members from the North. Laurence, bless his ten noble toes, has obliged us with a deposit and Treharroch Manor (www.treharroch.com). Its Aga, croquet lawn and 15 acres of grounds are now ours between 7th and 14th December.

Assuming we get the maximum of 20 members attending, the rent works out at £70 each. Then there is a returnable damage deposit which, divided by 20 people, comes to £25 each. So there you are: £95 per person in total. If we get less than 20 people we’ll all have to chip in a bit more. If we do get 20 people (which initial noises indicate) and don’t break anything, we shall have some spending cabbage back. Hurrah!

Some members may only wish to come for the weekend, but I’m afraid I’ll still have to ask you for the full payment. You may be able to reach an arrangement with another NSC member who can only make it during the week, but I ask that you sort that out among yourselves. I only wish to receive one cheque if that’s OK or things will get too complicated.

The rooms are as follows: 4 doubles,

2 singles, 4 twins and 1 triplet. Rooms will be allocated on more or less a first come first served basis, so do get your cheques in as soon as you can, and if you indicate your preferences, I'll do my best to accommodate you accordingly.

Cheques for £95 should be written to Holly Davies, and posted at your possible earliest convenience to:

Holly Davies
14 St Barnabas Rd
London
E17 8JY

Lastly, to all those who cannot make these dates—please accept our sincerest apologies. The 7–14th December was the only week available at Treharrock and with the festive season looming and what-not, we thought it best to snap it up.

Maud Peasgood-Nonsuch

Club Accounts for the Period 11th October 2006 to 10th October 2007

Income from Membership dues:

Town, 67 at £15
Country, 35 at £10
Abroad, 9 at £5

Total: £1400

Expenditure:

Four Club banners: £150.36
300 badges: £229.13
Card blanks: £151.49
Blanks for NSC stickers: £23.50
Jiffy bags for Membership packs: £14.09
Perspex sign holder: £7.04
Website (domain name and web diversion): £27.95
Signing-In book: £11.99
Extension lead for projector: £15

Party expenses for the Beau Brummell Boogie and the Last Gasper (prizes for Grand Raffle, snuff, nicotine patches, combs for the bathroom, making flyers, etc): £222.66

Miscellaneous: £60.01

Total expenditure: £913.22

Club Funds Remaining: £486.79

(This does not include some expenditure—such as postage on Membership packs, Club stationery, etc—which has not been claimed back from the Club.)

Note: Some costs, such as the £150 ground hire for the annual Club cricket match, “The Tashes,” and the £100 hire cost for each of the film nights, are not represented here as they are funded by contributions from participants at the time and not from Club funds.

The Committee would like to extend a warm note of thanks to all those who have performed their Turns and those who have provided other entertainments at Club Nights and parties. Finally, one of the greatest resources—time—has been donated by many people to help the NSC be the success it has been thus far. Without such a liberal sacrifice of cocktail hours the Club would be very different.

Honorary Membership

Suggestions please to Mr Scarheart. We hope to put the choice of several to the Membership for a ballot soon.

The Christmas Party

The Club's Christmas party, “Murder, Mystery and Mince Pies At Sheridan Towers!” will be held on Saturday 15th December at The Penderel's Oak, 283

High Holborn, London, from 7pm. Beforehand there will be a guided “murder walk” around that area of London, with our own Torquil Arbuthnot as your guide.

As you may have guessed, the party has this time been given a country house murder mystery theme. Think Agatha Christie, Hercule Poirot, Sherlock Holmes and Cluedo. Think cyanide in the vols-au-vent and sinister-but-fiercely-loyal blowpipe-wielding manservants in the aspidistra.

There will be music and entertainments: we have already secured the New Sheridan Barbershop Quartet, singing songs about murder, and champion performance poet Niall Spooner-Harvey will attempt to follow his tour de force at our summer party The Last Gasper. There will be competitions and silly things to do, including our very own murder mystery for you to solve by the end of the evening for a fabulous special prize. There will, of course, be the unmissable Grand Raffle, with free entry to all Members, including those who join up on the night. And of course there will be eating and drinking, badinage and backstabbing, garrottes in the flower beds and blunt instruments in billiard room.

More details to follow.

Comfy Boxes

This is the final call for contributions to the “Taste of Blighty Comfy Boxes” the NSC is putting for Tommy Atkins. Donations for this are still being accepted, so that we can give some soldiers somewhere Abroad a taste of Home this Christmas.

The boxes themselves will be personally addressed to several Army Chaplains for whom we have contact details and the contents will be

distributed by them to those in need. Any cash donations will be used to buy approved things like talcum powder, wet wipes, paper pocket hankies, AVON “Skin So Soft”, bags of mixed dried fruit, Tabasco sauce, Garam Masala powder, head-over midge nets and so on.

Ensign Polyethyl and Major du Barry were posted to Mesopotamia and have this to say:

1. No glass—your parcel will receive rough handling.

2. Chocolate *will* melt. So only package it if you are aware that it will melt and reset throughout the journey. My mother packed Cadburys in with my post—I had to lick chocolate off my archaeological magazines plastic wrappers. Good, sweet, morale boosters will be odd, childhood reminiscent things. Sweets (or stickies as Tommy refers to them) are available from the EFI where there is one but they are fairly run of the mill, so try some trips down childhood memory lane—Curly Wurlies (more toffee than choccie so no so apt to melt too awfully), sherbet dippers, etc.

3. No aerosols. If you write toiletries on the parcel’s label you may well have your parcel searched to check it doesn’t contain an aerosol.

4. Many camps generally contain a NAAFI shop selling leading brand names, so don’t bother sending hobnobs and digestive biscuits; send something more local, more unusual—a taste of home. Troops in major bases will have access to mainstream toiletries but those in small bases will not since the EFI (deployed version of NAAFI) will only set up stall in big ones. So do not be afraid to send toiletries: shower gel, soap, etc. Even if they are in reach of an EFI, the NAAFI charges hugely inflated prices.

5. Remember that receiving a food parcel turns into a bit of a communal jolly. It really is morale in a box. It is

highly likely to be shared with the rest of the soldier's troop. So do please send shareable food.

6. Girls might like to consider sending "girly packs" with small tins of basic cosmetics, moisturiser, etc. All sexes will appreciate lip salve but not if "rose scented" or some such. Plain is the way to go!

If you would like to write a letter then these are also much appreciated and will be included in the boxes. We would like to include some things to remind Tommy of Home and that people are thinking of them, especially as Christmas approaches.

Donations can be via cash or in approved product form. Photos will be taken of the completed boxes and any replies from Tommy will be printed in the Newsletter. If you have any questions please contact Mr Scarheart.

The Padre's Limerick Corner

Due to totally unwarranted interference from the Metropolitan Police the Limerick Corner is on hiatus for one month. It will return next month, once bail is granted.

Forthcoming Events

"I'm Not Too Old, It's Too Loud!"

The Furbelows Spank the Plank Thursday 8th November

Doors 8pm, entertainment from 8.30pm and the Furbelows on stage at 10pm
The Marquee Club, 14 Upper Saint Martins Lane, London WC2H 9EF
(07726 518 040)

Admission: £5

Yet another shameless plug for the beat combo of that polymath Mr Clayton Hartley and the ever-charming and talented Miss Tabitha Maynard-Adderley. (There is nothing hugely

Chappist about the band, although I suspect few other acts will offer you songs about suicide bombers, Alexander the Great, Diogenes, the Black Death, Nazis and whisky all in one set.)

As well as being at the legendary Marquee, this show will have the enticement of a somewhat cabaret feel about it, being a melange of comedy, burlesque and music. On top of that you have the baroque pleasure of finding out what Alex, the lead singer, is going to wear (last time he emerged from the dressing room in high heels, knee breeches and a feather hair piece, all of which, apart from anything else, made him about seven feet tall)

The night is a promotion for The Revolver Club, which I gather is a tribute to the late 1970s TV music show *Revolver*, which featured interruptions from Peter Cook.

In addition to The Furbelows, the bill features Mr Christian Lee (magic), Miss Evie Anderson (rude opera), Fleur de Tease (burlesque), and Kerry Hudson (stand up).

White Mischief: From the Earth to the Moon

Saturday 10th November

8pm-2am

The Scala, 275 Pentonville Road, King's Cross, London N19 9NL

Tickets: Available in advance from Ticketweb for £15.

Dress: Steampunk, Jules Verne, HG Wells, Victorian visions of the future, Georges Méliès' *A Trip To The Moon*, silent movies, astronauts and cosmonauts, the Industrial Revolution, the steam age, gaslight romance...

Club night with burlesque leanings (it's associated with the Whoopee Club), though be prepared for modern-day pop music from the likes of British Sea Power too. Here's how they describe it: "*Created*

by “tribal pop” band *Kunta Kinte* and music video directors *Lot 49 Films*, *WHITE MISCHIEF* is a rock’n’roll circus that combines unique live bands with unforgettable cabaret, magic and vaudeville artists together with DJs, sideshows and walkabout acts.”

More details are at www.whitemischief.info.

The Black Cotton Club

Saturday 10th November

10pm–3am

Volupte, 7–9 Norwich Street, London EC4 1EJ

Admission: £10 before 11pm, £12

Dress: “Ravishing and Refined Robes”

Courtesy of the people behind the Lady Luck Club, this night focuses on music from the 1920s to the 1940s, specifically, “Hot house swing, gypsy jazz, race rhythms, bebop, rhumba, mento, Charleston jump, western swing, Valentino vibes and pumping boogie”.

Lord Rupert’s Birthday

Saturday 17th November

From 7.30pm

The World’s End, 174 Camden High Street, London NW1 0NE (020 7482 1932)

Admission: Free

Come and help Club Member Lord Rupert celebrate his 24th year alive. There will be witty banter, decadence, devilry and beer. He can be contacted via field telephone: 07877 168987

Hula Boogie

Sunday 18th November

7pm–1am

South London Pacific, 340 Kennington Road, London SE11 4LD

Admission: £5

A regular evening of hoofing to tunes from the 1930s to the 1950s in an

extraordinary venue—a tiki bar in South London, complete with bamboo walls and Easter Island style heads. I seem to recall the cocktails are quite reasonable value. In addition to the music there will be burlesque performance, hula and jive classes at the beginning of the evening and even free “kitsch snacks”.

Irresistible.

The Burlesque Brunch

Sunday 2nd December

11am–11pm

The Punch Tavern, 99 Fleet Street, London EC4Y 1DE

Tickets: Day ticket including brunch £26, which must be ordered in advance from www.sophiejonasdesigns.co.uk; half day ticket from 2.30 (no brunch) £13, which can be ordered in advance or purchased on the door. Special offer for NSC Members: if you quote your Membership number (which is stamped illegibly on your Membership Card) you will receive a free £5 cocktail voucher. (I am told that if, for some reason, you’re not interested in a cocktail, then you may spend your voucher on cake instead.)

This is a cooperative venture between the Club and the scrumptious Miss Tenacity Flux, a talented burlesque performer, as well as being a keen chef. Your ticket buys you *The Morning After That’s Better Than the Night Before™*, a 12-hour assault on your senses, sanity and self-control: the day begins with a hearty brunch from 12pm to 2pm (included in the ticket price), for which I believe Miss Flux is sourcing sausages made from rare breed cattle—doubtless rarer after we’ve eaten a herd’s worth—or a vegetarian alternative. When you order your ticket you will be sent a menu from which to choose or, if you prefer, you can simply indicate your

feelings about meat and they will choose for you.

During brunch there will be a table-to-table fashion show of vintage-style lingerie designed by the sublime Miss Sophie Jonas (funny how you never see her in the same room as Miss Flux...) and, I'll warrant, much dabbling at fevered brows with spotted handkerchiefs. During the afternoon there will be burlesque performers, as well as another fashion show, this time of corsetry and jewellery.

We will be graced by the divine form of Miss Crimson Skye, topping the bill fresh from her success at the Edinburgh Fringe. Wait, there's more—burlesque lovely and poetess extraordinaire Miss Stella Plumes will also caress the stage with her heavenly being. It's all very hush-hush but a little bird tells me: "Don't leave till we throw you out—she'll be coming out again!" And completing the trinity of our three Graces is the embodiment of nostalgic sauciness, Li'l Miss Chievous.

As if there weren't enough, there will also be a "Not Cricket" pub quiz, plus the spinning of vintage shellacs into the

night courtesy of DJ Pandora. More details, terms, tantalising daguerrotypes and ticket-purchase information at Miss Jonas's site.

Any Thoughts?

If you have any ideas or suggestions for Club events or articles for this Newsletter, then do get in touch with Mr Scarheart. We are always keen to hear from the Members, whether it is information on interesting events and nights or suggestions for this Newsletter.

Remember that the NSC is happy to promote events that you yourself are involved with.

Until next time, Chumrades.

newsheridanclub@yahoo.com

mrarbuthnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrscotney-lecheyne@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk

