



# THRILL

to Actuarius's  
tales of  
inter-war  
velocity!

Edited By  
Capt. G. E. T.  
EYSTON!

## **Pet lobster**

Torquil Arbuthnot  
probes the  
eccentricities of  
Gérard de Nerval

## **Just who is Wyatt Swing?**

Find out in this month's  
Brogues Gallery

# RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • No. 167 • SEPTEMBER 2020



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 2nd September** in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm—yes, we’ve decided the time is ripe to attempt a return to physical meetings. The Earl of Essex will bound free from the chains of lockdown with a talk entitled *The Riviera: The Forgotten War*. “The Allied invasion of Southern France in

population had suffered mercilessly under both German and Italian occupation, and worse from their own brethren, at the hands of the German puppet-regime, the Vichy government.”

We appreciate that some Members might still be nervous about a physical get-together, and over the last few months we have moreover received encouragement to offer webcast versions of our talks for the benefit of Members who can’t make it into the metropolis midweek. So we will be attempting to livestream Essex’s talk (the success of which will depend very much on the robustness of the pub’s wifi).

**This talk will be delivered by YouTube (go to <https://youtu.be/XLPWCecKi-I>) at 8pm.** I will be attempting to record the video as well, so that if the stream fails I’ll be able to upload it later.

There is a Facebook event at <https://www.facebook.com/events/2577221089274290> which

might be useful to keep an eye on if we have technical problems and need to change the plan, or create a new URL.

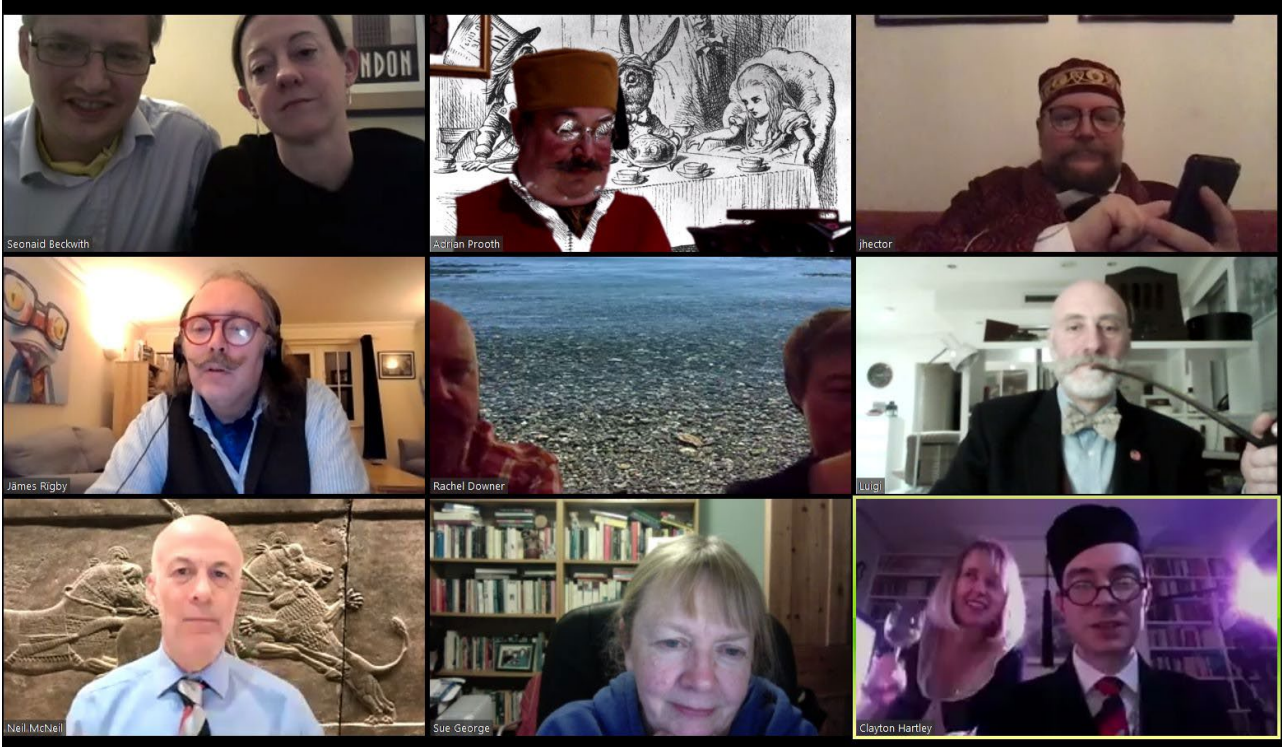
### The Last Meeting

Our virtual talk last month was a gallop through the lust for speed that blossomed between the wars, when land, air and sea records were repeatedly set and broken. See pages 4–11.



Riviera invasion fleet, 1944

August 1944 was generally regarded as a low-key affair, almost an afterthought and a ‘Hollywood offensive’ with US troops largely landing unopposed and soon able to sip Champagne with the locals in the fleshpots of the Cote d’Azur,” he elaborates. “The reality was somewhat different, the Allies desperately needed the deep-water ports like Marseilles to strike-up through occupied France, and the local



Photos of Club activities are, needless to say, thin on the ground these days: last month's talk was conducted via Zoom so there is no archived footage from which to plunder stills. But it's worth a reminder that we have also been running weekly virtual pub quizzes on the second, third and fourth Wednesdays of the month. (There was a plan to switch to once a month after we resumed physical meetings, but popular opinion moved to keep it weekly for now.)

1. The Kerguelen cabbage is also known as «Pringea» in honor of Sir John Pringue, after it was discovered in 1776 during the Cook expedition, when passing by the Kerguelen islands. Would you eat that cabbage raw or boiled?

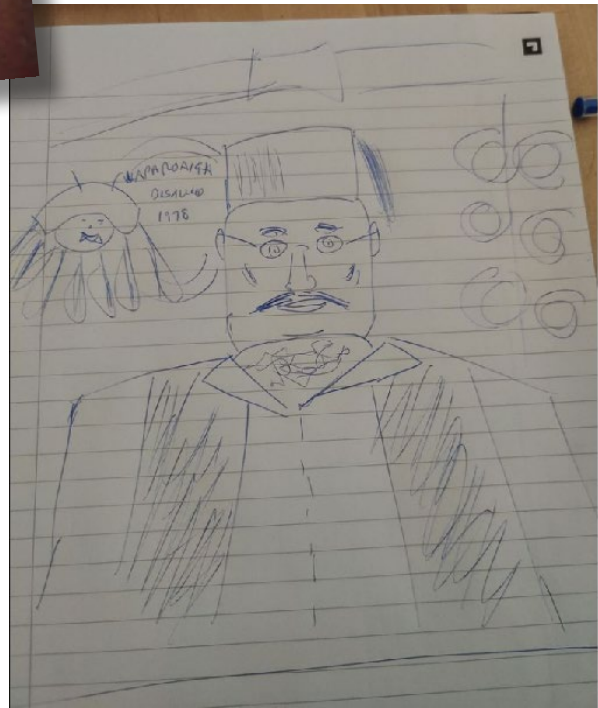
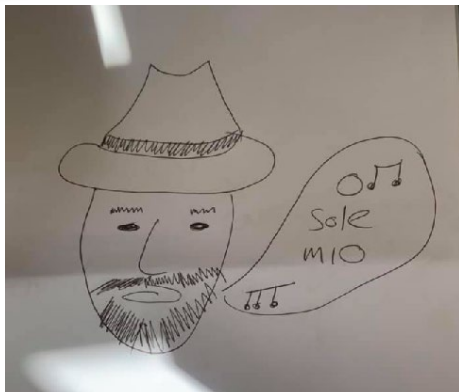
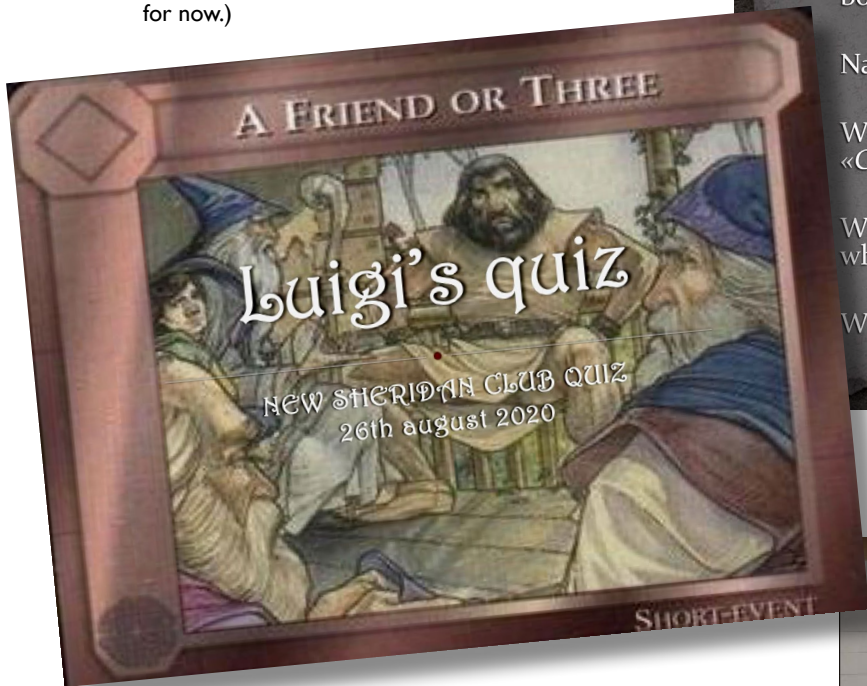
Name the famous University in Arkham.

What would you do in alchemy if you're attempting a «Chrysopoeia»?

When did the production of porcelain dolls start and where?

What is the «Tuber Magnatum»?

One quiz featured a bonus round, with a prize for the best drawing of one of the other contestants. Everyone chose to draw either Incy or Luigi—make of that what you will.



# SPEED MACHINES *from between the wars*

## Actuarius on the golden age of velocity

**T**HE FIRST STIRRINGS of the mechanised age could be seen as far back as 1802 with Trevithick's vertiginous steam carriage, a Heath-Robinson-esque contraption that could attain a whopping 8 mph. A hundred years later and the rapid development of the internal combustion engine had seen cars such as the somewhat perpendicular Renault type K, a noted victor in the then popular intercity races, top 77 mph. As is the way with these things developments were accelerated between 1914 and 1918 with minds and finance focused on improving machines and machinery in the pursuit of victory within a completely different arena. Progress was such that the B.E.2 of 1912, the first British military aircraft into France during hostilities, looked as frail as it was and could manage 72 mph while the 1917 Fokker triplane of Red Baron fame was notably sturdier and almost able to get to 100 mph.

Beyond these four years of madness, mud and bullets a golden age of speed lay unsuspected. But before we head off there we should take a moment to mark three particular events: the opening of the world's first motor racing circuit at Brooklands in 1907, the inauguration of the Schneider Cup (invariably and inaccurately referred

to as the Schneider Trophy) in 1913 and the introduction of the Napier Lion aero-engine in 1917. All figure large in the world of record breaking during the 20 years of peace that broke out when hostilities ceased.

Although the science of going more quickly was maturing nicely when the 1920s hit with all the exuberance that comes with surviving the threat of impending apocalyptic destruction, there was still room for individuality in the application of cold physics. The process of engineering a vehicle in the pursuit of speed is a series of compromises to be made where the designer feels the greatest advantage can be found. Move through a fluid and you generate lift or downforce as reactive forces are exerted. In a car or boat too much downforce or too little lift causes the vehicle to drag, while too much lift and it will fly. To succeed you must dance with the Devil of Aerodynamics.

Aircraft aren't immune either as larger wings and tail give stability but also add drag; they too exist on the knife-edge of controllability. All of which touches on just one of any number of compromises and trades that the designer needs to consider.

To look to another area; put a larger engine in and you will have more



power but you will also need more fuel, you have added mass to accelerate or decelerate and you will need larger radiators to remove the heat generated—which in themselves add mass and drag. Counter this with streamlining and you add weight as well as run the risk of generating lift. Around and around the process of design refinement goes until the vision, possibly significantly altered from the original idea, sits as a finely honed reality. It is only then that you get to learn if your decisions were right; if your destiny lies in glory, tragedy or merely vague disappointment.

The availability of light and powerful war surplus aircraft engines gave an immediate

pick a couple of places and a random engine size before grasping my own record—perhaps the quickest time by car from Liverpool to Timbuktu via Moscow for engines from 1,900 cc to 2,100 cc capacity? Each attempt in each class is worthy of merit and mention but it is always the outright records that generate the biggest headlines and the greatest interest; naturally this is where our focus lies.

First out of the gates post-war was Canadian Casey Baldwin taking the water speed record at 70.86 mph in 1919 with Joseph Sadi-Lecointe setting the air speed record at 171 mph a year later; 1922 saw K.L. Guinness open the post-war batting on land with 133.75 mph in the



Babs, the car in which John Godfrey Parry-Thomas took the land speed record to 171 mph in 1926

impetus to those wishing to go faster but it was the slightly less direct case of the application of knowledge gained within the high-pressure environment of war that usually led to the garnering of prizes. “Prizes”—as there is far more to the speed record game than simply being the fastest on land, water or in the air. There are any number of related records, given their unique identity through being set by a certain gender, over set distances, being from one notional landmark to another, by engine size and so on. I suspect even now I could

350HP Sunbeam—a car that was, with a smart new paint job, to take the record higher in later years in the hands of a new owner, thereby founding the symbiotic dynasties and destinies of both Campbell and Bluebird.

The following two decades would see each record raised to 141.74 mph, 469.22 mph and 369.74 mph respectively. This was an era when wealthy individuals, possibly with appetites for adrenaline whetted by the dread adventure of war, sought glory for themselves and their country. Large companies also saw the benefit



Golden Arrow, with 1000HP Sunbeam behind it

in promotion for themselves and their nation; Lord Wakefield of the Castrol oil company in particular could be relied on to lend support and money to these endeavours.

Sunbeam became serial land speed record chasers in the 1920s, headed by engine wizard Louis Coatalen with chassis engineer Captain Jack Irving as an accomplice. Whereas the Campbells are, quite rightly, known to the general public today (even if only vaguely) these too are names that should still have currency, along with the third member of Sunbeam's perfect storm of speed—Sir Henry O'Neal de Hane Segrave. Born in Baltimore of an Irish father to an American mother he became an accomplished pilot during the Great War and later a highly successful racer and record breaker on both land and water. Invariably immaculately turned out in photographs, modest and considerate—he was the epitome of “Chap”.

This high-speed triumvirate first troubled the record books in 1925 when the Sunbeam Tiger became the last general racing car to top the rankings by setting a speed of 152.33 mph at Brooklands. From here on bespoke machines would be required and a need for distances greater than that available at circuits (for acceleration and retardation) would mean a move to the sands of Pendine and Daytona,

eventually outstretching even those and heading West to the salt flats of Bonneville.

John Godfrey Parry-Thomas, Welsh engineer, following Malcolm Campbell to the beach at Pendine in 1926, raised the record to 171 mph at the wheel of Babs, a car of his own design powered by a war-surplus Liberty V-12 aero engine. Both driver and car perished in a later attempt. Babs lay smashed almost beyond recognition after the accident and was interred where she had come to rest. Found decades later she would rise once more from the sands to be restored and run again.

The year 1926 also saw the irresistible Sunbeam juggernaut return with the unimaginative and slightly inaccurately named “1000HP Sunbeam”. Unflatteringly referred to as “The Slug” this was a precursor by some 40 years or so of road-car styling, with the use of full-width bodywork, enclosing wheels in a single minimalist streamlined shape. Twin Matabele V12 aircraft engines, one to the fore and one aft of Segrave, saw the 200 mph mark dispatched.

A new Bluebird in 1927, built at Brooklands and this time powered by Napier's legendary Lion, would take Campbell to over 206 mph, but what is surely the most beautiful land speed car ever built would eclipse all in 1929. No longer with Sunbeam, Jack Irving penned the Irving Napier Special which was also

Lion-powered and almost immediately and universally referred to as “Golden Arrow”.

If you know something of aerodynamics you may question the airflow characteristics around some aspects of the design but this is why for me the Golden Arrow stands as one of the best examples of artistry in the between-wars application of science. While the chassis is faired in by a smooth progressive apron, a single point flares back to three conjoined nose-cones terminating at each of the closely-faired banks of cylinders. A pair of slab side-mounted radiators, to reduce drag, flank the engine while the bodywork continues to the driver and then progressively reduces to terminate in a well-proportioned stabilising fin.

Utter breathtaking beauty promised great things and in the hands of Segrave Golden Arrow unequivocally delivered. Shipped to America and the beach at Daytona she raised the bar by an unprecedented 30 mph and then retired. It is reputed, with sound reason, that Golden Arrow has travelled the least distance under power of any land speed record car. Sadly Sir Henry Segrave would lose his life during a

water record run in 1930 at the helm of Miss England II when a submerged log was hit at speed on Lake Windermere. I’ve read that his last words were to enquire as to whether they had got the record and, alternatively, to enquire as to the fate of the other members of his crew—either story is entirely credible.

Miss England II was powered by a pair of Rolls Royce R Type engines, which brings us back to the small matter of the air-speed record. The Schneider Trophy had been set up to promote the development of reliable and safe waterborne aircraft with a view to exploiting coastlines, lakes and rivers as airports—a reflection of the Edwardian world where formal airstrips were few and far between, and the future of aviation a matter of complete speculation. Come 1918 and suddenly there existed a host of trained pilots backed by an established infrastructure and a hard-won maturity in aviation technology and practices. Unsurprisingly the Schneider Trophy’s original remit was irreversibly subverted and although the “sea trial” aspect would remain until the end it essentially became an all out speed contest.



The DH88 Comet that won the Mildenhall to Melbourne prize in 1934



Mario Bernardi was the first to give the land-based boys a bloody nose when he took his Macchi M.52 Schneider racer to 297.7 mph in 1927. It would be 1939 before an aircraft with wheels rather than floats took the record again, and it would have to top 440 mph to best the fastest of the seaplanes.

British competitors had mainly been powered by the Lion which had undergone a steady development to give more power while reducing the cross-sectional area (literally the area of its silhouette when viewed from the front). Reginald J. Mitchell of Supermarine had taken the Lion to its greatest speed in the S5, in the process winning the Schneider Trophy in 1927, but he knew that more power than the venerable workhorse could deliver would be required for the next race in 1929.

Sir Henry Royce promised to provide a development of his Buzzard V12 that would do the job, and so the Supermarine S6 was designed to carry it. Regular failures on the test beds meant the engine was only just ready in time and the S6, referred to by Mitchell himself as “the flying radiator”, was finally set to defend the trophy. The compromises faced by the engineer are perfectly demonstrated by this stunning machine. With every available surface utilised to disperse heat, she was flown neither flat out nor to aerodynamic limitation but rather to keep the coolant temperature

balanced at its maximum acceptable value. Henry Richard Danvers Waghorn, dashing and effortlessly cool before the term was invented—sadly to die while engaged in test flying in 1931—took the honours in his S6. The S6b, a direct development, carried John Boothman to his victory in 1931 and as Britain had now won three times in a row the contest came to a close and the Trophy stayed here forever. It can still be seen along with Boothman’s victorious aircraft in the Science Museum in London, a mute shrine to past glories.

Away from ultimate speed trials, 1934 saw the De Havilland aircraft company busy at Hatfield working on a very special long-distance racer. Again private venture sought to encourage aviation development, this time the linking of Britain and Australia by air. What better way than to put up a cash prize for a race from Mildenhall to Melbourne? There were many classes but the greatest excitement was regarding who would be the outright winner.

Small sports aircraft, airliners and everything between were entered while DeHavilland designed and built the DH88 Comet. Slim fuselage with set-back cockpit, slender and impossibly elegant wings with an engine slung underneath on each side. Metal was already the norm for high-performance aircraft structures but this used plywood monocoques. It’s a method of construction that is very efficient—



and, should you question what may be seen as backward-looking, a world away from that of the aircraft built during the Great War. G-ACSS “Grosvenor House”, flown by C.W.A. Scott and Tom Campbell Black, was destined to win this epic trial and along with her sister Comets would continue to break records all the way up to the Second World War.

Campbell’s final rebuild of Bluebird came in 1935, a rebuild that took her from minimally packaged engine and driver to a fully integrated shape all but enclosing the wheels within a full-width body. Before retirement and fulfilling the inevitable destiny of all record vehicles in becoming eclipsed museum pieces, she was granted one last moment in the Sun—the howling V12 bullet flashing across the blinding white salt to deliver her driver’s dream of being the first man to travel at more than 300 mph on land.

The close of the decade witnessed George Easton’s huge Thunderbolt, powered by a brace of Rs, duelling with John Cobb’s relatively diminutive flying-saucer-like Railton Special (another contender that was built at the temple to speed that was Brooklands) powered by twin Lions. The latter would eventually take the record up to 369.7 mph before hostilities once

more blighted the planet. All three cars stand as contrasting solutions to the single aim of being the fastest man on land; all are distillations of their creators’ genius.

The idea of speed moved beyond the enthusiasts and daredevils during the 1930s, influencing fashion and tastes from cigarette lighters to coffee machines and hotel reception desks. “Streamlined” was the byword of the age, the speed kings and queens were the feted champions of the people. Road cars sported bodywork that may have actually reduced their top speed through being only on nodding terms with aerodynamic theory while adding weight, but crucially they looked fabulous and at least seemed like they could top the ton even while standing still.

Railways got in on the act too but despite Sir Nigel Gresley’s A4 class in the form of “Mallard” still holding the rail steam record, set at 126.4 mph in 1938, the validation for streamlining in this case was to be found in economy, with the reduction in coal burnt on long-distance high speed runs. The response of arch rivals, the LMS, was the Coronation class. This countering the A4’s Bugatti-esque backwards-arching nose through the contrasting

The 1935 rebuild of Bluebird





LMS Coronation

bluff application of aerodynamics favoured by the Germans, albeit adorned and given grace by painted speed whiskers—although as both A4 and Coronation were developed in the wind tunnel they should not be mistakenly viewed as mere styling exercises.

Look wider into society and the upcoming generations were inspired to follow careers in science and engineering: there was optimism in the benefits technology could bring and hope for an enriched future. High-value technology was advanced through the focused research brought to bear upon the field of friendly international competition.

The ripples spread wide then, but of course it is the darker side of national pride and technological pre-eminence that now signify the bringing down of the curtain on the golden age of speed. As the world once more descended into industrial scale conflict you may be left wondering if there were any direct benefits. Well, Rolls Royce created a successor to its Kestrel aero-engine in the early 1930s and, following their tradition of naming engines after birds of prey, it was christened the Merlin.

The Merlin most famously found a home in the nose of the Spitfire which was designed by R.J. Mitchell at Supermarine. There is no direct link between R and Merlin, S6 and Spitfire but in each case it is arguable that without the former the latter would not have been quite so formidable. Motor Torpedo Boats and Air Sea Rescue launches owed much to high-speed hull designs from between the wars—and then there's the DeHavilland Mosquito.

The Mosquito was a privately developed aircraft designed as an unarmed bomber reliant on speed for safety, although it soon became apparent that the airframe had the potential to move far beyond this. In fact the first of the many, armed and unarmed, variants to see service was the PR1 (photo reconnaissance). Intercepted by the Luftwaffe's finest on its maiden sortie, it simply outran them and later Goering would say: "It makes me furious when I see the Mosquito. I turn green and yellow with envy. The British, who can afford aluminium better than we can, knock together a beautiful wooden aircraft that every piano factory over there is building, and they give it a speed which

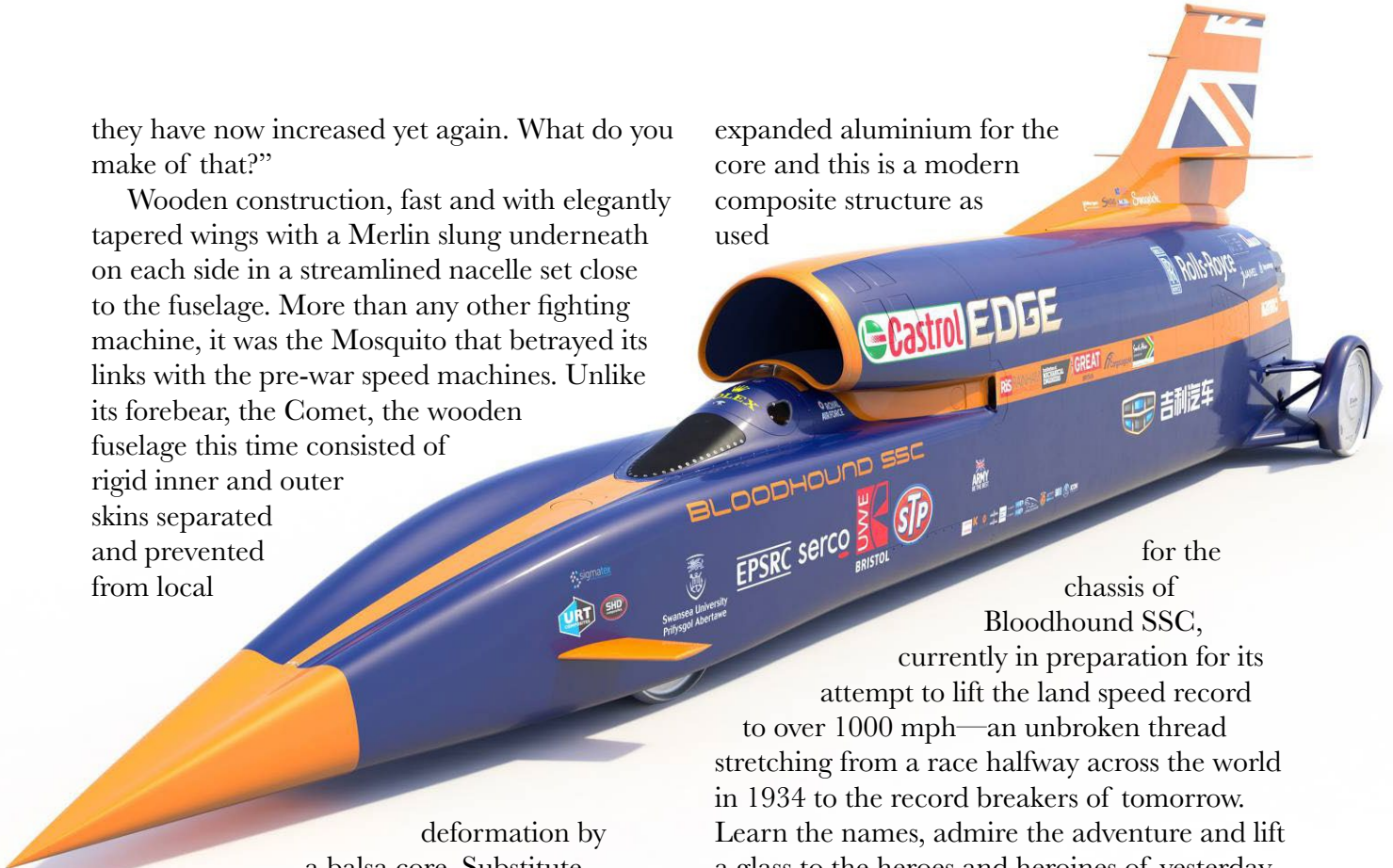
they have now increased yet again. What do you make of that?"

Wooden construction, fast and with elegantly tapered wings with a Merlin slung underneath on each side in a streamlined nacelle set close to the fuselage. More than any other fighting machine, it was the Mosquito that betrayed its links with the pre-war speed machines. Unlike its forebear, the Comet, the wooden fuselage this time consisted of rigid inner and outer skins separated and prevented from local

expanded aluminium for the core and this is a modern composite structure as used

deformation by a balsa core. Substitute carbon fibre for the skins with

for the chassis of Bloodhound SSC, currently in preparation for its attempt to lift the land speed record to over 1000 mph—an unbroken thread stretching from a race halfway across the world in 1934 to the record breakers of tomorrow. Learn the names, admire the adventure and lift a glass to the heroes and heroines of yesterday—we owe them so much.



Bloodhound SSC



De Havilland Mosquito

# 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.*



## Wyatt Swing

### **Name or preferred name?**

Russell Scheidelman—aka Wyatt Midas Welby Swing.

### **Why that nickname or nom de plume?**

It sounds more Chappish than the other.

### **Where do you hail from?**

Behind the barricades in Portland, Oregon.

### **Favourite cocktail?**

Other than Molotov, there is a concoction I've devised called the "Jack Pimm's Cocktail", to wit:

In a shaker with ice cubes, pour equal amounts of lemon juice, orange juice, orange liqueur, Pimm's No. 1, and Laird's 100-proof apple brandy, then shake said ingredients and pour into a stemmed glass, preferably pre-chilled.

### **Most Chappist skill?**

Falling down with a full drink in hand, without spilling a drop.

### **Most Chappist possession?**

An 1896 walking stick with a bust of President William McKinley as its handle.

### **Personal Motto?**

When in doubt, play dirty. (Of course, it would sound better in Latin...)

### **Favourite Quotes?**

Sometime party host Robert de Montesquiou once said: "I prefer the parties I give to the guests that attend them." (It's also suspected that he had the most fun at these events.)



**Not a lot of people know this about me...**

I once dressed as a geisha girl before visiting a Japanese tea house at Burning Man.

**How long have you been involved with the NSC?**

I'll make a guess that I joined in 2007.

**How did you hear about the Club to begin with?**

It must have through *The Chap* magazine, as well as through some dandified London acquaintances.

**What one thing would you**



where I found the aforementioned Montesquiou quote.

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

Oscar Wilde, Dorian Gray, and Jesus Christ. (Wilde for his wit and charm, Gray for his transitory beauty, and Christ to make sure we didn't run out of wine.)

**Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?**

*Answer: Artemis Scarheart.*

**Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it**

**on, if not what are you planning to do?**  
No, but if I did one, my subject would probably be on how to raise funds for a transatlantic voyage.

*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.*

**recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)?**

To read Julian Barnes' latest book, *The Man In The Red Coat*—which is



# GERARD DE Nerval

**Torquil Arbithnot on a dandy dope fiend of the demi-monde**

“Our dreams are a second life. I have never been able to penetrate without a shudder those ivory or horned gates which separate us from the invisible world.” —Gérard de Nerval

Gérard de Nerval was the *nom de plume* of the French poet, essayist and translator, Gérard Labrunie, born in 1808. He influenced not only the Surrealists but also many British and Irish writers such as Wilde, Dowson, Yeats and Symons. T.S. Eliot’s final section of *The Waste Land* contains a line from de Nerval: “Le Prince d’Aquitaine à la tour abolie.”

His father was a military doctor in Napoleon’s army. When de Nerval was two his mother, accompanying her husband on service in Silesia, died of a fever contracted after crossing a bridge piled with corpses. De Nerval was consequently brought up by his maternal great-uncle in the Valois area of France.

He studied intermittently as a medical student and was briefly imprisoned for taking part in a student demonstration.

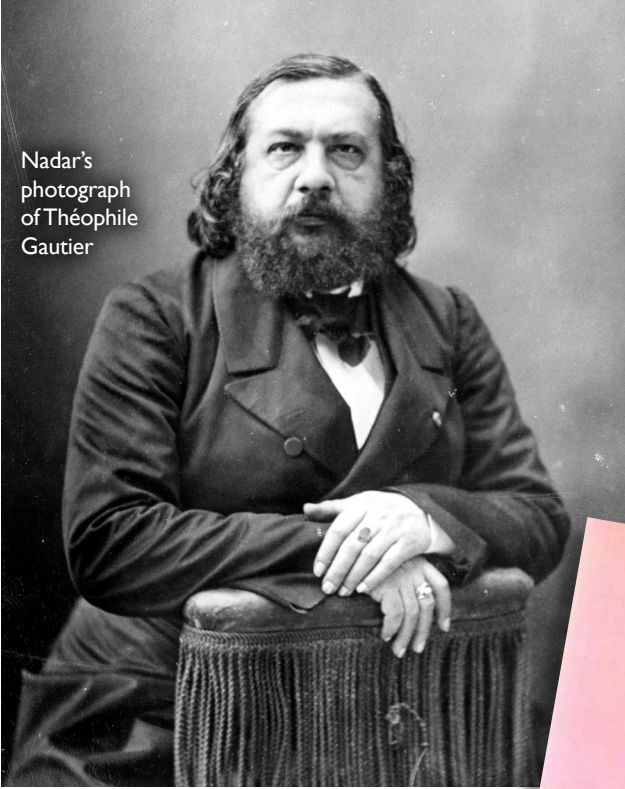
He made an early name for himself in 1828 with (despite poor knowledge of German) his translation of *Faust*, a translation much admired by Goethe himself, and made use of by Hector Berlioz for his opera *La Damnation de Faust*. De Nerval received a substantial inheritance from his grandparents but managed to lose most of it launching an unsuccessful literary periodical. He had become friends with the writer and dandy Théophile Gautier (famous for shocking the establishment by wearing a red waistcoat). In the 1840s he joined Gautier in a society known as the Club des Hashischines, a group devoted to

the exploration of drug-induced experiences. Another club member, Charles Baudelaire, actually wrote *Les Fleurs du Mal* in the Club’s attic.

For a while de Nerval kept a pet lobster which he took for walks in Paris on the end of a blue ribbon, saying: “Why should a lobster be any more ridiculous than a dog? ... or a cat, or a gazelle, or a lion, or any other animal that one chooses to take for a walk? I have a liking for lobsters. They are peaceful,



Nadar's photograph of Théophile Gautier



a slave girl. He chose the latter, visiting various slave bazaars before plumping unusually (most slave girls were Abyssinians) for a Javanese called Zetnaybia. He lived the life of a Muslim dandy with her for a few months and then, before moving on, gave Zetnaybia her freedom.

De Nerval returned to Paris after his travels but suffered increasingly from bouts of depression. He died on 26th January 1855, hanging himself from a window grating on a snowy street in Paris with

an old apron string that he believed to be the Queen of Sheba's garter. His suicide note said: "Do not wait up for me this evening, for the night will be black and white."

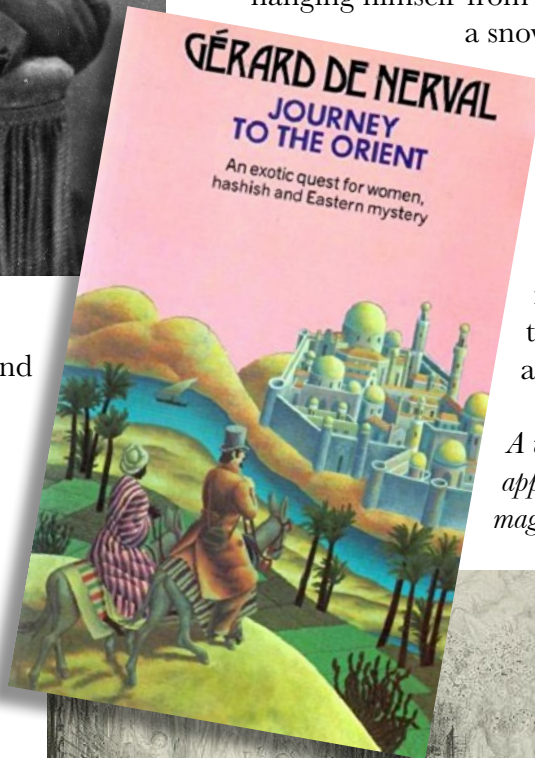
*A version of this article first appeared in The Chap magazine.*

serious creatures. They know the secrets of the sea, they don't bark, and they don't gnaw upon one's *monadic* privacy like dogs do. And Goethe had an aversion to dogs, and he wasn't mad."

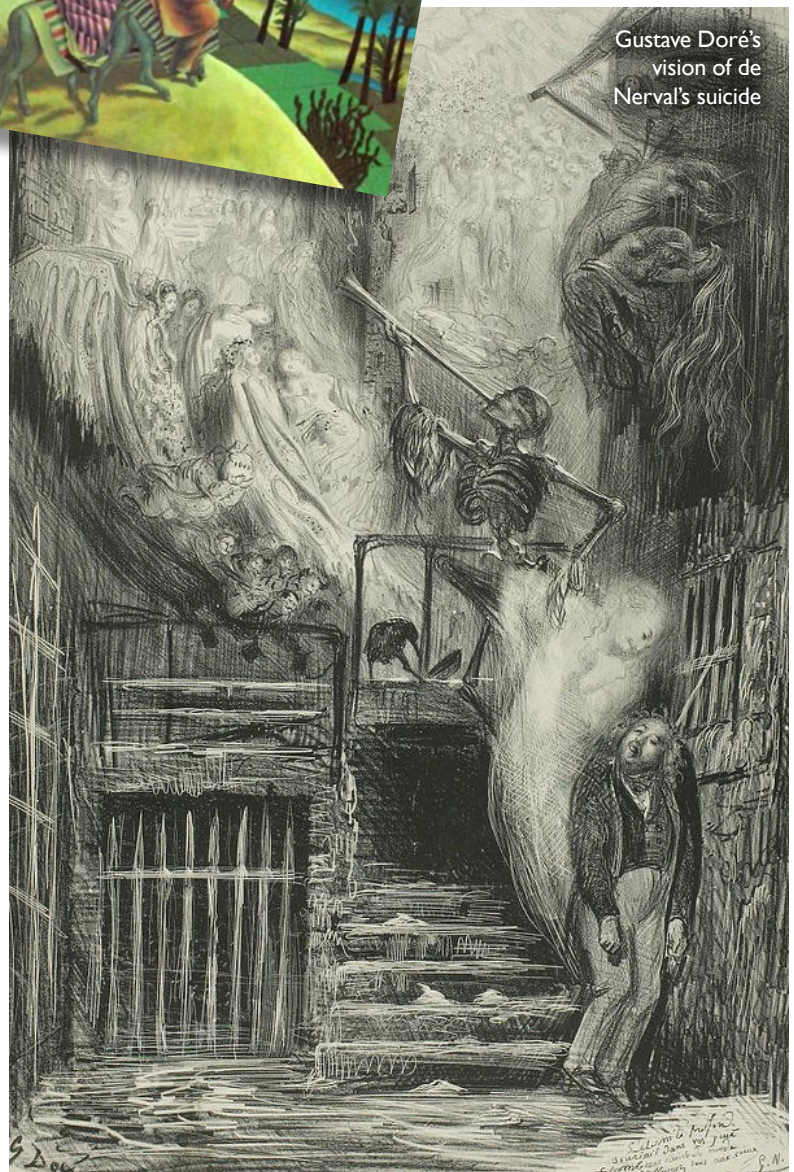
In true decadent poet style de Nerval fell in love with first a music-hall singer, Jenny Colon, and then a courtesan, Sophie Dawes, who was rumoured to have murdered her lover. Needless to say, nothing came of these infatuations apart from several nervous breakdowns. De Nerval did, however, build his inamoratas up into the status of the "Eternal Female".

De Nerval's masterpiece is probably his *Journey to the Orient* (published in 1851), a strange hybrid of a book, part travelogue, part recounting of Arabian Nights-type tales. It came out of an extended trip he made in 1842 to the Levant, travelling to Cairo, Beirut and Constantinople in search of hashish, new and wondrous experiences, the occult, and (naturally) further pursuit of the Eternal Female.

He rented a house in Cairo but was soon told he was offending Muslim etiquette by living without a woman. He was given two choices: convert to Islam and marry; or buy



Gustave Doré's vision of de Nerval's suicide





Charles Basington-Basington about to execute a “Mach” piece in D minor, the saddest of all the keys

## Club Tie Corner

BELOW, ACTUARIUS HAS noticed these glaring Club references in *Another Thin Man* (1939). Facing page, clockwise from top left: Club sofa spotted on the Art Deco Era Motor and Fashion Group on Facebook; experimental Club livery preserved at Arundel Castle; I’ve no idea what these are but Col. Cyrus Choke is responsible; of course Roger Moore is wearing a Club tie (spotted by Stephen Smith); “Professor Dent,” says Ivan Debono, “arch-villain and Sheridanite...”; Col. Choke again, this time offering us Betty Grable in *Two For the Show* (1954). Overleaf, clockwise from the top: Prince Charles makes his traditional appearance, this time courtesy of David T. Smith; Milton Berle, courtesy of Col. Choke; David Pittard spotted Katie Price relaxing by the pool in the Club’s official swimwear; James Rigby has found the Club’s official ride; Donald Houston wearing a Club tie in *Doctor in the House* (1954), spotted by Chairman Torquil—who also offers this snap of Goering, and huffs, “I can only assume this oaf stole his NSC tie since he is definitely not a Club member.”



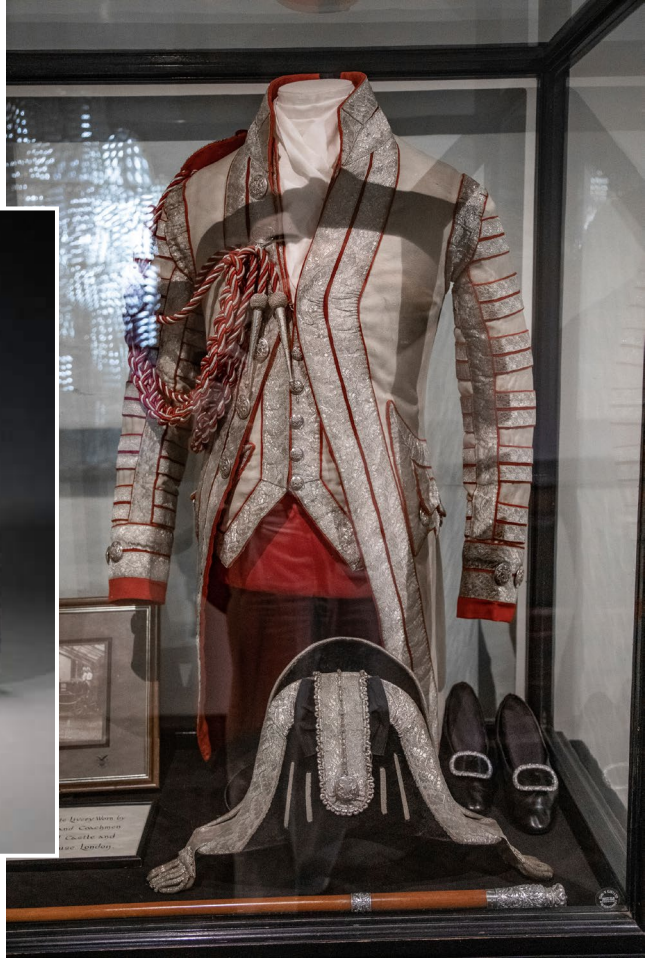
### CLUB NOTES

## New Member

A HEARTY HURRAH and virtual clap on the shoulder for new bug Charles Basington-Basington, who hails from Basingstoke (seemingly from within the grounds of National Trust pile The Vyne, lucky soul). As his photo suggests, piano is an area of expertise, along with science and mathematics. He gives his favourite tippie as a Gin & Tonic but admits that in the field of alcoholic beverages he is still experimenting—and he has surely come to the right place to do so. (See Wyatt Swing’s own creation the Jack Pimm’s Cocktail on page 12 for starters.)







# Why Charles let the carpet seller walk all over him

BY MARGARET HUSSEY

THE Prince of Wales must have known that the traditional handwoven carpets he was ordered to buy in Oman on Monday were of a high quality. But when he was shown the traditional handwoven carpets, he was ordered to buy them. The Prince of Wales must have known that the traditional handwoven carpets he was ordered to buy in Oman on Monday were of a high quality. But when he was shown the traditional handwoven carpets, he was ordered to buy them.

carpets, made of goat hair, were laid out along the top of a canyon in front of a spectacular view of the mountains. But the Prince made sure he did

said the project had been hard work but a unique experience. "Everyone here has been so friendly towards us and we hope we are doing something for the people here."



olunteer, Carley 18, from Farnham, added: "It is going to wake up to discover the canyons of the day working with the villagers. It is to watch them work their carpets." Prince lives in a camp 1000 metres above sea level and 38 kilometres from the nearest town. Prince left his camp with two boxes containing his own collection of Cornwall carpets. He was in Oman for an hour at the time he flew by helicopter for lunch at Sultan



AFFAIR: Ayrton Senna

## Senna lover wants half his £200m

A FORMER Playboy model who says she is the mother of the late Ayrton Senna's love child will today go to court to demand more than half of his £200million estate. Senna's ex-lover Marcella Praddo, 32, will ask a court in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to authorise a DNA test to prove the Formula One world champion is the father of her six-year-old daughter, Victoria. Senna died on May Day 1994. If proved to be his daughter, Victoria would also be entitled to a share of the £100million annual profits from the sale of products bearing his name.

## Sun Valley Serenade





## 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](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk) plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

Still mostly online events, but physical happenings are taking off again too...

### 🚫 NSC Virtual Club Night

Wednesday 2nd September  
8pm BST

See page 2. A triumphant return to the Wheatsheaf—but for those who wish to watch Essex's talk on Nazis on the Riviera, it should in theory be possible using this YouTube Live link: <https://youtu.be/XLPWCecKi-I>.

For late-breaking news and legal disclaimers, see the Facebook event.

### Aubrey Beardsley Exhibition

Until 20th September  
10am–5pm  
Tate Britain

Admission: £16; note that timed tickets must be pre-purchased

The Tate's exhibition on Beardsley was scuppered by COVID-19, but the good news is that the show—the biggest exhibition of the controversial artist's work in 50 years—has been extended to 20th September, from when the galleries reopened on 27th July. Note that timed tickets must be purchased in advance. More details at [www.tate.org.uk](http://www.tate.org.uk). Aubrey Beardsley shocked and delighted late-Victorian London with his sinuous black and white drawings. He explored the erotic and the elegant, the humorous and grotesque, winning admirers around the world with his distinctive style. Spanning seven years, this exhibition will cover Beardsley's intense and prolific career as a draughtsman and

illustrator, cut short by his untimely death from tuberculosis at the age of 25. Beardsley's charismatic persona played a part in the phenomenon that he and his art generated, so much so that the 1890s were dubbed the “Beardsley Period”.

### 🚫 NSC Quiz Nights

Wednesdays 9th & 16th September,  
and perhaps beyond  
8pm  
Online  
Admission: Free

The NSC weekly online pub quiz has become something of a lockdown tradition, run by Zoom virtual meeting software, with a different Quizmaster/mistress each time. More details to come on our website's Events page, and a Facebook event will be posted to the Club's Facebook page, but so far we have Rachel Downer hosting 9th September and Acturius doing the 16th.

Still time to check out the Beardsley show at the Tate





**Luca's Pukka Picnic:  
Boaters, Bubbly and Belles**

Sunday 13th September  
2pm  
Holland Park, London

Keen to kindle some physical socialising but using the low risk of an outdoor space, Luca Jellinek is planning a picnic. "A friendly déjeuner sur l'herbe to celebrate late summer," he says. "Bring your favourite skimmer, tipple and person(s) and, above all, bring a bit of dash." Find the Facebook event at <https://www.facebook.com/events/1246689058995375>.

**The Hallouminati: Six Courses of Cheese with the Dark Knight of Cholesterol**

Tuesday 15th September  
7-9.30pm

Ain't no picnic like an NSC picnic

The Last Tuesday Society, 11 Mare Street, London E8 4RP

Admission: £30 from Eventbrite

The Dark Knight of Cholesterol returns to share his secretly sourced selection of dairy delights for kindred lovers of cheese and wine alike. Six courses of Europe's most interesting cheeses will be presented with stories of their origins and makings, masterfully paired with three wines. Tickets include admission to Viktor Wynd's Museum of Curiosities.

**Tom Carradine's Self-Isolation Singalong**  
Every Thursday  
8.30pm

[www.facebook.com/events/1224680587870368](https://www.facebook.com/events/1224680587870368)

Master of the Cockney singalong Tom Carradine brings his infamous knees-ups to cyberspace. So gather around the e-Joanna and commence caterwauling.

### **Jack Calloway on the wireless**

Every Sunday

10am, 2pm, 6pm and 10pm

[www.phonotoneclassic.com](http://www.phonotoneclassic.com)

Band leader Jack Calloway hosts his regular show on this internet radio station that plays dance music from 1925 to 1945. Jack's show focuses on music from the 1930s. (And you can hear one of Jack's own performances on the Candlelight Club Soundcloud page below.)

### **Sugarpush Vintage Dance**

A range of dates

Start times vary

[www.facebook.com/sugarpushvintagedance](https://www.facebook.com/sugarpushvintagedance)

Dancer, dance teacher and DJ Holly France (a regular at the Candlelight Club) ported her solo jazz and Charleston lessons online via Zoom, but she now seems to be doing live classes again outdoors in parks and playgrounds. See the Facebook group above or [www.sugarpushvintagedance.com](http://www.sugarpushvintagedance.com).



A variety of online classes, including Charleston, Lindy Hop, solo jazz and even Swing Dance Cardio. You buy a ticket through the website and in return they send you a private YouTube link. (At the time of writing the next classes advertised are on 30th September.)

### **The Candlelight Club on Soundcloud**

Owing to the restriction on numbers created by social-distancing regulations, the Candlelight Club is still mothballed. But tracks are still being added to the online repository of live recordings at [soundcloud.com/the-candlelight-club](https://soundcloud.com/the-candlelight-club). The latest additions are a set of funky, bluesy jazz numbers from the Candid Jug Orange Band, evoking the unique sound and atmosphere of New Orleans, recorded in March of last year.

### **Ewan Bleach's Sunday Serenade**

Every Sunday

8pm

[www.facebook.com/events/1102332046826548](https://www.facebook.com/events/1102332046826548)

Ewan Bleach plays and sings two hours of old style jazz songs on piano, clarinet and saxophones every Sunday night, webcast live from Jamboree. Do feel free to partake in the live message thread that'll run underneath the live stream link. Donations are appreciated via [paypal.me/ewanbleach](https://paypal.me/ewanbleach) or you can buy Ewan's music from [www.ewanbleach.com/music](http://www.ewanbleach.com/music).

### **Online Dance Classes with Swing Patrol**

Throughout the month

See schedule at [www.facebook.com/SwingPatrolLondon](https://www.facebook.com/SwingPatrolLondon)

### **The Arkham Hillbilly**

[www.facebook.com/arkhamhillbilly](https://www.facebook.com/arkhamhillbilly)

Fans of H.P. Lovecraft, the 1920s horror writer and creator of the Cthulhu mythos, will be delighted to learn that the Club's own Darcy Sullivan has been spending these long weeks of self-isolation in the guise of country singer the Arkham Hillbilly, the man who brought you the "Miskatonic Blues", "Jamboree at Innsmouth" and "Doggone It, Dagon". On this Facebook page you can see all his videos, where he sings down-home songs of the uncanny and the eldritch, as well as offering some good, old-fashioned advice about self-isolation itself. Sponsored by Gibbous Moonshine™—the only liquor made in Arkham in a well. That sometimes glows at night. If you're not on Facebook, check out his YouTube playlist.

Yes, it's a slowly rotating model of the earth by artist Luke Jerram, based on a NASA satellite picture, on tour but currently in the Old Royal Naval College, Greenwich—if you fancy a gander it's here until Sunday

