

Des Esseintes' Inner Journey

Visiting India without having to go there

PLUS:

The Drones
Club analysed

The Film Night
investigates Texas

Terry-Thomas laid bare

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XXVIII • February 2009



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 (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms here, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Editor Writes

Well, it's undeniably 2009 now; all the New Year bonhomie has faded, as, I hope, have all the silly notions about resolutions to take exercise, drink less, quit smoking, release the children in the cellar and generally be a better person. February is a pretty uninspiring month but we have a few events with which to tempt you. We have our monthly Wednesday meeting, of course, but the day before that is the third Cirque de Crème Anglaise, the night of musical mayhem perpetrated by The Furbelows, a beat combo of which, I should confess, I am a member. See page 18.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 4th February in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Our guest speaker will be the beguiling, and faintly intimidating, Ensign Polyethyl who will spin us a yarn about the time the French invaded her home county of Pembrokeshire. She wasn't actually there at the time—it happened in 1797—but I gather that Johnny Frenchman was beaten away by civilians wielding brooms, slippers and cushions, and frankly if Jessie had been there I suspect the fighting would have ended even more quickly.

The Last Meeting

At our January meeting, Des Esseintes, a figure who has been absent from the glittering soirées, creative furnaces and festering opium couches of the Club for quite a while, returned in style with a talk all about his impressions from working in India as a teacher.

The only setback was that he had never actually taught there. He and his partner had accepted jobs, sold their homes and packed their steamer trunks, only for the Indian authorities suddenly to change the rules and declare that work visas would only be given to noble Englishmen if they could prove that no Indian could do the job in question. Given the sheer number of Indians in existence, the ergonomics were overwhelming. Des Esseintes did make it to India but only for a few days.

But he decided that this need not hinder his lecture. In fact he found he was in distinguished company in the business of appreciating a foreign land from the comfort of one's own home. Even his namesake, in Huysman's *A Rebours*, having intended to visit England, enjoys himself so much in an English-flavoured tavern in Dieppe that he decides that to go ahead and actually visit the country itself would in all likelihood just spoil his mental picture, so he returns home.

You can read an essay version of Des Esseintes' talk on the next page.



Torquil delivers his customary introduction



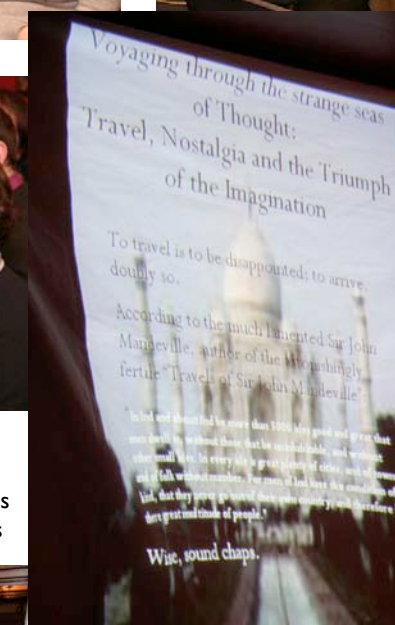
Des hits the ground running



Eugenie Rhodes has a moment of sublime reflection



(Above middle) Mrs Downer (l) and Mrs Beckwith listen politely; (above) Isabel is rapt while Bunty eyes the camera and Gabriel nods off; (below) Scarheart ensures no one escapes



(Right) Des orates; (below) Chris Choy is torn between the talk and the latest Newsletter





Voyaging Through the Strange Seas of Thought

Travel, Nostalgia and the Triumph of the Imagination

By Des Esseintes

TO EXPLAIN THE IMPORT of this somewhat theoretical essay to those more intrepid chaps and chappesses who were doubtless hoping for—nay, expecting—something altogether more dogged, buchanearing (*sic*) and, not to put too fine a point on it, English—I must perforce utter, however briefly, a few mundanities. I was first asked to help deliver a talk to the assembled eager Chappist throng as long ago as 2006, after I played the part of an enthusiastic Leda to the more experienced rowing deities of Senior Sub and Mr Fischer-Pryce (né Beckwith) during a re-enactment of Mr Jerome’s fictional memoir. I was unable to take part, much to my reluctance and the open joy of the huddled masses. When Mr Hartley asked me to give an illustrated exposition of my forthcoming trip to the Raj, therefore, I was especially eager not to let him down. January was agreed as a suitable time, and I planned a thrilling and almost entirely fictitious account involving daring escapes from corpulent fakirs, ravenous tigers and that voluptuous harbinger of Death, the votaress of Vishnu (formerly of 27 Manor Gardens, Chippenham).

However, as Mr Wodehouse has put it so perfectly, “It’s always just when a fellow is feeling particularly braced with things in general that Fate sneaks up behind him with the bit of lead piping.” Having accepted a j*b which in many ways was splendid (monthly salary equivalent to more than twice the annual Indian wage, no taxes of any kind, free travel, free food, a free fine two-bedroomed flat with marble floors in a beautiful park with a rather fine—and free—steam-room on the ground floor, all in return for a nugatory amount of

padding up and down in front of impressionable youngsters declaiming demonstrable falsehoods in the name of Academe), I was less than joyous when I was informed that the visa requirements had been changed, seven months after I signed my contract and a mere six weeks before I was due to travel. Naturally, I was not told of this in advance—only once I had waited for weeks until it was too late to change my flight. All sorts of dreadfully tiresome and dull situations then transpired which meant that the w*rk collapsed, leaving me having to find new employment and accommodation with no notice. After quite a few months of the sorts of social etiquette posers rarely covered in Noblesse Oblige or Debrett’s *Modern Manners*, I found myself settled again. Into this hard-won tranquillity I must confess that Mr Hartley’s nuanced reminder of my solemn oath made in years of plenty came as something of a depth charge.

Nevertheless, a promise made is a promise kept—or ought to be, I felt—and so I summoned up my little all whilst putting in the hours at my new Mammon and conjured up something approximating to the following. I cannot say that every prospect will please, but it may at least lead my readers, in the words of my old tutor, to “disagree. Violently”—and that, surely, is something.

To travel is to be disappointed; to arrive, doubly so. According to the much lamented Sir John Mandeville, author of the astonishingly fertile *Travels of Sir John Mandeville*:

“In Ind and about Ind be more than 5,000 isles good and great that men dwell in, without those that be uninhabitable, and without other small isles. In every isle is great plenty of cities, and of towns, and of folk without number. For men of Ind have this condition of kind, that they never go out of their own country, and therefore is there great multitude of people.”

Wise, sound chaps.

Mandeville wrote his enormously underrated book in 1356, and it should be in every library in the land. The whole book is gemlike in its simplicity. It anticipates Huysmans and Wilde; it chides—but how gently and implicitly—the lauded Victorian Age of the Explorer.

For “Sir John Mandeville”, author of the first and greatest travel guide of all time, never left France.

The world of this mighty explorer is a fine one indeed for the chap whose explorations have disappointed him. For included in this “factual” account—he even claims that his book was personally edited and vetted by the Pope—are monsters, wonders and riches aplenty:

“And beyond these isles there is another isle that is clept Pytan. The folk of that country ne till not, ne labour not the earth, for they eat no manner thing. And they be of good colour and of fair shape, after their greatness. But the small be as dwarfs, but not so little as be the Pigmies. These men live by the smell of wild apples. And when they go any far way, they bear the apples with them; for if they had lost the savour of the apples, they should die anon. They ne be not full reasonable, but they be simple and bestial.

“After that is another isle, where the folk be all skinned rough hair, as a rough beast, save only the face and the palm of the hand. These folk go as well under the water of the sea, as they do above the land all dry. And they eat both flesh and fish all raw. In this isle is a great river that is well a two mile and an half of breadth that is clept Beaumare.

“And from that river a fifteen journeys in length, going by the deserts of the tother side of the river—whoso might go it, for I was not there, but it was told us of them of the country, that within those deserts were the trees of the sun and of the moon, that spake to King Alexander, and warned him of his death. And men say that the folk that keep those trees, and eat of the fruit and of the balm that groweth there, live well four hundred year or five hundred year, by virtue of the fruit and of the balm. For men say that balm groweth there in great plenty and nowhere else, save only at Babylon, as I have told you before. We would have gone toward the trees full gladly if we had might. But I trow that 100,000 men of arms might not pass those deserts safely, for the great multitude of wild beasts and of great dragons

and of great serpents that there be, that slay and devour all that come anent them. In that country be many white elephants without number, and of unicorns and of lions of many manners, and many of such beasts that I have told before, and of many other hideous beasts without number.”

Mandeville, like Petronius Arbiter before him and Beau Brummel after him, takes great delight in the lavish (not to say lascivious) lifestyle of his hosts:

“And the hall of the palace is full nobly arrayed, and full marvellously attired on all parts in all things that men apparel with any hall. And first, at the chief of the hall is the emperor’s throne, full high, where he sitteth at the meat. And that is of fine precious stones, bordered all about with pured gold and precious stones, and great pearls. And the grees that he goeth up to the table be of precious stones mingled with gold. “And at the left side of the emperor’s siege is the siege of his first wife, one degree lower than the emperor; and it is of jasper, bordered with gold and precious stones. And the siege



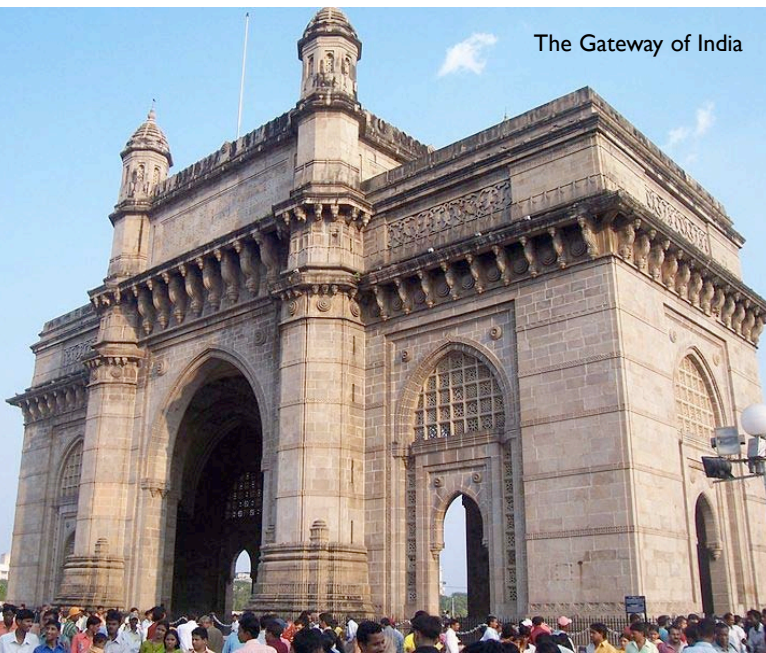
“Sir John Mandeville”

of his second wife is also another siege, more lower than his first wife; and it is also of jasper, bordered with gold, as that other is. And the siege of the third wife is also more low, by a degree, than the second wife. For he hath always three wives with him, where that ever he be.

“And after his wives, on the same side, sit the ladies of his lineage yet lower, after that they be of estate. And all those that be married have a counterfeit made like a man’s foot upon their heads, a cubit long, all wrought with great pearls, fine and orient, and above made with peacocks’ feathers and of other shining feathers; and that stands upon their heads like a crest, in token that they be under man’s foot and under subjection of man. And they that be unmarried

have none such.

“And the emperor hath his table alone by himself, that is of gold and of precious stones, or of crystal bordered with gold, and full of precious stones or of amethysts, or of lignum aloes that cometh out of paradise, or of ivory



The Gateway of India

bound or bordered with gold. And every one of his wives hath also her table by herself. And his eldest son and the other lords also, and the ladies, and all that sit with the emperor have tables alone by themselves, full rich. And there is no table but that it is worth an huge treasure of goods.

“Also above the emperor’s table and the other tables, and above a great part in the hall, is a vine made of fine gold. And it spreadeth all about the hall. And it hath many clusters of grapes, some white, some green, some yellow and some red and some black, all of precious stones. The white be of crystal and of beryl and of iris; the yellow be of topazes; the red be of rubies and of grenaz and of alabrandines; the green be of emeralds, of perydoz and of chrysolites; and the black be of onyx and garantez. And they be all so properly made that it seemeth a very vine bearing kindly grapes.”

You will readily imagine that, thus primed, I was tremendously excited about entering this fantastic (in every sense of the word) country. Yet this India, O my Best Beloved, no longer exists.

Would it not be fair to say that the India of gun-toting “Mumbai” gangsters holding sway at

the aerodrome, of presumptuous officials demanding buff-coloured documents no Englishman with a sense of dignity possesses—the one that, in its dull way, has the presumption to “exist” in the “real world”—is a pearl that has lost its lustre?

And yet even the real India once had a rare beauty. But this beauty was never quite what the imagination would like it to be. By way of illustration, many readers will recall the glorious “shot”, as I believe cinematographers like to term it, in Mr David Lean’s *A Passage to India*, of the Gateway to India, with the sparkling ocean behind it and the fiercely disciplined fighting men of the British Army holding sway in front. The description of how this came together, however, given by Mr Lean’s biographer (Mr Kevin Brownlow), is disquieting:

“The most intricate model was for the matte shot at the beginning where you get the Gateway of India. That was a triple matte shot. The sea had to be matted at the back, because that’s now a dry-dock area, then the Gateway itself and then the square in front of it where you see the British troops. That is not an open space, but a garden with a statue and parked cars. That part of the matte, with the troops, was shot in Delhi, the Viceroy coming through it in Bombay.”

Astute readers, their eyes and wits undimmed by tears of gin, will have spotted that the glorious imagination of India is here doubly confounded. First, nostalgia remembers the glorious past when the sea did indeed come right up to the Gateway itself. But second, and more worryingly, the square in front of the Gateway never was an open space. We are dealing with a place that has not so much lost its lustre as never quite possessed it in the first place.

We may, in disappointment, veer to the opposite extremity and denounce the modern world as a place of ugliness and despair. It is true that over 60 per cent of the 21 million inhabitants of “Mumbai” live in slums, in often desperate poverty. But the “Untouchables” of the time of the Raj and the Mughal Emperors before it were at least as miserable and downtrodden as now. Travel was, in many ways, more elegant and pleasing to the discerning explorer in the past than now. There is no doubt that the nine day voyage via Imperial

Airways, stopping for supplies and refreshments in Paris, Brinois, Athens, Alexandria and Baghdad (then still conjuring images of the *Thousand and One Nights* rather than suicide bombs and shattered Mesopotamian relics) before heading on to Delhi and Calcutta, would have been a more exciting voyage than that suffered now by the indignant chap, forced to remove his Oxfords by a gum-chewing factotum at the erstwhile village of Heath Row.

Yet even in what we now like to think of as the great days of travel, when below the great Imperial Airways roaring above floated the elegant palaces of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, minor difficulties would always present themselves. A waiter might spill one’s Martini—a wave might distress one’s coiffure—a houri’s embrace might remind one irresistibly of the clumsy advances of the memsahib.

In short, there never has been a “golden age” of travel. There is no precious metal in travelling.

I met, during my brief travels in the Raj, many fine specimens of man and womanhood. Yet they had lost something—and so have we. In our correct and noble urge to avoid the objectification of “The Other” as an exotic and thrilling experience and to attempt to understand our fellow creatures as our equals—a fine aim—we gloss over the glories of the differences which once made us delight to travel. This applies equally to travels in the past, of course: many a potentially interesting documentary on the Egyptians or the Hittites has been ruined by reconstructions in which every effort has been made to ascribe viewpoints, hairstyles and attitudes to dental hygiene unique to North West Europe and the USA post-1990 to the inhabitants of Third Dynasty Egypt. In our effort to remove the opera-glass of disdain we have substituted a well-meaning monocle which flattens all difference.

The phrase “an uncertain world” is bandied around so frequently it has become a cliché. In fact, the world has never been more certain, in the worst sense of the word, than now. Unlike our ancestors we know that angels are not about to deliver us from the sins of the world—that the gods will not descend from Mount Olympus intent upon ravishing us—we know that all life holds in store for us is routine, monotonous and regular. Yet the only solutions to this

“uncertainty” seem to be proffered by banks and life insurance companies, few of whose employees tend to be philosophical giants. There is, in fact, only one solution to the limited vagaries of our padded cell of a world.

We must turn to the final member of our triumvirate—the Imagination. Using this faculty we can design and live in a world fitted to our desires as snugly as a well-cut merkin. We can live in the past, the future, a glorified (or even a more sordid version of the) present; we can wade through distinguished embolisms on a mountain of Jurassic tricycles or dance a solemn fandango with a lunatic King of the Perch-Folk. I wish to make it clear that this resort to Fancy is not my own invention—it has a noble history. Apart from the noble Sir John Mandeville, we have Xavier de Maistre’s delightful *Voyage autour de ma chambre*:

“D’ailleurs de quelle ressource cette manière de voyager n’est-elle pas pour les malades? Ils n’auront point à craindre l’intempérie de l’air et des saisons. Pour les poltrons, ils seront à l’abri des voleurs; ils ne rencontreront ni précipices ni fondrières. Des milliers de personnes qui avant moi n’avaient point osé, d’autres qui n’avaient pu, d’autres enfin qui n’avaient pas songé à voyager, vont s’y résoudre à mon exemple. L’être le plus indolent hésiterait-il à se mettre en route avec moi pour se procurer un plaisir qui ne lui coûtera ni peine ni argent?”

“At any rate, in what way is this method of travelling not suitable for the sick? They will

have no reason to fear the intemperacy of the air and the different seasons. The cowardly will be sheltered from thieves—they will encounter neither precipice nor pot-hole. Thousands of people who before me did not dare, others who



Xavier de Maistre

were not able to and others, finally, who had not thought about travelling, will resolve to follow my example. Would the most indolent being hesitate to place himself alongside me in order to procure a pleasure which will cost him neither pain nor fortune?")

The biographer of my namesake, M. Huysmans, writes uncharacteristically well of a particularly apposite episode:

"In his sedentary life, only two countries had ever attracted him: Holland and England.

"He had satisfied the first of his desires. Unable to keep away, one fine day he had left Paris and visited the towns of the Low Lands, one by one.

"In short, nothing but cruel disillusionments had resulted from this trip. He had fancied a Holland after the works of Teniers and Steen, of Rembrandt and Ostade, in his usual way imagining rich, unique and incomparable Ghettos, had thought of amazing kermesses, continual debauches in the country sides, intent for a view of that patriarchal simplicity, that jovial lusty spirit celebrated by the old masters.

"Certainly, Haarlem and Amsterdam had enraptured him. The unwashed people, seen in their country farms, really resembled those types painted by Van Ostade, with their uncouth children and their old fat women, embossed with huge breasts and enormous bellies. But of the unrestrained joys, the drunken family carousals, not a whit. He had to admit that the Dutch paintings at the Louvre had misled him. They had simply served as a springing board for his dreams. He had rushed forward on a false track and had wandered into capricious visions, unable to discover in the land itself, anything of that real and magical country which he had hoped to behold, seeing nothing at all, on the plots of ground strewn with barrels, of the dances of petticoated and stockinged peasants crying for very joy, stamping their feet out of sheer happiness and laughing loudly.

"Decidedly nothing of all this was visible. Holland was a country just like any other country, and what was more, a country in no wise primitive, not at all simple, for the Protestant religion with its formal hypocrisies and solemn rigidity held sway here.

"The memory of that disenchantment returned to him. Once more he glanced at his watch: ten minutes still separated him from the train's departure. 'It is about time to ask for the bill and leave,' he told himself.

"He felt an extreme heaviness in his stomach and through his body. 'Come!' he addressed himself, 'let us drink and screw up our courage.' He filled a glass of brandy, while asking for the reckoning. An individual in black suit and with a napkin under one arm, a sort of majordomo with a bald and sharp head, a greying beard without moustaches, came forward. A pencil rested behind his ear and he assumed an attitude like a singer, one foot in front of the other; he drew a note book from his pocket, and without glancing at his paper, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, near a chandelier, wrote while counting. 'There you are!' he said, tearing the sheet from his note book and giving it to Des Esseintes who looked at him with curiosity, as though he were a rare animal. What a surprising John Bull, he thought, contemplating this phlegmatic person who had, because of his shaved mouth, the appearance of a wheelsman of an American ship.

"At this moment, the tavern door opened. Several persons entered bringing with them an odor of wet dog to which was blent the smell of coal wafted by the wind through the opened door. Des Esseintes was incapable of moving a limb. A soft warm languor prevented him from even stretching out his hand to light a cigar. He told himself: 'Come now, let us get up, we must take ourselves off.' Immediate objections thwarted his orders. What is the use of moving,



J. K. Huysmans

when one can travel on a chair so magnificently? Was he not even now in London, whose aromas and atmosphere and inhabitants, whose food and utensils surrounded him? For what could he hope, if not new disillusionments, as had happened to him in Holland?

"He had but sufficient time to race to the station. An overwhelming aversion for the trip, an imperious need of remaining tranquil, seized him with a more and more obvious and stubborn strength. Pensively, he let the minutes pass, thus cutting off all retreat, and he said to himself, 'Now it would be necessary to rush to the gate and crowd into the baggage room! What ennui! What a bore that would be!' Then he repeated to himself once more, 'In fine, I have experienced and seen all I wished to experience and see. I have been filled with English life since my departure. I would be mad indeed to go and, by an awkward trip, lose those imperishable sensations. How stupid of me to have sought to disown my old ideas, to have doubted the efficacy of the docile phantasmagories of my brain, like a very fool to have thought of the necessity, of the curiosity, of the interest of an excursion!'

"Well!" he exclaimed, consulting his watch, 'it is now time to return home.'"



Mr Wilde, Huysman's sometimes over-enthusiastic disciple, puts the philosophical argument for the superiority of the Fantastic over the Actual very clearly in the following passage:

"People tell us that Art makes us love

Nature more than we loved her before; that it reveals her secrets to us; and that after a careful study of Corot and Constable we see things in her that had escaped our observation. My own experience is that the more we study Art, the less we care for Nature. What Art really reveals to us is Nature's lack of design, her curious crudities, her extraordinary monotony, her absolutely unfinished condition. Nature has good intentions, of course, but, as Aristotle once said, she cannot carry them out. When I look at a landscape I cannot help seeing all its defects. It is fortunate for us, however, that Nature is so imperfect, as otherwise we should have no art at all. Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place. As for the infinite variety of Nature, that is a pure myth. It is not to be found in Nature herself. It resides in the imagination, or fancy, or cultivated blindness of the man who looks at her."

And, lest my auditors, already weary of my intemperate volubility, feel that my examples are drawn solely from authors of a more ancient era, here is Mr Douglas Adams—noted Babbagophilic: "The Guide is definitive. Reality is frequently inaccurate."

So what are our conclusions? Although countless more illustrations of the central premise might have been adduced—the fact that we spend most of our time when we do travel reading books or watching films, the inexplicable desire of Englishmen who go abroad for a lengthy period to desire "traditional" meals in an unsuitable climate—the catechism is simple.

1. The purpose of life is to find one's place in the universe.
2. That place is rarely Abroad, and still more rarely Outside, unless the one of 1 is singularly easily-pleased.
3. Let us therefore remain at Home in Britain; Indoors, behind a nobly sported oak which resists the infamous siren calls of the foreign; and using as our simple yet universal passport a beaker full of the warm South, let us set sail on what Wordsworth called the strange seas of thought.

(Disclaimer: None of the above is true. No responsibility is assumed by the author for any outbreaks of especial indolence amongst readers. The true opinions of the author must remain his own.)



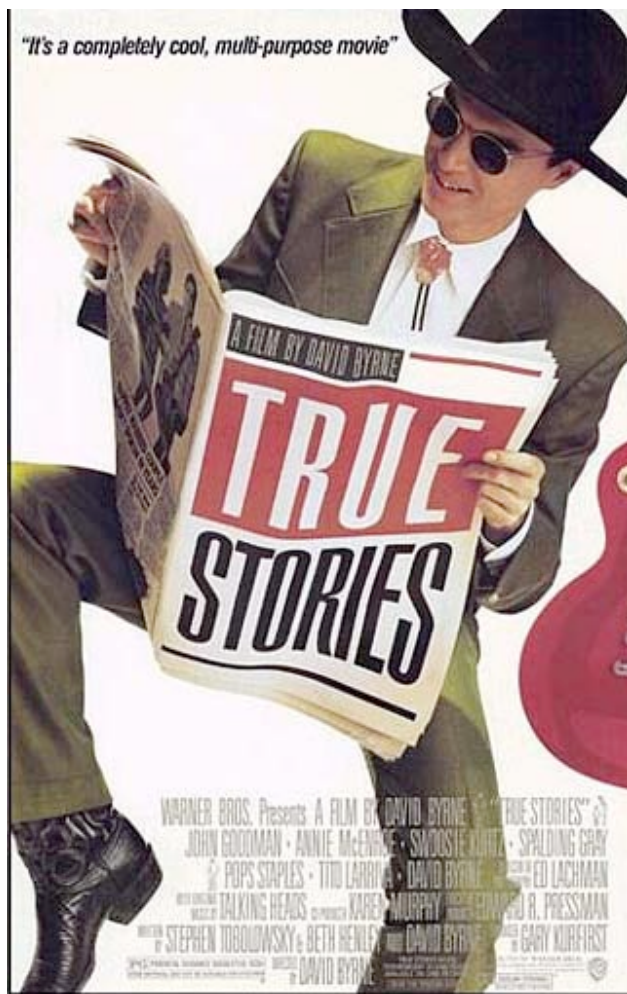
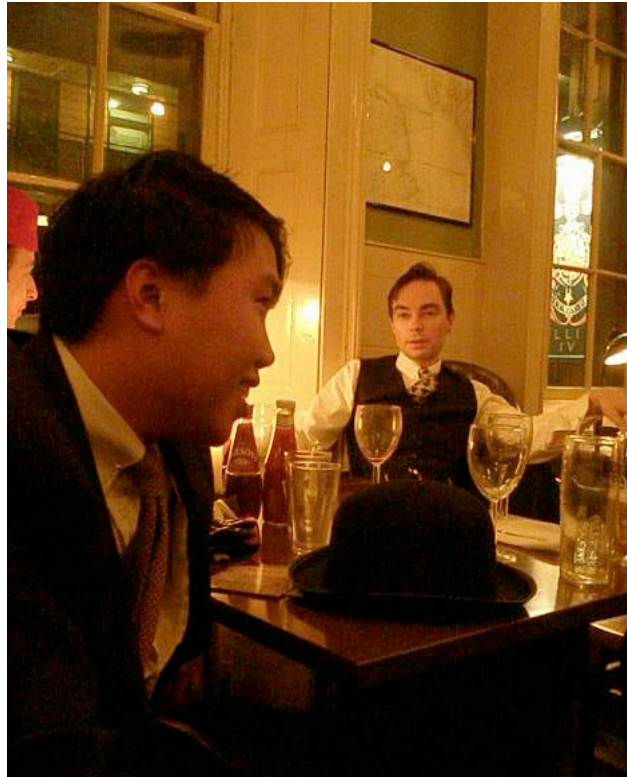
The Film Night Goes Stateside

THE IDES OF JANUARY saw the second in our new run of Film Nights. Perhaps appropriately, given the Obamania sweeping the land in the run-up to the new US President's inauguration, the night had an American theme. Miss Isabel Von Appel, who herself hails from the former Colonies, showed the odd film *True Stories*, made in 1986 by David Byrne, then lead singer in the art pop band Talking Heads.

Byrne himself appears in the film, a pseudo documentary, and addresses both the camera and the other characters. He is visiting Virgil, Texas, on the eve of its Celebration of Specialness for its 150th anniversary. It's about the death of traditional Main Street America as shopping malls move in. But it is also a study of how strange ordinary people are when you look.

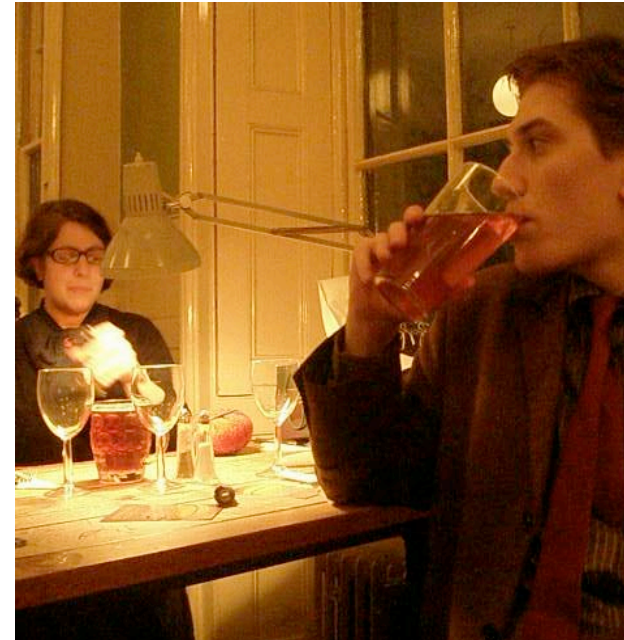
This latter part is Byrne's stock in trade, and much of the dialogue and, in particular his voice-overs, sound just like Talking Heads lyrics, a rich seam of *faux-naïve* observations about the oddness of life and people, delivered in Byrne's studiously autistic deadpan.

For a film with no real plot, apart from the narrative of John Goodman's character's search



for a wife, it's remarkably engaging and thought-provoking.

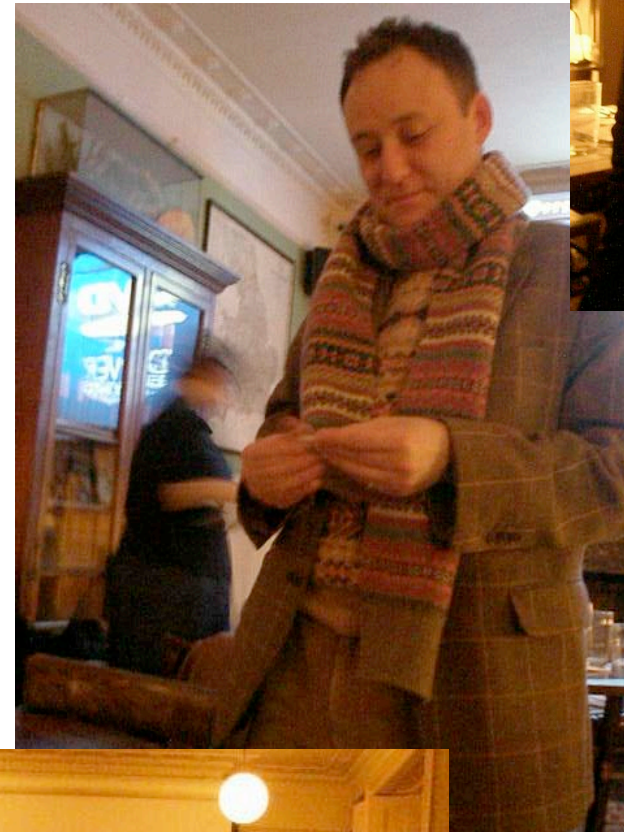
If you have a film or combination of films (Isabel had some shorts to show but technical difficulties overwhelmed us) that you think would make a good presentation for a NSC Film Night please get in touch.



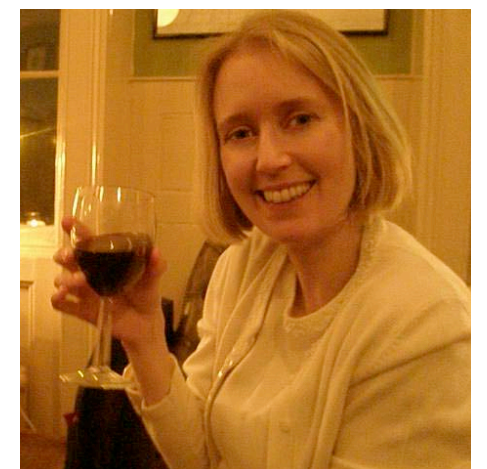
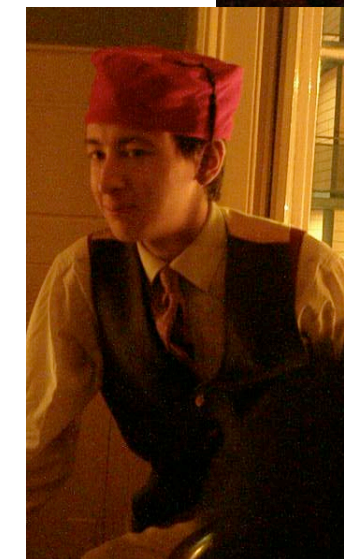
(Far left) Chris Choy, his hat and Mr Hartley; (left) Hugo Lomax sups a pint; (right) Neil McKeown watches pensively; (below) Owain Glyn Jones strikes a pose



(Left) Fruity rolls a fag; (below) Niall impresses Isabel by entering a catatonic state; (bottom right) Mrs H.; (bottom centre) Compton-Bassett; (bottom right) Willow Tomkins and Owain. Thanks to Willow for the photos



The film's bizarre fashion parade ends in disaster





How I Ate Five Christmas Dinners

By Isabel Von Appel

HOW DOES A JEWISH former-colonial end up downing five English Christmas dinners over the course of one holiday season? My experience with American Christmas dinners is pretty slim. I was raised in a Reform Jewish household (or Protestant Jewish, as I like to call it) in Northern California surrounded by friends whose parents had migrated to the San Francisco bay area in the late sixties. I suspect that the holiday meals I was invited to may not have conformed to the national standard. They're all I've got to go on, though, and so far the only similarities between American and English Christmas dinners seem to be eating a vegetable everyone hates, and stuffing oneself to the point of collapse.

Although I have lived in England for five years, I had never experienced a proper English Christmas

dinner. All I knew was that you ate turkey instead of ham, and that dessert was an alcohol-soaked fruitcake that had to be lit on fire. Oh, and you have to wear funny hats.

My first Christmas dinner in England was courtesy of Catherine, Laurence and Fruity at Treharrock. The caterers served us truly intimidating portions of turkey, along with what I assumed were the traditional side dishes. The bread sauce was a new and exotic dish for me, as I'd never encountered it in the States. Lots of people seemed pretty excited about it and I tasted it. I tried to understand, but I just

couldn't see why everyone was so worked up about something that looked like lumpy wallpaper paste and tasted like beige. Then there were little sausages, which maybe people eat in parts of the United States but I had never seen them before. People in the States eat a lot of things. Anyway my plate was absolutely heaped with food. Aside from the mountain of turkey, the sausages, and the mysterious bread sauce, there were familiar things like roasted potatoes, stuffing, carrots and parsnips, and a lake of gravy. I'm sure there was lots of other stuff but the memory has been decimated by too much holiday cheer. I do recall a pudding, which I later realized was a rather large one, served with clotted cream and brandy butter.

For Christmas dinner number two, I was invited to my friend John's house in St Reatham for the Saturday following our return from Cornwall. I met John in 1999 when I moved to London to study. He was my very first friend in England but we've gone in different directions since we left King's. He went into a manager's training course and on to a respectable job, whereas I went on to distinguish myself in the fields of debt production and procrastination. In fact all of that gang has gone into respectable jobs and it makes me feel old. A couple of them are teachers, a couple are accountants, and I think one is in insurance or something. I don't get to see them much anymore

so it is always good to catch up once in awhile, especially if food is involved. So Niall and I bopped down to south London and partook in Christmas dinner served buffet-style in the cosy living room of John's flat.

John's Christmas dinner was similar to our one at Treharrock, as far as the menu. There were those tiny cocktail sausages wrapped in bacon. There was turkey, stuffing, carrots and parsnips, cranberry sauce, green beans, but no Brussels sprouts—John took a vote the week before and the guests had responded resoundingly against the horrible things. For

dessert there was a regular Christmas pudding and the boys drowned it in rum before setting it alight, so it burned for an impressive length of time. By then it was time for the long, arduous journey back to 'Ackney on public transport.

Christmas dinner number three was courtesy of the club's very own Flt Lt

Fruity Hatfield-Peverell. Fruity had invited me to come round for mulled wine on Christmas Eve-eve. When I arrived, he had transformed the inside of his flat into a pagan sanctuary decorated with bunches of holly and foraged herbs, candles, and pomanders. There were also bowls of homemade potpourri that he'd sourced from the orange slices and cinnamon sticks left over from previous batches of mulled wine and cider. The natural decorations, the candlelight and the spicy scent of the potpourri made it feel like we were celebrating something older and more native than Christmas.

Fruity kept disappearing into the kitchen and wouldn't tell me what we were having. The mulled wine and flickering candles melted me into the sofa cushions. I'm not sure how long I sat there spacing out but eventually Fruity appeared from the kitchen carrying two plates full of Christmas food. It was his opinion that since I'd had two Christmas dinners already and planned to have a third on the holiday itself, I ought to go for a record and tonight's dinner was his way of helping me achieve that. After dinner I promptly fell asleep on the sofa which, of course, is a sign of a true Christmas dinner, whatever you've eaten.

Having eaten three English Christmas dinners in the space of two weeks, I had to try for a record. I enlisted Fruity and between us we decided that in order to count towards the record, the meal had to include, at the very least, turkey, gravy, brussels sprouts, stuffing, roasted potatoes, and Christmas pudding.

By Christmas morning the reality of a fourth



Isabel and Niall, doubtless about to eat something

turkey dinner started to sink in. Niall's flatmate's mum had descended on the house in all her plump and efficient motherliness and we were treated to constant cups of tea, bowls of crisps and nuts, cakes, chocolates, etc, etc. I would have been happy with some porridge and a cup of tea at this point but I didn't want to disappoint Flatmate's

Mum, so I bravely tucked into Christmas dinner number four.

Flatmate's Mum produced an array of courses that outdid even the Treharrock caterers. It consisted of all the usual accoutrements plus cheese, fruit salad, nuts, port, chocolate cake, fruit cake, and homemade whipped cream. I don't know how I managed it but I got through a respectable helping of each course without any serious complaint from my innards although I did feel I owed them one for sticking by me in my hour of need. Waking up on Boxing Day, I looked at the refrigerator full of leftovers and settled on a piece of plain toast for breakfast.

Onward and upward. Or northward. Niall and I had decided to flee London and visit his folks in Co Durham for New Year's Eve. After seven hours on a coach we arrived in t'North and I met Niall's mum and step-dad. To my utter disbelief, Mother Niall had prepared a full roast dinner. There was a roast chicken, brussels sprouts, stuffing, gravy, Yorkshire puddings, Christmas pudding, and homemade trifle. Now, some might not count this as a proper Christmas dinner because of the chicken but I am including it solely because of the brussels sprouts. And maybe also because of the eerie feeling that the Universe was laughing at me. (along with Niall's loud Geordie stepfather).

There was talk of a possible sixth Christmas dinner, to be served at a family friend's house on New Year's Eve, but it never materialised. It would have been a bit of a struggle to eat, but I was actually sort of disappointed.



DRAWN FROM LIFE You may recall from last month the photograph of Eugenie Rhodes at the Kredit Krunch Kabaret, feverishly engaged over a sketchpad. She has kindly sent me the end result, which is reproduced above. I seem to recall that that is

Marmaduke Dando on the left and the lady might be Naomi de Kleined.

Rupert Psmith
 Dogface Rainsby
 Tuppy Rogers
 Freddie Rooke
 Bill Rowcester
 Oofy Simpson
 Stiffy Stiffham
 Archie Studd
 Reggie Tennyson
 Freddie Threepwood
 Pongo Twistleton-Twistleton
 Hugo Walderwick
 Capt. J. G. Walkinshaw
 Freddie Widgeon
 Ambrose Wiffin
 Percy Wimbolt
 Dick Wimple
 Bertie Wooster
 Algie Wymondham

Oofy Simpson for a brief while ranked as the Club's richest property but (though Looney Coote and Bertie Wooster are "stagnant with the stuff") Oofy Prosser is the undisputed Club millionaire.

In the dining-room, bread rolls are the accepted *point d'appui*. The Drones is one of those clubs where they display the cold dishes on a central table, and Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright once hit the game pie six times with six consecutive bread rolls from a seat at the far window. In the smoking-room, lump sugar is the tactical missile.

Members are also pretty keen on the joke goods element. The plate lifter has had a notable vogue. The dribble glass is a favourite ice-breaker. The surprise salt shaker has had several successes. They still speak, too, of Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright's emotion when the bread roll he picked up squeaked loudly and a mouse ran out of it. Strong men had to rally round with brandy.

The annual incursion of outsize uncles, visiting the metrop for the Eton and Harrow Match and descending on their nephews for luncheon at the Drones (where they make for the bar like bison for a water-hole) gave Freddie Widgeon the idea for the Fat Uncles Sweepstake.

Among the Club's staff are Bates (hall porter); McGarry (a barman) and Robinson (a cloakroom waiter).

The Drones Club

By *Torquil Arbuthnot*

THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB is delighted to announce that it has agreed reciprocal arrangements with the Drones Club.

The postal address is Dover Street, Mayfair, W1. The windows of its smoking room overlook the street and command the portico and front steps of the Demosthenes Club opposite.

Members are kindly requested not to fire brazil nuts from catapults at Demosthenes members sporting top hats.

The Drones membership is unclear though may be judged with some accuracy at between 140 and 150. A member, a Mr Bertie Wooster, lets us into this secret when he comments on the universal popularity of the annual Darts Sweepstake. "They roll up in dense crowds to

buy tickets at 10/-." The winner "stands to scoop in £56/10/-". This would indicate 113 entrants. Allowing for absentees the total roll may be estimated at around 145. Of these, fifty-three members have been identified. In informal nomenclature and shorn of titles, as befitting the general atmos, they are:

Alistair Bingham-Reeves
 Biscuit Biskerton
 Monty Bodkin
 Jimmy Bowles
 Tubby Bridgnorth
 Freddie Bullivant
 Monty Byng
 Hugo Carmody
 Freddie Chalk-Marshall
 Stilton Cheeswright
 Berry Conway
 Looney Coote
 Nelson Cork

Algie Crufts
 Ronnie Devereux
 Dudley Finch
 Gussie Fink-Nottle
 Ronnie Fish
 Freddie Fitch-Fitch
 Boko Fittleworth
 Reggie Foljambe
 Aubrey Fothergill
 Barmy Fotheringay-Phipps
 Tuppy Glossop
 Percy Gorringer
 Reggie Havershot
 Bingo Little
 Algie Martyn
 Archie Mulliner
 Mervyn Mulliner
 Freddie Oaker
 Horace Pendlebury-Davenport
 Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright
 Oofy Prosser



You Mean They Can Make Wine in America?

A WINE COLUMN

By *Lainie Petersen*



While carefully matching food and wine can be great fun, there will be times when one simply doesn't know

what is going to be on the menu. Thus it is always a good idea to have a few "generalist" bottles to bring to parties and BYOB restaurants. While these wines may not make a meal sing, they also won't ruin the chef's efforts. Hess Chardonnay 2007 Monterey is a good example of such a wine.

The first thing it has going for it is its tropical and citrus fruit notes: refreshing and a good match for Chinese/Thai foods. The second is that, while it has the buttery notes of an oaked Chardonnay (which makes it a good go-along with chicken and seafood), it is balanced with a bit of astringency that keeps it from becoming flabby. It is far more distinctive than a Pinot Gris and almost as versatile.

It makes decent sipping wine (I found that its citrus-y notes paired very well with a snack of tangy goatsmilk gouda). On a lark, I added a splash to my preparation of roasted sprouts and found it makes a



good cooking wine as well.

A few caveats: this wine is not particularly subtle, so don't expect it to take a back seat to food. While it won't clash with a bland dish it may overwhelm it. I would also avoid pairing it with red meat unless the meat is an ingredient in a Chinese/Thai dish. Finally, despite its avoidance of several Chardonnay "deadly sins" (flabbiness, over-oaked rancid butter notes), it is still distinctly Chardonnay and serious Chard haters are unlikely to be won over by this wine.

Available in the UK from Majestic (majestic.co.uk) at £9.99 (currently dropping to £7.99 if you buy two or more Californian wines together)

Swiss-born entrepreneur Donald Hess founded his winery on the slopes of Mount Veeder in Napa, California, 25 years ago.

In addition to wine interests in Australia and South Africa, he also owns Colomé, the oldest winery in Argentina, where he is determined to cultivate the highest vineyard in the world. In Europe anything over about 1,600 feet above sea level is considered high, and the loftiest vineyards are at 4,300. In Argentina the average is 5,500 feet and Hess's Altura Maxima stands at 9,892.

It's still an experimental area, but the cooler, drier air at high altitude is supposed to give the grapes thicker skins, making them more aromatic and tannic, while the increased solar radiation is believed by some to boost the levels of antioxidant polyphenols in red wine, which actually makes quaffing the stuff healthier for you.



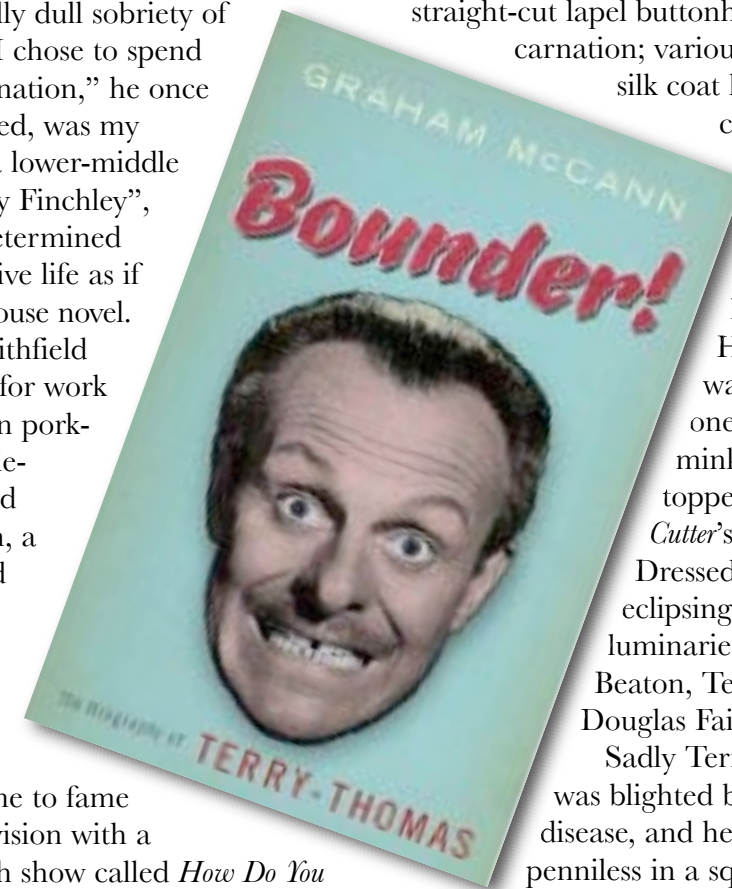
Bounder! The Biography of Terry-Thomas

Graham McCann (Aurum Press, £16.99)

Reviewed by *Torquil Arbuthnot*

AS BARBEY D'AUREVILLY once observed, "Dandyism is the product of a bored society," and Terry-Thomas, with his own inimitable brand of sartorial frivolity, cocked a snook at the chronically dull sobriety of post-war Britain. "If I chose to spend my bus fares on a carnation," he once said, "that, I considered, was my business." Born into a lower-middle class family in "bloody Finchley", Terry-Thomas was determined from an early age to live life as if it were a P. G. Wodehouse novel. For his first job at Smithfield Market he turned up for work wearing an olive-green pork-pie hat, a taupe double-breasted suit decorated with a clove carnation, a multi-coloured tie and yellow washleather gloves, accompanied by a long cigarette-holder and a silver-topped malacca cane.

Terry-Thomas came to fame in the infancy of television with a groundbreaking sketch show called *How Do You View?* From there he moved into the cinema, stealing the scenes in such marvellous films as *Private's Progress*, *Carleton-Browne of the FO*, *I'm All Right, Jack* (as Head of Personnel he describes his workforce as "an absolute shower!"), and *School for Scoundrels*. Later he cornered the market in foreign films playing versions of his English cad persona. In real life he was a bit of a bounder, with a penchant for showgirls and a habit of squandering money. An article in *Time*



magazine said, "...It is often hard to tell whether he is spoofing the upper-crust Briton or simply being one... In real life he is as wildly gallant and exaggeratedly debonair as any character he impersonates."

Once he started making oodles of money through filming and advertising, he built himself a house in Ibiza, where he would water-ski while listening to the cricket on a specially-designed miniature wireless. He bought a cream Mercedes-Benz and painted over it with hundreds of miniscule terracotta, green, brown, and yellow flowers to match his favourite Liberty print shirt. He also spent a fortune on clothes. He had his suits made by Cyril Castle on Savile Row, with special requirements built into every design: a breast pocket seven inches long to accommodate a cigarette-holder; an extra-tight straight-cut lapel buttonhole to hold his clove carnation; various shades of coloured silk coat linings; and

carefully-weighted stays at the trouser cuffs to protect them from rubbing against the heels of his shoes. He had over 150 waistcoats, including one made of white mink. No wonder he topped the *Tailor and Cutter's* list of the Ten Best Dressed Men of 1953, eclipsing such ultra-smart luminaries as Messrs Cecil Beaton, Terence Rattigan, and Douglas Fairbanks Jnr.

Sadly Terry-Thomas' later life was blighted by Parkinson's disease, and he ended up virtually penniless in a squalid flat in Barnes. Fortunately showbiz friends learnt of his plight and held a benefit gala which ensured he could live out his days in relative comfort.

Terry-Thomas comes across as an extremely likeable man, generous with both his time and money to others, unfailingly professional at work and selfless in helping other actors. Mr McCann has written an excellent, affectionate biography of a splendid man. As Terry-Thomas would say, this book is "bang on!"

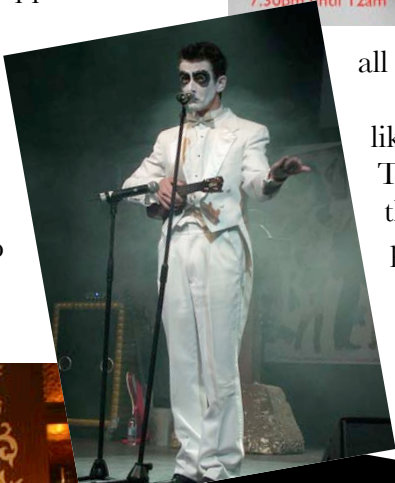


Cirque de Crème Anglaise 3

THE FURBELOWS, a beat combo counting among its numbers Members Mr Clayton Hartley, Mr Neil McKeown and (some of the time) Miss Tabitha Maynard-Addersley, presents, on **Tuesday 3rd February**, the third of their own nights at The Cross Kings, 126 York Way, near London's King's Cross station. It's a mostly musical evening that combines clangorous beatnik wailings with vaudeville, foppishness and tongue-in-cheekery.

This time the bill features:

Des O'Connor His career began as musical director of Cambridge Footlights. Nowadays he paints his face like a panda and sings bawdy songs to the ukulele. "Dark, hilarious and really rather strange"—*Time Out*



all of them." —Seatwave

Whitestar Recalling 80s bands like the Bunnymen, New Order and The Cult, Whitestar deliver songs that are honest, polished and punchy. The singer's astonishing voice, combined with a sophisticated use of sonic effects, creates a quite captivating sound.

All that and you get **The Furbelows** too, an act that A

New Band a Day described as, "As much fun as a Playboy Playmate and twice as pleasant to



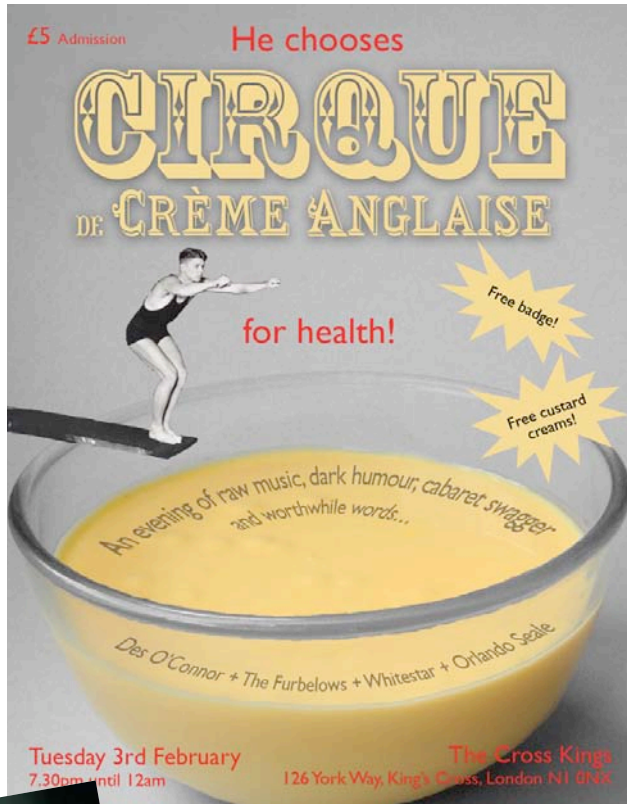
(Critics Choice) "Serious and funny, clever and fresh"— Channel 4. In 2008 he was also MTV presenter for Bestival and the Big Chill.

Orlando Seale "Dark comedy masterpieces to which you could laugh or cry. This man combines Noel Coward, Gershwin, Cole Porter, Randy Newman, Tom Waits, David Byrne and Morrissey, and succeeds in being different from



listen to." For your £5 you also get a FREE, limited-edition badge and free custard creams. The venue is rather jolly and they do good, reasonably-priced food too.

Doors open at 7.30 and clang shut at 12am.



The Cocktail Cabinet:

Wherein Club Members allow a smile to play around their lips as they recall a favourite concoction

The Negroni

Clayton Hartley

I developed a taste for Campari while honeymooning in Venice. A huge Campari sign loomed over the Lido (now gone, I hear) and the locals' aperitif of choice was the "spritz", a mixture of Campari*, white wine (sometimes sparkling) and fizzy water. The Austrians who ruled the place in the early 19th century started all this, to thin the strong local wine.

Campari, a bright red, bitter drink was invented in Turin by Gaspare Campari in the early 1800s and his son was responsible for the advertising images (see below) that helped promote it. The recipe is allegedly a closely guarded secret but it is said to have some 60 ingredients. Its colour traditionally comes from cochineal, a cactus-boring insect from South America, though I've heard that in 2007 they replaced this with an artificial colouring.

The Negroni owes its existence to another cocktail, the Americano. By 1862 Gaspare had his own bar, Caffè Campari, in Milan, where he devised a blend of Campari, sweet red vermouth and soda water, calling it a Milano-Torino, after its origins. It later became known as an Americano because of its popularity with tourists. Legend has it that, in 1919, one Count Camillo Negroni went into the Caffè Casoni in Florence and asked the barman, Fosco Scarselli, to beef up his Americano with gin. (Whether at this stage the gin actually replaced the soda, I'm not clear.) This became Negroni's favourite drink and it took his name.

1 part gin
1 part Campari
1 part red vermouth such as Martini Rosso, Cinzano Rosso or Noilly Prat red

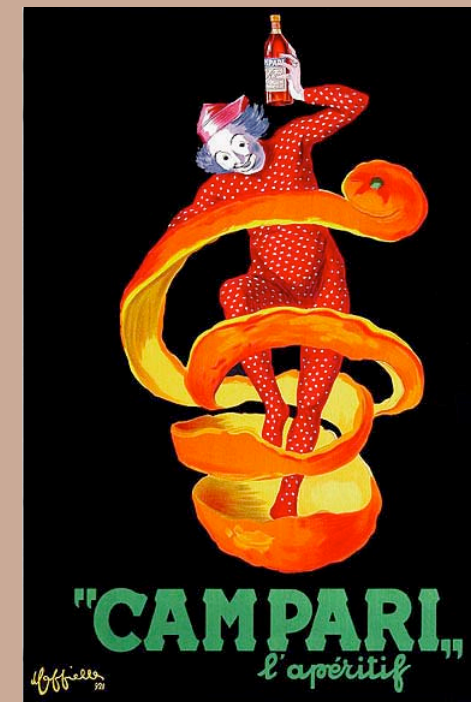
Stir the ingredients together over ice. This is conventionally served with a wedge of orange, sometimes joined



by a wedge of lemon, or alternatively with a strip of orange or lemon zest. One elaborate variant has you squeeze orange zest over a lit match above the glass: the rind oils flare up and fill the place with a burnt orange aroma.

I've found variants where the vermouth is reduced to a 3/4 part or the gin to a 1/3 part. Some people add Fee Orange Bitters. It is also sometimes served strained into a Martini glass rather than on the rocks, or you can tone it down with soda water. I gather a popular drink in Italy is the Negroni Sbagliato (a "wrong Negroni") where sparkling white wine is used instead of the gin (which sounds a lot like the Venetian spritz) or the Negroski, where the gin is replaced by vodka. A Cardinal is a Negroni with the red vermouth replaced by dry white vermouth—a pretty dry drink.

Finally, one pleasant way I've discovered to enjoy Campari is to add a splash to one's gin and tonic.



*Actually a Spritz can be made with Aperol, Select Pilla or Cynar, an artichoke-flavoured substance, but I gather that the Campari version is considered the "man's spritz". I tried Aperol once and thought it pretty foul, but I haven't sampled the others.



CLUB NOTES

Club Pub Quiz Announced

NOBLE COMMITTEE MEMBER Mr Artemis Scarheart has been busy sorting out the first Club Pub Quiz—an arduous task, not least because before he can set any questions, he must first learn some knowledge. It is expected that the rounds will include a “brogues gallery”, proper geography, imperial history, famous Chappist sayings and much more.

The date is **Saturday 7th March** and the venue is the Basement Room of the Fitzroy Tavern, 16 Charlotte St, London W1T 2NA.

More details will be announced as they become clearer, but in the meantime, if you are interested in attending please email Mr Scarheart at mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk to help him gauge just what sort of a hare-brained undertaking he has birthed.

Club Accounted For

More news from Mr Scarheart: he has been poring over the Club ledgers and has this to say...

AS OF 15H JANUARY there were 104 Town Members, 73 Country Members and 18 Abroad Members. This makes a total of £2,330 taken in initial Membership fees since the Club was founded and £590 taken in Re-Up Subs. This makes a grand total of Membership Subscriptions of £2,920. In addition we have made a total of £987.93 through Club Night and Club Party admissions.

In that time the Club has spent £3,687.93 in running, Grand Raffle and entertainment costs (please see details below). At present the Club is £220 in credit.

NSC Expenses since the Founding of the Club: £913.21 Club Set-Up costs* and the Beau

Brummel Boogie
£222.66 The Last Gasper
£341.65 Murder Mystery and Mincepies at New Sheridan Towers
£629.05 Mad Dogs and Englishmen
£1,081.36 The Kredit Krunch Kabaret
£500 down payment for second batch of Club Ties.

Grand Total of Expenses to date: £3,687.93

(*Club Set-Up costs include expenses since the Foundation such as buying badges, Membership Cards, sticker blanks, the hand stamp, etc.)

As is clear, the cost of each Party has been greater than the one before it. Although we do receive some excellent sponsorship from various companies we spend the lions' share of the Club Funds on Parties and especially on the Grand Raffle. The Committee feels that the Grand Raffle is the centrepiece of a Club Party and should have prizes to match. Similarly, entertainment is a mixture of the free (often performed by Club Members) and the paid-for.

New Members

I WOULD LIKE to direct a warm jet of cordiality in the direction of Messrs Ernie Samat and Leslie Jason Cuthbert, both of whom have joined the Club in the last month.

Forthcoming Events

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk.

Finger In The Pie Cabaret

Madam Jo-Jo's, 8-10 Brewer St, London W1F 0SE
Sunday 1st February (also Saturday 7th February at The Cross Kings, 126 York Way)
Doors 6pm, show from 7pm
Admission: £8 in advance, £10 on the door

A mixture of burlesque, comedy and general strangeness, plus sideshows, games and, at the Saturday shows, the chance to attend an afternoon workshop prior to performing yourself. See www.fingerinthepie.com.

The Furbelows Present Cirque de Crème Anglaise

Tuesday 3rd February
7.30pm-12am
The Cross Kings, 126 York Way, London N1 0AX (King's Cross rail and tube)
Admission: £5
See page 18.

NSC Club Night

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

The Chap presents Blitz Party

The Arches, off Brick Lane, Shoreditch, London EC2A 3EY
Saturday 7th February
8pm-2am
Admission: £15 in advance from Ticketweb or by telephoning 020 7636 8228
Dress: “1940s glam, home front utility clothing and allied uniform all welcome”

The Chap magazine co-hosts a night of fun, fashion, and dancing. Blitz Party, the 1940s night brimming with community spirit, moves from Bourne and Hollingsworth to a new East End location underneath railway arches off Brick Lane. The venue will be transformed into wartime air raid shelter, complete with sandbags, searchlights, blackout curtains, oil lamps and military bunk beds and furniture.

Ration books will replace bar tabs and scarce provisions will line the walls. Spread under three arches, the rooms will host the UK's finest live swing bands, performers and DJs. The Spitfire Bar will serve good old Kentish Ale and hearty food and another room will project original newsreels and wartime films, accompanied by live music.

Nosey Joe's

The Royston Club, 85 Royston Road, Penge London SE20 7QW
Saturday 7th February
Doors 7.30pm, bar till 11.30, dancing till 12am
Admission: £12 in advance from Caron and Steve on 02082654020, or £10 on the door

A 52nd Street Jump joint, this is a club night presenting an eclectic mix of music from the 1930s to the 1950s from DJ Dr Swing plus live music, this time from Ronnie Scott's Rejects.

Loss: Hendrick's Valentine's Day Ball

Friday 13th February
Time: Seminar kicks things off at 8pm; main event from 10pm
The Tabernacle, Powis Square, London W11
Admission: Keeps changing—currently £15 a ticket, with a discount on five or more; £16 if you want to see the talk at 8pm
Dress: Decaying Beauty

The Last Tuesday Society brings its lachrymose guns to bear on Valentine's Day. The evening will be introduced at 8pm by a seminar on “How To Deal With a Broken Heart” by *The Independent's* agony aunt Virginia Ironside, followed by an evening of “the most miserable and depressing performances” from Ophelia Bitz, Helen Noir, The Guillotines and more, plus disc jockeys David TG and Penny Metal.

“Smiling is strictly discouraged out of deference to the feelings of other guests: anyone found to be smiling will be fined the sum of £1 by the Smile Box.” Be comforted by Viktor Wynd's famous cheeseboard of stale stilton & mouldy camembert or dry your tears on the crumbs at The Deceased Butterflies Woodland Picnic. There will doubtless be onion chopping at midnight plus the first meeting in 2009 of The Sad Poets Society, brought to you by *The Liberal*, or join Suzette Field in her little tent as she teaches you how to make a voodoo doll of your ex. They claim it's the last Loss of all time, but believe that at your own risk...

Frock Me! Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 15th February
11am-5.30pm
Chelsea Town Hall, King's Road, Chelsea, London SW3 5EZ
Admission: £3 (£1.50 students, children under 16 free)

Over 50 exhibitors will gather from all over the country (and a couple from France too) to sell you old clobber from Victorian underwear to 1950s corsets, from Edwardian smoking jackets to feather fans. More details at www.frockmevintagefashion.com.

Birthday Girl

Not only will Miss Tabitha Maynard-Addersley be performing with The Furbelows on Tuesday 3rd February at the Cirque de Crème Anglaise (see page 18), but it will also be her birthday that very day. So why not come along and wish her *bonne anniversaire*?



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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. Those of a more technological bent can also help spread the word by befriending us electrically at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub or indeed www.facebook.com.