



PLUS:

- T-Force: hunting for Hitler's secret weapons
- The Tashes: Gents win by a whisker
- New Club merchandise
- Two new Film Nights

## Strange goings on

at the Cirque de Crème Anglaise

The New Sheridan Club

# Newsletter

XXXV • September 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 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

There is much to look forward to this month. In addition to another Film Night (plus one more in October) we are arranging a visit to the Savage Club. And as I write a swag-bag of NSC gewgaws sits on the table—we have taken the luscious enamelled disc that adorns the lapel badge issued to new Members and applied it to a range of other items of choice bling: cufflinks, tie slides and stickpins. These are available for purchase at modest prices. See page 15.

### 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 8pm until 11pm. Our guest speaker will be author Mr David Waller who will warm our cockles with a rummage through the little-known life of *The Magnificent Mrs Tennant*.

Gertrude Tennant came to prominence as a widow later in life, through the literary and political salon she established at her home in Whitehall—habitues included Gladstone and Balfour, Mark Twain, Thomas Huxley, Millais, Henry James, Browning, Henry Irving, Oscar Wilde and Victor Hugo. She was apparently the only person on the planet of whom the explorer Henry Morton Stanley was afraid. She was also

a lifelong friend of Gustave Flaubert and Mr Waller has just published a book based on a previously unknown cache of letters between the two, found in a farmhouse attic.

### The Last Meeting

At the August meeting we were scheduled to be entertained by Lord Rupert's discourse on *Sir Francis Dashwood and the Hellfire Club*. However, at the last minute we learned that Rupert had managed to injure his hand—presumably in the over-vigorous manipulation of some sort of wrench, given his calling as a plumber—and had had to be whisked to hospital for a face-off with the saw-bones. We were bereft.

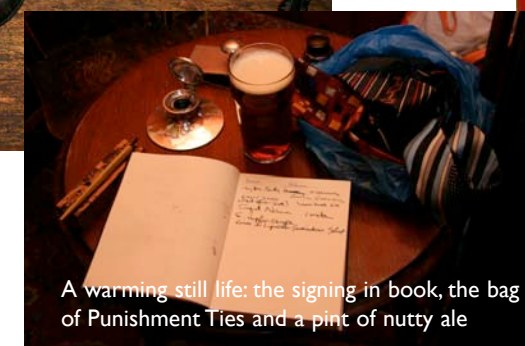
Then, in the nick of time, the noble Matthew "The Chairman" Howard leapt into the breach by delivering a lecture version of an article he penned some time ago for *The Chap* (though which has not yet appeared in print). The subject was an unexpectedly influential essay penned by Nancy Mitford in 1954, in which she outlined the distinction in manners of speaking, in particular of vocabulary, that marked out her own upper class ("U") and the encroaching middle class ("non-U"). She never intended it to be taken that seriously, yet her dictats (e.g. "sofa", "rich" and "what?" are U, while "settee", "wealthy" and "pardon?" are non-U) are still considered touchstones of good taste and breeding by many today.



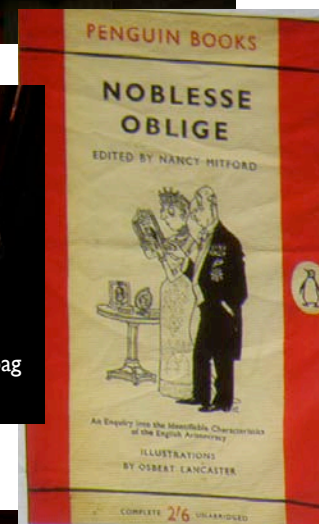
The Chairman gives forth



(Left) Alan Titchard of the Savage Club



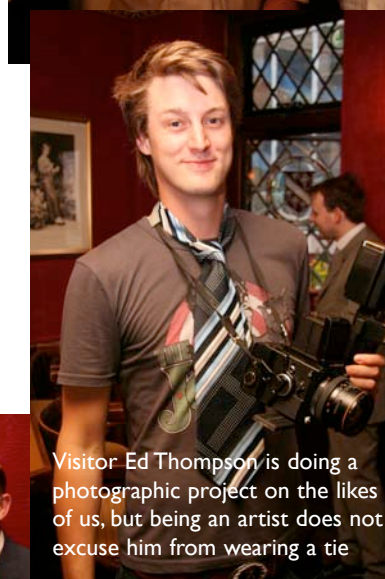
A warming still life: the signing in book, the bag of Punishment Ties and a pint of nutty ale



Watermere, with a splendid tash that I suspect he has grown specifically for the Tashes



I can't actually tell you why Seth is wearing Highland dress. But who needs a reason?



Visitor Ed Thompson is doing a photographic project on the likes of us, but being an artist does not excuse him from wearing a tie



(Far left) (l-r) Des Esseintes, Ernie Samat and Will Smith (above) (l-r) the Curé, the Laird of Ardracchan and Chris Choy







## The T-Team

*Combining Ian Fleming, Nazi scientists, daring military advances, James Bond villains, safe breakers released from Wormwood Scrubs, archetypal British muddling through and a twelve-year old bottle of Scotch, T-Force: The Race for Nazi War Secrets, 1945 could only be a book from the pen of a New Sheridan Club member. It might sound like a novel, but historian Sean Longden, who earlier this year entertained the club with a history of fashion in the British Army, has turned his attention to one of the last forgotten true stories of World War Two: T-Force.*

**By Sean Longden**

ESTABLISHED IN LATE 1944, “Target Force” was given the role of searching Germany for secret weapons, research facilities and the scientists responsible for Nazi projects such as nuclear and chemical weapons, jet engines, V2 missiles and high-speed submarines. During the advance into Germany, T-Force set off alone, often occupying towns and factories in advance of the main British forces.

Their tactics were simple: rush to the target, secure the perimeter, detain all the staff and then send in teams of scientific experts to assess what they found. The sight of these scientists, fresh from UK universities and research facilities, dressed in military uniform and surrounded by grubby British infantrymen, must have perplexed the civilian population.



Tony Hibbert in 1945

They employed various methods to ensure the cooperation of German scientists. One obstructive and unrepentant Nazi was subdued by driving a tank up to his factory and pointing the gun through his office window. Expert “safe crackers”, who had been released on licence from prisons in the UK, were then set to work blowing off the doors to reveal secret documents. In one port, T-Force soldiers came under fire from sailors on the deck of a battleship. They returned fire, then boarded and took control of the vessel, laying claim to being the only British army unit to capture a German battleship.

What T-Force located was staggering. At one target they entered two miles of underground tunnels in which jet fighters were rolling off the production line. Most notably, T-Force located a nuclear research laboratory hidden beneath the straw-covered barn floor in which scientists were still hard at work. On a more gruesome note, T-Force secured the main German chemical weapons research facility and with it uncovered photographs showing how Nazi scientists had tested a new generation of gases—including Sarin and Tabun—on concentration camp inmates. They also searched for V2 rockets which were later used by the British in post-war missile tests.

What made the success of T-Force more remarkable was that this elite unit was not selected from the usual suspects—commandos, the SAS or paratroopers. Instead it was a melange of wounded soldiers recently released from hospitals, victims of “shell shock”, former artillerymen and sailors from landing-craft crews. There were both old hands and virgin soldiers among the ranks, not forgetting the aforementioned scientists and criminals. As for

T-Force officer with detained German scientists on a ferry at Blankensee, September 1945



the officers, the commander of T-Force was given the job simply because, as the army’s head of chemical weapons, he had nothing else to do. His staff included renegades like Brian Urquhart, famously released from the Airborne Corps HQ following his opposition to Operation Market Garden, the attempt to hasten the end of the war by dropping 30,000 paratroopers behind enemy lines to capture eight key bridges.

And then there was Major Tony Hibbert, another maverick officer who had once parachuted in the full dress uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery, complete with riding breeches, riding boots and spurs. His reason was simple: he didn’t want to be late for dinner. However, by the time he had joined T-Force his sartorial standards had dropped somewhat: he was forced to wear trousers split from hip to ankle to accommodate his broken leg and plaster cast.

It was Hibbert who was responsible for T-Force’s crowning achievement, the capture of the German port of Kiel. In early May, 1945, he was ordered by the Allied headquarters to take a force of 500 men to secure the maritime research facilities in Kiel. The only problem was that the Germans had just signed a ceasefire, prohibiting any movement for the three days prior to VE Day. With the ceasefire in place he

was refused permission to move, leaving him the dilemma of having to disobey one set of orders so as to be able to fulfil another. Unfazed by this dilemma, Hibbert took the matter into his own hands. Clutching a bottle of the finest 12-year-old single malt, he entered the office of the man who had refused to sign the order for T-Force to advance. The result: one very drunk officer whose hand was guided by Hibbert to sign the movement order. Hibbert himself had not been drinking, having sacrificed his precious whisky for the greater good.

Just hours later T-Force, with the broken-legged Hibbert in the leading jeep, had raced to Kiel, secured the necessary research facilities and taken the city’s surrender. It was the British Army’s last advance of the war in north-west Europe. The story did not end there: his prize for defying orders and taking Kiel was to be placed under arrest by a British general who had planned to make a ceremonial entry to the town but instead arrived on VE Day to see T-Force hanging their washing out. Fortunately, one of Hibbert’s friends handed him a bottle of champagne so he could celebrate VE Day whilst under arrest. The incident ensured that Major Hibbert claimed the dubious honour of being under arrest on both the first and last day of World War 2—on 3rd September 1939 he had been arrested for crashing his commanding





T-Force "evacuating" equipment in Köln

officer's car, in the process destroying the unit's entire monthly supply of beer and spirits.

In the post-war years T-Force did not disappear but remained hard at work. At first they concentrated on clandestine operations to smuggle scientists out of the Soviet zone of Germany, to ensure they could not become communist tools in the emerging Cold War. They sent hundreds of important scientists back to the UK for interrogation or employment. They also worked to extract industrial secrets, bringing back billions of pounds worth of technological equipment to help rebuild Britain's exhausted industries. During this period they worked hard to ensure nothing of importance fell into Soviet hands. One tactic was to disrupt the work of the Soviet reparation teams that travelled Germany in search of equipment. T-Force officers held parties where they got the Russians drunk, then switched inventories, meaning the Russians had no record of what they had laid claim to. Another tactic was to urinate in their petrol tanks, ensuring they were delayed from reaching their

targets, allowing the T-Force teams to continue their work unimpeded.

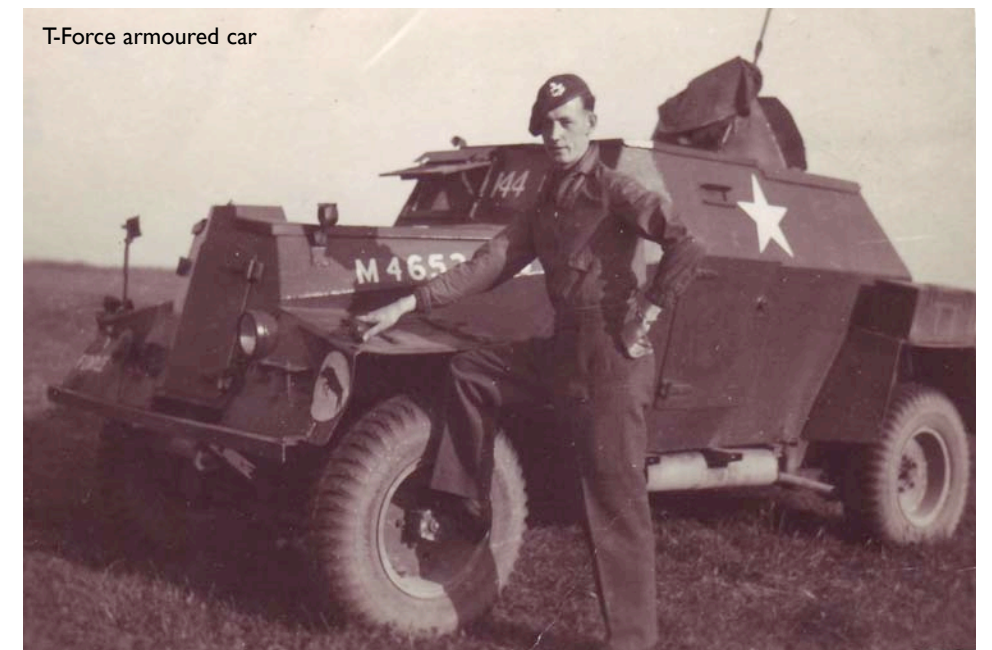
Yes, I hear you ask, but where do Ian Fleming and his legendary creation James Bond fit into this story? It is well known that Fleming worked for Royal Navy intelligence during the war and that he created "30 Assault Unit" (30AU), a commando team responsible for searching for intelligence. What is less well known was that the success of 30AU inspired the High Command to create T-Force. Further to that, Fleming sat on the committee that selected the targets searched for by T-Force. Indeed, 30AU (including Patrick Dalzel-Job, the man often credited as the inspiration for James Bond himself) worked alongside T-Force in Germany.

Yet the connection does not end there. In 1945 one of the T-Force investigation teams at work in Kiel reported that the unit's primary target—a brilliant scientist named Dr Walter—was an unrepentant Nazi who would one day re-emerge as "a villain on screen or in literature". How right he was. Dr Helmuth

Walter, Germany's foremost designer of hydrogen-peroxide-powered rocket and jet engines, and twelve of his staff were soon taken to the UK to continue his work on high-speed submarines.

Then in 1955 Dr Walter made a shocking return in the pages of the third James Bond novel *Moonraker*. Without even disguising the scientist's name, Fleming's new novel gave the public Dr Walter, the assistant to Hugo Drax, a British multi-millionaire who is the financier for a top secret hydrogen-peroxide-powered missile project entitled "Moonraker". The project itself, under the direct control of the fiendish Drax, is worked on by a team of fifty German scientists, all ex-Nazis, who have been taken from Germany to work on the missile—just like the real Dr Walter and his team.

The similarities do not end there. In *Moonraker* the British are concerned about Russian amphibious operations—fearing they might land commandos on the coast of Kent to hijack the project. In 1945 Major Hibbert had been warned that he needed to reach Kiel swiftly to secure Dr Walter, fearing that the Russians were likely to use amphibious commando operations to snatch the doctor. The connection between T-Force's work and the inspiration for *Moonraker* can also be seen by the unit's investigation of a German weapons research facility named Rheinmetal-Borsig. In *Moonraker*, the villain



T-Force armoured car

Drax is described as a former employee at the plant. Indeed, even the dash, élan and wilful disdain for the rules displayed by Major Hibbert showed Bond-like qualities.

Beyond the Bond connection, the success of T-Force and its implication for the security of the western world in the post-war period, means the officers and men of T-Force can truly be described as Britain's first "Cold Warriors".

***T-Force: The Race for Nazi War Secrets, 1945*** by Sean Longden is published by Constable on 10th September



The Admiral Hipper, captured by T-Force, May 1945





# The Tashes '09: A Shock Result

THE CLUB'S ANNUAL cricket match took place on Saturday 22nd August. As before it was held at the Richardson Evans Memorial Playing Field in Roehampton and, as before, it was played between the Hirsute Gentlemen (all with facial hair, some of it doubtless glued on for the occasion) and the Clean-Shaven Players. But for the first time ever the moustachioed side won. A full match report will doubtless be forthcoming once sterling organiser Watermere has recovered sufficiently from the shock, but in the meantime here are some snaps of the day, courtesy of Actuarius.



(Top left) Watermere limbers up; (above) Lord Rupert arrives with a girl on each arm, Fleur on the right of the picture, Nicole on the left; (left) the picnic is an important part of the event, including (below) the Conte's masterful salad selection and, this time, Sophie Jonas' new business venture (below left) selling high-class cakes; (bottom right) Essex bowls while (bottom left) Hallamshire-Smythe reveals his technique for appearing alert even when he's nodded off in the field



Jessie looks on in amusement as Watermere misses the ball

(Top) A thunderous stroke from Spitfire; (above) Watermere lobs the pill with such ferocity that Scarheart's sleeves evaporate; (right) umpire Rushen is fuelled by pipe tobacco and Champagne



(Above) Scarheart looks on dumbstruck as Andy Downer propels the leather; (right) Lady Windermere rushes to refuel the umpire







## TRINKET OF DREAMS!

To Cheshire and, while visiting Laurence Bennion at his majestic mansion, we troll along to the Cholmondley Pageant of Power. It is an extraordinary spectacle, with tanks, helicopters, speedboats on the lake and even a formation-dancing troupe of JCB diggers. More importantly, there are vintage cars. Many, many vintage cars. Laurence himself has a thing about Austin Healeys and, having inspected a few at close quarters, I can see why.

Laurence's *inamorata* Catherine, on the other hand, is fixated on Bugattis. Powder-blue Bugattis. Just as we are discussing this, what should roll past but a powder-blue Type 35 Bugatti. In fact, the owner explains, it's really a fake, built from a kit (on what may well be a VW chassis judging from the badge on the spare wheel). You can see the emblem of the kit company, Replicar, on the radiator grille in the picture below. Catherine was happy enough, as the gentlemen let her sit in the car—I think he even offered to let her take it for a spin.

(Later Catherine got to see some real Bugattis in the Holy-Of-Holies inner sanctum enclosure. At first we were all denied access as we weren't important enough. Then we passed the press tent and Mrs H. reminded me that I am, technically, a journalist: a quick flash of my press card and I emerged clutching a press pass that gave Catherine access to the Bugatti hoard.)

Anyway, it is not actually the Bugatti, real or fake, that is this month's Trinket of Dreams—it is the delightful umbrella holder that the owner of the Replicar had affixed to the side of his motor. It is pleasingly reminiscent of the saddle-mounted holsters in which cowboys in films always seem to keep their Winchester repeating rifles.



**Do you have a Trinket of Dreams? Why not write and share your lust?**



(Top left) Miss Minna makes shapes oblivious to the game behind her; (top right) umpire Rushen cradles the trophy while keeping the throng—and Hallamshire-Smythe—on tenterhooks before announcing the result



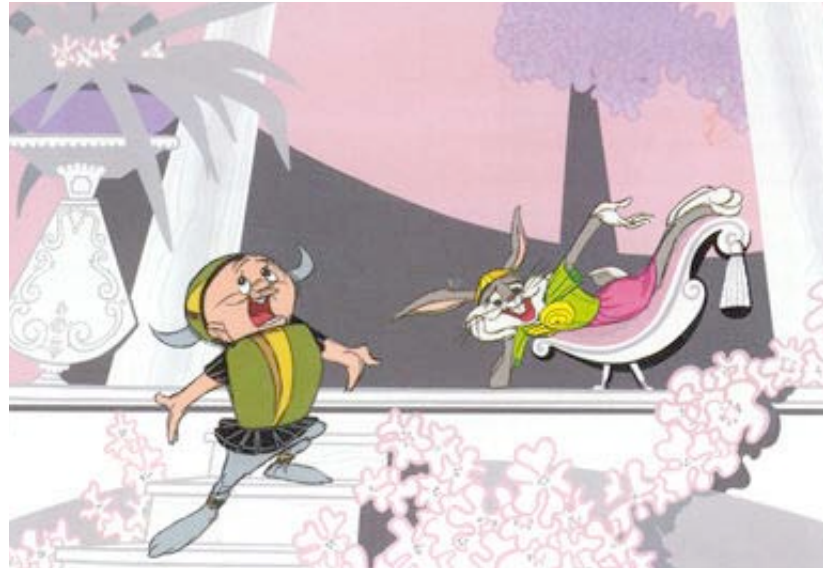
The first ever Hirsute victory! (Left) team captain Watermere accepts the trophy; (above left) the Clean-Shaven Players display gentlemanly sportsmanship as they applaud (doubtless with gritted teeth) their victorious opponents; (above right) the Hirsute Gentlemen accept their foes' congratulations with studied nonchalance; (above) another first—Rushen announces that the Man of the Match is actually a boy, or rather two boys, William (left) and James Brassington. Surely no lads have ever benefitted from such valuable guidance as these two get from the New Sheridan Club...





## Vintage Film Night

THE FOURTH IN OUR new run of Film Nights will take place on Thursday 10th September and is this time curated by Miss Sarah Bowerman. First up is *What's Opera, Doc?* a 1957 Bug's Bunny ten-minute Looney Tune cartoon revolving around Wagner. Considered by many to be Chuck Jones's masterpiece—and by some as one of the finest animated shorts of all time—it features Elmer Fudd as Siegfried, yet still fixated on hunting rabbits. The usual chase takes an odd turn as Bugs disguises



Baby Jane and in later horror movies.”

The venue is the upstairs Geography Room of the William IV, 7 Shepherdess Walk, near London's Old Street station. It's a quality boozier, offering good food and fine wines. We have the place from 6.30 till midnight.

We already have another Film Night lined up for Thursday 22nd October, presented by Count Martindt Cally von Callomon and featuring two documentaries—1971's *The Moon And The Sledgehammer* about an eccentric family living a secluded life in woods near London, and *The Knife Grinder* from the early 1980s. Cally will introduce the programme with his thoughts on “the English media's need for our ‘eccentrics’

to be pre-packaged whereas, in these films, they are free of all such convenient shrink-wrap and could even be seen as somewhat sinister.”



himself as Brunhilde and Elmer is smitten...

The evening's feature presentation is the 1944 Bette Davis/Claude Rains movie *Mr Skeffington*, in which Davis portrays a society beauty who, when her feckless brother is exposed as an embezzler, is obliged to marry for money. Miss Bowerman describes the film as “a little-known picture that is rather modern in its approach to story telling. Bette Davis allows herself to become a monster in a way that would merit an Oscar and the description ‘brave performance’ these days. It's also quite funny and has a dark side too. Pre-figures Davis' performance as



## A Year In Custardy

THAT VANILLA-INFUSED musical extravaganza that is the Cirque de Crème Anglaise made its fifth outing (and its first anniversary) on Friday 21st August. Headliners were the David Goo Variety Band, a powerful combination of crowd-pleasing energy and quirky subject matter. (If Frank Zappa were reborn in a synagogue in the Balkans he would sound like this.)

Also playing, of course, were hosts The Furbelows, containing a good handful of NSC Members. Before them came the strange noises produced by The Lone Taxidermist, the solo act of Natalie Sharp, lead singer of The Bottomfeeders, who were supposed to perform on this occasion but had to pull out at the last moment. Combining keyboard, the odd bit of guitar, and heavy use of a looping pedal, she built up layers of strange vocal harmonies and rhythms played on finger cymbals and even a knife and fork.

Compère for the evening was H. Anthony Hildebrand, who writes

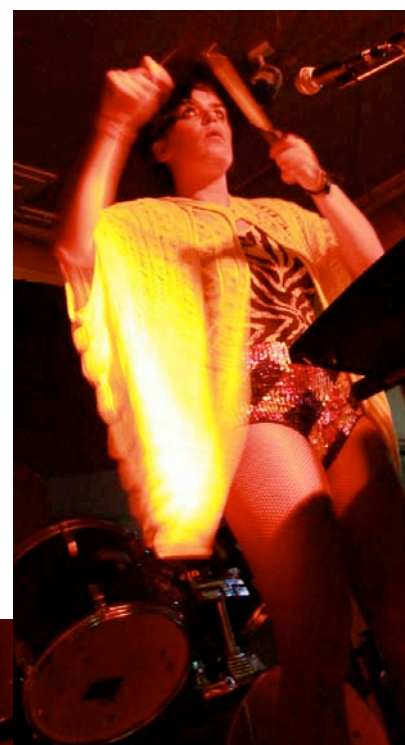
humorous verse and prose and is also one half of the act Junior Ministers (the other half is currently in South America, allegedly hunting Robert Mugabe). Mr Hildebrand injected just the right amount of surreal and hilarious observation into the musical mix.

There was a TV camera in the room, courtesy of Tourdates.co.uk, filming everything and broadcasting it live on the Interweb; there had also been a plan to broadcast Jordan Thomas's regular Friday night Recharged

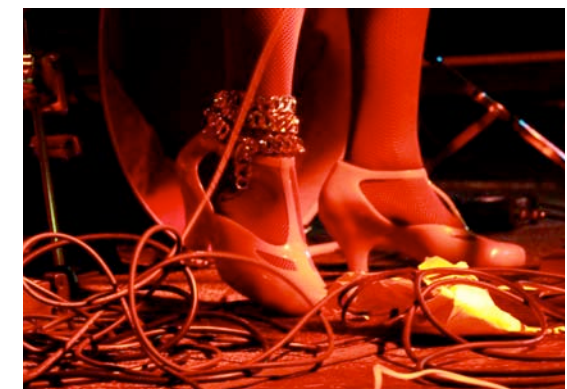


Radio show live from the venue too, but this proved a little tricky. However, I believe that for the next Cirque, on Friday 20th November, there

will be an ambitious attempt to have a multi-camera broadcast going on. Watch this space...



(Top) H. Anthony Hildebrand declaiming some humorous verse. Some of his utterances were delivered to the accompaniment of a beatbox. (Left) The Lone Taxidermist takes the stage, announced by the vaudeville-style name board that all the acts have: performers usually ask to take their board away with them; (above) the cutlery that provided a rhythm; (right) just some of the wires involved in Natalie's act; (above right) she sings, too







(Left) The Furbelows; (below) Monooka, the newest Furbelow (at left), first heard the band at the last Cirque



## CLUB NOTES

### New Members

I WOULD LIKE to rub the salve of bonhomie into the wounds of 21st-century ennui of the following coves and covettes who have signed up for Club Membership in the last month: Dr Guy Woodward, Miss Julia Wakeling, Mr David Carnell, Mr John Hamilton, Baron Christopher Patrick Wilhelm Self III, Mr Philip Crawley, Le Falsification de Maitre, Graf Von Und Zu Winterthur, Miss Josephine Webster-Burgess, Mr Maxwell Smythe, Mr Shawn Massoni.

### New Merchandise

IN THE LAST Newsletter I mentioned that we had ordered some new manifestations of the NSC enamelled logo. These have now arrived and are ready for purchase by any NSC Member. We have cufflinks at £10 a pair, tie slides at £6 each and stick pins at just £4 each (see photo). If you would like to place an order please get in touch via [mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk). (For mail orders there will be a delivery charge of 50p per order in the UK and £1 for overseas orders.)

### Visit to the Savage Club

Mr Alan Titchard, who came as a guest to the August NSC Club Night, has invited the Club to visit the Savage Club and perhaps for one of us to give a talk to their members on the NSC,



*The Chap* and similar matters.

The Savage Club was founded in 1857 and remains one of the leading Bohemian Gentleman's Clubs in London. Clubs elsewhere have borrowed both the name and the style, which continues to be the "pursuit of happiness"—a quest made infinitely more agreeable by the fellowship of members who are known to each other by the sobriquet "Brother Savage". There are six principal categories of Membership: art, poetry, music, drama, law and science. The Club is at 1 Whitehall Place, London SW1A 2AU. If you are interested in this jaunt please let us know so the Savages can gauge numbers.

### Forthcoming Events

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk).

#### NSC Club Night

Wednesday 2nd September

8pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

#### 70th Anniversary of the Outbreak of WWII

Thursday 3rd September

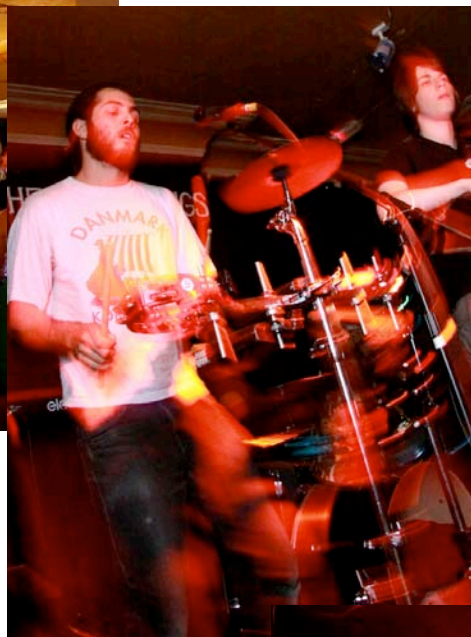


(Above) The Club's own Fruity Hatfield-Peverel (here appearing as "MC Fruity") spins shellac all night; (left) David Goo's percussionist Angel de Marco got so sweaty that he later hung his T-shirt up to dry for the rest of the evening; (below) fiddle to the fore, courtesy of Mr Richard Moore, and not forgetting the vocal talent of Miss Jo Williams at left

Photos by Nick Morgan



(Top) Another of those name boards; (middle) Alex menaces the audience as usual; (above) as the David Goo Variety Band takes the stage, the crowd gets ready to dance; (below) David and percussionist Angel de Marco exchange voodoo messages





Everywhere

Yes, 70 years ago this day Britain declared war on Germany. Mark this how you will.

Imperial War Museum North has a programme of events through the month, starting with their We'll Meet Again evening on 29th August.

### **Summer Ball at Christ Church Spitalfields**

Saturday 5th September

6pm–11pm

Christ Church Spitalfields, Commercial Street, London E1 6LY

Admission: £30 (£20 concs) (dial 020 7377 6793 for tickets)

A fund-raiser for this Baroque masterpiece of a church, in the form of an evening tea dance event, featuring live ballroom, swing and Latin music from the New Covent Garden Orchestra. There will be refreshments upon arrival and a free dancing lesson from 6.30 to 7.30.

### **NSC Film Night**

Thursday 10th September

6.30pm–12am

The Geography Room, The William IV, 7 Shepherdess Walk, London N1 7QE (Old Street underground railway station)

Admission: Free

See page 12.

### **SS Atlantica**

Saturday 12th September

8pm–2am

Commodity Quay, St Katherine's Dock, London E1W 1AZ

Admission: £15; see [www.ssatlantica.com](http://www.ssatlantica.com)

Dress: "At-sea formalwear"

From the people behind Blitz Party, a party with the theme of a luxury liner circa 1931. There will be live bands, cabaret acts, casino tables, deck games and lashings of Champagne.

### **Goodwood Revival**

Friday 18th to Sunday 20th September

Goodwood House, Goodwood, Chichester, West Sussex PO18 0PX

Admission: From £33 for a day; from £103 for the whole weekend.

The Goodwood Revival is the world's most popular historic motor race meeting and the

only event of its kind to be staged in the romantic time capsule of the Fifties and Sixties. As well as recreating the golden era of motor sport, the Revival offers exceptional wheel-to-wheel racing around a classic circuit. The Revival relives the glory days of Goodwood Motor Circuit, which ranked alongside Silverstone as Britain's leading racing venue throughout its active years between 1948 and 1966. During this time, it hosted contemporary racing of all kinds, including Formula One, the famous Goodwood Nine Hours race and the celebrated Tourist Trophy sports car race.

Now, for three days each September, the circuit stages a historic race meeting for the kind of cars and motorcycles that would have competed at Goodwood during 1948–1966. The circuit echoes to the spine-tingling bark of golden-age Grand Prix cars from the Fifties and Sixties, thundering sports and GT cars, as well as historic saloon cars and little-seen Formula Juniors. Many of these important historic racing cars are driven by famous faces from motor sport past and present. Sir Stirling Moss, John Surtees, Sir Jack Brabham, Phil Hill, Derek Bell, David Coulthard, Damon Hill, Gerhard Berger, Johnny Herbert, Wayne Gardner, Giacomo Agostini and the late, great Barry Sheene have all taken part at the Revival.

The Last Tuesday Society presents

### **The September Hendrick's Masked Ball**

Saturday 19th September

10pm–3am

Stonehorse Paper Cow, 128–140 Bishopsgate, London EC4 (entrance on Houndsditch)

Admission: currently £10 in advance or £40 for five; there is also an option to buy a season ticket for all three of the remaining balls of the year for £26 or £100 for five.

Dress: Divine Decadence; masks obligatory; clothes optional

A genuine masked ball—I suspect that if you turn up without a mask you'll be forced to make one or buy one. Entertainments this time include Mariachi Jalisco, a genuine Mexican mariachi band, and the gypsy fiddle music of Mazaika, plus the usual Peter Greenaway-style set dressing and tables of food.

### **London Cuban Cigar Walk**

Saturday 19th September

10.00am–4.00pm

Meet at the Churchill statue on Bond Street  
Admission: £25

As part of the celebrations for the anniversary of the UK Cigar Forum, Nic Wing will be conducting an accompanied instance of the Cuban Cigar Walk London (usually available as a downloadable audio file, for listening to on portable music players as you walk) on Saturday 19th September starting at 10.00 am at the Churchill statue in Bond Street and visiting Dunhill, Sautter of Mount Street, Davidoff and JJ Fox. The walk will end at the Churchill Museum Cabinet War Rooms. After this there will be a "herf" (group smoke, I believe) from 6pm till closing time in the Terrace Bar of the Dogget Coat and Badge pub, at the south end of Blackfriars Bridge. For this there is another £7 fee to cover the room hire. If you are interested in either or both parts of the day, please contact Nic at [nic@citiesinsound.com](mailto:nic@citiesinsound.com).

### **NSC Visit to the Savage Club**

Wednesday 23rd September

From 7pm

The Savage Club, 1 Whitehall Place, London SW1A 2HD (020 7930 8118)

Admission: There will be a small charge to cover the buffet

See page 15.

The Last Tuesday Society presents

### **The Hendrick's Lecture: Lord Gawain Douglas on Oscar Wilde and the Black Douglas**

Tuesday 29th September

Doors 6pm; lecture 7pm sharp

The Tabernacle, Powis Square, Notting Hill, London W11 2AY

Admission: £10; tickets may be purchased from [www.thelasttuesdaysociety.org](http://www.thelasttuesdaysociety.org).

The story of Oscar Wilde and Alfred Douglas is often told from the Wilde perspective and Gawain's great-uncle, Bosie, is generally thought of as the bad boy who ruined Oscar Wilde. In truth, very little is known about the remarkable poetry that Alfred Douglas wrote or of the true nature of their friendship and the real devotion they had for each other. In his talk, *Oscar Wilde and the Black Douglas*, Gawain tells the story from the other side, his family's

side. He sheds light on that extraordinary dynasty, the Black Douglasses, from which he and his great-uncle are descended. Suicide, murder and pillage were endemic to this lawless, arrogant clan which Oscar Wilde described in his famous prison letter to Bosie, as "the mad, bad line, from which you are come".

### **Tanz Musik**

Friday 2nd October

9pm–3am

Korsan, 161 Kingsland Road, London E2 8AL

Admission: £5

Lord Rupert is curating this musical night presenting "the real industrial and post-industrial spectrum". He explains: "Tanz Muzik begins at 9pm with droning ambient sounds, moving through neofolk, medieval, etc, towards martial pop, into power electronics and rhythmic noise, so arrive early and follow the pilgrim's progress from beginning to end. Expect music from HERR, Von Thornstahl, Merzbow, Con-Dom, Grey Wolves, Iron Fist of The Sun, Whitehouse, Einsturzende Nebauten etc!" No, I don't understand either. Disc jockeys include Andrew Trail of Knifeladder, Unaesthetic, SpeakMarauder and Miss Glitch.

### **Ian White's Cider Trail**

Saturday 3rd October

From 1pm

A series of London boozers

Admission: Free

NSC Member and CAMRA member Mr Ian White has put together another of his famous pub crawls, this time taking in some real cider, as well as real ale. Field telephone on day is 07775 973760. The itinerary:

13.00–13.45: Harp, Chandos Place, Covent Garden

14.15–15.00: Doggett's Coat and Badge, Blackfriars Bridge

15.15–15.59: The New Forest Cider Bar, Borough Market

16.00–16.44: The Market Porter, Borough Market

16.45–17.30: Brindisa, Borough Market

17.35–18.30: Wheatsheaf, 24 Southwark Street

From 18.40: The Royal Oak, 44 Tabard St.



FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk). For more photos of Club events go to [www.flickr.com/sheridanclub](http://www.flickr.com/sheridanclub). Those of a technological bent can befriend us electrically at [www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub](http://www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub) or indeed [www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com).

#### CONTACTING US

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