

The Hunt for the Vesper Martini
Our booze sleuth recreates the Bond cocktail

The Colony Room
A legend in our lunchtime

MEET THE FUTURE OF BRITISH SPORT

Not him—her. The Great Colonesi may be Top Chap Olympian but the smart money is all on Wednesday (she can already lift a ton one-handed)
pages 4-19

The Far Pavilions
Our summer party

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XLVI • August 2010



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women there as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square; Pound and Lewis launched *Blast!* at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place and in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 4th August in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Our guest speaker will be Club Member Evadne Raccat, who will vent her obsession with “pretty ladies in pretty dresses” via an elaboration of *The Duchess of Devonshire's Ball*. Held in 1897, this fancy-dress party, with royal guests of honour, was notable because James Lafayette set up a photo booth and made records of many of the costumes, giving an insight into the telling ways that different guests interpreted the code of historical or exotic dress. (Just try doing that at a New Sheridan Club party and see how much sense it makes to future historians.)

The Last Meeting

The talk at our July Club Night was perhaps particularly appropriate in the current economic climate, dealing as it did with *How to Increase Luck in Our Lives*, delivered by Eugenie Rhodes. (I think there were quite a few coves in the audience who had recently been relieved of gainful employment and may well have been asking themselves this very question.) When examining why it was that some people seem to have all the luck (Kirk Douglas, for instance, seemed forever to be making inexplicable decisions that turned out to save either his career or his life), Ms Rhodes did not seem to rule out

genuine luckiness, in a cosmic sort of sense (this is someone who takes stockmarket tips from the faeries, don't forget). However, the bulk of her discourse focused on how we can, in a way, make our own luck. As Helena Rubinstein once said, “There are no ugly women, only lazy ones.”

Ms Rhodes went on to look at the roles played variously by preparation (Warren Buffet spends huge amounts of time absorbing information, even allegedly interviewing car park attendants in companies he's thinking of investing in), persistence, (“The harder I work, the luckier I get,” Samuel Goldwyn once said), observation, boldness (“God helps those who help themselves”) and readiness. In a medieval Grail Romance, Fortune says, “I have hair in front but am bald behind”—meaning that if opportunity comes towards you, you can grasp it by the forelock; but once it has passed there is nothing to grasp.

There is also the matter of perspective—we may already be luckier than we realise, but perhaps tend to focus on the unfortunate rather than the fortunate in our lives: so you could become luckier at a stroke simply by looking at things in a different way. Eugenie also believes that such positive thinking in itself attracts further good luck. The discourse prompted much lively debate around the Club for the rest of the evening. Many thanks to Eugenie for her efforts. For further daguerreotypes see the relevant set on the Club flickr page.



Matthew Howard is a man who knows what he means and says what he thinks



Eugenie (in a top that she made herself, she was keen to point out) with Craig Young. Eugenie wouldn't let me photograph while she was actually talking, in case you're wondering why no photos of that



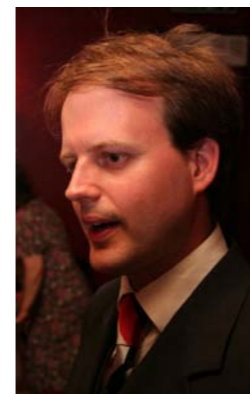
Niall Spooner-Harvey and Isabel Von Appel. They are soon to be married



(Above) David Bridgman-Smith reappears after a long absence, with facial hair; (right) potential new recruits weight up their chances



(Above) David B-S expounds to a weary-looking Torquil; (left) the holy Club Ledger



(Left) Mr and Mrs Iggulden make a welcome appearance: Grace was rather pregnant (see page 28); (below) questions from the floor; (below left) Eugenie with Sean Rillo Raczka; (far left) Conte di Lignano Sabbiadoro



GAME

THE CHAP OLYMPIAD, 2010
Who says Brits are no good at sport? Just so long as we can make up the rules as we go—and don't have to put in any effort...

ON

THOSE WHO have been with the Chap Olympics (or the Chap Olympiad as it seems to be these days) will know that it has always changed from year to year. From the beginnings as a ramshackle guerrilla gathering in Regent's Park, to the Hendrick's-sponsored affairs in Bedford Square (some would say a little too corporate), to the, erm, ramshackle guerrilla gathering on Hampstead Heath (with highly mystifying directions) to the current return to Bedford Square under the Bourne and Hollingsworth banner, the style and emphasis has shifted even as the throng grows ever larger. However, one thing has remained consistent: it always rains.

But the latest celebration of sporting prowess, on Saturday 17th July, broke fiercely with tradition—the weather was delightful. Spectators lounged, Pimms was quaffed, burgers sizzled on the smoky grill, all in the golden dappled light of a perfect summer afternoon.

I sensed a few more tweaks from last year. There seemed to be more tables and chairs laid on and, although I was asked to open my bag at the gate, I did not see the mass confiscation of drink on the threshold that took place last year. It may have been that a more softly-softly approach was being taken, or it may be that punters were more aware of the rules—although the promotional material

The white-knuckle home straight of a Pipeathlon bout: their bicycles abandoned, the contestants must finish the last leg without their feet touching the ground, a rule they interpret in radically different ways





(Above) Michael "Atters" Attree, with his butler (in reality Tristan Langlois in disguise)

that I saw still failed to mention that you weren't allowed to bring your own booze. (Of course, there were a large number of hipflasks and hollow canes being deployed, but this is only to be expected.)

In case you don't know, the event consists of a series of silly games, intended to test the players' style, panache, savoir faire and devious inventiveness. Athleticism is frowned upon while cheating is admired. The most striking development this time was the appearance of a stage, a raised platform upon which the games

took place. I assume there had been complaints that it was hard to see what was going on in the past unless you were in the front rank of the mob that formed around the action. Now we had neat rows of seats along the ringside. Of



(Above) Miss Heidi Heil, the strictest administrator this side of Stalag 17; (right and below right) MC for the day was Antony Elvin (wearing Sebastian Horsley's hat; (below) the crowd as seen from the stage



course from a Health and Safety point of view it was an Accident Waiting to Happen: let's get loads of drunk people, make them totter around on broken bicycles while hitting each other with umbrellas. On a raised platform. (At least they thought better of that pit filled with poisoned spiked around the edges...) The subject of spikes reminds me of the last event of the day, the steeplechase where contestants semi-blindfolded by rubber animal masks carried other contestants on their backs while trying to jump over picket fences that had been mostly arranged upside down so that their grounding spikes pointed upwards. What could possibly go wrong? Miraculously, as far as I know no one was hurt apart from a cut that Farhan sustained to his finger during the (at times quite vicious) umbrella jousting. But it did all make me wonder if Gustav had any kind of insurance in place...

But what of the games themselves? There were no new ones this time, just some of the old favourites. Our Master of Ceremonies was musician Antony Elvin who had also penned a theme song for the event, which blasted out of the tannoy, along with much of Antony's back catalogue, at key moments in the proceedings. Antony did a splendid and pleasantly surreal job, only slightly hampered by his not knowing any of the people or how any of the games were played. The opening event, the Martini Knock-Out Relay, in which I myself took place, was particularly



(This page) the Olympic Pipe is ceremonially lit and passed from Olympian to Olympian, then finally returned to its ancestral pipe rack





The Martini Knockout Relay (Left) Your truly checks the vermouth is safe; (below) Capt. Renwick shows his special shaking technique; (right and below right) Gustav Temple, editor of *The Chap*, tastes the resulting drinks and pronounces a winner



(Above) The paps really were out in force; (right) Miss Fleur de Guerre attempts to sway the judge with a flash of suspender; (below, l-r) Miss Marie Cleland; Charles Henry Wolfenblood, Duke of Tipa; Farhan Rasheed with his scalps—the prize cravats he has been awarded at previous Olympics—will he add another to his stick this year?; the noble Frisax, a.k.a. Ian Valentine of the Geovictwardian movement



start there were only four shakers between six teams. Still a good time was had by all. I have no



loosely organised: the basic idea is that a team makes a Martini cocktail in relay—the first person “runs” up to the bar, adds some ice to the shaker then runs back; the next person dashes up and adds some vermouth, the next adds the gin, the next shakes and pours it while the last adds the olive. The winning team is simply the one that produces the best cocktail. But the arrangement of equipment and ingredients this time was bizarrely haphazard; for a

idea who won, as winners of individual events were not announced as we went along.

Next up was the Cucumber Sandwich Discus, where the traditional discus is replaced by a plate upon which rests a cucumber sandwich. The object of the exercise (if an object were needed) is for the projectile to land with the sandwich as close to the plate as possible. There is always a wild variety of approaches to this game, ranging from conventional spinning motions to a disdainful dropping of the plate at one’s feet, taking in all manner of skulduggery. Most inventive this year must be Atters’ attempt to catapult the sandwich using his braces, ably assisted by an immaculately turned out butler who was in fact Tristan Langlois. Tristan could also be seen assisting Gustav in the pipe ceremony and the Martini tasting, remaining completely in character until finally cracking around 6pm and reappearing in comfortable tweeds.

There was a break mid-games for eating, drinking, general carousing—and a stand-up comedy set from Paul Foot, an odd choice perhaps, given that there is nothing remotely chappist about what he does. I think he sensed it wasn’t going down too well with most of the stony-faced punters, even before one couple leaped on stage and, rather bizarrely, menaced him with fingers dipped in mustard. To his credit, Mr Foot managed to keep them at arms length while attempting to finish his material and seemed to take it in good humour. After that the stage was invaded by spectators keen to cut a rug.

Although, oddly, no winners of individual games were declared, there was, after the Olympiad was pronounced over, the traditional awards ceremony where the recipients of the Bronze, Silver and Gold cravats are announced. Atters was present again in second position but the top spot went to newcomer the Great Colonesi, though shared with his daughter Wednesday. A special Woman Of the Match award was made to Heidi Heil.

Finally, as the sun nodded below the horizon, the revellers once more took to the platform to shimmy, jitterbug, Lindy Hop and possibly Mashed Potato as well, this time powered by a live swing band.

All in all, possibly the most successful Chap Olympics. For an interminable supply of daguerreotypes, stock up on sandwiches and beer and have a look at the Club Flickr page.

ORDER OF THE DAY

Opening ceremony—the passing of the Olympic Pipe among the Olympians

The Martini Knock-Out Relay Teams concoct a Martini cocktail by relay, with one person adding the ice, another the vermouth, another the gin, and so on. The winner is judged on the quality of the finished beverage.

Cucumber Sandwich Discus Like normal discus, except with a cucumber sandwich on a plate. Contestants are judged not on how far they lob the victuals but on how close the sandwich falls to the plate.

Umbrella Jousting Two opponents bicycle towards each other and attempt to unseat one another with umbrellas for lances. They have only stiffened copies of the Telegraph as shields.

Tug of Hair Like Tug of War, but using Atters’s moustache instead of a rope. (It’s not really his moustache—it’s a good 30 or 40 feet long—but he pretends it is.)

Interval for tiffin, dancing and the antics of comedian Paul Foot

Hop, Skip and G&T Competitors execute a triple-jump while carrying a gin and tonic. They are judged not by how far they travel but by how little of the drink they have spilled.

The Pipeathlon Contestants first walk ten yards, then cycle ten yards, then cover ten yards without their feet touching the ground—all the while keeping a pipe alight.

Three-Trousered Limbo Wearing specially made three-legged pairs of trousers each couple must approach the bar in their tandem trews, then limbo underneath.

Bounders Gents approach ladies and whisper whatever wish: the object of the exercise is to be the first to get slapped.

Steeplechase A piggy-back race over low obstacles. Those players in the role of steed are expected to wear a rubber animal head.

Award Ceremony and dancing to a live band

Cucumber Sandwich Discus
 Here the Chairman has a go
 (right) the lovely scoring lady
 (below) the table of sandwiches
 lies ready (below right) an
 innovative technique using an
 umbrella to propel the sarnie



(Above) Atters tries to use his braces as a catapult; (below left) this chap attempts to fix the sandwich and plate together with clingfilm but (below right) he is disqualified; (below right) Luke Wenban use his boater to contain the projectile plate



Heidi lobs her sandwich, then can't resist the urge to fall on it and eat it



(Above) note the unusual snooker-cue action being deployed by the chap at the back of the mêlée



Atters begins full of confidence but winds up unthroned

(Left, top to bottom) This game prompts all kinds of responses, from the feral to the balletic; (below and right) The Great Colonesi delays proceedings to display his strength but, come the bout, Compton-Bassett is victorious (though it looks as if Colonesi's umbrella lost its handle



(Left) Farhan carefully removes his slippers before engaging, but (below) ends up just drawing a knife; (right) Scarheart realises his inner tube somehow isn't right





(Main picture) How many pipes can you spot in this idyllic scene? (Far left) Tammy, as Britannia, is having a bad helmet day; (left) these coves set up their own Victorian bathing scene



(Above) Tug of Hair, a tug of war using Atter's moustache; (top) moustache wax is carefully applied before the contest begins; (right) the right hand team emerges victorious after what appears to be the collapse of the left side—however, video evidence shows that the moustache actually broke in the hands of the second man along in that team, leaving only



Farhan against the whole of the right team; (left) a purple-bearded steampunk patriarch arrives; (below) comedian Paul Foot has his performance interrupted by these two crashing the stage and, for some reason, menacing him with mustard-dipped fingers; he took it well, but much of his audience remained unmoved and mirthless





(Above) Luke's strategy seems to involve declaiming poetry



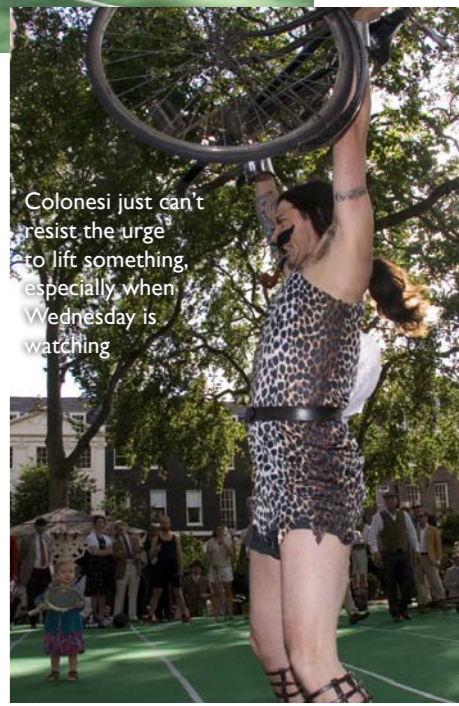
The Hop Skip n' G&T (Left) This chap stores the beverage in his cheeks before spitting it back out post-jump; (far left) Colonesi gets his consort to hold it while he exerts himself; (above) this fellow just seems to drink it and forget about winning; (clockwise from below) Tristan now out of character, with Torquil; for some it is all too much fun; Ms Pandora Pitstop and Lord Fox-Leatherette: Albion the Geovictwardian



The Pipeathlon Here (counter-clockwise from below left), after an early fall Fleur manages to give Will a piggy-back towards the line, but Heidi meanwhile has persuaded her minions to form a human bridge; it's a close call who actually won



(Above) two ways of not letting your feet touch the ground; contrast the sedate cycling style below with the more extreme version on the right



Colonesi just can't resist the urge to lift something, especially when Wednesday is watching





The Three-Trousered Limbo

Various techniques are tried to get under the bar, most of them unsuccessful; (below) this couple waltz up to the bar, start to shimmy gracefully under then end up in a muddled heap, which makes you wonder if that was the young man's plan all along



Various techniques are tried to get under the bar, most of them unsuccessful; (below) this couple waltz up to the bar, start to shimmy gracefully under then end up in a muddled heap, which makes you wonder if that was the young man's plan all along



(Above) Surely this is missing the point?



(Clockwise from above) Despite blatant cheating from the ladies holding the rope, the couple on the left actually manage to win (I think the couple on the right may have been made to go round again)



(Above) the ladies assemble gleefully for Bounders; (below) Capt Renwick seems to have cracked the whole offending-a-lady malarkey



(Above and right) Atters gets his butler to take the slaps for him but still quickly finds himself being kicked on the ground, before eventually fleeing the field altogether; (left) in this sequence the woman takes the offence herself, then responds by setting a friend or servant on to the bounder.

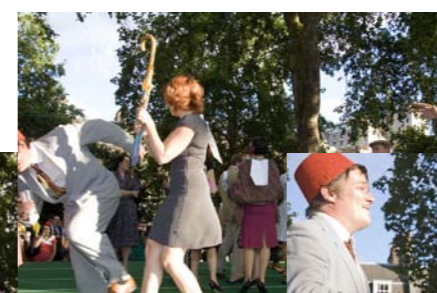


(Above) This fellow seems to have given up all hope of diplomacy and makes a pre-emptive strike



(Below) Having built up a head of offensiveness, Renwick finds himself beaten to the ground by a mob of disgruntled ladies

(Below, l-r) the lady lambasts the chap, knocking him out of the frame, yet he returns to shake her hand—and tries it on again...





(Left and below) The games over, the cravats and medals are awarded: this lady was third, Atters second and Colonesi first (a special award was also made to Heidi Heil); (far left) Wednesday practises walking stick etiquette



The Steeplechase
A straightforward piggy-back race with the added frisson of latex animal heads



(Above and right) a shortage of fences means spectators are drafted in as obstacles; sadly Atters is unable to contain himself at the sight of a supine lady and throws himself upon her



(Above, below and left) The stage is invaded by jitterbugging youths, dancing to a live band; (far left) this man had been looking dramatic all day and finally reveals his special talent: he can ride a unicycle





The Colony Room



A TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN

By *Torquil Arbuthnot*

IN 1948 A JEWISH LESBIAN called Muriel Belcher got permission to open a private club, with a drinks licence between 3 and 11 pm. In those dismal days (and indeed up to the late 1980s) pubs shut from 2.30 till 5 pm leaving thirsty people with nowhere to slake their thirst unless they belonged to a private watering-hole. Muriel Belcher came from a well-to-do Jewish family and had run a nightclub in Leicester Square, the Music Box, during the war. The Colony Room was so named after Muriel Belcher's then girlfriend, a Jamaican called Carmel, and decorated, in a rather desultory fashion, in bamboo and leopardskin.

Francis Bacon happened upon the club on its first day of opening, and got on so well with Muriel Belcher that she offered to pay him £10 a week to bring in "interesting" people and wealthy patrons. The club soon became a haunt of louche Soho, with members such as Dylan Thomas, Lucien Freud, John Minton, the two Roberts, Colin MacInnes, Jeffrey Bernard, George Melly, Noel Coward, John Deakin and many others. For many celebs, such as Dennis Hopper, David Bowie and Tennessee Williams, the Colony Room was *the* place they wanted to drink in when in London. Even Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon used to pop in.

Muriel Belcher was not exactly welcoming and was known for her sharp tongue. All members, whatever their sex, were addressed as "Mary". Those she disliked were "cunts" but those she particularly favoured were addressed as "Cunty". (Indeed, the word "CUNTY" was etched on to the cash register when I used to frequent the club.) Apparently the novelist John Braine lurched in there in the 1960s, and Muriel Belcher took such a dislike to him that she kept calling him "Miss Hitler". He never returned.

"Cunt" remained a common unit of conversational currency in the Colony Room. Recently I was chatting to a member about an acquaintance of his. "What's he like?" I asked. Michael said sonorously, "He's a cunt. He'd heard I'd described him as a cunt and came up to me in Frith Street the other day and said, oh so plaintively, 'Why did you describe me as a cunt, Michael?' I said, 'Because you *are* a cunt.' He went away..."

The MP and possible Communist spy Tom Driberg was a member. A "confirmed bachelor" of the Joe Orton cottaging type, Driberg used to turn up at the club with a different young man in tow every week. Breezily describing the youngster as "one of my constituents" he used to dismiss the youth with a handful of coins and an order to go and play on the fruit-machine.

The membership was always small, never rising above 200 or so, and the annual fees negligible (about £150 in 2008). It has been described as the most exclusive club in London. One couldn't apply for membership: one had to be asked. The only criterion for membership was that one wasn't "fucking boring". There was also no attention given to whether one was famous or not. One *Evening Standard* journalist who used to meet Francis Bacon there said somewhat huffily: "It is hard to see now, as the West End hums with salubrious private members' clubs, restaurants and bars, what attracted aristocrats, artists, actors and anarchists to the Colony. It certainly wasn't to meet someone famous: on the occasions I drank there with Bacon, no one could have cared less who he was." Well, yes, that was precisely the point. The membership was always eclectic: when I used to drink there one could be chatting to a famous actor one minute and a plasterer's mate the next. There was no distinction made in the club.

Muriel Belcher ran the place until she died in 1979. She bequeathed the place to her barman, Ian Board (known as "Ida"), who was if anything even ruder than her, and who sported a magnificent purple nose courtesy of his fondness for brandy. When Ian Board pegged out in 1994 the club was taken over by *his* barman, Michael Wojas. Ian Board's ashes were kept in a bust of the old josser himself, on top of the fridge behind the bar. Wojas was educated at Haberdasher's Aske's school and then read chemistry at Nottingham University.



The Colony Room, Soho, (part of the series "Society") by Bridget Smith RA

In 1981 he came down to London and took a job as barman in the Colony as a stop-gap measure. Initially Ian Board was so suspicious of Wojas that he used to hide the day's takings in the club before he went home. As he was pissed at the end of the night he could never remember where he'd hidden the cash so Wojas and he would spend the first hour the next day searching for it, usually finding it stuffed in the piano or behind a mirror.

In the 1980s and 1990s the old membership started to die off. Fortunately there was no shortage of "interesting" drinkers in Soho and the club was soon home to the YBAs such as Damian Hirst, Sarah Lucas, Tracey Emin and others. Wojas also started music nights when the likes of Billy Bragg and Suggs would play, and also "celebrity barman" nights when Kate Moss and Sam Taylor-Wood took a turn behind the counter. Wojas was always to be found sitting on the barstool closest to the door where he could keep an eye on things in the mirrors behind the chimneypiece. He once said of his role in the club, "I am the proprietor, bar manager, lavatory attendant, psychiatric counsellor, odd job man and accountant."

I first went to the Colony Room in, I think, 2004. I'd been drinking with Happy Gatwick (chairman of the old Sheridan Club) and Fran Colomb in Trisha's, a drinking dive on Greek Street. We got chatting to a chanteuse called La Celine who dresses as a guardsman and sings music-hall songs she composes herself. She was having a birthday party in the Colony and invited us along, presumably because we were good little drinkers. Anyway, we rolled up at the club in Dean Street, pressed the doorbell, and climbed the grimy stairs to the first floor. The Colony Room was just one smallish room, painted a depressing shade of bottle-green, the walls covered in paintings, drawings, photographs and tat. The artwork, I noticed, included originals by Bacon, Freud, Michael Andrews, Hirst, Auerbach, Emin, Sebastian Horsley and various others. There was a drawing of Prince Charles having a wank. There was also a gold-plated Kalashnikov AK47 in a glass case. There was some grubby bankette seating to the side and a couple of barstools. The room was crammed with 40 or 50 people all smoking and drinking and chatting as if all three activities were about to be rationed. I went



The insalubrious exterior

to the bar and ordered a bottle of champagne, divining correctly that a request for a bottle of beer or a glass of Diet Coke would be met with an amiable invitation to go fuck myself.

I proceeded to do what was expected of someone in the Colony Room, i.e. get very drunk and talk bollocks. I remember (vaguely) chatting to the bloke who played Spider in *Coronation Street* and having a chat about pistol shooting with someone else. A Glaswegian redhead called Karen (now a New Sheridan member) came over to me and asked if I wrote for *The Chap*, and we then talked of the Modern Times parties which she'd heard about. Not long afterwards two Colony Room stalwarts came up to me and said (and bear in mind this is the most exclusive club in London at that time) "You're the sort of person we want in the Col. D'you want to join?" Obviously I'd never been so insulted in my life and told them to fuck off. I later found out this was the correct (instinctual) response. Had I shown eager interest the offer would've been forgotten. For various reasons I never ended up joining the club, and when I finally started reaching for my wallet and the membership fee the place had folded.

The Colony Room closed in 2008 but for three years Minna and I used to pop in there regularly as the guests of a couple of members. The company was always entertaining and

always eclectic. As Sebastian Horsley said, "The Club reminded me of an alcoholic tardis. It was minute on the outside but huge on the inside and you went there for love, which they served by the glassful." At one time or another I chatted to Stephen Fry's boyfriend and his brother and his girlfriend; a French mirror designer who had the disconcerting habit of resting his head heavily on one's shoulder while talking; various angry lesbians who thawed once one was rude back; legendary barman Dick Bradsell; two heavily-bearded gents in three-piece tweed suits and ZZ Top beards called "The Rubbishmen of Soho"; and numerous amiable drunks. The first time I met Michael Wojas, the owner, we were both so drunk we shook hands and managed inadvertently to headbutt each other. Wojas, towards the end of his life, was described as "looking like a blade of grass growing under a bucket".

I was in there one evening with Minna and Karen and I got chatting to some dark-haired woman with a Lancashire accent. She commented on my skin problem and opined it was the result of eating too much cheese. Ever the gentleman, I told her that, come to that, she had huge nostrils. We then got on famously and she ended up sitting on my knee, to Minna's obvious amusement. The Lancashire lass went off to powder her nose and Minna and Karen

asked, giggling furiously, if I knew who I'd been talking to. "Nope," I said. I was then told I'd been talking nonsense to Lisa Stansfield.

Another time Minna and I were in there and some has-been actor type started showing off, for some reason, about the writer Cyril Connolly (editor of *Horizon* during the war). As I'm interested in the 1930s and 1940s, and a connoisseur of Connolly's writing, the has-been had met his match. As he name-dropped ever-more obscure Connolly articles, I could quote from them. He ended up flouncing off to the bar, a broken man. Earlier he'd been telling us he'd got his tan "summering in the Bahamas" with the Duke of Somewhere. As he left us Karen's friend said in a loud voice, "Tan in the Bahamas, my arse. Touch of the tarbrush more like."

The Colony Room closed in 2008 for mysterious reasons. The rent was only £12,500 a year but Michael Wojas claimed the club couldn't afford it. He didn't pay the rent and the landlord chucked the club out of the premises. Wojas then decided the artwork in the club was his and auctioned it. Some of it was sold before some sort of legal suspension was applied when the original artists (such as Horsley and Hirst) objected. Westminster Council then slapped a ban on the landlord turning the club into flats. The club split on two lines, some members taking a pro and some an anti Wojas line. Rumours abound to this day. All I can say is that £12,500 is a piffling sum and that I've seen £1,000 taken at the bar on a not-

very-busy Friday night at the club.

Michael Wojas used to turf people out at 11 pm (we then used to crash various Soho private members' clubs) with the words: "Rush-up, dash-up, spend-up and fuck off." Like anyone who's ever been there, I miss the place a good deal.



Print by Alyson Hunter, showing Wojas looking out into Dean St in 1994



Interior, July 2008



Michael Wojas

Off the Grid

Report on the NSC Film Night, Thursday 22nd July

Our second film night in three weeks was a reprise of Cally Callomon's earlier bill of documentaries, repeated so that some friends of his own could see it. The theme was the eccentric, the outsider. One was a Yorkshire TV film from 1982 concerning a travelling knife-grinder, probably one of the last in the country. After earlier exploits in his life travelling the world, working in a South American silver mine, as you do, he returned to Blighty but continued to move about, eventually learning the trade of knife-grinding. He travels on a bicycle with a tent, camping for the night in all weathers, cooking on a fire and reading by candlelight. His bike converts into a grinding wheel and with the money he earns he buys tea, tobacco and meat—we never see him eat vegetables and he takes about a tablespoon of sugar in his tea, and yet he is hale and hearty at 70. He does like a drink and nips to the pub most lunchtimes, though the narrator insists he does not drink to excess. He pays no taxes but never troubles the state, never sees a doctor. The police "know him", so it's all right. He considers himself a millionaire because he has all he wants.

Cally once showed the film at a festival and realised after a while that a woman in the audience was weeping: she revealed that as a girl she remembered this man passing through her village every year. One day he stopped coming and, as she grew older, she began to think that she had imagined him altogether. The film was vivid reminder for her. (Cally thinks that one day our knife-grinder just dropped dead.)

The second film, made in the 1970s, was altogether more sinister in tone and looked at a family living a secluded life on a patch of woodland in the south somewhere. The father



and his two sons are all savant about machines, seemingly scratching a living repairing them. One son prefers steam power (believing that it will come back because Britain has reserves of coal but not of oil). The father claims to be

building a boat, and they certainly have a good supply of metal-working equipment in their clearing. (You realise that you assume someone living outside of society must be getting back to nature, so all this machinery and blacksmithing comes as a surprise, though it does lend a hellish flavour to the scene.) There are two daughters, who seem to keep house. There are

hints of incest and one daughter certainly dreams of escape; in one scene she is at the wheel of a burned-out bus, fantasising about driving away. They have a battered piano and a pipe organ and father and at least one daughter can play. Every family member seems full of opinions

and theories, many of them barking mad. We wonder what happened to the mother.

Cally's introduction considered "the English media's need for our 'eccentrics' to be pre-packaged" and argued that these films instead showed why outsiders really were likely to be outside: more often than not they are disturbing rather than loveable.

Every family member seems full of opinions and theories, many of them barking mad

Saturday 21st August
7pm–3am
Salon d'Été (within
L'Equipe Anglaise),
21 Duke Street,
London W1U 1LD
Admission: FREE

THE CLUB INVITES you to experience another weary day of irresponsible pleasure in some distant colony in some distant past...

The day will actually begin (for those who rise that early) with the Club's annual cricket match, The Tashes, played between those with facial hair and those tragically without. (In order to keep the sides balanced, there are usually some false moustaches in evidence.) This will run from 10am till 4pm and the venue will be the Richard Evans Memorial Playing Fields, Stag Lane, Roehampton Vale. Spectators are welcome and entrance is free—bring your own picnic. Those wishing to play will have to stump up a share of the grounds fee (usually about £10). Contact Watermere if you'd like to play.

Then in the evening, after a hard day's privileged indulgence in the sun, the ennui-ravaged colonials return for a restorative dip in the steamy fleshpots of the Orient—in this case the tropical environment of the Salon d'Été, a club within L'Equipe Anglaise on Duke Street (alongside Selfridges and couple of minutes' walk from Bond Street tube station.) This club was started in the spring by Club Members Ed Saperia and Willow Tomkins and features

The Far Pavilions

THE CLUB ANNOUNCES ITS SUMMER PARTY

a stunning interior filled with palms and living vines, sprayed automatically with a fine mist. The roof is glazed too, so you really will be able to watch the sun go down as you clutch your quinine-packed sundowner.

In addition to suitably period DJing from the Club's own Fruity Hatfield-Peverel, we will feature live music from exotic songstresses Twin and Tonic, plus further cabaret acts too. There will be audience participation in the form of our Shaving With a Hangover Game and our indoor Poppadom Clay Pigeon Shooting competition, all with delightful prizes. And at the end of the evening will be the famous Grand Raffle. The venue also serves scrumptious food.

The sad news is that, owing to a compulsory purchase order, the Salon will be closing a couple of weeks after this event, so come and make the most of one of London's most extraordinary nightclubs. However, in a spirit of fin-de-siecle hedonism, Ed has decreed that the place will be open till 3am—and admission will be FREE to all.

Dress: Crazed rubber planters, memsahibs and native mistresses, cheongsams and saris, pipes and pith helmets, stiff collars and stiffer drinks, Shanghai Express, opium gangsters, cricket flannels, jodhpurs, Sadie Thompson, Going Troppo, big game, bushmeat, *It Ain't Half Hot, Mum*, and dressing for dinner whatever the heat. And those damned drums.



The Vesper: Recreating a Classic

By David Bridgman-Smith

Ever since I first read Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale*, I have been captivated by the detail the author pays to the food and drink enjoyed by his most famous creation. There is little doubt that both James Bond and Fleming had very similar tastes. James Bond orders his first Vesper, a variation on the dry martini, half-way through Chapter Seven in the 1953 book:

The Vesper

3 measures Gordon's gin

1 measure vodka

½ measure Kina Lillet

Shake well with ice and serve in a "deep Champagne goblet", garnished with a strip of lemon peel

The very first Vesper that I ever mixed used Gordon's Green gin, Grey Goose vodka and Noilly Prat dry vermouth; but Noilly Prat is not Lillet, and I felt the drink was somewhat incomplete.

Before the days of the Daniel Craig films, Lillet was tricky to get hold of and in the end I went directly to its UK distributor. It was whilst purchasing my first bottle that I discovered that Kina Lillet no longer existed and that the modern Lillet Blanc just didn't taste the same. The game was afoot!

The recreation

I was aware that in the 1950s both Gordon's gin and vodka in general were stronger than

they are today. An afternoon spent trawling through various vintage advertisements confirmed this: most vodkas of the period were around 100 proof (50% ABV) and Gordon's Export Gin was 94.4 proof. Luckily, the strength of the Gordon's gin sold on the continent is this strength exactly, which is something to note when you are returning from your motoring tour of Europe.

Kina Lillet

With the vodka and gin sorted, the biggest challenge still remained: how to recreate the flavour of Kina Lillet? In a recent conversation, a lady from Lillet confirmed that Kina Lillet contained both more sugar and more quinine than its contemporary. Keeping that in mind, here are some of my thoughts on producing a recreation:

1) Angostura Bitters

This is an old favourite for recreating the taste of Kina Lillet; simply add a few drops to the shaker before mixing. It creates a drink with a nice flavour, but it is not very bitter and is light pink; a far cry from the original "light golden" concoction.

2) Quinine Powder

I have never tried this method, as it is difficult to buy quinine powder in the UK, but it involves adding a pinch of the powder to the shaker before mixing; I must say that it doesn't appeal.

3) Cocchi Americano

An aperitif from Asti and often considered to be the closest product to Kina Lillet still available today (but only



just!), this is a good product in its own right, but I don't think it makes a sufficient difference to the Vesper when compared with dry vermouth.

4) China Martini

A bottle of this liqueur sat unopened in the cellar for years, a present from a family returning from Milan who knew my fondness for "something interesting". Upon inspection, I discovered that it was produced by Martini Rossi and heavily flavoured with Cinchona bark (a source of quinine)—how promising! After testing various combinations, I found that a 50/50 mix of this and Lillet Blanc worked best, adding the level of bitterness that I sought, as well as the important pale golden colour described in the book. This seems to be the closest that I have come so far.

5) Modified Lillet

This method is as simple as leaving some Cinchona bark to infuse in a bottle of Lillet. I have started this, but it needs to be left a little longer before any testing can take place.

6) Jean de Lillet

Jean de Lillet is a vintage-style, special edition of

Lillet, produced in small batches each year. The lady from Lillet tells me that it is similar in style to the Kina Lillet. I've not tried it, but I have some on order.

Recreated Vesper Martini

3 measures Gordon's Export (47.5%) gin

1 measure Stolichnaya Blue (50%) vodka

¼ measure Lillet Blanc

¼ measure China Martini

Shake very well until ice cold, strain and pour, adding a large, thin slice of lemon peel. Serve in a deep Champagne goblet—a Vesper from a Martini glass just isn't the same!

Inventing the Vesper

So where did the Vesper actually come from? The inscription in the copy of *Casino Royale* owned by Fleming's good friend Ivar Bryce, I think, provides the answer: "For Ivar, who mixed the first Vesper, and said the good word". So it appears that Ivar Bryce mixed the first gin Vesper, although in his book *You Only Live Once*, he reveals that the original "Vesper" was served at "The Colonel's" house in Jamaica and consisted of frozen rum, fruit and herbs.



CLUB NOTES

New Members

INTO THE SWEATY, noisy, and occasionally lethal, pop-festival-crowd of modern life, I would like to offer a hand up, into the armoured personnel carrier of refined behaviour and cordial affability, to the following wise travellers, all of whom have joined the Club in the last month: Dr Jonathan Fowler, Clare de Vere de Vere, Darren K. Hyde, William Edwards, Faye Duffy, Cat Kelly and Charles Corinthian

this means she automatically inherits NSC Membership, like British Citizenship. I think some time poring over dusty ledgers is called for. (As if it weren't always...)

NSC Boffins Earn Their Stripes

THERE HAVE BEEN a number of academic gongs received among our number recently. Miss Minna has recently acquired the letters MSC after her name, in the field of librarianship. Meanwhile Compton-Bassett was handed a well-deserved BA in War Studies from the University of Kent and Oliver Lane has been awarded a BA, also in War Studies, by Wolverhampton University—and has been accepted by King's College, London, to embark on a Master's. What a bunch of clever clogs, eh?

Mrs Downer Wins Tea

YOU WILL RECALL that in July's Newsletter we ran a competition to win tea for two at the National Liberal Club, kindly offered by food writer

Ronald Porter, who believes the NLC offers the best value tea in town. I am pleased to announce that the winner was Mrs Rachel Downer.

Booze Probed

THE NEW SHERIDAN Institute for Alcoholic Investigation has been busy this month. On Monday 26th July, our Drinks Correspondent Mr Bridgman-Smith (see page 24) and I stepped boldly into the subterranean grotto that is Purl, a rather Dickensian-style bar in Marylebone,

London. They take the Victorian thing far enough to plan to give their establishment the full Dickensian Christmas makeover this winter, and are even planning to make up their own purl—which was a Victorian drink of mulled ale flavoured with bitters and spiked with brandy, whisky or gin, and sometimes with sweetened milk added. However, the drinks list by and large couldn't be more contemporary, specialising in what has been called molecular mixology (after “molecular gastronomy” the roots-up science-based approach of chefs like Heston Blumenthal and the man behind the movement Harry McGee). The idea is to rethink from first principles how the flavours (or indeed the whole experience) of a drink are delivered to the recipient.

In these pictures you can see two examples that we inspected. “Mr Hyde's Fixer Upper” is a blend of rum, cola reduction and orange bitters: sounds normal enough, but the blend is served in a flask that has had smoke pumped into it and then served to you in a bucket of dry ice. The dry ice is just for Gothic effect but the smokiness has a distinct impact on the flavour, a flavour the intensity of which I imagine you can control by how long the leave the flask infusing before you uncork it.

The other drink is their “Champagne and Caviar”: not real caviar (fish in cocktails is probably a no-no) but small pellets of mango and pine purée mixed with sodium alginate (extracted from brown algae). A syringe is used to deliver drops of this into a glass of calcium carbonate, which causes a gel skin to form on the beads of purée. On the tongue this does indeed have the consistency of salmon roe and bursts in the same sort of way.

The crazy guys from Purl also top drinks with flavoured foam and use liquid nitrogen to make the coldest martini in the universe. Drinks are around £7–9 and the venue is at 50/54



The makings of a Mr Hyde's Fixer Upper: (top left) the flask of rum, bitters and cola reduction is pumped with smoke and sealed; (top) the vessel is served in a bucket of dry ice; (above) the punter, in this case Mr Bridgman-Smith unseals the flask and pours the drink

Blandford Street, London W1U.

Then on Wednesday the Club sank to new lows of depravity when five Members attended a sherry tasting at Gordon's Wine Bar by Charing Cross station in London, an event that kicked off at 10am. David Hollander, Anton Krause, the Ultan of Arbracchan, Parson Woodforde and myself all somehow arranged to be there and endured seven sherries, each with an accompanying tapas course before finally staggering away at 4.30pm (well, I did—some of my fellow clubmen decided to cleanse their palates with some more booze...).

Sherry still suffers a bit of an image problem, not just its association with aged aunts gripping a glass of QC at Christmas, but also the assumption that it is an aperitif and nothing else. A part of the mission is to persuade people that sherry is good with food.

For me the greatest revelation was the pairing



Fairburn-Sykes. Mr Sykes scores extra points for taking the application form instruction to “use your best handwriting” quite literally (see image), printing the form out on vellum too.

Miss Duffy also has the honour of being our **300th Member**. Hurrah to her!

New Member?

THE COMMITTEE would like to congratulate Grace and Harry Iggulden on the arrival of Gwendolyn Matilda. We are not sure if



(Left) the Manzanilla and the remains of some exquisite oysters, a match made in some zingy, coastal heaven (such as Sanlúcar de Barrameda, where Manzanilla is made); (above) Palo Cortado (fuller glasses) and Oloroso

of Manzanilla and oysters, the very dry, fresh, acidic, sea-salt tang of the sherry balancing perfectly with the maritime ozone rush of the shellfish. White anchovies in vinegar were also served with the Manzanilla, and again the sherry cut right through. Manzanilla, like the pale dry fino that followed, is created by allowing a natural “flor”, a cap of yeast, to form on the surface of the wine in the barrels. This keeps it from the air and, along with the practice of keeping it topped up as liquid evaporates, creates a pale, light, fresh wine. With the progressively darker and more intense wines, a process of oxidation takes place (in time the protective flor naturally breaks down, allowing the air in), adding what seemed to me an aromatic and astringent flavour reminiscent of varnished wood (something you would recognise if you are a fan of sherry-cask-aged malt whisky). The earlier sherries we were given were made exclusively from the Palomino grape, but some of the later ones also had some Pedro Ximenez in the mix, right up to the sweet, sticky,

and extremely good value. I gather that the Sherry Insitute is keen to subsidise such events, especially promoting sherry as a food wine, so if you would be keen to attend something similar email me so I can gauge the hunger for it.

almost tar-black Pedro Ximenez La Cilla which was served with manchego cheese and chocolate-dipped loops of deep-fried dough.

The event was informative



Forthcoming Events



OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS (🍷)
AND THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE
THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. Further discussion may be at www.sheridanclub.co.uk.

🍷 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 7th July
8pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place,
London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

Mouthful O’ Jam presents

Vintage Dancing: A Night of 1920s–50s Hot Jazz, Swing and Rhythm and Blues

Saturday 7th August
7.30pm–12.30am
The Salisbury Pub Hotel, 1 Grande Parade,
Green Lanes, Haringey, London, N4 1JX
Admission: £7

A night of 20s–50s hot jazz, swing and early jump blues DJed by Swing Maniac, Tim Hellzapoppin’ and Kid Krupa, laying down original shellac recordings. This time there is the added temptation of live band The Laurence C. Octet (formerly the Strange Pretty Things) bringing you their New Orleans “wake the neighbours” style hot jazz. Come early for dinner at this gastro-pub. Beginners Swing dance lesson with Gaia Facchini starts at 7.30pm.

The Swing Picnic

Sunday 8th August
2pm–7pm
By the Boathouse, near Hanover Gate, The
Outer Circle, Regents Park, London
Admission: Free

Part of a series of summer picnics. Free shag dance class at 3pm plus ad hoc dance sessions. If weather bad call 07910 028 075 for details.

The Black Cotton Club

Friday 13th August
10pm–3am
Volupte, 7–9 Norwich Street, London EC4 1EJ
Admission: £10

Dress: “Ravishing and Refined Robes”. I don’t think that means you literally have to wear Biblical robes, as that would be a shade out of keeping with the Jazz Age theme.

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

Valentino vibes and pumping boogie”. No live bands this time but DJ sets from El Nino, Lady Kamikaze and Swinging Dickie from the Quick Club.

Mouthful O’ Jam presents

Vintage Dancing Practice Session

Saturday 14th August
2pm–5pm
The Salisbury Pub Hotel, 1 Grande Parade,
Green Lanes, Haringey, London, N4 1JX
Admission: £5

Gaia Facchini invites you to come and practice your swing dance moves, learn some new ones and meet other dancers. Gaia will be there to answer questions, help with technique and show fun new moves to put into Lindy Hop, Charleston, Shag, East Coast Swing (basic six-count) and Triple Step.

Saturday Night Swing Club

Saturday 14 August
7.30pm–2am
City Firefly Bar, 18 Old Bailey,
London EC4M 7EP
(Nearest tube: St Pauls; overground:
City Thameslink)
Admission: £12/£11 members
Dress: Glamorous Retro or modern but an effort appreciated!

52nd Street Jump present three floors of dancing to DJs including residents Dr Swing and Mr Kicks and guests Miss Aloha, Haydn (!) and Mark Wheeler. In the Alhambra Lounge you’ll find rhythm and blues, jump jive, boogie woogie and swing; in the Savoy Club you can receive taster classes in dances from the 1920s and 1930s; and in the Rendezvous Ballroom you will be treated to the dance music of the 1920s to the 1950s. All guests also get a free £3 drinks voucher. More at 52ndstreetjump.co.uk. Plus “Simon’s Midnight Blues Class” (I assume this is dancing rather than a lesson in feeling maudlin late at night.)

Vintage at Goodwood

Friday 13th–Sunday 15th August
Goodwood House, Goodwood, Chichester, West
Sussex PO18 0PX
Admission: £55 per day, £135 for the weekend

I think that designer Wade Hemingway is behind this festival of Britain’s past, taking in

the fashion, music, design, etc, from the 1940s to the 1980s. There will be an extraordinary range of entertainments—NSC members might want to tread carefully. One stage will feature 80s giants such as Aswad, the Buzzcocks, Heaven 17 and, erm, Kid Creole and the Coconuts (as well as some contemporary acts who presumably feel they take their cue from this crowd, such as Gaggle), while another is more cabaret, another is lounge, another is more rockabilly, another is more soul and yet another features dance (heavy on the 80s acid house). Heavens. The curators point out that it is not just about music—indeed that music is inseparable from fashion and design. But it does seem mostly a music festival.

The Bowlly Years: Megaphone to Microphone

Saturday 14th August
8.30pm

The Pheasantry @ Pizza Express, 152–154 King’s Road, London SW3 4UT
Admission: £15 (Box office: 0845 602 7017)

A stage production celebrating the life and career of 1930s crooner Al Bowlly, from his barber shop in South Africa to London’s swanky hotels and NBC radio in the US. featuring more than 40 songs recreated by the vocal talents of Australian Damion Scarcella.

Radio Black Forest Festival

Saturday 14th August
6pm–4am

The Wagon and Horses, Adderley Street, Digbeth, Birmingham
Admission: £10 (may be purchased in advance)

The Club’s own Satan-worshipping scamp Lord Rupert is involved in this fiendish plot, something he describes as a “festival of electroacoustic/psyche/drone/folk/power electronics/noise music” (hmp!) headlined this year by an outfit called Ramleh. There will be 13 acts over two stages, various disc jockeys and an art installation called *VHS Wonderland* by Haze and Franklin.

1940s Weekend at the Tram Museum

Saturday 14th and Sunday 15th August
10am–5pm
Crich Tramway Museum, Derbyshire

Relive the Home Front with rationing and air raids. Special reduced rate for those in forties costume (but apparently no Axis costumes allowed—that’s you told, Scarheart).

The Furbelows Present
Cirque de Crème Anglaise

Friday 20th August
8pm–3am
Salon d’Été @ L’Equipe Anglaise, 21–23 Duke Street, London W1U 1LD
Admission: FREE

This quarterly musical extravaganza is a woozy, vaudevillean romp, a celebration of tongue-in-cheekery and wit, and a platform for some of the odder musical and poetic acts

around. It is perpetrated by The Furbelows, the beat combo that counts among its number Members Mr Clayton Hartley and Mr Neil McKeown. Our house DJ is another NSC Member, MC Fruity (Hatfield-Peverel).

In addition to The Furbelows



Two views of the interior of the Salon d’Été, venue for both the Cirque de Crème Anglaise on Friday 20th August and The Far Pavilions on Saturday 21st August

themselves the line-up features The Henry Road, all the way from Lancaster The Lovely Eggs, and back by popular demand No Cars.

All this and you get a free badge too! And free custard creams! The venue is stunning (the same as The Far Pavilions), it does great food too and it’s free to get in.

The Tashes Trophy Final

Saturday 21st August
10am–4pm
Richard Evans Memorial Playing Fields, Stag Lane, Roehampton Vale
Admission: Free for spectators but participants will need to stump up a share of the costs, about £10 a head. Bring your own picnic

The Hirsute Gentlemen face the Clean-Shaven Players in the sixth Tashes Trophy final. The Gentlemen will be looking to defend their first championship to date. Prospective players, scorers and officials are invited to send a message to Watermere, indicating their Hirsute/Clean-Shaven playing preference. These preferences will be accommodated as far as possible, provided that team numbers are appropriately balanced—while some traditionally grow facial hair for the event there are always a fair number of false moustaches in evidence.

As in previous years, the cricket match is combined with a large communal picnic. Meeting arrangements: for those arriving

by public transport, please meet Artemis outside Putney (mainline) rail station at 10am. You will then proceed by omnibus to the venue. Play is scheduled to begin at 11am. For those going direct: please park in the car park at Harlequin’s RFC, Stag Lane, and assemble in front of the nearest block of changing rooms at 10.15. Facebook event here.

The New Sheridan Club Summer Party:

The Far Pavilions
Saturday 21st August
7pm–3am
Salon d’Été @ L’Equipe Anglaise, 21–23 Duke Street, London W1U 1LD
Admission: FREE
See page 23.

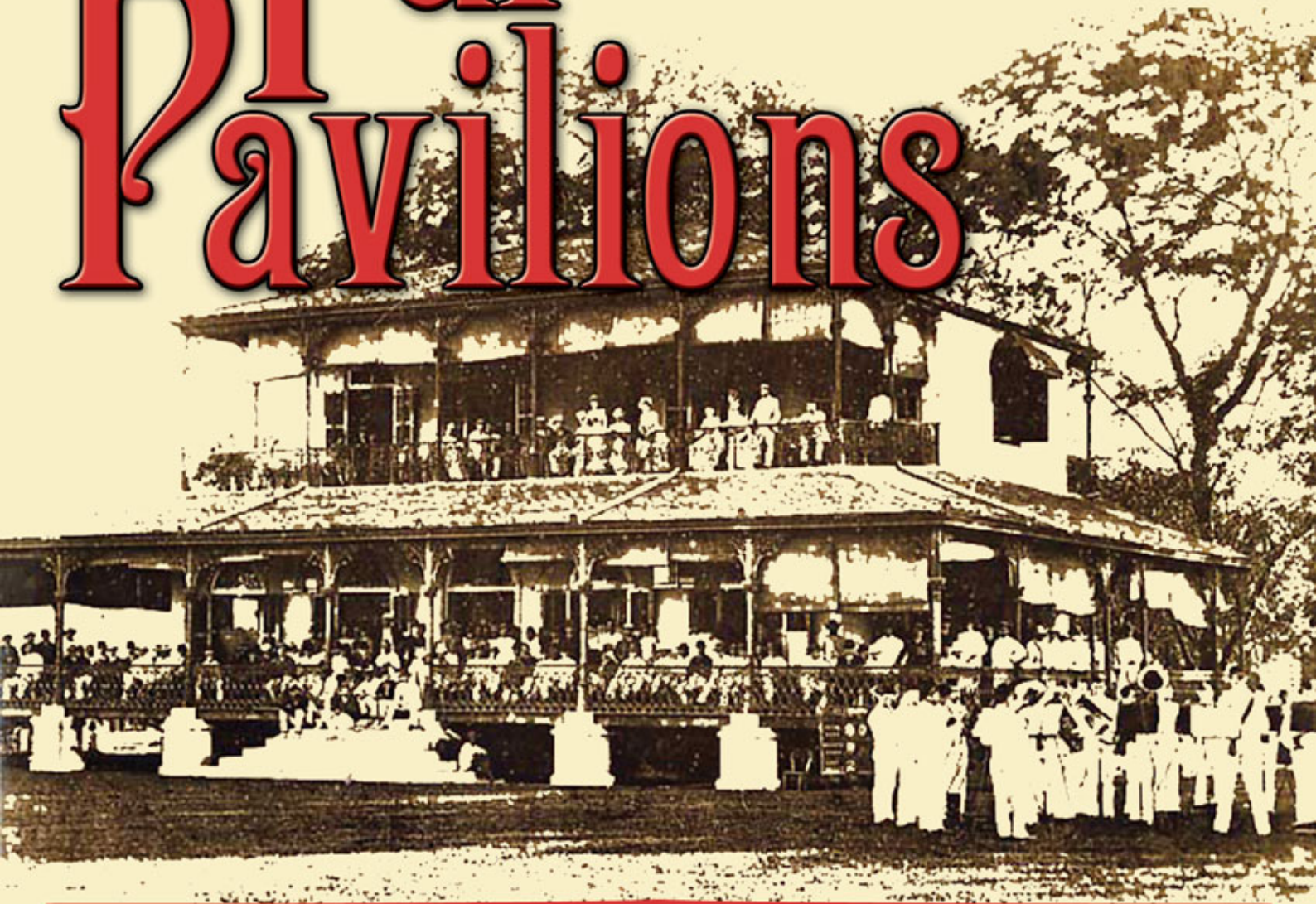


The New Sheridan Club
PRESENTS ITS **SUMMER PARTY**

WWW.NEWSHERIDANCLUB.CO.UK

The Far Pavilions

Another weary day of irresponsible
pleasure in some distant colony...



The day begins with the Club's annual cricket match  **The TASHES**  Played between those with facial hair and those tragically without
10AM—4PM  BRING YOUR OWN PICNIC  RICHARD EVANS MEMORIAL PLAYING FIELDS, STAG LANE, ROEHAMPTON VALE  DETAILS AT NEWSHERIDANCLUB.CO.UK

Then, after a hard day's privileged indulgence in the sun, the ennui-ravaged colonials return for a restorative dip in the steamy fleshpots of the Orient... ..at an exclusive Eden in the heart of London

Saturday 21st August

Doors 7pm  Carriages 3am  Kitchens till 11pm

FREE ENTRY

 Our famous **GRAND RAFFLE** 
FOR NSC MEMBERS ONLY—INCLUDING ANY WHO JOIN ON THE NIGHT


**SALON
D'ÉTÉ**
at L'Equipe Anglaise,
21 Duke Street, London W1
(020 7617 7150)

Live swing music from **TWIN & TONIC**

Games and silly things to do...

THE DEATH-DEFYING
**SHAVING WITH
A HANGOVER**
GAME



THE TERRIBLY SPORTING
**Poppadom-
Shooting**
COMPETITION