

# DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!

Discovering Krista is an American, Scarheart flies into a rage and ejects her from the country!

**PLUS:**

**Tea off!**

Come to our free tasting of fine Chinese teas

**Raising the Titanic**

Exhibition of objects from the wreck

**Where did you get that hat?**

Ancient hatter opens new London shop

The New Sheridan Club

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# Newsletter

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LII • February 2011





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 Editor Writes**

Welcome to a slightly slim issue of the Newsletter—testament to the fact that nothing really happens in January. In fact this month is home to “Blue Monday”, the official Most Depressing Day of the Year, allegedly calculated using such factors as post-Christmas debt, weather and the collapse of New Year's resolutions. (This year there was some argument as to whether it fell on 17th or 24th January.) However, let us haul ourselves from the slough of despond. In January we were graced by a colourful Turn by Charles Tsua as he showed us the multifarious costumes worn by academics on parade and we also immersed ourselves in the bitter-sweet genius of *Withnail and I* at the first Club Film Night of the year. And next Saturday we have a tasting of high-end teas, courtesy of The Canton Tea Co. This was arranged by our Oregonian Member Lainie Petersen and comes highly recommended—it's free, but do email me if you'd like to come as places are limited.

**The Next Meeting**

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 2nd February in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Mrs Sara Bridgman-Smith will look at the lives of *Three Great Women Behind Three Great Men—Eleanor Roosevelt, Isabel Burton and Joy Davidman Lewis*—and their relationships with the men they

encouraged and supported. I gather it “will include tales of romance and adventure sprinkled with an array of anecdotes and big cats”. There will be an Eleanor Roosevelt competition at the end.

**The Last Meeting**

At our January event Charles Henry Wolfenblood, Duke of Tipa (Charles Tsua to his mother), gave us a thorough and highly-informed talk entitled *Beautiful and Dignified: An Introduction to Academic Dress*. He took us through the various components of this arcane costume—gowns, hoods, caps and habits—the origins of the general style (monastic, broadly speaking), how the get-up varies from university to university and degree to degree, and how they have changed, taking in some whacky designs from Cecil Beaton plus a healthy dose of rivalry and sniping within the field. Plus, needless to say, the manifold shortcomings of academic dress in the former colonies. For me the highlight has to have been the discovery of a type of important braiding called Gimp—meaning that a number of the most high-powered members of our academic elite do indeed parade around in gimp costumes.

There were plenty of examples to see and fondle and Charles gave us handy tips on how best to wear the garments, especially the correct way to wear a hood. You can see a few more daguerreotypes here.



(Above left) Charles orates; (above right) Oxon BMus and DMus hoods; (right) a mourning cap; (far left) Russell Newlove and his Soviet camera; (left) Capt Coppice at the bar

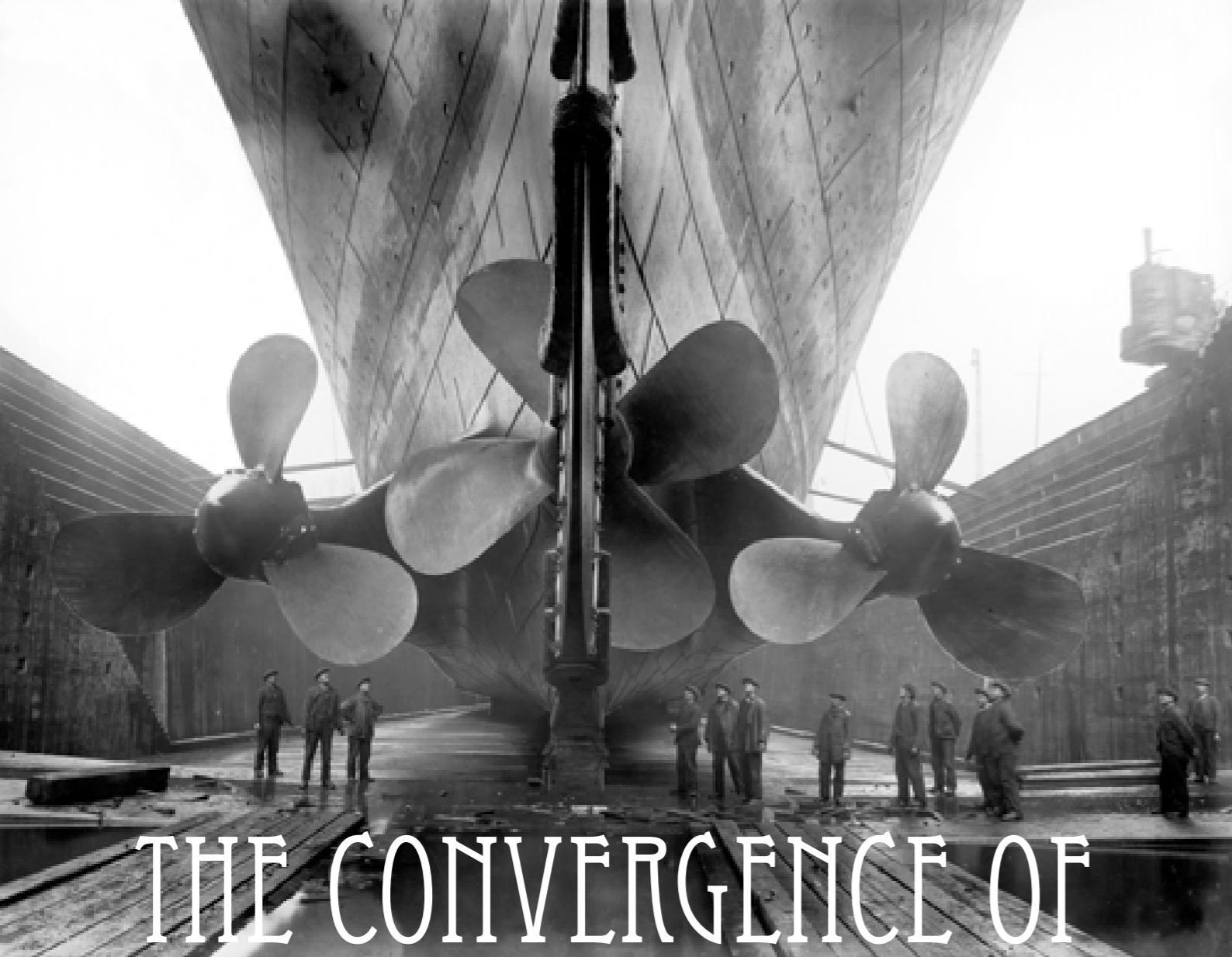


(Left) Sean models a vintage Dunelm BSc and (far left) Edinburgh MA; (right) Matthew and Craig lurk in Smoker's Alley; (lower right) Sean and Affability Hollander (left) Will Smith's latest facial hair



(Left) Lord Compton-Bassett was Charles's other manikin; (far left) the audience sits rapt. Note the slender cane for pointing at slide details and thrashing those who fall asleep





# THE CONVERGENCE OF

I HAVE TOUCHED THE *TITANIC*. Or at least, a small sliver of it, through a hole in some plexiglass. Not a particularly romantic encounter, but the iron surface worn smooth by countless other eager fingers is a testament to the fascination still exercised by the story of the doomed ship, its passengers and crew.



The piece of ship's plate is one of more than 300 items recovered from the famous wreck since its discovery in 1985 and currently on show in an exhibition at The Bubble in the O2, Greenwich. The salvagers, RMS Titanic Inc., are

# THE TWIN

*By Mrs H.*

touring this show to pay for the recovery and conservation, or at least the detailed charting, of more objects and wreckage, and this commercial drive is evident at all times, particularly in the grim souvenir shop (£34 for a nub of genuine ship's coal). But, given that the giant hull will have succumbed entirely to the iron-eating organisms of the deep ocean in about 90 years' time, the desire to recover as much of it as possible does not seem unreasonable. And RMS's trialling of expensive new technologies on the Titanic will eventually benefit less media-friendly archaeological sites.

In themselves, the exhibits are not particularly engaging — neither rare, nor



(Opposite page top) The Titanic was packed with innovative technology; her outer screws were driven by reciprocating piston engines, exhaust steam from which then drove a turbine powering the centre screw; on her journey to Southampton she reached 23.25 knots; (left) visitors to the exhibition can touch the vessel's hull; (this page top) the Grand Staircase; (right) at some installations (not the O2) they have recreated the staircase







The exhibition includes reconstructions of both First Class (above) and Third Class cabins. In Third Class you could expect to share with strangers. Replicas of those White Star blankets are for sale in the gift shop

strange, nor beautiful (some more spectacular finds, such as a 15-ton chunk of the hull, are on permanent display in Las Vegas). Chaps and ladies will see nothing unfamiliar, though they may be impressed by the survival of certain artefacts—both a cigarette case and its flattened contents (Turkish or Egyptian?), perfume vials and opera hat, pince-nez and calling cards. The labelling of the objects assumes that the average viewer knows nothing about anything—discussing a soggy banknote in relation to the foundation of the Bank of England, for example—and largely fails to use them to animate the story.

But the narrative of the Titanic's brief existence is conveyed effectively through the exhibition's design. The Bubble is—like its parent bubble—a draughty cavern roofed with metal struts and ducting, but these turn out to be strengths when telling the story of the

Titanic's construction in the Belfast shipyards of Harland & Wolff, or taking us into the engine rooms where hundreds of trimmers loaded tons of coal by day and night. Sound effects, grit-the-teeth irritating at first, come into their own once the ship has "set sail" and the noise of the engines provides a constant backdrop. Enlarged White Star line publicity photographs give some idea of the splendid decor that greeted First Class passengers (and for which they paid an enormous price per ticket, calculated at over £30,000 in today's money). And a couple of room reconstructions show us the very differently appointed accommodation provided to First Class and Third Class travellers—although Titanic catered to its poorest passengers better than most.

The exhibition's best (and simplest) idea is on entry to hand each visitor a boarding pass carrying the name of a real passenger. This gives



(Left) a cabinet of gratin dishes fell intact to the sea bed where the wood rotted leaving the neatly stacked crockery; (below left) replicas of this mug and bowl are for sale in the exhibition shop; (below) items of toiletry and fittings from First Class bathrooms; (bottom) salvaged personal effects, including a hand tool, a uniform button, a perfume bottle and a banknote. Apparently the high quality of the leather wallets and pouches (tanning has anti-microbial effects) explains the good condition of some of the contents







**WHITE STAR LINE** TICKET # Unknown

Passenger Ticket per Steamship: R.M.S. *Titanic*

SAILING FROM: *Cherbourg* DATE: *10/April 1912*

PASSENGER NAME: *Mr. Joseph Philippe L. LaRoche*

AGE: *26* FROM: *Paris, France*

ACCOMPANIED BY: *and daughters*

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**WHITE STAR LINE** TICKET # 237871

Passenger Ticket per Steamship: R.M.S. *Titanic*

SAILING FROM: *Southampton* DATE: *10/April 1912*

PASSENGER NAME: *Miss Annie G. Funk*

AGE: *38* FROM: *Janjgir, India*

ACCOMPANIED BY: *Travelled alone*

CLASS: 1ST  2ND  3RD  CABIN # *Unknown*

TRAVELLING TO: *Bally, Pennsylvania*

REASON: *Annie was returning to her family home in Bally, Pennsylvania, after receiving a telegram that her mother was very ill. Concerned that she might be too late to see her mother, Annie booked the first ship she could when she arrived in England.*

PASSENGER FACT: *Annie was a missionary in Janjgir, India, where she quickly learned that there was no school for girls. By 1907, within a year of her arrival in Janjgir, Annie opened a one-room schoolhouse for the girls of the village and taught them herself.*

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(Left) the "boarding cards" we were given upon entry, detailing genuine passengers from the ship—at the end of the exhibition you find out whether "you" survived or not (above) the exhibition includes a large piece of ice so you can have a sense of what the iceberg was like. In truth it would have been colder, as salt water freezes at a lower temperature

not only the class of ticket but also a few details of their lives and what is known of their reasons for travel (business, emigration, or just a holiday). The result is that visitors are instantly engaged by the plans of the ship, showing where our passengers might have taken lunch or promenaded, and feel a genuine apprehension when, in the final room, they scour the lists of the saved and the lost. (We second-class ticket holders—a missionary teacher travelling alone to see her sick mother, and a Haitian engineer and family seeking better prospects—didn't make it.)

Despite its title, it is these human stories—of emigrants and tourists, stewards and firemen, millionaires and their mistresses—that the exhibition presents best. And so, in the end, the *Titanic* touched me, too.

***Titanic: The Artefact Exhibition***  
 continues at The Bubble, O2, North Greenwich until 11 May 2011  
 Adult tickets Mon–Fri £13, Sat, Sun £15  
[www.titaniclondon.co.uk](http://www.titaniclondon.co.uk)



Janet Taylor and Patrick Lamb



## Introducing Patey Hats

THE NEW SHOP FOR THIS OLD FIRM

VETERANS OF OUR biannual parties will remember the many fine tiffers supplied as Grand Raffle prizes by venerable hatter James Lock & Co. of St James's. Now Janet Taylor, our contact there, has moved on to help set up Patey at 35 Connaught Street, London W2 2AZ. Janet



and her colleague Patrick Lamb, another ex-Lock employee, between them have over fifty years of hat experience.

Although this is the firm's first retail outlet, as a hat maker it is centuries old. "We're a royal warrant holder, and trace our roots back to Huguenot ancestors who settled in London bringing their fine hat

making skills," Janet explains. "'South of the river' was traditionally the centre of London hat making and our workrooms today are in south-east London. Patey was established as a 'name' in the 1950's when it was owned by Sid Patey, and over the years a number of other south London hat making companies and their staff have been subsumed into the firm."

Patey Hats are renowned for making and supplying the most traditional of riding, military and ceremonial headwear, top hats and bowlers. All of these are hand made from scratch in Patey's workrooms. To coincide with the opening of the new shop they have extended the range to include a new Town & Country Collection of trilby, fedora, Panama and tweed and cashmere caps.







## At the Foot of the Long White Cloud



OUR NEW ZEALAND CORRESPONDENT,  
A VETERAN EXPLORER, FINDS HIMSELF  
IN A STRANGE ENVIRONMENT

*By Dr Leavingsoon*

I'VE HAD VERY LITTLE in the way of my usual expansive treks through barren wastes or jungly swamps of late. You see, most of my time is currently being spent on WW2 re-enactment and the fundraising therein for a WW2 Veterans' Hospital. In fact we have just returned from the far reaches of the Southern-most regions of the Commonwealth where the Aurora Australis is clearly visible, whereat we raised \$400 and put paid to Jerry in front of a whole heap of goggling Southlanders—whose normal idea of entertainment is watching choreographed dancing tractors. And line dancing at that! And to the tune of "She thinks my Tractor's Sexy"... Gods!

It was a rather unsettling experience for our woollen-clad khaki lads. Especially when the female drivers of the tractors turned out to be large, bearded men of Scot descent wearing mops on their heads tied on with fencing wire. When the flanneline mobs congregated to cheer on the ride-on mower races, where the commentators were utterly confused as to who won or indeed what was going on, we just grinned, adjusted wool ties and shook our collecting tins.

How is it that a taciturn, strong and heavy-jawed community such as that in



Southland, who glare and turn away from the unusual, eccentric or foreign, can give a scattered cheer to a grown man wearing a Groucho Marx mask riding a lawn mower at full noise flashing past in mid-fisticuffs with his competitors. I did smile at the intrepid lady who had the ingenuity to empty a box of nails behind her for her opponents to evade wildly in her wake, but it seemed to us that we had stumbled on an remote part of Southern New Zealand otherwise hidden from the tourists and cameras.

A traction engine growling past at full smoke on the main road; a chaff-maker being belt driven by a 1902 Burrell traction engine down the road; a steam-powered truck delivering hay to a neighbouring farm. We had travelled to a place where Japanese utility cars and off-roaders vied with four-wheeled motorcycles, Clydesdales and tractors as the preferred means of transport.

If a farmer had it, he used it and woe betide anyone getting in his way. Observing a pile-up of a hay sledge and a team of dray-horses with a wayward round haybale, I retreated to my bell tent for tea in the slurry of coal and steam from the waterpumps opposite our camp. I have observed a distinct mark of smuts on the canvas to my utter delight and soot in my handkerchief.

And yet these sturdy farmers are not chavs. They are meticulously clean, with ironed clothes, and appear in denim or shorts year round simply as there are no hard-wearing alternatives available to them; I personally blame the local

tailors. They frown on outsiders and are outright hostile to those who do not conform to their set of values. Our small band of brothers "dressing up as soldiers" were tolerated and politely talked to as we were openly "doing it for Grand-dad" down at the Home. An honour we were most grateful for as I witnessed the removal of two black-clad toughs with long dirty hair, obviously in a state of inebriation, by means of being stood over and shoved on to the back of a quad-bike trailer—with the toe of a boot to the posterior being the end of the matter once they were out the gate. Very little was said in this affair but there were scowls

In the face of (opposite top) hairy transvestite farmers driving tractors and (above right) racing lawnmowers, Dr Leavingsoon keeps the side up with impeccable sartorial standards (opposite bottom); (below) all eras seem to converge in Southland with steam engines working alongside horses and internal combustion engines; (bottom) take your partners for the tractor dance



from the ladies and growls from the men until the scene had passed and the pastorage was resumed.

So saying, there is much about being "up the road" from Southland that causes such a contrast as to make even the most travelled blink. Oamaru, about a third of the way up the east coast of the South Island, is now the steampunk capital of New Zealand and is rather relishing its new status. It is the cheese of Southland's chalk and never were there a more eclectic and eccentric band of characters gathered in one borough.

As we were passing through the stately town, with its rich and heavily Victorian architecture untouched by earthquake or council, we were astonished to see the impact this was having on the town. A Battletrain, a steam powered tractor complete with Vickers Machine Gun, and a motorcycle with a tractor engine were on display in the main CBD. Please forgive my travelling companions' dress sense in the photographs; they had been cooped up for four and a half hours in a small vehicle and were rather







For some reason the South Island town of Oamaru has declared itself the Steampunk capital of New Zealand. Behold a Battletrain (left), a heavily armed tractor (below) and a bizarrely oversized motorbike with a tractor engine (tractors feature a lot in this part of the world). (Bottom) The Steampunk Headquarters, a former Victorian warehouse, awaits the construction of its Zeppelin station. (They might want to have a look at that wall while they're about it)



dishevelled. However their joy is plain and I'm sure readers will understand.

The Steampunk Headquarters is a Victorian warehouse that menaces the observer from over rail tracks near deserted wharves. It is a bleak and forbidding sight that should make the enthusiast wriggle their toes in delight. It is my understanding that the owners intend to add a Zeppelin platform and station. You simply have to admire this view of life and encourage its odd curiosities for every new vision is original and surprising.



## Make Time for Tea



COME TO OUR TEA TASTING  
ON SATURDAY 5TH FEBRUARY

THIS SATURDAY AFTERNOON why not swing by The Wheatsheaf where the Club will be proud to present a free tasting of fine Chinese teas courtesy of The Canton Tea Co. This informal event will take in six teas ranging from a white tea at the light, delicate end of the spectrum through to the rich, thick, robust puerh tea.

Jennifer Wood, co-founder of the company, will talk about the provenance of the teas, how they are processed and what sets them apart. She will give us tips on how to get the best from the leaves—the quality of the water, the best temperature, the quantity of leaf to water, steeping time, the number of times the same leaves can be reinfused, and on. She will bring in the influence of tea on history and culture—from ship design (tea clippers) to the Opium Wars, how the drinking of China tea emerged in seventeenth-century England and was later eclipsed by heavily oxidised, lower-grade black teas from British Indian plantations. She may even cover evidence of the benefits of green tea in delaying the onset of Alzheimers and reducing the risk of cancer.

I've not tasted the teas yet, but I would strongly urge you to biff along. My own conversion to tea-drinking only came when, after years of only ever having experience tea bags I tried a range of loose-leaf teas from Fortnum's—they were worlds away from the acrid tannin-cannons I had encountered up to then. I realised that tea could be subtle, fragrant, exotic and exhilarating, rather than just a way to punish your tooth enamel.

"Most guests are very excited to explore this whole new dimension to tea," Jennifer agrees, "the subtle flavours and distinct



(Above) Jennifer hosts a tea tasting; (inset) the award-winning Jasmine Pearls, which you will get to try

differences between each one. Many have never experienced the whole range, while some have only come across such teas in China—and even there this kind of quality is hard to find."

Jennifer will not be just lecturing us, but is keen for the tasting to be lively and interactive with plenty of questions, comments and feedback. If people want to seize the moment and snap up any favourites there will be a opportunity to buy tea using the special NSC one-time discount, which may also be used online—see box below.



### The tea:

Jasmine Pearls

White: Silver Needle, *Yin Zheng*

Green: Dragon Well, *Long Jing*

Oolong: Yellow Gold Oolong

Black: *Bai Lin Gong Fu*

Puerh: 2005 *Xing Hai* cooked puerh

**Saturday 5th February, 3.30–5pm**  
**Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB**  
**Admission: Free but please email to book**

### THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB CANTON TEA CO. DISCOUNT

All Members of the New Sheridan Club get a one-time discount when ordering. Go to [www.cantontea.com](http://www.cantontea.com) and make your purchases. At the check-out, use the discount code **SHERIDAN**. This will automatically give you **15% off your bill**, plus **free postage and packing**. Note that this discount may only be used once by each customer, so choose wisely.





# The Sheridan Christmas House 2010



REPORT ON OUR ANNUAL GROUP HOLIDAY IN A COUNTRY HOUSE

*By Ruth Laceby-Common and Ensign Polyethyl*

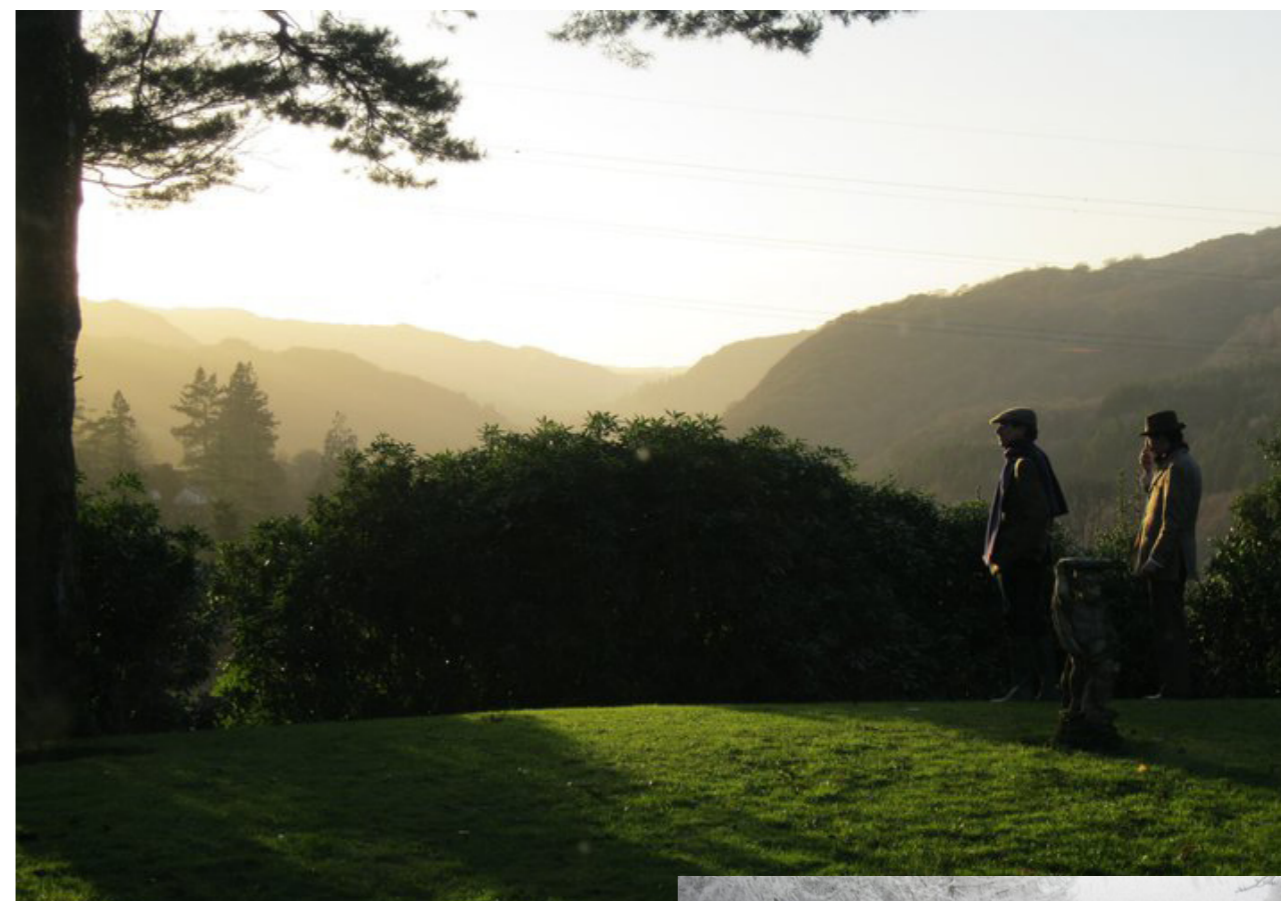
TO THE DEPTHS of deepest Wales went we, to the mountains and the valleys. A week of eating, drinking and pipe-smoking, in a Victorian Manor House, in late December, in Snowdonia. Activities were wide and varied, with the men standing by the fireplace debating how to put the world to rights, and the girls learning to knit and crochet.

This year the Christmas House enjoyed two notable firsts—it was the first time that infant and canine Sheridanites joined us. I am pleased to report that they have signalled their



approval of our amusements by joining in the lounging around expertly, as well as mumbling inconsequential nothingnesses whilst consuming as much drink as possible.

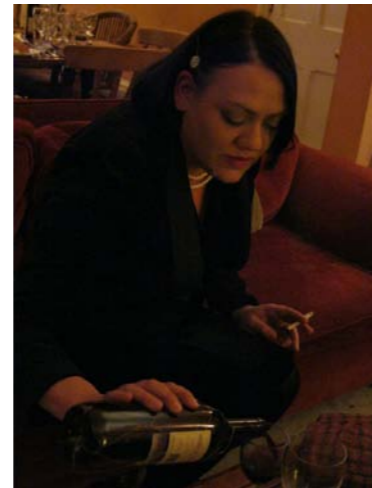
We Sheridanites did make occasional aberrations out of the house, from riding to descending deep into the bowels of the earth to marvel at the Victorian slate mines. (They're huge.) We also attended church in the village, there to recite the Lord's Prayer in Welsh.



(Opposite page, top) Fruity relates an anecdote; (left) serried boots in the front hall; (right) Compton-Bassett enjoys an early morning cuppa; (this page, clockwise from top) the view from the House; Grace Iggulden with Gwendolyn, looking like something beatific from a Christmas card; Master William "Pip" Beckwith; Laurence tucks into the holiday's two main activities







The three principal activities of the holiday seem to be drinking, smoking and sleeping. (Clockwise from top left) Gift-opening on the designated "Christmas Day"; Mr and Mrs Spooner-Harvey conk out; Emma pours herself a slug; Compton-Bassett adopts an air of studied casualness; Isabel sucks on a grout; with William presumably asleep. Mr and Mrs Beckwith can let their respective hairs down



An afternoon spent on the Ffestiniog steam railway was a highlight of the week. We journeyed in the observation carriage, gaining spectacular views of the Vale of Ffestiniog, the sunset, the engineering of the line, cuttings and embankments—as well as the changing weather.

No jaunt to Wales would be complete without visiting the nation's wonderful castles. Dolwyddelan Castle proved enchanting—a stone keep on a lonely crag. Looking out from its tower across the wild and unruly landscape of slate and scrub, with no other visitors to be seen. A confused farmer's wife had to be searched out of her kitchen to take our entrance money but had neither



(Top) Ensign Polyethyl, who nobly organised the holiday, and doubtless regrets it, assesses Harlech Castle's defensive potential before deciding whether to move in; (left) a gifte shoppe of ceramics proves irresistible; (bottom) the party are thrown into disarray by the discovery of a vintage Morris Minor—Waveney is paralysed with desire while Jessie is already on the phone to her bank manager about a loan All photos by Ruth Lacey-Common



tuned into the joys of life! (Luckily the snow distracted our attention before the game turned itself around).

The house had a 108-acre estate, including private woodland, which turned into a winter wonderland of deep snow and a bubbling river (or waterfall depending on your definition). Two feet of snow turned the river to ice, the rocks of the falls into puffs of whiteness and every tree into an elegant beauty—until the branches started to crash down from the weight of snow!

The end of the holiday came altogether too quickly for my liking. Everyone got home safely (thank goodness), despite travel times being a

postcard nor leaflet to offer in return. Harlech Castle was striking in the sunset—a vast declaration of Norman power... but the beach, tea shop and antiques shops held more alluring charms.

little longer than anticipated. Bring on next year and The Sheridan Christmas House 2011. By general agreement we propose to try to return to Treharrock in Cornwall.

What a week! The peaceful air of the place permeated the group profoundly and many a quiet afternoon was spent in front of the roaring fire pursuing one's chosen hobby. We even managed to catch some of the cricket, although of course, not in the afternoon. With the wireless tuned into LW, the joyous sounds of the British trouncing the Australians kept us





## The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members drown their sorrows on paper

### Death in the Afternoon

by David Bridgman-Smith

At the recent Candlelight Club event that featured Clandestine and Butterfly absinthes, many folk enjoyed one drink in particular, the Death in the Afternoon, a blend of absinthe and Champagne (or Prosecco, in this case). But what is behind this unlikely combination? There are aficionados of either or both ingredient who cry heresy at the idea, so where did it start?

For the answer we need to travel back to a slim, hardback book called *So Red The Nose (or Breath in the Afternoon)* published in 1935. The concept was for prominent authors of the time to submit drinks recipes to the editors, Sterling North and Carl Kroch, so they could create an anthology of these tipples.

“Death in the Afternoon” comes from Ernest Hemingway and shares its name with a novel he had published three years previously. Papa explains that this

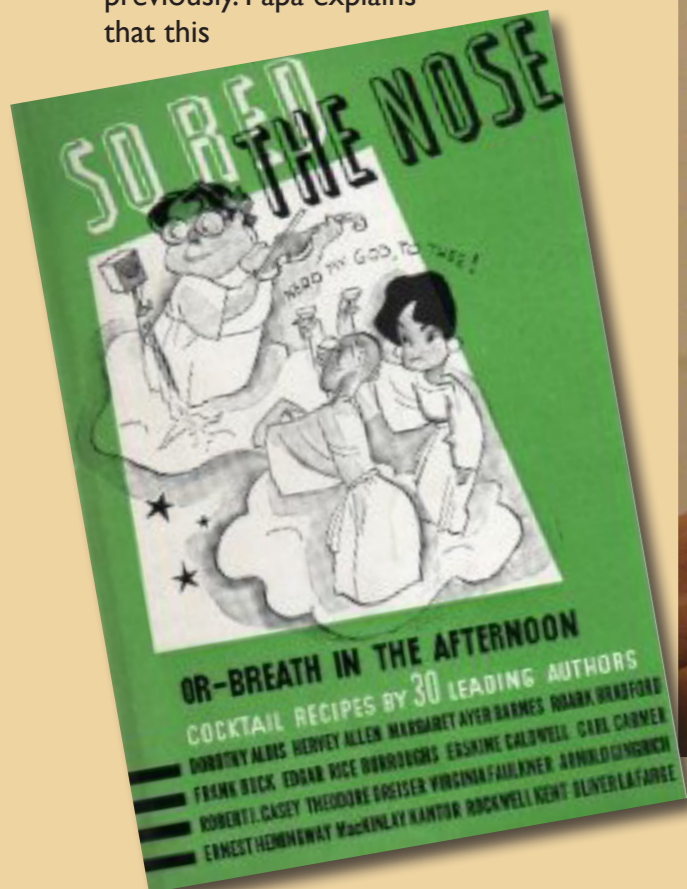
cocktail was invented after he and three naval officers from HMS *Danae*, a Royal Navy light cruiser leased to the Polish during the Second World War, spent several hours trying to re-float the fishing boat of Captain Bra Sanders which had run aground in a gale.

Fans of Hemingway may be interested to note that Captain Willie Adams from *To Have and Have Not* is thought to have been based on Bra Saunders. To have inspired both a Hemingway cocktail and a character is surely some achievement.

There is some debate as to whether or not this cocktail is actually Hemingway’s idea of a joke rather than serious mixing instructions. Judging by the rest of *So Red The Nose*, it is easy to see how this could be



Not actually Death in the Afternoon but a mere Snooze



### Bridgman-Smith on a Budget™

#### #1 The Home-Made Absinthe Fountain

One of the many adornments of the Candlelight Club in question were the rather ornate absinthe fountains. These are large glass jars with small taps fitted into their sides that sit atop a pedestal. The jar is filled with iced water, you place your glass under one of the taps and you adjust the flow of the water so that it dribbles into your absinthe until it reaches the desired degree of dilution—this enables you to watch for the magical moment when time seems to stand still as your drink “louches”, turning cloudy with swirling opalescence as the essential oils come out of solution.

Unfortunately these fountains can cost a pretty penny and are quite cumbersome—not so great for absinthe on the road. So here’s the challenge: could you make one at home for less than £10?

Well, folks, the answer is a resounding “Yes!” As you can see in the picture I have made one using a small Wade pottery barrel (eBay £3.96 inc. p&p) which comes with a working tap, perfect for creating that essential delicate stream of the absinthe ritual. This rests atop a laboratory tripod (£4.95 with free p&p). Looking at this set-up, I am reminded wistfully of school-days in the chemistry lab, setting fire to a spool of magnesium ribbon and then sneaking off at the end of class before the detention could be handed out. Anyway, there we go: an absinthe fountain for £9.91. Thrifty!



the case—companion cocktails of the Death in the Afternoon contain whole unmixed egg, nitroglycerin and gunpowder or require you to plant half a dozen trees before you drink.

On the serious side, Champagne is considered to aid seasickness, as is ginger ale (which looks very similar to Champagne, I think) and stout. After several hours on a rough sea, you may well need some—though I’d leave off mixing absinthe with stout.

The real question is, does it taste good? Does this cocktail ruin the Champagne and the absinthe or is the sum of the mixed drink greater than it’s parts?

It’s subjective and the choice is one of

personal discretion but I very much enjoy this cocktail, and my fellow Candlelight Clubbers seemed to do so too. It works well with other sparkling wines such as cava and I have shared it with many friends. However, I would probably reserve your bottle of Dom Pérignon 1952 for another occasion.

If you can’t quite face Death just after lunch, may I suggest to enjoy a mere “Snooze in the Afternoon” simply replace the absinthe with non-alcoholic green aniseed cordial and the Champagne with ginger ale.

For more musings on booze, see the NSC’s **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**





## CLUB NOTES

### New Members

ON THE BOULEVARD of broken New Year's resolutions, I would like to offer a chair at the pavement café of dissolute agreeableness to the following *flâneurs* and *flâneuses*, all of whom have grasped at the straw of Membership of the New Sheridan Club in the last month: Tricia "Foxy Coxy" Cox, Justin Ellis-Yorke, Kaiser Lee Jenkins, Etta Sweeney, Melissa Clark, Niall Daws, Gary Prooth, Robert E. Noles III and Baron Felix Lamont-Glass Auchenneuff.

### Krista Flees the Country

LAST FRIDAY A GROUP of Sheridanites gathered at the Punch Tavern on Fleet Street, scene of many NSC parties, to bid farewell to fellow Member Krista Jeanne (aka Miss Penelope Vetiver). An

American, Krista had been studying fashion at the University of the Arts London, most recently tooling intricate accessories from leather. Sadly Krista has found that with the visa she has she is never going to be able get full-time work, so has been obliged to return to the wild frontier of the former colonies, where doubtless she'll be forced into prostitution or labouring on a railroad.

Scarheart observed that one-by-one our American cousins in the Club are retreating back to their homeland—first Lawrence Gullo and now Krista. Mind you, he can hardly feign wistfulness given that he was later seen ejecting Krista from the country with his boot. Anyway we all wish Krista a safe journey back to the Land of the Free and a prosperous future in a free-trade zone sweatshop on notionally US soil somewhere in the Far East.

### Film Night Troubled By Louche Poltergeist

AS ADVERTISED IN the last issue, the first NSC Film Night of the year took place on 20th January and our feature presentation was Bruce Robinson's decadent 1987



Scarheart flies off the handle and boots Krista out of Britain. Psychologists attribute his rage to insecurity over his massive head (see inset)



classic *Withnail and I*, the superficially inconsequential tale of two unemployed actors who become depressed by the poverty and drug-fuelled paranoia around them and retreat to a Welsh farmhouse belonging to the uncle of one of them. But far from a rural idyll they find suspicion from the locals and a lack of urban amenities. Then come the night-time sounds of what they assume is a murderous poacher breaking into the house. The final revelation is less deadly but a more profound betrayal that seems to prompt the inevitable.



(Top) Withnail's soliloquy at the zoo; (inset) Withnail (I) and Marwood; (above) actors Richard E. Grant and Paul McGann (playing Withnail and Marwood respectively) on set with writer/director Bruce Robinson—whom Marwood represents.

We were going to show a short documentary as well, but in the end we were treated to an introduction by Miss Minna, who pointed out that, despite being highly quotable and very funny, this is also a very sad film, and an obvious parallel with Shakespeare's *Henry IV*—with Withnail as a Falstaff who expects the partying to last forever and Marwood ("I") as the young man growing up and feeling the need to move on and take on responsibility. An almost imperceptible backdrop to the squalor and hedonism is the genuine frustration the actors feel with a lack of work; but their attitudes to their opportunities emerge as quite different, and finally Marwood gets the break which will take him away, leaving Withnail with only a bottle of wine and wolves for an audience.

But our initial attempts to watch the film

were hampered when the venue's DVD player decided to throw itself off its shelf. Despite falling six or seven feet it actually carried on playing, though it yanked its cable out of the ceiling-mounted projector. Since the shelf was clearly a bit wonky we rested the player on the bar, on a trio of pint glasses so it could just reach the projector. Low and behold, shortly afterwards it threw itself off these too. This time it stopped playing, at which point we discovered the machine was so cheap it had no fast-forward function and we were obliged to run the film from the start again.

We've never had this problem before, which leaves you wondering whether the pub doesn't like the film—of whether the grumpy ghost of Withnail is just tearing the place apart looking for some more lighter fluid to drink.





## Forthcoming Events



**BOTH OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS (🔴)  
AND THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE  
THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY**

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

### 🔴 NSC Club Night

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

### The Fitzrovia Radio Hour

Until Saturday 5th February  
10.30pm  
Trafalgar Studios, 14 Whitehall, London SW1A 2DY  
Admission: £20

More from the 1940s-style live radio broadcast, featuring cut-glass accents and much comic business from the production of live sound effects. Great fun and highly recommended. More at [fitzroviaradio.co.uk](http://fitzroviaradio.co.uk).

### 🔴 The New Sheridan Club presents A Tea Tasting With The Canton Tea Co.

Saturday 5th February  
3.30–5pm  
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB  
Admission: Free  
See page 13.

### The Candlelight Club

Saturday 12th February  
7.30pm–1am  
A secret central London location (venue will be revealed when you buy your ticket)  
Admission: £15 in advance

Dress: 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail bar, in a stunning, tucked-away, candlelit den with a 1920s speakeasy flavour. Each event offers a one-off bespoke cocktail menu and there will be special themes, guest mixologists and featured ingredients, with food and drink masterminded by Will Sprunt, formerly of the Salon d'Éte, plus vintage DJing and live performances.

This time it is our “St Valentine’s Day Massacre”, a cheery attempt to shoe-horn misty-eyed romance together with a 1920s gangster slaying. Think Guys and Dolls, love and bullets.

If you’ve been before you may be interested to know that we are in a larger space this time—not so big as to lose the intimate atmosphere but with more room for dancing. And better loos.

Your ticket also gets you:

- A buffet supper of our famous fancy sandwiches
- Live 1920s jazz from the Shirt Tail Stompers
- Period shellac spun all night by MC Fruity, London’s premier vintage DJ.
- Special themed chocolates from our tame chocolatier
- To celebrate St Valentine’s Day we’ve managed to source a hush-hush consignment of exquisite Duval-Leroy Rosé Champagne which we’ll be able to offer to guests for just £35 a bottle—less than you’d pay in shops!

### Rag and Bow present

Vintage Pop-Up Shop  
Saturday 5th February  
12–5pm  
Paradise by The Way Of Kensal Green, 19 Kilburn Lane, London W10 4AE  
Admission: Free

A pure fashion feast of women’s vintage clothing and accessories in the Paradise’s decadent library room, filled with handpicked pieces dating from the 1950s–1980s, including a £5–10 sale rail. See the Rag and Bow blog for more details.

### Mouthful O’ Jam presents

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



Last month’s  
Candlelight Club

Saturday 5th February  
7.30pm–2am  
The Salisbury Pub Hotel, 1 Grande Parade, Green Lanes, Haringey, London, N4 1JX  
Admission: £5

A night of 20s–50s hot jazz, swing and early jump blues DJed by London’s top 78 spinners, Swing Maniac, Tim Hellzapoppin’ and Kid Krupa, laying down original shellac recordings. Come early for dinner at this gastro-pub. Beginners Swing dance lesson with Gaia Facchini starts at 7:30pm.

### Blind Lemon Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 6th February  
10am–4pm  
City Hall, Cathays Park, Cardiff  
Admission: £4 (£3 concs)

Vintage everything from Victoriana to the 1970s (shudder). More at [www.blindlemonvintage.co.uk](http://www.blindlemonvintage.co.uk).

### Blind Lemon Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 13th February  
10am–4pm  
The Anson Rooms, Queens Road Clifton, Bristol BS8 1LN  
Admission: £4 (£3 concs)  
See above.

### The Black Cotton Club

Saturday 19th February,  
10pm–3am  
Volupté, 7–9 Norwich Street, London EC4A  
Admission: Used to be £10 before 11pm, £12, after; may still be  
Dress: Ravishing and refined, in a 1920s–1940s glamour stylee, I imagine  
A regular club night devoted to the “music and dance for cool cats and kittens”, featuring resident DJs lady Kamikaze and El Nino, plus live music this time from the Sax Pastilles. More here.

### Blind Lemon Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 20th February  
10am–4pm  
The Pittville Pump Rooms, Pittville Park, Cheltenham GL52 3JE  
Admission: £4 (£3 concs)  
See above.

### Blind Lemon Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 27th February  
10am–4pm  
The Guildhall, 23 Eastgate Street, Gloucester GL1 1NS  
Admission: £4 (£3 concs)  
See above.





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

[telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk)  
[mrarbuthnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrarbuthnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk)  
[mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk)  
[mrhoward@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrhoward@newsheridanclub.co.uk)  
[mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk)

