

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

LXVIII • June 2012

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Eating for England

Ella Armstrong Lach on recreating a vintage feast

Drinking for England

Vintage Jubilee cocktails to wet your whistle

Drinking for the Club

Behold the NSC tea cosy

Sharp Dressed Men

Pop stars who keep the sartorial side up

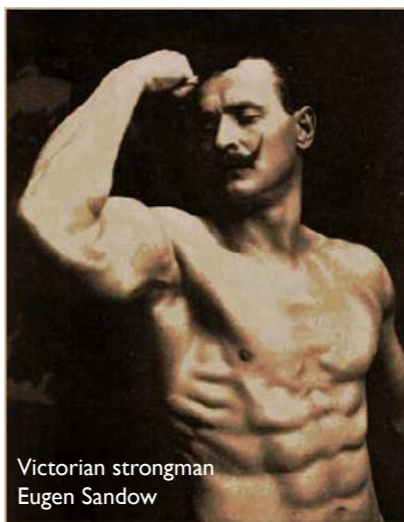
Such as Dave Vanian, seen here dressed by Matt Deckard



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 6th June in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Mr David Waller (who previously addressed us on the life of Gertrude Tennant) will dazzle us on the subject of *The Perfect Man: The Muscular Life and Times of Eugen Sandow, Victorian Strongman*. Sandow was colossally famous in his day and possessed what was considered the perfect male body. He rose from obscurity in Prussia to become a music hall sensation in late Victorian London, going on to great success in North America and across the British Empire. He was a friend to Edward VII and appointed Professor of Physical Culture to George V. So how did he come to lose his fortune and wind up in an unmarked grave in Putney Vale Cemetery? Mr Waller will reveal all.



Victorian strongman Eugen Sandow

instead dressing and behaving in a manner that might have gained them entrance to the New Sheridan Club. We encountered mainstream candidates such as The Who and The Jam, who asserted a self-consciously English image, when so many of their compatriots seemed to want to pretend to be American; Haircut 100 who took the preppy look to a ridiculous degree; Sailor, who swung between camp mariner and full-on evening wear; Dave Vanian of The Damned, who started as a well-dressed Vampire and has managed to age well by adjusting his look over the years. There was also a detour into Euro-loonies Laibach who, despite their frankly rather Nazi overtones, deserve credit for resisting Americanisation in the most extraordinary way. Then there are the more obscure outfits such as 1960s US garage band The Scarlet Henchmen who wore cravats, smoked pipes and sang a curious ditty about Crystal Palace. We finaled on a video by self-consciously English pop-rockers XTC, who have a fondness for an agrarian idyll of country villages (cf. *Love on a Farm Boy's Wages*), in this case their 1989 single *The Mayor of Simpleton* featuring obvious references to *The Avengers* plus London buses, red telephone boxes, chess, college scarves, umbrellas, fencing and a tricorn hat. See page 4.

The Last Meeting

At our May meeting Mr Sean Longden got our mojos working with a "multimedia" presentation on *Popular Music Artists (1950 to the Present Day): Lessons for the Modern English Gentleman*. The lecture examined those individuals in popular music who have ignored the fashions of "youth culture",



Sean with dapper beatniks in the background



Dorian Loveday looking chipper



Sean's riveted audience



(Above) Bunty explains his plan to a sceptical Watermere and Von Gregory; (below) new Member Gary McCann



Sean gets worked up



RN blows Robert's mind by showing him a pocket calculator



Pandora Harrison



(Right, l-r) Isabel Spooner-Harvey, "Ravey" Dave Hollander, Ian White, Simon Pile, Craig Young; (below) Mark Gidman and chums mucking about; (below right) Dave Packer with Orcadian Neil; (left) Scarheart poses in a lady's cape. I say no more than that.



LESSONS *for* By Sean Longden

No. 1 GENTLEMEN

How to retain one's identity in the world of 'popular music'

IN THIS LESSON we shall be learning how the British gentleman, mindful of the regular ridiculousness of the ever-changing world of fashion, could strive to retain his identity in the world of popular music. In the dim and distant past of my experience, to be fashionable meant to be inspired by and reacting to the images

given to us by musicians.

However, for some among us, this led to a cultural clash: pop music came to these shores from America and brought with it American image and imagery. As such, this conflicted with my personal desire to retain a sense of British identity. Looking back over those days, I can

now see how there were a number of bands and individuals who gave us tips on how to maintain one's Britishness.

But remember, these are my choices: this is my period and my chart—for in the world of



The Clash: nice music, shame about the image

popular music everything must be measured in charts—and is subjective not objective. I'm too old for lots of modern music and so, if the seventies and eighties are over-represented, I offer no excuses. There could be a million artists and examples but it falls to me to cut it down so—appropriately—here's my top ten countdown.

Number 10: The Who

The first rule here is an important one: Remember you are not American. This was a rule introduced to us in the 1960s by Pete Townshend of The Who when he presented

(Left) The Who and (below) the Jam, who copied the Union Flag look



Top to bottom: Laibach; the Kinks; Paul Revere and the Raiders; the Scarlet Henchment

us with target T-shirts, based on the roundels on the wings of RAF planes, and the iconic Union Jack jacket (although I suppose I should refer to this as a "Union Flag jacket" since Mr Townshend was a man, not a ship). This jacket went on to inspire such later acts as The Jam, who adopted this style and proclaimed their origins to the world.

To show us how others have failed in this quest, I would present to you The Clash. Though giving the world fine music, filled to the brim with 1970s British fury, they soon fell into the image pit, uncertain of their style influences. The photograph opposite shows a mixture of martial arts clothing, Nazi uniform and Hussar.

Number 9: Laibach

Ah, the irony of it. No sooner have I started than I am straying away from these shores into continental Europe with a Slovenian band. However, I offer them as inspiration. They decided to remain firmly anchored in a European tradition. This was one band that was never going to wear a Hawaiian shirt and sing about surfing. Instead they chose lederhosen, loden coats and singing about hunting deer or



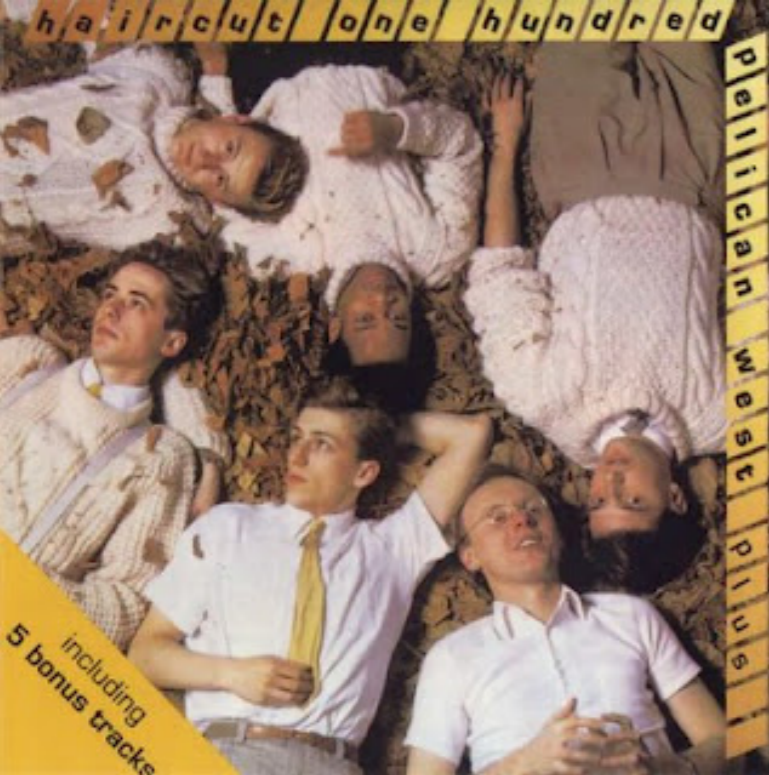
the discovery of the North Pole.

They told us: celebrate who you are, do not strive to be someone else. And for that example I must include them. Of course there was always the chance that this was merely a

gimmick: a conceit designed to improve record sales. However, I recall a story told by a friend. After one of their concerts she and her friends offered to show them around the nightclubs of Leicester. They accepted the offer but said they needed to change from their sweaty stage attire. As she waited, she wondered what they might reappear wearing: brightly coloured Euro shell suits, birdshit highlight denims, a Hugo Boss suit—or any fashionable items of the times? No they reappeared wearing fresh lederhosen, but in a different coloured leather. Let them be an example to you.

Number 8: The Scarlet Henchmen

Having determined that the British pop star needs to remember he is not an American we turn to another curious choice, an American band. In the late 1960s the USA was heavily influenced by UK pop acts, such as The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, the Who and The Kinks. This was the so-called "British invasion". From this, America



(Left and above) Haircut 100 rocking the public school/preppy look; (below and bottom) the Boys Wonder

adopted the Regency-styled jackets of bands like The Kinks, and the wonderful paisley patterns of the emerging British psychedelic scene. Bands like The Beau Brummels and Paul Revere and the Raiders took the image of the late-18th and early-19th centuries to display this Old World charm. However, one American band adopted a British look straight out of the mid-20th century: The Scarlet Henchmen. Wearing cravats and smoking pipes, they looked more like home counties middle-managers than a bunch of Mid-West high school kids. But they went one step further, recording a bizarre song entitled “Crystal Palace”, a piece of lightweight, whimsical, would-be psychedelia. The song turns the south London one-time boxing and leisure venue into something mysteriously shimmering and other-worldly. Nonsense, of course, but for their attempted Anglophilia, we salute them.



Number 7: Haircut 100

Next is a band from the 1980s who had a few big hits but were immediately laughed at for their style. Influenced, it seemed by *Bridesead Revisited* and *Chariots of Fire*, Haircut 100 were all floppy fringes, cricket jumpers and Arran

knitwear. When appearing on German television in 1982, their obligatory 1980s bongo-playing all-rounder wore cricket whites complete with club tie that matched the piping on his jumper. In an era where many cricketers, such as Ian Botham, were taking their hairstylings from

East Germany, it seemed Haircut 100 were trying to set a respectable example to both Britain’s youth and its sportsmen. They failed. But for that very-British, well-attired failure they find a home in our chart.

Number 6: Boys Wonder

The first time I saw this band, I was introduced to them by their manager. I noticed that one was wearing a red hunting jacket, complete with stock. Hold on a moment, they look odd. They look silly.



They look British. Then they came onstage. One was dressed in a jacket featuring the Queen’s image—a jacket printed with the image of a £1 note. They sounded like sounding like Sham 69 playing Lionel Bart songs, but fronted by Tony Newley. Real British vocals. No fake American accent. And their subject matter? It was the least rock and roll you could imagine. They sang *Hot Rod*: now, if it were American it would be a song about the joys of fast driving. But the Boys Wonder sang about idiots in their fast cars, driving around town showing off. Then they recorded *Stop It*, an anthem all about the perils of drink-driving. In *Shine on Me*, when they sang, “There’s a place in the West, and I’ll tell you right now it’s the best...” you just knew they weren’t singing about California because, as they said, “I believe in U, I believe in K.”

Number 5: The Company She Keeps

As this is my list, and I can choose whomever I want, I offer this long forgotten band. For their (as far as I know) one and only video they chose a silent movie theme: damsel in distress tied to the railway tracks; sinister villain picked straight out of a Victorian melodrama; straw boaters; Harold Lloyd glasses; Hoovering; ironing and other themes that don’t normally find their way into the world of pop music. Very silly, very British fun.



(Above) The Company She Keeps in their only video; (below and bottom) Shelleyan Orphan’s mournful pastoralism

Number 4: Shelleyan Orphan

Other pop acts were much more serious about their “art”. Next is a rather serious bunch of obscure popsters who have failed to set the world alight for more than 20 years. Shelleyan Orphan took their name from a romantic poet, abandoned traditional rock instruments for a string section, clarinets and flute solos. They were ridiculous—but brilliant. References to



Neo-Classicism, Romanticism, Shakespeare abounded. They sang about overgrown cemeteries and flowers. For one video the singer floated in a flower-strewn stream, mimicking the Millais painting *The Death of Ophelia*. They went on stage with painters. They sounded magnificent. They were unfashionable. And they were loved by about





(Above and left) Sailor's wilfully out-of-time look; (above right) cf. Michael Redgrave; (below) Dave Vanian's look has evolved in keeping with his years

three people in the whole world. But they had the nerve to write such pretentious titles as *Long dead flowers dried out in summer* and *Epitaph Ivy & Woe*. Folk-pop nonsense? Yes, but beautifully crafted, hauntingly sung, folk-pop nonsense.

Number 3: Sailor

With two hit singles in the mid-1970s we have an act who remain among the top selling bands ever in Germany. With *Glass of Champagne* and *Girls, Girls, Girls*, Sailor were a band who were inspired by the film *Cabaret* and the sounds of



Roxy Music. They dressed in sailor uniforms, dinner suits, Panama hats and tried to look as if they were hanging around sweaty dockside bars in Shanghai or sleazy dive-bars in a Baltic port. In *Girls, Girls, Girls* they sang of “Stepping on a slow boat to China” and “sipping tea with my geisha”. Sailor didn't try to sound like the average pop-band and instead went for a sound that must have attracted legions of fans among people's parents. Not only that, but singer George Kaunus bore a remarkable resemblance to the late, great Michael Redgrave.

Number 2: Dave Vanian of The Damned

At number 2 are possibly my favourite ever band, The Damned, or more specifically, their singer Dave Vanian. In the 1970s, there was a reaction to the awful fashion of the period, a fight back against long hair, flares and hippies. But what became known as “Punk”, and later became viewed as a safety-pinner orthodoxy, started out as straightforward fashion rebellion



of kids dressing up to shock. Punks reacted by going back to straight-legged trousers and rebelling against their elders. But while many punks wore ripped clothes one man rebelled against the rebellion. Dave Vanian of The Damned didn't spike his hair, he slicked it back. He wore dinner suits, wing collars, bow ties. Borrowing his look from Bela Lugosi and Udo Kier in Andy Warhol's *Blood of Dracula*, he almost singlehandedly invented Goth. And in later years, rather than trying to remain young, he adapted his look. These days he has been spotted wearing a monocle, smoking a corn-cob pipe, sporting a cravat and driving a Morgan sports car. Dave Vanian: punk legend, English gentlemen and a man who knows how to grow old gracefully.

Number 1: XTC

But even an immaculately dinner-suited punk cannot beat our final entry. There can be only one winner: XTC. Their career saw them dressing as farm labourers, in college scarves, boating blazers and yachting caps. But the apex of their rejection of the Americanisms of pop music came in the late 1980s. It was an unsuccessful single by a band that spent most of their career being deeply unfashionable and reviled by reviewers. The video of XTC's *Mayor of Simpleton* gave us more “Britishness” than anything else in the history of pop music. London double-decker buses and red phone boxes were just the beginning. Add to that a tricorne hat, umbrellas, fencing, fencing with umbrellas, miniature table tennis, chess, magnifying glasses, bicycles and unremitting silliness—not forgetting a be-catsuited, 1960s-style, Emma Peel-esque beauty. All displayed over a jingling, jangling, glorious piece of pop music.

The one single that convinces me that this is the greatest example of combining pop music with the memory Britain in an earlier—and, dare I say it—greater era.

(Right) XTC's video for *The Mayor of Simpleton*



Austerity & Appetite

Recreating an authentic 1950s celebration meal

By Ella Armstrong Lach

ON THE 2ND JUNE 1953, up and down the country people gathered to celebrate the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Families that owned a television kept an open house so everyone could watch the splendid ceremony, and out in the streets or in village halls trestle tables were erected and piled high with food for all to enjoy. The celebratory mood was enhanced by the recent de-rationing of a host of much loved foodstuffs, such as eggs, tea and sugar, meaning that for the first time since before the war, catering was a joy rather than a struggle. Spirits were high; the new Queen brought with her a sense of hope for the country, the war was behind them and a new era of peace and plenty was just beginning.

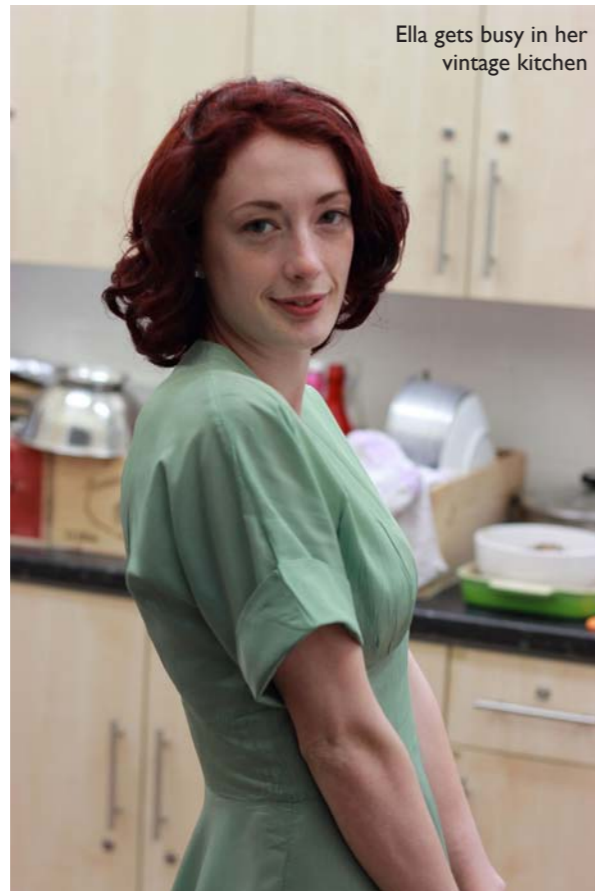
On the 2nd of June 2012 a thirty-strong rabble of hungry diners descended on a North London “village hall”, dressed to the nines in their 1950s finery, eager to be transported back to the year of the Coronation for an evening of fifties food, fun and frivolity. That drizzly Saturday night was the maiden voyage, as it were, for my exciting new venture, The London Vintage Kitchen, a series of pop-up dinner parties celebrating the food, drink and dining cultures of the past.

Although of a theatrical background, I have long been fascinated with food and dining history. I am currently writing my master’s thesis on the subject of the spectacle and theatrics in social dining. The idea for the London Vintage Kitchen evolved partly out of a desire to share the joys of this fascinating and (in my opinion) invaluable subject with the world, a platform to make my research reality, and partly out of my love for vintage partying and hosting.

The history of eating and dining is a fascinating and varied subject. Since the dawn of time, dining together has played a vital role in society, developing and changing over the ages. In the past dining was revered as more than simply eating, but rather an art form. The importance of the shared meal, in all its guises, has been understood as a social, economic and political mechanism. A suitably grand meal could unite and influence people,

leading to friendship, marriage, international alliance and more. Throughout history, by providing the finest food and wine, a lavish setting and spectacular entertainment, you could buy your place in high society.

Nowadays, however, entertaining is no longer considered an art form and knowing how to



Ella gets busy in her vintage kitchen

cook a nice meal, lay a table, and make guests feel comfortable in your home are no longer seen as essential life skills among the masses. A sorry state of affairs indeed.

In a small way I hoped that the London Vintage Kitchen might be able to help to bring the art of dining back to life, by taking people back to a time when these things did matter. LVK is just as much about teaching people about the dining cultures of the past, as it is about eating great food and having lots of vintage fun, as last Saturday night attested.

The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II last weekend seemed the perfect opportunity to put months and months of mulling over these ideas into practice. I was very keen to do something to mark such a momentous occasion, and going back to where it all started, in 1953 (well, '52 to be precise), seemed like a perfect way to honour the Queen’s lifetime of dedicated service,



All photos © Thomas Smith Photography

and a fantastic first foray into bringing vintage and historical food back to life!

The first thing to consider was the menu. The rationing brought into place during the war was still in effect at the time of the Coronation, not fully ending until 1954. In the post-war years of 1946–50 rationing was at its peak; many of the things that were restricted during the war had been rationed further, causing outrage among the British people who had expected rationing to be abolished as soon as the war was over. Conversely, with the influx of immigrants, displaced by the war, from all over the world, new and exotic foods were starting to make their way on to the British dinner table, causing both suspicion and excitement. In 1948 preserves came off ration, marking the beginning of the end of rationing, which happened gradually over the next five years. Finally in summer 1954 meat was de-rationed, marking the end of



I do apologise—there seems to be someone in T-shirt and jeans in the kitchen...

rationing all together. One of the most important things that I had to take into account was that in 1953 meat was still rationed. The harsh winters

winter stew, reworked to make it summery using a light stock and seasonal vegetables.

In May 1953, a few weeks before the Coronation, cream reappeared, after a long absence, causing both delight and disgust (amongst the younger generations who had never tasted it before and found it to be too thick and greasy for their tastes). Interestingly cream was not rationed during the war, but rather was illegal to produce. In place of cream people commonly used condensed milk or the top of the milk, so what a pleasure it must have been to have real fresh cream, once more, and just in time for the British strawberry season too!

The Jubilee is not only about celebrating 60 years of the Queen's reign, but also a chance to celebrate all things British including, of course, food. I wanted the menu to be a celebration of all the fine things that this land has to offer, as well as being a showcase for the delightful dishes of the 1950s.

As well as creating the perfect menu, the right atmosphere had to be created too. The weeks leading up to the event were spent scouring charity shops, antique markets and car boot sales to find enough crockery, cutlery and glassware



Oliver takes charge of the Wedding Belle cocktails

and flooding of the late 1940s had killed off nearly half of Britain's livestock, and the nation was still recovering from this disaster in the early 1950s. While livestock supplies were at an all time low, wild animals such as rabbits and pigeons were running amok, causing chaos and eating up the vegetable and grain that the country so needed. In the early 1950s therefore, after a publicity drive from the Ministry of Food, pigeon and rabbit were commonly featured on the dinner table, as a cheap, tasty and available alternative to other meats. The casserole of rabbit we enjoyed on Saturday is my adaptation of a

LONDON VINTAGE KITCHEN

1953 CORONATION DINNER MENU
SECOND DAY OF JUNE 2012

Canapés
Wedding Belle Cocktail

⚡

Casserole of Summer Rabbit
Kidney and Mushroom Sauté
New Potatoes
Seasonal Vegetables

Wine

⚡

1950's Favourite Novelty Cake

⚡

Masala Soaked Strawberries
Fresh Cream
Brandy Snaps

Port

Tea & Coffee



the NSC's Manfred Kronen, embarrassingly tieless on the right

to accommodate 30 guests. Many happy evenings were spent laundering and starching dozens of napkins, a lifetime's worth of red, white and blue bunting was dragged out of the loft and dusted off, and a musical playlist was carefully created, made up of hits of the early 1950s.

Of course, despite such precise planning, nothing went at all to plan during the set-up on the day. We arrived at the hall to find that all of the tables had mysteriously disappeared, putting us seriously behind schedule by the time that they were found. Even more mysteriously, someone had swapped my beautifully ripe avocados, bought several days before the event in anticipation, with some hard-as-rock ones, so the avocado and prawn cocktails were off the menu. And to make things even worse, we'd forgotten to bring a corkscrew with us. After a quick dash home, our guests were thankfully none the wiser. Despite all the mishaps and stress backstage, amazingly everything seemed to be going swimmingly front of house and the guests appeared to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. This may have been in part to the extremely strong cocktails mixed by Lane and served on arrival. Apparently the Queen's favourite drink is Dubonnet and gin, so the Wedding Belle cocktail, a classic 1950s mix of Dubonnet, gin

and cherry brandy, seemed the ideal, if a little strong, welcome drink. It's not really surprising that I received reports of bad hangovers the next day!

All in all, although far from perfect, the night seemed to be a resounding success. Diners approached me afterwards to tell me that not only did they thoroughly enjoy the food, company and atmosphere, but that they really did feel transported back to the 1950s.

So, will I do it again? We'll see! I already have hundreds of ideas floating around in my brain and I'm sure I won't be able to resist them for very long, so keep your eyes peeled.



Scarheart's veneer of civilisation quickly cracks



Chris Choy and Miss Minna



Canapés are dispensed



Quotable Powell

By Torquil Arbutnot

THE WHEATSHEAF PUB in Fitzrovia—to all intents and purposes the NSC clubhouse—used to be a favourite watering hole of the author Anthony Powell. Here are a selection of aphorisms and observations from the great man.

Life becomes more and more like an examination where you have to guess the questions as well as the answers. I'd long decided there were no answers. I'm beginning to suspect there aren't any questions either, none at least of any consequence, even the old perennial, whether or not to stay alive.

—Books Do Furnish a Room

Atwater ... began to bite the apple. It was green and tasted of absolutely nothing. It was like eating material in the abstract.

—Afternoon Men

If you bring off adequate preservation of your personal myth, nothing much else in life matters. It is not what happens to people that is significant, but what they think happens to them.

—Books Do Furnish a Room

A certain amount of brick-throwing might even be a good thing. There comes a moment in the career of most artists, if they are any good, when attacks on their work take a form almost more acceptable than praise.

—Casanova's Chinese Restaurant

I was attending the private view, partly for business reasons, partly from a certain weakness for bad pictures, especially bad portraits. Such

a taste is hard to justify. Perhaps the inclination is no more than morbid curiosity to see how far the painter will give himself away. Pictures, apart from their aesthetic interest, can achieve the mysterious fascination of those enigmatic scrawls on the walls, the expression of Heaven knows what psychological urge on the part of the executant...

—The Acceptance World

Slowly, but very deliberately, the brooding edifice of seduction, creaking and incongruous, came into being, a vast Heath Robinson mechanism, dually controlled by them and lumbering gloomily down vistas of triteness. With a sort of heavy-fisted dexterity the mutually adapted emotions of each of them became synchronised, until the unavoidable anticlimax was at hand. Later they dined at a restaurant quite near the flat.

—Afternoon Men

From time to time throughout the course of the evening, I saw Widmerpool ploughing his way round the [ball]room, as if rowing a dinghy in rough water.

—A Buyer's Market

Intricacies of social life make English habits unyielding to simplification, while understatement and irony—in which all classes of this island converse—upset the normal emphasis of reported speech.

—The Acceptance World

Nothing is more common (or inept) than blaming a novelist for not writing a book of a different sort from that he has actually produced.

—The Daily Telegraph, 26 January 1967

[Bithel] "Told me you were quite a reader—like me—didn't you?"

[Jenkins] "Yes, I am. I read quite a lot." I no longer attempted to conceal the habit, with all its undesirable implications. At least admitting to it put one in a recognisably odd category of persons from whom less need be expected than the normal run.

—The Soldier's Art



Anthony Powell

The New Sheridan Club Summer Party

Saturday 16th June
7pm–12am

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL
(020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free for NSC Members, £5 for guests and other non-Members



Just a reminder that the Club's summer party is on 16th June. It seemed appropriate to give the party a Jubilee theme, but we realise that monarchism is by no means a prerequisite for Membership of the Club and indeed a number of Members maintain a republican stance, so we are leaving the interpretation of "jubilee" fairly open. In an attempt to appease both camps our games will include *Whose Queen?* In which a crown must be landed, quoits-style, on the head of Rachel Downer, blindfolded *Pin the Safety Pin on the Queen* and, for the Bolsheviks, our *Shoot the Romanovs in a Basement* game. There will be live music from tweedpunk collective Lobby Lud and the Luddites, a Jubilee poem from Niall plus our usual Grand Raffle...



WE LOVE OUR QUEEN



Drinking to the Jubilee

By David Bridgman-Smith

This month sees the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II and consequently we enjoyed some themed cocktails over the bank holiday. Here are the pick of the bunch, which all come from the Coronation Edition of *The Café Royal Cocktail Book*. This was a special release of the classic drink recipe book to mark the Coronation of King George VI in 1937.

Royal Jubilee

Created by Harry Craddock of *The Savoy*

30ml Calvados
15ml Cointreau
15ml lemon juice

Stir ingredients with ice and straining into a cocktail glass. A crisp drink with a sour twang towards the end. Calvados comes through well, with the lemon juice and Cointreau adding some extra refreshment that is, nonetheless, well-balanced. This was a good Calvados cocktail, which is rare in itself.

Jubilee Ideal

By Harry Craddock

30ml bourbon
15ml French vermouth
15ml Italian vermouth
Squeeze of lemon

Stir ingredients with ice and strain into a cocktail glass. This variation on the “Perfect Manhattan” had a distinct nose of Jaffa Cakes.

Rather than using either dry or sweet vermouth, the drink uses equal portions of each, this compromise being seen as “perfect” or “ideal”. The drink itself has woody, whisky notes at the fore, which then give way to complex and slightly bitter herbal notes from the vermouth, followed by some citrus. Some members may enjoy the contrast of flavour, but, for me, it was an unbalanced mishmash. *[Using more sweet than dry vermouth helps, as does the application of a maraschino cherry with some of the syrup it sits in, balancing up the tartness of the lemon.—Ed]*

Jubileesha

By Bert Penn

60ml gin
20ml Lillet Blanc
3 dashes orange bitters

Shake with ice and strain into a glass, adding



(l-r) Royal Jubilee, Coronation Variation, Jubilee Ideal, Jubilant, Jubileesha; (front) Republican

a lemon and orange twist. This is a variation on the Martini, the main difference being the intense orange profile, which comes from the Lillet and the citrus twists. The result is a drink that was rather more zesty than your average Martini, but nonetheless recognisable as this classic gin drink.

Jubilant

By J. Perosino

40ml Booth’s dry gin

20ml Benedictine
10ml lemon juice
10ml orange juice

Shake with ice and strain. With lots of herbal and leafy notes, this was rather reminiscent of tea or tobacco leaves, complete with the tannins. It had a very unusual flavour profile and I’m rather fond of it.

Coronation Variation

40ml Italian vermouth
40ml dry vermouth
30ml calvados/Applejack
10ml apricot brandy

Stir with ice and strain. This was a drink with a few different personality traits: warm tart apples from the calvados, bittersweet herbal notes from the vermouth, and an apricot jamminess from the apricot brandy. All of these flavours were in equilibrium in this drink, creating a smooth, easy-to-drink cocktail with a lot of character.

I am aware that some members of the club are in favour of a British republic so, with a distinct lack of cocktails themed around monarchy abolition, I came up with my own recipe for:

The Republican

60ml vodka
40ml lemon juice
20ml Grenadine

Shake with ice and strain. I served this in a jam jar: a perfectly serviceable drinking vessel and a mile away from monarchistic decadence. The drink was clean, crisp and refreshing. A hint of sweet pomegranate came through and the finish had a fresh lemon sourness.

Whether you are a Monarchist or Republican, I hope I’ve found a cocktail to suit your tastes. Remember: a street party is a great excuse for knees-up, whatever the cause.

Original copies of The Café Royal Cocktail Book: Coronation Edition are a little expensive and difficult to come by. Fortunately, a reproduction is available from Mixellany Books, priced at around £14 on Amazon UK.

For more cocktail recipes, product reviews and musings on booze, see the New Sheridan Club’s
Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation

A special place for the picky gin drinker

Recently, your intrepid correspondent left the safety and comfort of the Institute of Alcoholic Experimentation for a field trip into the deepest, darkest Cotswolds. My destination? The Feathers Hotel.

The hotel’s Gin Bar has recently been awarded the Guinness World Record for the greatest number of gins commercially available to the public—with the total standing at a staggering 161 different brands of gin.

As a part of the resulting celebration, we had a tasting with Miller’s and Sloane’s gins, in addition to a five-course gin-inspired meal. The highlight for me were the diver-caught scallops with tangerine, fennel and lime jelly, which were served with a chilled Tanqueray Rangpur Cleanser.

Following the rigorous count, which was touch-and-go at one point, due to a spelling mistake, we celebrated with a Martin Miller’s gin and tonic and the Feathers’ Head Bartender, Nuno, made me his personal “Ultimate G&T”, a mix of Boodles gin and Q Tonic, which was delicious.

As a final celebration, I tried a glass of gin from Japan, made by the Suntory Distillery in the 1950s. This had survived rather well from the last century and I got the feeling it had probably mellowed a little in the bottle. Full of flavour, complex and rather special—a treat to drink.





CLUB NOTES

A Club Tea Cosy

MRS BRIDGMAN-SMITH has been busy with her knitting needles, it seems. Her husband sent me this splendid photograph of her latest creation: a tea cosy in the New Sheridan Club colours! For the time being it is a one-off, as I don't believe she is taking orders, but you never know...

Tie Hall of Fame Latest

MEANWHILE SETH THÉVOZ has sent me an equally stirring photograph (above).



"It appears", Seth observes, "that 1960s transatlantic style icon Napoleon Solo was a member of the New Sheridan Club..."

Jubilee Greetings from Russia

I THOUGHT I would share a message I received from recently-joined Member Alexey Orlov, who lives in Murmansk, Russia:

"Please accept my best wishes and warmest congratulations on the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's reign. I would like to congratulate all Club members (and, if

possible, the whole British nation) on this unique event. The whole life and every good and noble deed of Her Majesty clearly demonstrates to us that restraint, politeness and good taste are still stronger than greed, impudence and vulgarity. Unfortunately, I have not enough words to express all my joy and other royalist feelings (and I think that demonstrating one's emotions too loudly would not quite be the English/Anglophile way?). So I'll just say 'Long may she reign over you!' Thank you very much for reading this letter.

"Sincerely Yours,
"Alexey Orlov, Esq."

New Members

AS FOUR DAYS of frozen, rain-soaked celebrations squelch to a close, I would like to place the crown of NSC membership lightly on the temples of the following divinely-chosen righteous types who have joined up in the last month, bestow on them the orb of an instinctive taste for fine tea and a stiff gin and tonic, and the sceptre of a trusty briar pipe: Richard G. Sherwood, Chris Cullen, Gayle Berry and Jo Coldwell.

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 plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

🎪 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 6th June

8pm-11pm

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

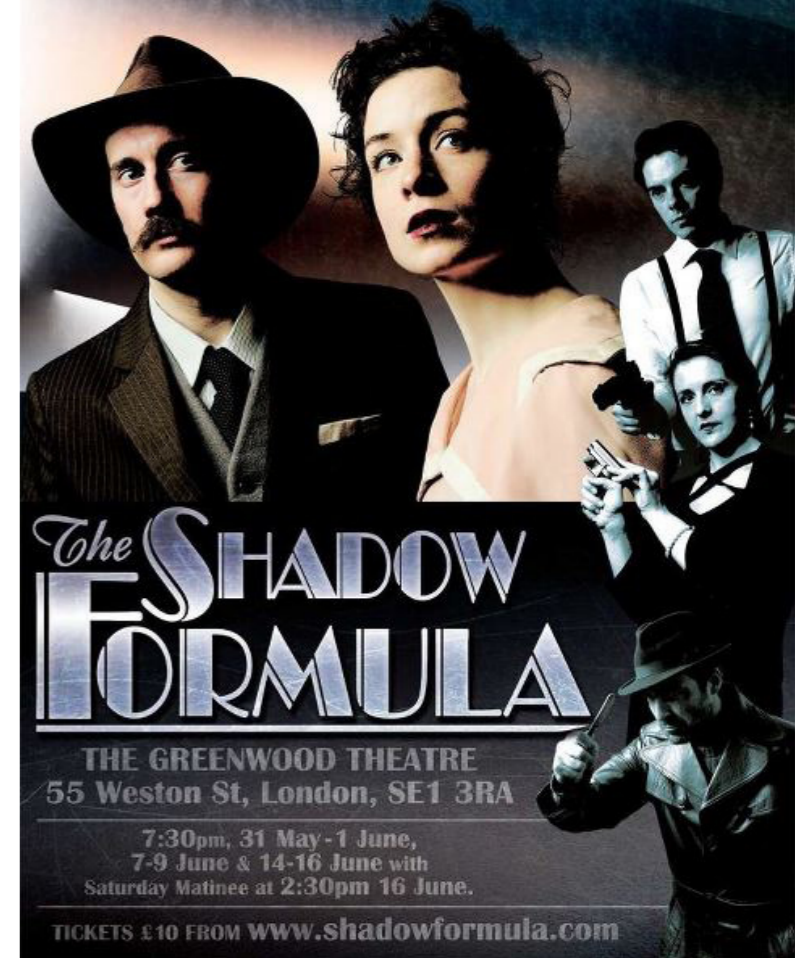
Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Dan Leno: The Hard Boiled Egg and the Wasp

THEATRICA LUDOS PRESENTS
A PLAY BY DAVID R ROBERTS



Until Sunday 10th June

Tuesday-Saturday 7.30pm, Sunday 3.30pm

The Lion & Unicorn, 42-44 Gaisford St,

Kentish Town, London NW5 2ED

Admission: £15/£12 (advance tickets here)

Starring the Club's own Callum Coates, this is a musical comedy set in 1904 concerning the comedian Dan Leno who has been committed to a lunatic asylum by his wife. But is he really mad? What is causing his headaches? Why does a young George Robey hope Leno's health deteriorates? And is the asylum really run by a man dressed as a woman?

The Shadow Formula

Until Saturday 16th June

7.30-10pm

The Greenwood Theatre, 55 Weston Street, London SE1 3RA

Admission: £10 from www.ticketsource.co.uk/shadowformula

The Club's own Edwin Floy stars in this

noir comedy-thriller (with more than a nod to *The 39 Steps*) about a cynical Great War veteran who finds himself plunged into an international intrigue when his fiancée is murdered and he is blamed for the crime. View the official trailer at www.youtube.com/watch?v=05vKaLY3unc.

Cakewalk Café

Wednesdays 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th June
8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm and 8–9pm)
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
Admission: £5 (£3.50 if you're in 1920s/1930s clobber) or £8 including a dance class; £12 including both.

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Nicholas Ball, Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

Détente

Thursday 7th June
7pm till late
The Player, 8 Broadwick Street, London W1F 8HN
Admission: Free before 11pm
Dress: Strictly mid-century Jet Set/ Secret Service

Johnny Vercoutre and Count Indigo form an uneasy alliance to bring you a new club night, shot through with realpolitik and cool soundtrack jazz. “The Cold War just got hot!” The venue is the perfectly styled The Player, where they take their cocktails seriously (thanks to help from cocktail guru Dale DeGross).

Swing at the Light

Mondays 11th, 18th and 25th June
From 7pm
Upstairs at The Light Restaurant and Bar, 233 Shoreditch High Street, London E1
Admission: £8 for class and club, £3 just for the club night after 9pm

Dress: Vintage/retro appreciated

Weekly vintage dance night in a venue with a wooden floor and its own terrace. Beginners classes from 7.30, intermediate classes from 8.15, and “freestyle” from 9pm.

The Bromley Vintage Fair

Saturday 9th June
11am–5pm
The Churchill Theatre, High Street, Bromley BR1 1HA
Admission: Free

Shop for men's and women's clothes and accessories from the 1930s to the 1990s, retro records, cards and posters. There'll also be a vintage tea shop and vintage beauty parlour.

The Candlelight Club: Jubilee Jive!

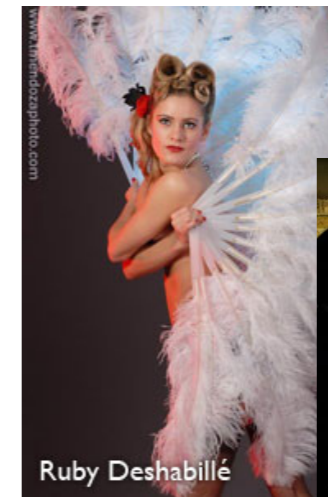
Saturday 9th June
7.30pm–12am
A secret central London location
Admission: £15.75 in advance
Dress: 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail bar, in a tucked-away, candlelit den with a 1920s speakeasy flavour. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism from DJ MC Fruity. Guests are encouraged to dress in period outfits—and they've not let us down yet.

This time we respectfully salute the Royal Family across the water in England—the source of all our gin, if nothing else—on the occasion of the silver jubilee of His Majesty King George V. There will be bunting and jingoistic swing dance tunes from those musical WWI veterans Albert Ball's Flying Aces, and a menu of jubilee cocktails created in 1935. Plus your chance to be photographed with Gabriella Douglas, the UK's



That's the spirit, girls: celebrate His Majesty's Jubilee at the Candlelight Club



Ruby Deshabillé



The Boomtown Swingalings



Just some of the acts performing at Herr Kettner's Kabaret

official Kate Middleton lookalike (not sure who gets to decide that)—yes convince your friends that the Duchess of Cambridge was at your girls' night out. God Save the King!

Gatz

Friday 8th June–Sunday 15th July
2.30–10.30pm
Noel Coward Theatre, St Martin's Lane, London, WC2N 4AU
Admission: £27.50–£77.50 from here

An extraordinary theatrical production: it starts in a 1980s office where a worker finds a copy of *The Great Gatsby*, and turns into a word-for-word dramatised reading of the novel, with the stage and the characters on it gradually shifting back in time. It takes eight hours (with breaks, including a long dinner interval) which sounds like an endurance test but it is by all accounts spellbinding. Just 23 performances are taking place as part of the London International Festival of Theatre.

Tricity Vogue's Ukulele Cabaret

Sunday 10th June
7–9pm
Albany Theatre, Deptford, London SE8 4AG
Admission: £7 (£12/£10 concs for workshop and show)

The brightest stars in the ukulele universe strum their stuff as celebrated cabaret diva Tricity Vogue returns to host a special garden party with more uke-toting friends. Featuring sing-a-longs and special guests aplenty including Banjo Dez, Clare Uchima and the one and only Dulwich Ukulele Club (“The best ukulele band in the whole world”—*Sunday Telegraph*). Not to mention ukulele extraordinaires Nick Browning and Rufus Yells.

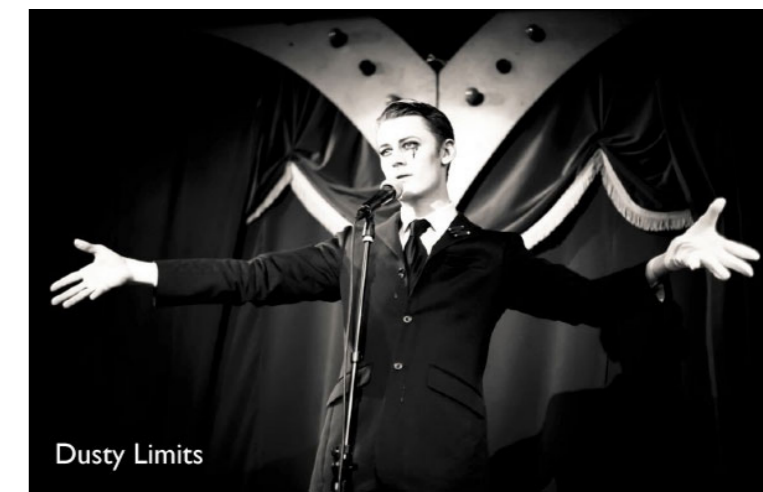
Never Mind the Jubilee It's the NSC Summer Party!

Saturday 16th June
7pm–12am
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)
Admission: Free for Members, £5 for guests

Whether you want to celebrate Her Majesty's glorious 60 years on the throne or toast the forthcoming inevitable revolution, the New Sheridan Club invites you to join its summer party—the theme is simply “Jubilee”, and you may interpret that in any way you wish! As usual there will be silly games and entertainments, plus our Snuff Bar, an array of pomades and moustache waxes in the bathrooms plus our famous Grand Raffle—to which entry is free, but only to Members of the NSC, including anyone who signs up on the night. See page 15.

The White Devil

Tuesday 19th–Saturday 23rd June
8pm
South London Theatre, 2a Norwood High Street, London SE27 9NS
Admission: Unclear, but the box office can be contacted on 020 8670 3474
The South London Theatre, hangout for quite a few NSC members, presents John Webster's Jacobean



Dusty Limits

tragedy of warring and whoring among powerful families in the era of the Medicis, here transplanted to the world of organised crime families in present-day Italy. Our own Naomi Liddle plays the role of Marcella.

Herr Kettner's Kabaret

Friday 22nd June

7pm–1am

Kettner's, 29 Romilly Street, Soho, London W1D 5HP

Admission: Non-dining tickets £25, Dining tickets £85 (or £75 each for groups of four or more). Telephone 020 7292 0529 or email Helga@HerrKettnersKabaret.com to book

Dress: 1920s glamour, moustachioed dandies, dizzy flappers, monocled counts, decadent aesthetes, firebrand radicals, apoplectic Teutonic military officers, predatory cross-dressers, black or white tie

A Weimar cabaret themed event spread across two floors of Herr Kettner's decadently beautiful house. As the fragile government crumbles and the economy collapses, seek solace in the world of the cabaret, where Champagne flows and swing music lifts the ancient rafters, where monocled aristocrats share tables with revolutionaries and women dressed as men. In the Ballroom there will be live music from the Boomtown Swingalings, playing all the latest,

most degenerate "jazz" music from America, plus vintage DJing from Swingin' Dickie and complimentary dance lessons from the London Swingcats. In the Kabaret Lounge there will be comic song from Tricity Vogue and Dusty Limits ("If Weimar cabaret could walk and talk, we'd be calling it Dusty Limits"—*Time Out*), with Michael Roulston on piano, burlesque from Ruby Deshabillé, plus see Suri Sumatra transform herself into the robot Maria from Metropolis; our magician will wander through the house amazing and delighting with his sleight of hand. At the Absinthe Fountain enjoy a masterclass and free sample of the decadent drink known as the Green Fairy.

Everyone gets a free welcome cocktail and there is a bar food menu of toothsome delights. There will also be full dining tickets: dinner is at 8pm and includes three courses plus half a bottle of wine (and a special Death in the Afternoon absinthe sorbet), as well as exclusive cabaret performances for diners.

More information at www.HerrKettnersKabaret.com. Telephone 020 7292 0529 or email Helga@HerrKettnersKabaret.com to book tickets.

Titfield Thunderbolt Weekend

Friday 22nd–Sunday 24th June

North Norfolk Railway, Holt (Titfield) to

Sheringham (Mallingford)

Admission: Train tickets from £79

Dress: 1950s

Exactly sixty years after it was filmed, the evergreen Ealing comedy *The Titfield Thunderbolt* comes to life on the North Norfolk Railway. Starring a 129-year-old carriage—sister to the one that played Mr Valentine's (Stanley Holloway's) bar car in the film—the event plays out famous scenes, including the "Enquiry Special" competition with the Bedford bus of the villainous Pearce and Crump.

The bar car will be hauled by the doughty black tank engine (a visiting 14xx), with an antiquated wooden brake van exactly as in the film, the steamroller driven by Sid James will also be on hand. John Gregson's Morris car will also be in attendance, the first time since 1952 that the roller and car have been seen together.

The Sheringham Little Theatre will be showing the film on the Friday at 2.30 and 7.30. You can book tickets to these screenings online: <http://sheringhamlittletheatre.com/show/the-titfield-thunderbolt-u/>

A special charter train will leave London's Kings Cross at 9.30am on the Saturday and will be coming over the reinstated level crossing at Mallingford (Sheringham). Tickets are available from the Railway Touring Company: <http://www.railwaytouring.net/uk-day-trips/titfield-thunderbolt>.

It is hoped that guests will get into the spirit and come dressed in 1950s clothes for the event: I'm sure NSC types need no encouragement.

Hedna's Vintage Night Club

Saturday 23rd June

8.45pm

The Stables, Stockwell Lane, Wavendon, Milton Keynes MK17 8LU

Admission: £10 originally but may have risen since then. Advance bookings may be made in person at the box office or by phone (01908 280800), by email to boxoffice@stables.org or online (though these last three incur a booking fee)

Dress: Vintage

Vintage Sweethearts Harry and Edna offer an immersive 1930s and 1940s night, this time featuring a full stand-up set from Viv the Spiv. More about Hedna's at www.homefrontfriends.org.uk/hednas.



By hook or by crook the Candlelight Club's rum must get through

Brown Paper Bag presents

Gents' Vintage Pop-Up Shop

Sunday 24th June

1pm–6pm

The Nag's Head, 9 Orford Road, London E17 9LP

Auntie Maureen's Brown Paper Bag presents a pop-up shop, one Sunday a month on the forecourt of this pub, offering vintage waistcoats, shirts, jackets, flannel, flat caps, shoes, accessories at friendly prices.

The Candlelight Club: Rum-Runner's Delight

Friday 29th and Saturday 30th June

7.30pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £15.75 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 tucked-away, candlelit den with a 1920s speakeasy flavour. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism from DJ MC Fruity. Guests are encouraged to dress in period outfits—and they've not let us down yet.

This time, rumour has it that a consignment of exquisite Ron Botran rum from Guatemala has been smuggled into the city and has wound up at the Candlelight Club. Come and help us drink it before the Prohibition agents catch up.



Prepare for a re-enactment of *The Titfield Thunderbolt*



Ella serves up some
1950s goodness at her
London Vintage Kitchen
event. See page 10
Photo: Thomas Smith

FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. You can even befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com.

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