

A man in a white suit, green shirt, and red tie is holding a newspaper. He is standing in front of a dark, ornate background. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

# Our Man in Macau

Tim Eyre takes you  
to the last European  
colony in China

## The Captain of Köpenick

How a criminal  
impostor became a  
German folk hero

## Soju, sir!

Meet the most popular  
alcoholic spirit in the  
world—which you've  
never heard of

## RIP Vaizey

A Club Member  
ascends to the Long  
Bar in the Sky

# RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 77 MARCH 2013





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 March in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Artist Sean Jefferson will fill us in on *The British Pastoral Tradition*, of which he is a proud torch-bearer. "The paintings arise out of the historic British sense of the absurd, a love of the supernatural, and a deep spiritual connection with the unique landscape and atmosphere of these Isles," Sean explains. He exhibits with a group of militantly reactionary artists including founder members of The Brotherhood Of Ruralists who have kept alive a tradition of art that runs in an unbroken chain back to Samuel Palmer and William Blake. You can see examples of Sean's work at [www.clerkenwellfineart.com](http://www.clerkenwellfineart.com).



demonstrating high-tech telephone systems, meaning he frequently visits places few Brits would consider as a holiday destination. Macau consists of a peninsula and a couple of islands off the Chinese coast, and started its history as an ad hoc encampment for Portuguese traders, whom the Chinese would not allow to stay on the mainland. Before long there was a permanent settlement and fortress. Macau stayed in Portuguese hands until a peaceful handover to the Chinese in 1999—making it the last European colony in China. In the 19th century the governor legalised games of chance, opening the doors to modern Macau's main industry: casinos. With gambling illegal in mainland China and even Hong Kong (which sits just on the opposite side of the Pearl River delta) thousands of well-off Chinese pour into Macau to gamble away their earnings in the many huge, gleaming, vulgar mega-casinos that have been thrown up on land feverishly reclaimed from the sea. A travelogue by Dr Eyre begins on page 4.

**The Last Meeting**

At our February meeting Dr Tim Eyre briefed us on the little-known city-state of Macau. Dr Eyre travels the world installing and



(Above) Robert and the Curé discuss something serious; (below) Luke Wenban



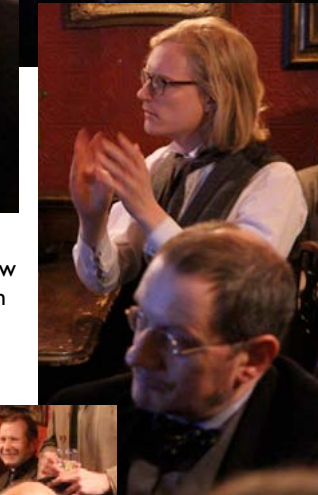
(Above) The Chinese for "500 taels of silver", equivalent to £44, the rent for Macau; (left) the startling size of Macau's gambling revenues; (below) the rapt audience



(Below) Sheridanites prop up the bar, including Mark Gidman on the left



(Below) After the talk Torquil says to Tim, "I made a few notes on your performance..."; (right) Dorian Loveday asks a question; (below right) March speaker Sean Jefferson cases the joint ahead of his own talk the next month; (far right) Club ale expert Ian White looking impish



(Right) Ed Marlowe looking sheepish, presumably because his pint glass actually contains coke





# THE CITY-STATE OF MACAU

“WHERE’S MACAU?” is a typical response to a mention of this tiny country. If Macau is known at all then it is known for high-stakes gambling, but for most people it sits alongside Eritrea and Niue as one of the obscure nations of the world. In August 2011 I had the good fortune to spend a fortnight in Macau and so enthused was I by the place that I was glad of the opportunity to share my experiences with the members of the New Sheridan Club.

Macau is in South China, about forty miles from Hong Kong. These two city-states are situated on either side of the Pearl River Delta, with Hong Kong on the eastern side and Macau to the west. Macau’s proximity to one of Asia’s major transport hubs made travelling there a breeze. I boarded an aeroplane to Hong Kong from London and twelve hours later I was but a catamaran ride away from Macau. In fact, there is even a direct ferry from Hong Kong airport itself to Macau. However, before I took a ferry I had to get my priorities right. First things first when away from home: I needed to find a tailor and I needed to find one quickly.

Members of the New Sheridan Club will no doubt be familiar with Hong Kong’s reputation for bargain bespoke suits. While it is by no means as cheap as chips, the location, fast turnaround and keen pricing made this trip an ideal opportunity to have a tropical suit made. Not wishing to pick out a place at random, I headed to Raja Fashions on Cameron Road in Kowloon. I had seen this tailor’s advertisements

*In which Dr Timothy Eyre takes us to the strange, exotic and sometimes vulgar world of Europe’s last colony in China*

in *The Economist* and had seen a favourable write-up in *The Chap* magazine so it seemed like a good bet. A motor-bus took me from Hong Kong’s airport to the Tsim Sha Tsui area of Kowloon and I dodged my way through the crowds until I reached Raja’s shop. It was not a large place and the emphasis was on efficiency rather than elegance. However, they did present me with a large range of cloths to choose from

and they heeded my every request, from lapels on the waistcoat to a fishtail back on the trousers. Within half an hour I had put in my order and arranged to return the following Saturday for a fitting.

From Raja I took the famous Star

Ferry over Victoria Harbour from Kowloon to Hong Kong Island, which is where the Macau ferry terminal is located. The skyline of Hong Kong is a world-class sight by day or night and my brief journey on the Star Ferry provided me with a good opportunity to admire it. Numerous catamarans ply the route between Hong Kong and Macau, with the journey taking less than an hour.



Street signs are in both Chinese and Portuguese

The curious reader might wonder why I was visiting such a small and obscure place for two long weeks. I was there on business—nothing sordid, such as gun-running or selling opium. I was there to set up some telecommunications equipment and then demonstrate it to a prospective customer. This work takes me all over the world and satisfies both my dromomania and my über-geekiness.

## History

Macau’s history is a long one. It was not a major settlement before the 16th century, although there is a record of 50,000 people fleeing there for refuge from marauding Mongols in 1277. In the following centuries, fisherfolk settled in the region. Macau’s significance arrived with Portuguese traders in the middle of the 16th century. In 1535, Portuguese traders were granted rights to anchor ships in the area’s harbours and trade, but they were not permitted to remain on shore. By 1553 the Portuguese had negotiated permission to erect temporary sheds, which they used to dry out goods that had been soaked by seawater. These sheds were followed by stone houses and these in turn by a permanent settlement, permission for which was granted in 1557. For this privilege the traders paid a rent of 44 pounds of silver each year.

By 1617 it was clear that the Portuguese were in Macau for the long term because they built a fortress on the hill that stands in the middle of the Macau Peninsula. Known as Fortaleza do Monte, the fortress was built by Jesuit monks and, even though not completed until 1626, was crucial in fending off an attack made by the Dutch in 1622.



Tellingly, all the weapons point out to sea, with none facing mainland China, suggesting that relations between the Portuguese and Chinese were good. The fort still stands in good condition today, although it was divested of all military function in 1976. It now houses the Museum of Macau.

In 1887 Macau became part of the Portuguese Empire. The reader may recall that other Portuguese colonies include such ill-starred nations as Angola, Mozambique and East Timor. Fortunately Macau was to be spared strife that has plagued these others. In 1999 Portugal peacefully transferred sovereignty over Macau to China, two years after Britain had done the same with Hong Kong. This was the culmination of a process that started with talks in 1986 and was formalised in the Sino-Portuguese Declaration on 13th April 1987.

Since the transfer, Macau is officially part of the People’s Republic of China but has the status of a Special Administrative Region. This means that Macau enjoys a high degree of autonomy, with its own passports, border regulations, judicial system, currency and



political structure. As in Hong Kong, Macau operates a capitalist economy under Deng Xiaoping's principle of "one country, two systems". The People's Republic of China's involvement with Macau is restricted primarily to diplomatic relations and defence. The People's Liberation Army (the official name for the Chinese army) has a garrison in Macau, although they are not permitted to interfere with Macau's internal affairs.

The "one country, two systems" arrangement in the Sino-Portuguese Declaration is not permanent. It was agreed that the high degree of autonomy would be preserved until at least 2049, fifty years after the transfer of sovereignty. This is similar to the situation in Hong Kong, where "one country, two systems" will expire in 2047. The Chinese Government has never publicly stated what will happen once these dates have passed.

### People

At the last count, 578,000 people lived in Macau, which is about the same as the population of Glasgow. With its tiny land area, this makes Macau the most densely populated nation in the world, with an average of 51,000 people per square mile. However, averages conceal as much as they reveal and Macau's population is by no means evenly distributed; some parts of Macau are distinctly rural and so naturally other areas are even more densely populated. Yet my subjective experience of Macau was that it did not feel overcrowded, perhaps the result of the excellent infrastructure; although Mumbai in India is only a little more densely populated, it felt far more crowded when I stayed there.



The square in Coloane Village

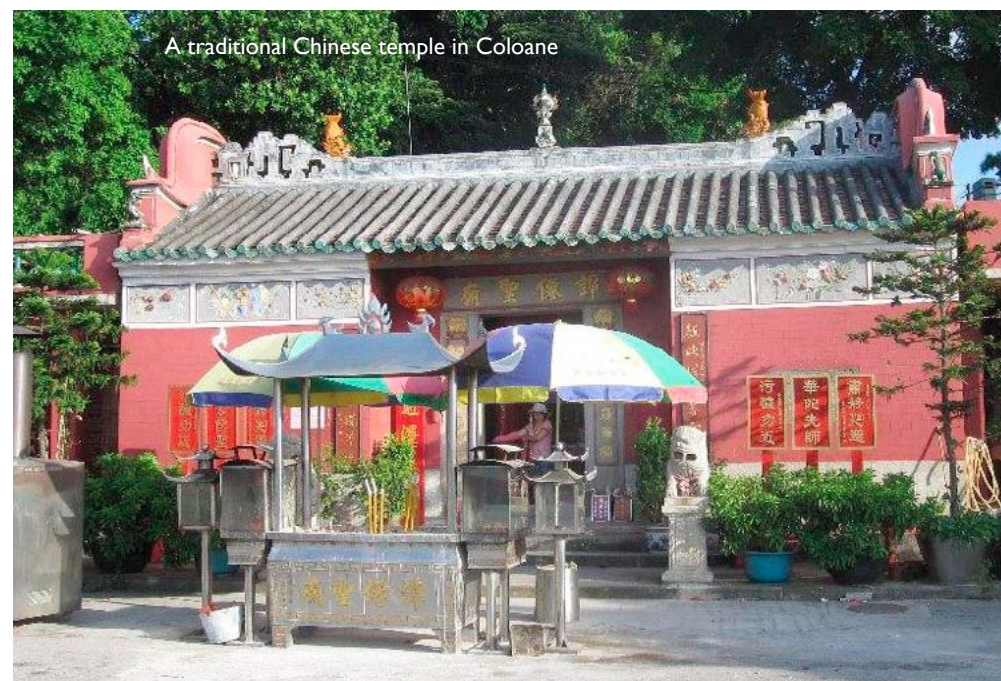
Despite the population density, Macau has one of the highest life expectancies at birth in the world, beating even Japan. By way of comparison, British life expectancy ranks 30th, between Jordan and Greece. Macau's infant mortality is one of the lowest in the world, although it also ranks at the bottom of the fertility table. These superlatives may be the result of Macau's unusual situation as a gambling-fuelled city-state or could simply be the result of statistical anomalies caused by the tiny area and small population.

It will not come as a surprise to the reader to learn that 95% of Macau's population is Chinese. Of the remaining 5%, 2% is of mixed Portuguese and Chinese descent; this ethnic group is known as Macanese. Although only 0.6% of the population speaks Portuguese at home (a smaller proportion than the 1.5% whose domestic dialogues are conducted in English), Portuguese has equal status with the Cantonese dialect of Chinese as an official language. Street signs are written in both Chinese and Portuguese; this is perhaps the most immediately visible evidence of Macau's colonial history. While in Macau I despaired of being able to pronounce Chinese correctly (the Chinese have a saying that, "Nothing is more terrible above or below than a foreigner speaking Chinese") and therefore used the Portuguese *obrigado* to thank people. In response I usually received a cheery *de nada* rather than a blank stare, suggesting that the Portuguese language still has some currency in the territory.

According to the 2006 census, around half the population was born in mainland China rather than Macau; because of the low fertility rate, Macau relies on migration to sustain its population. People are reasonably wealthy, with the annual GDP per capita almost exactly the same as that of the United Kingdom at £25,000.

### Geography

The land area of Macau is a mere 11½ square miles, which is about the same as the Scottish island of Eigg



A traditional Chinese temple in Coloane

in the Inner Hebrides. If you were to lay a map of Macau over a map of London to the same scale, you'd find that with Macau's southern tip on Clapham Common the northernmost point sits between Highgate and Hampstead. Macau's western and eastern extremities would fit easily between Hyde Park and the City.

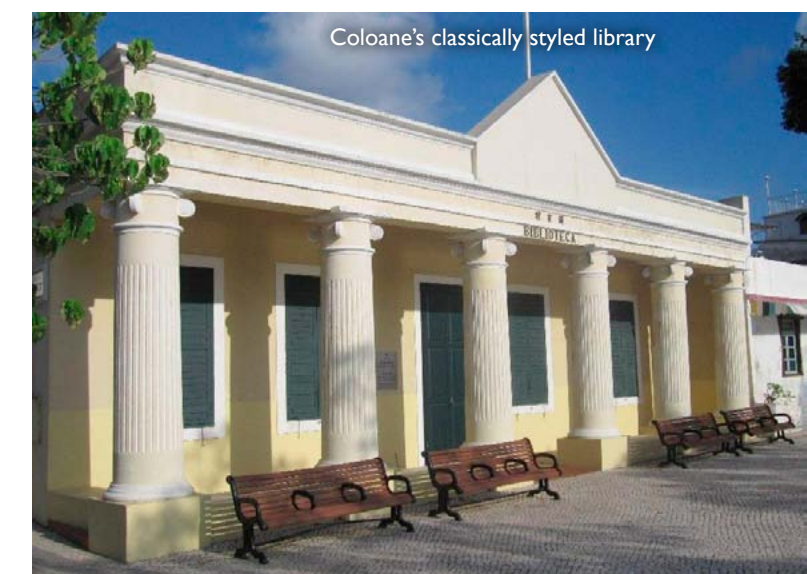
Macau was originally made up of a peninsula and two islands. Furthest north is the Macau Peninsula, which juts out from the Chinese mainland and occupies 3⅓ square miles. It is through the border gate at the top of this peninsula that people from mainland China enter Macau. A mile over the sea to the south and accessible by any of three bridges lies the island of Taipa, with an area of about 2½ square miles. South of Taipa there once lay the larger but more rural island of Coloane. However, such is the fervour with which Macau reclaims land from the sea that Coloane is no longer an island in its own right and is joined to Taipa by a reclaimed area called Cotai. "Cotai" is a portmanteau name created by blending the names Taipa and Coloane.

As recently as 1972 Macau covered only half the area it does now, at 5¾ square miles, and land reclamation continues apace, with a further 1⅓ square miles set to emerge from the sea. Despite this, Macau is still one of the smallest nations in the world with only micro-states such as Monaco and Vatican City State smaller.

During my stay I managed to visit all these parts of Macau. I was staying and working

on Taipa but a colleague was staying in a hotel on the Macau Peninsula so we frequently dined on that side of the water. I managed to visit Coloane once, arriving by bus in the late afternoon and wandering around the delightful narrow streets of Coloane Village as the sun lowered in the sky. The place is an intriguing blend of traditional Chinese and Portuguese culture. Chinese fishing huts line the waterfront, Chinese vendors sell snacks and knick-knacks at the side of the street and there are a few traditional Chinese temples; something that is rarely seen

in the People's Republic of China as a result of the Cultural Revolution. At the same time, the cobbled village square looks decidedly Mediterranean, with a Catholic Church at its eastern end and a fountain at the western end. Arched colonnades run along the northern and southern sides of the square, with visitors and locals dining beneath them while admiring the view over the sea towards the mainland city of Zhuhai. More colonnades are around the corner at the local library, which was built in 1917 in the style of a Grecian temple and also looks out over the sea. With its wooden shutters, modest size and cobbled forecourt it is one of the more pleasing library buildings I have seen. Taken in isolation, both the Chinese and the Portuguese bits of Coloane are charming, but the blend



Coloane's classically styled library

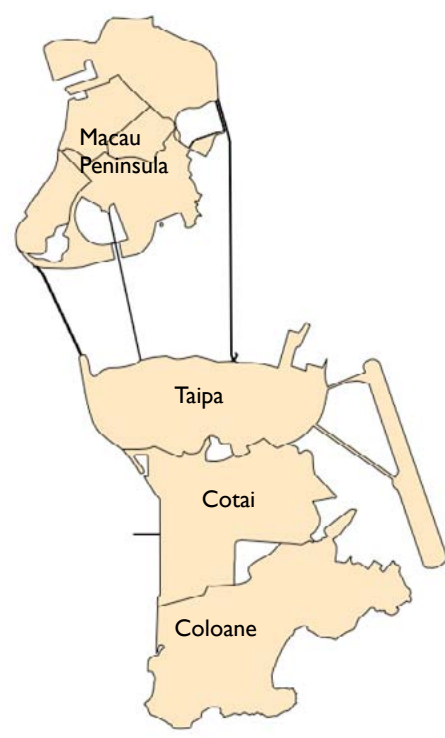
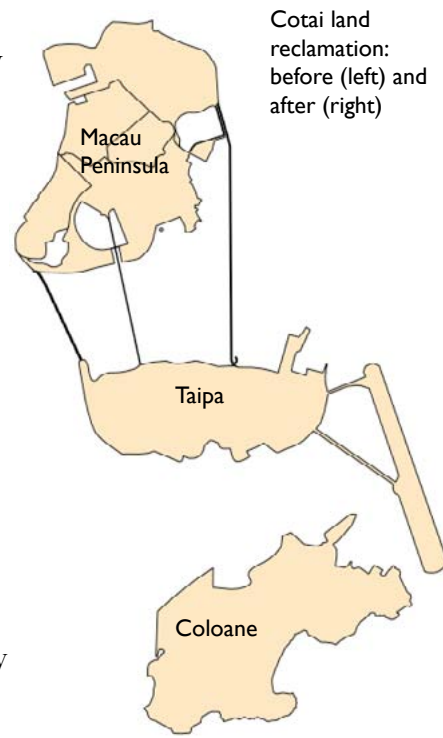


of the two is potent and my only regret is that I could not spend longer there.

Cotai has far less to recommend it. The land was reclaimed from the sea not for any noble purpose but to provide more space for casinos. Unsurprisingly for reclaimed land, the

area is flat, low-lying and devoid of any natural features. Where the shadeless land is not occupied by casinos or building sites that are in the process of creating same, it is covered in low sun-scorched scrub. As a reference to the Las Vegas “Strip”, this area is called the Cotai Strip. As far as I could tell, no one lives there and as such it is not at all friendly towards pedestrians. My lack of enthusiasm turned to distaste when the bus I was riding on passed a go-kart track. Having said all that, I must admit that I visited two of the Cotai Strip’s casinos regularly during my stay, as we shall see.

Taipa was a rather pleasant place. From my hotel a walk of ten minutes in a north-westerly direction took me to the laboratory where I conducted my duties. It stood in a district with the evocative name of Flower City, although it was actually just a development of modern high-rise buildings. In this area I saw Macau’s people going about their daily lives, just like anywhere else. To the southwest of my hotel stood the historical district of Taipa Village. Like Coloane, this maze of narrow alleyways combined Portuguese and Chinese traditional culture in a heady concoction sure to intoxicate travellers in search of the exotic. Unlike the laid-back atmosphere of Coloane Village, Taipa Village was vibrant and busy, especially in the evening when people crowded along the pedestrianised streets to shop for Chinese cakes and Macanese souvenirs. A highlight of this



district was the clutch of well-preserved historical buildings around Our Lady of Carmel Church. Here can be found the Taipa Houses Museum, a row of five former colonial residences built in 1921. They have

been lavishly restored and opened as a museum in 1999, displaying historical artifacts. The houses were summer residences and therefore originally stood by the sea—though land reclamation means they now stand by a lake with a startling view of a clutch of exceedingly large and vulgar casinos.

My colleague in Macau suggested the



choice to build three bridges between Taipa and the Macau Peninsula was to adhere to the principles of *feng shui*—the idea being that three is the correct number for prosperity to flow over the water. This suggestion had some credibility because my colleague was from a Chinese background himself, being a Singaporean. But when I looked up the history of the bridges I found that the time elapsing between their respective opening dates suggested traffic congestion had been more of a consideration than geomancy. The first bridge, Ponte Governador Nobre de Carvalho, was inaugurated in 1974 and at the time was the longest continuous bridge in the world. Twenty years passed until Ponte de Amizade opened to traffic in 1994. Ponte de Sai Van opened ten years after that. This one provided protection from strong typhoons and has space allocated for a future light railway link. I often saw people walking the 1½ miles over the Ponte Governador Nobre de Carvalho in the searing August heat, which given the frequent and inexpensive buses that ply this route suggests that not everyone has shared in Macau’s economic success.

The Peninsula is the busy hub of Macau. The whole of the historical centre has been declared a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Fewer than a thousand places worldwide have been inscribed on this United Nations list of culturally important sites. Macau’s historical centre is a tangle of busy cobbled streets leading up to the façade of St Paul’s Cathedral. The cathedral, built by Jesuits between 1582 and 1602, was largely destroyed by a fire that broke out during a typhoon in 1835. Now all that remains is the impressive façade standing at the top of a long flight of steps. The area is rightly thronged with tourists day and night. You can visit the cathedral’s crypt and the neighbouring Museum of Sacred Art, where you could be forgiven for thinking you were in Portugal rather than China.

From the neighbouring fort you can see the Grand Lisboa hotel and casino. This hideous structure opened in 2007 and is Macau’s tallest at 856 feet. Over a score of other casinos are located on the peninsula and the contrast they provide with the historical streets is jarring. However, I consoled myself with the fact that the renovation and maintenance of



the historical areas was being bankrolled by gambling revenue. The Grand Lisboa contains a three-Michelin-starred restaurant called Robuchon a Galera but my expense account did not extend to it. Instead the culinary high point of my visit came in the form of egg tarts.

### Food

In recent decades, the egg tart has become a popular snack throughout East Asia. Legend has it that this confection established its East Asian bridgehead in Macau and, still more remarkably, that this bridgehead was established by an Englishman. The gentleman in question is one Andrew Stow, who opened a bakery in Coloane village in the 1980s. On a visit to Portugal, Mr Stow had encountered a pastry called *pastéis de nata*. Such was his enthusiasm for this snack that he determined to produce it at his bakery on Coloane. He had no recipe, but experimentation paid off and he devised his own, lighter equivalent. His bakery quickly became a tourist attraction in its own right and Mr Stow became known locally as Lord Stow. His egg tarts spread throughout East Asia and are now widely imitated. Naturally I visited Lord Stow’s bakery when I was in Coloane Village and I tried one of their egg tarts. I can confirm that they are delicious, especially when consumed warm. Similar egg tarts are available all over Macau



and Hong Kong, frequently served from heated display cases at street stalls.

In addition to the tarts, Macau does have its own unique cuisine. Like the villages in Coloane and Taipa, it is an intriguing mixture of southern Chinese and Portuguese influences, with both clearly identifiable and each strengthened by the other. For example, Macanese cuisine includes baked dishes even though baking is almost unknown in other styles of Chinese food. Some of the dishes originate from attempts by Portuguese people to replicate their traditional dishes using the ingredients that were available locally. As in other Chinese nations, eating out is extremely popular in Macau, with over 1,700 eateries operating in the territory. Numerous cuisines are represented

in addition to those of Macau and China, with Japanese food putting in an especially strong showing.

Chinese people tend to dine early by European standards, with six in the evening being a typical suppertime. When I was not joined by my colleague I often worked well into the evening and found that the only places left open to eat were the food courts in the casinos.

### Gambling

Gambling was legalised in Macau in 1847, since when the territory has become known as the “Monte Carlo of the Orient”. It accounts for more than 40% of local GDP and more than 70% of its tax revenue, though the industry’s full economic potential was not realised until 1962 when the Macanese government granted a monopoly to a syndicate of businessmen from Macau and Hong Kong. Known as the *Sociedade de Turismo e Diversões de Macau* (STDM), the syndicate was headed by Stanley Ho, an entrepreneur born in Hong Kong in 1921

who had settled in Macau after fleeing the invading Japanese in 1942. The STDM set about modernising Macau’s gambling industry, introducing Western games and improving the ferry service between Hong Kong and Macau. As a result, millions of people flooded into Macau from Hong Kong (where gambling was and still is illegal), eager to try their luck.

When Portugal handed control of Macau over to the People’s Republic, the Chinese government did nothing to change Macau’s gambling laws and the STDM continued to profit from its monopoly. In 2002 the Macau government decided that some competition was needed and started to award licences to other casino businesses, many of them American. Mr Ho has hardly been cast into penury as a result and still owns over a dozen of the 35 casinos that stood in Macau in 2012. Although gambling is illegal in mainland China, the Chinese government does allow free movement across the border gate into Macau—and there can be little doubt about what the majority of visitors intend to do during their stay.

Within four years of the new competition strategy, Macau was outstripping Las Vegas in gambling revenues. In the past decade, Las Vegas has leaned more towards the tourism and the convention market, and its gamblers tend to be silver-haired retirees feeding quarters into one-armed bandits. In contrast, Macau focuses on hard-core gambling for high rollers. As a result, in 2011 Macau took £21 billion in gaming revenues compared to the Las Vegas Strip’s £3.9 billion, and the £6.7 billion taken in the state of Nevada as a whole.

With all this vice-derived money sloshing around it is inevitable that Macau’s gambling industry would attract the attention of organised criminals. The 1990s saw violent gang turf wars, primarily between the 14K and Soi Fong Triad societies. At one point the violence was so bad that Macau’s head of security clumsily attempted to reassure the public by saying that the gang murders were performed “by professional killers who never miss their targets”. When the Chinese government took control of Macau in 1999 they took a much sterner line with the Triads and the violence abated. However, there is still Triad involvement in Macau’s gambling and only periodic crackdowns keep it under control.



The mock-palazzi frontage of the Venetian Macau, with its hotel towering behind

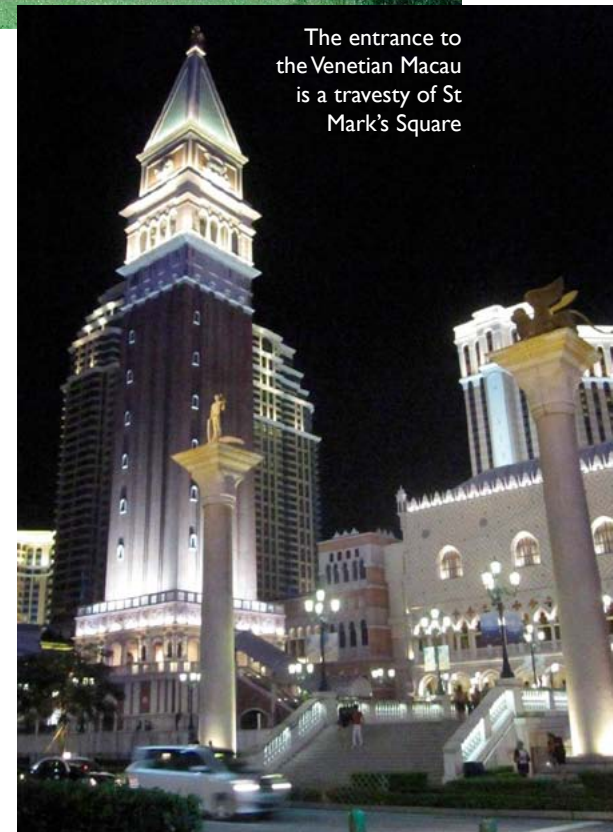
The challenges presented by an economy narrowly based on gambling do not stop with organised crime. Macau’s main trade is at the mercy of the whims and economic woes of outsiders: a trip to a casino is a luxury anyone can live without. Furthermore, unlike manufacturing or agriculture, gambling does not lend itself to productivity gains. And with school leavers easily able to find well-paid employment at a casino, there is some disincentive for young people to continue into tertiary education. Macau’s government is well aware of these problems and is attempting to promote economic diversification into more general tourism and other industries.

Having obtained my doctorate in the field of probability, I do not gamble. However, the close proximity of my hotel to the Venetian Macau casino on the Taipa side of the Cotai Strip and the late opening hours of the eateries therein meant that I was a regular visitor to that particular establishment. It is no exaggeration to say that this casino is the most ostentatious and vulgar place I have ever seen. The Venetian Macau occupies the sixth biggest building in the world and is styled as an ersatz Venice. The building is surrounded by a moat and its exterior is decorated with cartoon-like mock Venetian housefronts. Towering above these architectural absurdities is the casino’s vast modern hotel building, containing 3,000 suites. At the front of the building stands a comical imitation of St Mark’s Campanile. Prostitutes congregate on a large and ornate bridge, which leads over the moat to the casino’s main entrance. From here one can perambulate through corridors decorated in a style best described as how Arthur Daley might imitate the Vatican Library.

The corridors lead to the vast gaming floor where dead-eyed gamblers sit among the 800 baize gaming tables and (mostly) lose money. The most popular form of gambling in Macau is the card game baccarat, which is

not much fun to watch. (Roulette is more of a spectator game but is not popular in Macau, with even the Venetian sporting only a few wheels.) I noticed some enclosed areas and private rooms set aside for high rollers.

Gambling is not the only form of entertainment provided by the Venetian Macau. I noticed that Cirque du Soleil were performing there and learned they were approaching the end of a three-and-a-half year residency there. I was even more surprised to see that the casino was hosting the largest exhibition of ice sculpture in Asia, even though the mercury outside was well over 30°C. They claimed that the temperature in the exhibition hall was -8°C and entry included the loan of a warm coat.



The entrance to the Venetian Macau is a travesty of St Mark’s Square





The interior of the Venetian Macau

Another form of entertainment provided by the Venetian Macau is shopping. The casino is endowed with a series of malls collectively known by the ludicrous name of “Shoppes Cotai”. The promotional literature boasts that there are “over 600 Shoppes”, 330 of which are in the mall known as the Grand Canal Shoppes. This name might conjure up surreal visions of a comedy pastiche of Venice with fake gondolas floating past imitation Venetian buildings on fake canals filled with chlorinated water beneath a fake blue Italian sky. An absurd image from a laudanum-induced dream? Not at all: this is exactly what the Grand Canal Shoppes are like. But the setting is not the most disturbing part of the Venetian’s shopping experience. That privilege is accorded to two types of shops that dominate the shopping malls in Macau’s casinos: Chinese herbal apothecaries and big-ticket jewellers.

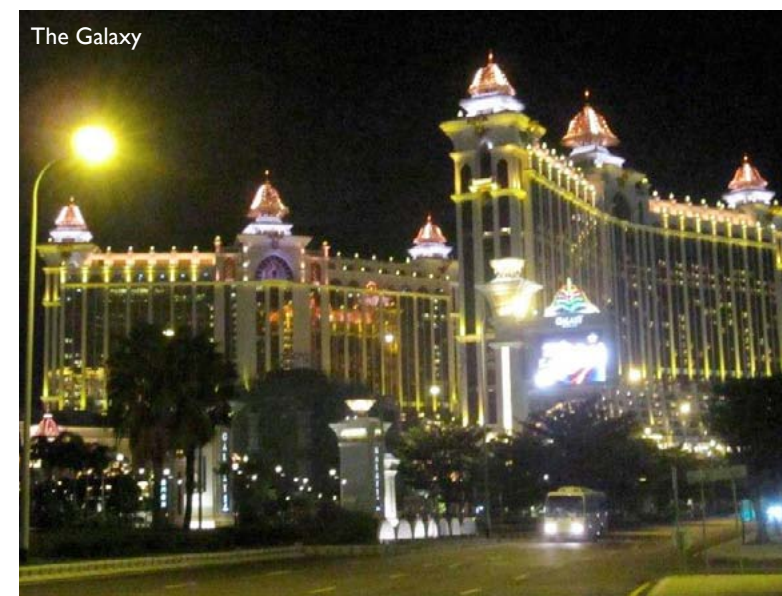
The Chinese herbal apothecaries attract my distaste because it is here that rhino horns and tiger bones end up in an ethics-free quest for an oriental Viagra. The jewellers sell watches with price tags that often exceeded £100,000 (yes, that’s five zeros). Macau has its own currency in the form of the Pataca, denoted MOP\$. One

Macanese Pataca is worth slightly less than one Hong Kong dollar, which in turn is worth about eight British pence. Being slightly more valuable than the Pataca, Hong Kong dollars are accepted throughout Macau but Patacas cannot be used in Hong Kong. The Pataca is divided into one hundred Avos and I was amused to note that the telephone-number prices of the watches on display in the “Shoppes” were often quoted with the “.00” Avos suffixed, for example: MOP\$2,000,000.00. I conjectured that this was to discourage hopeful customers from attempting to slash a couple of zeroes off the hefty price tag. However, judging from how desperately bored the staff at the jewellery shops looked, I imagine that they would welcome any human interaction short of a meal out with Jeremy Clarkson. It appeared that these jewellery shops were intended to relieve lucky gamblers of their winnings before they had even left the casino. With the astronomical price tags it seemed likely that these shops made only occasional sales.

The Venetian Macau is the world’s largest casino but the Galaxy a few hundred yards away reminds the visitor that Macau’s vulgarity is not restricted to the Venetian. I visited this mega-casino a few times during my hunts for food. It is notable for standing opposite Macau’s People’s Liberation Army garrison, though I did not notice any soldiers sneaking out for a quick game of baccarat.

### Transport

Naturally it is in the interests of the casinos to ensure that gamblers are able to reach their premises with the minimum of fuss. To this end casinos lay on free shuttle buses that scoop up customers at the border gate, the ferry terminals and other strategic points, and deliver



The Galaxy

them to the gaming tables. One of the people I was working with in the telecommunications laboratory was visiting Macau from India and his company had put him on a very tight budget. In the interests of thrift he used the casino shuttle buses in preference to Macau’s network of city buses.

Despite its small size, Macau has around forty bus routes with over 350 stops. The pricing is unusual in that one pays neither a flat fare nor one based on the distance travelled; instead the ticket price is based on how far the bus has left to run on its route, regardless of how far the individual passenger intends to go. The current fare is shown on an electronic display by the driver as one boards, with the number gradually decreasing as the bus progresses along its route. This system is convenient for people such as me who do not speak Cantonese or Portuguese because it obviates the need to ask the fare and, more challengingly, understand the response.

Between the frequent city buses and the casino shuttles for gamblers and staff, there are many buses on Macau’s roads, creating a chronic shortage of bus drivers. (Currently Macau has no railway lines or metro but work started on a light rail system in February 2012.) Even so, I did not find Macau’s traffic especially heavy. World rankings of vehicles per capita tend to show tiny nations such as San Marino and Monaco exceeding even the USA’s penchant for car ownership but Macau has a modest ratio of 148 vehicles for every 1,000 people, compared to Britain’s 457. Although people in mainland China drive on the right, those in Macau drive on the left, as they do in Hong Kong. Another pleasing Macanese deviation from the mainland norm is that the ground floor of a building is properly called the ground floor and not mislabelled the “first” floor.

My integrity as a writer forces me to mention that the streets of Macau play host to an annual motor-racing event called the Macau Grand Prix. The less said about this the better.

Although people do not use ferries to travel around Macau, they are a popular way of entering the country from Hong Kong. They operate around the clock, keeping the casinos well-supplied with gamblers. Macau also has a busy international airport, which was built on reclaimed land and has a shape that makes it

easy to identify on maps. Although the airport is relatively small, it is capable of handling jumbo jets and plays a significant role in the region’s transport infrastructure.

### Suits and shirts

The sartorially inclined will be eager to learn the outcome of my encounter with Raja Fashions. I am pleased to report that my tropical suit fitted superbly and was presented to me exactly as I had specified it. Crucial to this success were my jaunts over the water for fittings at the shop, for multiple fittings are what makes a suit bespoke. As such, I cannot vouch for the made-to-measure service that Raja Fashions operates on visits to the UK.

I collected my tropical suit from Raja Fashions the day before I took my flight back to London. As I walked through Kowloon I happened across a tailor called Nita Fashions. Here they promised me a made-to-measure shirt in a shocking green colour that I had been unable to find in London despite searching high and low along both Jermyn Street and Savile Row. I collected the shirt the next day on my way to Hong Kong’s airport. I was sufficiently pleased with the result that I photographed various bolts of cloth before I left the shop and submitted an order for a further eight shirts on my return home.

### Conclusion

Is Macau worth visiting? The country is too small to warrant a special trip from Europe or the Americas. However, if one is already in the region then Macau is certainly a worthwhile side trip from Hong Kong. Even though it is a fortieth of the size of its eastern neighbour, it has more historical sights, more charm and a far more pleasant urban environment. A day trip would not be wasted but ideally one would spend two or three days exploring the Portuguese colonial streets, savouring the laid-back atmosphere of Coloane, munching on egg tarts and chuckling at the outrageous casinos. There is a thrill to be had from visiting a country so unfamiliar and, as I hope I have been able to convey, Macau has an interesting history and many intriguing quirks.

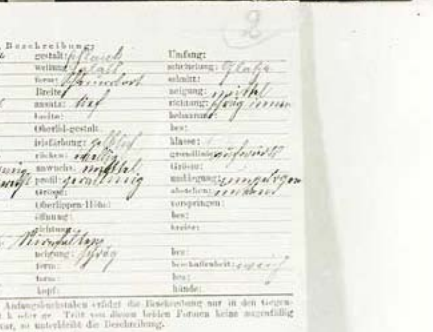
And of course, while you are away in Macau your tailor in Hong Kong can run you up a suit and a few shirts.



# Clothes Maketh Not the Man

**1906** SAW AN EX-CONVICT ridicule one of the most powerful militaries in the world, show the dangerous flaws in a society drilled to obedience, offer a dark hint about worse to come and even give the Kaiser a laugh. This was the year that Friedrich Wilhelm Voigt dressed up as an officer in the Prussian military and managed to take over a town hall, arrest the mayor and make off with over four thousand Marks.

Voigt, born in 1849, was an habitual criminal and almost continually in gaol from the age of 14. A shoemaker by trade, in and out of prison,



Police mugshots of Voigt

he was finally sent down for fifteen years, being released in 1906. By this time Prussian ascendancy over the united German states was at its height and the Kaiser led a highly militarized society which knew that another war was looming. As the German Empire struggled to find her place in the sun, she was shining ever more brightly in Europe—pushing the British to closer alliance with the hereditary enemy France, seeing Austro-Hungary tottering, watching the Ottomans decay and Mother Russia facing internal revolution and rebellion.

Tensions were slowly but surely rising in naval competition with the British and land

By Artemis Scarheart



forces with the French, so roundly beaten in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–1871, which had resulted in the creation of the German Empire and the seizure of French territory. This seizure had guaranteed French enmity towards the new Germany and guaranteed that tensions between these continental powers would remain.

Back into this regimented, ordered, directed, managed society comes Voigt. On release from gaol he falls into the Kafkaesque trap so common in parodies of the Prussian/German state—no resident's permit without employment. No employment without a resident's permit. No permit? Expulsion from Berlin to the provinces: we don't want your sort here.

Up to this point it's just another story of one man versus the bureaucracy. But this man decides not to bow down and but to take the “carry a clipboard and you can get in anywhere” approach to life. He leaves the shoemaking job he has found, begs, steals and borrows the various bits and pieces that make up a Captain's uniform and marches off to the local barracks where he meets four soldiers and their NCO and starts giving orders. These soldiers

have never seen this “officer” before. He's appeared alone out of nowhere on the street and just starts barking orders at them.

And they obey.

The Sergeant is dismissed to “report to his superiors”, another half dozen troops are added to Voigt's command without demur and they board a train to Köpenick east of Berlin. On arrival he and his detachment occupy the Town Hall, take command of local Police forces, order the Post Office not to connect any calls to Berlin for an hour and have the Mayor and Treasurer of Köpenick arrested. With his loyal, unquestioning and unknowing soldiers covering all the exits with fixed bayonets he then confiscates just over four thousand marks—issuing a receipt of course—orders the prisoners transported to Berlin under guard in a commanded railway carriage, exhorts the remaining troops to stay at their post for another half an hour (possibly to defend against a sudden French attack) and disappears.

Several hours later all hell breaks loose as the enormity of what has happened sinks in and spreads internationally. Voigt is quickly captured and sent down for another four years but he has already become something of a folk hero. He stood up against the system and ridiculed it, showing that anyone in a uniform could command the invincible Prussian military machine. What if he had issued an order to fire? What if he had actually been a socialist firebrand and had staged a coup? What if he had been a French agent trying to get details of the latest German balloon technology?

It was a PR disaster and yet even the response of the state was measured. Apparently the Kaiser himself took an interest in the incident as, despite the embarrassment, it showed that his military would obey—without question—orders they were given. Who would not wish to command a military that had such reverence for the uniform that any and all instructions would be followed to the letter? Could decadent France or perfidious Albion stand against such dedication? Whether or not the Kaiser himself found it amusing remains unknown, but Voigt was pardoned in 1908 so clearly there was some sympathy for him and not just from the wags of Berlin or in the saloon bars of England.

Voigt himself soon capitalized on his fame, which remained after his imprisonment and

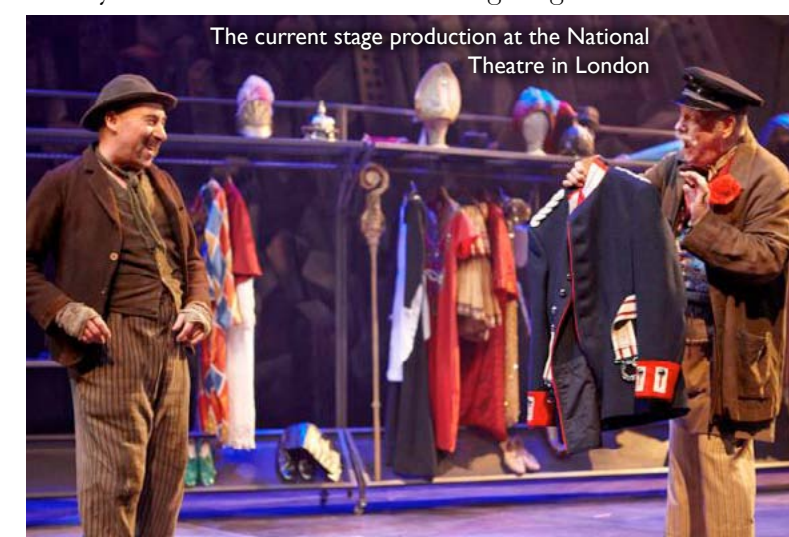
release, appearing in comedic plays about his exploits and touring variety shows, restaurants and amusement parks. He published a book, had a waxwork in Madame Tussaud's and was given a life pension by a wealthy Berlin dowager. He died in 1922 in Luxembourg as a semi-retired shoemaker.



The statue of Voigt in his disguise, erected at Köpenick Town Hall itself

What Voigt achieved was to show the absurdity of a drilled society and the utter folly of Just Obeying Orders and of having a deferential attitude towards anyone in uniform. This would have far more tragic consequences in the 20th century, but at the start of that hundred years one man signposted which way it could go to comedic effect.

In 1931 German author Carl Zuckmayer wrote a play about the affair called *The Captain of Köpenick*. This has been made into several films and there is currently a stage version playing in the Olivier at the National Theatre, London, with a live band and a cast of around 50. The play is a somewhat fictionalized version of events which shows the endemic corruption of a society which apparently values concepts like honour, and the callous disregard the state has for the little man who supports it, and hints at the only possible end for a militarized society—a disastrous war or mocking laughter.



The current stage production at the National Theatre in London



## Soju, Sir!

By David Bridgman-Smith

If I were to ask you, “What is the most popular spirit category in the world (by volume sold)?”, what would you answer? Brandy? Rum? Vodka? The answer is actually *soju*, although vodka is the number 2 and, for the sake of completeness, number 3 is *cachaca*, a cane spirit that is mostly consumed in Brazil.

### What is soju?

Hailing from South Korea, soju is traditionally distilled from rice, although potatoes, wheat and barley can also be used. It’s unaged and similar to vodka, although it tends to taste a bit sweeter. A very similar product, called *shochu*, is made in Japan, although this is typically bottled at a higher strength (over 25% alcohol by volume, whereas Soju is usually bottled at 17–25%, although high-strength 45% versions are not unknown).

A good friend of mine Mr Arthur Smitherington (members may remember him from issue 54 of this organ and the Cocktail Cabinet’s Bacardi Breezer Tasting) is now posted, with the diplomatic service, in South Korea

and, on a recent return to England’s green and pleasant land, he presented me with two bottles of the local hooch.

### Drinking soju

When I asked my friend about drinking soju, he told me that in Korea it is traditionally considered impolite to pour your own drink.

You should use both hands when both pouring a bottle for others and when receiving a glass of drink. He also told me a Korean proverb that asks, “How can you know a man if you’ve never been drunk with him?”

### The taste

I started off my soju tasting with the two brought directly from South Korea. Both are produced by Jinro, which was founded in 1924 and is the biggest seller of soju in the world. Just to give an idea of the volumes involved, Jinro sells 61.4 million cases worldwide per year (275 million litres), compared to 18 million cases (81 million litres) of Johnnie Walker and 10.58 million cases (47 million litres) of Jack Daniels.

### 1. Chamisul Classic

This is bottled at 20.1% ABV and is filtered through bamboo charcoal. It’s made using 60% grain, 20% sweet potato and 20% tapioca spirit.

Nose: Soft and subtle, with a hint of rice and white grape.  
Taste: Very clean and soft,



Soju no.1, Chamisul Classic



Left: soju no.2, Cool & Fresh  
Right: soju no.3, Jinro 25

with a little creamy vanilla and a hint of anise. Fresh and easy to drink, with almost no burn. The finish is of medium length with some sweetness.

### 2. Cool & Fresh

Bottled at 19.5% ABV, this is made using a combination of 50% rice and 50% barley spirit.  
Nose: A much stronger nose of white grape,



with just a hint of herbs and spices, making it reminiscent of dry vermouth.  
Taste: This is the most flavourful of all of the varieties I tried; it has a little maltiness to start. A burst of sweetness follows a drier flavour, which has a little tannin, reminding me of dry wine, and a light spicy wood flavour. Very pleasant to drink.

### 3. Jinro 25

Finally, I picked up this Jinro soju from Waitrose, where they were selling it off. Bottled at 25% ABV this variety is also made by Jinro, but is distributed in the UK.

Nose: Almost no nose at all—maybe the faintest of faint hints of alcohol and vanilla, but I may have just imagined it...

Taste: Rather bland and quite watery, like a watered-down vodka. There’s a hint of creaminess in the background and the texture is soft, but there is little character. This is really a bit of a let-down and I can see why my local Waitrose no longer carries it.

My favourite of the three was easily the second, “Cool and Fresh”. For such a big spirit category, it really is a shame that the main brand available here is such a disappointment and tastes like watery vodka. Let’s hope this situation won’t last forever, but in the meantime I’ll just have to keep in well with my man in Seoul.

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



## Film Night: *Grand Hotel* (1932)

**Monday 11th March**

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

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

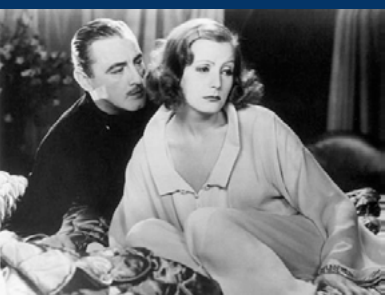
Admission: Free

While hunting for early Oscar winners I was reminded of this gem, which took Best Picture. Based on a 1930 play of the same name, in turn based on a novel, it evokes the bygone era when a big hotel would have a population of permanent residents (if you watched Stephen Poliakoff's *Dancing on the Edge* you'll recognise it), a world of jewel thieves and hotel detectives, where the building is the backdrop to a mesh of

intrigues involving the influential, the wealthy and those pretending to be either or both.

"People come and go," observes one weary guest. "Nothing ever happens." But the film sets out to show the opposite, presenting a tableaux of characters whose individual stories intertwine whether they realise it or not. It was the first film to use this portmanteau technique, giving rise to the concept of the "grand hotel theme", a format that would go on to be used at airports, on ocean liners, in department stores, etc

You may just wish to enjoy the Art Deco styling (the innovative sets changed the way productions were designed), the cast (including Lionel and John Barrymore, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery) or just wait for the bit where Garbo says, "I want to be alone..." (Oddly, she later said in interview—after she had become so heavily associated with the line—that she never used those words, but they're right there in the movie...)



## Club Cheers Quiet Man

Our February Film Night featured the forgotten classic *Dodsworth* (1936). Despite being nominated for seven Oscars it is strangely little-known these days. It was offered as a nod to St Valentine's Day, but it was no sugary romance. Rather, it offers an adult reflection on mature love, marriage and what we are entitled to expect out of life.

The story begins with a successful industrialist, Sam Dodsworth (Walter Huston), in a small Midwestern town having taken the decision to sell up and retire, following his wife's desire just to travel and have fun. She argues that he's earned it; his friends argue that to stop working is almost un-American. They feel his wife just believes she's too good for their small town. No sooner do they embark on a voyage to Europe then his wife starts flirting with other men. It's as if "Europe" is a dangerous Otherworld of moral laxity but also new possibilities.

As much as anything the film is about ageing. Fran Dodsworth (Ruth Chatterton) married young and now feels that her husband is rushing into old age—while she, on the other hand, tries to deny age by fraternising with younger people. Her wanderlust is clearly sparked by her approaching status as a grandmother. Dodsworth begins as someone accepting that it is time to slow down and learn to enjoy leisure; but when he is obliged to travel on his own for a while, and meets a confident, worldly woman who understands and encourages him (Mary Astor), he suddenly develops a youthful energy for new ideas (new business ideas, that is—it seems the subtext is that all this leisure nonsense is unhealthy and he should get back to work at once).

The flick clearly captured our viewers' attentions—at a critical point where Dodsworth has to decide whether to stand by his erring wife or pursue a life more likely to give him happiness, there was an audible hiss of encouragement in the room.



## CLUB NOTES

### Births



CONGRATULATIONS TO Niall and Isabel on the arrival of Michaela Shifra Hilda Spooner-Harvey, who arrived at 3.53am on 21 February, weighing in at a hefty 8lb 11oz.

## In Memoriam Anthony Waller ("Vaizey")

BORN DURING THE Second World War, he was a proud father and grandfather. He spent his life South of the River and worked alongside a certain Mr J. Major at Standard Chartered, one of his many claims to fame. A lifelong Charlton Athletic fan, he was naturally disappointed in recent years. Having had endless invitations to Lord's, his sole trip to the cricket ended up being only to London's second best cricket ground, where he did at least see K.P. in an otherwise poor Surrey performance in a 20-20 game. He is sorely missed by all his friends. —*Bunty*

## Club Tie Once More Spotted Around Unexpected Neck

ARTEMIS SCARHEART spotted the picture below, a still from the 2006 flick *The Last King of Scotland*, in which American actor Forest Whitaker plays loveable Ugandan rogue—and huge fan of Scotland—Idi Amin and James McAvoy the idealistic young doctor who becomes the dictator's personal physician, little realising what a rollercoaster ride of madness and brutality he is getting mixed up in. But look at the photo: the piper on the right at the front appears to be wearing a New Sheridan Club tie.

## New Members

AS MOTHERING SUNDAY approaches, when ungrateful offspring across the land make some token gesture towards their maters to suggest they appreciate all the years of sacrifice, the New Sheridan Club stands readily *in loco parentis*, offering unquestioning love and nurture (while stopping short of actually giving suck) to the following coves who have been adopted into the global family of NSC Membership this month: Dirk Hensius and Nick Jordan.





## 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) plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

### 🍷 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 6th March  
8pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

### Cakewalk Café

Wednesdays 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th March  
8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–9.15pm,  
uke classes 5–6pm, live music from 8.30)

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston,  
London E8 4AA

Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 after (plus £2  
for the uke class and £1 for the dance class)

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring  
Nicholas Ball,  
Ewan Bleach  
and chums, with  
optional dance  
classes from Swing  
Patrol and ukulele  
classes too, plus  
a uke open mic  
session and a late  
jam session with  
the band.

The King's College  
London Gilbert &  
Sullivan Society  
presents

### The Yeomen of the Guard

Wednesday 6th–  
Friday 8th March  
7pm  
The Greenwood



A scene from  
a previous  
KCLG&S Society  
production of  
Princess Ida

Theatre, 55 Weston Street, London SE1 3RA  
(020 7188 2682)

Admission: £10 (concs £5), or £7 for groups  
of eight or more; to reserve tickets see [kclgns.  
wordpress.com/contact](http://kclgns.wordpress.com/contact)

The KCL G&S Society, of which Oliver  
Lane and Ella Armstrong-Lach are stalwarts,  
presents its latest show, a performance of  
*The Yeomen of the Guard*. More details from the  
society's website.

### Herr Kettner's Kabaret

Friday 8th March

7pm–2am

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

Admission: Non-dining tickets £20, dining  
tickets £65. Telephone 0207 292 0512 to book  
or email [hannah@kettners.com](mailto:hannah@kettners.com)

Dress: 1920s Berlin, moustachioed dandies,  
dizzy flappers, monocled counts, decadent  
aesthetes, firebrand radicals, apoplectic Teutonic  
military officers, predatory cross-dressers,  
itinerant jazz musicians, black/white tie

A special collaboration between Clayton  
Hartley of the New Sheridan Club and the  
Candlelight Club (see below), and Kettner's, the  
Soho institution that has been throwing parties  
since 1867, this night evokes the bohemian  
spirit of 1920s Weimar Berlin—the economy

in tatters and the  
government a  
political free-for-  
all, citizens plunge  
into nightly whirls  
of Champagne,  
dancing and  
laughter while their  
money still has  
some value. Spread  
across two floors  
of Herr Kettner's  
beautifully  
decadent house,  
this party offers  
you live 1920s  
jazz from Benoit  
Viellefon's Hot  
Club, with  
complimentary  
swing dance  
lessons and



Shenanigans  
at the last  
Herr Kettner's  
Kabaret party

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vintage DJ Swingin' Dickie; a full bill of cabaret  
featuring comic song from Laurie Hagen,  
mind-bending hula-hoop feats from Pippa  
the Ripper, stunning burlesque from Vicky  
Butterfly and more; a vintage photo booth;  
wandering magician Oli B; a masterclass in  
absinthe with a complimentary sample courtesy  
of Pernod, and much more. There are dining  
tickets too, offering a three-course meal with  
exclusive cabaret performances. More at  
[HerrKettnersKabaret.com](http://HerrKettnersKabaret.com).

### Vintage Fair and Fashion Show

Sunday 10th March

Fair 1–4pm, show 7–9pm

Norwich Cathedral, The Close, Norwich NR1  
4DH

Admission: Fair free; show £12

As part of Norwich Fashion Week a vintage  
fair will be held in the Cathedral Cloisters,  
followed in the evening by the Old Hollywood  
Fashion Show also at the cathedral, showcasing  
vintage Hollywood-inspired gowns from the best  
of the city's vintage shops. Also featuring the  
launch of Fabulous Miss  
K vintage-inspired fashion  
collection. Tickets are on  
sale from Retreat Vintage  
on Magdalen Street,  
Norwich, or online at [www.  
blueskiesvintageevents.  
co.uk](http://www.blueskiesvintageevents.co.uk), priced at £12  
including a glass of  
Prosecco, nibbles and a  
fantastic goody bag from  
Benefit Cosmetics and The  
Egg Hairdressers.

Scenes from last  
year's Candlelight  
Club St Patrick's  
Day party



### Spin-a-Disc

Monday 11th March

8–11pm

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

Admission: Free

A music night organised by  
Auntie Maureen: you bring your  
favourite discs (33, 45 or 78 rpm)  
and she spins them.

### Swing at the Light

Mondays 11th, 18th, 25th March

From 7pm

Upstairs at The Light Restaurant and Bar,  
233 Shoreditch High Street, London E1  
Admission: £8 for class and club, £4 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 Candlelight Club:

#### A Toast to the Old Country

Friday 15th & Saturday 16th March

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission:  
£15.75 in  
advance  
from [www.  
thecandle-  
lightclub.  
com](http://www.thecandlelightclub.com)

Dress:  
Prohibition





dandies, 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 party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism from the New Sheridan Club's own DJ MC Fruity. Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location. This time we're celebrating St Patrick's Day, a perfect excuse to break Prohibition: see the episode of *Boardwalk Empire* called "Nights in Ballygran" for an idea. Prohibition-era gangs were often based around background—Irish,

Italian, Jewish, etc. And the Irish Americans could be more Irish than the Irish. So join us for the craic!

### Hep Cats Holiday

Friday 15th–Monday 18th March  
3pm Friday till 10am Monday  
Pontins Pakefield, London Road, Kessingland, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England NR33 7PF  
Admission: Complicated, based on how many people are sharing a chalet, but starts at £154

A whole weekend of vintage fun, with eight live bands, swing and jive dance tuition, vintage market and styling salons, a swimming pool and more, plus a coach service from Stansted. Price includes accommodation, all entertainment plus breakfast and dinner. See [www.hepcatsholiday.com](http://www.hepcatsholiday.com) for more details.

### The Men Who Made Menswear

Saturday 16th, Sunday 17th and Monday 18th March  
Saturday and Sunday begin 1pm on the steps of the Athenaeum Club, on the corner of Pall Mall and Waterloo Place; Monday begins at 11am St James's and environs  
Admission: £8 (£6 for NSC Members)

Professional tour guide Russell Nash has devised this London walking tour—join him for a stroll around St James's and Mayfair as he tells stories of "the men who made menswear". See the places where they worked, lived and played, as he tells the story of men's clothing over the past 200 years through the lives of the men who commissioned, inspired and constructed it. John Lobb, Bunny Rodger, The Duke of Windsor, Tommy Nutter, Henry Poole, Beau Brummell, Edward VII, James Lock, The Prince Regent, John Stephen and Mr Fish are just some of the names who crop up. Tickets should be booked in advance and cost £8 each or £6 for NSC members. Contact Mr Nash at [mr.russnash@gmail.com](mailto:mr.russnash@gmail.com).

### Mr B's Hoorah!

Thursday 21st March  
8pm



Russell Nash, outside Lock's the hatters, delivering his seminal *The Men Who Made Menswear* walking tour

The Prince Albert, 48 Trafalgar Street, Brighton BN1 4ED  
Admission: £8 in advance (from [wegottickets.com](http://wegottickets.com)) and possibly also on the door

Chap-Hop troubadour Mr B's occasional residency at the Prince Albert, this time featuring theme-tune band Dream Themes, plus parlour games, DJ and, of course, Mr B himself.

### Mayfair: High Born and Low Life

Saturday 23rd March  
1pm  
Mayfair, London  
Admission: £8, I believe

Club Member and professional tour guide Russell Nash offers this new walking tour. "Mayfair has been home to the best born for 300 years," he explains. "However, not all of them were the best behaved. Join me as I bring this astonishing area of London to life with stories of lost mansions, rockstar excess, royal births, disgraced politicians, gambling bandleaders, cartographic shenanigans, fine terraced houses, absconding lords, abused lunatics, obsequious hoteliers, fecund courtesans and much more." If you would like to attend please email at [mr.russnash@gmail.com](mailto:mr.russnash@gmail.com).

### The Cat's Meow

Saturday 23rd March  
8pm–2am  
Guy's Bar, Boland House

(downstairs), St Thomas Street, London SE1 9RT  
Admission: £12 in advance, £15 on the door (£8 students)

A monthly swing night from London Swing Cats, this time featuring live music from Si Cranstoun and his band, plus resident DJs Voodoo Doll and Jumpin' Jim, playing swing, rhythm and blues and other vintage dance tunes. The venue is close to London Bridge station and offers very reasonable bar prices. Doors open at 8pm and there is a taster dance class at 8.15. See [www.londonswingcats.com](http://www.londonswingcats.com).

### The Legend of Livingstone

Thursday 28th March  
6pm reception, 7pm lecture  
The Royal Geographical Society, 1 Kensington Gore, London SW7 2AR  
Admission: £20 in advance

To mark the 200th anniversary of the birth of Dr David Livingstone, Colonel John Blashford-Snell will deliver a lecture on the

famous Victorian explorer, organised under the auspices of the Scientific Exploration Society. The talk will include historic magic lantern slides and a number of period artefacts will be on display. The ticket price includes a reception with wine and canapés beforehand. Tickets may be obtained by post from the SES—details are on their website ([www.ses-explore.org](http://www.ses-explore.org)).

**HEP CATS HOLIDAY 2013**  
15 - 18 MARCH  
Pontins' Pakefield, Suffolk, England  
SWING, JUMPIN' JIVE, RHYTHM & BLUES  
NUMBER 10

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- FROM GREECE: **THE SPEAKEASIES SWING BAND**
- THE UK'S HOTTEST VOCAL HARMONY SENSATION: **THE INTELI-GENTS**

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**Mr. B THE GENTLEMAN RHYMER**  
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FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk). For more photos of Club events go to [www.flickr.com/sheridanclub](http://www.flickr.com/sheridanclub). You can even befriend us electrically at [www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com).

#### CONTACTING US

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

The venerable Club Signing-In Book, glimpsed at our February meeting. One day this document may be of enormous use to the police

