



**In  
Memoriam**

Alistair Carr, aka  
Nathaniel Slipper

**Advice  
for ladies**

Mai Møller's report  
on London from a  
Danish perspective

**The Need for tweed**

Pandora Harrison on this year's  
Tweed Run bicycle rally

**A taste of the Old South**

Sarah Bridgman-Smith on that Dixieland  
favourite the Mint Julep

The annual Oxford  
punting picnic braves hail  
and Davy Jones's Locker

# DESIGN!

**THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 79 MAY 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 1st May in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Member The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland will address us on a subject. She assures me it will not be about her cat, Patience, and in fact will probably be about booze, most likely her recent attempts at making booze from apples, plums and rhubarb growing on her estate, as well as some intriguing-sounding lavender mead. (Estate as in country seat, rather than as in "sink estate".) There will be samples!

**The Last Meeting**

At our April



The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland employs some handy child labour to help turn her bumper 2011 apple crop into exquisite cider

gathering Mai Britt Møller, a Dane claiming she has been sent on a fact-finding mission to London, delivered her preliminary findings. Despite early threats, no bacon was actually involved in the end, though Mai did distribute

some fine Akvavit through the room (which took longer than expected on account of the huge turn-out) and taught us the Danish toast, "Skol!" The bulk of her talk was actually about identifying and avoiding bounders, accompanied by some amusing slides she had created, showing sepia photos staged by some helpful NSC members, of her narrow escape from a bounder...

Many thanks to Mai. An essay version of her cautionary address begins on page 4.



(Above) Mrs Palmer-Lewis (l) with Matthew Howard and Louise Newton

FROM THE MINISTRIES OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN DANELAND  
 A guide for bodles  
 To minister around in London and how to spot a Bounder

Mai begins her report by producing a bottle of akvavit



(Above) Matthew congratulates Mai with one of his special kisses; (right) the venue was packed; (below) Sean Longden (l) and Anton Krause discuss blokeish matters



(Right) A rare sighting of Will Smith



(Right) The seldom-photographed Parson Woodforde; (below) Mark Gidman adopts some sort of ethnic garb against the cold



(Above) The Curé is drafted into distributing liquor so we can all learn a Danish toast; (below) last month's guest speaker Sean Jefferson (l) returns





# FROM THE MINISTRIES OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN DANELAND

A guide for Ladies  
To manoeuvre around London and how to  
spot a Bounder

By Mai Britt Møller

**T**HE MINISTRIES OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS in Denmark was getting rather keen on sourcing first-hand knowledge on how to survive in London as a Danish lady and also procuring information about the minefield of men! I was sent here in 2009 to gather in-depth knowledge of both and prepare a pamphlet for the Ministries to hand out to young ladies who were interested in leaving the Motherland  
Farewell to family



Travelling light

for a more exotic experience in Great Britain. Mama and Papa were not too happy about this, but I promised them that I would be safe and I wouldn't give into corruption from the male form, and I have been reporting home on a regular basis. (For some reason they are rather eager to have me back ASAP and introduce me to a distant cousin named Ulrik and leave behind any notion of the English Chaps.)

So, back to the story. I packed up my humble belongings in three teeny tiny extra large

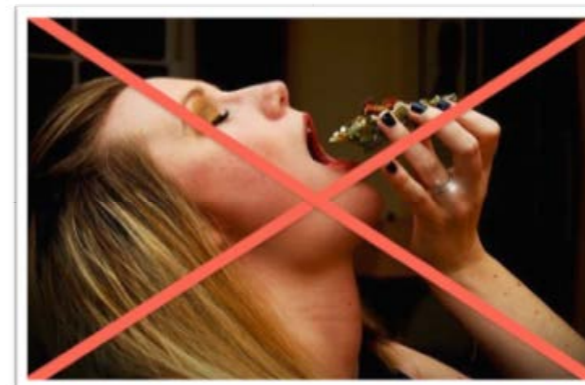


industrial cargo containers, had the two maids pack up my furs and Louboutins and off I went to the glamour of a Palace of Crystal.

My learnings have culminated in the following guide, which I practised on a rather forgiving lot of chaps and chapettes, while handing out Danish Akvavit, our very own Water of Life. (See page 3.)



**Showers** British showers are either freezing cold or tepid. End of. They also seem to lack pressure: imagine the steady drip, but dripping nonetheless, from a coffeemaker.



**Oyster Card** Now here was something I was really looking forward to—a card that gives access to oysters wherever I am in London! Oh, how disappointed I was when it turned out it was merely an automated plastic card to use on public transport. Fortnum's weren't forthcoming when I rang them up, quoting a dozen oysters and then gave them my Oyster Card details.



**Weather** Do not be fooled! The weather is most likely rain. Photoshopped images of glorious Buckingham Palace drenched in sunshine are a clever ploy from the tourist board. Bring wellies, umbrellas, Burberry macs and leave all suede behind!





# Wonderful London!



Dancing



Champagne picnics



Shopping



English treats



Taking up a sport



Friendly female flat sharers

# The minefield of men



The Working Gent

- In the armed forces (except sailors!)
- Wears sensible glasses
- Never orders anything larger than half a pint

The Gent of Leisure

- Wears black tie



The Bounder

- Loud waistcoats
- Open-top motorcars
- Fond of pet names
- Fond of your knees

Synonyms:

- Cad
- Carpetbagger
- Heel
- Blighter
- Swine
- Philistine

Definition:

- An ill-bred, unscrupulous man
- A morally reprehensible person



Grey areas

- Cricket jumper when not playing cricket
- Pencil moustache
- Club tie
- Calls you "darling"
- Smokes a pipe



But there is one piece of clothing that gents and cads love equally, so do not pass judgment

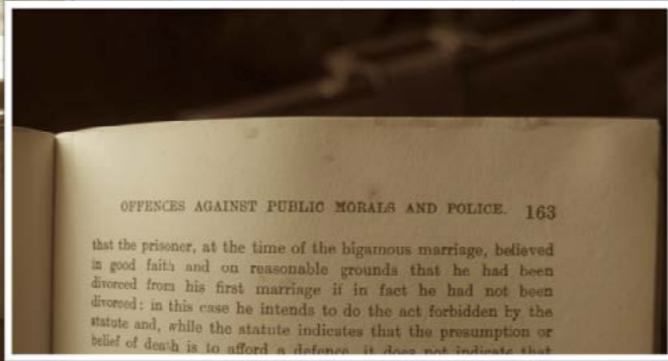
The red trousers!



# Bounders are everywhere

If you visit a public house to enjoy a bit of reading and a ginger beer, be careful...

A spot of light reading



Beware... Don't attract attention



"Oh, hellooo!"



"I say, are you foreign?"



Ladies, it's a ruse...

"Fancy a ride in my motorcar?"



Luckily a gentleman is nearly always present to come to your aid



To take advantage of your knees!



"Now look here, you cad!"

The bounder will pretend to be shocked



"It's just not cricket!"

The gent will give him a stern talking to...



"I do not like the cut of your jib!"

...and defend your honour



Show your gratitude



The Gentleman

...?





# THE NEED

*Pandora Harrison reports from the fifth annual*

*Tweed Run bicycle rally through the streets of London. As you will learn, she came out of it rather well...*

# FOR TWEED



**K**NOwn AS “A METROPOLITAN BICYCLE RIDE with a bit of style,” the Tweed Run takes place around April/May each year and is the heavily anticipated social event of the season. The Run is a London-based charity cycling event that aids a different cycling-related charity each year; this year it was the turn of The National Cycling Charity, protecting cyclists’ rights since 1878, for which

Team NSC musters

over £2,000 was raised.

The ride was established in 2009 with a mission “to bring a bit of style back to cycling and banish lycra”. It has continued to grow in popularity and reputation, focusing directly on people interested in vintage bicycles, penny farthings and traditional tweed sports attire. However, the popularity of the event has forced the organisers to impose a strict limit on the numbers participating of 500, due to licensing and health and safety regulations. Prospective participants were invited to buy lottery tickets, the proceeds from which went to the charity. Tickets were then drawn from a hat to award places on the Run. Approximately ten NSC members attended this year’s ride, with many more associated chaps and chapettes in tow, ensuring the ride is ever increasingly sartorially enhanced year on year.

I had the privilege of attending the 5th Anniversary celebratory cocktail party at the Zetter Townhouse in East London on the Wednesday before the ride in my capacity as winner of the Most Dashing Dame on the 2012 Tweed Run. I wore my repro 1935 tweed suit for the occasion, delighted to have an opportunity to wear it again. The venue was the perfect showcase for my tweed

outfit as it was agreeably decorated in the style of a gentlemen’s club and hunting lodge all rolled into one, with a choice of three cocktails designed around St Germain’s elderflower liqueur. Here attendees were able to relax and discuss their cycles and tweeds with the press. I made sure I sampled at least one of each cocktail, as not to would have been rude.

This year’s ride began on Saturday 13th April at 10 am, with the lucky lottery winners converging on the quadrant of the University College in Gower Street in central London, dressed in superb traditionally British sporting attire of tweeds, knitwear, corduroy and argyle socks. Time is taken to meet up with chums, take photos and prepare for a day in the saddle on a pre-planned route which differs each year, the riders to be rounded up and herded by an army of highly skilled cycling marshals, expertly organised by tweed leads Jaqui and Ted. The marshals provide route guidance and protection for the

Pandora and her tweed steed



Jennifer Siggs and Bethan Garland

riders by stopping traffic at roundabouts and junctions, and smiling politely at irate taxi and lorry drivers.

The route this year would take in central London locations such as Marylebone High Street, Savile Row, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, Buckingham Palace (Her Madge was

in and possibly at the window, curtain-twitching,) Parliament Square and Trafalgar Square, delighting bemused tourists and angering humourless taxi drivers. This year’s location for the group photo was on the steps of the Duke of York memorial, which meant riders had to dismount and carry their cycles down the steps to The Mall. No mean feat when you have a fully laden basket and oversized tea flask strapped to the book rack. Previous years have included landmarks such as St Paul’s and The Albert Hall.

Highlight of the day is the lunch break, this year at





Richard Sherwood and Mark Elliot (the two on the left): see *Resign!* issue 71

with Cording's, or the chance to sample refreshing scents from Penhaligon's, whose Juniper Sling was the scent of the ride.

Those who survived the afternoon rain and arrived at the Run's final destination of The Star of Kings pub in King's Cross were treated to refreshing gin and soda with fresh lime, supplied by Hayman's Old Tom Gin. Prizes from Cording's, Penhaligon's and Brooks were awarded for Most Dapper Chap, Most Dashing Dame, Best Moustache, Best Vintage Bike, Best Decorated Bike and The Doff of the Cap award for the most cheerful and accommodating marshal. This year I was most pleased to do the Club proud by taking

Fleur de Guerre and Zack Pinsent

first place as Tyrrell's Exceedingly English Eccentric thus ensuring the NSC walked away with laurels at yet another non-sporting sporting event.

No matter the weather, the ride is full of chumraderie and is one of the most entertaining



The special 5th Anniversary Tweed Run cake



Pandora is garlanded for the second year running, this time scooping the Exceedingly English Eccentric award (ironically, given that she's from Buffalo)

days out you could possibly have in tweed. It is easy to see why it attracts tweed-loving cycling enthusiasts like Ewan MacGregor and David Vanian and has spawned many sister and copy-cat events in 50 cities at home and abroad, including Liverpool, Tokyo, St Petersburg, Florence and New York. For more information and to subscribe to the newsletter go to [www.tweedrun.com](http://www.tweedrun.com) and for excellent photos, film footage and reporting of the event go to [www.vintagenews.tv](http://www.vintagenews.tv).

Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was extended to 90 minutes to allow riders to have their fill of tea, a special 5th Anniversary Tweed Run cake and pre-ordered hampers provided by ride sponsors Joe's Tea Company and Fynch Bakery. Of course, for those who are able to strap a basket to their bike, homemade provisions are joyously partaken of. As usual my bar was open, with ample supplies of gin.

During the break riders are encouraged to socialise with other participants, take more photos, enjoy a spot of live music, check smart phones for Tweed Run Facebook postings and be interviewed by The Vintage News. Other organised activities included competitive croquet, a cycle-inspired "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" at the CTC Tent, a special Bicycle Dressage event hosted by Pashley, a "Cap a Pigeon" game



Tweed Runners assemble for the group photo



# The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members muse on booze

## Mint Julep Revisited

By Sarah Bridgman-Smith

Long-time readers of The Cocktail Cabinet, may recall that the Mint Julep has already been covered in issue 55 of this organ, back in May 2011. Here, we explored the history of the drink and the best method of mixing one for yourself, all in time for the Kentucky Derby.

So you can imagine my horror when I realised that the Juleps served at the legendary horse-racing event in Louisville, Kentucky, are pre-mixed! Now, I understand that they must serve thousands of these drinks, but it does take away a little of the mystique.

Nevertheless, I got to thinking about pre-mixed Juleps and how well they could work. Luckily enough, on his recent trip to Kentucky, DBS brought me back a couple of pre-mixed Julep syrups, which he purchased at some of the bourbon distilleries that he visited. The Juleps were each mixed according to their individual



Old Honey Barn Mint Julep Mixer—essentially a mint-flavoured syrup

instructions using Evan Williams Kentucky Straight Bourbon.

### Evan Williams Premix

Nose: Prominently fresh mint with just a hint of sweetness, like you'd get in mint sauce.

Taste: Syrupy texture, then a distinctly sugary flavour of mint sauce. The whiskey appears in the middle, with notes of wood and varnish, before a finish of sweet soft mints takes over. Fresh, leafy mint notes appear sporadically and briefly throughout, too.

### Old Honey Barn Premix

Nose: Much drier, with notes of fresh mint and sweet wood.

Taste: Very sweet and sugary indeed; powerful flavours of mint syrup—both fresh mint and confectionery peppermint. The wood of



Evan Williams's own Mint Julep mix



Maker's Mark ready-made Mint Julep; sadly unavailable for this test

the whiskey appears at points, as tiny hints of oak, and, at the end of the finish, sweet notes of vanilla fade in, but sugar and mint are the main focus of this drink.

Makers Mark actually make a pre-bottled Mint Julep, which I tried a while back on a trip to Edinburgh, and which I recall was at least passable. But alas! they did not have any available at the distillery when DBS went there. But, in the spirit of innovation, he improvised for

me by steeping around twelve fresh mint leaves in 250ml bourbon for 24 hours.

### Mint-infused Bourbon

Nose: The freshest mint nose yet—deliciously light, but with that bright sweetness of mint leaves. If you give it a little longer, you get some vanilla from the bourbon.

Taste: Almost bitter notes of wood and malt to start, before the mint kicks in: the raw, fresh flavour of mint (like home-made mint sauce) and a finish that's slightly reminiscent of sweet vinegar. If you're not a fan of excessive sweetness, but like mint, then this would be a great alternative to a mixed Julep.

Despite all of these experiments, I can't help but long for a real, freshly mixed Julep. In my opinion, it's something that you shouldn't rush

as none of the shortcuts produce anything like the actual thing. And, for me, on a summer's day, no amount of the bright green, sugary mintiness is going to beat a chilled cup of crushed ice, a hint of mint, and a good pour of refreshing, smooth bourbon.

### Evan Williams Julep—DBS style

Method: Rub mint leaves around the inside of a Julep cup and then discard them. Fill with crushed ice, add a splash of sugar syrup (to taste) and top-up with bourbon. Garnish with a spring of fresh mint.

Nose: Soft, fresh mint, but mainly light oak with just a hint of caramel and wood varnish.

Taste: Very smooth at the start, with notes of vanilla, caramel and a soft, subtle, sappy sweetness, followed by a substantial flavour of refreshing, dry wood. Perfect for a warm summer's day and not at all sickly or artificial tasting.

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

A homemade Mint Julep in a traditional metal julep cup. ("Julep" is an ancient word meaning a sweet drink, deriving originally from the Persian word for rosewater.)





# AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT

*Messing about in boats is supposed to be a sun-dappled idyll, but the annual NSC punting picnic has in recent years been a trial by inclement weather. Would 2013 be any different?*

THE CLUB HAD its annual battle with the elements on Saturday 27th April when we gathered in Oxford and set off on the Cherwell in a flotilla of punts filled with picnic hampers. To date we have never actually been forced to abandon the jaunt due to bad weather, and this held true once more, even though we were actually hit by a hailstorm near the beginning. After this early portent, the skies cleared and it was intermittently sunny. However, like last year the current was strong and punting upstream was a struggle. We did not have a high number of skilled punters among us, and some crews resorted to pedalos instead, which are easier to control. However, the pedalos can't be dragged over the rollers that separate two levels of the river. Moreover, the area around the rollers was

flooded again, so we abandoned the last part of the route and had our picnic by the rollers. Which was agreeable apart from a keen wind which got up and became quite arctic.

It is something of a tradition that every year someone falls in. This year was no exception and the finger of fate pointed at Chico St Martin, who managed to fall in three times. (His explanation was that after the first dunking you stop caring.) The journey back downriver was easier as the current was with us, though we still managed to get to the boatyard rather later than planned. Fortunately the owners so value our custom that they waived the extra money we owed them. It only remained to head to the Turf Tavern and sup some ales before the evening descended into oblivion.

(Below) Team NSC musters at the Turf Tavern in readiness for the assault on the river; (below right) American Member Roy Engoron managed to schedule a trip to Blighty to coincide with the punting trip; (right) the perils of a punt rather too heavily laden—as Compton-Bassett's vessel leaves the boatyard it nearly sinks under the weight of picnic provisions



(Above) Lorella becomes hysterical as a sudden hailstorm descends on us before we've even left the boatyard; (above right) you can clearly see the hailstones on the deck of this boat; (right) the strong current was straight-away a problem, as it tried to pull the boats in the wrong direction, under the bridge; (below) our punt struggles against the current to make headway



**Additional photos by Incy Wincy Spider, David Pile and Birgit Gebhardt**





(Above) Compton-Bassett (pink trousers) arrives with David Pile and girlfriend Tina—who later slipped trying to get out at the rollers and split her chin open



(Top) the German boat heaves into view; (above) resplendent in his pith helmet, William Beckwith is in his own Boy's Own adventure (right) the last boat arrives



(Left) Robert Beckwith expertly steers his boat up to the halfway point; (below) Ellie and Simon's boat arrives to complete the flotilla; (below left, l-r) Suzanne Coles, Lorella McDonald, Stuart Turner; (right) all crews assemble for the traditional group photograph







(Left) The flotilla boldly sets off again but is stymied when we reach the rollers (above) to find the bottom end flooded again; (below) instead we decide to pitch camp right there and have some lunch; (bottom, l-r) James Blah, Simon Pile, Juan Watterson

(Below) Juan Watterson wastes no time in hoisting the ensign he brought with him and claiming the picnic spot for the Isle of Man;



(Above) Young Jacob is making headway with his Chappist credentials



Jacon and William set about hunting some duck for lunch



(Above) "Room to grow"; (left) Rob Grundulis (aka Cyril Browne) seems quietly resigned to the rigours of fatherhood; (below) Simon, Ellie and Ellie's daughter Millie: as you can see, despite the sun, our picnic spot was pretty parky



(Above) Catherine Baxter with Lizzie Beckwith, sporting a dashing cloche hat; (below) Compton-Bassett appears to have become some sort of hippie, claiming he "hasn't had time" to cut his hair



(Above) "Room to grow"; (left) Rob Grundulis (aka Cyril Browne) seems quietly resigned to the rigours of fatherhood; (below) Simon, Ellie and Ellie's daughter Millie: as you can see, despite the sun, our picnic spot was pretty parky







Sadly the return journey was packed with tragic incident: no sooner had Chico St Martin taken the first of three dips (above and below) then Stuart Turner lost his Panama in the drink (right)



(Above) Back at the boatyard, the cute skirts relatively unspoiled by river mud; (right and above right) Having fled the Turf when it got too cold, we repaired to the Grand Café where Laurence and Catherine celebrated their engagement with a round of Champagne

## Film Night: *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines* (1965)

**Monday 20th May**

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

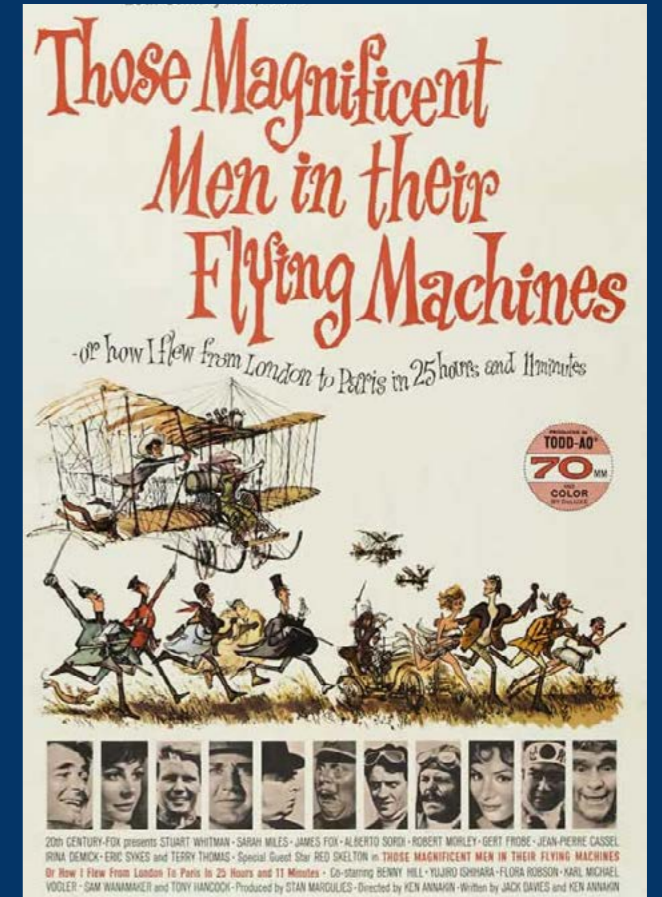
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

For this month's Film Night, Lorella McDonald presents that 1960s farcical take on Edwardian Chappism, *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines*, or *How I Flew from London to Paris in 25 Hours, 11 Minutes*. Set in 1910, the story starts when Lord Rawnsley, an English press magnate, offers £10,000 to the winner of the *Daily Post* air race from London to Paris, to prove that Britain is "number one in the air". (The tensions between European nations depicted in the film on the one hand are true to the pre-WWI environment, but also seem to reflect a very 1965 Britain's desperation to assert itself as an economic force.)

The film's title actually comes from the announcement by the MD of 20th Century Fox Europe that his wife had written the first few lines of a song that could be used on the soundtrack. Director Ken Annakin complained that this would "seal the fate of the movie", but in fact the song *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines* went on to be a hit both as part of the soundtrack and as a single. (The opening credits feature this accompanied by an animated cartoon sequence from the divine Ronald Searle.)

The film stars Brit comedy luminaries Benny



Hill, Eric Sykes, Terry-Thomas and Tony Hancock (who managed to break his leg just before filming—so Annakin simply wrote it into the screenplay) and is choc-a-bloc with national stereotypes, slapstick and aerial scenes shot with a combination of models and reproduction real aircraft.







R.I.P  
Alistair Carr  
aka Nathaniel Slipper

By Torquil Arbuthnot

IN APRIL 1994 I started a new job at Queen Mary and Westfield College (part of the University of London). At the end of my first day at work I was sitting in my office at 5 pm, pondering matters, when Alistair and Jenny (his wife) popped their heads round the door and asked if I fancied a drink. Alistair was temping in the Admissions office and Jenny was finishing her English degree. I thought this a very kind gesture to a complete stranger, and still do. We popped to the staff bar for a few pints and thus began a friendship that lasted 20 years.

It turned out Alistair and Jenny were hot on an am dram, as was I, so the three of us managed to ruin many a good play. Alistair always insisted on having “real booze” on stage whenever possible. During a production of *An Inspector Calls* we inveigled the strait-laced producer to let us have wine and port on the dinner table, but he (sensibly) drew the line at proper whisky in the decanter. Alistair was a very good director, knowing how to get the best out of his cast, and with a very good instinct not just for casting but also bolstering people’s faltering self-esteem. The am dram group, the Queen Mary Players, was as un-lovey as possible. The QMW took the side roles and the character parts, but the main roles were always allocated to students. If someone made the mistake of asking Alistair what his character’s motivation was, they would get the reply, “You go on stage, you say your lines as quickly as possible so we can get to the pub after the curtain.”

Alistair grew up in, I think, a West Riding market town called Otley. A proud Yorkshireman all his life (but with a sense of the ridiculousness of what it meant to be a Yorkshireman) he was a die-hard supporter of

Barnsley FC, an association football club. I went to Otley for the first and only time for Alistair’s stag weekend. We got drunk in the local pubs; then went to the bright lights of Leeds (Leeds!) for some ten-pin bowling and a steak. Along the way we had bought Father Christmas hats and stopped people in the street to sing carols (it was August).

Some time in 2000 Alistair rang me in great excitement to say he had picked up a copy of a magazine called *The Chap* in a York bookshop. “I think we wrote this in our sleep,” he said. We contacted the editors, Gustav Temple and Vic Darkwood, to see if they would, by any chance, care to cast a dismissive eye over an article we humbly deigned to submit. Getting a languid and suspicious affirmative, we bunged in an article on hat doffing. It was to prove the first of many to come from the mighty quills of Torquil Arbuthnot and Nathaniel Slipper. As well as our own articles, both of us branched out, myself doing book reviews and a “Neglected Authors” column, and Slipper doing “Letter from the t’North” and a “World of Sport” column. At one point, Alistair and I were writing about three quarters of the sodding rag. In, I think, 2002, we met Gustav and Vic for a staff Christmas party. There were four of us. Gustav and Vic admitted that they had been writing most of the magazine themselves so were glad when two like-minded coves, who would write for no money, showed up.

In 2004 I was having a small sherry in my local and reading about the Olympics, and suddenly thought of the Chap Olympiad. I immediately phoned Alistair, and we came up (in a scary ten-minute telephone call) with the blueprint for the Chap Olympiad (“Bounders”, “Freestyle Trouser Gymnastics”, “Shouting at the Foreigner”, etc). I still have, a treasured possession, the scrap of paper on which I scribbled this all down. The first physical Chap Olympiad, attended by a huge crowd of 30 idiots, was held in a litter-strewn corner of Regent’s Park in 2004. Alistair and Jenny came down from York, Alistair spiffily attired in Hawaiian shirt, shorts, sock suspenders and (for reasons best known to himself) a Robin Hood hat. Chris Hankinshaw was there to make a magnificent foreigner in the “Shouting at the Foreigner” event.

Alistair and Jenny moved up to York after

a few years in London. Jenny teaches English and Drama at a secondary school, while Alistair worked at York University and then as “alumni officer” for a York public school. They, despite not knowing anyone in York, very quickly made friends. And such was their charm that their friends soon became other people’s friends. And their friends have become my friends, ad infinitum. Alistair and Jenny are very much catalysts for friendship.

I used to travel to York to see them often. A fellow friend, Marlon, recalls arriving at York railway station to be met by Alistair and his friend Tom, wearing huge flat caps, and holding a badly-written piece of cardboard stating, “Welcome to the t’North.” Another time I made the mistake of mentioning a drink called a “Sweaty Mexican”, made of tequila and Tabasco. We then had a massive pub crawl round York trying to find a pub that had a bottle of Tabasco...

About two years ago Alistair got lung cancer. They kept thinking they had caught it, but, being, as Jenny says, “bastard bastard cancer” it clung in there. He spent lots of time in hospitals and St Leonard’s hospice, as did Jenny. A nurse at the hospice once took pity on him and smuggled in a can of Stella. Alistair kept all his friends informed of his doings in a series of witty, self-deprecating emails.

Suitably, I was getting outside a couple in the village pub where my parents live when Hankinshaw rang me to say Alistair had popped his clogs. That, needless to say, was bloody awful news. The funeral was in York, so in a fine “fuck off” moment which Alistair would have approved of, I booked into the best hotel in York.

I started the day of the funeral with a swim and a sauna but then thought Alistair would have curled his lip; so had a full English and a Bloody Mary and did the *Telegraph* cryptic. The reason I did the cryptic was because I was once waiting for Alistair in a York pub and whiling away the time with a pint and the crossword. When he arrived he asked if he could keep the newspaper, explaining that he would leave it on his desk at work to pretend he’d done the crossword.

The funeral was a very sad but charming affair, and slightly silly. The church was packed (200+) with standing room only for the riff-raff

at the back. We sang along to ‘Always Look on the Bright Side of Life’ and there was a reading from a *Dr Who* script with someone dressed as a Cyberman. Alistair was a huge *Dr Who* fan—in the Hansom cab on the way to the funeral a few of us thought Alistair might go for the Ghanaian funeral coffin idea and be buried in a large, upright, plywood Dalek. Alistair’s and Jenny’s house was full of Daleks. His friend Bilko gave a splendid eulogy. At the end of the service tots of whisky were dispensed for a toast. The reception was held in his favourite pub, Ye Olde White Swan. Vic Darkwood (co-founder of *The Chap*) was there and we managed to baffle the young barmaid by ordering quadruple whiskies. She



Alistair (left) and Torquil celebrate the latter’s birthday at the New Sheridan Club in June 2007

said she wasn’t allowed to serve them but could give us two doubles each instead...

In a suitably surreal ending to my trip I fell asleep on the train and had to be woken at King’s Cross by the guard. For some reason he also called the British Transport police and three shaven-headed bullies in stab-vests told me not to do it again (i.e. fall asleep on a train) and not to go to the pub on the way home. So I went to the pub on the way home.

Alistair was an extremely kind man. Once I was going through some girlfriend trauma, and received a handwritten letter from him. He could have emailed or texted but took the trouble to sit down and write a letter. That is friendship.





## CLUB NOTES

### New Members

AS SPRING FINALLY stirs itself, blossom bursts from trees and green shoots probe sunwards through the tith, evoking eldritch fertility rites and the occasional Wicker Man, we offer the pig's-bladder-on-a-stick of communality—but without all the fertility, death and rebirth stuff—to the following aspirant acolytes, all of whom have knelt at the willow altar of NSC Membership in the last month: The Earl of Hillside & Kyle, Michaela Spooner-Harvey, Dean Jordan and the Master Babble Articulator.

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

#### Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday  
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 Candlelight Club: Kentucky Derby Special

Friday 3rd and Saturday 4th May  
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £15.75–18.75 in advance from [www.thecandlelightclub.com](http://www.thecandlelightclub.com)

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, Kentucky Colonels, 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.

The Kentucky Derby is one of the highlights of the American sporting calendar, with a week of racing, partying and general Southern hospitality, culminating in the Kentucky Oaks on Friday and the Derby itself on Saturday (known as “the most exciting two minutes in sports”).

The meeting taking place at Churchill Downs in Louisville this very weekend will be the 139th—it certainly didn't stop for Prohibition, any more than did the tradition of sipping Mint Juleps, the official drink of the Derby. We'll be offering these, and plenty of other bourbon-soaked cocktails, plus prizes for the best Southern Gentleman and Southern Belle. We also hope to screen live internet footage of the race, with the chance to place bets with token money, with a prize for the biggest winner. Live music from the Dixie Ticklers.

#### Palaise de Danse

Friday 3rd May  
6.30–11pm  
London Welsh Centre, 157–163 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8UE  
Admission: £15 in advance  
Dress: Strictly vintage glamour

Brandyn Shaw invites you to the second night of this London's vintage dance event—step back



Betting on Escalado at the last Candlelight Club Kentucky Derby party

in time to the glamour of the interwar period ballroom. Dance the night away to authentic live period dance music: the main band this time are none other than the Pasadena Roof Orchestra, with support from vocalist Brandyn Shaw, a vocal spitting image of Al Bowly if ever there was one. Additional music from DJs. Complimentary dance lesson from 6.30–7.30.

#### The Phoenix Dance Club

Friday 3rd May  
9pm–2am  
The Phoenix, 37 Cavendish Square, London W1G 0PP  
Admission: £5  
Dress: Smart or vintage

A monthly night of hot jazz and swing for dancers at the Phoenix Bar, Oxford Street, on the last Friday of the month. With resident DJs Turn on the Heat and Swingin' Dickie, plus special guests playing the best sounds from the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s. They also now have their own Phoenix Dance Club cocktails: the Broadway Limited, the I Can't Dance, the Al Capone's Spats and the Cotton Club.

#### Spin-a-Disc

Mondays 6th May  
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

Every Monday  
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: The Great Gatsby

Friday 10th and Saturday 11th May  
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £15.75–18.75 in advance from [www.thecandlelightclub.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

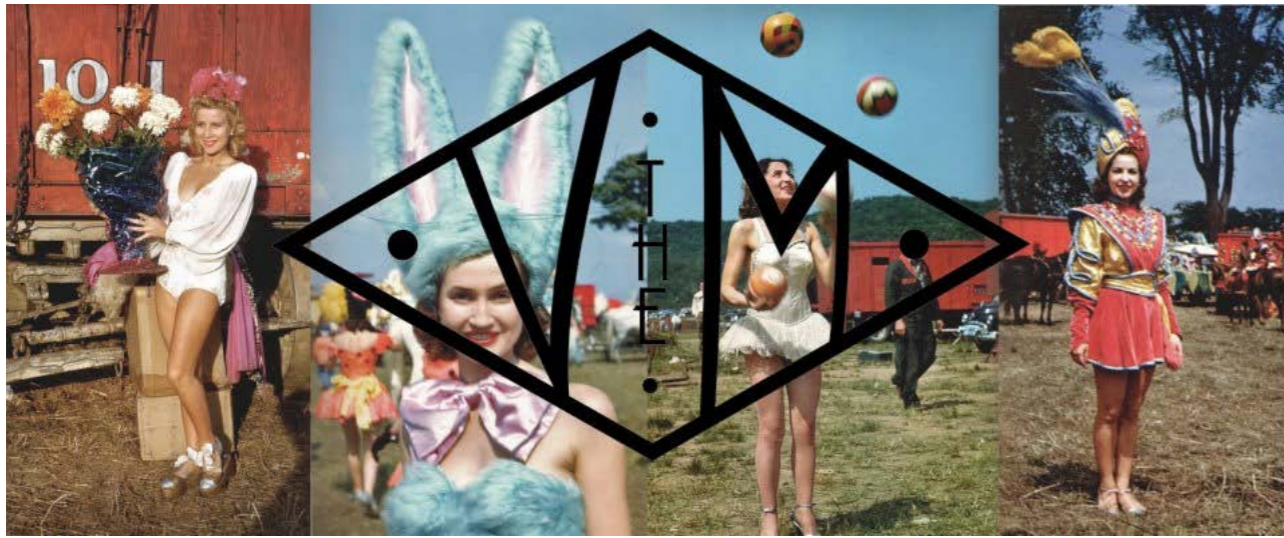
The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism from the New Sheridan Club's own DJ MC Fruity. Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

Baz Luhrmann's much-anticipated new film version of *The Great Gatsby* premieres in the US on 10th May and opens the Cannes Film Festival on 15th May, so tonight we're celebrating this quintessential Jazz Age tale (the author of which, F. Scott Fitzgerald, even coined the phrase “Jazz Age”). Unleash your inner Daisy Buchanan and Jay Gatsby while sipping cocktails from the novel. Live music from those fez-wearing funsters The Top Shelf.

#### The Ric Rac Circus Workers Club

Saturday 11th May  
8pm–1am





Circus inspiration for the Vintage Mafia's next party

The Blacksmith and the Toffemaker, 292–294 St John Street, London EV1V 4PA  
Admission: £6 in advance (possibly on the door too)

Dress: Showgirls, spangles, ringmaster coats, etc

The Vintage Mafia offer their latest club night, this time with a circus theme. Contortionist Stefanie Valentine will entertain and there will be dancing to music from 1930s dance bands to 1960s Northern Soul, with DJing by the Vintage Mafia ladies and special guest Auntie Maureen. The venue does food (of the pie/scotch egg/sausage roll variety) and there will be a special cocktail for the occasion.

### 52nd Street Jump

Saturday 11th May  
7.30pm–2am

The Amber Bar, City Point, 1 Ropemaker Street, London, EC2Y 9AW

Admission: £12 (£11 members) including a £3 drinks voucher

Dress: Vintage or modern but an effort appreciated

Regular swing dance event from the Saturday Night Swing Club, with three rooms offering taster dance classes from 8.15 and music from the 1920s to the 1950s. Resident DJs Dr Swing and Mr Kicks plus guest DJs.

### Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 12th May  
11am–5pm

Old Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, London EC1R 4RP

Admission: £4; NUS £2; trade £10 from 10am  
A fourth-anniversary special from this

“department store of authentic vintage apparel and authentic designer pieces”, which includes fashion, accessories, antique textiles, poster art, compacts, military uniform, homeware, fine and costume jewellery. You’ll also find a vintage styling salon, tea room, jazz performances and an alterations booth. More at [www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk](http://www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk).

We Are Goose present

### Will You Hold My Hand?

Monday 13th–Saturday 18th May  
8.30pm (13th–15th); 11pm (16th–18th)

Caroline of Brunswick, 39 Ditchling Road, Brighton BN1 4SB

Admission: £6

Our own Tim Kennington is back with his musical comedy exploration of the world of 18th-century surgery. Tickets may be purchased online.

### Selina Hastings on Evelyn Waugh

Wednesday 15th May

7pm

The Last Tuesday Society, 11 Mare Street, London E8 4RP

Admission: £7 (£4 concs), in advance from [thehendrickslectureseries.co.uk/selina.html](http://thehendrickslectureseries.co.uk/selina.html)

Selina Hastings discusses her monumental biography of Waugh. More details on the Facebook page.

 NSC Film Night

### Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (1965)

Monday 20th May

7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

See page 23.

### Max Raabe and Palast Orchester

Friday 24th May

7pm

O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire, Shepherd's Bush Green, London W12 8TT

Admission: £30.37

German 1920s-style cabaret crooner Max Raabe and his band promote their new album *Golden Age*. More details at [www.o2shepherdsbushempire.co.uk](http://www.o2shepherdsbushempire.co.uk).

White Mischief presents

### War of the Worlds Ball

Saturday 25th May

9pm–4am

Scala, 275 Pentonville Road, King's Cross, London N1 9NL

Admission: From £19.99

White Mischief with another of their multi-room extravaganzas, with live bands, cabaret and all manner of interactive shenanigans, this time with a B-movie sci-fi theme. Even the sets will be in 3D when you wear special glasses. More on the Facebook page.

The Last Tuesday Society presents

### The Great May Masquerade Ball

Saturday 25th May

10pm–4am

The Coronet cinema, 28 New Kent Road, London SE1 6TJ

Admission: From £16.50

Live music, DJs, life drawing, a travelling menagerie and plenty of nudity at the latest of Viktor Wynd's opulent parties. More on the Facebook page.

### The Candlelight Club:

#### A Night in Old Havana

Friday 31st May and Saturday 1st June

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £15.75–18.75 in advance from [www.thecandlelightclub.com](http://www.thecandlelightclub.com)

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, Kentucky Colonels, degenerate aristos



Silver-tongued Teutonic crooner, and white tie enthusiast, Max Raabe

and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

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Prohibition may have been a curse for American drinkers but it was a blessing for others. Top US bartenders fled to find work abroad, taking their skills and enthusiasm for cocktails: one of the places they landed was Havana—tantalisingly close to the US for a quick flight to a legal libation. Sloppy Joe's bar (“the crossroad of the world”) was rammed with celeb ex-pats and visitors, from Clark Gable and Errol Flynn to Jean-Paul Sartre and the Duke of Windsor. Also popular with the smart set was Bar Florida (nicknamed “Floridita”), which claimed to be the “cradle of the Daiquiri”. The Daiquiri and the Mojito are Cuba's great gifts to the cocktail world and we'll be serving these plus other period drinks.





Stuart Turner and Lorella McDonald on last weekend's punt trip to Oxford. See page 16

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

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