

DESIGN!

BUMPER 42-PAGE
SUMMER
SPECIAL!

ISSUE 82 AUGUST 2013 • THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW CLUB

HASTA LA FIESTA

The peyote kicks in at the
NSC summer party



The Chap Olympics

The pinnacle of the
gentlemanly sporting
calendar in lurid pictures

The Plant Hunters

Adventure-loving boffins
who risked death to
bring us tea

Charade!

Vintage celluloid joy at
this month's Film Night,
pairing Cary Grant
with Audrey Hepburn



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 7th August in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Member Mr Luke Wenban will entertain us on the rollicking subject of *Agent Zigzag*, a cheeky jailbird recruited by the Nazis as a spy who promptly turned double agent. "Safe-cracking, grand larceny, girls, prison escapes, pockets full of dynamite, girls, broken noses, espionage, girls, alcohol and danger," Luke says, to give you a flavour of his talk. "A chap's day out! I hear you cry. But no, not just any chap, or cad for that matter: this is Agent Zigzag—Edward Arnold Chapman a.k.a. Edward Edwards, Edward Simpson, Arnold Thompson, Fritz Fritzchen (Little Fritz), Agent X and Agent Zigzag. A one-man operation who showed pluck and



Chapman in 1942 (above) and in later life as an honorary crime correspondent for the *Sunday Telegraph*, mostly warning readers to steer clear of people like him



courage when our country needed it the most."

The Last Meeting

At our July gathering our speaker this month was member Lorna Mower-Johnson, who gave a splendid talk on the eccentric botanists who risked life and limb in the steamy tropics or the frozen, passes of Tibet to bring home specimens of rare plants. Perhaps to be sure of capturing her Chappist audience's attention, Lorna pushed the "Boy's Own" angle—Frank Kingdon-Ward, for example, survived falling off cliffs, being crushed by a tree and even impalement on a bamboo stake, as well as finding time to do a bit of spying for His Majesty's Government. But she needn't have worried: her slides depicting such toothsome specimens as the Tibetan blue poppy elicited gasps of delight from the audience as if we were watching a fireworks display. See what the fuss was about on page 4.



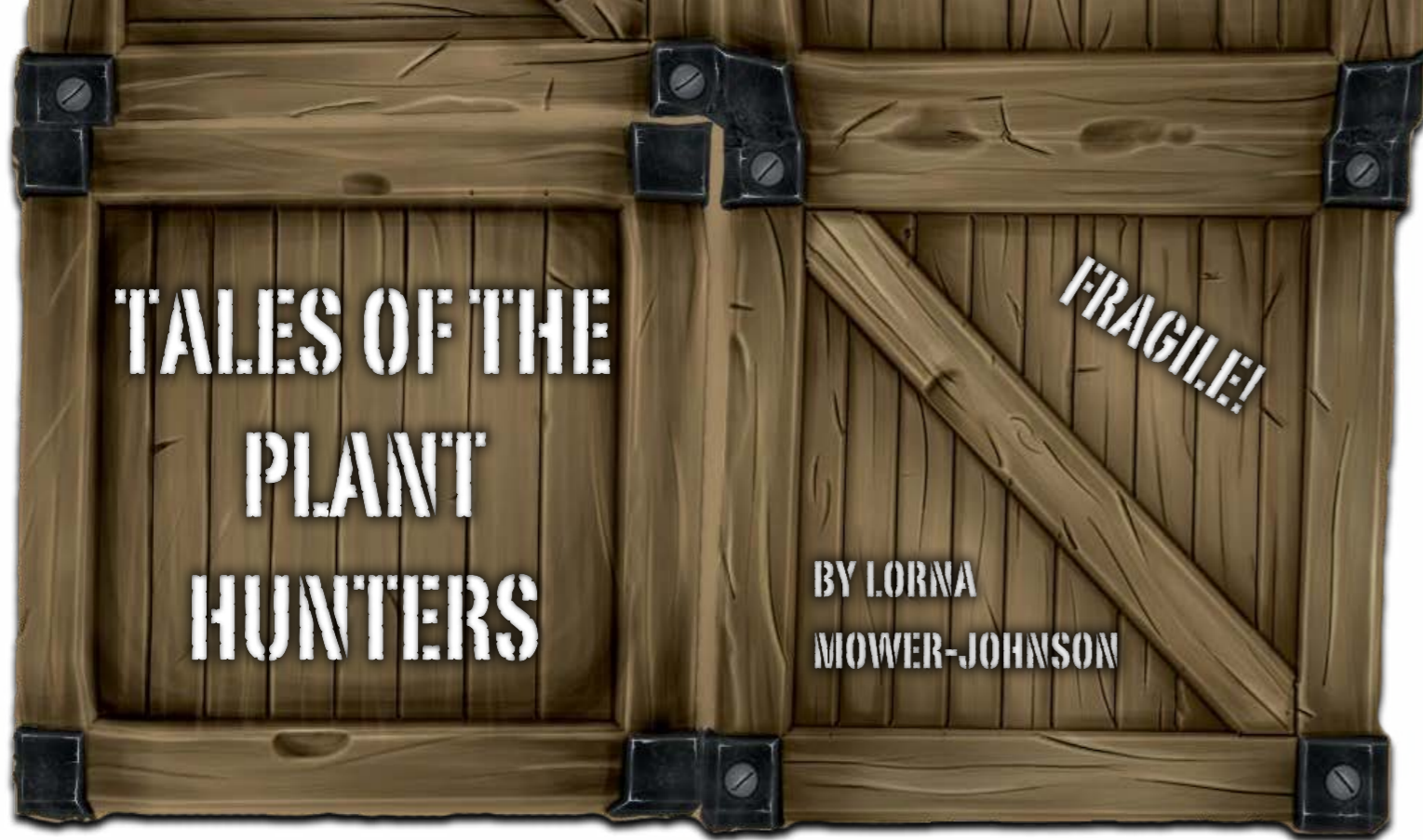
(Above) Mrs H and Mrs D proudly flaunt the Inky Finger of Courage, an inevitable side effect of signing in with

the ancestral dip pen; (right) the latest issue of *Resign!* is pounced upon; (above left) Dorian shows his courage by risking the sausage; (below left) Eugenie Rhodes; (below) a rare visit by Grace Iggulden; (far right) Torquil invites questions from the floor

(Below) The house is packed once more and Scarheart and the Curé find space by squeezing behind the bar; (below right) the crowd is riveted

(Below) Gary's fearsome briar graces Smoker's Alley;

(Left) Kevin Wheeler looking dapper; (below) unexpected evidence of werewolf activity



The daredevils who risked all for the perfect specimen...

MY THEME IS chaps, botanical chaps. Obsessive, eccentric, they adopted dubious disguises, fought pirates, got the DTs from rhododendron nectar and used shotguns as gardening tools.

When you're walking in a well-stocked park or garden surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers, your thoughts possibly don't turn to massacre, subterfuge and hair-raising adventure. When you're enjoying a cup of the finest Assam tea, possibly visions of piracy, deception and smuggling don't arise before you. But these things are inseparable: they're linked together by the tales of the Plant Hunters.

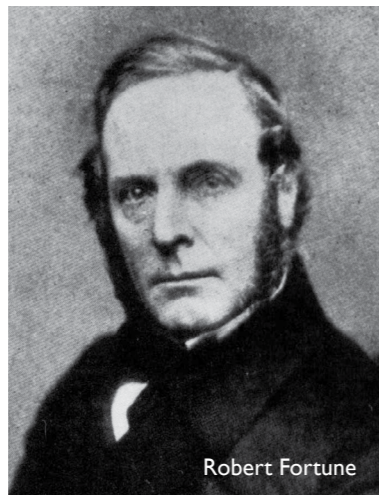
Humans have been hunting and transporting plants around the world since ancient times—both intentionally and unintentionally. The earliest record of plant hunting is from ancient Egypt, when Queen Hatshepsut sent an expedition to Somalia to collect incense trees for her garden at Karnak. The Romans collected and transported plants around their empire; they're credited with introducing, among other

things, parsley, grape vines and alba roses to our shores.

In the 18th and 19th centuries, botanists accompanied expeditions around the world, furthering the cause of science with their discoveries. And in a famous experiment in the 1930s, a botanist named Edward Salisbury discovered that seeds are collected by and dispersed from trouser turn-ups. He recovered the seeds of 300 species of weed from his.

The professional plant hunters I'm going to focus on had to be methodical, organised, and also excellent botanists; if they were collecting for nurserymen and seed companies, they needed an eye for a good garden plant. They had to be diplomats, linguists, and incredibly tough and resourceful.

In the case of our first plant hunter, this resourcefulness took the form of cunning disguise...



Robert Fortune

ROBERT FORTUNE (THE ORIGINAL TEA LEAF)

When in 1842 the Treaty of Nanking opened several Chinese ports to western trade, the Horticultural Society decided to send one of

their employees, a young Scotsman named Robert Fortune, to China to collect plants for their garden at Chiswick.

He set off for China in 1843, equipped with a list of instructions, firearms and the latest in plant hunting technology—the Wardian Case, a portable greenhouse for shipping delicate plants. Although he was attacked and robbed on several occasions and nearly shipwrecked, Fortune's expedition was a great success. He introduced the Chusan palm, the Japanese anemone, the bleeding heart (aka Chinaman's Breeches) and the shrub *Weigela rosea*, which became a great favourite of Queen Victoria.

On a trip up the coast to Ningpo his junk was attacked by pirates. Fortune, suffering from malaria, tottered up on deck and to the horror of the crew and passengers, waited for the pirate vessels to get in range before blasting them with shot and ball from his shotgun.

To collect plants outside the Treaty Ports, Fortune disguised himself as a Chinaman. He had the front of his head shaved and a pigtail sewn with horsehair into the hair on the back of his head. He donned Chinese robes, and if anyone asked, said he was "from beyond the Great Wall". Surprisingly the disguise worked, as Chinese people living outside the Treaty Ports had never seen a Westerner before.

In 1848 the East India Company sent Fortune back to China to obtain the finest tea plants, plus native manufacturers and implements for the Government plantations in the Himalayas (although interestingly tea is native to India—it was probably introduced to China around 2000 years ago.)

To protect their tea industry the Chinese Imperial authorities forbade the export of tea plants from China. It was also illegal to remove Chinese nationals from their homeland. Bliethly ignoring this, disguised as a Chinaman and accompanied by two Chinese servants, Fortune visited the green tea districts making



A Wardian Case

voluminous notes on tea and its production. And he successfully smuggled thousands of young tea plants and seeds out of the country. It makes you wonder why nobody realised what he was up to. Maybe the sheer size of the country made the

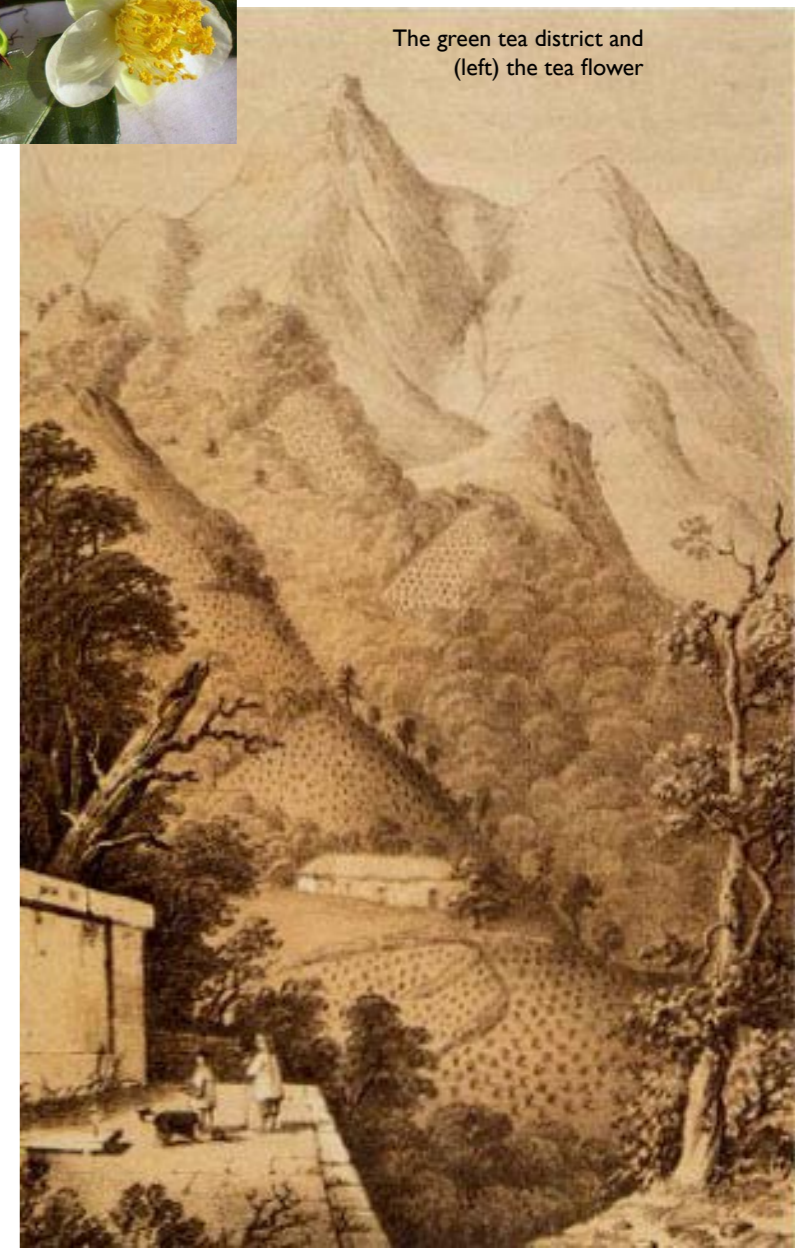
law difficult to enforce. Perhaps his servants didn't give him away for fear of being punished, too.

Fortune was the first Westerner to realise that both green and black tea come from the same plant; it's the processing of the leaves that makes the difference. He also discovered that green tea for the European market was being adulterated with gypsum and Prussian blue—both cumulative poisons. This wasn't done out of malice, just to please the



with gypsum and Prussian blue—both cumulative poisons. This wasn't done out of malice, just to please the

The green tea district and (left) the tea flower



crazy Westerners who expected their green tea to really look green.

Owing to various problems, few of the first consignment of tea plants survived their trip to the Indian plantations, and all the seed was dead on arrival. Fortune experimented with sowing the seed in between the tea plants in the Wardian cases, and met with success. Eight Chinese tea experts and their tea manufacturing equipment accompanied the Wardian cases to India in early 1851, successfully establishing the Indian tea industry.

Fortune made three more trips to China, also visiting Japan and the Philippines. He wrote four books about his adventures and lived comfortably on the proceeds of these and the sale of Chinese antiquities he'd collected in his travels. He died in 1880 at Brompton.

GEORGE FORREST

Forrest was born in Falkirk, Scotland in 1873, and is known as the Indiana Jones of horticulture. He became interested in botany when he left school, and was apprenticed to a pharmaceutical chemist. There he learnt the medicinal properties of plants and how to dry and preserve them, which proved very useful in his later career.

But Forrest had a "roving disposition and a love of adventure", and when he came into a small inheritance he set off to see relatives



George Forrest and (right) *Rhododendron clementinae*

in Australia where he tried his hand at gold prospecting and sheep farming.

Returning home in 1902, Forrest was out fishing one day when he came upon an ancient stone box containing a skeleton. He took some of the bones to the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, where he became friendly with the Museum staff. They introduced him to Sir Isaac Bayley Balfour the



Director of the Edinburgh Botanical Garden. Balfour gave

Forrest a job as a clerk at 10/- a week in the herbarium, which is a library of preserved plant material used for identification and study purposes.

Two years later, Balfour recommended Forrest as a plant hunter to a friend of his, a wealthy cotton broker named Arthur Kilpin Bulley. Bulley had been trying to obtain hardy Chinese plants for his garden at Neston, Cheshire, by asking colonial officials and missionaries to send him seed. This led to his having the largest international collection of



Forrest (left) talking to a group of distinguished horticulturists, with Lord Headfort on the right and his gardener Mr Boyle taking notes

dandelions in the world.

Forrest became the first bulk collector. When he got to Yunnan in Western China, he trained a small army of local people to help him collect plants and seeds. These native collectors became great friends of his, and helped him year after year. Forrest helped the Yunnanese by paying, out of his own pocket, for thousands of them to be inoculated against smallpox.

In July 1905 Forrest was staying with 17 of his native collectors as guests of Fathers Dubernard and Bourdonnec at the French Catholic Mission at Tsekou, on the Chinese Tibetan border. This was at a time of violent civil unrest: enraged by foreign incursions into their country, Tibetans had massacred a Chinese official, his staff, and all the missionaries and their converts at Patang (now Batang), before destroying the mission itself. The trouble spread to Atuntze, where Chinese troops sent to quell the uprising were massacred. Now, on 19th July, the news came that a Tibetan war party was heading for Tsekou.

There was no way that Forrest, the two priests and the converts could defend the mission. Their only chance of escape was to walk to Yetche, 30 miles away on the banks of the Mekong. The headman of Yetche was a friend of Forrest's and a small garrison of Chinese troops was stationed there.

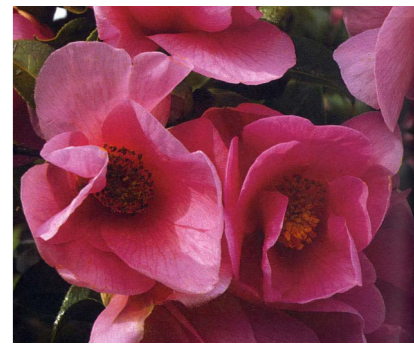
They set out at night, the two priests riding mules, Forrest, his 17 collectors and the 80 or so native converts on foot. At the next village they were told that some of their pursuers had run through the night to get ahead of them.

The Tibetans caught up with Forrest's party by a tributary of the Mekong. Father Bourdonnec was killed, and most of the native converts were either killed on the spot or captured. The women converts all committed suicide by jumping into the stream. Forrest, who had climbed to the top of a rocky spur to reconnoitre, was hotly pursued by the war party, but escaped by jumping off the path and rolling 200 feet down a hillside.

For the next nine days, Forrest hid by day and tried to slip past his pursuers at night. On the second day he buried his boots in a stream bed, to prevent leaving distinctive tracks. Another day, he was so close to his pursuers, he got poisoned arrows through the crown of his hat. Although Forrest was armed, he didn't dare return fire—the noise would have brought all the Tibetans in the area to the spot. By the eighth day, his tiny supply of food almost spent, he decided to "sell his life dearly" and die fighting. Hiding in dense scrub by a stream, Forrest was about to open fire on the Tibetans, when he spotted Father Dubernard on a rise some way away, motioning him to move downstream. Forrest lowered his rifle and slipped away. When he eventually got to safety he discovered that Father Dubernard had been horribly tortured by the Tibetans, and had died three days before Forrest saw him.

Eventually the Englishman was aided by Lissoo tribesmen who hid him and fed him at great risk to themselves, before disguising him as a Tibetan and smuggling him to safety.

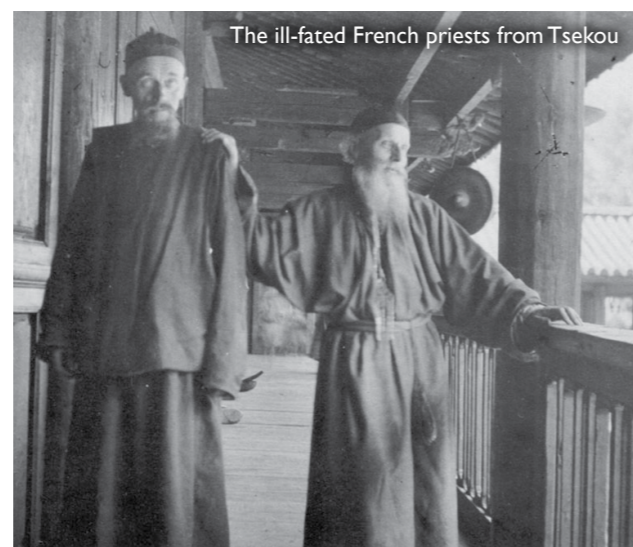
Despite losing his entire plant and seed collection, and all other possessions at Tsekou, with the help of his surviving native plant hunters he managed to recoup most of his



(Above) *Camellia saluenensis*; (below) the Himalayan ginger



Boxes of Forrest's specimens waiting to be sent home



The ill-fated French priests from Tsekou

losses. Despite everything, his first expedition was a success.

Forrest made a further six expeditions to China. Amongst many other fine plants, he introduced 300 species of rhododendron into cultivation, including *R. clementinae*, named after his fiancée. A few other of his introductions are lily of the valley bush *Pieris forrestii*; the orchid primula; *Camellia saluenensis*; and a Himalayan ginger. Forrest later worked for syndicates of wealthy gardeners who each paid for a share of any seed he collected.

Forrest used a ciné camera on his last expedition to China in 1930–2. The film was rediscovered and restored some years ago. Having packed and dispatched his plants and seed, Forrest fell dead while out hunting near Tengyueh, and is buried in the cemetery there.

REGINALD FARRER

Farrer was a writer, traveller, gardener, plant hunter and artist. He popularised rock gardening and the cultivation of alpine plants, and also revolutionised garden writing, as well as going on two plant hunting expeditions to Asia.

Born in 1880, he grew up at Ingleborough Hall on his parent's estate at Clapham, North Yorkshire. From a very early age he took a lively interest in the alpine plants that grew wild in the area. He created his first rock garden at 14 in a disused quarry. As a young man he travelled around the mountains of Europe with friends, collecting plants.

A severe speech impediment caused by a cleft palate meant he had to be educated



Reginald Farrer (above, and below in Japanese fancy dress); (right) Ingleborough Hall

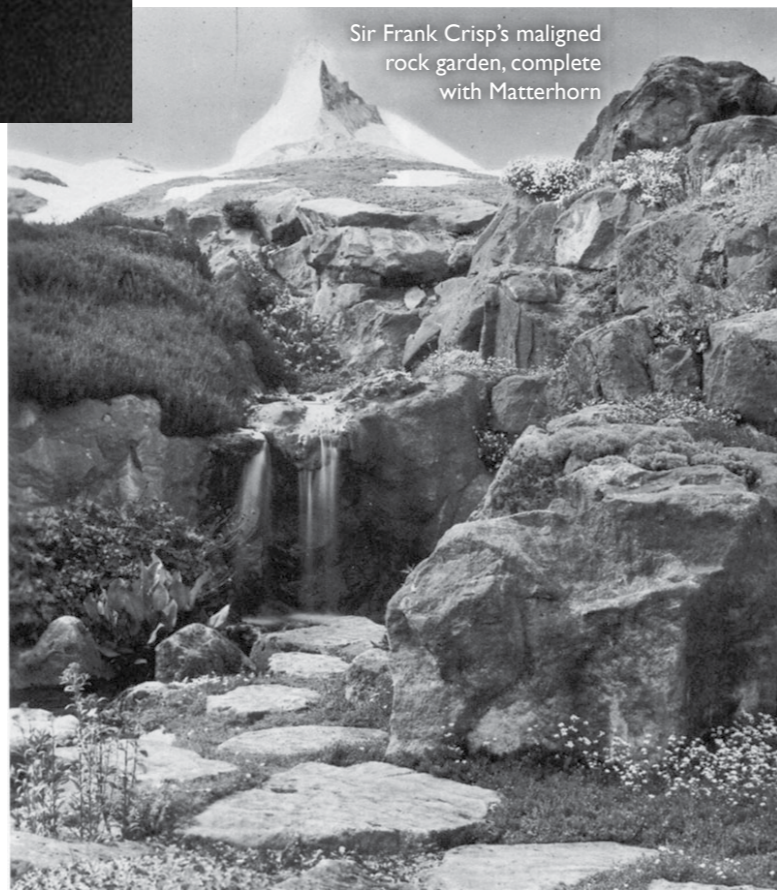


at home. As he never suffered the harsh discipline of Victorian schooling, he grew up uninhibited and unconventional. He loved dressing up and used to give the local children magic lantern shows dressed in Japanese court dress. If he came upon a plant which moved



him with its beauty, he'd prostrate himself before it.

His gardening techniques at Ingleborough Hall could be equally unconventional. Overlooking a lake in the grounds was a cliff which Farrer wanted to smother in alpine flowers; attempts at dangling gardeners down it on rope ladders failed, so Farrer loaded his shotgun with seed, rowed a boat across the



Sir Frank Crisp's maligned rock garden, complete with Matterhorn

lake and blasted the cliff with both barrels. Next season, the cliff was a mass of bloom.

After leaving Oxford, Farrer went on a world tour, studying Far Eastern gardening and going on horribly expensive shopping expeditions. Enchanted by Eastern mysticism, he appalled his family by converting to Buddhism. This even upset his unconventional cousins, the Sitwells.

Farrer was a difficult character. Touchy, opinionated and egotistical, he often fell out with people. In

early 1914 he wrote the preface to his friend E.A Bowles's book *My Garden In Spring*—

and sparked the biggest horticultural row of the 20th century by criticising the

rock garden of wealthy lawyer Sir Frank Crisp. Sir Frank was furious; he'd spent ten years having the enormous rockery, with a 30-foot scale replica of the Matterhorn, built in his garden at Friar Park, Henley-on-Thames. Ignoring the fact that Farrer had written the offending preface, Sir Frank vented his spleen at Bowles in a vindictive article in *Gardening Illustrated*. He even had the article reprinted as pamphlets and handed out at the Chelsea Flower Show.

None of this had any effect on Farrer. He'd joined forces with another plant hunter, William Purdom, and they'd set off on an expedition to Kansu (Gansu), in north-west China, on the borders of Tibet.

At that time, the Kansu-Tibetan region was being terrorised by a bandit called the White Wolf, which caused Farrer and Purdom great problems getting mules and porters. Eventually they got started, with Farrer travelling light—just washing materials and the novels of Jane Austen. When he and Purdom split up to cover a larger area, Purdom ran into some bandits



(Above) William Purdom; (left) *Gentiana farreri*, Farrer's gentian



ruined the young corn. But it was Purdom who found himself confronted by a furious mob of locals armed with arquebuses and brandishing lit fuses. According to Farrer, Purdom simply smiled at them, held his hands wide to show he was unarmed, then ambled off lighting his pipe.

Among the plants they found were Farrer's gentian, *Buddleia alternifolia* (which Farrer described as "a sheer waterfall of soft purple" when it's in flower, *Viburnum fragrans (farrerii)* and *Clematis tangutica*.

Farrer worked for the Ministry for Information under the writer John Buchan during the First World War, but in 1919–20 he travelled to Upper Burma, accompanied for the first year by Euan Cox who later became his biographer. The expedition was beset with problems and bad weather, and Farrer and Cox also didn't get on very well. After Cox went back to England, Farrer travelled further north and stayed in a leaky bamboo hut, writing and painting pictures of the plants he'd collected. In a letter to Cox he said, "I'm being given every chance of becoming a saint or a sage if I don't incidentally become a corpse or a sponge in the process."

Farrer fell ill towards the end of 1920, and took to dosing himself with the entire contents of his medicine chest, washed down with copious draughts of whisky. He died, not from alcoholic poisoning, as is sometimes said, but most probably from pneumonia. He is buried in Upper Burma.

FRANK KINGDON-WARD

Considered the last of the great plant hunters, Kingdon-Ward led expeditions in the 1920s and early 1930s that might be captioned, “To the Himalaya with ukulele and thermos flask”. The thermos was for storing seed from the choicest plants.

Kingdon-Ward was certainly made out of the right stuff for a plant hunter—he was well-nigh indestructible. In a career of plant hunting and exploration lasting nearly 45 years, he fell off at least three precipices and had trees and huts collapse on him. Once he went sailing over a jeep’s windscreen when the driver had to break suddenly to avoid a hyena. Lying in the road, Kingdon-Ward managed to dictate a letter to his sister, telling her of his death. It was never sent: he survived with a cracked neck vertebra.

He was born in Manchester in 1885, his father, Harry Marshall Ward, a brilliant botanist who became Professor of botany at Cambridge University. Kingdon-Ward’s interest in exploration



(Above) Kingdon-Ward as a shy young schoolmaster and (right) as the indestructible adventurer he became; (below) his most famous find, the blue woodland poppy

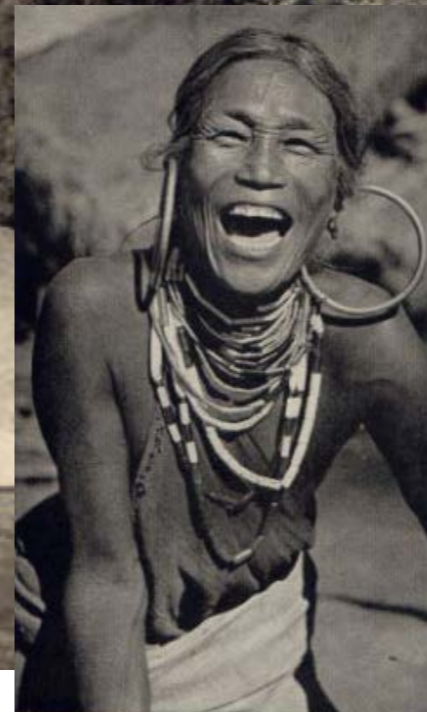
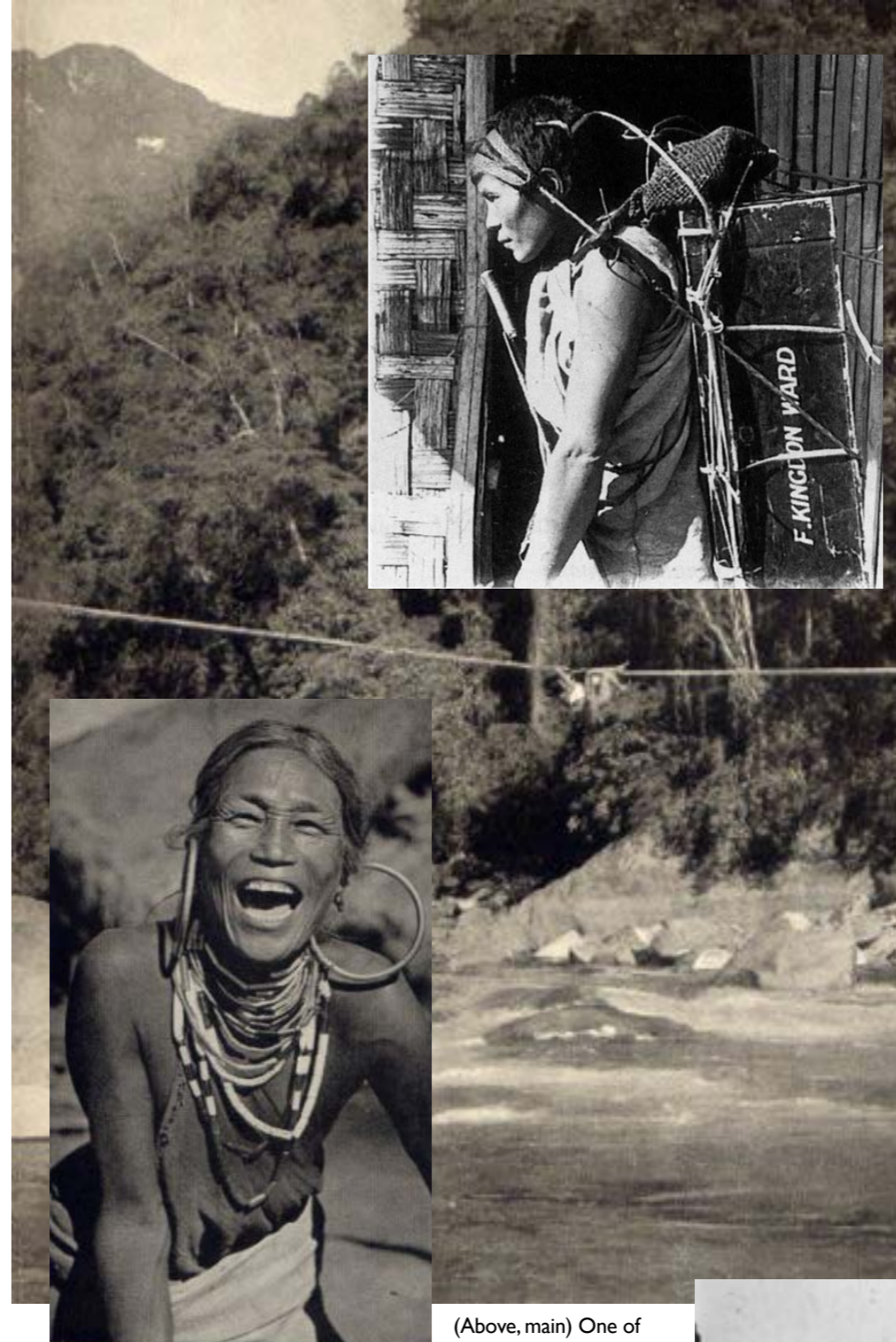


was possibly kindled when he overheard an explorer friend of his father say, “There are places up the Brahmaputra no white man has ever been.”

Kingdon-Ward actually started his working life as a schoolmaster at the Shanghai Public School. Although he didn’t enjoy it, schoolmastering probably stood him in good stead. One night on expedition in north-east India, three young men who resented his presence in their village burst into his room brandishing knives. Kingdon-Ward told them off like naughty schoolboys, before bundling them out of the room.

Unusually for an explorer, Kingdon-Ward had a poor sense of direction, but compensated for this with a superb memory. (So at least he knew where he’d been, even if he didn’t know where he was going.) He suffered terribly from vertigo—not useful in mountainous regions—and had a horror of snakes and rope bridges. But he was still a marvellous explorer, who spent so much of his life on expedition, *Who’s Who* gave his address as “of no fixed abode”. He wrote 25 books, mostly about his expeditions and illustrated with his own photos. He often included excellent portraits he’d taken of local people.

In 1924–5, with the permission of the Dalai Lama, Kingdon-Ward explored the Tsangpo Gorges in Tibet, where he described the weather as “wet eight months of the year and damned wet the other four”. On this trip he found his most famous plant, the blue woodland poppy, as well as the giant Himalayan cowslip. The blue woodland poppy is felt by some to embody the romance of plant hunting. It was first collected in China in 1886 by a French missionary, Père Delavay; but although he sent seed to Paris, nobody sowed it. In 1922 it was seen in south-east Tibet by the explorer Lt-Col F.M. Bailey, who pressed a flower in his



(Above, main) One of Kingdon-Ward’s great fears, a rope bridge; (inset top) one of his porters; (inset bottom) one of his photo portraits of a Tibetan local; (right) on expedition with Jean

pocket book. This dried specimen caused great excitement in England. The poppy caused a sensation when it was finally introduced into cultivation by Kingdon-Ward. There were mass plantings of it in Hyde Park, London, and Ibrox Park, Glasgow. At the 1927 Chelsea Flower Show, tiny seedlings were sold at a guinea each.

During the Second World War Kingdon-Ward travelled to the Far East to find routes for troops and supplies and to establish dumps of stores and munitions ready for the campaign against the Japanese. He also taught jungle survival skills at the RAF

training school in Poona. After the war, he carried on with his expeditions, now always accompanied by his second wife, Jean Macklin. On their 1950 expedition they were camped near the epicentre of the great Assam earthquake. It was so violent, a seismograph in Istanbul broke, and one in Dorking oscillated so madly, the print-out was unreadable.

In 1958 Kingdon-Ward was in London planning another expedition when he had a stroke and died. He’s buried at Grantchester.

Those were just a few tales of the plant hunters. They took morphine as a tonic, shared their beds with poisonous caterpillars, went boating with opium addicts, lugged cuckoo clocks through the Burmese jungle—and made our world a much more beautiful place.

“*The Plant Seekers*” runs until 21st October at the Garden Museum, Lambeth Palace Rd, London SE1 7LB. For more details, go to gardenmuseum.org.uk



HASTA LA FIESTA

GRACED WITH AN inexplicable Mexican theme, our summer party took place on 20th July at the Adam Street Club. Frida Kahlos rubbed shoulders with Zorros, bandidos and Zapatistas, and one guest even came with a bloodied chainsaw and the head of a rival drug lord in a bucket. We had live music from Mariachi Jalisco, who got people up dancing and even played an encore. We had the traditional shooting game with the ancestral foam dart gun (this time shooting a wine glass off the head of William Burroughs' wife Joan, in a recreation of their ill-fated "William Tell Routine") and an Aztec sacrifice game (utilising an "Operation" set remounted on a ziggurat). And of course we had a piñata, kindly made by Mrs H. in NSC colours. Our usual complimentary Snuff Bar made an appearance and there were gentlemanly requisites provided in the bathrooms—cologne, pomade, moustache wax, etc. There was a buffet of rather good Mexican food, plus tequila cocktails courtesy of Olmecca Altos; at the beginning of the evening we were treated to a masterclass from the brand's ambassador Matthias Lataille, who even gave us some pieces of cooked agave to taste, so we could see where tequila comes from. Many thanks to Matthias and to those who donated prizes for our Grand Raffle, which rounded off the evening. You can find many more photos from the event on the Club Flickr page.

Fun, frolics and fajitas as our summer party takes us South of the Border



Before the guests arrive, Curé Michael Silver delivers a last-minute benediction to the Committee



Clockwise from top left: the Committee as a pair of bandidos and William Burroughs; Oliver is Manny Calavera from computer game *Grim Fandango*; Sadie arrives at midnight but still makes an effort on the hat front; Cristina as Frida Kahlo; the Harrisons set up a US border patrol checkpoint; the Grand Raffle prizes on display



The cocktails are going down well



The NSC piñata awaits its fate later in the evening



(Left) Guests were treated to a complimentary buffet of Mexican food and the chef at the venue, the Adam Street Club, did us proud; (right) Stewart Waller excels himself with his blood-spattered chainsaw and the head of a rival drug lord (happens a lot, apparently)



(Above) The unaged Olmecca Altos plata and the reposado barrel-aged for 6–8 months



(Above) Matthias Lataille from Olmecca Altos; (above left) Scarheart uses a raffle prize to illustrate that tequila is made from agave (though not this species)



(left) Laurence as Zorro; (below) oh dear, Matthew "The Chairman" Howard has once again peaked too soon...



(Left) An inflatable cactus—no expense was spared on decorating the space; (below) I'm not sure who brought the tarantula glove puppet (Incy?) but it was annoyingly realistic (well, it is to an arachnophobe)



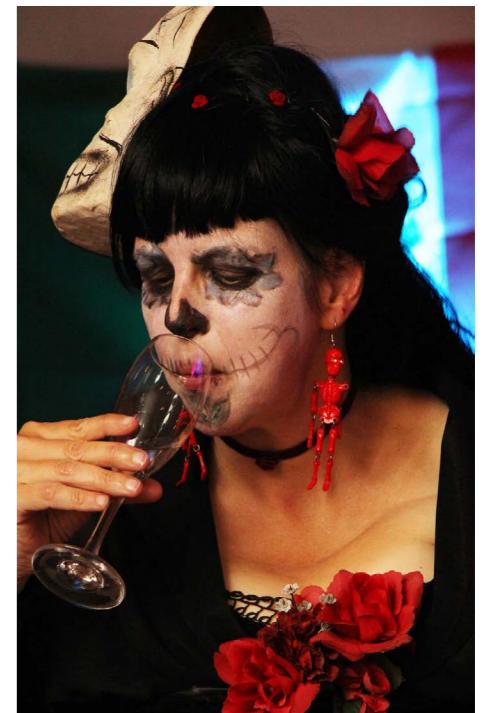
(Above) Ed Marlowe savours the bouquet; (left) Matthias produces some strips of sweet, juicy cooked agave and (right) passes it round the room for people to taste



(Left) Things get busy at the bar; Matthias from Olmecca Altos had prepared a special menu of tequila cocktails



(Right) Birgit gets used to tasting tequila from a flute rather than a shot glass; (left) the room had something of the stuccoed cantina about it and the coloured lighting made us wonder what kind of cactus we were eating...





(Left and above) Our Cut the Heart from the Human Sacrifice game was an old copy of 'Operation', where players must remove organs with metal tweezers without touching the sides (otherwise a buzzer goes off), here remounted on a ritual ziggurat



(Clockwise from top left) Louise takes aim in our Shoot the Glass from Joan Vollmer's Headmer game; Laurence calls on his cadet corps training; the moment a dart just misses Joan (as played by Mrs H); Paul and Cris cut a rug to (below) Mariachi Jalisco; general dancing breaks out; Ella reveals the cold eyes of a killer



(Left and above) Blindfolded contestants take turns to try and hit the piñata hard enough to break it and spill the payload of vintage-style sweets inside. Ed Marlowe is the victor



A selection of the prizes handed out in our Grand Raffle (clockwise from right); a “Mexican elbow” lime squeezer, a *lucha libre* wrestler’s mask; a Frida Kahlo paper doll book, a pair of maracas; and an agave



(Below left) A sight guaranteed to give you nightmares—that’s Ed Marlowe underneath the broken piñata head; (below) Jacky Fitz-William gives us some impromptu light opera, which in turn prompts... (below right) another impromptu turn; (right) some synchronised sashaying from the Vintage Mafia in their trademark matching outfits



MEXICO

BY ADRIAN PEEB

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE

Having resided in Mexico (Queretaro, to be precise) for the last five and a half years, I felt glad, seeing the photographs of The Sheridan Club’s Mexico-themed summer party, that the rich and varied culture of America’s exotic neighbour to the south was being celebrated with such gusto at a time when this thrillingly unpredictable country tends to find itself in the news for all the wrong reasons.

Though there are people prepared always to think the worst when it comes to Mexico, happily the positive images that a large percentage of the earth’s population have, and have always had, concerning it—mystery, romance, colourful art and music, beautiful beaches, dark-eyed señoritas, ancient ruins, etc.—continue to prevail.

As my long-suffering Mexican wife has frequently pointed out when watching the numerous English dramas and situation comedies I regularly force her to sit through, “Mexico always gets mentioned, have you noticed?” And it’s true. In the first of my two examples, we recently watched *Life on Mars* (I tend to “catch on” to things some years later) and, lo and behold, there was the main character, Sam, recounting a trip south-of-the-border after preparing a Mexican dish.

I also revisited a long-forgotten sitcom not too long ago, *On the Up* with Dennis Waterman, and was intrigued to hear Mrs Wembley (“Just the one”) displaying her enthusiasm for Lupe Vélez, a fiery Hollywood actress known as “The Mexican Spitfire”.

That’s not to say, of course, that Mexico is 100% safe (is anywhere these days?) and there

are areas of the country (the towns along the border, some of the state of Guerrero, for example) that are probably best avoided, but I have to say that I have personally never seen anything close to the level of violence graphically depicted in the 2010 film, *El Infierno*, save for a “retired” Mexican drug addict/gang member I met in the US (guitar strings are very effective when it comes to tying up victims, apparently). I feel much safer in Queretaro than I do in certain parts of London.



As a wonderful aside, I have stumbled upon an experienced tailor who made me a three-piece-suit for a very reasonable price. So if anyone fancies paying me a visit—my door is always open (not literally, of course: it’s safe, but not that safe)—I’ll take you to said purveyor of quality clothing, if you so desire.

There are many interesting towns and cities in the central region, affectionately known as “The Heart of Mexico” (Guanajuato, Tequisquiapan, Dolores Hidalgo, Morelia, San Miguel de Allende, etc.), all of which are within easy reach of Queretaro. A tequila-soaked train journey from Guadalajara to the town of Tequila, where one samples Mexico’s most famous export, accompanied by live mariachi music, is also a must.

In short, and despite the negative press, the phrase that I would use to sum up Mexico in 2013? “Don’t believe the hype!”

Oh, and if you come, would you mind bringing me some baked beans and a bottle of Pimm’s?

THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



In which a Member of the New Sheridan Club is asked to introduce themselves to other Members so that those at Home and Across the Seas may all get to know fellow Club Members. No part of this interview may be used in court or bankruptcy proceedings.



Stuart Turner

'What could POSSIBLY go wrong?'

Name or preferred name?

Stuart Turner, though until my late teens I was widely known as Tonkers.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

The reasons are lost in the mists of time. It is still used from time to time when I meet up with old school friends. Maybe henceforth I should resurrect it for Sheridan use... What say you?

Where do you hail from?

I am currently residing in the county of

Derbyshire. For the benefit of our southern members this is in the Midlands—or 'The North' as you would know it. Just outside the Arctic Circle.

Favourite Cocktail?

Definitely something with rum in it. Probably a Long Island Iced Tea or a Planter's Punch. While on holiday in Mexico I devoted an entire afternoon to blending the perfect Long Island Iced Tea. I think I may have succeeded, but buggered if I could recall it the next day.

Most Chappist Skill?

I can perform a passable double de-clutch. I think that is a fairly Chappist skill in this day and age.

Most Chappist Possession?

Hmmm. Definitely my '59 Austin Healey Frogeye... Or maybe my duck head 'tippling stick'. That said, I do also have a very nice silver 'napkin hook' which was a gift from my good lady wife. And I am exceedingly fond of my five-piece tweed shooting suit... Difficult one, that.

Personal Motto?

'What could POSSIBLY go wrong?'

Favourite Quotes?

I think, one from the late and great Douglas Adams which explains everything you need to know about the universe:

'Anything that happens, happens. Anything that, in happening, causes something else to happen, causes something else to happen. Anything that, in happening, causes itself to happen again, happens again. It doesn't necessarily do it in chronological order, though.'



Punting Lorella McDonald in April

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...

I once made toast for Prime Minister John Major. I really must read his autobiography someday to see if I'm mentioned.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Just over a year now. Before that my life was empty, incomplete and wholly lacking in purpose.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I was recruited – some would say press-ganged – by a mysterious gentleman known only as 'The Chairman' whilst stewarding at last year's Chap Olympiad.

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why? (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)

One for the Gentlemen: never canter a horse in loose fitting undergarments. Maybe I should clarify that to say 'while YOU are wearing loose fitting undergarments'. A horse in undergarments would be plainly ridiculous, loose or otherwise.

Your three chosen dinner party guests from history or fiction and why?

The aforementioned Douglas Adams, of course, as

his writing was a major influence on and joy to me as a child. Billy Connolly, in case anyone starts taking themselves too seriously. And Roger Moore, as I am currently reading his autobiography and he definitely has some tales to tell.

On reflection I am a little concerned that without a female presence it could degenerate quickly, so I'd encourage HM The Queen to gate-crash the party

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart

Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you you planning to do?

No, I haven't – very remiss of me. Neither have I seen anyone else's, due to being ensconced in the provinces during the week. That said, I do enjoy the transcripts in the Club periodical. Never say never, though...

Thank you for allowing yourself to be interviewed in the palatial surroundings of New Sheridan Club House. On behalf of the Members of the Club may I respectfully ask you to resign.

Note the duck-head tippling stick!



Film Night: *Charade* (1963)

Monday 12th August

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, Mark Davies presents this comedy-thriller starring Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn, concerning a socialite who returns from a skiing trip to find her husband murdered and a CIA agent keen to talk to her.

"Stanley Donen's 1963 movie is perhaps not strictly chappish," says Mr Davies, "but it does have Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn, who are respectively gentlemanly and charming. They spar with wonderful dialogue and chemistry that make it perhaps surprising that they never made any other movies together. It's a mix of screwball and



murder mystery with some spy intrigue thrown in and a few twists to throw you just when you think you've worked it out. To make up the strong cast, it co-stars Walter Matthau, one half of *The Odd Couple*, George Kennedy, best known as Ed Hocken from the *Naked Gun* movies (and wasn't he in every 1970s disaster movie?) and James Coburn, then a rising star. The best Hitchcock that Hitchcock never made?"



SILENCE IS GOLDEN

Tim Eyre tells how and why he came to present our July Film Night, Czech silent masterpiece 'Erotikon' (*Seduction*)

THE SILENT FILM *Erotikon* was released in 1929. By this time the "talkies" were gaining ground. However, few viewers will rue the lack of sound thanks to the masterful direction by the Czech filmmaker Gustav Machatý. Indeed, a comparison of the grainy monochrome silence of *Erotikon* with the technical wizardry of modern blockbusters illustrates that it is acting and direction that lie at the heart of a good film rather than CGI or Dolby Digital Surround Sound.

The story is something of a melodrama. A dashing urbane young man called Georg Sydney (played by Austrian actor Olaf Fjord) misses his train at a rural station and so bribes the stationmaster with whisky to be allowed to spend the night at his house. As the stationmaster heads out to work the night shift, Sydney encounters his beautiful but naïve daughter Andrea (played by Slovenian actress and beauty queen Ita Rina). He seduces her with a gift of the eponymous scent and they spend an intensely passionate night together. The next morning Sydney leaves the station for the city; Andrea knows Sydney has no intention

Tim delivers his introduction at our film presentation



of seeing her again. She subsequently finds that she is pregnant and leaves her home town in shame. Andrea's child is stillborn and she is left destitute, wandering through the countryside in a daze. A ne'er-do-well attacks her but she is saved by a chivalrous motorist called Jean (played by Luigi Serventi), whom Andrea soon marries. While living in the city the couple happen across Sydney, who befriends Jean in order to resume his wooing of Andrea. Sydney simultaneously maintains an adulterous affair with a bottle blonde. Jealousy, suspicion, lust, revenge and betrayal all follow.



Rina and Fjord as Andrea and Georg

I have to admit that this is not the sort of film I normally seek out. I first encountered *Erotikon* by pure chance in Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia. One sunny afternoon I was exploring the National Museum of Contemporary History, where I appeared to be the only visitor. As I made my way through the deserted hallways, I came to a section on



Erotikon features a perfume of the same name, with which the cad seduces the heroine

Slovenian media. Here the museum proudly declared that the Czech film *Erotikon* had starred the Slovenian actress Ita Rina. It struck me as slightly strange that a nation should reach back more than 80 years to locate a notable film. Either they were extremely desperate or else *Erotikon* was extremely good. Wishing to give the charming nation I was visiting the benefit of the doubt, I noted down the name of the film and added it to my “to watch” list.

Nine months later, while on a business trip to Taipei, I located a free download of *Erotikon* on a not-for-profit website. The film had been considered lost for years until a copy was found in 1993 and carefully restored. Someone had clearly digitized the restored print and now here it was, out of copyright, for all to watch. I was further pleased to find that some kind soul had created a set of English subtitles for the film. Although *Erotikon* is silent, it is not entirely devoid of language; occasional still “title cards” provide key snippets of dialogue and these snippets are in Czech. While I am not quite as linguistically challenged as many of my fellow Englishmen, the only words I know in Czech are *robot* and *howitzer*. It is probably possible to enjoy *Erotikon* without recourse to subtitles but in my opinion they significantly enhance the experience.

Ten minutes into the film I was already convinced that Slovenia was touting Ita Rina’s performance in *Erotikon* as a national achievement out of fully warranted pride and not

desperation. I found myself as engaged with it as I have been with any film from any era. The film is raised above a basic bread-and-butter melodrama by a combination of superb acting, innovative cinematography and a script that Gustav Machatý created with the help of the important Czech Surrealist poet Vítězslav Nezval. It is without doubt a work of art rather than a mere piece of entertainment. For example, as if to show off his directing prowess, Machatý includes a lengthy scene depicting a game of chess. This would ordinarily be cinematic suicide but Machatý and his actors fill it with such sizzling tension that the viewer cannot help but be enthralled.

However, the most notable feature of *Erotikon* is that it does not shy away from dealing with the subject of human passion, specifically female sexuality. Even today such a title might raise an eyebrow or two, so one might be surprised that Machatý released his work more than 80 years ago. To put *Erotikon* into historical context, it was around this time that the American Hays Code of censorship (which was written by a Catholic priest) required that if even a husband and wife were to be depicted in a bedroom then each must keep at least one foot on the floor. Although scarcely any flesh is bared in *Erotikon* other than that which extends beyond collar and cuff, it nevertheless delivers far more erotic power than a dozen prints of *9½ Weeks*. For instance, Machatý intercuts the seduction scene near the start of the film with a shot of two raindrops intermingling on a window pane.

Machatý continued to explore this theme with his release of the talking film *Extase* in 1933. *Extase* so scandalized the American



Georg Sydney with his married mistress in the background

censors with its nude scenes of Hedy Lamarr that only a Bowdlerized version was admitted to the USA. Sadly this is the only version of the film extant. *Extase* is generally considered to be Machatý’s greatest achievement, with *Erotikon* ranking second.

After I had watched *Erotikon*, it occurred to me that I should recommend it for a New Sheridan Club film night. This was because, in addition to its solid artistic merits, it has some features that are of considerable specific interest to Chaps and Chapettes. Most obvious are the vintage styles. Sydney is dressed and groomed with impeccable fastidiousness. I found myself studying his neat coiffure and perfectly tailored suits with a mixture of envy and admiration. A particular treat is the pivotal scene in a tailor’s fitting room where we witness Sydney and another man being fitted for suits.

Although Sydney is an utter scoundrel, he comports himself with dignity, charm and disarming generosity. Chaps may wish to study the good parts of Sydney’s conduct for tips on how to enchant and beguile. Conversely, Chapettes may wish to seek an insight into the wiles of the seducer so as to be better prepared to foil his advances. In this, *Erotikon* may serve as a companion-piece to Mai Britt Møller’s April NSC Club Night presentation on escaping from bounders.

Ita Rina is an even more engaging screen presence. She combines top-drawer acting with truly outstanding beauty—she was crowned Miss Slovenia in 1926. It is hardly surprising that Slovenia should be eager to bring attention to her talents. In *Erotikon* we see Rina wearing some marvellous outfits in the style of the late 1920s. I particularly noticed her long, narrow ruler-straight eyebrows. Rina acted in a further



The famous chess scene, symbolising the struggles of intrigue and betrayal between the characters

ten films before the outbreak of the Second World War and in one film after it (*Atomic War Bride* in 1960, at the age of 53). Hollywood offered Rina a role in 1931 but her husband, whom she married in the same year, forbade her to take it. I fear that cinema is much the poorer for his intolerance.

Gustav Machatý continued to direct, not only making *Extase* but also moving to Hollywood where unfortunately he did not thrive. However, being Jewish, it was just as well that Machatý managed to keep out of Central Europe during the war. On returning to Europe he only made one more film, *Suchkind 312* in 1955. He taught at a German film school and died in 1963, 16 years before Rina.

Silent films from inter-war Eastern Europe are not the most obvious place to look for a good evening’s entertainment. However, if you are reading this publication then you are far more likely to enjoy *Erotikon* than a typical Hollywood cops-and-robbers flick. If you didn’t make it to the New Sheridan Club Film Night showing then you can watch the film for free by downloading it from <http://goo.gl/ARRFP>. The subtitles can be found at <http://goo.gl/dq68P>. In doing so you can look back over 80 years to a time when technical limitations required a film to rely on the things that are really important: talented acting, skilled direction, engaging storytelling and creative cinematography. Just don’t watch it when your maiden aunt is in the room.

FIELD OF DRAMS

If you build it he will come. And smuggle alcohol in with him
THE CHAP OLYMPIAD 2013

ONCE AGAIN, the sharp of trouser crease, the fragrant of pipe tobacco and the rakish of hat angle answered the rallying cry from *The Chap* magazine and descended in their hundreds on Bedford Square Gardens in London for the annual celebration of games designed to test a fellow's *savoir faire*, loucheness and taste in tailoring—rather than anything so vulgar as physical prowess or so unwise as athletic exertion. After a few years when the rain failed to do its duty and hold off, we had spectacularly sunny conditions; in fact the biggest challenge was keeping remotely cool in so many layers of tweed or stout military serge.

There was a bit of an organisational regroup too: after last year's two-day event we returned to a solid single-day games. Some events had vanished, such as the long-serving Martini Relay, and also the relatively recent Ironing Board Surfing (following, rumour has it, an accident last time—accident waiting to happen, if you ask me...). New games tended to be less brutal, such as passing a brimming cup of tea between one bicyclist and another, a relay passing of port between a series of ever-diminishing vessels, hobby horse dressage and Bread Basketball, in which one team has to lob bread rolls into a fellow team-member's basket, while a table of diners in between them try to intercept the rolls.

We were treated to half-time musical manna from 1940s-style close-harmony trio the Speakeasy Three and vintage DJing from Swingin' Dickie. The only damper was that the heightened Health and Safety awareness meant that

dancing on the raised performance area was now banned—though a number of couples gave the security staff a cheeky runaround as they tried repeatedly to break this particular rule.

On the subject of breaking rules, I was particularly impressed by the ingenuity and sheer bulk of the booze smuggling that went on this time. (In the early days the Chap Olympics was unticketed and people just brought their own booze and picnic, but since Bourne and Hollingsworth took over—running their own bar—they have policed the gate and confiscated alcohol.) Pretty much everyone seemed to have a hip flask, while Mrs Downer smuggled grog in an emptied bottle of mouthwash (well, it was her own homemade rhubarb vodka, so hard to tell the difference, really...) and Scarheart even went to the trouble of hollowing out a loaf of bread so he could conceal a bottle of gin inside it. In fact we've decided that next year we will have a competition for Best Smuggler.

A melancholy note was struck by the absence of Nathaniel Slipper, who sadly died from cancer earlier this year. Our own Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot opened proceedings with a eulogy: instead of a two-minute silence, it was deemed more appropriate to have a two-minute cockney walkabout, to the strains of Chas 'n' Dave. At the end of the day, *Chap* editor Gustav Temple finished the awards ceremony by awarding Slipper a posthumous Black Cravat, wrapped around a bottle of whisky in his absence.

NSC Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot delivers a eulogy for Nathaniel Slipper before leading the crowd in a...





(Above) ...Cockney walkabout!
 (Left) Hipflasks ahoy! Smuggling varied from the brazen to the cunning—Rachel (below) with a mouthwash bottle of grog and (bottom) Scarheart's hollow loaf; (right) Charles finds an elegant way to keep cool; (bottom right) the NSC crowd don't do picnics by half



Under the watchful eye of MC Tristan Langlois (left), this game involved the passing of a brimming cup of tea between two cyclists—sometimes (right and below) with catastrophic degrees of failure



Matthew Howard (below) simply smuggled booze in his bloodstream



(Right) Cheating is always encouraged as long as it exhibits imagination, *savoir faire* or just plain right-thinking





Umbrella Jousting, in which *chevaliers de vélo* tilt using umbrellas and briefcase shields (yes, another one to file under Accident Waiting to Happen). For some reason every bout descended into protracted foot combat this year



Ed Marlowe thinks laterally and stumps his opponent Scarheart by actually opening the umbrella



In Bakewell Battle (above) each contestant had to keep a miniature Bakewell tart balanced on a pie slice while simultaneously trying to dislodge their opponent's tart with a teaspoon. The game below, which was called something like Beach Bowler Volleyball, was simply volleyball using a bowler hat. Contestants still found interesting ways to cheat.

(Above) Pandora Harrison and Peter Stroud keep sartorial standards up, despite the heat





Well Dressage, which is dressage with a hobby horse, as scored by the Vintage Mafia (right). Some attempted to immitate real dressage (below) while other reinterpreted the hobby horse (left) or simply ignored it (Russell Nash, below left)



(Right) Tug-of-Hair is a long-running event, which is simply a tug-of-war using an enormous extension to Atters's moustache; the old game of Bounders (where men approach women and vie to be the first to get slapped) has been replaced by Bounder Hunt (below)—where women chase men around a field. Under other circumstances these photographs would be very hard to explain...



Interval time, with music from the Speakeasy Three (below). Some sleep off the excitement, while Zack Pinsent signs copies of *The Chap* for fans and the NSC pavilion (bottom) serves as a trusty rallying point



(Below left) Miss Jessica May makes a perfect English Rose



(Left, right and below) Briefcase Phalanx is best thought of as British Bulldogs with briefcases involved in a fairly unclear capacity; some used them as shields or helmets, others as weapons. The woman who just decided to collect the briefcases probably had the last laugh, on her market stall





Bread Basketball, where seated diners must stop their opponents from tossing bread rolls to each other; David De Vynél can be relied upon to cheat spectacularly, here throwing himself on to the table, causing it to collapse. In the end (below left) this team simply bribes the diners with wine and is left in peace



Pass the Port, a relay game where port is poured from a decanter into a succession of vessels of vastly varying capacity, then back into the decanter, and wastage is measured. (Bottom) Some decide there are actually better things to do with the port



Not Playing Tennis is like tennis but the players have comfy chairs and the ball is carried back and forth along a string by an obliging ballgirl. The players themselves score points for ignoring the whole thing as much as possible. Torquil (right) is doing well, while Matthew (left) is penalised for acknowledging the racquet at all



Award time, and the Bronze Cravat goes to Zack, the Silver to the bendy lady and Gold to Russell Nash. The special Black Cravat goes to the late Nathaniel Slipper



Cachaca, Spirit of Brazil

By David Bridgman-Smith

In March, we looked at Soju, the best selling spirit in the world; the second best selling is vodka and the bronze medal goes to Cachaca from Brazil. With the World Cup less than a year away (not to mention the Olympics in 2016), it definitely seems that Cachaca is worth a taste—and now is the time to do it.

Cachaca (“ka-shah-sa”) is distilled from the juice of fresh, unrefined sugar cane. Most rum, by contrast is made from molasses. “Rhum Agricole” is also made from fresh cane juice, but differs from Cachaca in a number of ways:

1) Rhum Agricole is distilled to between 65 and 75% alcohol by volume, compared to Cachaca’s 48–52% ABV (so Cachaca only needs a small amount of dilution before bottling).

2) Cachaca often uses rice- or maize-based yeast to start the fermentation process, whereas Rhum Agricole will use sugar yeast.

3) Cachaca must be made in Brazil (additionally, it will be made close to sugar cane fields, as the cane must be cut no more than 24 hours before being pressed for it to be fresh enough to use).

Types of Cachaca

There are four main categories currently available:

1. White

Clear and unaged, with no more than 6 grams of sugar added per litre

2. Adocada

A sweetened white Cachaca, containing 6–30 grams of sugar per litre

3. Aromatised

Cachacas that have been flavoured with herbs, spices or fruits

4. Aged

Cachaca that has been matured in 700-litre wooden barrels. Depending on how long it has been matured for, it will have one of the following labels:
Aged Matured for at least 1 year
Premium Aged for 1-3 years
Extra Premium Aged for more than 3 years



A Caipirinha cocktail



Rio 2016



An interesting aspect of the ageing process is that native Brazilian woods—such as Jequitiba, Amendoim or Amburana—are typically used for the barrels, rather than American oak, etc.

One of the most accessible and available Cachacas is Sagatiba (both aged and unaged versions) and I would suggest this as a good starting point.

Sagatiba Pura (Unaged)

Nose: Smoky, with a touch of juicy citrus and a

slight hint of burnt sugar.
 Taste: Quite smooth with a little woodsmoke; initially this moves to sweetness akin to raisins (like sherry) and a dry, slight woody finish with a hint of ash, reminiscent of a Highland Scotch.

Sagatiba Velha (Aged for at least 2 years in white American oak casks)
 Nose: Fruity, jammy notes, including plum and sweet, unripe banana and a hint of cream.

Taste: A thick flavour with the jammy fruitiness usually associated with figs. This is followed by the more complex, wood notes and a little vanilla. These are all quite bold flavours, given that it’s only 38% ABV, but it is still very sippable.

Drinking Cachaca

The most popular cocktail using Cachaca is the Caipirinha. This is a typical farmers’ drink (*caipira* means countryman), originating from rural Brazil. The exact origin, as is often the case with cocktails, is difficult to isolate, but one story ties it to Sao Paulo during the Spanish Flu epidemic of 1918, where the drink was seen as a restorative tonic—at that time it contained both garlic and honey. Here’s what you’re more likely to get today.

Caipirinha

50ml Cachaca Pura (unaged)
 1 lime (quartered)



1–2tsp powdered sugar.
 Crushed ice
 Two tumblers, one chilled, and a mixing glass

1. Fill the unchilled tumbler with crushed ice and add cachaca
2. Add lime and sugar to the mixing glass and muddle the mix to release the juice from the lime and the oil from the peel as well as to start dissolving the sugar.
3. Pour the ice and cachaca into the mixing glass and stir.
4. Empty the contents of the mixing glass into the chilled tumbler.

Taste

Cooling and clean, with some hints of smoke. Simple, but effective and with character, this is very easy to enjoy, having some depth but not being overly complex. There is a great interaction between the spirit and lime in this refreshing drink which is a great way in which to try Cachaca for the first time.

So there we have it, a brief guide to Brazil’s spirit. It will no doubt be all the rage in the coming few years so Club Members will be, as always, one step ahead of the game.

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



CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Extends Its Tendrils

TWO MORE SIGHTINGS this month confirm that the New Sheridan Club is closing its grasp around the reigns of power. A henchman of Dr No and the face of our national broadcaster both signalled to the world by wearing NSC ties.

New Members

AS THE SUMMER HOLS stretch ahead of us, threatening boredom to the plucky schoolboy, we offer both comradeship like that of a new chum (perhaps the son of the new family in the neighbouring country house) to go scrumping with and messing about in boats, as well as stimulation akin to noticing a suspicious stranger in the village cursing in German, or stumbling across a smouldering pit out on the moors with a queer silver capsule at the bottom, to the following adventure-hungry bricks, all of whom have taken the Club pledge in the last month: Magnus Ruding, Katie Holt, Michelene P. Heine, Eudes-Marie Hartemann, Andrea Laurence, Adrian Peel, Charles Miller and Simon Garrett.



Forthcoming Events



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

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

🍷 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 7th August
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 9pm, £4 after (plus £2



(Left) Evil geologist and supervillain henchman Professor Dent, from the Bond film *Dr No* (1962) is clearly a Clubman. Meanwhile, a BBC newsreader (above) was spotted on 12th June sporting the Club silk

Eccentric deliveries in Edinburgh, in preparation for the Hendrick's Carnival of Knowledge



for the uke class and £1 for the dance class)
Live swing jazz every Wednesday —on 7th August featuring the Spanner Big Band—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 Hendrick's Carnival of Knowledge

Thursday 8th– Sunday 11th August
1 Royal Circus, Edinburgh, EH3 6TL
Admission: Some events free, some not
Henrick's self-styled peculiar gin (flavoured with rose and cucumber) is hosting four days of abstruse and eccentric lectures, workshops and happenings, in associations with Damian Barr, Granta Magazine and the Last Tuesday Society. In addition to the Parlour Bar, open from noon till 11pm every day, there will be such treats as a collage workshop, talks on why we make mistakes and why we're obsessed with the apocalypse, live storytelling by the Liars' League, Philip Hoare on ravens and Dan Cruickshank on the architecture of dreams. For the full schedule see hendricksgin.com/carnivalofknowledge/edinburgh-events.aspx.

Palais de Danse

Friday 9th August
6.30–11pm
London Welsh Centre, 157–163 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8UE

Admission: £15 in advance, £20 on the door
Dress: Strictly black tie/vintage glamour
Brandyn Shaw invites you to his vintage dance event, Palais de Danse—step back in time to the glamour of the interwar period ballroom. Dance the night away to authentic live period dance music from the Old Hat Jazz Band, with crooning input from Brandyn Shaw, a vocal spitting image of Al Bowly if ever there was one, who will also be DJ'ing. Large sprung dance floor and licensed bar. There is a free beginner's foxtrot lesson from 6.30 to 7.30, and the band will be on stage from 9pm. There are usually a fair few lindy hop and progressive dancers who are happy to dance with strangers. For more info see the Facebook event.

52nd Street Jump

Saturday 10th August
7.30pm–1.30am
The Cuban 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 DJ Miss Aloha.



Nail-biting action in an idyllic setting at a previous NSC Tashes match

NSC Film Night

Charade (1963)

Monday 12th August

7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

See page 22.

Spin-a-Disc

Monday 12th August

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 by Natasha and Paul from the Swingtime Dance Co. from 7.30, intermediate classes from 8.15, and “freestyle” from 9pm.

Groove Lounge

Friday 16th August

7.30–11.30pm

Buckden Millennium Centre, Burberry Road, Buckden, St Neots, Cambridgeshire PE19 5UY

Admission: £5

Monthly swing dance night with DJ Pinball Paul and a high-quality sprung dance floor. More at www.rug-cutters.co.uk.

The Tashes

Saturday 17th August

From 10am

Rangers Field (near Blackheath Gate, by the pavilion), Greenwich Park, London SE10 8QY

Admission: players will be asked to make a contribution to hire fees (probably around £5–10); you may wish to bring a picnic lunch too

The Club's annual cricket match between the hirsuit and the cleanshaven moves location from Roehampton to Greenwich (where the cost is only a third of what it was and there are better facilities). If you would like to take part please email Watermere at cgvowles@gmail.com. Spectators are also welcome and picnicking is traditional. The precise location is Rangers Field: it's in the bottom left corner of the map at www.royalparks.org.uk/parks/greenwich-park.

Lucky Dog Picturehouse presents

Outdoor Silent Cinema at Abney Park

Saturday 24th August

Doors 8.15pm, first film 8.30

Abney Park (Stoke Newington High Street gate), London N16 0LH

Admission: £12 (£9 concs with ID, if you bring your own seat or blanket to sit on) from wegottickets.com/event/234463

The Lucky Dog Picturehouse brings you a night of classic silent film in the beautiful outdoor setting of Abney Park nature sanctuary and cemetery. The bill includes three classic films from the birth of Hollywood featuring some of the stars of early cinema, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and Laurel and Hardy, with live musical accompaniment from some of London's finest ragtime and early jazz pianists, plus the best popcorn in town.

Twinwood Festival 2012

Saturday 24th–Monday 26th August

10.30am Saturday till 11.30

Monday

Twinwood Arena and Airfield, near Bedford, MK41 6AB

Admission: From £27–31 for one day to £71 for all three

Huge vintage music and dance festival celebrating the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s, now in its 12th year. This time there will be ten separate venues, hosting more than 60 dance bands, plus over 100 traders. Camping seems to be the order of the day. See www.twinwoodevents.com.

The Congress for Curious People

Thursday 29th August–Sunday 8th September

A range of venues across the UK

A week-long festival of the strange, exotic, eccentric and alternative, with an emphasis on morbid culture and entertainment, followed by a two-day symposium. For a full list of events see curiouscongress.wordpress.com/programme, but the feast includes talks on the occult, the history of gin, anthropomorphic taxidermy and

fairgrounds, an exhibition of art by a 1920s psychic, a magic lantern show with live music by The Real Tuesday Weld, and a day trip to Blackpool.

Faux Pas

Saturday 31st August

8pm

The Bell Pub, 617 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

Admission: Free, I believe

A music night by DJ Auntie Maureen, who describes it as “Auntie blundering her way through decades of poor musical choices, egged on by your own socially awkward or tactless acts throughout the evening. It could all be disastrous. Dress code: a hat. Indoors. Yet another faux pas.”

THE LUCKY DOG PICTUREHOUSE PRESENTS

SILENT CINEMA

SATURDAY 24TH AUGUST

ABNEY PARK

8.30PM TILL 10.30PM



OUTDOORS WITH LIVE MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT
NEVER WEAKEN • THE IMMIGRANT • THE LUCKY DOG
 MEET AT 8.15PM STOKE NEWINGTON HIGH STREET GATE
 LONDON N16 0LH
 £9 CONCESSION / BRING OWN BLANKET OR SEAT
 £12 TICKET WITH SEATING

Abney 

Get your tickets now at:
www.wegottickets.com/event/234463
tldpicturehouse.blogspot.co.uk  theluckydogpicturehouse

Il Grande Colonesi (aka Andy Hill) once more made a strong showing at the Chap Olympics, seen here wielding a Bakewell tart in Bakewell Battle (see pages 26–35)



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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.

For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub.

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