

Chap Olympics in Pictures • Cake of the Month • Booze News

Limber Up and Limbo Down

NSC Summer Party reaches new lows

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

**BUMPER
PICTORIAL
SPECIAL!**
GUARANTEED TO CLOG
YOUR INBOX!

XXII • August 2008



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of the Wheatsheaf pub 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 here and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women in here 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 here, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Editor Writes

Well, what a month July has been for hedonism, eh? The New Sheridan Club's summer party, *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, was a huge success—the local council is still picking up dead wildlife and counselling stunned residents. Although the immediate environment seemed rather unlikely (some guests admitted that, as they trod gingerly up the road in their finery, they wondered if they had come to the right place) all agreed that the venue itself was a real find. The friendly staff were kept busy pumping booze into eager stomachs and the oriental decor suited the theme perfectly. Details on pages 4–9.

A scant week before that was the annual Chap Olympics, organised by *The Chap* magazine. Gone was the sponsorship from Hendricks gin—which turned out be a Good Thing. The turn-out was just as good as the last two years, but the glorious old ramshackle DIY quality was back. And not a humourless PR popsy in sight. See pages 12–24.

Finally, sporting ladies and gents will want their attentions directed to the the Forthcoming Events pages where they will note with glee the advent of the annual Tashes cricket match.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 6th August, 8pm–11pm, upstairs at

The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB. This month, Mr Tristan Langlois of the National Army Museum presents “*Roll to Your Rifle and Blow Out Your Brains*”: *A Light Introduction to the History of the British Army in Afghanistan*. Using soldiers' lithographs, daguerrotypes, uniforms and a range of impressive helmets, Mr Langlois will recount the epic tale of Tommy Atkins' adventures o'er the Indus in a handy, pocket-sized 20 minutes.

The Last Meeting

Still bearing the haunted stare and yellow pallor from his months in the jungle, Mr Horatio Scotney-Le Cheyne came down from the treehouse in his garden where he now chooses to sleep long enough to tell us a bit about his stint earlier this year as a photographer attached to a Raleigh International project to give young British whelps a taste of colonial hardship. The inmates, he told us, were a strange mix of the disadvantaged, being given a chance they would otherwise never have, and the highly advantaged, whose parents had bought them a ticket in the hope it might do them some good. Mr Scotney-Le Cheyne was of the considered opinion that by and large it did not, but still some nice pictures came out of it. In fact our speaker has subsequently joined the TA expressly to get a greater chance to delve into the mysteries of jungle craft.



(Right) Mrs H.'s brother Paul, himself a dive instructor in Thailand, infiltrates the meeting in a cunning disguise; (below from left) Mrs Scotney-Le Cheyne and an uncharacteristically shy Miss Minna; Frisax, aka Ian Valentine; Miss Charlotte Taylor

(Right) In quiet tones Horatio shares with us the horror of Man's heart of darkness; (left) three of his snaps: (from top) a Raleigh volunteer, a Sungai funeral and a Muslim wedding



(Left) An all too familiar scene—the Committee attempt to get the pictures to come out of the Babbage device and on to the screen; (below) Miss Willow Tomkins quietly plots murder





Mad Dogs and Englishmen

THE CLUB'S SUMMER PARTY took place on Saturday 19th July at Positively 4th Street, an establishment that bills itself as "a New York bar in London" but actually has a very Oriental interior. Against a backdrop of mechanical punkahs and a thousand tea lights, we were entertained by the "chap hop" stylings of Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer, some Noel Coward crooning from pianist Joe Paice and some bug-eyed social awkwardness from resident poet Niall Spooner-Harvey. There was also a quiz to match old colonial names to modern countries, a fiendish physical puzzle to steal grave goods and the hugely successful indoor tiger shoot—the tiger in question was a cuddly toy eight inches high.



(Above) The slightly unpromising exterior to the venue; (right) Scarheart mans the door to make sure no one gets in and has any fun



(Above) Torquil sinks some chow to line his stomach; (right) meanwhile downstairs in the Opium Den waves of ennui and self-loathing already engulf the excited party guests



(Top) the bar begins to fill—note the automated punkah fans on the ceiling; (above) some of the Grand Raffle Prizes on display; (right) that's Isabel's mum, a great sport; (left) bucking the colonial trend, Alex Hepburn decides to come simply as a Mad Dog





(Above, l-r) The famous Snuff Bar (with which the bouncer seemed particularly fascinated); one of the 198 plastic flies that graced the venue for the occasion; Dickie pits his wits against the Map Game; (left) Fruity takes aim at the tiger; (below left) Seonaid is not short of advice; (bottom) the tiger faces the onslaught with remarkable froideur



(left) A good old-fashioned game where you guide a metal loop along a wire without letting them touch



(Above) As at our Christmas party, Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer rocked the house; (top right) Niall Spooner-Harvey pummels us with more tales of social observation and disfunction and (right) Lobby Lud, a one-man kazoo orgy, sadly missed his planned slot, but did get to play eventually; (below left) the sophisticated crooner Joe Paice treated us to some Noel Coward numbers from the pianoforte (yes, the venue even had one of those), culminating, of course in *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, for which the audience were given hymn sheets so they could sing along; (below right) Mr B.'s audience surge forward. Many of them seemed to know all the words. Mr B. himself was so impressed that he was taking photos of them. In the fervour, pole dancing and limboing broke out...





Dickie wins the rubber plantation starter kit—a rubber plant, a machete and a neckerchief



Lawrence wins, appropriately, a DVD of Lawrence of Arabia



Hartley displays the Chinese parasol, a prize that all the ladies seemed keen to win



The punters go wild as Chuckles wins the mighty Lock's pith helmet



(Above) Capt Coppice has to be physically restrained from making an acceptance speech



Acturius wins the parcel of English ales and Fentimans beverages, kindly donated by the Albion Emporium



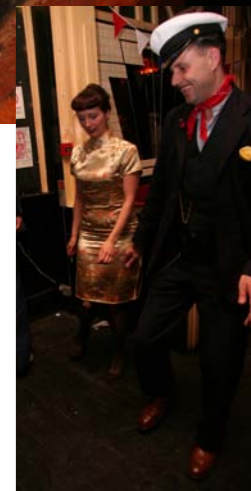
Tallulah wins a DVD of Carry on Up the Khyber



(Left) Bunty wins the lush prize of a weekend at Miller's Residence boutique hotel plus a case of Martin Miller's sublime gin; (right) the lucky winner of an African mask



(Top) Mr and Mrs Scotney-Le Cheyne; (above) Mrs H. with her prize of a Fairtrade Panama, courtesy of Pachacuti, with Seth Thevoz and a young man who looks a lot like Roger Daltrey; (below left) Niall is given his birthday present, a black trilby; (below centre and right) overwhelmed by the power of Mr B.'s music, Waveney pole-dances around a cane, then begins limbo dancing; (right) Miss Nicola chats to Timothy Kennington and (far right)—inevitably for her—breaks into dancing; (above right) among its many charms, the bar does very good value Martinis...argor...





ESSAYS OF NOTE AND WORTH

1908

By Torquil Arbuthnot

SO WHAT WAS the world like a hundred years ago? This handy crib will fill you in on all the gen that really matters.

ON 1ST JANUARY 1908 Harry Bensley left for his would-be trip around the world pushing a pram and wearing an iron mask, beginning from Trafalgar Square. Bensley was the subject of an extraordinary wager between John Pierpont Morgan and Hugh Cecil Lowther, 5th Earl of Lonsdale, that a man could walk around the world without being identified. Bensley supposedly spent the next six and half years on the road, claiming to have got as far as China and Japan before the outbreak of World War I rendered the wager somewhat invalid. However, there is no proof that he made it further than Bexleyheath in Kent.

ON 12TH JANUARY a long-distance radio message was sent from the Eiffel Tower for the first time; doubtless a notification of surrender.



Harry Bensley on his alleged around-the-world stroll

AUSTRALIA REGAINED The Ashes with a 308 run victory over England. So, no change there.

THE FIRST AROUND-THE-WORLD car race, the New York to Paris race, took place in 1908. Starting in Times Square on 12th February, the competitors drove across the USA (often riding with special balloon tyres on railway tracks where no roads existed) to Alaska where they took a steamer to Vladivostok via Japan. From there they simply drove through Siberia and Manchuria on to the winning post in Paris. The winner, an American team in a Thomas Flyer, arrived in Paris on 30th July.

THE OPENING CEREMONY of the London Olympics was held on 27th April at the White City Stadium.

Great Britain topped the medal tally with 56 golds. Britain won the gold medal in the tug-of-war, when the City of London



The Thomas Flyer that won the round-the-world race in 1908

Police beat the Liverpool Police...

THE TUNGUSKA EVENT, also known as the "Russian explosion", occurred near the Podkamennaya Tunguska River in Krasnoyarsk Krai, Siberia, on 30th June. The explosion is estimated to have been about a thousand times more powerful than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Although theories abound as to the cause of the explosion (antimatter, black hole, UFO crash) the explosion was most likely caused by the air burst of a large meteoroid or comet fragment at an altitude of 3 to 6 miles above the Earth's surface.

IN NOVEMBER WESTERN bandits Messrs Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid were supposedly killed in Bolivia, after being surrounded by a large group of soldiers.

AMONG THOSE PUPPED in 1908 were: Simone de Beauvoir (famous for sitting in cafés smoking); Stephane Grappelli (famous for scratching away in the Hot Club de France); the



The 1908 City of London Police tug-of-war team

English explorer Vivian Fuchs (famous for generating headlines such as "Fuchs Off to the South Pole"); John Mills (famous for being plucky); Rex Harrison (famous for being one of the finest screen cads); Ian Fleming (famous for writing *Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang* and some spy novels); Don Ameche (famous for his pencil moustache); and Sir Donald Bradman (famous for having a test average of 99.94).

THE NOBEL PRIZE for literature was won by some German philosopher called Rudolf Christoph Eucken, of whom no one has ever heard, before or since.



Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid. Before they were killed. Mr Cassidy is seated far right; Mr Harry A. Longabaugh, alias The Sundance Kid, is seated far left



Anarcho-Dandyist Flame Rekindled at Chap Olympics

THIS YEAR'S INCARNATION of that celebration of sporting inertia, devious indolence and proud foppishness that is the Chap Olympiad took place in a secluded dell on Hampstead Heath. The shift in location was presumably partly to hide the occasion from undesirables and partly because, in the absence of corporate sponsorship from Hendricks, Bedford Square Gardens was out.

In fact until participants actually got there they were mostly pretty unsure exactly where it was—the more dedicated had collected a series of tokens from Chappist retailers as instructed in the *The Chap* magazine; these tokens gave a series of directions from Hampstead Heath railway station. The less dedicated simply followed the others. After a few false starts, wrong turns, blind alleys and good-natured joshing, cursing, kicking and gouging, everyone made it to the Arcadian spot. Picnics were disgorged, picnickers were engorged and eventually the games began...



(Far left) (l-r) *The Chap* editor and organiser of the event, Gustav Temple, Alfred Chapman and Tristan Langlois; (left) a field of brollies sprouts from the earth as picnickers come armed against the inevitable showers, (below) this fellow brought a sword to practise the noble art of *sabrage*; (bottom) the chap in goggles seems to expect a element of speed and action...



(Far left) (l-r) Capt Coppice, with Mr and Mrs Robert Beckwith; (left) Cecille from the Gothic contingent; (far left bottom) Claudia Aliffe and the Earl of Waveney in the Victorian equivalent of a Hawaiian shirt; (below) Tallulah and faithful retainer Lawrence; (bottom left) these two chaps' uniforms had Tristan of the Army Museum scratching his head—turns out they just made them up; (bottom right) no idea who this cove was, but I assumed he was a spy and informed the police





(Left) Fruity Hatfield-Peverel enjoys a cup of proper tea; (right) despite the fake tash and comedy bowler these chaps deserve full marks for continuing to wear the bathing costumes in the pub



(far left) The games begin with the Pipe-Smokers' Relay: a briar is passed between team members, who must keep it aflame; (left) Farhan is clearly in "the zone"; (below right) Frisax, on the other hand, has achieved europic enlightenment, which will probably distract him from the game; (below) teammates at the hand-over pause for pleasantries



(Above) Nicole Wevers; (above right) (l-r) Ensign Polyethyl, De Rives and Dame Fforbes; (above far right) Miss Minna, a formidable brace of victory rolls and Ray Frensham; (right) as the heavens open the only response is drunken singing



(left) Atters turns on the charm for Fleur de Guerre; (right) (l-r) Frisax, Tallulah, Claudia Aliffe and Niall Spooner-Harvey shelter from the rain



While (above) contestants relive the action of the race over a convivial briar, Gustav Temple (right) is interviewed in front of television cameras. He uses Claudia and Waveney as exemplars as he takes the viewers through the niceties of proper dress





In this elaborate game two opponents, one with a moustache and the other with a beard, compete to tweak a hair from the other's facial foliage. They do this armed with plastic lobsters.

(Left) Waveney and his Sikh opponent take it in turns to inspect the lobsters to ensure fair play; (below) lobsters drawn, they square up; (bottom left) the fighting comes to close quarters; (bottom right) a hair plucked, Waveney lies vanquished



The Cucumber Sandwich Disc: contestants are judged by how close the sandwich components are to each other upon landing. (Left) Tallulah flings; (above) this chap favours a solid low stance; (right) Aremis Scarheart favours cheating by secreting his sandwich in his hat



(Above left) Concentration is etched on the athlete's face; (above right) contestant's-eye view—food shortages meant each player had only a quarter of a sandwich rather than a full round; (right) Waveney organises a synchronised sandwich-flinging party; (below) Gustav carefully measures the distance between this young lady's plate and sandwich; (right) RN's strategy is simply to stuff his sandwich into his mouth in the hope that no one will notice





(Left) His own tash protected by a military-spec battle snood, Atters tries to ensure a clean fight; (below) the play turns rough—one fighter seems to have had his tie torn away; (right) this bout starts cautiously but is over all too soon with a lethally accurate thrust; (below left) an attempt to use eastern mysticism fails to impress the opponent



(Above and left) In this bizarre bout players fight in pairs. The chap in the turban has tried either to intimidate or confuse his enemy by adding to large feathers to his moustache



(Left) Finally a grudge match is announced between none other than Gustav Temple and NSC Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot. Gustav lunges and—convinced of victory—preens to the booing crowd. But he is in for a surprise and curses as Atters announced Torquil the victor on a technicality





(Far left) This is Chap-O-San. Who will take him on? Well, how about these three below for starters? (Centre) This adversary first uses mind games on Chap-O-San then pins him down and seizes his pipe



(Below and left) Chap-O-San again is easily defeated and his Meerschaum siezed; (right) Gustav berates him for his failure



(Below and below left) Tallulah also flips Chap-O-San with ease before fatally smothering him with her generous décolletage

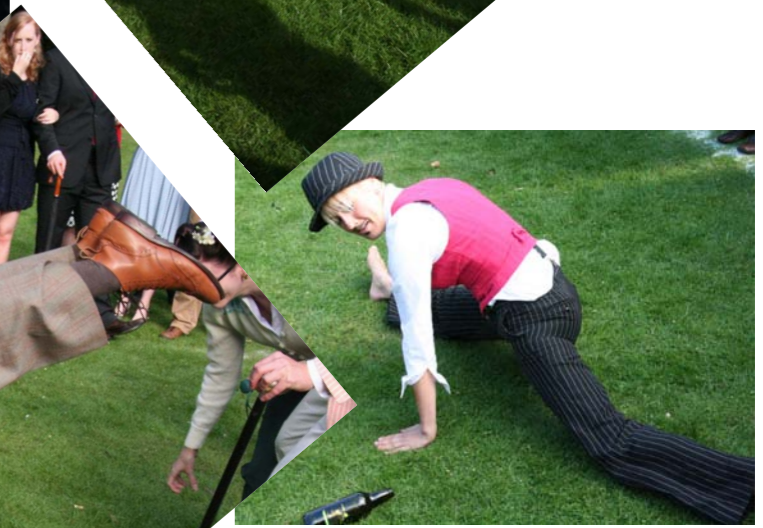


The famous Hop, Skip and G&T. Unlike a conventional triple jump, athletes are judged not by how far they travel but by how little of their gin and tonic is spilled in the process. (Below) Three contestants give their all to the leap; (right) this lady looks as if she is trying to cover the top of her glass with her palm—in a gentleman that would be called cheating; (below right) and here are two gentleman who most definitely are cheating, with an accomplice dashing on to refill the jumper's glass before the spillage is measured; (bottom right) I have no idea what this fellow is doing or where the can of beer comes into it





(Right) Arch rogue and slap-magnet Atters Attree tries his luck



In the game of Bounders, contestants approach a lady or ladies and attempt to get themselves slapped in the shortest time possible. (Top left) This man's face is unspanked so he is clearly not cad enough; (above) this is more like it; and in a show of solidarity his fellow cads sally forth to rescue him



(Above and left) Even more bizarrely the field suddenly descends into an orgy of face-slapping. (And, yes, that is a pipe-smoking man in a dress.) (Right) Atters escapes the fray with a few hairs out of place



Freestyle Trouser Gymnastics. While (top and top right) traditionalists establish their pedigrees with an array of solid, conventional moves, the field is suddenly (above and above right) invaded by people perpetrating real gymnastics, leaving the crowd confused. So confused that this group (right) were found practising lunges long after the contest was over. And half of them have no trousers.





As the evening sun sinks, contestants in the final event, The 100 Yard Saunter, mingle with casual strollers and drunken huzzars. Huzzah! (Below left) A cherubic urchin practises his begging chops



(Above) Tallulah is declared Victor (Victrix?) Ludorum, presented with the Golden Cravat and (right) promptly tossed in the air



The Sayings of Noël Coward

IN HONOUR OF our party theme, here are some of the great man's *bons mots*:

- "You ask my advice about acting? Speak clearly, don't bump into the furniture and if you must have motivation, think of your pay packet on Friday."
 - "I'm an enormously talented man, and there's no use pretending that I'm not."
 - Told a particularly stupid acquaintance had blown his brains out: "He must have been an incredibly good shot."
 - On drama critics: "I have always been very fond of them... I think it is so frightfully clever of them to go night after night to the theatre and know so little about it."
 - Asked how he would describe the style of his colourful tropical paintings: "Erratic. Actually, it's known by my friends as Touch and Gauguin."
 - Watching Queen Elizabeth's coronation parade, friends wondered aloud who the little
- man sharing a carriage with the 400 pound Queen of Tonga might be. According to David Niven, Coward replied: "Her lunch."
 - "Wit ought to be a glorious treat like caviar; never spread it about like marmalade."
 - "People are wrong when they say opera is not like it used to be. It is what it used to be. That is what's wrong with it."
 - "Extraordinary how potent cheap music is."
 - "Time has convinced me of one thing: Television is for appearing on—not for looking at."
 - "I am not a heavy drinker. I can sometimes go for hours without touching a drop."
 - "I don't believe in astrology. The only stars I can blame for my failures are those that walk about the stage."
 - "I have a memory like an elephant. In fact, elephants often consult me."
 - "I like long walks, especially when they are taken by people who annoy me."
 - "I love criticism just so long as it's unqualified praise."
 - "There's always something fishy about the French."

Cake of the Month

THIS IMAGE IS from a permanent exhibition in the Republic of the Marshall Islands, marking its "strategic partnership" with the United States (i.e. yes, you set off a few nuclear bombs on our land, but nothing else interesting has happened since).

Taken in 1946, this snap shows Admiral and Mrs Blandy celebrating "Operation Crossroads" with an atomic cake, capturing the uncanny resemblance between Mrs. Blandy's hat and the mushroom cloud.



The Cocktail Cabinet:

Wherein Club Members chant an elegy to their desert-island dram

The Bee Keeper

Lainie Petersen



This cocktail, which is generally unknown outside the Windy City, was invented by Dano, one of our very best bartenders. It is particularly suited to the summertime, though I have served it in the dead of winter to rave reviews. The ingredients

and preparation are straightforward, but it can be served in a variety of ways depending on one's mood and available glassware.

Absolut Citron Vodka
Bärenjäger Honey Liqueur
Fresh Lemons
Ice
Fizzy Water (optional)

Fill the cocktail shaker with ice and pour in two measures of Absolute Citron, one measure of the honey liqueur, and a healthy squeeze of lemon juice. Shake until condensation mists the sides of the shaker.

From here, you have several options for serving the drink. The most popular variation finds it in a highball glass, over ice, topped with fizzy water and a lemon slice. It can also be served without the fizzy water in a martini or a wine glass (garnish with a twist of lemon), or in an old-fashioned glass (again, with a slice of lemon). It is best consumed very, very cold.



Sailor Jerry Rum

Ernest Hallamshire-Smythe

I was in a forest near Chichester when I discovered this rather unusual spirit—

and torn between a love of alcohol and a dislike for rum. Once I overcame fear and prejudice, I

was rather pleasantly surprised. It has strong vanilla and raisin notes vaguely reminiscent of a light pipe tobacco, without that petrochemical nose which blights so many rums. As to its mixing capability, unfortunately, only one of us was to make it out of that forest alive and hence further research is required.

The rum is the creation of a recently-deceased hard-living ex-sailor from Hawaii. In his later years, he specialised in the fine art of rum-fuelled tattooing and made something of a name for himself with his rather abrasive nature and his ability to decorate the coarsest of skins with the most abundantly feminine of forms, making him an all-round interesting and dangerous type with whom to associate.

Further to the wonderful flavour and aroma, your correspondent can report the medicinal effects, including a tuning of the vocal cords and a pleasant drifting soporification which leads to a restful night's sleep and a morning of painless melancholy.



CLUB NOTES

Provincial Members Seek Transport to the Metropolis

NORTHERN MEMBERS Duke Hercule and Dr Ishmael Gonzo have contacted NSC Central Command, pondering out loud whether the vehicle depicted below might be just the ticket to ferry them down to London for Club meetings.

Apparently a passing foreigner was offering it for sale. The daguerreotype depicts them in the throes of deciding exactly how much hard-earned cash to offer the swarthy alien.

It is the Committee's considered opinion that any form of transport is a Good Thing if it can whisk Members into London's fleshpots long enough to anoint oneself at the spring of Chappist *bonhomie* that is a NSC Club Night. Moreover a motorcycle and sidecar have the

added benefit that one can take a lungful of bracing country air as one zips down the M1 and the exposed, hands-on quality will also serve to make the chase sequences more exciting.

Forthcoming Events

Ian White's 2008 Pub Crawl

Saturday 9th August

See itinerary below

Admission: Free, but the beer won't be, of course

CAMRA Member, and NSC Member, Mr White will guide us once again through a series of watering holes serving top ale, this time "taking in the area of Maida Vale and some fine architectural pubs of which the Prince Alfred & Warrington Hotel are on CAMRA's National Inventory. This should be a gentle crawl on the feet and a somewhat slightly harder one on the liver!"

Please feel free to join us at any time during the proceedings. Field telephone on day is 07775 973760.



15.00—Mad Bishop & Bear, Upper Level, Paddington Station, W2 1HB. Fuller's beers

16.00—Sharp. Depart, striding along canal side and take in little Venice.

16.30—The Warwick Castle, 6, Warwick Place, W9 2PX – range of different ales

17.15—depart, ambling on to

17.30—Prince Alfred, 5a Formosa Street, W9 1EE – range of different ales

18.15—depart, perambulating onwards to

18.30—The Robert Browning, 15, Clifton Rd, London, W9 1SY—Sam Smiths

19.30—depart and saunter to

19.45—Warrington Hotel, 93 Warrington Crescent, W9 1EH—Gordon Ramsay's new Place and an assortment of ales & bottled beers

Remain until closing time/get asked to leave and stagger to tube/buses/horseless carriages.

Crich Tramway Museum 1940s Weekend

Saturday 9th–Sunday 10th August
Saturday 10am–10pm,
Sunday 10am–6.30pm
Crich Tramway Village, nr Matlock, Derbyshire, DE4 5DP
Admission: £8 if you're period dress, £11 otherwise.
Dress: 1940s

A re-enactment weekend at this extraordinary shrine to trams and the like. See www.tramway.co.uk.

Le Gramophone de Pèpè

Sunday 10th August
7pm–11pm
“Vibe Live” above Vibe Bar, Old Truman Brewery, Brick Lane London E1
Admission: £5
Dress: Stylish dress (and good manners) appreciated

This is a regular Sunday night event playing both live and recorded period music “at reasonable volumes”. They also promise “1940s refreshment prices” and “comfortable and stylish furniture”. What more could a chap want? On this night Ta Mère, the band of Benoit Viellefon, the man behind the shabeen, will be performing.

On the Home Front, 1939-45

Saturday 16th and Sunday 17th August
11am–5pm
Rufford Abbey Country Park, Ollerton, Nottinghamshire NG22 9DF
Admission: Free (modest car parking charge for visitors)

All allied and civilian 1940s re-enactors,

The Furbelows PRESENT CIRQUE DE CRÈME ANGLAISE

THURSDAY 28TH AUGUST, 7PM UNTIL 12AM
THE CROSS KINGS, 126 YORK WAY, KING'S CROSS, LONDON N1 0AX

NIAL SPOONER-HARVEY CHAMPION PERFORMANCE POET	PAUL HAWKINS AND THEE AWKWARD SILENCES RUBBER MASKS AND RHYTHMIC TUNES
HOOVERVILLE CABARET VIRTUOSITY FROM THE RARE SEVEN-PIECE VERSION	MR B. THE GENTLEMAN RHYMER PROFESSOR OF "CHAP HOP"

£5 ADMISSION **FREE BADGE FOR EVERY GUEST!**

vehicle owners and enthusiasts are warmly invited.

The Furbelows Present Cirque de Crème Anglaise

Thursday 28th August
7pm–12pm
The Cross Kings, 126 York Way, London N1 0AX (King's Cross rail and tube)
Admission: £5

Those of you who enjoyed the performances by Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer at both of our last two parties (and if you were there you would have enjoyed them) might like to know that he features on the bill of this musical extravaganza, perpetrated by The Furbelows, the beat combo that counts among its numbers

Mr Clayton Hartley and (some of the time) Miss Tabitha Maynard-Addersley.

The bill also features the cabaret virtuosity of Hooverville, the latex masks and general mentalism of Paul Hawkins and Thee Awkward Silences plus NSC resident poet Niall Spooner-Harvey (who also plays in Thee Awkward Silences). Expect custard-related shenanigans...

The reason the Furbelows have agreed to “curate” this evening is that they had realised that most promoters seem just to stick bands on a bill with a bunch of other acts with which they have nothing in common, assuming that each band will bring some audience members of their “own” who will stay for that set, then melt away. But is this good value for the punter? The idea of the Cirque is to offer a coherent evening's entertainment for your £5.

The venue is rather jolly, with front and back bars plus a garden out front, and they do good quality, reasonably-priced food as well.

Not only that but there's a **free badge** for every guest too (subject to availability).



A MUSICAL EVENING OF DARK HUMOUR, CABARET SWAGGER AND WORTHWHILE WORDS. CUSTARD FOR THE SOUL!

PAUL HAWKINS & THEE AWKWARD SILENCES

Fresh from the Latitude Festival and a session for the BBC, these Jezus Factory signings release their debut album “We Are Not Other People” next month. Expect strange uniforms and rubber masks.
www.myspace.com/thecawkwardsilences

Can I make it clear now that Paul Hawkins & Thee Awkward Silences are rapidly becoming the greatest artist(s) of 2008? If pop music was meant to be simple and accessible they tick the box; if lyrics were meant to be clever, interesting and/or witty, the box is ticked again. – Bearded Magazine

HOOVERVILLE

Disappointment, repetition, dementia, futility—all grist to the mill of this amorphous combo who peddle Weill-style theatricality and vituoso playing. Tonight, an extremely rare six- or even seven-piece line-up.
www.myspace.com/jocyherzfeldandhooverville

MR B. THE GENTLEMAN RHYMER

A man, a ukelele and some infectious beats. Mr B. has invented “chap hop”, addressing the issues of urban music from a refined perspective. Expect to be jabbed at with a pipe and offered a cup of tea.
www.myspace.com/mrbthegentlemanrhymer

NIAL SPOONER-HARVEY

MCing the evening will be this prize-winning performance poet, the genius behind “All My Cats Are Dead” and recent star of a YouTube hit with Ed Harcourt. Expect apoplectic bellowing.
www.myspace.com/spoonpoetry

THE FURBELOWS

Your hosts, the Furbelows have been likened—by frankly confused listeners—to Nick Cave, the Divine Comedy and the White Stripes (and also to Pink Floyd and Michael Jackson, so where does that get you?)
www.myspace.com/thefurbelows
Excellent debut from this English combo who oscillate between garage, The Fall and excellence. We await the continuation of their adventures with impatience. – French radio show Kerosene by KFUEL on station CanalB

The Tashes Trophy Final

Saturday 30th August
10.30am–5pm
Richardson Evans Memorial Ground, Roehampton Vale
Admission: £5–£8 depending upon turnout

The annual cricket match between those with facial hair and those without. Welcome are Members, friends of Members and chappist sympathisers. For details and directions, contact Watermere at cgvowles@hotmail.com.



Until next time, Chumrades!

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