

A photograph of a bride and groom kissing. The groom is on the left, wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a gold tie. The bride is on the right, wearing a white wedding dress with a fur stole and holding a bouquet of purple flowers. The background is dark with some lights.

The First NSC Wedding?

Mr and Mrs Downer tie the (Windsor) knot

Kiwi Fiction From
Dr Levingsoon

The Film Night Returns:
A Roaring Success

Christmas Party Details

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XXV • November 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...

As Autumn works its clammy tentacles down the back of your collar like a playful squid, you have doubtless been reflecting that at least this season gives you an opportunity to slip into some tweed. Perhaps you have even been wondering, with a mixture of excited optimism and weary cynicism, whether it will actually get cold enough this winter to break out your British Warm, or whether it will just stay damp and miserable for several months.

But in fact this last month has seen some decidedly summery activity on the NSC front, namely weddings. As you may know, Cyril Browne was married in August, in the wilds of Syracuse, New York (in fact you may even have, like me, tuned into the live "webcast" of the ceremony); a few days ago he and Jennifer added a marriage blessing in Dublin's fair city at which your correspondent was in attendance. On top of that, my own sister tied the knot at St Mary-Le-Bow on 18th October and NSC Members were out in force—arguably the first Club wedding, given that she only met her husband Andy through the NSC Barbershop Quartet, although it has to be admitted that he wasn't himself a Member at the time.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on

Wednesday 5th November in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm–11pm. Miss Minna will chill us with a special Halloween address on the subject of *The Vampire and the Modern Age*. Garlic and crucifixes advised.

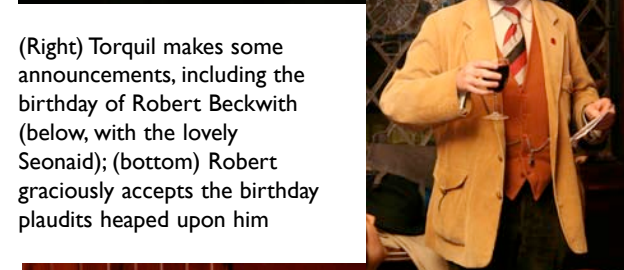
The Last Meeting

Lock's of St James's, the world's most famous hatter, contacted us a while ago to say that they were sponsoring a lecture at the Royal Geographical Society by Colonel John Blashford-Snell on the subject of Livingstone and Stanley. It was a charity fundraiser for the Merseyside Youth Association (both explorers grew up in that area).

As it happened the date clashed with that of the monthly Club Night. But since it was a subject undoubtedly of interest to Club Members, and a Good Thing to boot, we decided to make this our Turn for the month. So a dozen or so NSC Members attended the lecture, then hot-footed it back to the Wheatsheaf to join the other Members for a few ales. The lecture was excellent and was, in a way, a classic celebration of the Great British Heroic Failure: despite his fame, Livingstone never found anything he was looking for and even as a missionary—his original reason for travelling to Africa—he converted only one African, who subsequently lapsed.



(Left) Matthew Howard falls on a copy of the latest NSC Newsletter



(Right) Torquil makes some announcements, including the birthday of Robert Beckwith (below, with the lovely Seonaid); (bottom) Robert graciously accepts the birthday plaudits heaped upon him



(Top down) As you can see, the break with tradition has thrown the club into a maelstrom of panic; Chuckles is riveted by Miss and Mrs Hartley's conversation (probably about wedding stuff); Gregory tells it like it is to Bunty; the Curé sets the Earl of Essex straight on a few theological matters



Oliver Lane has been unable to bring us the second instalment of his adventures in New Zealand so, in the meantime, a short story from his host, Dr Leavingsoon

Over the Line

By Bernard Shapiro

TIME UP THE Maungawha Valley dripped.

Not that it wasn't wet, which it was in a deluged sort of way, but it was the manner in which time settled on things and covered everything in a lather of moss or mould. Days felt longer, silences louder, storms slower to pass. Even the bush seemed older.

Mr Longridge was 27 but looked forty. He'd been scrub cutting and odd-jobbing since his father had passed on the house, and it'd left its mark on him, inside and out.

He was lonely.

Maybe it was nigh to find a woman to share the chores and time with or better yet a mate to yarn to. He padded off the veranda of the cob hut and set to picking up dead fern fronds behind the stable, which he then heaped in a pile. His mate Mr Allen lived three miles up Calf Creek above the gorge, and by the time he saw the rising smoke and arrived the pork'd be hung, the wood stacked and the strong mead dragged from under the copper. He lit his signal fire and set about the chores while an overcast day ate the heavy grey plumes.

Just on dark he was smoking his pipe on the front steps, watching it hose down and listening to the water tank overflowing when Allen led

his horse out of the bush edge.

"Mr Longridge!"

Allen waved, smeared with mud.

"You old codger!"

There's clothes, fire and a meal inside. Come on—warm yourself up while I see to Betty!"

On the chiselled rimu

bench by stinking pig tallow candles and heady mead Mr Allen let fly with some news.

"They've got wire going up in the next valley, I see."

"Fencing us are they?"

"Telephones, Mr Longridge! Or I'm a blind Kaka."

"TELEPHONES! Well good lord! Here!?"

"Well, no," smiled Allen, "the Westmead is putting them in, but sure as hot tea they're coming." Longridge threw a faggot of manuka into the clay fireplace and swung the billy off the hook. As he poured the tea, thoughts were racing.

"Y'know... Westmead Saddle isn't much of a hurdle. I'm reckoning we could get a wire over there, if you'd be for it!"

"It's a big job though," rounded Allen.

"We'll need the help of the rest of the valley—and that'll take some doing! My brother's in the Westmead as I speak, Mr Waynesbridge is a good day's ride away and I'm struck if I know where that Maori family's taken off to now!"

"What we need is a good fire to bring 'em in!" grinned Longridge.

"What we need," laughed Allen, "is a telephone!"

In the morning the river was too high to get the horses across. The next it rained wildly from the South and on the third there wasn't any water coming down the river at all! Neither of them were eager to brave the gorge until it flooded itself clear and Allen had 'things to do' so they agreed on the fire option to round up their neighbours.

Using the horses as drays they teamed a rotten matai off its perch, down the scrubby slope and into the gorge with the intention that the dam-burst would sort things out in good time. The trunk was lit with great trepidation but they retired homewards with a pig, shot from the saddle.

That night it blew Nor-East and shook the tin in its fury.

"Mr Allen!" called Longridge from his bedroom over the racket.

"Yeah?"

"We'll have to think of another method; there's no way anyone will see the smoke with this wind. It's blowing the wrong way!"

"We'll fix up your roof too!" yelled Allen from the couch, covering his head with a

jacket.

At some stage Longridge must have dropped off to sleep, despite the howling wind, for he woke with a feeling that something wasn't quite right. Outside, the sky glowed with dawn's early warning of rain and he glanced at the clock on the tallboy.

Ten past two.

He lurched upright. "HELL!"

"What's up?" Allen called out.

"FIRE!!"

They dragged on their gear, tore out the door and gawped at the clouds, racing low on the ridges. To the West the sky danced aflame, sending ghastly shadows merrily skipping back and forth along the clearing.

"Grab the horses! I'll get the shovels and sacks!" Longridge yelled over the storm.

"Bugger all good it'll do!" Allen replied, already running.

By the time they were up by the fire, half the district had got involved. Mr Waynesbridge and his five eldest sons arrived right behind them with a "WHAT THE BLOODY HELL have you two BEEN PLAYING AT!"; the mysterious Whetu brothers complete with extended families were beating madly with wet sacks and a few folks from Westmead had arrived to help below.

"The whole valley's filled with smoke and one of the 'works' boys's got a CAT bulldozing a fire break along the ridge," shouted a sooty-faced chap in a grimy set of overalls. "We've been sent over to lend a hand."

"You not from Westmead then?" yelled Allen shovelling dirt over some embers.

"Nup. Work for the Post Office in Westport—chucking some telephone cable in for the locals." Longridge and Allen looked at each other and got on with the spadework.

It was ten in the morning by the time the weather changed to the North again and someone from 'up there' started emptying every chamber pot in Heaven. The fire fizzled to a standstill against the ploughed firebreak and with no strong winds to fan it about, it chucked in the towel and gave up the fight.

Mr Longridge offered up his home to the knackered locals and fire-fighters for cups of tea, refreshments and a place to crash, and while they were there the constable from Westmead dropped in for a 'chat'.

"Hear it was you boys started that fire last night?" he asked, getting out his notebook.

"Ah, yeah," blushed Longridge. "Um."

Allen jumped in to the rescue.

"Yeh, we were trying to burn off a log jam what had dammed the river below us here. Afraid it was going to kill somebody when it burst. Didn't reckon on the weather turning the way it did and it really got away on us!"

Luckily for the pair of them the heavy rain had finally overloaded the dam while everyone was fighting the fire. The constable received a couple of hasty accounts from Mr Waynesbridge's lads that they'd found the river dry on arrival and so, with a stern warning to all present, left them to it. Longridge turned to Allen.

"Pfft—quick thinking there, Mr Allen!"

"Cheers! Now where's that Post Office bloke..."

Two weeks later a cable had been draped through the charred tangle of bush and the Westmead gossipers were working overtime on whether the fire had been a deliberate act of 'The Joneses' from 'over there'.

But the Maungawha had its phones!

True, they were pre-War 'genny' models you had to wind and it was a party line but the novelty of being linked to the outside world in a valley without roads hadn't worn off. The Post Office workmen had muttered about the lack of access to the rest of the valley from Longridge's home. A promise hung in the air that perhaps it was about time someone from the 'works' dozed a few roads in the district. Time indeed seemed to be catching up with the area.

It was a big day at Longridge's cottage, when the entire population of Maungawha Valley turned up to have the party line explained and the first call received. Down the line some Minister in Wellington congratulated them and spoke a few words of encouragement; long distance. If, at all, the Minister's enthusiasm waned a little at having to repeat his speech several times to different but no less captivated listeners, no-one noticed and afterwards everyone sat around the hangi feeling well-fed



and smug.

But things very quickly turned to custard.

Next morning at 6AM Mr Waynesbridge decided he'd finally order some white pine shingles for his roof. He was an early riser and having been isolated for thirty odd years he could be forgiven his assumption that an operator would cheerfully connect him to the local sawmill, and so he energetically wound the bakelite genny handle on his phone. As a result 6 people fell out of bed! Babies wailed, bells shrilled, lamps were lit, curses flew and every phone in the valley was charged at in panic and disarray.

"Hello!"

"What!"

"Operator?"

"Who??"

"WHAT?"

"Who is this!?"

"OPERATOR!!!"

"WHO??"

"WHAT??"

Eventually it all got sorted out, ruffled feathers soothed and after a few terse minutes the inhabitants exchanged their first proper greetings and pleased, if not droopy comments were made that the phones worked perfectly well thankyou. Life, tattered and chewed, resumed its faltered pace.

Then the first private call arrived.

A distant relation of Allen's had read in the Press that it was now possible to telephone the remote valley and decided to call during dinner time. In fact three families were sitting down together, pipes were lit, smoke hung lazily drifting in the evening leaves and birds were chiming "good morrow" across the still air.

The phones rang one short and one long.

A table overturned, laden with food; several people tripped over chairs; Mr Allen, in fright, fled into the bush; someone stood on a dog, who turned and bit the offender; a fight broke out amongst the Waynesbridge sons; and Mr Longridge fell off his roof!

"Hello?"

"Hello!"

"Kia-ora?"

"Robert?"

"What??"

"This is Mr Waynesbridge!"

"Who?"

"Na, man! He wants Mr Allen!"

"Who is this?!"

"What?"

"Who?!"

"It's your cousin Dave!"

"WHO??"

"I don't HAVE a cousin Dave!!"

"No, no! You mean Mr Allen, eh."

"I'm not even RELATED to him!"

"Who?!"

"Mr Allen!"

"Who IS this?!!"

"You're Mr Allen's cousin!"

"I'M NOT BLOODY RELATED!!!"

"Not you! HIM!"

"Me?"

"Who?"

"AWWW!!!"

Mr Longridge picked up the phone.

"Hello."

"Hey, Mr Longridge! Some cousin of Mr Allen's on the line!" CLICK

"Bloody useless..." CLICK

"Hang on chum, I'll get him for you."

By the time Longridge found Allen up Calf Creek, three hours later, no-one was on the line and a great feeling of malcontent was beginning to grow over the whole telephone issue. As it was, Mr Allen wouldn't set foot within a stone's throw of his phone after that, and Longridge kindly removed it for him.

I'd like to say that everything worked out for the locals and that they adapted to meet the challenge of modern technology, but one month after the telephone arrived in the Maungawha Valley the lines suddenly went dead.

Through the misty rain a plume of smoke rose above Mr Longridge's land and Mr Allen, leading his horse muddily out of the bush edge, found him on his veranda.

"Mr Longridge!" He waved.

"Mr Allen! You old, drowned bush rat..."

Together, they smoked their pipes and watched the pyre of wood and bakelite crackle and hiss in the rain.



You Mean They Can Make Wine in America?

A WINE COLUMN

By *Lainie Petersen*

In my September column I alluded to the (for Americans) sore subject of the Zinfandel grape. For many years, Zinfandel was prized as our "native" grape, and its delicious wine was consumed with great glee. Sadly, genetic testing rather put the kibosh on our national Zin pride: Zinfandel is genetically identical to Primitivo, a grape of Italian extraction.

But these shocking revelations have in no way dampened my country's enthusiasm for Zinfandel. Because these wines can be so juicy, so spicy, so jammy, so unctuous, they go great with so many of our favoured dishes: barbecue, burgers and steaks, as well as, surprisingly, some Asian cuisines such as Thai (more austere Zinfandels can also make a great sushi pairing). They also make delicious (if often powerful—the alcohol content can reach past the 14% mark) sipping wines.

One of the challenges of Zinfandel, however, is cost. Decent Zinfandels are typically priced a little higher than the more commonly available Cabernet Sauvignons and Merlots. Fortunately, companies such as Ravenswood produce delicious, accessible, and affordable wines such as their 2005 Sonoma County Zinfandel.

I actually tried this wine a few times several years ago. I liked it well enough, though I felt it had something of a "musty attic" taste to it. The 2005 vintage boasts blackberry jam and warm spices (think massala chai without the chai), along with some fairly aggressive tannins. The flavours are clear and bold, with no trace



of that attic. (I strongly recommend decanting this wine: the prickly tannins smooth out quickly and leave behind a wine that is lively and structured, but not too aggressive.)

A perfect wine for Fall into Winter. Enjoy.

Producer: Ravenswood www.ravenswood-wine.com

Location: Sonoma County, CA

Price: Moderate

Availability: online at www.drinksdirect.co.uk, www.thewinesociety.com, and elsewhere

Good Matches: Barbecue, good beef, beef stew, burgers, baked beans, whole-grain breads, or foods cooked in Asian spicy peanut sauce. Great sipping wine.

I would not serve this with chicken or fish (way too overpowering), nor with cheese (the fat of the cheese and the tannins in this wine wouldn't mesh well). In other words, don't serve subtle (or even complex) food with this wine: Instead serve it with hearty, straightforward dishes that have enough body to stare down the intensity of this wonderful Zin.

Available in the UK from thewinesociety.com and drinksdirect.co.uk.





A Corner of Shoreditch Transformed to 1940s Kent

THE FIRST OF OUR new run of Film Nights kicked off with a splendid effort from Fruity Hatfield-Peverel on Thursday 23rd October at the Wiliam IV pub just north of Old Street tube station in London.

He had chosen to present *A Canterbury Tale*—unsurprisingly, given that it is his favourite film of all time. Set in wartime Kent, it concerns a Land Girl, a British soldier and an American GI who find themselves in the village of Chillingbourne and decide to solve the mystery of who is throwing glue in the hair of girls who step out with the soldiers stationed there. Despite also being a splendidly made flick, its appeal to Fruity doubtless lies in the fact that it is a paean to England's heritage (i.e. what we were fighting for at the time).

To create the mood, Fruity made programmes, electrostatically copied from a copy of the original première programme as signed by the cast. He also fixed posters on the doors to the room, proclaiming it the Colpeper



Fruity tries to explain just why he loves the film so



Institute and announcing the event as the lecture that Colpeper delivers in the film.

Prior to the main feature, Fruity showed some gems from his collection of wartime public information films. We learned, amongst other things, the value of a diet of cheese when breeding a

Several Club Members actually tried to join the WLA after this inspiring message



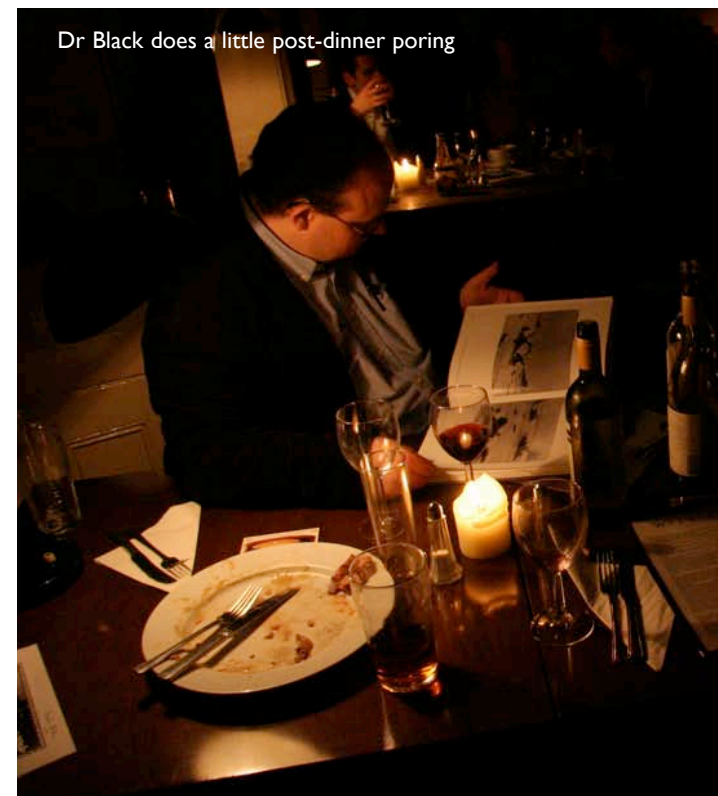
super-race, why we should recycle bones and how to put out a burning incendiary bomb.

Many thanks to Fruity for a sterling effort, and to the staff of the venue for making it such a convivial evening (despite their habit of running out of most of the items on the menu).

If you have a favourite movie that you would like to put on please get in touch. We can secure the run of the place from 6pm till midnight, so there is plenty of time for an imaginative programme.



Dr Black does a little post-dinner poring



Maud and Simon discuss the language of cinema

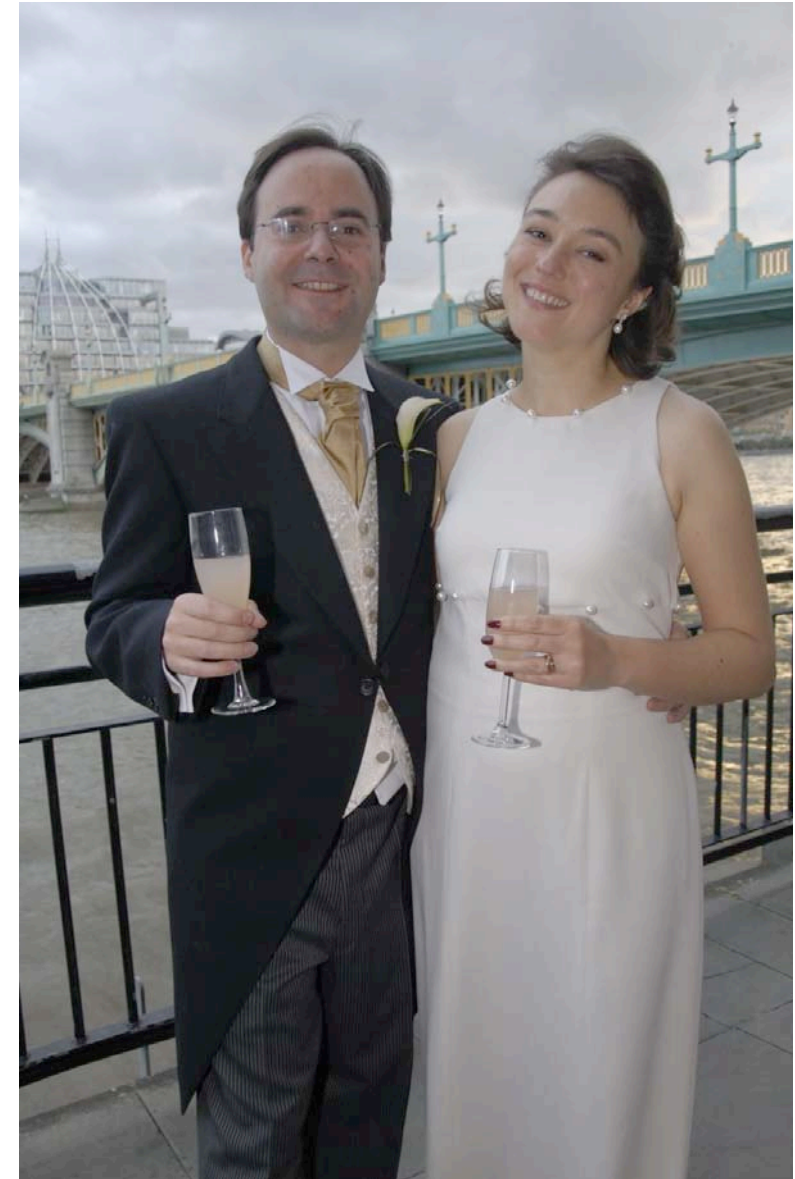


Outbreak of Knot-Tying

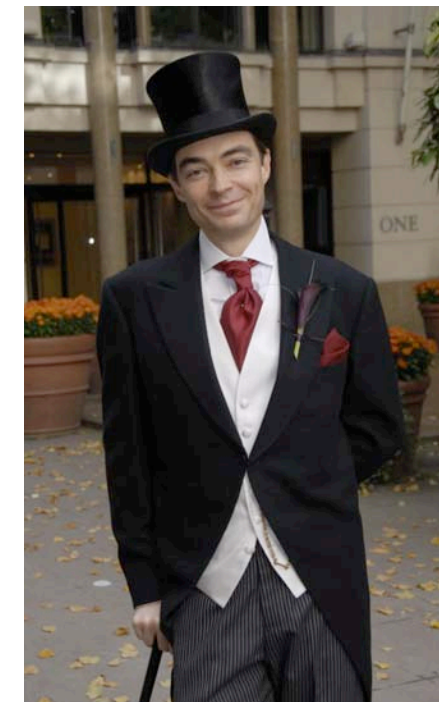
AND INDEED broomstick-jumping. On 18th November Miss Hartley and Northumberland became Mr and Mrs Downer at St Mary-Le-Bow on Cheapside in the City of London. (They know the Rector via NSC Member Ian McDowell.) It was a fine ceremony, expertly ushered, though I say so myself. Mr Downer was helped by three best men, one on ring duty resplendent in military dress uniform, another ready with the humiliating gags about the groom's past. The reception was held at the Little Ship Club, a yacht club on the Thames.

Perhaps the most significant fact, however, is that the bride and groom met through the NSC Barbership Quartet, which was hastily put together for The Last Gasper, our summer 2007 party. Short of a tenor, they turned to Capt Coppice's old chum Andrew Downer. This makes it arguably the first Club wedding, although it has to be admitted that Mr Downer was not actually a Member at the time.

The Club wishes the happy couple a long and happy onion! Sorry, *union*.



(Top left) Bride and groom with a whole collection of best men, ushers, bridesmaids and matron of honour; (above) the couple outside the Little Ship Club; (below right) the venue awaits the carnage; (below left) who's this devilish handsome usher?; (left, l-r) NSC Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot, Mr Tim Andrews, NSC Treasurer Artemis Scarheart



(Right) The tower holding London's famous Bow Bells; (above) The rector (named George Bush, as it happens) achieves a good mix of solemnity and bonhomie; (top) the happy couple with Andy's mum, Dilys Laye (who starred in various *Carry On* and *St Trinian's* films); (far right, above, l-r) Ian McDowell, Laurence Bennion, Fruity Hatfield-Peverel and Jonathan Wadman; (below) the couple take the best man's sword to the cake



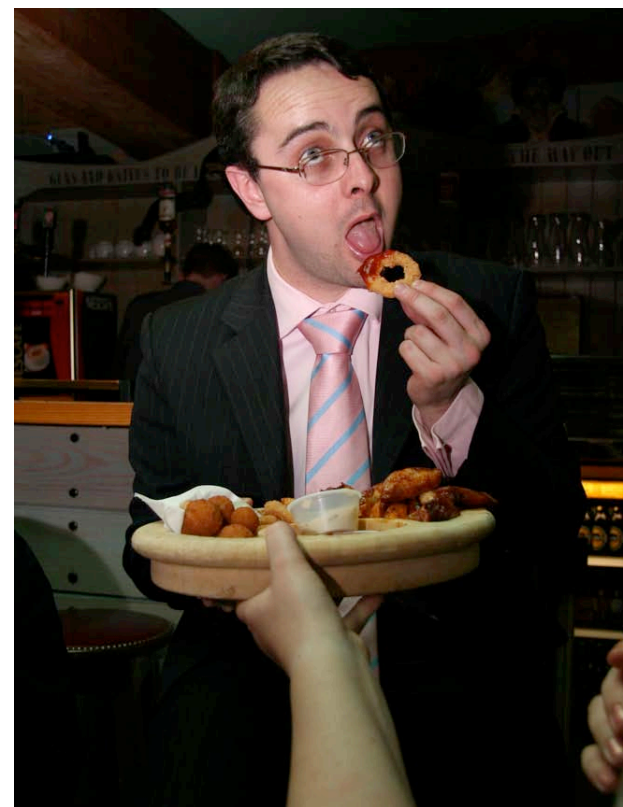


AND LAST WEEKEND Cyril Browne and Jennifer (Jennie With the Light Brown Hair, if you're a frequenter of the Sheridan Club chat room) had a blessing of their marriage in August in New York. The second ceremony was at St Andrew's church on Westland Row in Dublin and your correspondent was present.

After the ceremony we all went round the corner to the Gingerman Pub, the upstairs room of which was decorated, appropriately given Jen's origins, in a Western style. There was a conspicuously large amount of chocolate on offer, including exquisite truffles handmade by Guy Lazare and a chocolate fountain in which guests would undoubtedly have paddled and frolicked, had it not been just 12 inches tall. Much drunkenness later, Cyril and Jen announced they were expecting a baby. Hearty congrats all round!



(Top left) the chapel in Syracuse, NY, where the original marriage took place; (middle left) the ceremony in full swing; (above) St Andrew's church in Dublin, where the blessing took place; (left) the fact that they've been man and wife for two and a half months doesn't seem to have dulled the novelty yet; (middle right) for those itching to sign something there was a framed photo plus two Edward Monkton books. That packet next to the Guinness contains "Lifeline", pills of vitamins and charcoal that allegedly ward off hangovers...



A host of morsels to dabble in the chocolate fountain at the back



(Above) A feeding frenzy around the two chocolate cakes on offer; (top left) Viscount Rushen is a man who really enjoys his onion rings; (left) Cyril with Mrs H. Cyril later showed us what an Irishman really keeps in his sporran—a Swiss army knife and loads of sweets and biscuits.





CLUB NOTES

Christmas Party Date Set

THIS YEAR'S Christmas party will take place on Saturday 6th December and will be titled the **Kredit Krunch Kabaret**.

Step into the decadent, desperate world of Weimar Germany, sway to jazz tunes infected by new American influences, watch our Teutonic performers croon and flirt with impressive efficiency, quaff gin and Champagne like there's no tomorrow (there probably isn't), try and spend money faster than the currency devalues, while keeping a weather eye out for creeping Nazi influence.

In short, party like it's 1929.

We have already secured "TV's" Henning Wehn, the "German Comedy Ambassador", and cabaret chanteuse Fraulein Maria; more acts to come.

There will be the usual silly games—such things as Shoot the Top Hat Off the Plutocrat or Pin The Distorted Features on the Dada Portrait. Plus, of course, our famous Grand Raffle, with hundreds of pounds worth of prizes. Entry is free but to Members only—including anyone who joins the NSC on the night. It's a great opportunity to bring along any chums who haven't yet seen the light, to show them what a wise move it would be to join.

All guests will receive several million New Sheridan Marks to spend as they wish (though it'll be a challenge to get across the room to the bar

before they devalue completely).

The venue does food, and we may be able to sort out a special menu for the occasion—think sausages and sauerkraut.

The venue is The Putsch Tavern*, 99 Fleet Street, EC4Y 1DE (Blackfriars tube). Doors open at 7pm and we have the place till 1am.

Dress: Marlene Dietrich, Sally Bowles, Louise Brooks, Kurt Weill, bloated plutocrats, Bolsheviks, Imperial die-hards, WWI veterans, Bauhaus, Dada, Dr Caligari...

Admission: Members free, non-Members £5 (which may be offset against Membership fees if you join on the night)

* OK, it's normally the "Punch Tavern", but we've rechristened it for the occasion...

The New Sheridan Club
PRESENTS ITS CHRISTMAS PARTY

Kredit Krunch Kabaret

Party like it's 1929

Saturday 6th December
7pm-1am, The Putsch Tavern*, 99 Fleet Street, London EC4Y 1DE (Blackfriars tube)
ADMISSION: New Sheridan Club Members FREE, non-Members £5
(Entry charge may be offset against Membership fees if you join up on the night)

FEATURING
Henning Wehn Self-styled "German Comedy Ambassador", as seen on Channel 4, BBC2, BBC3, ITV1, Paramount
Fraulein Maria Germanic, gender-bending cabaret artiste

DRESS: Dietrich, Sally Bowles, Louise Brooks, plutocrats, Bolsheviks, imperialists, WWI veterans, Bauhaus, Dada, Dr Kaligari

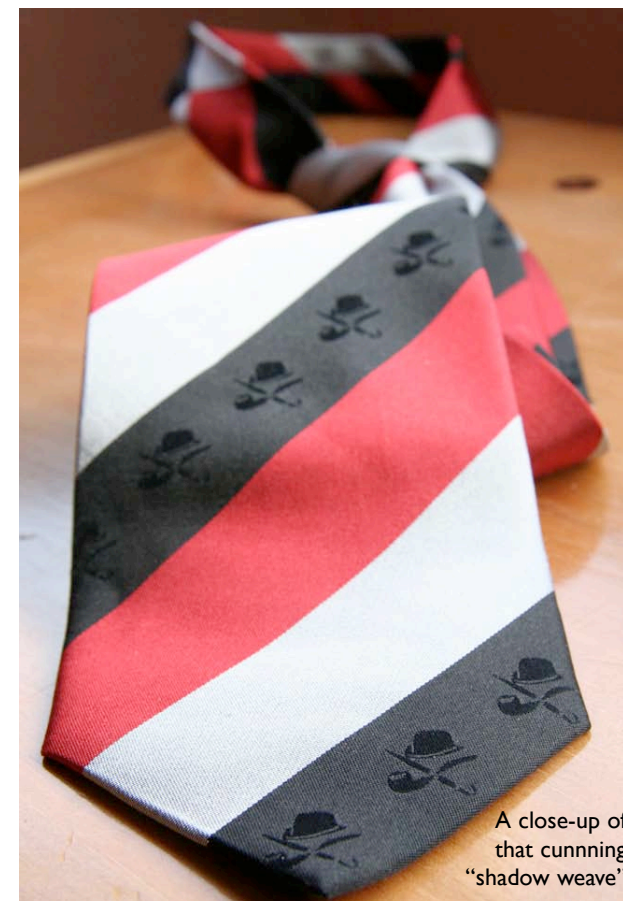
* OK, normally The Punch Tavern, but rechristened for the occasion



Club Once Again Tie-Rich

As I'm sure you have been all too painfully aware, our supplies of NSC Club ties ran out some time ago. I had fair developed the jitters, I don't mind telling you. Fortunately, there was a knock at the gnarled Club House portal last night and, standing in the rain, clutching a tattered parcel stood an ancient mariner type. Never found out anything about him, to be honest, because he tottered in and promptly kicked the bucket. But the good news is that the parcel turned out to contain 100 new NSC silk ties. So either this fellow had intercepted a villainous plan to steal our ties and laid down his life to return them to their rightful owners, or UPS have seriously lowered their recruitment standards.

Anyway, if you're a Member of the New Sheridan Club and you'd like to own one of



A close-up of that cunning "shadow weave"

these glorious ties, they are a mere £15. Not bad for 100% silk, especially as they have the Club logo subtly incorporated in an ingenious "shadow weave" that runs along the black stripe (see picture). Contact us for more details



And this is what they look like en masse. Rousing sight, eh?



Forthcoming Events

South-East London Lindy Hop Club

The Royston Club, 85 Royston Road, Penge London SE20 7QW

Taster Class Thursday 6th November; Week 1 Thursday 13th November

Doors 7.30pm, beginners 7.45, intermediate 8.30pm, freestyle 9.25pm

Admission: £7, new starters £3.50

Presented by 52nd Street Jump joint, these Lindy Hop classes run on a nine-week rotation, with a taster class on the tenth week. For more details ring 07859 814239.

Lecture: Sir Richard Burton

Thursday 13th November

6.30pm

St Gabriel's Church, Warwick Square, London Admission: £3

Neil McNeil, better known to club members as "Chuckles" Younghusband, will once again



Sir Richard Burton in a fairly typical pose

delight and inform with his address on Sir Richard Burton, explorer and linguist, translator of *A Thousand and One Nights*. Sir Richard's tomb is one of Heritage of London Trust's current restoration projects, so Chuckles has kindly volunteered to help raise both funds and profile by reprising the lecture he previously delivered at the monthly NSC meeting in October 2007. Members who missed hearing this—or were so enthralled that they'd like to hear it all over again—are most welcome. If you would like to attend please write to the Heritage of London Trust, 38 Ebury Street, London SW1W 0LU. along with a stamped addressed envelope and cheque made payable to the "Heritage of London Trust" or, I am reliably informed, simply turn up and pay on the door.

The Black Cotton Club

Friday 14th November

10pm–3am

Volupté, 7–9 Norwich St, London EC4A 1EJ

Admission: £10 before 11pm, £12 after

Dress: Ravishing and Refined

A regular evening on the second Friday of every month, wherein DJs Lady Kamikaze and El Niño spin platters from the 1920s to the 1940s. There is also a live act around midnight, either a burlesque performance or a band. On this occasion it is Ooh Bop Sh'bam, who apparently play R n' B Jump Jive.

The Hendrick's Lectures

Viktor Wynd's Little Shop of Horrors,

Redchurch Street, Shoreditch, London

7th, 12th and 21st November

6.30pm

Admission: £5 (advance booking advised)

Sir Richard Burton's tomb in Mortlake Cemetery



The Last Tuesday Society's Viktor Wynd (who is pretty vague about the exact location of his new shop) seems to be ramping up the frequency of these eclectic lectures. This month we have Catherine Arnold on London's relationship with its dead (7th), Philip Hoare on whaling (12th) and Philip Ball on Paracelsus, "The Devil's Doctor" (21st). More (but not many) details at may be found at www.thelasttuesdayociety.org.

The Furbelows present

CIRQUE DE CRÈME ANGLAISE

Wednesday 19th November

7.30pm–midnight

The Cross Kings, 126 York Way,

King's Cross, London N1 0AX

Admission: £5

Dress: Circus freaks, swooning dandies, sepulchral aesthetes, ring masters, scary clowns, custard salesmen...

Following the roaring success of their first Cirque in August, The Furbelows (a beat combo featuring a higher count of NSC

Members* than any other of which I know) have put together another evening of dark humour, cabaret swagger, worthwhile words and general tomfoolery. It's a vaudevillean haven for performers who don't fit into conventional "rock" gigs.

In addition to the Furbelows themselves (garage cabaret or lounge metal, if you will), we have managed to secure The Cesarians as headliners, Weill-ish broodsters who can whip up a fearsome intensity with not a guitar in sight (clarinet, trombone, keyboard, since you ask). Also on the bill is NSC Member Marmaduke Dando, a fine crooner of maudlin ballads and Mesparrow, living proof of the maxim that it's the quiet ones you have to watch out for. This French lady moves effortlessly from the piano to the digital loopstation, building layers of vocal sound all on her own. Bjork's troubled younger sister...

As before, every guest gets a FREE BADGE (bearing a design not dissimilar to the back cover of this Newsletter) plus free custard creams all night.

* Clayton Hartley, Neil McKeown, occasionally Tabitha Maynard-Addersley, plus Alexander F Hepburn, who delivered September's Turn. He has not actually joined the NSC, largely out of pique because he was promised life membership of the old Sheridan Club as a result of his help in a street brawl involving the old club's president...



Headliners at the Cirque de Crème Anglaise, The Cesarians

Housewives!

Always ask for...



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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. Those of a more technological bent can also help spread the word by befriending us electrically at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub or indeed www.facebook.com.