

A woman with long, wavy hair and colorful face paint (red, yellow, and blue) is smiling. She is wearing a dark top and a necklace. The background is a vibrant, abstract painting with colors like red, yellow, blue, and green, featuring a large red starfish. The overall mood is magical and artistic.

Away With The Faeries

Eugenie takes us on a
magical mystery tour

PLUS:

- More Summer Party details
- Cirque de Crème
Anglaise 4
- Is *The Chap* on
its uppers?

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XXXII • June 2009



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 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

No room for a preamble this time. In the words of the great Marty DiBergi, "Enough of my yacking. What do you say—let's boogie!"

The Next Meeting

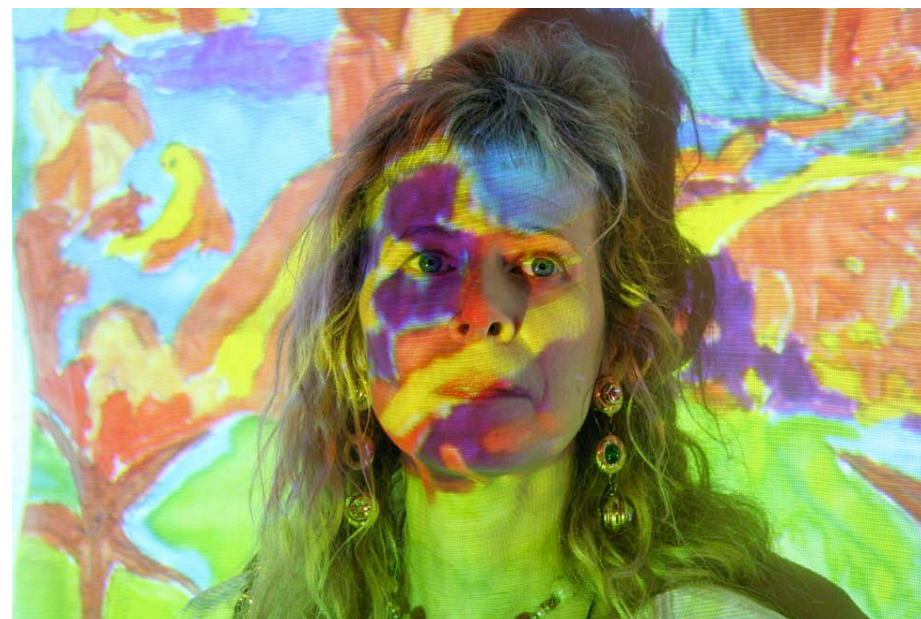
The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 3rd June in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Our guest speaker will be the inimitable Lord Finsbury Windermere Compton-Bassett, who will stir us with his account of *The Military Life of the Duke of Wellington*.

"All the Iron Duke's campaigns and battles will be looked at", Compton-Bassett explains, "and therefore our journey will take us to the dusty plains of India, as well as Portugal, Spain, France and Belgium. The descriptions of his military life will be enlivened with stirring recollections from the great man himself and those who knew him. Arthur Wellesley was a statesman as well as a soldier, but this talk will focus only upon his military life and so therefore centre on the years 1799–1815—the crucial years of the Napoleonic Wars and the most important years of Wellington's life. I hope I am able to do the great man justice in my account of his incredibly interesting, varied, and exciting military career!"

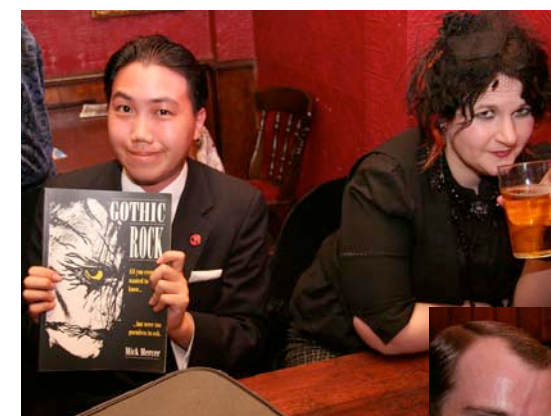
The Last Meeting

At the May meeting we were gently led to the very gates of the Fairy Kingdom by Eugenie Rhodes, who gave an intriguing talk entitled *Faeries, Their History and Reputation*. We learned both of the universality of mankind's belief in a fairy world and fairy folk and how our attitudes towards them have changed over the years: if 21st-century Londoners give them little thought and doubt their existence, this is much less the case as you move away in both time and space. In fact Willow Tomkins testified that when she was growing up in Ireland the existence of fairy folk was a given; and they were not benign Tinkerbell characters, but mischievous, sometimes malign forces that were an unavoidable fact and needed to be placated. A bit like the Mafia, I suppose. In fact fairies are not necessarily small at all—they can sometimes appear colossal and opaline. Rather like Dr Manhattan, by the sound of things. Needless to say, Ms Rhodes is a firm believer in the fairy world, seeing it (if I understood her correctly) as a more natural, spiritual, emotional counterpoint to the hard, logical world of our everyday perceived reality. She also revealed that the fairy folk give her stock market tips which have yet to let her down...

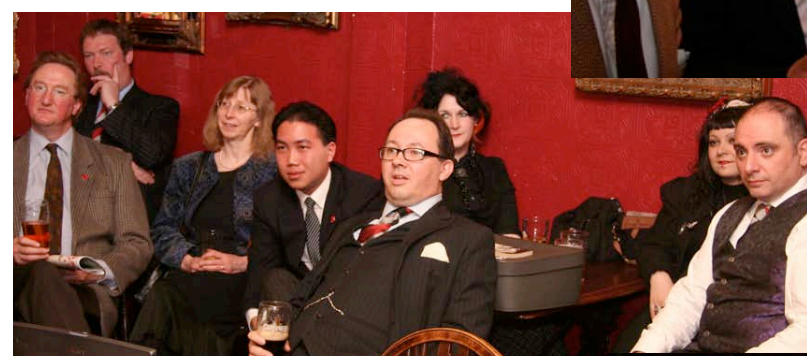
Many thanks to Eugenie. You can read a further discourse on the subject (not a transcription of the talk) by her on page 4.



(Left) Eugenie has an acid flashback thanks to the Liquid Len lightshow; (above) Curé Michael Silver does not approve; (below) Willow and dark horse Will Sprunt



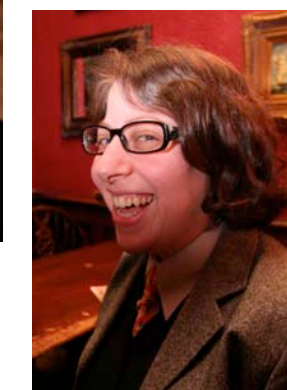
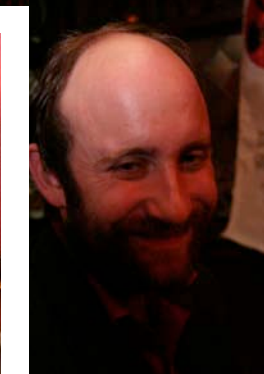
(Above) Chris is caught indulging his secret taste for all things goth; (right) Will Smith, with Ernie Samat in the background; (below) a rapt throng



(Right) Ian and Lady Grace consider



Eugenie's thesis; (below right) the Earl of Essex; (below) Miss Isabel von Appel; (left) an impish Niall Spooner-Harvey; (far left) Sir Oliver and his wife





Tree Spirit by Eugenie Rhodes



The Faeries of Kensington

By Eugenie Rhodes

KENSINGTON, THE ROYAL BOROUGH in London, home of Queen Victoria in her youth and later of Diana, Princess of Wales, has a strong link with faeries. The place was firmly marked on the faery map, so to speak, when J. M. Barrie, who himself seems to have had much of the Otherworld about him, chose it as the location where Peter Pan spent his infancy prior to boyhood in Neverland. "I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived a long time among the fairies," Peter tells Wendy.

It was in these gardens that Barrie met the Llewellyn Davies boys, George, Jack, Peter, Michael and Nico, who, amalgamated into one, became the immortal boy who never grew up. Michael, brilliant, charming and captivating, and Barrie's favourite, was the closest prototype of Peter Pan and it was he upon whom the statue in the gardens was based. The statue was unveiled on May Day 1912 and still stands surveying the Serpentine Lake which divides Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens. Walking parallel to the Flower Walk and up past the Round Pond, the palace and the Sunken Garden, the visitor approaches The Peter Pan Playground, outside of which is a tree copiously adorned with carvings of "The Good People".

In medieval days the land belonged to the De Vere family. Robert De Vere was the best friend of King Richard II who, according to modern-day clairvoyant Edwin Courtenay, had links with faeryland. His emblem, the white hart (deer), is, Courtenay says, "a fairy beast" and Richard's colours, white and red, are Celtic Otherworld colours.

About three hundred years ago the park had its apotheosis in a long poem entitled "Kensington Garden" which reads as a type of faery imitation of Virgil's epic work *The Aeniad*. The author is the splendidly named Thomas Tickell, just the sort of man, you might say, to write about faeries. He tells us how the area was

even more beautiful when it was a faery court:

Far sweeter was it when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd
Where, in the midst, those verdant pillars spring
Rose the proud palace of the elfin king...

This was in the days of Albion (another name for England) who, writes Tickell, was the son of the sea god Neptune and a mortal woman.

Albion had a descendant, also called Albion, who was kidnapped by Milkah, a faery. (Faeries had a reputation for stealing human babies). Milkah loved him devotedly and brought him up as one of her own kind:

Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
And to the elfin standard kept him down...



The Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens



Thomas Tickell, 1686-1740

Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confessed,
A foot in height, how stately did he show!"

(In Tickell's poem faeries are understood to be tiny but this perception is by no means true of all traditions.) Albion was not only the tallest of the elves but also the handsomest and most graceful.

Kenna, the daughter of the faery king, King Oberon, fell in love with the appealing youth, now nineteen "as mortals measure time", the poet carefully tells us (Faeryland operates by a different clock). Albion, in turn, passionately reciprocated her feelings. "Bless'd be the hour when first I was convey'd/An infant captive to this blissful shade," Albion told her; to which Kenna replied, "No prince of fairyland/ Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine." However, hardly had she spoken when her scowling father appeared and declared war, banishing Albion and, with scant respect for the lovers' pledges, giving her hand in marriage to her faery suitor Azuriel.

The wretched, lovelorn Albion wandered to the river Thames where he appealed to his divine forebear for intercession. Neptune championed Albion's cause and a mighty battle ensued between Albion's army and Azuriel's. At first Albion had the upper hand and clasped Kenna in his arms,

but his triumph was shortlived. King Oberon asserted himself with his vast faery army. The poet admonishes:

Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.

He admonishes in vain—Albion is too much in love to be sensible. A javelin thrown by Azuriel pierces his breast. He dies murmuring his beloved's name.

Neptune knocks down King Oberon but can only stun him: "...he lay/stunn'd and confounded a whole summer's day/At length awaked (for what can long restrain unbodied spirits?)..." The poet knows that though the faeries can appear in human form their substance is astral, not corporeal.

Kenna, her heart broken, remained by the corpse of Albion. Then she picked a plant and, with the aid of its juice and an incantation, transformed him into a snowdrop, "a flower that first in this sweet garden smiled".

Centuries later she returned to the site, long abandoned, to inspire the gardeners and builders who at the end of the seventeenth century were constructing a palace for the king and queen, William of Orange and Mary Stuart, and laying out the grounds.

The faeries, it is said, are back again. They are shy of being seen: "They to their cells at man's approach repair" but when the gates are locked come out to play. Thomas Tickell tells us Kenna is "pleased in these shades to head her fairy train". The faeries are alive and well in Kensington Gardens.



The Gardens today



The Chap in "Belly Up" Rumour Scandal

SOME OF YOU WILL have heard the rumours, or seen the message on www.thechap.net, suggesting that *The Chap* was in dire financial straits. Indeed the website states:

"Like many venerable institutions, *The Chap* has run into financial difficulties, due principally to a disastrous result in the 2.30 at Wincanton. But also the spiralling costs of paper stock, printing ink and distribution services, and of course the increase in tax on tobacco products.

"The harsh reality of the current situation is that if the June issue doesn't go to press, *The Chap* will cease publication for ever."

Gustav Temple, the organ's editor, goes on to touch passers by for a hand-out to help him through the crisis—there is a button on the page enabling well-wishers to donate instantly via PayPal.

So what is all this about? After what seemed like steady growth both in the physical magazine and its reach across the nation, can it really be true that behind the facade the august institution's financial health was distinctly sub-prime?

We dispatched ace reporter Torquil Arbuthnot to establish the truth. He returned hours later having tried the cunning ruse of simply asking Gustav, and this is what he

reported: "Managed to have a chat with Gustav last night. He's just short of the readies to get out this particular edition in the new, larger format—it's just temporary cashflow problems rather than sales dropping. Once June's edition is printed, he's going back to the old A5 size."

So there you have it: the magazine is essentially healthy but Gustav has miscalculated and finds himself short of the up-front cash to publish the June edition. If you did feel minded to tuck a few notes into Gustav's blazer pocket he is offering to list all donors in the magazine and give the top benefactors free VIP tickets to the planned Chap 10th anniversary party in October. For a taster of what you can expect from the next issue—should it go to print—Gustav has this to offer:

- Land Girls on the cover and cavorting over seven pages

- An extensive interview with Chap of Chaps Stephen Fry

□ An article about Sapeurs, the Congolese dandies who live in abject poverty

- A Savile Row tailor's appraisal of David Niven's superlative wardrobe

• The E-Type Jaguar Series One Roadster, that louchest of automobiles

- A new advice column, in which readers are offered conflicting advice from the Lady and the Cad

• Count Arthur Strong responds to the



Chap Questionnaire

- A new Chap of the Month section, opening with a picture of a man flying a Spitfire while reading a copy of *The Chap*
- For more details see www.thechap.net.



Cirque de Crème Anglaise 4

THANKS TO ALL who came along on Saturday 16th May to Cirque de Crème Anglaise 4, the regular night that probes the humorous, foppish and vaudevillean end of the music scene. Not only did we have a record turn-out but I think it was especially successful in that the flavour of the evening came across particularly well. The acts all seemed to enjoy themselves and each other and we all made many new friends.

Garage/J-Pop trio No Cars were on good form (which is more than can be said for the pieces of paper covered in odd illustrations that they display for each song—these get more battered each time I see the band), particularly when it came to the inter-song banter. Not only did they claim to have flown over from Japan specially for that gig but they also claimed to have met in a lunatic asylum, as well as later insisting they had met when working as geishas (yet also claimed to be 17-year-old virgins). The music has a similar retro feel to fellow Japanese The 5678s, apart from the strange subject matter (a song about how much they like eating tuna, anyone?). It's impossible to wipe the grin off one's face watching them.

I'd seen Antony Elvin before, at Kitchener's Travelling Circus, but he pulled out several more stops this time, strolling up in what I would have to describe as a minstrel outfit. Accompanying him was Will Summers, dressed frankly as a jester and dipping regularly into a suitcase of wind instruments, variously playing the flute, the crumhorn and other devices the names of which I know not. Antony himself is a

very polished singer and guitarist and chooses subject matter ranging from the whimsical ("Wouldn't you like a buttery scone? I know you don't like



cheese") to the ribaldly confessional, such as the time he and a friend found their wheeze of persuading wealthy gay men to buy them dinner

backfired when they were drugged and date-raped. All human life is here. Well, if the human in question is Antony Elvin.

The Furbelows themselves (an act featuring three NSC Members) sullied the stage at that point, which seemed to go down well enough. Sadly we weren't joined by Tabitha Maynard-Addersley, who had baled out due to illness and the resulting fact that her face was bright red (she said she currently looks like a balloon on a pike). Sounds more like swine flu to me...

(Facing page) No Cars with their trademark bits of paper scrawled with cartoons and odd messages, and now featuring a kazoo solo (they claim they are releasing a branded model dubbed the No Kazoo); (right) Antony Elvin and (below) his



sidekick Will Summers; (above right) Will's stash of odd instruments; (right and bottom) The Furbelows work themselves up into a lather; (below right) Lady Grace d'Etienne and chums bring some decorum to the mosh pit





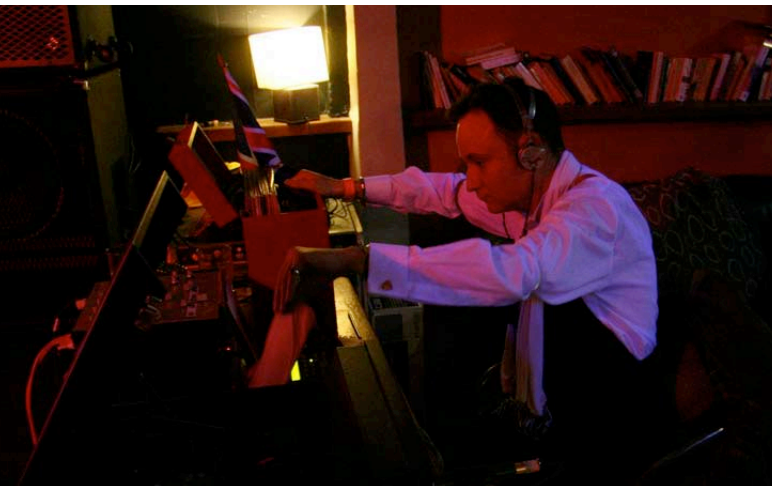
David Cronenberg's Wife take to the stage, while (left) their more crazed fans make some shapes; (bottom) Fruity at the wheels of steel



Finally came our headliners, David Cronenberg's Wife, who were launching their single "The Fight Song". What I hadn't expected was the posse of insane dancing people who came along for the show. It seems to be a given that Anti-Folk bands have a small cadre of special fans who dance like lunatics for the band's set then stalk off again. (This theory is based on a sample of three—DCW, Paul Hawkins and Extradition Order.) Anyway, the band played a sterling set of sick, bitter and twisted songs and

the crowd rightly demanded an encore.

Final mention must go to Fruity Hatfield-Peverel who was DJing for us, variously from a gramophone with a microphone in front of it for his 78s and the modern wonder of the iPod for the rest of his set. It was a masterful and unpredictable blend of swing, ragtime, lounge, eighties hip-hop, psychedelia, movie soundtracks and much more. I'm very much hoping that Fruity will be a regular feature at future Cirques. The next one of which will be on Friday 21st August—keep the date free!—when we will present David Goo and his Variety Band plus one-man band Android Angel.



Stonebarrow Revisited

AFTER THE CLUB jaunt to spend a week at the country house Stonebarrow three Christmases ago I put together a compact disc of music that had been played on various ancient gramophones during our stay—given the scarcity of 78s for the machines that play them, certain tunes tended to be heard over and over again. Thanks to the record collection of Fruity Hatfield-Peverel (see report opposite) I extracted 27 tunes and squeezed them on to one CD—augmented by a live recording of Niall Spooner-Harvey performing the song he'd written specially as a celebration of all that had happened to us that week.

I distributed a few of these CDs to interested parties and then forgot about it. But the announcement of Cally Callomon's own compilation last month reminded me of this disc and I mentioned it in the Newsletter. This sparked some interest from Members who probably hadn't joined the Club last time around. Consequently, I have churned out a few more copies of this disc and offer them up for sale to all and sundry at a nominal cost of £3 to cover manufacturing costs. Anyone interested in owning *Now That's What I Call Stonebarrow!*

Vol. 1 should email me at mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk. Full track listing:

1. Five Fifteen
2. On the Air
3. The Music Goes 'Round and Around
4. You've Got to Be Modernistic
5. Crazy Feet
6. Tan-Tan Tivvy Tally Ho!
7. Chewing Gum
8. I Was In the Mood
9. I Like Bananas (Because They Have No Bones)
10. Butterflies in the Rain
11. I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan
12. You Forgot Your Gloves
13. I Don't Want to Go to Bed
14. I'm an Unemployed Sweetheart
15. Happy Feet
16. The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven
17. Gimme a Little Kiss (Will Ya, Huh?)
18. Black Bottom
19. The Man On the Flying Trapeze
20. Have You Ever Been Lonely?
21. The Sun Has Got His Hat On
22. An Elephant Never Forgets
23. Goody Goody
24. I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket
25. Teddy Bear's Picnic
26. I Heard a Song in a Taxi
27. The Sheridan Christmas House
28. Here's To the Next Time

Taken from the albums:

Henry Hall and the BBC Dance Orchestra

Ambrose and His Orchestra

Dance Bands "On the Air"

"It's 5:15 and Time for Henry Hall"

Notable Noble

1926





The NSC Summer Party

PREPARATIONS FOR THIS year's New Sheridan Club summer party, **Tempting Fête**, roll on. In keeping with the traditional English fête theme, the competitions will include precision cheese rolling, turnip jousting and guessing the weight of a cake. There will be a tombola with suitably tacky prizes and Miss Sophie Jonas will also be running a stall selling homemade sweets.

We'll also be distributing copies of the parish magazine—*The Chap*—plus the *Evening Star* newspaper from Old Town.

We have the whole venue to ourselves and, as in the past, we'll be stocking the bathrooms with fine soaps, pomades, colognes and moustache waxes to keep you looking and feeling your best throughout the evening.

Performances will include the seemingly yet foot-stomping sounds of **Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer** and a demonstration of the Victorian walking-stick martial art of **Bartitsu**. I'm also pleased to announce that the **Fitzrovia Radio Hour** will be delivering a live, half-hour broadcast from the party.

Prizes for the Grand Raffle will include a boater from Lock's of St James's, a Fairtrade Panama from Pachacuti, Old Town vouchers, sausages made from rare old English breeds, some handsome NSC cufflinks, country pub games (cribbage,



dominoes, backgammon, etc.), DVDs including *The Wicker Man*, *Sir Henry at Rawlinson End*, *The Darling Buds of May*, *One Man And His Dog*, *The Village of the Damned*, *Went The Day Well* and more, books including *The Poacher's Handbook*, a history of the tea trade, *50 Things You Need to Know About British History*, *The Pursuit of Wild Animals for Sport* (1856) by Dr John Henry Walsh, *Boxing, Swimming and Training*, all reprinted from 1914, a history of British staff cars, *The Victorian and Edwardian Sportsman* by Richard Tames, CDs including *England: A Celebration in Music* and a disc of British bird songs, a Ladybird mug depicting the original cover of *The Motor Car: How It Works*, and more.

There will be a menu of hearty traditional dishes with which to line your stomach before hitting the cider and mead.

Date: Saturday 4th July

Time: 7pm–1am

Place: The City Tavern, 29 Lawrence Lane, London EC2V 8DP

Admission: Members FREE, non-Members: £5 (which may be offset against Membership for those who join on the night)

Dress: Vicars, yokels, squires, poachers, milk maids, blazers, boaters, scarecrows, suits of armour, downed Luftwaffe pilots in disguise, Green Men, morris men, disturbing pagan traditions...



You Mean They Can Make Wine in America?

A WINE COLUMN

By *Lainie Petersen*



Saintsbury Carneros Pinot Noir 2006

When I'm reading a wine label, the term "good food wine" is always a red flag: if a winery (as opposed to a critic or another third party) describes a wine in this way, it often means that the wine is somehow defective, requiring additional flavours to make up for its deficiencies. Saintsbury Carneros Pinot Noir, 2006, is, however, not such a wine. Silky smooth, and surprisingly flavourful, it is best enjoyed on its own.

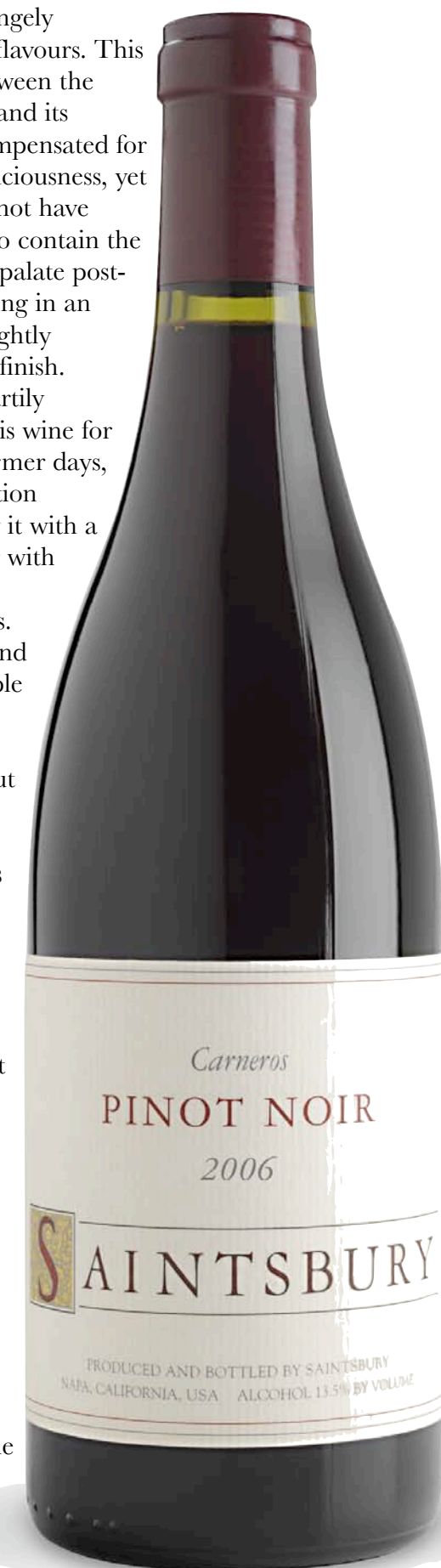
Its color is deep garnet, with a surprisingly warm, rich nose of blackcurrant, cherries, and a bit of spice and wood. As noted above, it is an extremely smooth, light-bodied wine, though



possessing strangely powerful fruit flavours. This disconnect between the wine's flavour and its structure is compensated for by its utter deliciousness, yet it simply does not have enough body to contain the flavour on the palate post-swallow, resulting in an abrupt, and slightly disappointing, finish.

I would heartily recommend this wine for sipping on warmer days, but would caution against serving it with a heavy meal, or with any strongly flavoured foods. Mild cheeses and perhaps a simple grilled salmon would be appropriate, but do try it on its own first, then make decisions about whether to serve with food.

Name: Carneros Pinot Noir 2006
Winery: Saintsbury (www.saintsbury.com)
Location: Carneros, Napa, California
How to purchase: The wine is available in the UK from Majestic (www.majestic.co.uk) and sells for £22.00.



The Cocktail Cabinet:

Wherein Members croak out fond reminiscences of the chemicals that got them into this state in the first place

The Corpse Reviver Nos 1 & 2

Clayton Hartley

I first encountered the Corpse Reviver No. 2 in an interview with Ted Haigh (aka “Dr Cocktail”, though I don’t think his qualification is recognised by the medical profession), an American cocktail historian credited with bringing this 1930s bar staple back from obscurity. Many have raved about the complexity of this drink, how you can taste all the elements. In that sense it’s a pretty good example of the whole point of mixology.

- 1 part gin
- 1 part Cointreau
- 1 part Lillet blanc
- 1 part lemon juice
- 1–3 drops of absinthe or pastis

Shake all the ingredients together with ice, strain into a Martini glass and garnish with a maraschino cherry.

Most sources seem pretty agreed on this (though personally I prefer to increase the gin and reduce the Cointreau). Simply reducing the Cointreau and lemon juice by a third creates a Miracle Cocktail.

The monicker relates to the drink’s ability to revive the hungover, though *The Savoy Cocktail Book* (1930) observes: “Four of these taken in swift succession will unrevive the corpse again.” The only variant I have found is in *Larousse Cocktails* (2004). Discussing the Hemingway (½ measure Pernod, 2½ measures Champagne) it adds that replacing 1 tsp of the Pernod with lemon juice makes a Corpse Reviver No.2. You can see the connection here, though this drink sounds to me like a cross between the Corpse Reviver No. 2 and a French 75 (see Newsletter 18, March 2008).

So what of the No. 1? *The Savoy Cocktail Book* has this recipe:

- ¼ Italian vermouth
- ¼ apple brandy or Calvados
- ½ brandy

Shake well and strain into a glass. “To be taken before 11am or whenever steam and energy are needed.”

This is the recipe one is most likely to encounter. One US online experimenter comments, “Its use as an invigorator is not



without merit. I must say the looming workday is becoming much less so with every sip. There’s almost no harshness, despite the alcohol content, with the Calvados adding a bit of juiciness to it... I also added a *schvitz* of grapefruit oil to the top, which tends to brighten up flavours, particularly in a juiceless cocktail.”

However, there is another version of the No. 1, again from *Larousse Cocktails*:

- 1 measure Cognac
- ⅓ measure Fernet-Branca liqueur
- ⅓ measure white crème de menthe

Stir with ice and strain into a Martini glass.

Elsewhere I have found this recipe referred to as a Savoy Corpse Reviver. However, to confuse matters, it post-dates *The Savoy Cocktail Book* by some 24 years: “Created in 1954 by Joe Gilmore, the head barman of the American Bar at the Savoy Hotel, the cocktail was created for ‘morning after’ clients who required a hair of the dog, but couldn’t remember which dog from which pack of hounds had bitten them.” I suspect that variety is not the secret—the aromatic blast from the Fernet-Branca and the crème de menthe will open any eye.



CLUB NOTES

New Members

I WOULD LIKE to introduce those coves and covettes who have signed up for Club Membership in the last month. Unfortunately my colleague Mr Scarheart, who handles subscriptions, has been in China subduing the Boxers for most of this time, so I have no information. It will have to wait till next time.

Forthcoming Events

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk.

Tricity Vogue and the Lost Band

Tuesday 2nd June

Doors 6.15pm, show 8pm

Volupté, 9 Norwich St, London EC4A 1EJ

Admission: seated £10 (dining optional), standing £5

The cheeky songstress dubbed by *Time Out* “mistress of the ukulele” has a new show in which she attempts to fashion a band for herself from the audience. (Something tells me she may have seeded musos among the crowd, but who knows?) Saucy songs and a splash of burlesque. See www.tricityvogue.com and www.volupte-lounge.com. Featuring special guest the “gin-soaked princess of British Burlesque” Miss Kitty Bang Bang.

NSC Club Night

Wednesday 3rd June

8pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Cuban Cigar Walk

Saturday 6th June



Miss Vogue searches for her missing musicians...

10am–3pm

Mayfair and St James’s, London

Admission: Free

As part of the London Walking Weekend (featuring 120 free guided walks), Nic Wing is hosting a stroll around “four of the best cigar retailers in the world”, learning about cigar history and presumably smoking some cigars. There is a Facebook event and you can glean more by contacting Nic at nic@citiesinsound.com to let him know you’re interested. You can learn more about the walk (which is usually available as a downloadable (paid for) podcast at www.citiesinsound.com).

London Heritage Walks

Saturday 6th and Sunday 7th June

For times, see below

Various routes in east London

Admission: Free, though you’re welcome to make a donation to the charity

The Heritage of London Trust (which I think Jessie’s mum has something to do with), in association with the Buildings of England Pevsner Guides, will be hosting a number of heritage walking trails in Newham and Tower Hamlets on the 6th and 7th June, as part of the same special event as the cigar walk above.

Saturday June 6th

11am: A walk around All Saints, West Ham. Includes visit to West Ham Park to view art installation by Clare Newton. Led by Tara Draper-Stumm. Meet at All Saints Church, West Ham, Church Street, E15.

2pm: Poplar: From East India Company Hamlet to East End Borough. Led by Bridget Cherry. Meet at Poplar DLR

2pm: Roadway of Radicalism: Politics in the East End. Led by Clive Bettington. Meet at Aldgate underground station

Sunday June 7th

11am: A walk from Bow Road to Three Mills. Led by Helen Mowat. Meet at Bow Road underground station

2pm: To the end of Mile End. Led by Cathy Cartwright.



Meet at Mile End Underground station

2pm: A walk around Bethnal Green. Led by Charles O'Brien. Meet at St John on Bethnal Green.

More information and trail guides can be found at www.heritageoflondon.com.

The Russian Summer Ball

Saturday 6th June

From 7pm

The Banqueting House, Whitehall Palace, Whitehall, London, SW1A 2E

Admission: £165 (dining) or £110 (after-dinner only)

Dress: White Tie (though black tie seems to be acceptable)

The 14th Russian Summer Ball: a full ticket gets you a Champagne reception (also featuring Ivan the Terrible vodka), a dinner by Mosimann's, dancing to the band of the Coldstream Guards, breakfast canapés at 1am followed by a Russian gypsy band.

The promoters have this to say: "Many of Russia's hottest VIPs attend this glamorous occasion, including the guests of honour, Their Highnesses Prince and Princess Dimitri of Russia, Her Highness Princess Olga of Russia and His Excellency the Ambassador of the Russian Federation, Mr Yuri Fedotov. Founded in 1996, this sumptuous White Tie Ball attracts international diplomatic and aristocratic circles, as well as socialites and stars from the worlds of film, fashion, music and art." Which may or may not appeal to you. Note that ticket prices were initially lower than outlined above, but officially went up after 9th May. The organisers contacted us about the event on 30 May, so I'm assuming there are still tickets left. To make a ticket enquiry telephone 020 8870 8717. More info at www.russiansummerball.com.

Blitz Party

Saturday 6th June

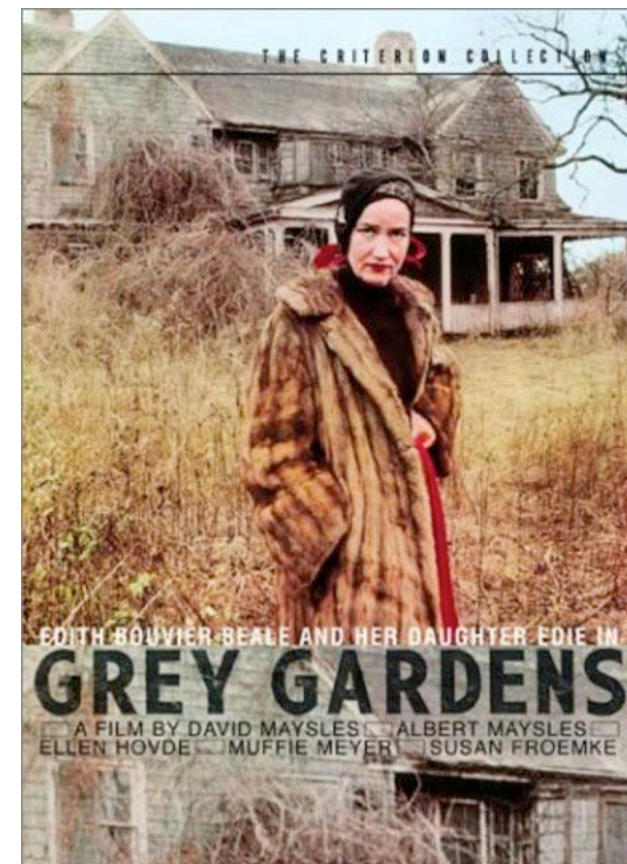
From 8pm (floor show and entertainments from 9pm)

The Bunker, 54 Holywell Lane, Shoreditch, London EC24 3PQ

Admission: £15 (telephone 020 7724 1616, go to www.theblitzparty.com or consult Ticketweb)

Dress: 1940s

Now moved to a new venue, but still under railway arches and decorated like a WWII air raid shelter. No word as to who the entertainers are this time (it was Twin & Tonic last time I went) but the date is significant—the 65th anniversary of D-Day.



David Saxby's "Children in Tweed" Benefit

Friday 12th June

8pm–2am

Aragon House, 246 New Kings Road, Parson's Green, London SW6 4XG

Tickets: £10 in advance from Old Hat, 66 Fulham High Street (020 7610 6558) or on the door by prior arrangement

The night features the Jazz Cannons eight-piece band and presumably David himself crooning along. I'm not sure whether he is seriously depicting Children in Tweed as a charity but it'll be a sterling night out either way.

NSC Film Night

Thursday 18th June

6pm–12am

The Geography Room, The William IV, 7 Shepherdess Walk London, N1 7QE

Admission: Free, though you'll have to pay for your own food and drink



Miss Suzi Livingstone will treat us to a screening of the 1970s documentary *Grey Gardens*, about two women, a socialite mother and her daughter, both named Edith Beale, living in a dilapidated mansion in East Hampton, New York. The World Film Academy has ranked it the second best documentary of the Twentieth Century.

The venue is a stylish gastro pub and we have the upstairs room to ourselves. They serve hearty ales and fine food and wine and we've got the place till midnight.

The Furbelows at The Water Rats

Wednesday 24th June

Doors 7.30pm; The Furbelows 8.15pm

Monto Water Rats, 328 Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross, London WC1X 8BZ

Admission: £6

The Furbelows, that band of musical japesters consisting mostly of NSC Members (and also perpetrators of the Cirque de Crème Anglaise—see page 8) are playing at a rather significant venue. They're on first, supporting Kazz Kumar (who is best known as part of Bhangra/hip-hop collective the Sona Family but has now launched her own pop-rock band), fresh from the Radio One Big Weekend, plus indie janglists The Dead Roads. Nothing very Chappist about any of this, I admit, but if you've ever considered coming to a Furbelows recital this would be a good choice, not least because the promoter's Sauron-like eye will be on the band to assess their, ahem, "following".



BOX OF TRICKS

Will Summers' suitcase of delights (and indeed his extraordinarily-clad legs) at the latest Cirque de Crème Anglaise

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 technological bent can befriend us electrically at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub or indeed www.facebook.com.

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