

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIFF CLUB • 106 AUGUST 2015



For the love of VHS

Lord Rupert on why he thinks videotape is the format that will never die

All together now...

Tim Eyre reports from Tom Carradine's Cockney Sing-A-Long

Sticking it to the hun

Our August Film Night presents *Bullshot*, a spoof on Chappist totem Bulldog Drummond

The NSC takes gold, silver and bronze at the Chap Olympics

CHAMPIONS' LEAGUE



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women there as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square; Pound and Lewis launched *Blast!* at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place and in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

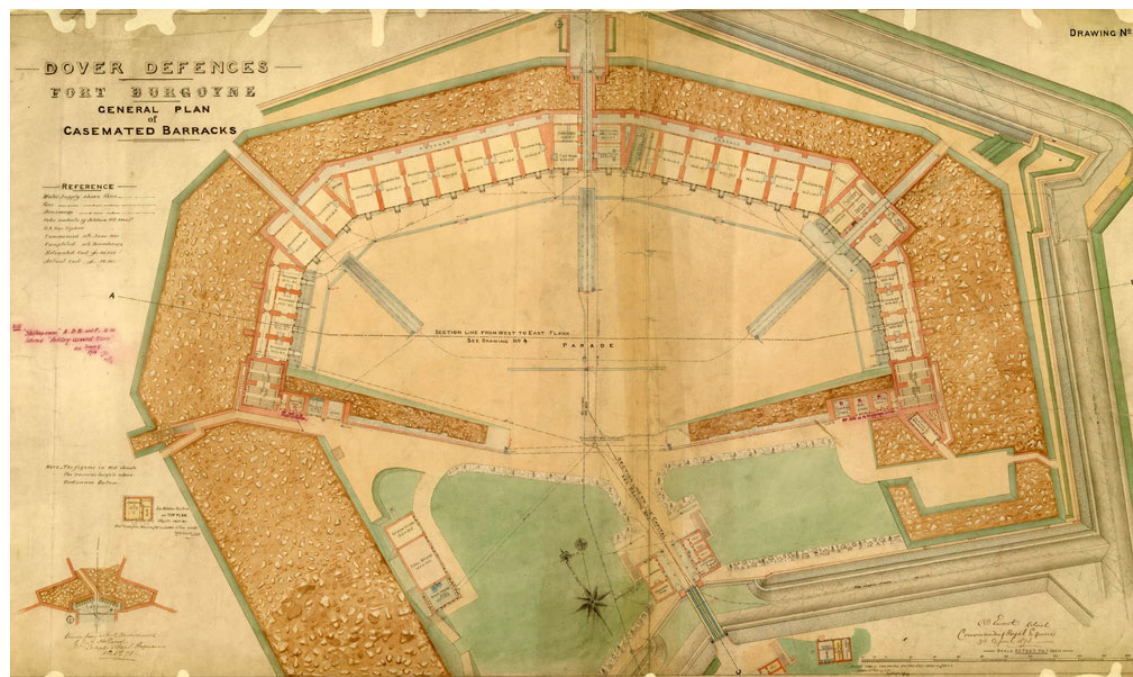
The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 5th August in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when (rescheduled from April), Simon Pile will tell us all about “his” fort, Fort Burgoyne, a coastal fort built in the 1860s and now owned by the charity The Land Trust, for which Simon works. At some point Simon is hoping to be able to arrange a NSC group visit.

The Last Meeting

Our July meeting fell on what was apparently the hottest day of the year—heat is always a problem for those who like to dress properly, and it was perhaps no surprise that we were a bit thin on the ground. Our speaker this time was Lord Rupert who was fizzing with excitement about his passion for VHS, the video tape format that dominated the market in the 1980s. He cheerfully admits that the picture quality is not very good—unlike the rival tape format Betamax. Yet VHS won the battle to become the standard because the consortium

behind it was happy to allow it to be used for all manner of entertainment, whereas Betamax's backers would not allow pornography to sully their format. Much of Rupert's fondness for the format derives from its game-changing role in democratising video—in a pre-internet age, this was the first time that moving images could be disseminated without official control. Moreover, people could use the format to make their own video content. It beckoned in the age of the “video nasty”, low-budget, artistically barren horror flicks with levels of graphic violence that would never have got past the BBFC for the big screen. Even now a number of flicks remain banned, while others are so rare that they command £10,000 on the open market. Rupert waved one tape that he said was worth £2,500. A written version of Rupert's talk begins on page 4.



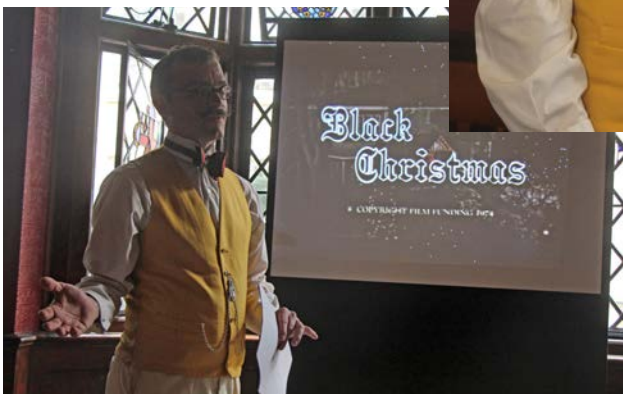


(Above) Scarheart is tickled by some of the works of art on display; (above right) in the foreground is, rather incongruously, a VHS tape of *Bullshot*, this month's Film Night presentation (see page 27); (below left) yes, that is a laserdisc of *Zombie Flesheaters*



(Right) Rupert warms to his subject: (below) video nasty trailers play in the background

(Above) Pandora wisely makes with a fan; (right) the heat seems to have been taken as an excuse for poor dress, though Birgit's at least features a Ghibli/Lovecraft joke



(Below) As if Birgit's T-shirt weren't bad enough, just look at Manfred! Oliver meanwhile finds a nicely colonial solution



(Left) Oliver's prize is a VHS of *Jerry Maguire*—apparently the most ubiquitous film to be found on the format, much to the chagrin of hardcore collectors

VIVA VHS!

Lord Rupert explains why, for him, the Video Home System tape cassette is the format that will never die

THE 1950S BEGAN the era when magnetic video recording became a major contributor to the television industry, via the first commercialised video tape recorders (VTRs). At that time, the devices were used only in expensive professional environments such as television studios. However it was in the 1970s that videotape became part of home use, creating the home video industry and changing the economics of the television and film businesses.

As with many other technological innovations, several companies were competing to produce a television recording standard that the majority of the world would embrace. At the peak of it all, the home video industry was caught up in a series of format wars. Two of the formats, VHS (Video Home System) and Betamax, received the most media exposure. Others which were around during the period but never managed to take off due to factors such as cost or quality included Laser Discs and CED (Capacitance Electronic Disc). VHS would eventually win the war, and therefore succeed as the dominant home video format, lasting throughout the video tape era.

Though what helped VHS to become the real long term winner, when you consider that laserdiscs had the best quality but were expensive while Betamax was a lot cheaper and offered better quality than VHS? The answer is, surprisingly enough, the adult entertainment industry. When Sony launched the Betamax format they refused to let the product, which was ultimately aimed at the home audience, be used for pornography, whereas JVC, the pioneers of VHS, managed to get other well-known brands such as Hitachi and Sharp on board, as they could see the potential of embracing a multi million pound

industry. This is partially why the Betamax format slowly faded away, combined with the fact that you could record only up to an hour of material, compared to VHS's recording time of two hours.

It has been long debated what the last ever film was to be released on VHS and it has generally been agreed that it was a *History of Violence* in 2005. The first commercial release was a South Korean drama called *The Young Teacher* in 1976.

Even today there is the odd mainstream film released on VHS, such as the 2012 remake of the 1980 classic film *Maniac*, which was released on a limited run, and plenty of companies out there still release their films straight to the format. Moreover Yale University in America is currently amassing the largest known collection of VHS tapes in an attempt to digitize them to save them from being lost forever—you would be surprised how many films are out there on VHS but not readily available on DVD or download.

Many Chaps will be collectors and will recognise the phenomenon of the one item that you always find in every vintage or second-hand clothing shop. For VHS collectors it is the millions upon millions of copies of *Jerry McGuire*, *Titanic* and *The Mummy*! Sadly they are not worth your time or money. In fact I could believe that no one had actually ever watched these films judging by the the plethora of them still out there waiting to be snapped up... ahem.

When it comes to the value of VHS it can vary so much. As with any collectable item it's all about quality and release dates and so forth. For us the Golden Age was the 1980s in the period of the "video nasties" before the passing of the Video Recordings Act. Some of these films such as *Beast in Heat* can easily command prices

upwards of £1000 if in excellent condition.

These video releases were not brought before the British Board of Film Classification (BBFC), which could have censored or banned many of them, due to a loophole in film classification laws. This produced a glut of potentially censorable video releases, leading to public debate concerning the availability of these films to children due to the unregulated nature of the market. Following a moral campaign led by Mary Whitehouse, local jurisdictions began to prosecute certain video releases for obscenity. To assist local authorities in identifying obscene films, the Director of Public Prosecutions released a list of 72 films the office believed to violate the Obscene Publications Act 1959. This list included films that had been acquitted of obscenity in certain jurisdictions or that had already obtained BBFC certification. The subsequent revisions to the list and confusion regarding what constituted obscene material led to Parliament passing the Video Recordings Act 1984, which forced all video releases to appear before the BBFC for certification.

The implementation of the Video Recording Act imposed a stricter code of censorship on videos than was required for cinema release.

Several major studio productions were banned on video, as they fell within the scope of legislation designed to control the distribution of video nasties. (In recent years, the stricter requirements have been relaxed, as numerous films once considered video nasties have obtained certification uncut or with minimal edits.)

In the early 1980s in certain police constabularies—notably Greater Manchester Police which was at that time run by devout Christian Chief Constable James Anderton—police raids on video hire shops increased. However, the choice of titles seized appeared to be completely arbitrary, one raid famously netting a copy of the Dolly Parton musical *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (1982) under the mistaken belief it was pornographic.

People often ask why I collect VHS. I would say because it was a part of British history and so should be preserved. Because it produced its own forms of art and artwork. And because of the stories that must surround a plastic cassette that has managed to survive from the peak of that unique social phenomenon through the hysteria that followed, when so many others have been destroyed.

Artwork for *Maniac* (1980, left) and *Maniac* (2012, below)



For nerds only: the Big List of Video Nasties

Prosecuted films

1. ABSURD (original title: *Rosso Sangue*, also known as *Monster Hunter*, *Anthropophagus 2*, and *Horrible*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. No UK re-release.
2. ANTHROPHAGUS: THE BEAST (original title: *Antropofagus*, also known as *Anthropophagous*, *Antropofago*, *The Grim Reaper*, *Man Beast*, *Man-Eater*, and *The Savage Island*). Released with approximately 8 minutes of pre-edits as *The Grim Reaper* in 2002. Complete version passed uncut in June 2015.
3. AXE (also known as *Lisa*, *Lisa and California Axe Massacre*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 19 seconds cut in 1999. Released uncut in 2005.
4. A BAY OF BLOOD (original title: *Reazione a Catena*, also known as *Twitch of the Death Nerve*, *Blood Bath* and simply *Bay of Blood*). Originally refused a cinema certificate in 1972. Released with 43 seconds cut in 1994. Re-released uncut in 2010.
5. THE BEAST IN HEAT (original title: *La Bestia in Calore*, also known as *SS Hell Camp*). No UK re-release.
6. BLOOD FEAST Released with 23 seconds cut in 2001. Re-released uncut in 2005.
7. BLOOD RITES: (also known as *The Ghastly Ones*). No UK re-release.
8. BLOODY MOON (original title: *Die Säge des Todes*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 1 minute 20 seconds cut in 1993. Released uncut November 2008.
9. THE BURNING Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 19 seconds cut in 1992. Re-released uncut in 2001.
10. CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE (original title: *Apocalypse Domani*, also known as *Invasion of the Flesh Hunters*). Released with 2 seconds cut to animal cruelty in 2005.
11. CANNIBAL FEROX (also known as *Make Them Die Slowly*). Released with approximately 6 minutes of pre-cuts plus an additional 6 sec cut to a scene of animal cruelty in 2000.
12. CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST Released in 2001 with 5 minutes 44 seconds cut to remove most animal cruelty and rape scenes. Re-released with 15 seconds cut to one animal cruelty scene in 2011.
13. THE CANNIBAL MAN (original title: *La Semana del Asesino*). Released with 3 seconds cut in 1993.
14. DEVIL HUNTER (original title: *El Canibal*). Released uncut in November 2008.
15. DON'T GO IN THE WOODS Released uncut in 2007 with a 15 rating.
16. DRILLER KILLER Released with 54 seconds of pre-cuts in 1999. Re-released uncut in 2002.
17. EVIL SPEAK Released with 3 minutes 34 seconds cut in 1987. Re-released uncut in 2004.
18. EXPOSE (also known as *House on Straw Hill*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 51 seconds cut in 1997.
19. FACES OF DEATH Released with 2 minutes 19 seconds cut to animal cruelty in 2003.
20. FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE Originally refused a cinema certificate in 1981. No UK re-release.
21. FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN (also known as *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 56 seconds cut in 1996. Released uncut in 2006.
22. FOREST OF FEAR (also known as *Toxic Zombies and Blood eaters*). No UK re-release.
23. GESTAPO'S LAST ORGY (original title: *L'ultima orgia del III Reich*, also known as *Last Orgy of the Third Reich* and *Caligula Reincarnated As Hitler*). No UK re-release.
24. THE HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY (original title: *Quella villa accanto al cimitero*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema.

Released with over 4 minutes cut in 1988. Re-released with 33 seconds cut in 2001. Released uncut in 2009.

25. THE HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK (original title: *La casa sperduta nel parco*). Originally refused a cinema certificate in 1981. Released with 11 minutes 43 seconds cut in 2002. Re-released with 42 seconds cut in 2011.
26. I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE (also known as *Day of the Woman*). Released with 7 minutes 2 seconds cut in 2001. Re-released in a longer re-edited format in 2003 which reframed the rape scenes but was cut by 43 seconds to the second rape scene by the BBFC. The original print was released again with 3 minutes cut in 2010.
27. ISLAND OF DEATH (original title: *Ta Pedhia tou dhiavolou*, also known as *Devils in Mykonos* and *A Craving For Lust*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Refused a video certificate in 1987 under the title *Psychic Killer II*. Re-released with 4 minutes 9 seconds cut in 2002. Released uncut September 2010.
28. THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT Originally refused a cinema certificate in 1974 and again in 2000. Also refused a video certificate in 2001. Passed with 31 seconds cut in 2002. Released uncut on 17 March 2008.
29. LOVE CAMP 7 Refused a video certificate in 2002.
30. MADHOUSE (also known as *There Was a Little Girl*). Released uncut in 2004.
31. MARDI GRAS MASSACRE No UK re-release.
32. NIGHTMARE IN A DAMAGED BRAIN (also known as *Nightmare*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with approximately 3 minutes of pre-edits in 2005.
33. NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APE (original title: *La Horripilante bestia humana*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with approximately 3 minutes of pre-cuts in 1999. Re-released uncut in 2002.
34. NIGHT OF THE DEMON Released with 1 minute 41 seconds cut in 1994.
35. SNUFF Passed uncut in 2003 but no UK release to date.
36. SS EXPERIMENT CAMP (original title: *Lager SSadis Kastrat Kommandantur*, also known as *SS Experiment Love Camp*). Released uncut in 2005.
37. TENEBRAE (original title: *Tenebre*, also known as *Unsane*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 5 seconds cut in 1999. Re-released uncut in 2003. Still banned in Germany to this day.
38. THE WEREWOLF & THE YETI (original title: *La Maldicion de la Bestia*, also known as *Night of the Howling Beast*). No UK re-release.
39. ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS (also known as *Zombie* and *Zombi 2*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 1 minute 46 seconds cut in 1992. Re-released with 23 seconds cut in 1999. Released uncut in 2005.

Non-prosecuted films

1. THE BEYOND (original title: *E Tu Vivrai Nel Terrore – L'Aldilà*, also known as *Seven Doors of Death*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with approximately 2 minutes cut in 1987. Re-released uncut in 2001.
2. THE BOGEY MAN (also known as *The Boogeyman*). Originally passed uncut for cinema. Released with 44 seconds cut in 1992. Re-released uncut in 2000.
3. CANNIBAL TERROR (original title: *Terror Canibal*) — Released uncut in 2003.
4. CONAMINATION Released uncut in 2004 with a 15 rating.
5. DEAD & BURIED Originally passed uncut for cinema. Released with 30 seconds cut in 1990. Re-released uncut in 1999.
6. DEATH TRAP (also known as *Eaten Alive* and *Starlight*

Slaughter). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 25 seconds cut in 1992. Re-released uncut in 2000.

7. DEEP RIVER SAVAGES (original title: *Il paese del sesso selvaggio*, also known as *Man From Deep River*). Originally refused a cinema certificate in 1975. Released with 3 minutes 45 seconds of animal cruelty cuts in 2003.

8. DELIRIUM (also known as *Psycho Puppet*). Released with 16 seconds cut in 1987.

9. DON'T GO IN THE HOUSE Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 3 minutes 7 seconds cut in 1987. Re-released uncut in December 2011.

10. DON'T GO NEAR THE PARK Released uncut in 2006.

11. DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT (also known as *The Forgotten*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released uncut in 2005 with a 15 rating.

12. THE EVIL DEAD Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with approximately 2 minutes cut in 1990. Re-released uncut in 2001.

13. FROZEN SCREAM No UK re-release.

14. THE FUNHOUSE

Originally passed uncut for cinema. Released uncut in 1987. Re-classified 15 in 2007.

15. HUMAN EXPERIMENTS Originally passed uncut for cinema. No UK re-release.

16. I MISS YOU, HUGS & KISSES (also known as *Drop Dead Dearest*). Released with 1 minute 6 seconds cut in 1986.

17. INFERNO Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 20 seconds cut in 1993. Re-released uncut in September 2010.

18. KILLER NUN (original title: *Suor Omicidi*). Released with 13 seconds cut in 1993. Re-released uncut in 2006.

19. LATE NIGHT TRAINS (original title: *L'ultima treno della notte*, also known as *Night Train Murders*). Originally refused a cinema certificate in 1976. Released uncut in 2008.

20. LET SLEEPING CORPSES LIE (original title: *Non si deve profanare il sonno dei morti*, also known as *The Living Dead*

at the Manchester Morgue and *Don't Open the Window*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 1 minute 53 seconds cut in 1985. Re-released uncut in 2002.

21. NIGHTMARE MAKER (also known as *Night Warning* and *Butcher, Baker, Nightmare Maker*). Refused a video certificate in 1987 under the title *The Evil Protege*. No UK re-release.

22. POSSESSION Originally passed uncut for cinema. Released uncut in 1999.

23. PRANKS (also known as *The Dorm That Dripped Blood* and *Death Dorm*). Released with 10 seconds cut in 1992.

24. PRISONER OF THE CANNIBAL GOD (original title: *La montagna del dio cannibale*, also known as *Mountain of the Cannibal God* and *Slave of the Cannibal God*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 2 minutes 6 seconds of animal cruelty cuts in 2001.

25. REVENGE OF THE BOOGEYMAN (original title: *Boogeyman*

II). Released in re-edited form with additional footage in 2003.

26. THE SLAYER Released with 14 seconds cut in 1992. Re-released uncut in 2001.

27. TERROR EYES (also known as *Night School*). Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 1 minute 16 seconds cut in 1987.

28. THE TOOL BOX MURDERS Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with 1 minute 46 seconds cut in 2000.

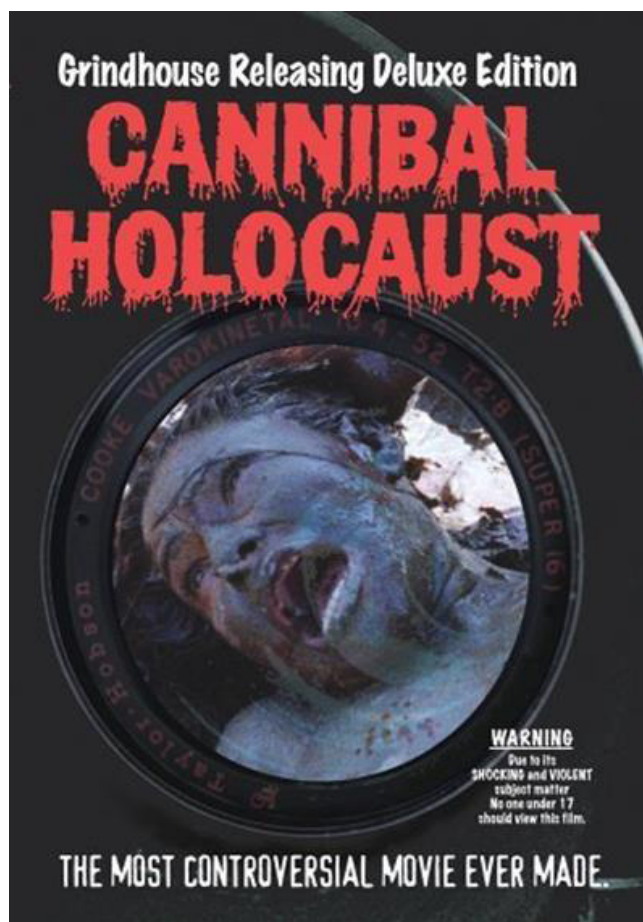
29. UNHINGED Originally passed uncut for cinema. Released uncut in 2004.

30. VISITING HOURS Originally passed with cuts for cinema. Released with approximately 1 minute cut in 1986.

31. THE WITCH WHO CAME FROM THE SEA Released uncut in 2006.

32. WOMEN BEHIND BARS (original title: *Des diamants pour l'enfer*). No UK re-release.

33. ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH (also known as *Hell of the Living Dead* and *Virus*). Originally passed uncut for cinema in an edited version. Full version released uncut in 2002.



Films banned by the BBFC but not classed as video nasties

1. MANIAC Banned for cinema in 1981 and again for video in 1998. Released with 58 seconds of cuts in 2002.

2. MOTHERS DAY Banned for cinema in 1980. Released uncut on Blu-ray in 2015.

3. THE NEW YORK RIPPER Banned for cinema in 1982. Released with 29 seconds of cuts in 2002.

4. STRAW DOGS Originally passed uncut for cinema. Withdrawn around the video nasty period but not actually included on the list. It was given an uncut theatrical re-release in 1995 but two subsequent attempts to pass the film for video in 1999 resulted in BBFC rejections. It was finally released uncut in 2002.

5. THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE Banned for cinema in 1975. Released uncut with an 18 certificate in 1999.

Films seized by the police but not classed as video nasties

1. BASKET CASE

2. BLOOD FOR DRACULA

3. CANNIBAL

4. CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD

5. MACABRE

6. MADMAN

7. NIGHT OF THE SEAGULLS

8. THE PROWLER

9. SHOGUN ASSASSIN

10. SUPERSTITION

11. WEREWOLF WOMAN

12. XTRO

13. ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST

CHAMPIONS' LEAGUE

Artemis Scarheart takes us through his battle strategy that led to a decisive NSC victory at the Chap Olympics

“SO WHAT I think happens is that they sign a contract whereby she provides slave or BDSM play services to this emotionally detached billionaire and they fall in love and she fixes him. Then she just has a normal fellow who is also a billionaire and they live on his yacht or something. My fiancée read it on the beach on holiday last year and seemed to like it.”

Explaining the plot of *Fifty Shades* to a curious taxi driver who was fasting for Ramadan is not quite how I pictured my drive to the Field of Elegant Dreams—aka the 2015 Chap Olympiad—but that’s how life often is for Gold Cravat Winners. As opposed to most taxi trips, this driver was chatty and, as well as soft porn, we discussed Apple iwatches (rubbish), drones (good but scary), Chappism (baffling) and how easy or hard it is to fast (easy if you’re doing it for religion, hard for diets). He dropped me off outside Bedford Square Gardens and, hauling the NSC gazebo with me, I made my way to the gate.

This being England, although the gate was wide open a couple of people had formed a queue. With the confidence of a Glorious



Committee Member I stormed through and asked a guard where I might find Bethan. Contrary to how they may behave when one is innocently smuggling three kegs of potato vodka into the event it was all smiles and directions so I stalked unmolested over to the Winner’s Circle. This area is created each year by our own Pandora and features enough food—especially sweet food—to satisfy Billy Bunter on a hungry day. Base camp made, I manfully struggled alone (aside from, eventually, seven other people) and erected the

magnificent and stately pleasure dome which is the NSC’s gazebo. I had been unable to bring the banners due to logistical reasons/their being lost in my flat somewhere, but we were now set up and ready for the masses. Almost.

This year, I had decided to compete in all events and had a few tricks up my sleeve. In 2014 I had been feeling the effects of being rather tired and emotional the night before due to a few drinks with friends, but this year I was fit and ready to go. To take my place on the stage and stride to victory. Or rather, clank to victory. Yes, the Iron Peacock would take to the field! The Iron Peacock would compete in



(Above and right) The traditional NSC “Winner’s Circle”, courtesy of Pandora Harrison, boasted both bunting and flowers in NSC colours; (below) the day kicks off with the lighting of the Olympic Pipe, which is then passed from contestant to contestant

PHOTO CREDITS: Stephanie Wolff, Roy James Shakespeare, Catherine Anderson, Bea and Evie, Suzanne Coles



(Below) All go at the Winner’s Circle; (right) Pandora (I) in her Egyptian-influences outfit





(Clockwise from right) Adrian is sporting a fox's brush, much to this child's amusement; Howard, seen here corrupting Mrs Palmer-Lewis, has discovered some lewd packaging; it is traditional for the NSC to try inventive ways of smuggling booze into the event—here we see Stephen Myhill's masterful ruse of hiding a bottle of grog inside a lettuce; Michael "Atters" Attree maintains his reputation as a ladies' man; this pie is so Chappist it even has its own handlebar moustache, much to David Kudish's delight; left to right, Russel Nash, Mikhail Korasch and Stewart Waller; Grace's NSC cake



PHOTO CREDITS: Nick Mann, Ryan Pike, Suzanne Coles, Catherine Anderson, Stephen Myhill,

all events with an eye especially on the jousting and pseudo combat events for how could he fail to win with steel plate covering his legs! This advantage comes from a recent harness of armour I bought and although I had planned to wear the whole rig, the temperature mooted for the day (and the intercession of my lovely fiancée) meant that I would not wear it all. My Squire, Henry Burntboat of Sussex, would assist on the day but as I was there first I took my first drink of the day and fittingly it was mead. Slowly but surely the garden began to fill up and I saw more and more chums arrive. Signing the waiver which meant that it was all my fault (though I believe these documents are legally meaningless) I was ready to compete in all events.

But first there was a little moment for “us”, that is those who plan, organise and continually take part in the day. A regular feature at the Olympiad, the Chap at Goodwood and an NSC member was Thomas T. Cat. Thomas sadly passed away very suddenly shortly before the Olympiad and so all of us who knew him, had stewarded with him or even just saw him each year on the day and had a good old chat with him took a few minutes to remember him and those he has left behind. A sober moment and a reminder that friends and Chumrades are important and it’s not just about fooling round on stage for the benefit of attendees and Getty images. There is a good, solid, core of friendship which holds it all together.

That moment done, we raised our glasses and the day began with the traditional Lighting of the Pipe and the just as traditional Swapping of the Mouth Ulcers. There seemed to be around 60 competitors this year (I would not sully their good names with the word “athlete”) and it was a crowded field. So crowded in fact that no one bar those on stage could really see the pipe until Tristan, the Master of Ceremonies, ushered them off the stage post puff. And then the day’s non-sport began!

There were a number of new events this year as well as some old favourites. I still yearn for the return of the Martini Relay, and the spine crushing Champagne Charlie Pyramid of Dextrous Dandies seemed to be even more dangerous than the old Ironing Board Surfing—a human pyramid of Chaps and Chapettes balanced atop one another. Being

a Chap who enjoys a large lamb lunch I was relegated/promoted to the foundation level of this which mean that various already half-cut characters were climbing all over my back as they attempted to create some sort of structure. This was very much an event where I had to look at pictures to know how we were doing and I can see why we lost, although the howls and cries and the fizz leaking all down my arm were early clues. Aunt Avoidance was a new event which entailed me spinning round and round and round in an attempt to not have to be seen by my “Aunt”, but in the end I just got a stern telling off and slunk away ashamed. Not Playing Tennis saw me remove one leg and spend the time polishing it whilst having a cigar. To add a new level of Not Playing Tennis, Chopper joined me and started to give my metal legs a vigorous polishing which was remarkably relaxing as well as appearing to be thoroughly indecent.

Lunch happened at some point. I was offered a very strange salad consisting of melon, onion and cheese but it seemed like a practical joke so I politely declined whilst various children ran around wearing parts of my armour.

Your loyal correspondent did make a very important discovery over the course of the day—there is a very good reason why the invention of the bicycle and the use of steel plate leg armour did not overlap. It’s bloody difficult to keep a bike going when your legs are lashed to steel. Although it is possible to run in the leg pieces, the circular movement necessary to propel a bicycle is much, much harder. During the two events which required the use of the cycles, I was at a distinct disadvantage. So



Your correspondent with Mai Møller



much so that at one point I had to throw myself on the point of my umbrella in order to salvage some sense of honour and victory from the day.

and the contents of various hollowed out books, lettuces, canes, hip flasks and drinkable waistcoats, the events of the day shuddered to a halt. With a mighty roar the last sport—I forget which one it was—ended and the judges retired to their sober deliberations.

I realise this account has skipped over various details dear reader—who won what event? What about the burlesque show that started during Well Dressage? What did Il Grande Colonese tear in half this time? But those who have attended know what a social whirl the day is. So many people to see, so much people-watching to do, so many pies to snaffle. Being in the Winner’s Circle meant that there was such an absurd abundance of goodies that the piles of dead and dying diabetics had to be stepped over to get to just one more home-baked treat.

It is therefore hard for the attendees—let alone those who take part in as many events as they can—to be able to have total recall of the day. Needless to say (though I say it still) now, truly is the Age of the Orc, as it was announced that I had won the Silver Cravat, Ed Marlowe the Gold and Dawn Parsonage-Kent had taken the Bronze. All of us Members of the NSC.

For those of you unaware of the fact (I don’t like to speak about it much) in 2011 I took home the Gold Cravat, so it was nice to see that my non-athletic inability has been heading slowly but surely downhill. To date, I believe no one has yet got a clean sweep of all three Cravats but if I keep this up by 2019 the Bronze Cravat should be flying proudly from my flagpole/neck.

After a brief interview from French television, I could not tarry and headed to The Jack Horner The Pub On The Corner so that well-wishers, lick-spittles and stumblebums

could congratulate me and press drink after drink into my hand. I had warned those in the Winners Circle that I would be “even more” insufferable now I had the Silver. And so I headed off into the dusk, metal legs clanking proving that plate armour is still as relevant today as it was 25 years ago.

Truly, now is the Age of the Orc.



(Top) Farhan Rasheed; (above, l-r) Sara Sewandsew, Sadie Docherty, Katie Holt; (below, l-r) Dirk Heinsius, Mr B., Wesley Golledge



I had bellowed to my fellows to “form square” to protect me but to no avail, so suicide was the only way out.

There was also in the day another toast made to Thomas by Tristan from the main stage. Around 1,500 people raised their glasses to him and it was another nice moment of the day.

Eventually, after much gin and Pimms



(Below) The Champagne Charlie Human Pyramid of Dextrous Dandies: a human pyramid and Champagne fountain mash-up



PHOTO CREDITS: Roy James Shakespeare, Stephanie Wolff, The Telegraph, Stuart Mitchell



PHOTO CREDITS: Roy James Shakespeare, Stephanie Wolff, Catherine Anderson, The Telegraph,

Tea Pursuit: pairs of contestants cycle round the track, one with a teapot and one with a teacup, attempting to pour a cup of tea on the move. Although Chopper (right) seems to be more interested in scoffing Ferrero Rocher





(Above) Beach Volleyboller is essentially beach volleyball played with a bowler hat; (below) Well Dressage is a sort of dressage event using a hobby horse, where the object of the game is to display elegance and panache

PHOTO CREDITS: Roy James Shakespeare, Suzanne Coles, Stephanie Wolff, Nick Mann



© Nick Mann Photography



In Freefrom Breadbasketball players must lob bread rolls into a breadbasket held by the butler, while gluten-intolerants (played above by the NSC's Matthew Howard) try and stop them. It mostly seemed to revolve around ways to pin the defenders to the ground...



Aunt Avoidance. Players must cross the track while avoiding the absurd requests of dangerous aunts. I frankly have no idea if these photos are actually from this event, but they don't seem to fit in anywhere else...





(Above, l-r) Stewart Lister Vickers, Stephen Myhill, Champagne Charlie, Rupert Bell, James Blah



(Above) There were regular toasts to sponsor Charles Heidseck



(Left) Hats for sale; (right) Charlie entertains during the interval;; (below) a clump of officials: (l-r) Bethan Garland, Rupert Bell, Chap editor Gustav Temple, MC Tristan Langlois



(Above) There was a lot of pipe-smoking



(Above) Young William Beckwith tries on some armour for size; (left) the Vintage News team were on site.



PHOTO CREDITS: Roy James Shakespeare, Nick Mann, Suzanne Coles, Seonaid Beckwith, Sally Toogood



Umbrella Jousting: Mounted on Boris bikes, contestants joust at each other using umbrellas as weapons and briefcases as shields. It usually ends up in an unseemly grapple on the ground

PHOTO CREDITS: Roy James Shakespeare, Nick Mann, Stephanie Wolff, *The Telegraph*





Not Playing Tennis: players must studiously not play tennis. This young man (above) has the right idea, while Scarheart polishes his armour (top left) and Zack reads everyone a story (left). Andy is so torpid he has to be carried into his deck chair (top right).



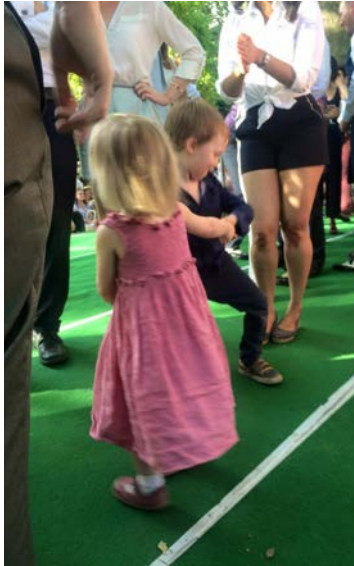
(Below) Corby Trouser Press Steeplechase: contestants are supposed to change into and out of a series of trousers, though Scarheart simply has his armour polished some more





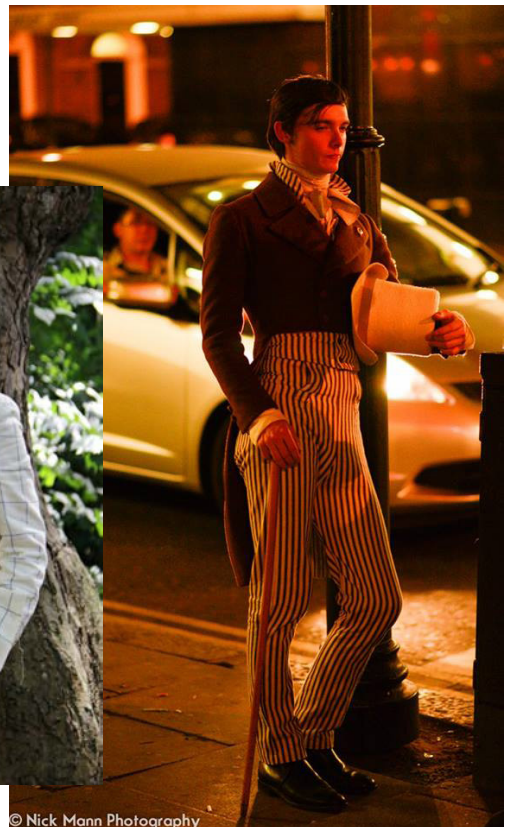
The day is won! Ed Marlowe takes the gold cravat (top left), Scarheart the silver (left) and Dawn Parsonage-Kent the bronze (lower left). After that it is simply a matter of more picnicking, more drinking and more dancing
PHOTO CREDITS: Roy James Shakespeare, Nick Mann, Stephanie Wolff, The Telegraph, Mai Møller





(Serious rug-cutting from Lizzie and William Beckwith (above) and Ian Valentine and Sally Toogood (left); (above) Stuart Turner and Darcy Sullivan compare outfits; (below left) Harrison Goldman sporting a splendid suit; (below) all good things must come to an end and our heroes wend their way...

PHOTO CREDITS:
Roy James
Shakespeare,
Nick Mann,
Suzanne
Coles, Seonaid
Beckwith



© Nick Mann Photography

TOM CARRADINE'S COCKNEY SING-A-LONG

Tim Eyre on one man's crusade to preserve a corner of Cockney culture and give us back a time and place for group singing

“**W**HAT DO YOU DO when you want to sing?” a Taiwanese student once asked me.

We were in a karaoke box in Japan. For those unfamiliar with them, a karaoke box is a private room where a group of friends can sing karaoke together. I had simply mentioned that karaoke boxes were rare in Britain. He retorted with this question, which left me quite speechless. His genuine puzzlement that our nation should lack good singing facilities revealed an important insight: that singing is a basic human need.

Truth be told, modern Britain does offer a modest clutch of outlets for those wishing to sing. Most obviously, one can join a choir or amateur dramatic group. This generally requires a certain level of ability and commitment as well as a willingness to sing the same song over and over again in rehearsals. One may also attend



The incomparable Mr. Carradine

a church and sing hymns, which generally requires some degree of religious faith and a willingness to restrict oneself to religious songs. I am told that football supporters sing, or at least chant, but attending football matches is not everyone's cup of tea.

It seems that nowadays, when we want to sing we just whistle through our teeth or hum vague snatches of tunes. However, things were not always like this.

Up until the 1970s pubs would typically have a piano and sometimes even a resident pianist. People would gather around the piano and sing songs. This was the sing-along, a socially inclusive communal activity where people sang for singing's sake and no other. It would have been an uncomplicated pleasure, with no need for auditions or affiliation. However, in tandem with the decline in tweed, the pianos disappeared from the pubs. They were replaced by canned music played through electronic amplifiers. By

the 1980s a piano in a pub was a rarity and the mere suggestion of singing a round of “My Old Man’s a Dustman” on the old Joanna would have been met with hoots of derisive laughter. Such activities did not fit with the mirrored walls and neon lighting of the era.

Sing-alongs were not restricted to pubs. It was once normal to hold them at private parties, but this forum for communal singing also fell into disuse. One can only conjecture as to why; my guess is that it was simply seen as old-fashioned. So it is that nowadays, when we want to sing our options are limited to say the least. Hence the whistling through the teeth and desultory humming.

Thankfully someone is doing something about this sorry state of singing affairs. For the past year or so a certain Mr Tom Carradine has been organising events called *Carradine’s Cockney Sing-A-Long*. Mr Carradine hails from the East End... of Coventry (home to Two Tone band The Specials and Death Metal band Bolt Thrower). Mr Carradine is a professional musician, primarily as a musical

director for musical theatre. However, he has studied the musical form of the Cockney sing-along for over ten years and, as a skilled pianist, is well placed to conduct them.





And conduct them he does. One might imagine that his sing-alongs are modest affairs, taking place in a room above a pub and attracting a few dozen participants (much like the New Sheridan Club monthly meetings). Not a bit of it. The sing-alongs that Mr Carridine leads in London pull in around 270 people and generally sell out. They are held roughly once a month on a Monday evening.

A hall fit for a sing

The venue for these events could hardly be better. Close to Tower Bridge, in the heart of the historic East End there stands a venue called Wilton's Music Hall. The designation "music hall" is perfectly genuine: a Mr John Wilton opened the place as a music hall in 1859. He bedecked it with mirrors and a sun burner chandelier with 300 gas jets and 27,000 crystals. It hosted opera, ballet,

circus acts and there is even a story that it hosted the first performance of the Can-Can, which was promptly banned. The place burned down in 1877 but was rebuilt. Performances stopped when a Methodist mission took over the building. Wilton's became known as "Methodism's Finest Hall" and acted as a centre for important humanitarian work at a time when living conditions in the East End were notoriously bad. This work continued for nearly 70 years until 1956. The building was scheduled for demolition in the 1960s as part of the slum clearances of the time but fortunately it was saved by a campaign the supporters of which included Sir John Betjeman, Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan. It was granted Grade II* listed status in 1971 and was bought by the Greater London Council.

However, this did not secure the building's future. By 2004 Wilton's was derelict. That year,



the current Managing and Artistic Director Frances Mayhew took control of the place and undertook a long-term project to once again turn it into a viable performance space. Wilton's is now owned by the Wilton's Music Hall Trust and restoration continues to this day with completion scheduled for the end of 2015. Despite the work being undertaken, Wilton's manages to stay open and the performances staged there are as varied as the venue's history. Indeed, many events (including the *Sing-A-Longs*) offer attendees a pre-performance history tour.

Visitors to Wilton's are greeted by a pair of ornate double doors. Inside there is a large lobby that leads to a network of corridors and rooms that include a main bar and a cocktail bar. Here one can revel in shabby chic writ large. Wilton's is worth a visit just for the bars but the music hall itself is a sight to behold. There is a large stage

and a wooden floor that slopes gently upwards towards the back. Many of the original fittings have survived, although lighting is now provided by electricity rather than gas. A wide balcony extends around three sides of the hall, providing more space and an extra vantage point. The overall feeling is of a place that has scarcely been touched by the 20th century.

There are a few pew-like seats but most of the people at the sing-alongs stand. Perhaps to emphasise the communal nature of the event, Mr Carradine plays not on the stage but on the hall floor among the attendees. Instead the stage plays host to the words to the songs, which an assistant projects on to the wall behind it. Mr Carradine is clearly aware of the dangers of Death by PowerPoint for he has taken the trouble to present the words in a suitably old-fashioned style, reminiscent of a Victorian playbill. For those who prefer their lyrics closer to hand, Mr Carradine distributes song booklets.

These words are important for people such as me, who sort of know most of the songs, but usually just the choruses and not the verses. "I'm always surprised at how many people know these songs," says Mr Carradine, "even the obscure ones. They must just leach into our consciousness by osmosis. It really is a reminder about the strength of musical and oral traditions." Often the songs seem to have been handed down from generation to generation. "Many people come to me at the sing-a-longs and tell me that their parents or grandparents used to sing these songs and that's where they've learnt them, or at least heard them before."

Medleys and quodlibets

Each event takes the form of a series of medleys. Each medley has a theme, such as wartime, animals, musicals, genuine Cockney songs and "Mockney" musical theatre songs (from shows such as *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* and *My Fair Lady*). This format allows Mr Carradine to keep up the momentum of the event while at the same time folding in less well known material. He rotates at least 30% of the material between performances to keep the event fresh for regulars but also keep in the favourites for first timers—what would a sing-along be without a rendition of "Knees Up, Mother Brown" or "We'll Meet Again"? Mr Carradine is always on the lookout for new



material to add and gladly takes suggestions.

Mr Carradine also inserts an intriguing interlude to the medleys in the form of something called a quodlibet. This name sounds like it might be an obscure species of antelope but it is actually a musical curiosity where two different songs can be sung to the same chord progression. So it is that Mr Carradine leads one side of the room to sing “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary” while the other sings “Pack Up Your Troubles”. The effect with so many people singing is quite remarkable.

The *Sing-A-Longs* began organically with impromptu bouts of song after hours in the Nag’s Head pub at the Twinwood vintage festival. “These after-hours sing-a-longs were a real joy,” says Mr Carradine. “After last year’s festival I was determined to bring that joyous community spirit to London.” They started as a “music in the bar” event at Wilton’s but quickly grew to fill the main auditorium. Tickets are not a fixed price but rather sold by Wilton’s on a “pay what you can” scheme, which allows all but the most destitute to attend. Indeed, a notable characteristic of the sing-a-longs is their inclusivity: vintage-clad hipsters belt out the

songs alongside Cockney old-timers.

The sing-alongs are not restricted to London. Mr Carradine holds them each month at the Scallywag Café in Tunbridge Wells and at the Emporium in Brighton and also puts them on for private parties, weddings and even corporate events—which generates an intriguing image of pinstripe-clad bankers do-si-do-ing to “I’ve Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts”. Mr Carradine even led the New Sheridan Club Post-Christmas House in a gin-drenched sing-along last January, for which he was rightly accorded honorary Membership.

Since the advent of the recording industry, music has become something that people consume rather than do. *Carradine’s Cockney Sing-A-Long* provides an alternative to this. As Mr Carradine says, “It’s been great having ‘proper’ Cockneys come up to me and thank me for keeping these traditions alive... Songs are meant to be sung, and I hope that I’m keeping a small portion of them alive with what I’m doing.”

You can find more information on *Carradine’s Cockney Sing-a-Long* is at carradinescockneysingalong.co.uk.

NSC FILM NIGHT

Bullshot (1983)

Wednesday 12th August

7.30pm–11pm

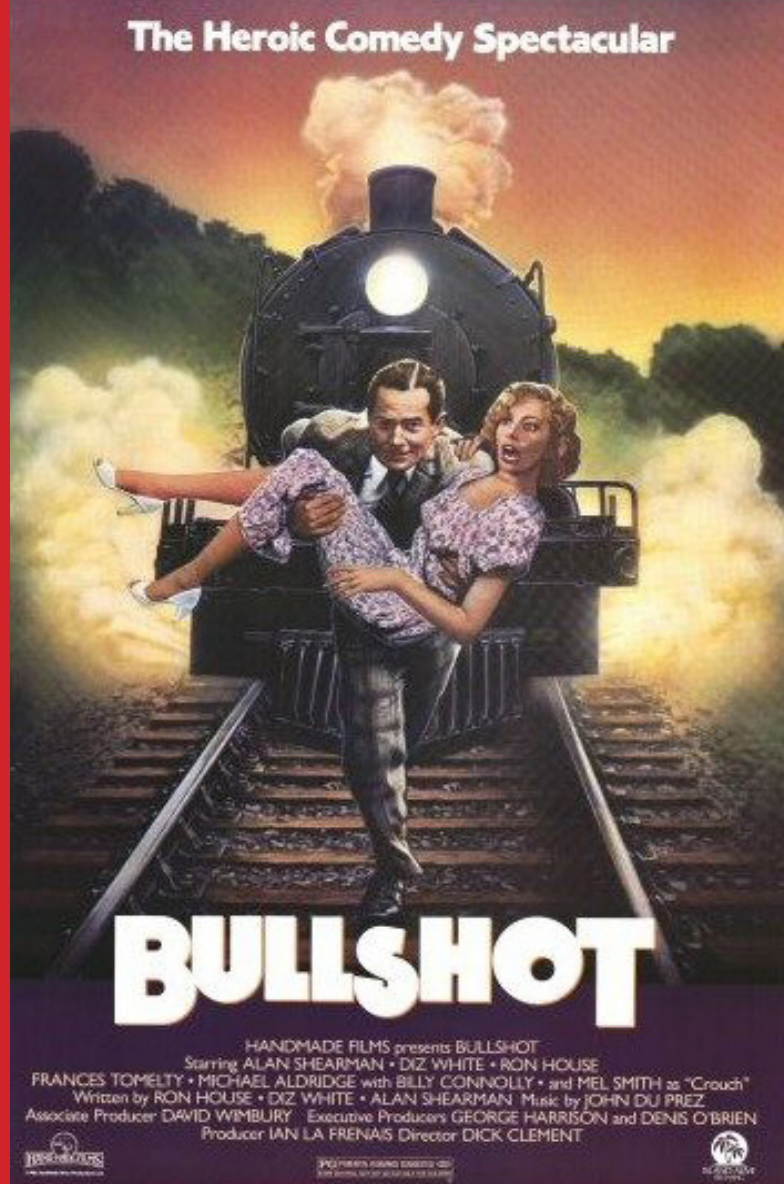
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,
London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

Lord Rupert presents this most Chappist of action comedies, spoofing the Bulldog Drummond novels of the 1930s. Captain Hugh “Bullshot” Crummond (Alan Shearman)—WWI flying ace, Olympic athlete, racing driver and part-time sleuth—must save the world from the dastardly Count Otto von Bruno (Ronald E. House), his wartime adversary. And, of course, win the heart of the heroine (Diz White).

Made by George Harrison’s Handmade Films the movie was directed by Dick Clement and produced by Ian La Frenais, the men best known for writing TV sitcoms such as *The Likely Lads*, *Porridge* and *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet*, but the writing credits here go to all three stars. The film was adapted from the 1974 stage play *Bullshot Crummond*, which played in London before being taken to America and filmed for TV. (According to Ron House’s website it still averages 60 productions a year; in 2012 Ron penned a sequel, *Bullshot Crummond and the Invisible Bride of Death*.)

The film is full of stereotypes of the genre—bald villains, absent-minded professors, femme fatale spies, etc, but just as much fun is had



by undermining these traditions: despite his status as all-round hero, Crummond is more a destroyer than saviour, often saving the day through blundering accident rather than design. He keeps bumping into members of his old regiment, the Royal Loamshires, who were maimed by his incompetence (including Hawkeye MacGillicuddy—now blind—played by Billy Connolly). Although allegedly well-endowed, Crummond is something of a prude with ladies (“Is this seemly, Mrs Platt-Higgins? Playing popular music and your husband only ten years dead?”). Of course he is also capable of implausible feats of arcane skill—scaring off a giant octopus by mimicking the sound of an approaching whale, defusing a bomb with his hands tied using static electricity and brandy fumes and some unlikely marksmanship: “By rapidly calculating the pigeon’s angle of elevation in the reflection of your monocle, then subtracting the refractive index of its lens, I positioned myself at a complementary access... and fired. It was no challenge at all.”

THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



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



Miss Minna

“Better to break than bend”

Name or preferred name?

Minna.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

I lived in the Far East for a while. My surname [Miller] translated locally into something similar to “reanimated corpse”. I actually had no problem with being known as Miss Flesh-Eating Zombie,

but the locals felt it impolite and renamed me “Minna”.

Where do you hail from?

Southwark/Lambeth

Favourite Cocktail?

White Lady (with egg white)

Most Chappist skill?

I am a human homing-pigeon: however confused I am or however strange the locale, I find my way home. On one occasion this involved finding my way back to London, from Ostend, without a passport and wearing someone else’s shoes. To be fair, although I did find my way there it is a blur. Only once have I failed, and that was when the taxi driver refused to follow my pointed finger and demands that he went “south”.

Most Chappist possession

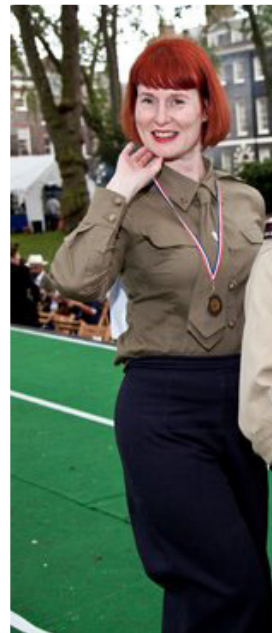
A cigar box topped with a bronze model of Manneken-Pis.

Personal Motto?

The family motto of the Cornish side of the family: *Frangas non flectes*— “Better to break than bend.”

Favourite Quotes?

“The older order changeth, yielding place to new. God fulfills himself in many ways. And soon, I suppose, I shall be swept away by some vulgar little tumour. Oh, my boys, my boys, we’re at the end of an age. We live in a land of weather forecasts and



breakfasts that set in. Shat on by Tories, shovelled up by Labour. And here we are, we three, perhaps the last island of beauty in the world." —Uncle Monty, *Withnail and I*

"Now I know the things I know, and I do the things I do; and if you do not like me so, to hell, my love, with you."
—Dorothy Parker

"Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—to-morrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther... And then one fine morning— So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past."
—F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...
Several hundred people have seen me on stage in my undies. Japanese underpinnings, but still undies.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?
From its glorious inception, whenever that was.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?
I was in the "old" Sheridan Club.

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

Ideally a time-machine to take you back to the Colony Room club in Soho.

Membership of a traditional gentleman's club—



always a dark corner to hide in and well priced Burgundy.

Harrington's Pie and Mash shop in Tooting—as with most things, we do it better in South London.

Julie Miranda's jive classes in London.

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

Peter Ustinov, witty without being superior.

The artist Ed Burra, dry humour and an impeccable taste in jazz—I'd also hope for doodles on napkins.

Waynetta Slob, does that really need an explanation?

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart. A man who knows his Pickelhauben from his pickled onions.

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

Two short talks, one on Vampires which was a thinly veiled address on the subject of typewriters. The other was on West Ham Football club's surprisingly eccentric early history.

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



The Cocktail Cabinet

Tittle-tattle on tinctures

To have your cake and drink it

By David Bridgman-Smith

Food and alcohol go well together and whilst wine and whisky pairings with food are becoming increasingly popular, the most versatile way to imbibe (cocktails, after all, they can be made from anything) lags behind.

Well, salvation has come from an unlikely quarter—namely Mr Kipling, the producer of “exceedingly good cakes”, with the release of Cocktail Fancies. These are new versions of their popular French Fancies with icing inspired by three cocktails: the Peach Bellini, the Raspberry Daiquiri, and the Pina Colada.

Given the current sporadic English sunshine and accompanying picnics and/or afternoon teas, I thought I would take an afternoon myself to try them out and compare them with their



cocktails. Without further ado, let's give them a try.



Peach Bellini

Peach Bellini

- 2 tsp peach purée
- 80ml chilled Prosecco

Stir carefully. This cocktail has a delightful nose of lightly sweet peach with a dash of icing sugar, which quickly switches to a drier note of Prosecco. It is smooth and silky to taste, but is also refreshingly dry. It therefore goes well with Mr Kipling's cake, which is light and fluffy, with a very pleasant peach flavour. The fondant is a tad sickly, but the cake's size and cocktail accompaniment counteract this nicely.

Raspberry Daiquiri

- 4–5 raspberries
- 50ml white rum
- 30ml sugar syrup
- 25ml fresh lime juice

Shake with ice and strain into a cocktail glass. A tart cocktail with notes of sherbet and a green, leafy flavour that develops into genuine berry notes that are sharp and have a musky

Raspberry Daiquiri



becoming too heavy. Of the French Fancies, this is easily my favourite: it is again a combination of a delicate sponge with overly-sweet cream and pineapple-flavoured icing, but it seems to work particularly well for the flavours of this rich, creamy cocktail.

I have to admit, I wasn't expecting much from these cakes, but I am thoroughly impressed. The cocktails were chosen very well to complement the form of a French Fancy (and, surprisingly, to also complement the flavours of the original cakes). It's also worth noting that they all worked particularly well as accompaniments to the cocktails that inspired them, and the combination of the two could make for a fun and tasty dessert course.

My favourite of the three was undoubtedly the Pina Colada (I could eat a whole box); if you get your hands on some of these, I'd recommend trying one of those before they all disappear!

tang to them. The raspberry notes continue into the finish, which is light, smooth and fruity. Mr Kipling's offering is decidedly sweeter than the cocktail but again they go well together, with the cocktail adding lots of fresh raspberry notes.

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

Pina Colada

30ml light rum
20ml dark rum
30ml cream of coconut
15ml double cream
60ml pineapple juice

Shake with ice.

Finally, we have the Pina Colada. The cocktail is bold and creamy, with a distinctive tang from the pineapple juice and the smooth richness of the coconut lingering on the finish. The rum adds freshness and stops it from

Pina Colada





CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

TWO TIE SPOTS this month: thanks go to recently joined Member Bingo Pittard for sharing this daguerreotype (top right) of beat combo AC/DC from the *Times*, in which iconic schoolboy-dressing plank-spanker Angus Young is revealed clearly sporting (somewhat soiled) NSC neckwear. Meanwhile Steven Myhill sends us this still (centre right) from *April in Paris* (1952) in which Ray Bolger proudly sports Club silk.

New Members

THE RANKS OF the New Sheridan Club have swollen, slightly, by three in the last month. From Miami, Florida, we welcome Doctor Huw “Zip” Kruger Gray and from Hamburg, Germany, Cameron Gaumnitz. And after years doubtless photographing Members at vintage events Nick Von Fiction has finally joined up himself.



Zip Kruger Gray



Nick Von Fiction



Forthcoming Events



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

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

🎩 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 5th August

7pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday

7pm–1am

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: Free before 9pm, £5 after that

Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred

Live swing jazz every Wednesday, on 1st July featuring the host Ewan Bleach's own combo the Cable Street Rag Band.

The Golden Era of Jazz

Every Thursday

7pm

Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB

Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 between 8 and 9.30, £5 after that

A weekly night of 1920s jazz and 1930s swing presented by clarinettist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

The Eccentric Ashes

Saturday 8th August

10.30am–7.30pm

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

BEING LOUCHE

AN EVENING OF
SONG, SHTICK, RHYME
AND UNREASON
FROM THE
DELICIOUSLY ABERRANT
BENJAMIN LOUCHE

*(‘Best Host’, 2014 London
Cabaret Awards)*

“ONE SUAVE MANIAC...
UNSETTLING AND HILARIOUS”
This is Cabaret

MARCH
26TH, 27TH & 28TH
8:30pm / £10

THE BAMBOO LOUNGE
at **FONTAINE’S**
176 Stoke Newington Road

Louche portrait by Anthony Lyceott

Admission: £25 to cover buffet lunch, tea and some drinks

If you just can't wait until the following Saturday for the Club's own Tashes cricket match (see below), the Eccentric Club has its annual cricket match this month as well. For more information and to book your place see the Facebook event.

One Room Paradise

Saturday 8th August

9pm–1am

Fontaine's, 176 Stoke Newington Road, London N16 7UY

Admission: £5

Ginger Fizz has moved to London and set up shop at the gorgeous Bamboo Lounge at Fontaine's offering the best of rhythm & blues, rock 'n' roll, doo wop, British beat, sleaze and northern soul, all played on shiny 45s. So come on down for an evening of delicious cocktails, South Pacific décor and a selection of the best records the 1950s and 1960s have to offer.

🎩 NSC Film Night

Bullshot (1983)



A scene from the titanic struggle that was last year's Tashes

is only a third of what it was at Roehampton and there are better facilities). If you would like to take part please email Watermere at cgvowles@gmail.com. Spectators are also welcome and picnicking is traditional. The precise location is Rangers Field: it's in the bottom left corner of this map. See also the Facebook event.

Wednesday 8th July

7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

See page 23.

Being Louche

Thursday 13th–Saturday 15th August

8–11pm

Fontaine's, 176 Stoke Newington Road, London
N16 7UY

Admission: £10 from [wegottickets](http://wegottickets.com)

Benjamin Louche, host of the Double R Club, returns with his one-man show. "Through song, soliloquy and singular shtick, rant, rhyme and unreason, Benjamin Louche (winner 'Best Host' at the 2014 London Cabaret Awards) charts his slow and worrying malformation from wannabe actor to munchkin, to mummy, to malcontent mime, to wannabe novelist, into the dark, the disquieting and the quintessentially LOUCHE."

The New Sheridan Club presents

The Tashes

Saturday 15th August

From 10am

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

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

The Club's annual cricket match between the hirsuit and the cleanshaven is once again at its new home in Greenwich (where the cost

Mrs Peel's Love Boat

Saturday 15th August

7.30pm–12am (departing 8pm sharp)

Festival Pier, South Bank

Admission: £25 including complimentary G&T (optional BBQ £17 extra)

Dress: 1960s

Mrs Peel's is the Swinging Sixties party of your dreams, inspired by Emma Peel, the iconic character from *The Avengers* played by Diana Rigg. This time as a special summer treat the party is happening on a boat on the Thames. Imagine yourself sunbathing on the deck of a yacht in St Tropez harbour as our vessel takes you on a pleasure cruise up and down the river. You will received a **complimentary G&T** as you wait to embark, courtesy of SW4 gin. There will be live music from the Count Indigo Trio, freakbeat and loungecore DJing from the Psychedelic Milkman, go-go dancing from our own six-piece troupe Catsuit A-Go-Go, Bardot-esque burlesque from Trixie Malicious, displays of nautical masculinity from comedy dance team the Action Men, pyschedelic light effects and more. See www.mrspeels.club.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Saturday 15th August

Beginners' class from 2.30, main dance from 7.30pm

Colliers Wood Community Centre,
66–72 High Street, Colliers Wood,
London SW19 2BY

Admission: £10 for the dance, £15 for dance and lesson

Dress code: Black tie, evening dress or vintage

A monthly event featuring live sets from the ten-piece strict-tempo Kewdos Dance Orchestra with vocals from Alistair Sutherland singing through the voice trumpet. Period records from the 1920s and 1930s for Charleston, waltz, quickstep, slow foxtrot and tango, 1940s for swing and 1950s for cha cha, rumba and jive. Interactive social activities include a “bus stop” for waltz and quickstep and a “snowball” and “excuse me” dance. Prizes of free glasses of bubbly for the ten most glamorous looking female dancers to perform a jive or swing dance with a partner. Male and female taxi dancers available.

For absolute beginners there is a “learn to dance in a day” class from 2.30pm to 7pm in the same building. The main dance is from 7.30 pm to 11 pm. Prosecco and ice bucket at just £15 per bottle, wine £10. For further information dial 020 8542 1490.

Barts Bazaar Macabre Market

Saturday 22nd August

Midday–5pm

Barts Pathology Museum, West Smithfield, London EC1A 7BE

Admission: Free but see below

The museum will be open for a rare browsing opportunity as well as a “Macabre Market” selling anatomy- and pathology-themed goods, curios, taxidermy, creepy confectionery and more. There will be music, refreshments and

a tarot card reader. Given the popularity of taxidermy at the moment, this idea is a stroke of genius—the museum have made bookable free tickets available as a way of gauging interest and these have comprehensively sold out, but the ticket page also seems to be suggesting that it is possible just to turn up. Might be an idea to double check.

Tricity Vogue’s All-Girl Swing Band

Friday 28th August

8–10.30pm

Wilton’s Music Hall, Graces Alley, London E1 8JB

Admission: £15 from Wiltons.org.uk

Ukulele-strumming cabaret star Tricity Vogue presents her All-Girl Swing Band for a night of sunny, feel-good vintage music with modern attitude. They’ll have you on your feet to an energetic mix of 20s, 30s and 40s swing, plus Tricity’s originals and retro arrangements of pop favourites. The icing on tonight’s cake comes in the vivacious form of special guest tap dancer, Josephine Shaker, with her jaw-dropping moves and hilarious antics. Inspired by legendary 1940s all-girl band leader Ivy Benson, Tricity presents her full nine-piece line-up this evening so don’t miss this rare opportunity to enjoy her critically acclaimed band in all its glory, complete with horn section, piano and four-part harmonies. Swing along, sing along and bring spare socks.

Twinwood Festival

Saturday 29th–Monday 31st August

Twinwood, Clapham, near Bedford

Admission: £28 or £42 per day, £94

for all three days (with family tickets and child tickets too)

Annual celebration of 1940s and 1950s music, dance and culture. Non-stop music from live bands playing swing, jive, jazz and rock’n’roll. Multiple stages and dance floors, late night entertainment venues, vintage clothing stalls, make up and hairdressing, fashion shows, dance lessons, air displays, re-enactors and living history, museums and historical displays, real ale bars and classic and military vehicles, all at the airfield from which Glenn Miller took his last flight. More at www.twinwoodevents.com.

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**MRS
PEELS
LOVE BOAT**
Saturday 15th August

Zack Pinsent, sketched by
Eugenie Rhodes among
the shrubbery at the Chap
Olympics (see pages 8–21)



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