

REVEAL!

THE MONTHLY LETTER OF THE CLUB • No. 117 • OCTOBER 2019

LET THE
GAMES
BEGIN

The Chap
Olympics
moves to
the Firle
Vintage Fair

Mysteries of the Silk Road

Sam Marde
considers the
cultural conundrums
created by this
ancient trading route

Dandelion and burdock

And other things
beloved of Fruity
Hatfield-Peverel



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 4th September in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Stewart Lister Vickers will have us rubbing our hands with glee over *A Brief Introduction to Fintech and How One Could Now Build a Fortune More Easily Than Gatsby*. Seeking to make it big in the City fresh out of university, Stewart challenges a pervading consensus that, thanks to house prices, low wages and the increasing cost of frappuccinos and avocados, anyone who hasn't "made it" already is financially screwed. In this talk he explains how technologically-enabled access to venture capital, democratised share-dealing and—by popular demand—a brief interlude in cryptocurrency, could potentially allow one to amass a fortune worthy of Gatsby.



The Last Meeting

Our speaker in August was Samuel Marde Mehdiabad, taking us on a whistle-stop tour of

the art of the ancient Silk Road, the trade route that carried goods back and forth between the Far East, the Middle East, North Africa and Europe in classical times. And along with the trade goods, ideas and culture were disseminated too. For art historians this presents an interesting challenge, as statues, coins, etc, from one region can bear features one would associate with another. Sam started off by showing us a number of art objects and challenging us to guess where they were found—with hilarious consequences. We learned how Hellenistic naturalism in statues, and particularly the modelling of drapery, passed into the east; but by the end of this period distinctly eastern features, such as large, stylised eyes, were appearing on Roman statues. He read us an extract from an eastern historian describing how the Romans cultivated silkworms—in fact they did not. What they did was import Chinese silk textiles, unpick all the silk threads then reweave them with their own designs, which they then sold back to the Chinese. Crazy times.

An essay version of this talk begins on page 4.



(Above) Scarheart presides from behind the bar; (right) Sam defines the Silk Road for us



(Above) Jo Xie with a new visitor; (below) hard to tell what Sam's friends Marily and Pavlos make of it



(Above) A statue with stylised eyes characteristic of the east; (below) the expectant audience focus hungrily on Sam's words



(Far left) Craigho, who got married last weekend; (left) Mark Christopher and Stuart Mitchell; (below right) the Curé and his Mrs. Anastasia; (below right) Ruth Harris



More photos on Flickr at <https://bit.ly/2MLeu7O>

ART OF THE ANCIENT SILK ROAD

Sam Marde Mehdiabad unravels a cultural enigma

THE FOLLOWING IS AN (admittedly loose) transcription of my three-pint-and-doner-kebab-fuelled ravings on the subject of Silk Road Art on 7th August. I can but apologise if it therefore lacks the “joie de vivre” of the paper as it was given—though I would hope that it makes up for what it may lack in somewhat acidic splutter with a certain clarity of thought that may well have been wanting on the day.

I will not attempt to reproduce all the plates of my slideshow (Mr Hartley would doubtless have a heart-attack), but the necessary ones will be included—I’m sure a judicious use of the interwebs can supply what is omitted here, including a decent commentary on the subject.

The art of the ancient Near East undoubtedly presents a number of problems for both the historian and the viewer: most obviously, it melds (often incongruously) the details and themes of art Oriental and Occidental; and is also rather reticent (even impolite) on the matter of how and why this fusion should have taken place. Fig.1 provides an excellent example of these issues: a relief from Dura Europos, it shews a trio of Parthian gods (identified by their features and various items of paraphernalia), but in an unquestionably “Greco-Roman” style: the realism of the



Fig.1

features and the stylized pattern of their drapery both clash with the more symbolic character of pure Near Eastern art at this time (e.g. fig.2)

Of course, a number of theories have been advanced on the whys and wherefores of what we might term “intercultural art”. These fall into the same two categories as most modern politics: the vague and the disinterested. Those who do not dodge the question entirely put it down to geopolitical causes (the Romanz woz ‘ere, they spread Roman stuff about) which, while superficially convincing, does not explain either (a) the existence of hybrid art in regions that saw little-to-no geopolitical contestation or (b) artistic influences which seem to defy what

Fig.2



contestation there was. For instance, hybrid art can be seen in the border town of Dura Europos even before it was definitively annexed by Rome in the mid-2nd century, while the Alexandrian conquest of the Hindu Kush, which might explain the use of Hellenistic forms in artefacts such as the celebrated Gandharan

Buddha statues (fig.3—see his naturalism and drapery!), completely fails to do the same for the hoards of Roman-style coins which have been found along the south Indian coast at ports such as Muziris (fig.4). The indistinctness of portrait and lettering on these coins is not the result of wear—the portraits are generic, and the squiggles are often in fact nonsense—they are simply made to look Roman to one who knows no better.

There is, however, an explanation that can at once answer our questions of the provenance of our intercultural art, as well as make use of the patterns of

Fig.3



artistic influence demonstrated by the artefacts themselves in its own ongoing debates—that is, long distance trade across the Middle East, including the route we have come to know as the “Silk Road”. When the patterns of artistic melding are compared with contemporary trade routes, we see a startling correlation, which lends credence to the idea that artistic style spread not as a result of geopolitical proximity and/or conquest, but as a consequence of highly developed trade networks. (See fig.5 for a map).

A little more on these networks themselves: in the 1st century AD, a huge volume of trade took place between Rome, India, and China, the former hungry for Oriental silks and spices (ladies in diaphanous dresses adorn many Pompeian frescoes, while many Roman recipes call for a liberal use of Indian pepper), the latter eager to accept payment in dyes (e.g. cinnabar) and, of course, Roman gold. In fact, the Chinese *Chronicle of the Western Han* details a failed embassy to make direct contact with the “Great Chinese” (as the real Chinese called the Romans, believing them so alike in customs and manners—not having yet actually met them), intercepted and disrupted at Iran by the Parthians, who, with characteristic Middle Eastern business acumen, couldn’t bear the thought of losing the absolute pots they were making from both parties as the sole middle-

men in the matter. The Romans did finally succeed in getting an embassy through to the Chinese, but not until the late 2nd century, by which time dynastic struggles had all but done for the old

Fig.4



Fig.5

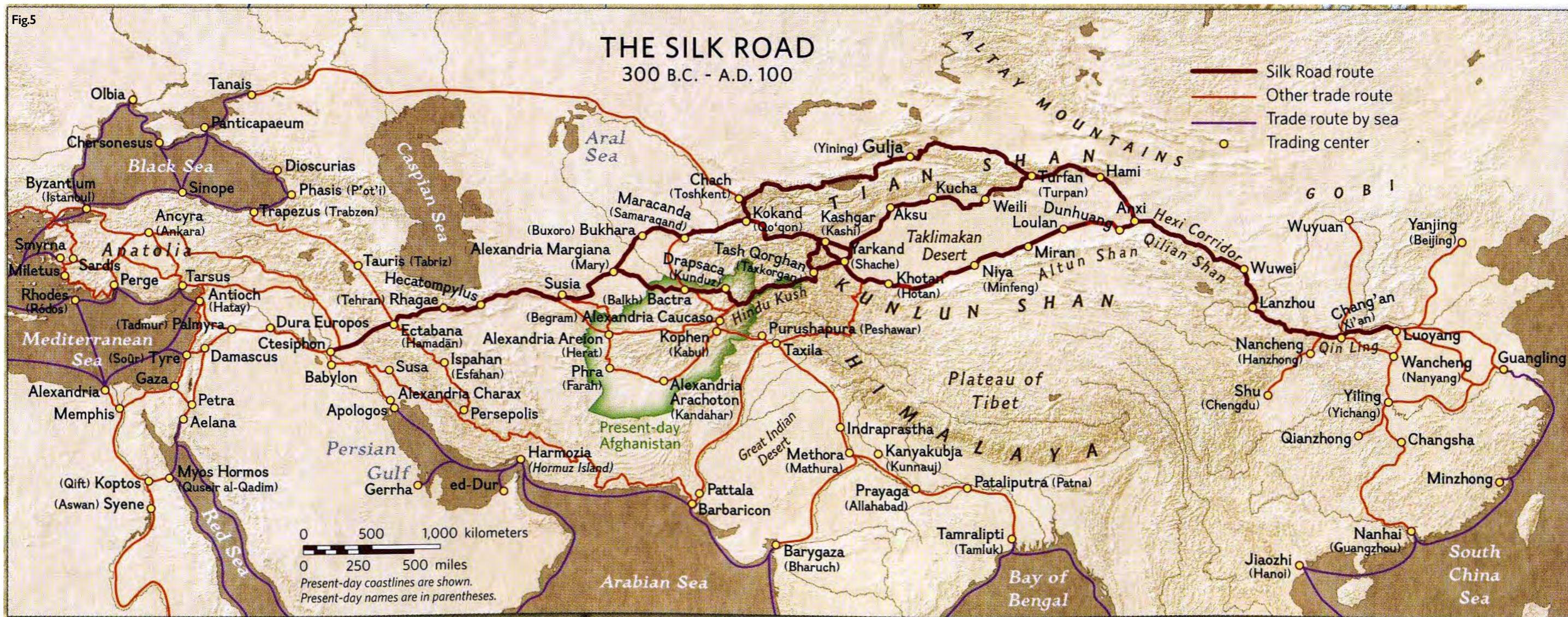


Fig.6



Fig.7



Parthians. I can recommend taking a read of the *Chronicles*, if only for their often hilarious comments on the mysterious lands to the West. One of the best is the assertion that the Romans had their own silkworms that produced a better grade of silk than the Chinese—of course, what was really happening was the Romans flogging their own silk fabrics (re-woven from imported Chinese brocade) back to their unsuspecting trade partners!

As mentioned, the route taken by this trade tallies well with observable examples of hybrid art. Dura Europos, for instance, was an important staging post for caravans crossing the Euphrates; similarly the city of Palmyra, further “down the line”, from which goods were funnelled to ports throughout Roman Egypt (fig.6 for a Palmyrene lady—she isn’t Roman, she has a funny hairstyle). “Why then”, some might ask, “if this is the case, do we not see examples of Roman work in China and vice

versa?” Easily answered, in fact, as the traders who operated the route did not do so along its whole length; rather, they saved time (and moderated risk) by operating only one section of the route. Thus, whilst a Greco-Roman trader might well have run goods through Syria to the Parthian border, he would there have been relieved by another “company”, who would buy him out for the journey through Parthia, etc. Therefore, whilst we may see some Iranian-Chinese melding (fig.7 shows a beautiful gold brooch from Bactria, the next stop East from Parthia—Bactria being what we would call very broadly the region around northern Afghanistan—which shows a combination of a Greco-Roman-cum-Parthian figure, and an almost Chinese treatment of dragon-snake-things), artistic styles are not generally more than one region removed from their origin.

Of course, the “Roman” coins found in South India might seem to belie this



Fig.8

see both Roman influence in Nabataea (home of the “Suq”, and hub for the trans-Arabian trade—see fig.8 for a piece of tomb art that could almost be Roman, as well as the Suq itself), and the odd piece of Indian art at Rome (the best example being the “Pompeii Lakshmi”—fig.9).

Having accepted that ancient hybrid art is a result of long-distance trade, we can then begin to use it as evidence when discussing the chronology and volume of route-utilization—but something tells me this is the bit at which you, kind reader, may begin to nod off—so I will instead close with a slight footnote about 4th- and 5th-century Roman art, which in fact shows many of the features of the Near Eastern art of our period. No commentary will be given (excellent ones are readily available)—only take a look at fig.10!

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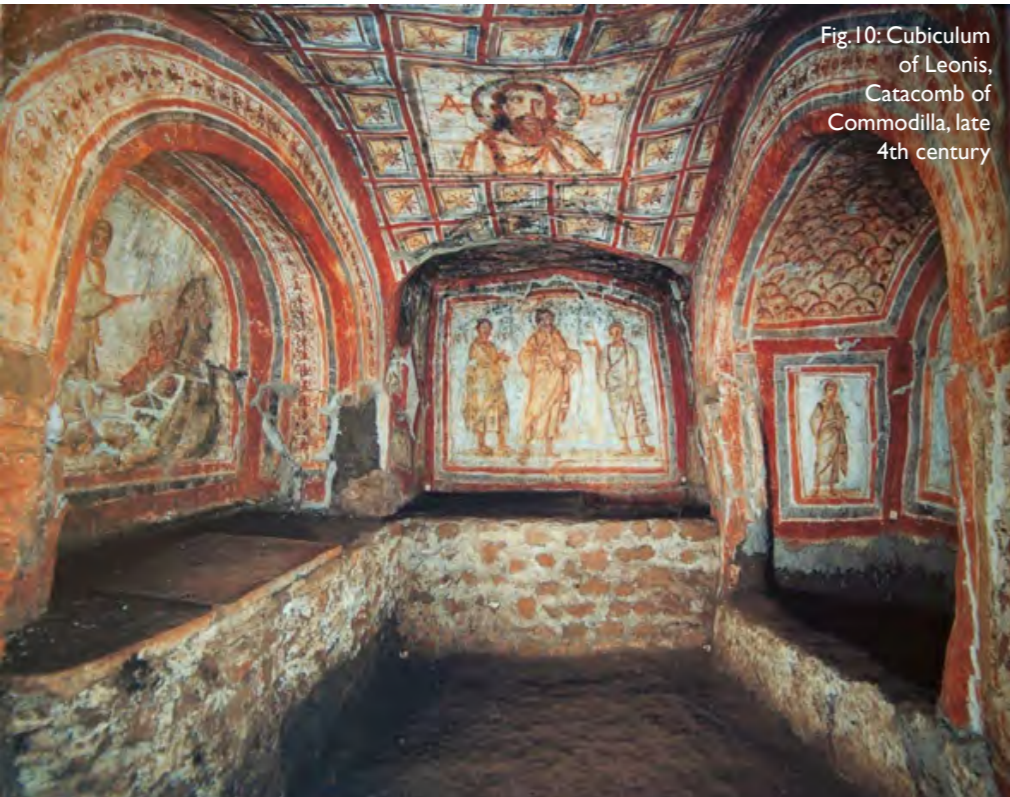


Fig.10: Cubiculum of Leonis, Catacomb of Commodilla, late 4th century

explanation, but only until one learns that the trade across the Red and Arabian seas was a much more organized effort on the part of Roman traders, who operated a semi-nationalized effort through the Roman province of Egypt (recorded in the *Periplus of the Erythraean Sea*) to bring Indian spice to the braying mob. There is even evidence that the late-Roman government came to subsidize black pepper for the Plebs, lest they riot without it (in fairness, it was considered the “rough stuff”—those who were well-off much preferred “long pepper”). We do, however, accordingly

Fig.9



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The Chap Olympics

AT THE FIRLE VINTAGE FAIR

AS YOU CAN SEE from previous reports in this magazine, the *Chap* magazine's Chap Olympiad is an annual festival of silly games celebrating languid elegance, eccentric dandyism and louche, work-shy bonhomie. It started as an ad hoc get-together in a London park, with picnics and occasional sponsorship from Hendrick's gin.

Then one year it took a lurch into a more commercial sphere as Bourne & Hollingsworth took over running it: the venue was Bedford Square Gardens, it became a ticketed event and guests could not bring their own drink in, but had to buy grog from the various B&H bars inside. A tannoy system was acquired for announcements and commentary, live entertainment punctuated the full day's activities and a massive stage was erected on which all the competitions took place.

Hundreds of dapper chaps and chapettes gathered for this unique social occasion and a hard core of New Sheridan Club types made up the bulk of those participating, with inventive schemes to cheat creatively for the amusement of spectators. Indeed some performances (for such they must be considered) involved careful planning and the creation of elaborate props.

Of course many people grumbled that what had been a spontaneous happening was now a commercial enterprise (and I remember one occasion where a particular event was open only to one group, guests of a particular corporate sponsor, I believe), but at the same time it was welcomed as a large gathering of the Chappist clans and a chance to show off both one's finery



and one's imaginative prowess in the arena.

But in time the event was clearly not making B&H the money they wanted, and the great costs were hard to cover (I gather the stage alone cost £5K and insurance costs were sky-high given the risk of physical injury). The 2018 version was a shadow of its former self, and in 2019 B&H decided not to go ahead at all. Instead, a scaled-

back version popped up at the Firle Vintage Fair (conveniently close to *Chap* HQ in Lewes). These photos are of both the Chap Olympics and the fair in general.

The fair runs from Friday to Sunday and the Olympics were scheduled for Saturday afternoon, but owing to dangerously high winds the Saturday event was cancelled at the last moment. The Olympics were rescheduled for the Sunday but, even though Saturday tickets were declared valid for Sunday, obviously many people who'd been planning to come on Saturday were not free the next day. The result was that Chappist attendance was pretty thin. It was nice that there were enough volunteers to take part in the games but many of these were jeans-sporting passers-by or boisterous children. It was undoubtedly low-key compared to previous years, but it was a pleasantly relaxed atmosphere with food and drink both more affordable and available in greater variety than at Bedford Square Gardens. *Chap* editor Gustav Temple seems keen to stick with this new venue for now, so it'll be interesting to see if more Chaps can be persuaded to attend next year and achieve some sort of tweedy critical mass.



For many more photos see the album on our Flickr page: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/sheridanclub/albums/72157710352204872>







Compered by Ed Marlowe (above), the Olympiad begins. Gustav Temple holds aloft the Olympic Pipe before ceremonially lighting it and passing it along a line of Olympians (above right and right)



(Left and below) Tea Pursuit, in which one cyclist tries to pour tea into a teacup held by the other cyclist without spillage



(Left) Umbrella Jousting; (below) Cucumber Sandwich Discus—players are judged by how close the sandwich lands to the plate





A new event, Picnic Vaulting: armed with a pair of walking canes in lieu of a pole, contestants must leap over two ladies having a picnic. (Special mention must go to Helen Chapman and Hayley Warmisham for risking life and limb on the picnic blanket.) Luca Jellinek (below) showed chivalrous initiative by simply asking if he could join the ladies at their picnic, while the louche cove in blue below him simply grabbed the decanter and scarpered.



(Above) Tug of Hair— basically Tug of War with a moustache; (below) Hop, Skip and G&T, a triple jump executed while holding a G&T (or in this case a Martini). The winner is the one who spills the least





Well Dressage, which is a sort of dressage on hobby horses. Mrs H. scored maximum points by abandoning the hobby horse altogether and enlisting the help of a pantomime horse. (The horse was one of four psychedelic pantomime steeds who just seemed to be hanging around.)



It's time for the prize ceremony: (top row) the coveted Bronze Cravat goes to Graham Stevens, doing his best Jack Sparrow impression, while Silver goes to an excitable Miss Minna; second row: (left) Gold goes to the man they call Ginger Ink; (right) later Gustav can be found interviewing contestants for the Best Dressed Man, watched closely by a mob of children. The prize went to this gentleman (above right) while Best Dressed Chappette was Ann Charlesworth (above). Finally, to signal the end of the games, Gustav ceremonially extinguishes the Olympic Pipe



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.



Fruity Hatfield-Peverel

Name or preferred name?

Flt Lt Fruity Hatfield-Peverel.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

I wanted something inconspicuous.

Where do you hail from?

Believe it or not, Tynemouth and Surrey, via

Niagara Falls. To give you a clue, I don't have a Georgie accent. Niagara is on the border between Canada and the US—I was almost Canadian. I used to get letters from the Canadian government asking if I wanted to go to university there.

Favourite cocktail?

Dandelion and burdock. Doesn't taste like how you'd think, nor like anything you'd get if you made it yourself out of dandelions and burdock. Tastes a bit like Vimto, if you've had that.

Most Chappist skill?

Innate style or seduction. Stylish seduction or seductive style.

Most Chappist possession?

Hard to narrow it down. Either the pipe rack with the integral barometer or my emergency folding pipe. It's an odd shape, like a pebble, with a stem that folds up for storage. Comes in a nice pigskin pouch. I've tried smoking it but it's terrible—definitely for emergencies only. It's like something that would be included in a WWII pilot's escape kit along with your benzedrine tablets and condoms (like in that scene from *Dr Strangelove*). [I think the flat, rounded shape may be so that it sits comfortably in a waistcoat pocket —Ed]

Personal Motto?

Keep bugging on.



Pinched from Churchill, who probably meant it in a wartime context. And most of his career, actually—running from the Boers, running from the Afghans, in the trenches...

Favourite Quotes?

"Only shallow people don't judge by appearances." —Oscar Wilde, of course.

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

I've got a criminal record. I think it might be for Threatening Behaviour. I spent several hours in a police cell. I was in No. 1 Court in Bow Street Magistrate's. I loved that idea until Sarah Bowerman told me it wasn't the same building that all those famous people have been in—so I was not on the same spot as Oscar Wilde. It was Remembrance Sunday and there was a right-wing march and I went to protest and got a bit overexcited. I didn't hit anyone or really do anything, but someone grabbed me from behind and I assumed it was a skinhead so I elbowed him in the ribs. Turned out it was a policeman. Somewhere there is a photo of me bent over, being shoved into a police van.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

From the very first meeting. My membership card number is 006. I was in the old Sheridan Club.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I was standing in that bookshop/newsagents that closed a few years ago and decided that none of the magazines on offer applied to me—until I saw *The Chap*. There was something in it about a meeting once a month at the Blue Posts

[venue for the old Sheridan meetings before we moved to the Wheatsheaf —Ed].

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker,



Dining at the Candlelight Club

public house, etc.)?

Coco de Mer. Not the floating sea bean, although named after it. It's a shop on Monmouth Street, a very high-class sex shop—and much more. They sell fancy leather goods, such as a complete leather-bound edition of the Marquis de Sade.

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

- Mata Hari.
- Noor-un-Nisa Inayat Khan. Better known as Nora Baker, because none of the English people she worked with could say her name. She was born in 1914, the daughter of a Sufi mystic and a Californian woman. Died quite young in 1944. Before the war she wrote children's books based on old Buddhist stories, then she escaped from Nazi Europe and joined SOE.
- Boudicca.

I'd just love to hear them exchange anecdotes. I was going to say Oscar Wilde but no one else would get a word in edgeways. Yes, they are all women; I like ladies. I'd have Harry Flashman on my list, but too much competition. He'd be good for anecdotes but I don't think they'd be directed at me.

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

I haven't done one, though I did mean to—but someone did one quite similar. It was going to be on 18th-century secret sex societies. To get an idea, see *Mighty Lewd Books* by Julie Peakman.

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.



CLUB NOTES

New Members

WE HAVE TWO new bugs to rib, persecute and ritually humiliate this month—all part of joining the loving embrace of the New Sheridan family.

First up is Ruth Harris from Bookham in Surrey, who signed on the dotted line in person at our August gathering (see page 3) so no one can pretend she didn't know what she was letting herself in for. Her favourite cocktail is a Gimlet (traditionally gin and lime cordial, though some bartenders use fresh lime juice and sugar) and her speciality is "Waffling about literature".

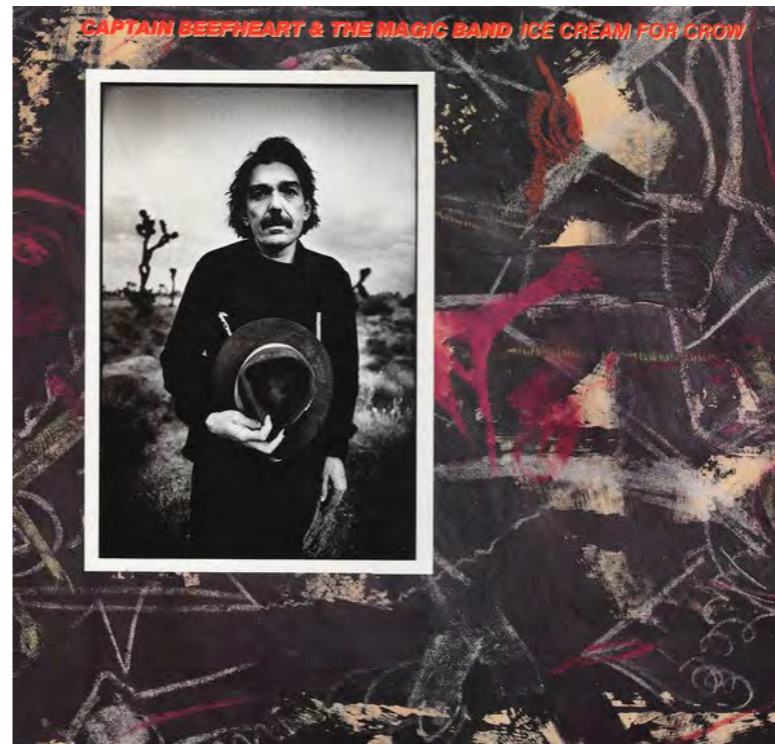
Then we have Michael Thomas Pullen, all the way from Dietzenbach in the Hesse region of Germany. He shows an impressive degree of focus, saying that he belongs to no other clubs ("you shall be the one and only"), has no special skills or expertise ("that would go beyond the scope") and has no time for cocktails—explaining that he prefers to drink his liquor "pure, one after the other". Although a British citizen, Michael grew up in Germany where he is a prosthetist by trade. He was led to us via the *Chap* spin-off book *Around the World in 80 Martinis*.



The Club's Own Dance Orchestra?

A REMINDER THAT Member Jack Calloway has named his new dance band the New Sheridan 7, after our illustrious club, and the combo will be making their London debut at the Candlelight Club's event coming up on 14th September. If you'd like to come and support him be quick—there are currently just six tickets left for this event.

Jack formed the NS7 with hot-jazz percussion enthusiast Paul Archibald to specialise in the sounds of British broadcasting and hotel dance bands of the 1920s, 30s and 40s.



Sam Marde Mehdiabad



Captain Beefheart

Club Lookalike

NOT THAT I'M suggesting another regular running gag, but when going through photos from the August meeting I thought there was something familiar about this picture of Sam Marde. He seemed to be channelling Captain Beefheart...

Club Tie Corner

TOP BILLING MUST GO this time to "Chuckles" Younghusband (right). Previously he sent us a photo of himself and his tie in the waters of the Euphrates, and now he betters that with this snap of himself at Chernobyl. I doubt the tie will be allowed back in the country now but at least he'll be able to see his way home from the vodka bar by the light of its eerie glow.

Next up is this still (below) of Kenneth Clarke in *Civilisation*, courtesy of Mark Christopher.





You can tell we've just come out of summer. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Gallic polo shirt from James Rigby; trunks from Ivan Debono; one-piece from Debono; diving fins from Debono; trainer from Debono; braces from Will Smith; shoe box from Benjamin



Negroto: sandal from Col. Cyrus Choke; flip flops (Negroto). This page, clockwise from top left: tie (available online) from Richie Paradise; Col. Blimp from Col. Choke, Basil Fawlty (I know we've had him before); Pru Leith on *Bake Off*, from Matthew Howard; vintage advert and (centre) Barry Newman, both from Negroto.



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 4th September
7pm–11pm (lecture around 8pm)
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place,
London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

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 clarinetist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

Tiger Rag

Every Friday
Arcola Bar, Arcola Theatre, 24 Ashwin Street,
Dalston, London E8 3DL
10pm–2.30am
Admission: £7 entry after 10pm; dance lessons £10
Live jazz, blues, swing, calypso, Dixieland,
ragtime, musette, tango, etc. Try your hand at
the beginner lesson in swing, Lindy hop, shag,
balboa and Charleston dancing, with no partner
or prebooking required. Intermediate lessons
8–9pm and beginner lessons 9–10pm.

Vampyre Ball at the London Guildhall

Friday 6th September
7.30–10.30pm
Livery Hall, Guildhall, Basinghall St, London
EC2V 7HH
Admission: £40 (£30 full-time students) plus
booking fee via eventbrite.co.uk or in person
without the booking fee at Guildhall Library
Aldermanbury, London, EC2V 7HH, tel 020
7332 1871 or 020 7332 1868, [Ghlevents@
cityoflondon.gov.uk](mailto:Ghlevents@cityoflondon.gov.uk)

A Regency Ball to mark the 200th
anniversary of the publication of John Polidori's
The Vampyre and the start of the vampire genre
of fantasy fiction. Discover for yourself what it

might have been like to attend
a Regency dance in a historical
setting with expert dance tuition
from Mrs Bennet's Ballroom
and live Regency music from
Fortuna Trio.

Handlebar Club Meeting

Friday 6th September
7–11.55pm
The Heron Pub, Norfolk
Cresecent, London W2 2DN
Monthly meeting of the
Handlebar Club, a venerable
club for those with a handlebar
moustache. As such, I've never
been myself, but I imagine they
would be welcoming to non-
members looking to sound out
their organisation. See [www.
handlebarclub.co.uk](http://www.handlebarclub.co.uk).

Classic Boat Festival

Friday 6th–Sunday 8th
September
11am–5pm
St Katharine's Docks,
50 St Katharine's Way, London
E1W 1LA

A celebration of vintage
boats, with over 40 sailing and motor vessels
to view and explore. You can chat to the boat
owners and even climb aboard. The vessels
on display include working boats of the river,
pleasure craft and a number of the Dunkirk
Little Ships.

There are waterside activities (including fun
things for children), live music, boat trips on the
river and street food offerings.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 8th September
11am–5pm
Freemasons Hall, 60 Great Queen Street,
London, WC2B 5AZ
Admission: £5

Some 45 stalls offering vintage clothes, shoes,
handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery
from the 1800s to the 1980s. There is also a
tea room, alterations booth plus sometimes
live entertainment too. More details at [www.
clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk](http://www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk).

Lifelong learning at the
Candlelight Club



Goodwood Revival

Friday 13th–Sunday 15th September
7.30am–7pm
Goodwood Motor Circuit, Goodwood,
Chichester, West Sussex PO18 0PH
Admission: From £36 (see [ticketing.goodwood.
com](http://ticketing.goodwood.com))

Annual three-day festival of classic motor
racing and vintage fashion. See [goodwood.com/
revival](http://goodwood.com/revival) for more details.

The Candlelight Club

Saturday 14th September
7pm–12am
A secret central London location
Admission: £25 in advance
Dress: Prohibition dandies, gangsters and molls,
peaky blinders, decadent aesthetes, corrupt
politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

London's award-winning immersive
1920s-themed speakeasy party, with live jazz,
cabaret and cocktails in a secret London venue
filled with candles. After the summer break, it's



Massed vintage
vessels at the
Thames Classic
Boat Festival



back to school—and the first lesson is Double Mixology...

Getting your dancing feet up to speed for the social season ahead will be the **New Sheridan 7** (yes, named after our own Club), recently founded by bandleader Jack Calloway and hot-jazz percussion enthusiast Paul Archibald. This seven-piece dance orchestra specialises in the sounds of British broadcasting and hotel dance bands of the 1920s and 30s. Recently returning to the country following a Continental tour with internationally renowned jazz vocalist Tatiana Eva-Marie from New York's vibrant jazz scene, the band, formed just six months, is taking the European scene by storm.

Spinning shellac when the band aren't playing will be the Bee's Knees. And the man at the helm of the mayhem will be that Lord of Cabaret Misrule, Champagne Charlie.

Ticket-holders receive an email two days



before, revealing the secret location. More at www.thecandlelightclub.com.

“The closest you’ll find to an authentic Jazz Age experience in central London. Its unique ambience, fuelled by hundreds of candles, is truly a scene to behold.”
—*Time Out*

Hasting Steampunk Circus of Curiosities
Saturday 14th–Sunday 15th September
Hastings, East Sussex
Admission: £18 per day or £28 for both days from Eventbrite

I’m a little unclear as to whether any of this happens in Hastings itself or whether everything is in the St Leonards Showground, Magdalen Road, St Leonards on Sea, TN37 6EG, but there will be performances (including Professor Elemental on Saturday), exhibitors, traders, workshops, competitions, a funfair and more.

For an exhaustive list of what is on offer see <https://www.facebook.com/events/175594506712459>.



Head to Hastings for a feast of Steampunkery...

Margate Swing Festival
Saturday 14th–Sunday 15th September
9am–11pm
Nayland Rock Hotel, 1–5 Royal Crescent, Margate, Kent CT9 5AJ
Admission: £14

A seaside vintage dance weekend, including an evening ball, vintage clothes fair, tidal pool beach swim, high tea and sunset outdoor dancing. See www.margateswingfestival.com.

Mr White’s Open House
Saturday 21st September
1pm to 8pm
10 Walters Way, Honor Oak Park, London SE23 3LH (nearest train station Honor Oak Park, five minute’s walk; P4, P12, 171 and 172 buses)

Admission: Free

As part of London Open House, when buildings across the city normally closed to the public are thrown open for snooping, Mr Ian White’s house will be available for inspection. Walters Way is a self-build timber-framed scheme by pioneering architect Walter Segal, and a council housing project from the 1980s. There are 13 such houses in a cul-de-sac on steep sloping ground, although many have been extended and adapted. Another house in the street will also be open. Films on self-building schemes will be running and refreshments will be available. From 5.30pm Mr White will be hosting a drinks do featuring his own cider! NSC Members very welcome to come and imbibe. Bring drink and snacks. See openhouselondon.open-city.org.uk/listings/1615.



...Or to Honor Oak Park for cider and experimental architecture

Lashings of nostalgic fun at the Firle Vintage Fair—including this year's Chap Olympics. See pages 10–19

