

A man in a dark blue naval officer's uniform with a white cap and gold braid is looking through binoculars. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

Oliver Lane
asks what
connects the
1914 Battle
of the
Falkland
Islands and
the 1939
Battle of the
River Plate?

The Battle of the Beef

Negroto in toto

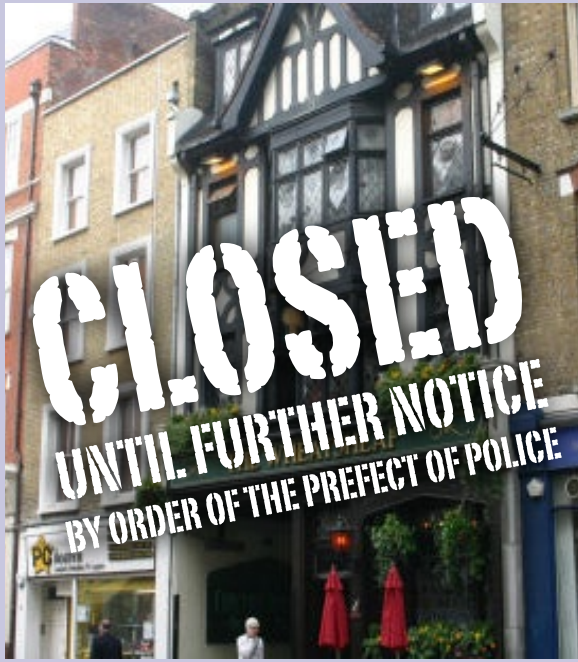
Meet French Chap
Benjamin Negroto

Transport of the future

Cally Callomon
explains why we
should be driving
bicycle tanks

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • No. 164 • JUNE 2020



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 Virtual Meeting will take place on **Wednesday 3rd June**. With The Wheatsheaf still closed Essex has asked to push his much-anticipated talk about Nazis on the Riviera on to August. In its place I will attempt to deliver an online address on the subject of absinthe—what it is, why it was banned, how it returned, and what exactly it does to you. Most importantly, does it make you a better poet or painter?

Obviously a talk about a beverage would be best suited to a physical meeting, where the audience might be able to taste the liquid in question, but to introduce an element of interactivity, I have sent small samples of absinthe to 15 volunteers who will take part in the following experiment:

1. Before the event, they produce a

poem or artwork and post it on the Facebook event.

2. During the event they consume their dose of absinthe.

3. Then, while still under the influence of the absinthe, they create a new poem or artwork and post that.

This way we can all establish scientifically once and for all whether absinthe really does inspire you to artistic creativity.

This talk will be delivered by YouTube livestream to the <https://youtu.be/aZtQBcorZS4> at 8pm.

There is a Facebook event at <https://www.facebook.com/events/614176602784202>, which might be useful to keep an eye on if we have technical problems and need to change the plan, or create a new URL.

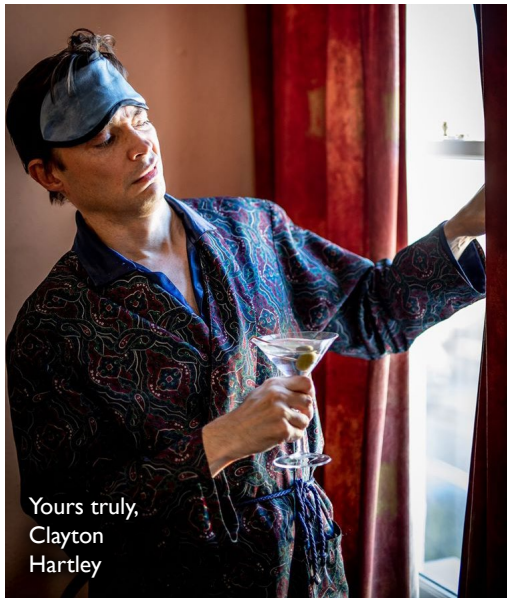
The Last Meeting

After Mrs H.'s livestreamed talk in April, Oliver Lane stepped up the technological game last month with a lecture streamed through YouTube including integral slides, comparing the Battle of the Falkland Islands in 1914 with the Battle of the River Plate in 1939. An essay version of this begins on page 4. Because we could not physically meet up at the Wheatsheaf, there are none of the usual photos, but Members did post pictures of themselves enjoying a snifter at home, mostly thanks to Stuart Turner's weekly virtual pub Wednesdays.





George Davies and Stewart Lister Vickers



Yours truly, Clayton Hartley



James Blah



Frances Mitchell



Stuart Turner (left) had decreed that the theme of this week's virtual pub would be "loungewear" which, as you can see, was interpreted in a wide variety of ways



The Earl of Waveney



Brioche the dog



Adrian Prooth



Actuarious and the Memsahib

So Why the South Atlantic,

Oliver Lane on the economic connections between two naval battles in two World Wars

“**W**HAT SHALL WE DO to be saved in this world? There is no other answer but this, look to your moat. The first Article of an English-mans Political Creed must be, That he believeth in the Sea.” —*The Marquis of Halifax, 1694*

I’ve always found it particularly interesting that the first big battles for the British empire in both the Great and Second World Wars took place not at home, nor in Europe, but 7,000 miles away around South America. Despite Britain’s great empire, it was twice around the shores of South America, not formally possessed by Britain, not any other far-flung corner—Africa or the Indian Ocean, perhaps—that this great naval business unfolded.

This peculiar fact reveals, to me, two important things. Firstly, how suddenly and massively the United Kingdom changed during the 19th century from the older and more settled Britain of centuries before, but also how little it changed in some key respects during the interbellum despite the

bruising experience of the Great War.

My talk on this subject focused predominantly on the military aspects of these two battles, and while I will revisit the why at times, given the original product is archived on YouTube for your repeated pleasure it seems pointless to retread all of that here. Instead, let us probe a little deeper the economic reality which prefigured the Battles of Coronel, the Falkland Islands, and the River Plate. That is to say, what I consider the real meat of the subject.

Let us cheat a little and start with the

answer. Simply put, the Industrial Revolution is why these battles took place around South America. And the why of that is reasonably simple too; it has everything to do with British imports, which have ebbed and flowed over the past couple of millennia and at times have had some remarkable impacts on Britain’s fortunes—like these battles.

Understanding this justifies pulling the focus slightly—to roughly a millennium before, when Great Britain was



Anyway?

a comparatively simple agrarian island. Food was generally produced domestically and there was no industry to speak of. Indeed, even the wool grown on the backs of sheep was exported to be woven into cloth in France, before being shipped back to England.

During this time—after the Norman conquest of England in 1066 until the 14th century—labour was plentiful, serfdom as a concept at its height, and Norman lords were all-powerful. This is the time the great English Gothic cathedrals were built—Salisbury, York, the old St Paul's and many others—illustrating the great wealth concentrated in very few hands and the availability of sheer force of manpower in the pre-machine age. And yet, that 300-year status quo was soon to end, and somewhat



Woodcut showing the chaos wrought upon London by the plague. On the right, well-dressed city dwellers fleeing the pestilence are repulsed by angry country-folk who don't want the disease to spread. An oddly familiar concept in 2020

ironically, in part, by its own hand.

That valuable raw shorn wool exported from England to France and back as cloth, it transpired, was absolutely irresistible to rats and their fleas. While most today are taught the typically simplified history of trade routes carrying the Black Death from China to Asia Minor to Europe and finally to England by the mid-14th century, in our specific case it seems to have been that particular woollen trade that

COUNTERFACTUAL HISTORY: *Could England have ridden out the plague had it not been for the Norman Invasion?*

It is a curious mental exercise to consider whether England would have fared better in the 14th century's great pestilence had she not been conquered in 1066. Certainly, while cloth was being imported to England before 1066 from northern Europe and Scandinavia, the broad Norman policy of removing gold from England to invest in Normandy and greater economic integration almost certainly increased the frequency of cross-channel sailings, which were probably at typical post-Roman levels until that point.

Indeed, the plague spread to England at the same time as Normandy. Scandinavia, with whom the greater part of England's trade had been until 1066, was infected later. In fact, historical accounts have it that Norway—well isolated and late to the plague—was in fact infected by a ship arriving from Norman England, not the continental mainland. Modern-day Denmark and Germany experienced the plague after England and Norway.

Food for thought, especially in this day and age.



bridged the Englishman's moat.

With the flea-laden cloth and pestilence-struck sailors, England had it as bad as anywhere else in Europe, where broadly speaking between a third and one half of everyone on the continent was killed by the plague in less than a decade. There is no way to know now precisely how many died—although Norman revolutions in taxation and bookkeeping made England the best-documented country in Europe at this point, records simply were not that good—but in England it was as many as three and a half million dead of a pre-plague population of



keeping more animals, and the balance tipped away from labour-intensive arable crop tending.

It was at this point the pattern for the next 400 years was established, with a wealthier countryside building the wool trade which had already been developed after 1066, but now under more independent yeomen farmers. Underlining that growing wealth—which soon became the prosperity of all England—was the domestication of the wool industry.

Rather than exporting the raw material to reimport later at a greatly inflated price as woven cloth, by the 14th and 15th centuries the English were making their own cloth, which was gaining a reputation across Europe.

(Left) St Mary Magdalene in Taunton, considered the finest of the Somerset wool churches; (below) John Bull is the archetypal English (and later British) yeoman, depicted here showing a preference for free trade—through which industrial Britain made its wealth but also destroyed its rural agricultural communities, the very stereotype John Bull was meant to represent

There are several key reminders of the importance of wool in this era that linger on in England—notably the distinctively great “wool churches” of the south-west built with that wealth, and the wool sacks upon which lawmakers sat in parliament and courts.

And so it remained, more or less, until the industrial revolution which raged from the mid 18th to the 19th century. This too was powered by that cloth trade—the early impetus for this greatest of all revolutions was about weaving better cloth faster and more cheaply for export, giving rise to the great mills in the Midlands and North where coal was abundant.

Any history of the industrial revolution will tip its hat at the turmoil or upheaval of the time, and certainly, these days linger on

perhaps six million.

This matters for our purposes because the sudden contraction in labour availability radically altered the economic and social dynamics in rural England. While living standards contracted for a while, wages rose considerably and the value of individual humans rose. Before the plague, agriculture focused on arable farming, with a decent interest in sheep for wool. Afterwards, individual farmers took on greater importance and focused on higher-value work and started



the plight of the urban working poor. This is an essential component of the whiggish concept of progress. But the scale at which the country was fundamentally, and quite violently, changed, pulling the focus from agriculture to industry can be difficult to comprehend. But it is—and here, finally, we get to the point—absolutely essential when considering why the British and German navies went to war around South America in 1914.

The key matter to grasp here is that the agricultural depression that gripped England in the mid-to-late 19th century was not a mere unfortunate consequence of the industrial revolution, but rather was a deliberately contrived engine of it. By this time sea freight was becoming rapid, reliable, and getting better all the time. Fast clippers bringing foods from all over the empire were joined by the totally world-changing advent of the refrigerated cargo ship, which came as new markets opened, flooding Europe with cheap food.

Now refrigerated ships could bring hundreds of tons of frozen beef from Argentina in a single voyage, or frozen lamb from New Zealand, or bacon from Canada. Meanwhile, cheap grain poured into British harbours from the New World and Africa. The age of the British farmer as a major element of British society was over. What agriculture remained moved steadily away from the



THE RIVALS.

Prize Peasant,

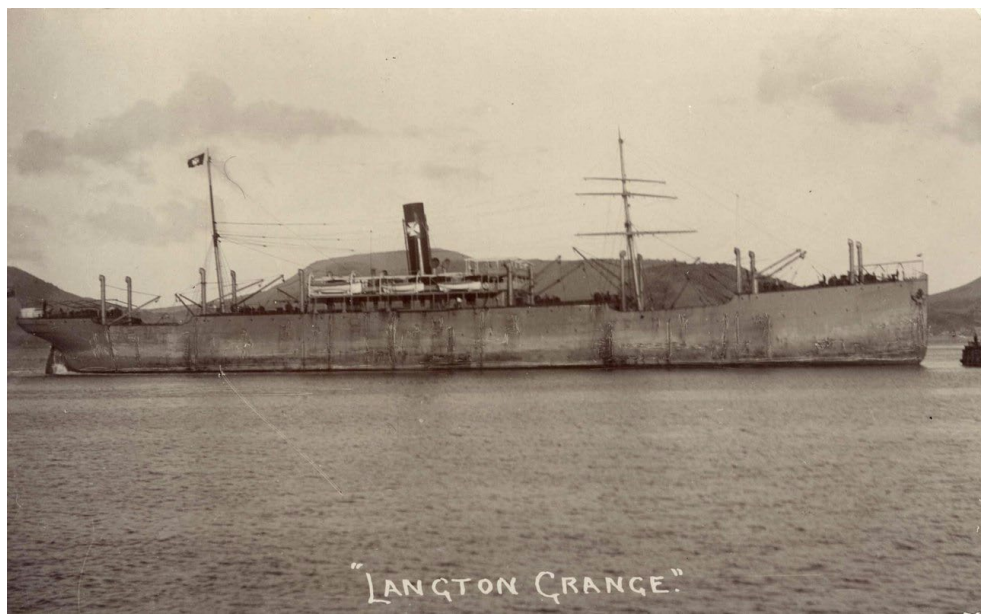
versus

Prize Pig.

independent yeoman to the capitalistic farm—what we know as “big Agri” today.

As imports totally undercut British produce this left previously settled English rural

(Left) *Punch* cartoon from 1846 showing the falling value of human labour in England's fields as food imports increase, with a pig worth more than a peasant; (below) the full-rigged sail ship *Dunedin*, the first ship to carry refrigerated meat from New Zealand to England, in 1882, and the *Langton Grange*, a recognisably modern refrigerated steam ship that brought meat from Australia and South America, in 1896





(Above) Circa 1900 advertisement proclaiming the quality of the Argentinian beef that goes into Liebig, a product that would, in 1911, become the Oxo Cube; (bottom) the Battle of the Falkland Islands, fought by a British cruiser squadron against German commerce raiders to keep open that lifeline of cheap, plentiful meat from South America and the colonies

communities often desperately poor, and millions migrated to towns and cities looking for work, finding it in mills. The industrial revolution had a peculiar circular form in that sense—the march of technology made English rural life fruitless and poor, while providing jobs in the burgeoning industries, which in turn made rural life poorer through the development of global trade, and so on.

The important point here is that in a short century or so, England—by this time the United Kingdom—had gone from being a predominantly self-sufficient country living well off its surplus to one which depended to a great degree on imported food to feed the agricultural labourers



and descendants of agricultural labourers now living in cities as factory and mill employees.

The best illustration of this is the state of the nation at the eve of war in 1914. An astonishing 60% of all food (and maybe as high as 70%) was imported that year—significantly more even than today, in our hyper-globalised world of ultra-large cargo vessels and refrigerated aircraft to bring the best fresh produce to our supermarkets.

Yes! Even in our modern age of avocado toast and highly processed vegan food substitutes—which rely heavily on imported ingredients and energy-intensive preparation—we still import less food now than in the Edwardian era. Quite remarkable.

Food imports are a major strategic consideration, of course, and it was to this pronounced weakness of the British empire—that it required free and open sea lanes to survive—that Germany looked in 1914. The

German navy's policy of commerce raiding (later outright blockade with the development of submarine warfare) was one striking at Britain's soft underbelly.

Away from Britain's main bases, her colonies, lay South America, a source of so much meat and grain. It is around these rich shores, amid the packed shipping lanes and away from the Royal Navy home fleet that those first great clashes of the two 20th-century wars took place. The fact that the opening salvos of these great battles 25 years apart echo one another so clearly suggests that in many respects, not much had changed. Britain still imported 20 million tons of food a year in 1939, including 70% of the nation's cheese and cereals, and over half of the nation's meat.

And so I contend

that the sea is—as W.S. Gilbert has it—Britain's doing and undoing. This great European and then global trade has been the source of her wealth, but over-reliance also makes it a point of weakness. If you are reading this not having seen my talk ([click here](#)), I'd encourage you to do so if the strategic and tactical decisions around 1914 and 1939—which led on from what has been written here—interest you.

As for this little discourse on British history, it is a collection of observations on the ebb and flow of some particular elements of this nation over a thousand years. It is by no means complete and warrants much further study. If you happen to have any particular ideas on these points, I'd be very interested to hear them and can be reached through the club by the normal means.

So... could Britain feed itself now?

That's a very interesting question and difficult to answer. The United Kingdom imports significantly less of its food now. Even after decades of globalisation and European Union membership, the figure is around 40%, much lower than 1914 but double what it was in the 1980s, when a staggering 80% of food was made in the UK!

But much else has changed. The kinds of food people—especially less well off people—are accustomed to eating now is more diverse than it was a century ago. There are also many more people in this country now than there were—approaching 70 million today compared to 41 million in 1939.

There was some very politically-motivated discussion on this topic around the time of the Brexit referendum, the pointed questions implying, perhaps, that the United Kingdom intended to become totally self-sufficient. More likely, perhaps, would be re-engaging with those historic markets which sustained the country in the 19th century.

Nevertheless, there have been some remarkable claims about what self-sufficiency in food could look like. One is the idea that Britons would need to get accustomed to eating less meat—perhaps as infrequently

as once a week. But this too seems to be politically motivated, and pretty fanciful. While the UK presently imports a quarter of a million tons of beef a year, it also exports half of that a year of the same. So, actually, the shortfall in meat is not as large as it seems.

In a development that strangely parallels the export of wool to be turned into cloth in 13th-century England, much of the beef that is exported from the UK now is processed in Europe before being imported back to Britain again as ready-meals and cuts, so some of the “imported” meat Britons eat is actually from Britain in the first place. Confused yet?

But this is all pretty unimportant in the grand scheme of things. What these arguments over land availability and changing taste do not consider is in a theoretical zero-import situation, the real hurdle is petrochemicals for fertilisers, fuel oils for agricultural machinery, and equipment.

In short, we are in a comparatively good position. But the mental exercise is a pointless one. In what circumstance could a developed nation need to be self-sufficient—in food, the machines to cultivate it, and the fuel to power them—anyway?

THE FUTURE OF TRANSPORT

As observed by **Cally Calloman**



The Mark I tank at Hatfield House

CONFRONTED WITH THE IMAGE of Personal Transportation on the rear cover of the last issue I at once proceeded to look into the purchase of such a craft. Imagine my disappointment when I found that they never existed! Dear me, Fake News had nothing on this.

After further thought I considered a Mark One Tank (not the Mark Two, they were rubbish) as fitting for a gentleman living in Anglia as I do: surrounded by fields and hostile villagers who, to a man, set us adrift from our European mainland.

I rue the day we used to play in one of these tanks at Hatfield House where it was parked, unlocked, open to all (it smelled a bit pongy inside) when I could have simply made off with it at night, changed the V.I.N. plate inside and no one would be any the wiser. In

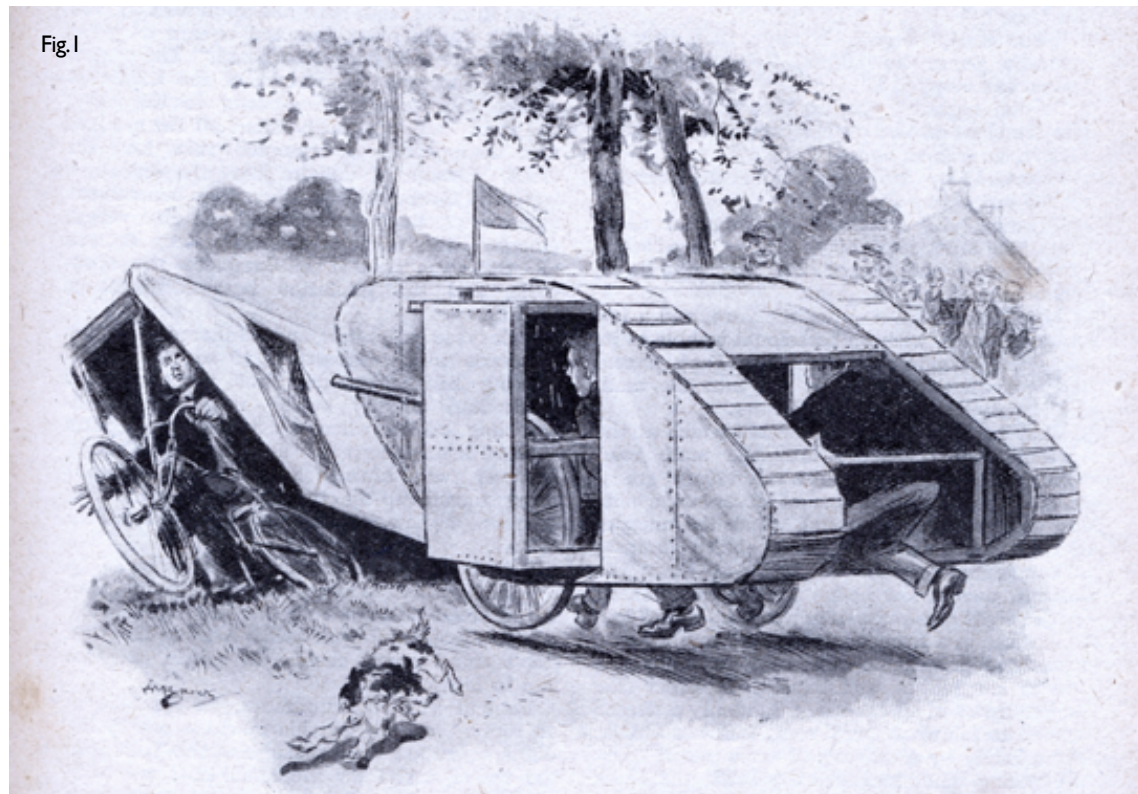
fact I think the then Marchioness of Salisbury would have thanked me for removing the unsightly scrap from blocking the view outside the front of the pile.

I understand that working genuine versions of these tanks are fairly scarce these days and an armour-clad Land Rover “special” simply won’t do. I think the Hatfield House one is owned by a fellow called Bovingdon in Dorset now.

However, I am currently secretary of the Veteran-Cycle Club and have stumbled across a unique take on these tanks that may satisfy the green contingent (actually, that’s me) as well as keeping a chap fit, surmounting any petrol shortages yet still just the job to shun miscreants, cut-purses and the like in our neighbourhood.

Evidence of these were first sighted viz (not in *Viz*): Fig.1 is picture taken from *The Captain* boys magazine of 1919. Here we see how the

Mk I Tankbike had evolved by the end of the war. The two-man-operated British machine launches itself bravely at a single occupant *Erbämlichesgepanzertesfahrrad*, so beloved of The Kaiser (and his batman). Our plucky crew attack under flags of His Majesty even whilst the side door escape hatch flies open and regimental mascot “Schnautzer” the dog escapes. This tank was fully equipped with football (for



The battle in Abbey Lane

neutral Christmas Day use), gas masks (the occupants enjoyed a hefty bean-feast before battle) and Sturmeij Archer bow and arrow.

Fig.2 is by the renowned artist Edward Ardizzone and served as a frontispiece to his illustrations for *The Otterbury Incident* by C. Day Lewis Machine Gun (Bodley Head). Here we see a group of young scallywags (Liverpoolian youth) unveil their hitherto secret weapon in the very midst of battle, possibly at Abbey Lane, Otterbury itself. One can spy a youngster aboard what is clearly a 1910 New Hudson standard issue Military Roadster approaching the Mk 1 Prototype Tankbike with a degree of caution.

Should any fellow members have further information on these obscure Tankbikes, please share them with the rest of the membership. In the meantime, the search goes on.

SGT CALLY CALLOMON
(V-CC AT BAR)

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.



Benjamin Negroto

Name or preferred name?

My full name is Benjamin Charles Negroto and my most common nickname is Ben... never Benji, please. I really don't like that! But in reality the nicknames vary according to my groups of friends—the most flattering being “the General”.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Simply because I was an officer—in the French Navy, so the term “general” is not correct, I do not steal a rank that I do not have!

Where do you hail from?

I come from Toulon, a city in the south of France by the sea, best known for its rugby team. But I have often changed cities for my studies or my work and I now live near Paris.

Favourite cocktail?

I would prefer a good whisky (peat from Islay, if possible!), but I am also a fan of the Dry Martini. On native soil, with the heat, it will be a pastis: an anise-based alcohol that is mixed with water and ice, and which was created to replace absinthe when it was banned in France.

Most Chappist skill?

I think it's about succeeding in working fast and well... while staying someone lazy at heart. I agree with the thought of the French academician Jean d'Ormesson who, while being keen on excellence, praised laziness.

Most Chappist possession?

The tie pin from my great grandfather, very simple, in the shape of a flower. I wear it little so as not to lose it, which I would greatly regret. It is a much prettier object than the tie clips that we see today.

Personal Motto?

I really liked a military motto: “To be and endure.” (The colonel of the regiment which adopted this motto, the 3rd Marine Infantry Parachute Regiment, had had all of his men's uniforms trimmed so that they looked better.)





Favourite Quotes?

One that make me laugh: "Just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean everyone is against me."
 And of course: "Impossible is not French!"

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

I don't have a driving licence.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

It's since summer 2017.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I am a reader of *The*



Chap magazine and I think it was by seeing photos of the Chap Olympiads that I discovered the existence of the NSC. Then some research on the internet allowed me to discover a little more about the Club and to apply for membership.

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

If you come to Paris, visit the Albert Kahn museum: he was a banker from the 19th-20th century who built a park with magnificent Japanese, French and English gardens and even a forest of his native region. You travel through several countries in one place, in a timeless vibe.

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

For the first two it's not very exotic but it would be the Emperor Napoleon (I'm fascinated by his epic) and Sir Winston Churchill (his career and his life made him like the hero of a novel). For the third...maybe Uncle Scrooge, the hero of my childhood.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Answer: *Artemis Scarheart*.

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

Not yet. I would perhaps propose a subject of military history...with a heavy French accent I'm afraid.

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.

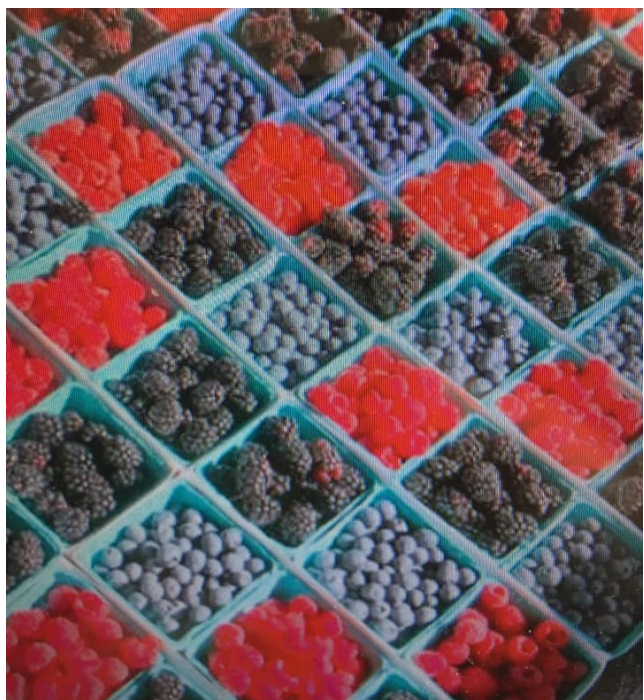


CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

AS MEMBERS SETTLE into life under lockdown, it's clear their no.1 priority for all the time on their hands is to search the internet for things that look a bit like they are in NSC colours. This page, clockwise from top right: Craigoh found this rather fetching Princeton blazer; Stephen Smith caught Chris Packham trying to pass himself off as a Clubman; Peter Lawford looking Technicolor in *Easter Parade* (1948), courtesy of Col. Choke; Ivan Debono unearthed this jarring assemblage sported by Mr McKenna in gritty 1980s drama *Boys from the Blackstuff*. Opposite page, clockwise from top: "We'll never get that club house if the Glorious Committee keep splashing out on supercars," observes Debono—who also somehow found out about the Committee's secret nuclear submarine; Benjamin Negroto, meanwhile, has realised the Committee has also been genetically engineering psychotropic berries; perhaps it is consumption of these berries that has caused the evolution of the Cecropia moth, as netted by Col. Choke in the Hudson Valley; Col. Choke has also discovered that the NSC once controlled the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad: the proceeds of its sale in 1968, directed by the Committee, have never really been accounted for.







Clockwise from top left: Debono thinks Ramon Cota's dastardliness to Mr Charles Norris is mitigated by his Club dressing gown; Gary Wallace spotted "a lawyer" on ITV3; Ellin Belton noticed this narrow number on *Mad Men*; our Chairman Torquil has unveiled Mark Rothko's meditation on the NSC; Club silk spotted on some TV show I can't remember; a French magazine advert sent in by 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.

Since it's likely that no face-to-face get-togethers will be allowed in the month of June, I will devote this section to online happenings and resources that may help you retain what goes for sanity in your household.

🚫 NSC Virtual Club Night

Wednesday 3rd June

8pm BST

See page 2. In lieu of our normal monthly get-together, I, your Glorious Club Secretary, will attempt to deliver an address on the subject of absinthe, through the power of YouTube.

For late-breaking news and legal disclaimers, see the Facebook event at <https://www.facebook.com/events/614176602784202>.

Old London Virtual Walking Tour

Every Monday

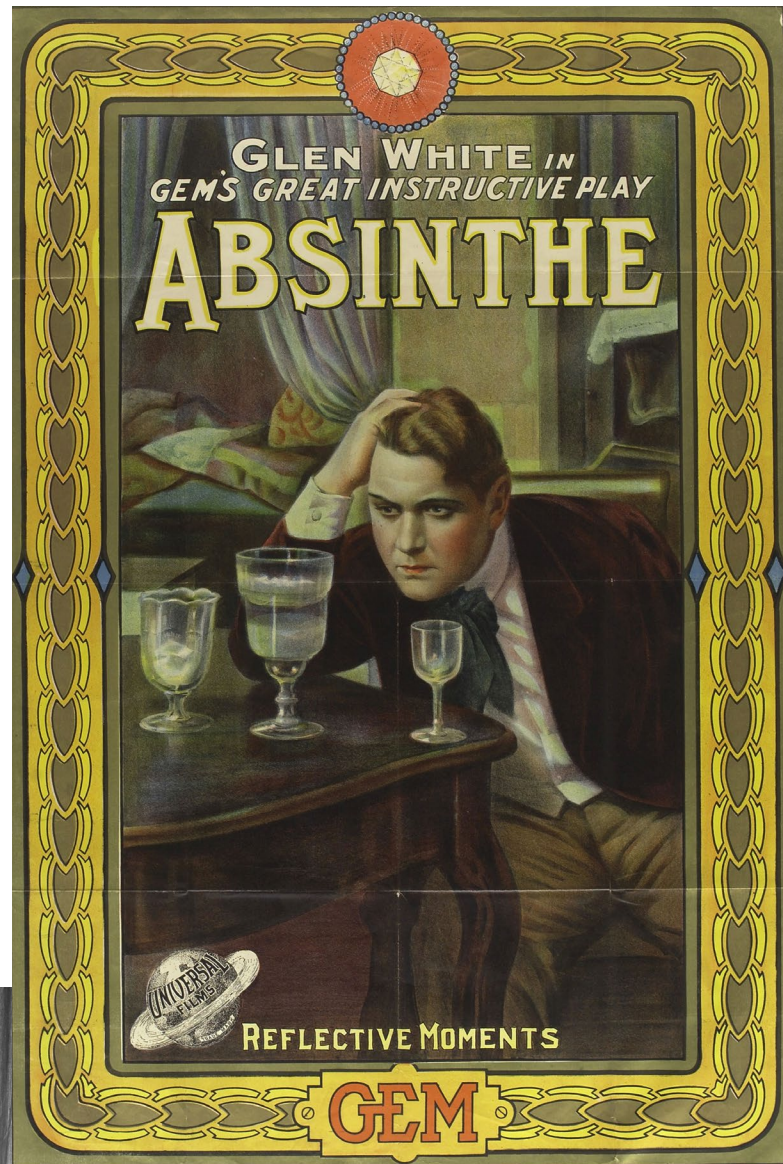
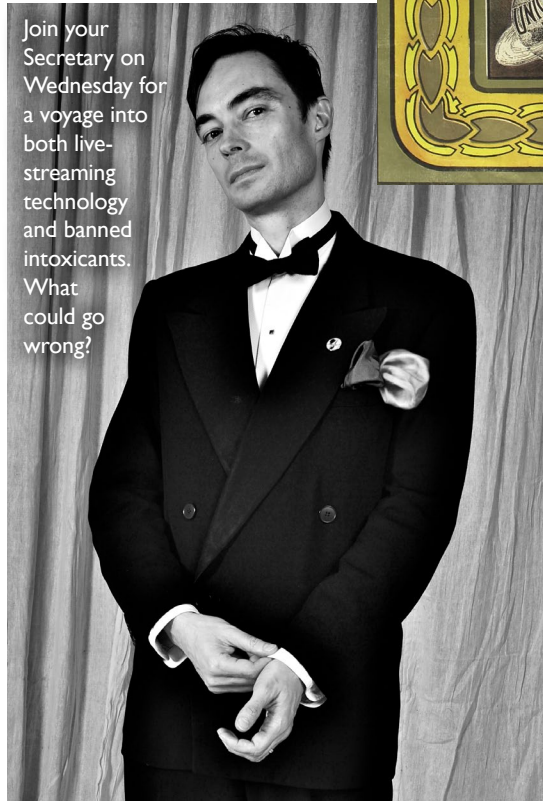
7pm

Delivered via Zoom

Admission: £8 from Eventbrite

Club Member Russell Nash, an accredited London tour guide, delivers a virtual version

Join your Secretary on Wednesday for a voyage into both live-streaming technology and banned intoxicants. What could go wrong?



of his tour exploring the 2,000-year history of the City of London. I'm not sure if Russell uses a library of photos from his real tours, or if he is actually broadcasting live as he wanders alone through the streets... See the Facebook event for more details.

Virtual Pub Wednesdays: the Staying Inn

Every Wednesday

From 6pm (though many seem to start early)

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1050636565330719>

The Club's own Stuart Turner's weekly virtual night in the pub has become a regular fixture in the lockdown calendar.



Explore the live recordings published to the Candlelight Club Soundcloud page. The latest added is Benoit Viellefon and his Orchestra

Tom Carradine’s Self-Isolation Singalong

Every Thursday

8.30pm

www.facebook.com/events/651636078971942

Master of the Cockney singalong Tom Carradine brings his infamous knees-ups to cyberspace. So gather around the e-Joanna and commence caterwauling.

Marcel Lucont’s Louche Lockdown Lounge

Every Thursday

9pm

Shows are broadcast via Marcel’s YouTube page (www.youtube.com/marcellucont)

Admission: Free but PayPal tips welcome

Gallic raconteur Marcel Lucont offers a lockdown show of “badinage, competitions, opportunities to request chansons and poems and a Q&A session with the man himself”. If you’re on Marcel’s mailing list you can enter a lottery to be part of the “audience” who seem to be able to interact with Marcel via Zoom. See the Facebook event for more details.

Marcel Lucont’s Cabaret Domestique

Every Friday

9pm

Livestream

Admission: £7 for First Class (part of interactive Zoom “audience”); £5 economy (watching stream only) from Eventbrite

A virtual version of Marcel’s renowned

Cabaret Fantastique, hosted by Marcel and reaturing a line-up of cabaret performers live in their own homes. This Friday, 5th June, the performers are impressionist Jess Robinson, comic Myra Dubois, “Card Ninja” Javier Jarquin and burlesque artist Lena Mae Lenman. For more details see the Facebook event.

The Men Who Made Menswear Tour

Sunday 14th June

7pm

Admission: £10 from Eventbrite or the Facebook event

Another virtual tour from Russell Nash (see his London tour above), this time focusing on the city’s sartorial traditions.

Jack Calloway on the wireless

Every Sunday

10am, 2pm, 6pm and 10pm

www.phonotoneclassic.com

Band leader Jack Calloway hosts his regular show on this internet radio station that plays dance music from 1925 to 1945. Jack’s show focuses on music from the 1930s. (And you can hear one of Jack’s own performances on the Candlelight Club Soundcloud page below.)

Sugarpush Sundays

Every Sunday

Beginners 2pm, improvers 3pm

www.facebook.com/events/654137895419940

Dancer, dance teacher and DJ Holly France (a regular platter-spinner at the Candlelight Club) has ported her solo jazz and Charleston lesson online via Zoom. The class is free but donations via PayPal are welcome. All details on the Facebook event.

Online Dance Classes with Swing Patrol

Throughout the month See schedule at <https://swingpatrollondon.dancecloud.com>

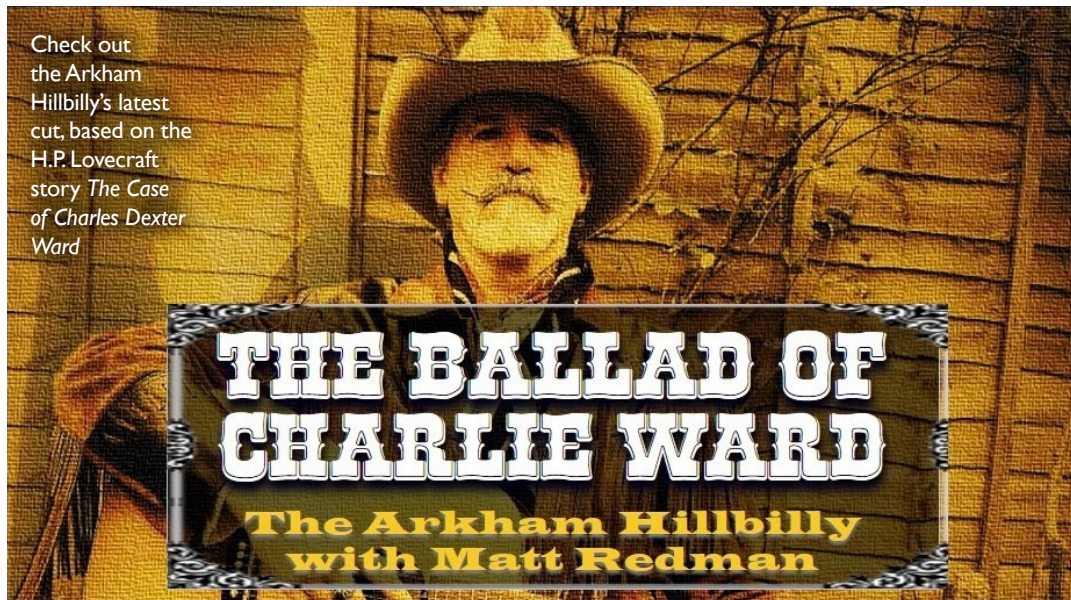
A variety of online classes, including Charleston, Lindy Hop, solo jazz and even Swing Dance Cardio. You buy a ticket through the website and in return they send you a private YouTube link.

The Candlelight Club on Soundcloud

soundcloud.com/the-candlelight-club
Live recordings made of some of the bands who play at the Candlelight Club (currently some 229 tracks available to stream for free). The Candlelight Club itself (www.thecandlelightclub.com) will presumably be on hold while public gatherings are *verboten* so this is the next best thing for now. New mixes from Benoit Viellefon's appearance at the club's 9th birthday last October have been added recently.

Oliver Lane's Swing Playlist

open.spotify.com/playlist/1dfHBW



[91orRiD8Rf9GbZXe](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/1orRiD8Rf9GbZXe)

Club Member Oliver Lane has been idly adding to this Spotify playlist for years and it now features some 90 songs. Fill your boots.

Samuel West on Soundcloud

<https://soundcloud.com/user-115260978>

If poetry is more your thing than music, this Soundcloud feed from actor and director Samuel West features readings by him and others.

The Arkham Hillbilly

www.facebook.com/arkhamhillbilly

Fans of H.P. Lovecraft, the 1920s horror writer and creator of the Cthulhu mythos, will be delighted to learn that the Club's own Darcy Sullivan has been spending these long weeks of self-isolation in the guise of country singer the Arkham Hillbilly, the man who brought you

the 'Miskatonic Blues', 'Jamboree at Innsmouth' and 'Doggone It, Dagon'. On this Facebook page you can see all his videos, where he sings down-home songs of the uncanny and the eldritch, as well as offering some good, old-fashioned advice about self-isolation itself. Sponsored by Gibbous Moonshine—the only liquor made in Arkham in a well—and Eldritch Chaw, the chewing tobacco that bites back.

If you're not on Facebook, check out his YouTube playlist.





If you haven't been keeping up with Corona Cat, the cartoon cat who adorns the windows of Schloss Hartley, with a new episode going up each day, check out his antics on his Facebook page. Created by Mrs H. as a response to rainbows and jokes that local families were putting up in their own windows, the cat and his coterie of mice have been raising money for a local hospice whose fund-raising shops have had to stay closed