

The cricket-playing revolutionary

Torquil Arbuthnot
on writer,
philosopher,
Marxist and
cricket enthusiast
C.L.R. James

Night and Day

The brief life of Graham
Greene's magazine—
brought down by
Shirley Temple

Hyperactive

A glimpse into the
frenzied life of member
Dr Huw S. "Zip"
Kruger Gray

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • No.166 • AUGUST 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 Meeting will take place on **Wednesday 5th August**. Even though the Wheatsheaf is now open in a limited way, a brief straw poll on Facebook suggested that we are not yet at a point where enough people feel confident about coming into town for a physical meeting, so we're staying virtual for this month's lecture, *Speed Machines from Between the Wars*, delivered with gusto by Actuarium. His publicity department has this to say:

“ACTUARIUS ADDRESSES THE NATION! 5th August 2020 will see the momentous occasion when for the first time, via the medium of The Electrical Interweb, Actuarium will deliver a ground breaking talk on speed machines from the 1920s and 30s (favourable conditions within the electronic ether permitting). THRILL to tales of derring-do by both men and women, gasp at the leviathans from the modern age which enabled humanity to attain new levels of achievement, be enthralled by the mastery of that cruel and wicked mistress—SPEED! If nothing else it should be an entertaining talk about the heroes and heroines of the between-the-wars period who dreamed of glory,

accompanied by photos of some truly historic and fabulous looking vehicles.

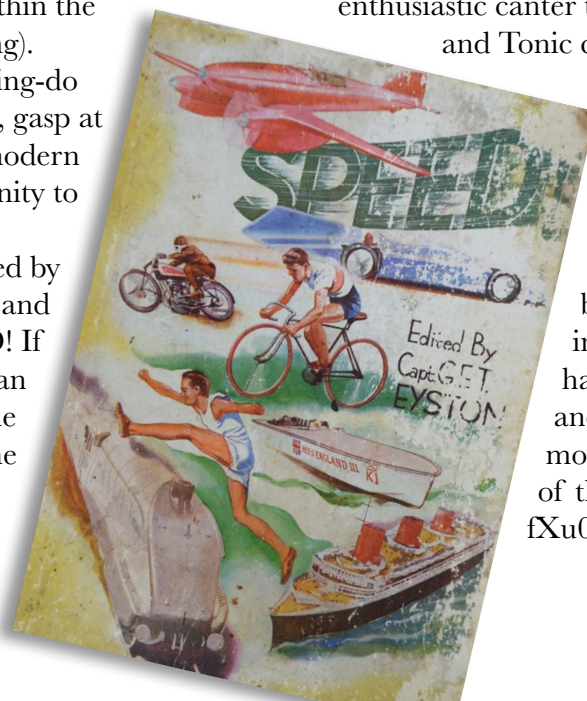
This talk will be delivered by Zoom virtual meeting (meeting ID: 850 2322 2504) at 8pm. For best results download and install the free Zoom app, though I believe you can also participate through a web browser (use the link <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85023222504>).

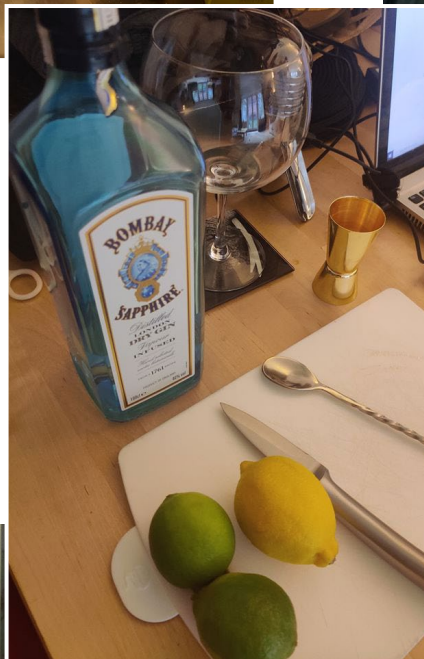
There is a Facebook event at <https://www.facebook.com/events/327751901959259> which might be useful to keep an eye on if we have technical problems and need to change the plan, or create a new URL.

The Last Meeting

Our virtual talk last month was a lively and enthusiastic canter through the world of the Gin and Tonic courtesy of drinks writer

David T. Smith—during which he prepared a large number of drinks for the camera. I don't know if David went on to consume all the G&Ts he had made, but if he did then he would, in the words of Withnail, have “missed out on Monday and come up smiling Tuesday morning”. You can see a video of the talk at <https://youtu.be/fXu0TzYzwXA>,

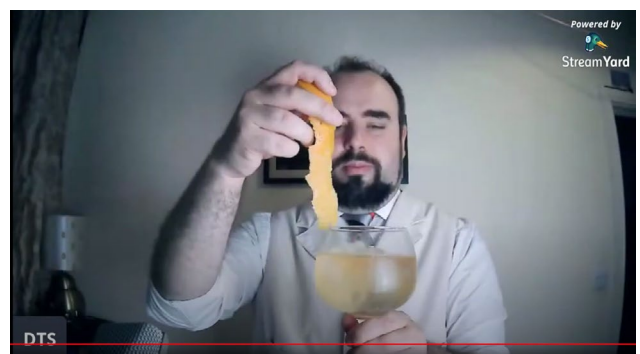




(Above and right) viewers post photos of their kitchens in readiness; (far right, top to bottom) David starts with the basics; shows us his Garnishing Station; reveals the lime-squeezer known as a Mexican Elbow; demonstrates a messy way to pour tonic; and garnishes an Earl Grey G&T with orange peel; (below) Bacchus enjoying a beverage



If you're wondering, "What's with the outfit?" have a look at <https://www.instagram.com/p/CClgX0RALw/>



The cricket-playing revolutionary

Torquil Arbuthnot on writer, philosopher, Marxist and cricket enthusiast **C.L.R. James**

“**O**UR HOUSE WAS superbly situated, exactly behind the wicket. A huge tree on one side and another house on the other limited the view of the ground, but an umpire could have stood at the bedroom window. By standing on a chair a small boy of six could watch practice every afternoon and matches on Saturdays. From the chair also he could mount on to the window-sill and so stretch a groping hand for the books on top of the wardrobe. Thus early the pattern of my life was set.”

So begins C.L.R. James’ *Beyond a Boundary*, possibly the finest book on cricket ever written.

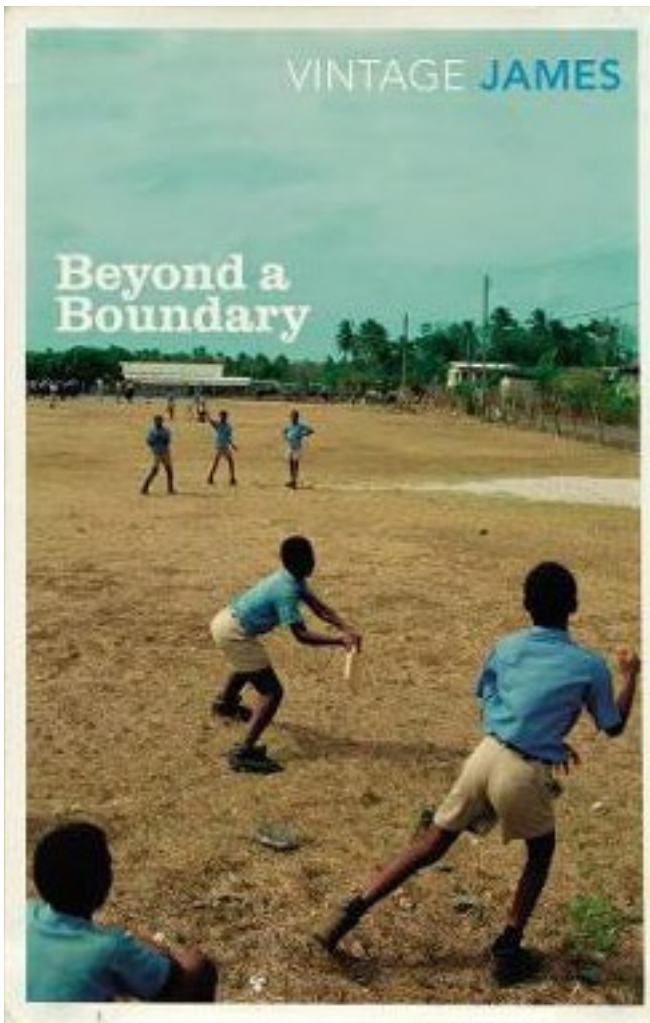
James was born on the island of Trinidad in 1901. In 1932 he moved to Nelson in Lancashire, where his friend Learie Constantine (later Baron Constantine of Maraval and Nelson) was playing in the Lancashire Cricket League. With the help of another great cricket writer, Sir Neville Cardus, he obtained work as a cricket reporter on the *Manchester Guardian*. He also joined the Labour Party and became a leading Marxist theorist, later changing to Trotskyism, finally describing himself only as “a Leninist”.

During the 1930s James wrote some of his best-known works of non-fiction, including *World Revolution* (a history, praised by Trotsky, of the Communist International), and *The Black Jacobins* (an account of Toussaint L’Ouverture and the Haitian revolution). In 1934 James also wrote a play about Toussaint L’Ouverture, which was performed in the West End with Paul Robeson in the starring role. His biographer Paul Buhle called James’ 1932 work, *The Case for West Indian Self Government*, “the first important manifesto for national independence in the British West Indies”.

James later moved to the United States where, despite his disapproval of American lack of sportsmanship and fair play, he stayed for 20



years until deported in 1952. In a vain attempt to remain he wrote a study of Herman Melville while detained on Ellis Island, and had copies of this privately-published book sent to every US Senator. He then lived in Trinidad and Africa (becoming involved in the Pan African movement) before returning to England, dying in Brixton in 1989. He was buried in Tunapuna Cemetery, Trinidad. The funeral itself was divided between a “Ceremony of Return” held



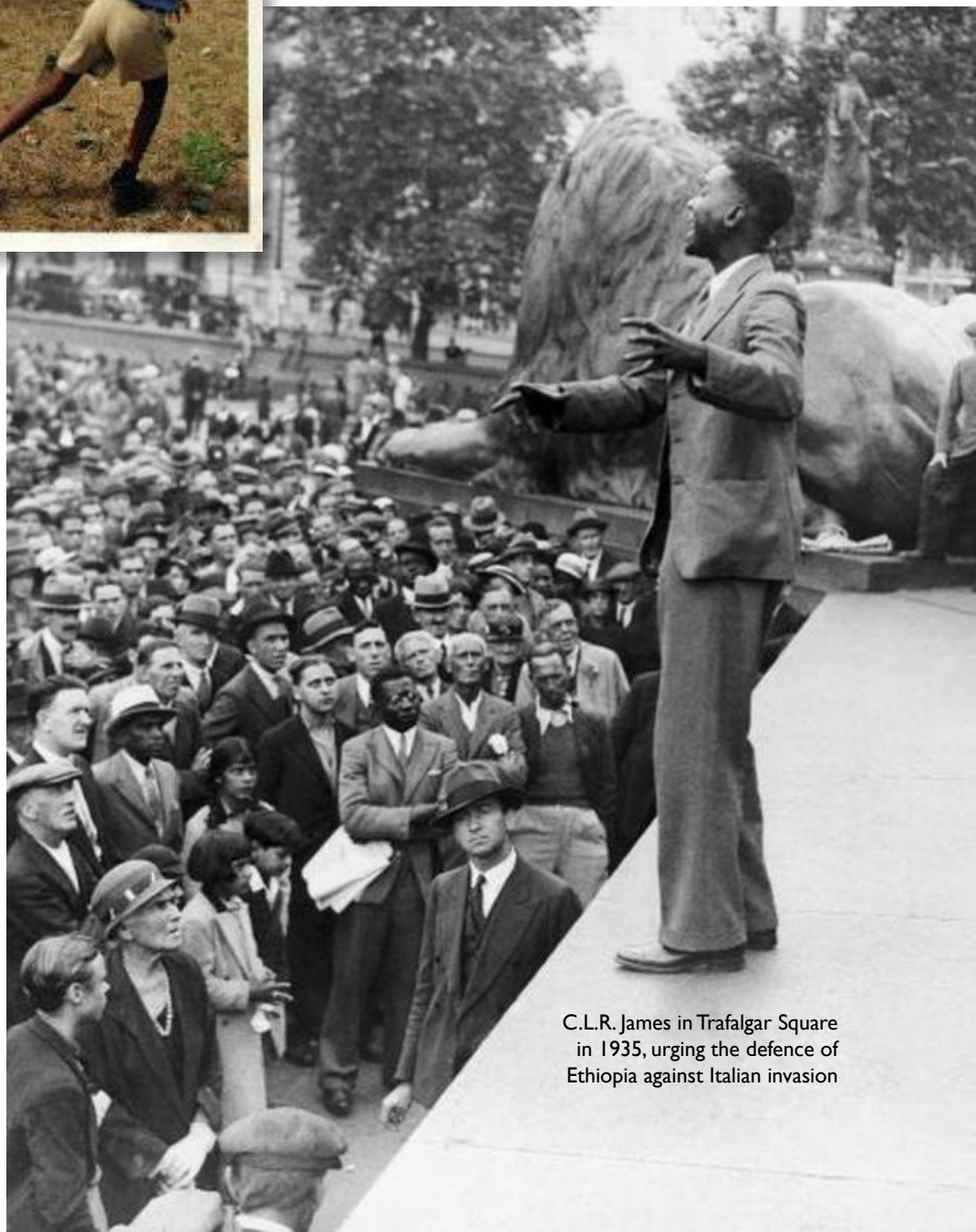
aesthetics, the strong influence cricket had on his life, and how cricket meshed with his role in politics and his understanding of issues of class and race. Written with great lyricism, it is full of shrewd analysis, forthright opinions, and fascinating snippets of autobiography.

Later James intended to expand these ideas in another book built around an interpretation of photographs of cricketers in action. He wished to investigate here the sculptural dimensions of the game, approaching the player in action as a form of public art, where “man is placed in his social environment in terms of artistic form”; and he was concerned to situate him within a historical tradition which began, in his view, with the shift from sculpture to tragic drama in early Greece.

A version of this article first appeared in The Chap.

at the national airport, and a “Celebration of a Life” at the Trinidad Oilfield Worker’s Trade Union’s club, and included tributes by writers and calypso singers. Among other details, biographers note that steel drum versions of *The Rite of Spring* and “The Internationale” were played.

But it is for *Beyond a Boundary* that James will be best remembered by cricket aficionados. The book’s key question is: “What do they know of cricket who only cricket know?” James uses this challenge as the basis for describing cricket in an historical and social context, its psychology and



C.L.R. James in Trafalgar Square in 1935, urging the defence of Ethiopia against Italian invasion

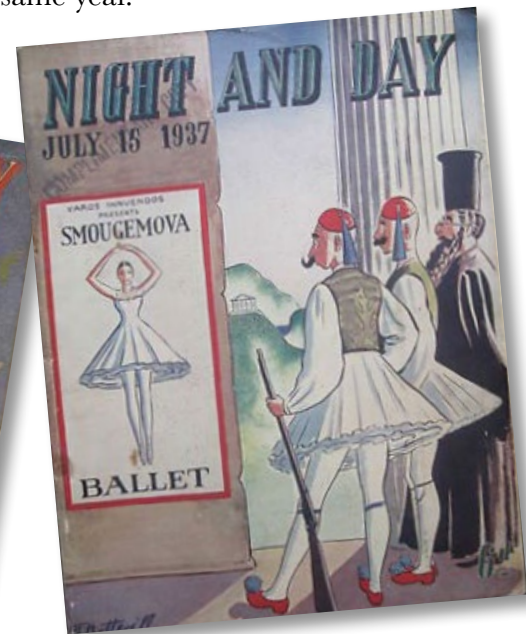
NIGHT AND DAY

Torquil Arbuthnot on the brief life of Graham Greene's answer to *The New Yorker*

IN AN ESSAY in 1934 Graham Greene wrote, "The world may be divided into those who enjoy *Punch* and those who enjoy *The New Yorker*." *Night and Day*, the short-lived magazine Greene was to co-edit in 1937, was flagrantly modelled on the latter. Greene himself said that "the influence of *The New Yorker* was very evident during the first months" but that the influence was

on 30th June 1937. Each guest was given a numbered copy of the magazine to act as a raffle ticket, the first prize being a copy signed by the contributors. The second and third prizes were a year's and six months' subscriptions respectively, although ironically these prizes proved identical since the last issue was on 23rd December of the same year.

Greene and his co-editors



“fading” by the time the magazine folded. The magazine was published and mainly owned by Chatto & Windus. In his autobiography Anthony *Time* Powell writes that *Night and Day* “was designed to dislodge *Punch*, long regarded... as the quintessence of tameness, tapering off into insipid philistinism”. The new magazine was to combine excellent prose with witty cartoons, and to strive to be entertaining, worldly and self-consciously sophisticated.

The magazine's name was chosen because “it sounded well” and had echoes of the Cole Porter song. The magazine launched at a cocktail party for 800 guests at the Dorchester

assembled what Powell called “a strange mélange” of contributors which “synthesised pretty well”. Peter Fleming compiled the gossipy weekly pages of “Minutes” at the front of the magazine under the name “Slingsby”. Powell, glancing through a bound copy of the entire magazine, notes how he was “struck by Fleming’s impact on its tone”. Many of the other contributors were not as well-known as Fleming (famous at the time for his travel books) but were to become more so in the post-war years. The team of regular critics included Evelyn Waugh on books, Elizabeth Bowen and Antonia White on theatre, Osbert Lancaster on art, A.J.A. Symons on restaurants, Hugh



HOW TO READ THIS MAGAZINE

NIGHT AND DAY is published on Thursdays. It can be bought (or stolen if you have the nerve) from all newsgagents worthy of the name. Here are some simple rules to bear in mind:

1. Read from left to right. If you follow our advice and do this, the first thing you come up against is *London By Night and Day*. This section is brought to you, as they say, by our espionage department, and gives you the lowdown on what we call, rightly or wrongly, London's Pleasure Zone. Drama, films, sport, and the lights-and-wine racket—to all this and to a good deal more you will find *NIGHT AND DAY* a terse (advnt.) and illuminating (advnt.) guide.

2. Passing on, you come to Slingsby's *Minutes of the Week*, which are what used to be termed a *causerie*, but funny for all that.

3. By this time you are right down in the body of the paper, where—as Jonah discovered in vaguely analogous circumstances—you may find pretty well anything: fiction, satire, nonsense—pretty well anything, as we said.

4. It will not have escaped your notice that *NIGHT AND DAY* is illustrated. In this connection we would draw your attention to *Fe-Fo-Fi-Fum*, our weekly page of drawings by Feliks Topolski, a talented anthropologist who is conducting a little regular field-work in these islands and who lays bare, as with a scalpel, the essential whatever-it-is of Britain's most cherished institu-

tions. We have a lot of other artists too, all darned good. One's so good he signs with a squiggle.

5. Have you ever wondered what it feels like to be a Mortuary Porter, a Three-Card-Trick Practitioner, or (see p. 16) a Tattooist? *A Job in a Million* will tell you.

6. Flaxman. See p. 17 and, if that doesn't work, have a look at this feature in the next issue, and so on for quite a time. You'll catch on. We did. It's fun when you're used to it.

7. By reading from cover to cover (which, we think, is the best way) you'll eventually reach our up-to-date critical section, which will tell you, as man to man, what's what about what's on. (See by cross, but not too cross, reference *London By Night and Day*: go back where you started from, in fact, and lose three turns.) Here you will find Miss Elizabeth Bowen reviewing the theatre, while Mr. Evelyn Waugh does books, Mr. Graham Greene looks at the films, and other critics purr or wince at the offerings of Fashion, Art, Sport, etc.

8. For the rest, a wealth of talent, some of it anonymous, some of it not, invigilates over a mad world, annotating its absurdities as they come to light. Discriminating people who subscribe to *NIGHT AND DAY* as from the first number will have something to boast to their grandchildren about—assuming, of course, that discriminating people have grandchildren. We're not sure about this.

"ALL THE JOKES CAN'T BE GOOD"—Groucho Marx



Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

NIGHT AND DAY

DECEMBER 9 1937

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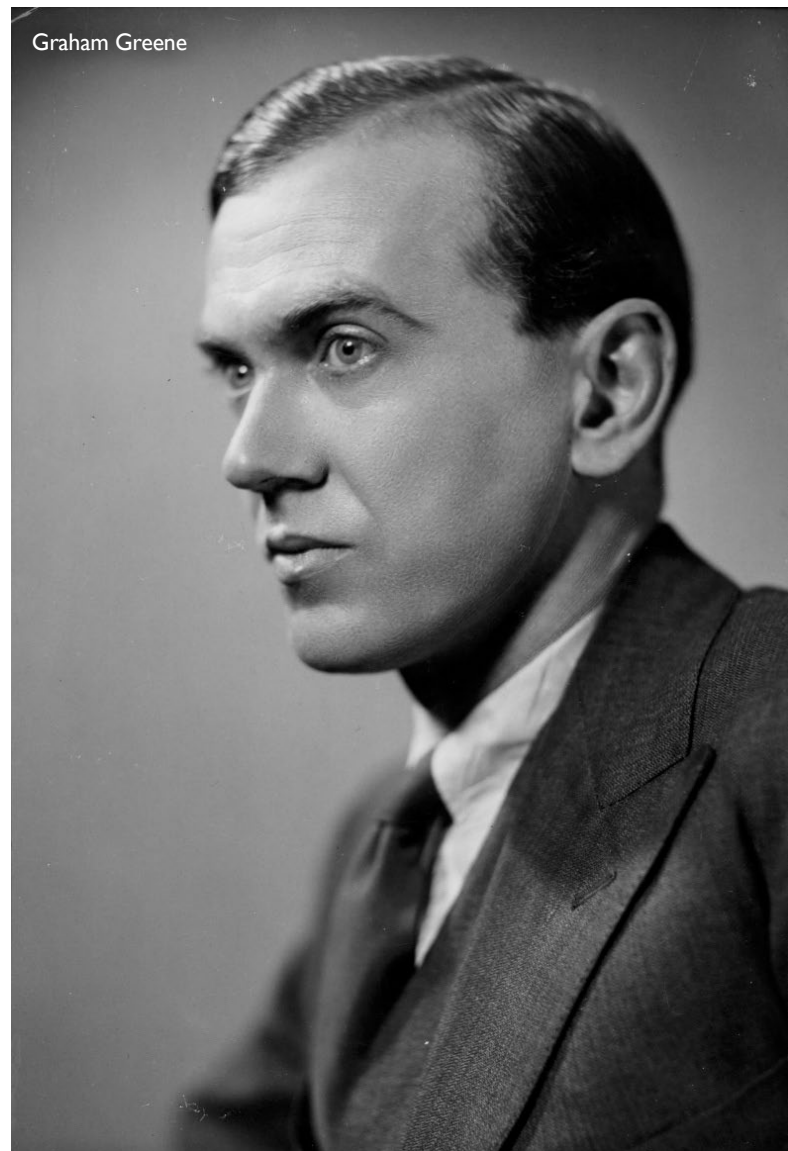
Casson on architecture, Herbert Read on detective stories, John Hayward on broadcasting, Constant Lambert on music and Greene himself on the cinema. There were several serial features: John Betjeman's "Percy's Progress" described the life of a man-about-town and was a mixture of *The Diary of a Nobody* and P.G. Wodehouse; Hugh Kingsmill and Malcolm Muggeridge went on literary pilgrimages; Cyril Connolly's "The House of Arquebus" was a fictional diary written by the daughter of a middlebrow family; and Alistair Cooke provided a "New York Letter". Various other well-known writers provided occasional pieces: Christopher Isherwood, V.S. Pritchett, Stevie Smith, R.K. Narayan, Gerald Kersh, James Thurber, Rose Macaulay, Walter de la Mare, T.F. Powys, Pamela Hansford Johnson, William Plomer (reviewing all-in wrestling), Lawrence Durrell and Nigel Balchin. "Less expectedly," writes Powell, "the poet Louis MacNeice wrote on the Dog Show [and] the literary critic, Walter Allen, on Football."

Contributions from Marhanita Laski, H.E. Bates, Henry Miller, Jocelyn Brooke and Nancy Mitford were turned down. "My God, no," scribbled Greene on Mitford's covering letter. *Night and Day's* original motoring correspondent, "Supercharger", resigned and was replaced by the magazine's arts editor, Selwyn Powell. "But I know nothing of the technicalities," he told Greene. "No matter. You can drive, can't you? And write?"

Night and Day also carried the work of some of the best illustrators and cartoonists of the era, including H. Botterill, Feliks Topolski, Nicolas Bentley, Paul Crum, Edward Ardizzone and Brian Robb. "Paul Crum" was the nom de plume of Roger Pettiward, who accompanied Peter Fleming on his *Brazilian Adventure* and was killed on the Dieppe raid in 1942.

An anthology of *Night and Day* was published in 1985. In a preface to the book Greene writes that when the magazine appeared for the first time, "the shadow was very dark and perhaps that accounts for the rather strenuous determination of the editors... to make the weekly light and amusing at all costs". Reading the anthology, one is certainly left with the impression the magazine was trying a bit too hard to be "sophisticated" and "amusing". The editorial tone of the magazine (in its "Minutes

of the Week" and asides) comes across as arch and winsome, striving too eagerly for an appearance of jaded and cynical wit. There are, for example, extracts from contemporary newspapers with comments added that are presumably meant to be witty, but come across as snide, vapid and laboured. Isaiah Berlin wrote to a friend that, "Betjeman writes embarrassing rubbish and Peter Fleming is even worse." Certain contributors aside (Evelyn Waugh,



Graham Greene

Herbert Read, Osbert Lancaster) there is a sense that some of the pieces were retrieved from the back of the writer's filing cabinet, and one can't help feeling also that a "jobs for the boys" approach was used when soliciting contributions.

It is generally assumed that the magazine folded after Twentieth Century Fox sued Graham Greene for libel after his review of a Shirley Temple film. In fact the magazine was in

Feliks Topolski: AT THE BALLET

F E = F O = F I = F U M



financial difficulties already. Despite a generous publicity budget *Night and Day* never achieved its target sales of 30,000 copies per week, which was a quarter of the sales of its rival weekly *Punch*. The continued support of Shell who took a full-page advertisement regularly has been largely attributed to John Betjeman who was at

the time working in their publicity department. Sales and advertising campaigns were planned for that autumn, with adverts in the *Daily Express* and *Sunday Times*, and local drives to be held in Manchester and Birmingham to counter the impression it was a London-centric publication. In November the shareholders sought to raise

further capital for the magazine, and even considered a merger with *Lilliput*. Neither the capital nor the increase in subscriptions materialised, and the shareholders decided to discontinue the magazine, with the final issue being published on 23rd December 1937.

Anthony Powell says of Greene's film reviewing that he "fulminated like a John Knox of movie-criticism, sometimes demanding maiden tribute, sometimes denouncing the sins of the flesh". Greene's film review, of *Wee Willie Winkie* appeared in the 28th October issue.

Greene had already taken a swipe at Shirley Temple in *The Spectator* in May 1936 when he judged *Captain January* to be "sentimental, a little depraved, with an appeal interestingly decadent... Shirley Temple acts and dances with immense vigour and assurance, but some of her popularity seems to rest on a coquetry quite as mature as Miss [Claudette] Colbert's and an oddly precocious body as voluptuous in grey flannel trousers as Miss Dietrich's".

Greene's review of *Wee Willie Winkie* continued in the same vein, after reprising his Marlene Dietrich comment:

Already two years ago she was a fancy little piece... Now in *Wee Willie Winkie*, wearing short kilts, she is a complete totsy. Watch her swaggering stride across the Indian barrack-square; hear the gasp of excited expectation from her antique audience when the sergeant's palm is raised; watch the way she measures a man with agile studio eyes, with dimpled depravity... Her admirers—middle-aged men and clergymen—respond to her dubious coquetry, to the sight of her well-shaped and desirable little body, packed with enormous vitality, only because the safety curtain of story and dialogue drops between their intelligence and their desire.

Of the uproar that Greene's review caused, Powell commented, "Even at that distant period, the notion that children neither had nor could express sexual instincts was, to say the least, an uninstructed one." W.H. Smith refused to stock the issue, but when the magazine took legal advice their counsel stated that in his opinion

the article contained no defamatory statement and could be published without risk. Indeed, extra copies of the magazine were printed to meet the expected demand. Twentieth Century Fox brought a libel action and the case came up before Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart, in March 1938, three months after *Night and Day* had ceased publication. The case was resolved at a cost to the magazine of £3,500 (approximately £175,000 in today's money), with Twentieth Century Fox insisting Greene contribute £500 himself. "I kept on



my bathroom wall... the statement of claim – that I had accused Twentieth Century Fox of 'procuring' Miss Temple 'for immoral purposes',” Greene recalled in 1972.

Anthony Powell finishes his memories of *Night and Day* with, "Nothing became [its] brief existence as a comic paper better than the exquisitely comic climax which terminated its publication."

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.



Huw S. Kruger Gray

Name or preferred name?

Dr Zip.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

I was rather hyperactive when younger.

Where do you hail from?

Great Bentley, Essex, when last resident in dear old Blighty.

Favourite cocktail?

G&T.

Most Chappist skill?

Ability to hand-tie my own bow tie blind.

Most Chappist possession?

My vintage opera hat.

Personal Motto?

"It seemed like a good idea at the time..."

Favourite Quotes?

"A drunk man says what a sober man thinks..."

Not a lot of people don't know this about me...

I am badly dyslexic and also failed my 11-plus exam, but still managed to earn two degrees and rise to be an university professor.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Um, several years (unable to recall, actually). [Joined in July 2015 -Ed]

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

Online, if I remember correctly.





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

Fine hand-pumped real ales, a bacon sarnie and a live jazz band, in a quaint period rural pub, beside a roaring log fire.

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

Winston Churchill (our most glorious leader); William Shakespeare (our greatest playwright); Stirling Moss (our greatest racing driver).

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?

No, fortunately for you all. Currently I am resident overseas also. As a qualified private pilot, I would be willing possibly to offer future pleasure flights.

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.



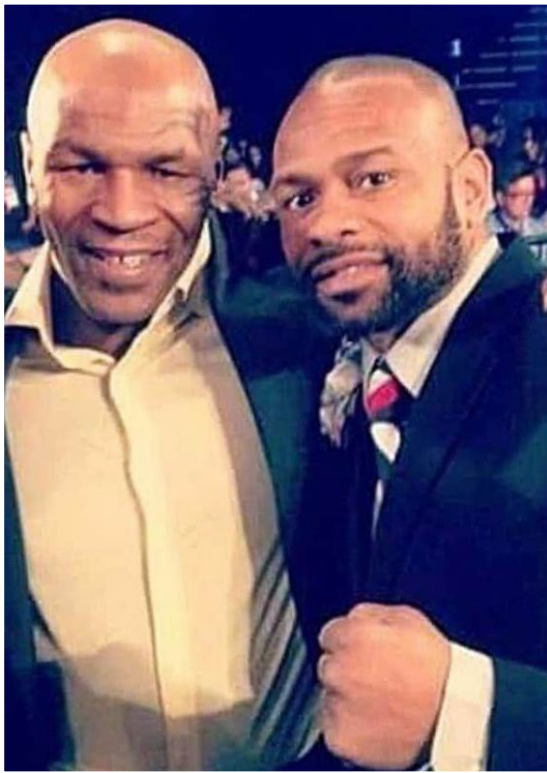


CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

A MIXED LOT THIS month, with a wealth of actual ties plus (overleaf) some more esoteric objects. This page, clockwise from top right: David Niven as Raffles, courtesy of Col. Choke; Princes Charles, spotted by Giles Culpepper; Ray Milland in *Columbo* episode 'Death Lends a Hand' (1971), from Col. Choke again, who also offers Walter Pidgeon as Rear Admiral Daniel Xavier Smith with Jane Powell in *Hit the Deck* (1955). Facing page, clockwise from top left: a loathsome spotted reptile, observed by Stephen Smith; a plain-clothes Clubman in *L.A. Confidential* (1997), from Chairman Torquil; American TV writer and producer Norman Lear, pitched by John Slocum; Gary Wallace has stumbled across this military stable belt and wonders, "Can it be the Sheridan Hussars?"; Ivan Debono rears his head (not that I'm suggesting its him in the mask); Frances Mitchell noticed this specimen on Netflix's *Ozark*; Roy Jones Jr sports Club silk in the company of fellow pugilist Mike Tyson. Page 16, clockwise from top left: Col. Choke again, this time preparing to hit the surf, before slipping into these Club socks; Luigi Sbaffi counters with







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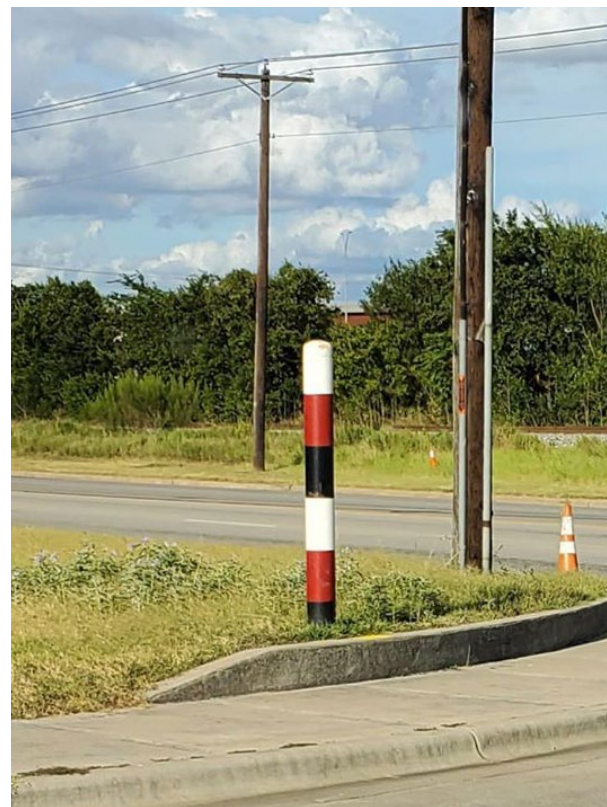
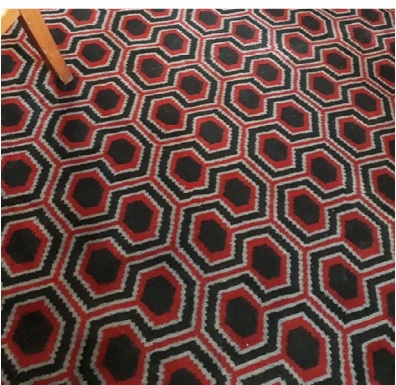


BEST KNIT DESIGN
THUNDERS LOVE
SOCKS

Shop Now



both socks and shoes; Debono identifies this trio of artworks as “Scarheart and unidentified Club Champion at the New Triumph Of The Sheridan, a joust held in honour of the newly-crowned Chairman of the Holy (and Glorious) Roman Empire”—which Luca Jellinek disputes, arguing, “It’s an allegory of the Glorious Committee for Life: the Chairman’s benevolently stern gaze, Scarhart’s playful wearing of medieval combat gear, Hartley’s organisational genius (symbolised by the figure pointing the direction to the bar) and Torquil’s bonhomie represented by the colourful feathers and pointy boob protectors.” This page, clockwise from top right: Club blazer spotted by the Earl of Essex in Harvie & Hudson; Tory Laitila’s eye was caught by this “Young Edwardian” vinyl minidress by Arpeja; a Club pole, narrowly avoided by Micheál Rhys; Actuarius, glued to the 1988 Race of Champions, clocked the Club’s rally car; on holiday in Devon, Pandora got an eyeful of this carpet; Actuarius, ever the Modernist, says only, “What can I say?”





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.

Still mostly online events, but physical happenings are taking off again too...

🎩 NSC Virtual Club Night

Wednesday 5th August
8pm BST

See page 2. In lieu of our normal monthly get-together, Actuarium will address us on *Speed Machines From Between the Wars*, in the form of a Zoom meeting: **use the link <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85023222504>**.

For late-breaking news and legal disclaimers, see the Facebook event at <https://www.facebook.com/events/327751901959259>.

Aubrey Beardsley Exhibition

Until 20th September
10am–5pm
Tate Britain

Admission: £16: note that timed tickets must be pre-purchased

The Tate's exhibition on Beardsley was scuppered by COVID-19, but the good news is that the show—the biggest exhibition of the controversial artist's work in 50 years—has been extended to 20th September, from when the galleries reopened on 27th July. Note that timed tickets must be purchased in advance. More details at www.tate.org.uk. Aubrey Beardsley shocked and delighted late-Victorian London with his sinuous black and white drawings. He explored the erotic and the elegant, the humorous and grotesque, winning admirers around the world with his distinctive style. Spanning seven years, this exhibition will cover Beardsley's intense and prolific career as a

draughtsman and illustrator, cut short by his untimely death from tuberculosis at the age of 25. Beardsley's charismatic persona played a part in the phenomenon that he and his art generated, so much so that the 1890s were dubbed the “Beardsley Period”.

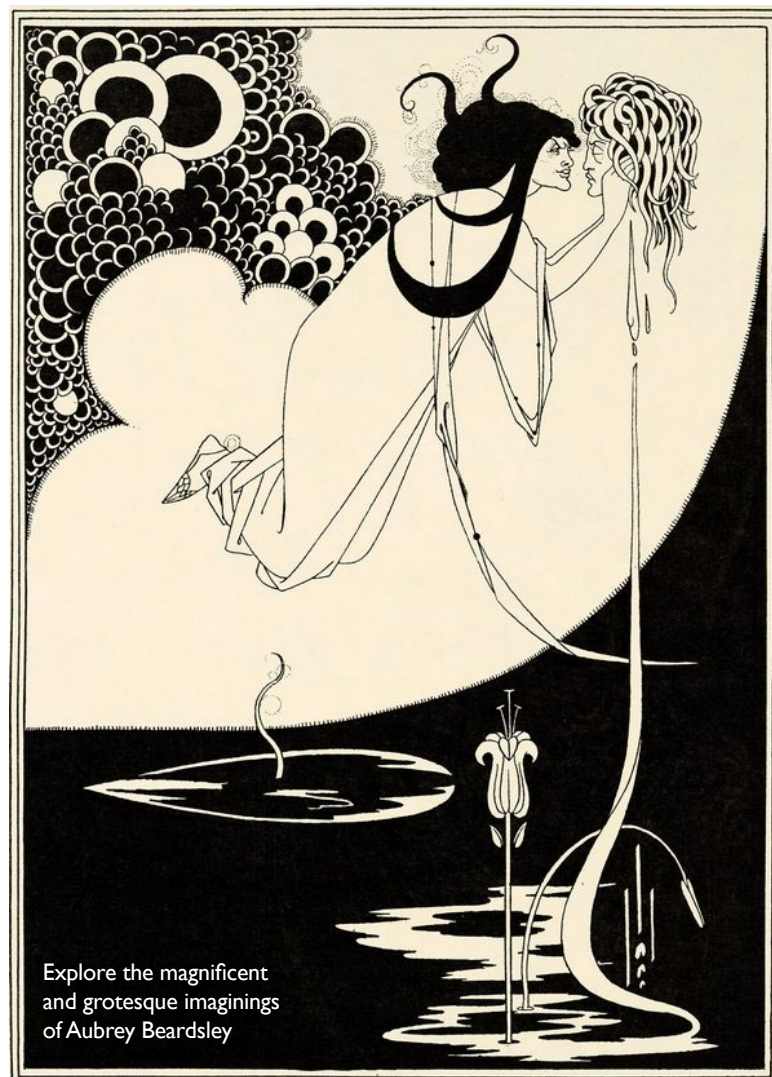
The Edwardians and their Houses

Thursday 6th August
7–8.30pm

Online

Admission: £5 from Crowdcast

The Victorian Society presents speaker Timothy Brittain-Catlin, well known for his writings and work on A.W.N. Pugin and the domestic architecture of early Victorian Britain. This lecture is based on his recent book, *The Edwardians and their Houses: The New Life of Old England*. Edwardian domestic architecture was beautiful and varied in style and the book provides a radical overview of the subject that shows how this period offered innovative new



Explore the magnificent and grotesque imaginings of Aubrey Beardsley



What did the Edwardians ever do for architecture?
Find out in Thursday's online lecture

building types for weekends, sport and suburban living and what that reveals about Edwardian attitudes to old architecture, health and science. He discusses how, when it comes to Edwardian architecture, there is still much to discover. Even very small buildings reflect contemporary preoccupations and, in particular, the land reform ideas of the ruling Liberal Party. Tickets are £5—those who are not able to attend the live lecture can watch a recording of it at a later time, as a full video recording of the lecture is included in the ticket price and emailed to attendees once the lecture has finished. See www.crowdcast.io/e/the-edwardians-and-their/ register.

NSC Quiz Nights

Wednesdays 12th, 19th & 26th August

8pm

Online

Admission: Free

The NSC weekly online pub quiz has become something of a lockdown tradition, run by Zoom virtual meeting software, with a different Quizmaster/mistress each time. More details to come on our website's Events page, and a Facebook event will be posted to the Club's Facebook page.

H.P. Lovecraft Film Festival: 130 Years of Lovecraft

Saturday 22nd August

7–11pm EDT (so midnight–4am BST)

Online event (see www.facebook.com/events/706964393369843 for schedule in due course)

Originally planned as a physical gathering, the 3rd biennial HPLFF in Providence, Rhode Island, this one-night streaming event



will showcase brand new films and restored classics from the H.P. Lovecraft Film Festival, in celebration of Lovecraft's 130th birthday. Tickets, film list, and schedule coming soon. The HPLFF are presenting this event with the help of their friends at Lovecraft Arts & Sciences Council and The Hollywood Theatre.

Tom Carradine's Self-Isolation Singalong Every Thursday



Keep your spirits up
with Tom Carradine's
weekly livestream
Singalong

8.30pm

www.facebook.com/events/1224680587870368

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

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 Vintage Dance

A range of dates

Start times vary

www.facebook.com/sugarpushvintagedance

Dancer, dance teacher and DJ Holly France (a regular at the Candlelight Club) ported her solo jazz and Charleston lessons online via Zoom, but she now seems to be doing live classes again outdoors in parks and playgrounds. See the Facebook group above or www.sugarpushvintagedance.com.



Tune into
Phonotone
to hear Jack
Calloway DJing every
Sunday, or drop by
the Candlelight Club's
Soundcloud page to
hear his band playing live

Ewan Bleach's Sunday Serenade

Every Sunday
8pm
[www.facebook.com/
events/
1102332046826548](https://www.facebook.com/events/1102332046826548)

Ewan Bleach plays and sings two hours of old style jazz songs on piano, clarinet and saxophones every Sunday night, webcast live from Jamboree. Do feel free to partake in the live message thread that'll run underneath the live stream link. Donations are appreciated via paypal.me/ewanbleach or you can buy Ewan's music from www.ewanbleach.com/music.

Online Dance Classes with Swing Patrol

Throughout the month
See schedule at [www.facebook.com/
SwingPatrolLondon](https://www.facebook.com/SwingPatrolLondon)

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. (At the time of writing the next classes advertised are on 31st August, so they may be taking most of the month off.)

The Candlelight Club on Soundcloud

Owing to the restriction on numbers created by social-distancing regulations, the Candlelight Club is still mothballed. But tracks are still being added to the online repository of live recordings



at soundcloud.com/the-candlelight-club. Last month 14 new numbers were uploaded from the Swing Ninjas' storming performance at the Candlelight Club party last November. and more uploads are coming soon.

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. That sometimes glows at night. If you're not on Facebook, check out his YouTube playlist.





If you were hoping for a written version of David T. Smith's livestream gallivant through the world of the G&T, sadly he has not been able to complete it in time for this issue, but we do hope to include it in the September number. (Here he is at the launch of Hendrick's Lunar Gin in February.)