

# The New Sheridan Club

# Newsletter

XLII • April 2010

## ALTARED STATES

Juan's last seconds of freedom...



**Whisky a Go-Go!**  
Neil Ridley hosts official Club single malt tasting

**Gin, Erm...a Go-Go!**  
Christian Jensen treats us to the world's classiest homebrew

**The Movie They Don't Want You To See**  
The strange tale of this month's Film Night

**Portrait of the Young(ish) Man as an Artist**  
Curé Michael Silver poses as Millais' image of Ruskin





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 7th April in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Our guest speaker will be Club Member Mr Seth Thevoz, who will opine on the subject of *London Clubs 1870–1910*, a “gentle saunter down the nineteenth-century Pall Mall and St James’s Street, replete with appropriate (and inappropriate) anecdotes”.

### The Last Meeting

Our speaker at the March meeting was Mr Christian Jensen. I stumbled across Mr Jensen while aimlessly dodging traffic on the Information Superhighway. Although I think he earns his living doing something, doubtless nefarious, in the City, this Danish IT specialist runs Bermondsey Gin Ltd on the side.

While working in Japan he became friends with a bartender who had a particular interest in gin. After working his way through all the modern examples, Christian started tasting samples of older spirits popular around the 1940s and earlier, when gin cocktails were in their heyday. They were heavier and more flavoursome—a style he realised he preferred to modern “London dry gins”.

Christian returned to London, where he lived, determined to accept a challenge from his Japanese friend to make his own gin in the

traditional London style. He took a sample of a very old gin his friend had given him to a specialist London distillery to see if they could create something similar.

After a long process testing and rejecting batches, Christian was finally able to approve one of the distiller’s recipes—it had just the combination of intense, pure, aromatic flavours and silky-textured weight on the palate that he was looking for. Since Christian is based in Bermondsey, he named the result Jensen’s London-Distilled Dry Bermondsey Gin.

Following the critical acclaim for Jensen’s London Dry Gin, Christian turned the clock back even further. “Old Tom” was an early nickname for gin and nowadays is generally understood to refer to an older, sweeter type. In the late 1800s and early 1900s this style was made by adding sugar, but this was actually in imitation of flavours from a hundred years earlier—at which time sugar was too expensive and impurities were usually hidden by adding greater quantities of botanicals. Jensen’s Old Tom uses just such a sugar-free recipe from the 1840s, producing an extraordinarily complex, intensely flavoured spirit, with herbal spiced notes and a natural residual sweetness.

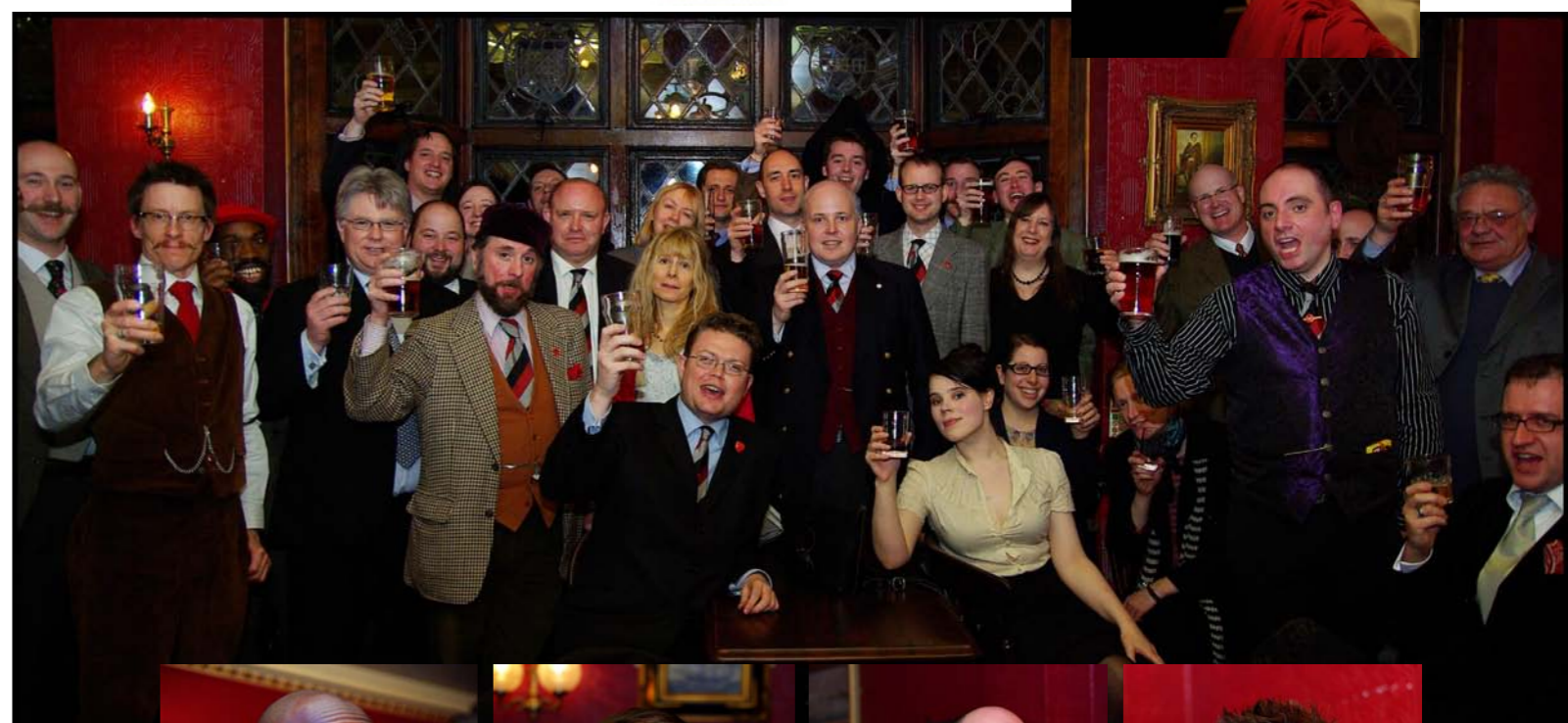
Mr Jensen brought with him a delightful Gladstone bag that seemed to contain an endless supply of free samples of his gins. Many thanks to him—and to the landlord of the Wheatsheaf who must have lost a fair bit of business!



(Above) the noble Mr Christian Jensen himself, creator of Bermondsey Gin Ltd; (below) this is the effect that even a small amount can have



(Left) The gin in question; (below) Imants von Wenden towers over a small but potent Eugenie Rhodes



(Right) As the gin flows, Club Members and their guests mingle and babble; (above, l-r) lounge singer and club night promoter Count Indigo, tailor Will Smith, Simon Pile and Unid.

Photos © Mickael Korausch



## Club of Love

### BELLS RING OUT FOR FIRST CLUB WEDDING

IN A WORLD OF rock, sea and whisky, many clans have journeyed to one spot for a meeting unprecedented in the history of Man. From Australia the Possum Posse, the grey-suited crew from the House of Keys, a bibulous gang named Have I Got Booze For You...and who are these top-hatted aesthetes, urbane fops discreetly lounging within arm's reach of the bar? It is the New Sheridan Club delegation. Clayton and Mrs Hartley, Scarheart and Callie, Laurence and Catherine, Clovis, the Conte, Oliver Lane,

Dame Fforbes and De Rives, Cyril, Jen and the whelp Jacob, Miss Minna and their chief Torquil. They have come to pay their respects—but they know they will have to fight their way back home.

OK, so I'm making it sound rather more like John Carpenter's *The Warriors* than it really was, but the mystic island location and the coming together of disparate groups did make the event seem all the more momentous.

And momentous it was, for the union of Juan Watterson (a.k.a. Viscount Rushen) and Helena Perry (a.k.a. Lady Windermere) was arguably the very first true Club Wedding. We've had marriages between couples who were both Members (such as the Downers, the Beckwiths and the Igguldens) but I think these are the first nuptials where the happy couple met because they had both independently joined the Club. As such, the NSC received appropriate mention in the groom's speech (I had not realised that it

was Helena who first asked him out and not the other way around—modern women!) and our table was appropriately adjacent to the top table. The Committee drew the line

(Top) Old St Mary's Church in Port St Mary, scene of the Event; (above left) Rushen nervously checks his watch in time-honoured fashion—will his bride show? Or is he wondering if there's time for a swift half beforehand? (Far left) Geoff Corkish treats us to a song about the Isle of Man while we wait; (left) the Bishop arrives, looking extremely cool.



Here comes the bride, given away by her father

at trying to exercise some sort of *droit de seigneur*, though it's something we might shoehorn into the Rules and Regulations for future reference.

The service was held in Old St Mary's Church, Port St Mary, appropriately in the Parish of Rushen. In keeping with Juan's status as a statesman (he is a Member of the House of Keys, the Manx Parliament and apparently the oldest parliament in the world, or something like that), while we awaited the bride we were treated to an impressive vocal performance by Geoff Corkish, who is not only an MHK himself but also an MBE. As we left the church we filed through an arch of umbrellas, something the NSC itself has been known to form but on this case executed by the House of Keys themselves. (Geoff's song, by the way, was *Ellan Vallin*, the Manx name for the Isle of Man

itself; the first hymn we sang was also all about how great the island is—the Manx are a proud bunch.) The service was conducted by Robert Paterson, none other than the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man (who seemed to be wearing shades as he came up the aisle, reminding me of Monty Python's gum-chewing, criminal-bashing Bishop—clearly a man you want on your side in this world and the next).

The reception was in Villa Marina, a Victorian pile on the seafront in Douglas, recently refurbished as a civic arts centre and set in a tasty pleasure garden (not that we were allowed on the grass as it was still being laid). We mooched around in the gallery, reached by elegant stairs up which Mr and Mrs Watterson were able to make quite an entrance. Finally we took our seats, around tables all named with terrible puns (ours was No Perches Necessary, a reference which I have yet to work out—any ideas?), in the sumptuous Royal Hall, where we were treated to speeches and the cutting of a spectacular cake modelled on the House of Keys building itself. The tables were laid out with vintage teacups and saucers, which had been sourced gradually from all over the UK and were our wedding favours to take away. And appropriately enough we were then treated to a cream tea served from colossal cake stands. (The bowls of clotted cream and jam were a bit of a give-away, though I think it was Callie who claimed to have assumed they were mayonnaise and cranberry sauce...)



All hail the newly annointed Mr and Mrs Watterson!





The musicians for the evening were, I believe, called the Isle of Man Swing Band and they treated us to everything from Glen Miller to a rather strange version of *YMCA*, all clearly audible above the creak of their venerable knees. Later there was a hearty supper of bangers, bacon, chips and pies to refuel the revellers as they capered to the disc jockey.

Disaster seemed to strike when the fire alarm went off—not, on this occasion, triggered by Rushen’s cigar—and we were ushered into the courtyard. The local fire brigade arrived in a trice and, although it turned out to have been a false alarm, Rushen seized the photo opportunity to pose with his bride perched in the fire engine’s cab. (Let’s just hope some poor fisherman’s cottage wasn’t blazing away while all this was going on.)

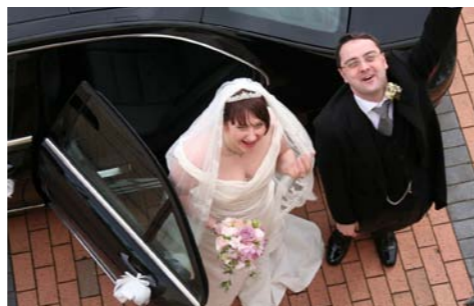
I’m pleased to say the Club kept its end up in both the sartorial and carousing stakes; special mention must go to Jacob Wetter Grundulis who, despite being only ten months old, was



(Clockwise from top left) The happy couple emerge; an arch of brollies courtesy of the House of Keys; kissing need no longer be done furtively!; the NSC crew predictably at the back of the coach; the couple hit the reception; Scarheart (l) and Torquil; Oliver Lane in spats, with Mrs H. looking on



immaculately attired in a three-piece suit and tie. It seemed entirely appropriate that, at the first official Club Wedding, we should also have such a promising member of the next generation of Chaps.



27<sup>TH</sup> MARCH 2010  
ROYAL HALL  
  
HELEN & JUANA  
  
WEDDING RECEPTION  
  
BROADWAY CINEMA CERT 12A  
ONLINE WED 2:30PM NIGHTLY 7:30PM  
PONYO SAT & SUN 2:30 PM

(Left) the impressive staircase of the reception venue; (above) Laurence can't resist the temptation to move these letters around; (right) this young man ponders dropping his teddy from the balcony

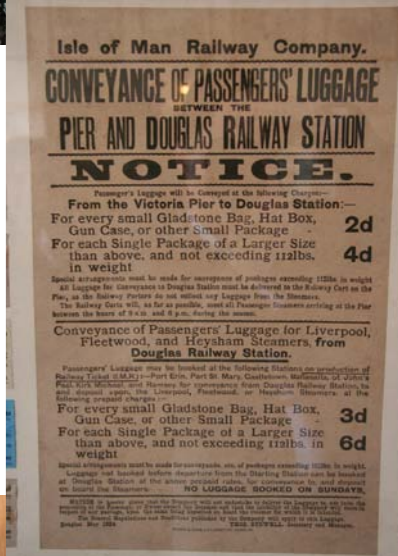


(Above left) Clearly Chappettes in the making; the two young bridesmaids try their luck with the bar staff; (above) last-minute veil adjustment as the couple ascends; (below) (l-r) Oliver, Scarheart and Clovis Mulholland-Lee-Jones; (left) Cyril Browne with young Jacob, who was splendidly attired in a tiny three-piece suit; (far left) there is something about those stairs that seems to scream "photo op"—(l-r) Laurence, Oliver, Torquil and Scarheart





Port Erin, where many of the NSC crew stayed in a hotel run by Juan's mum, is full of Chappist interest. (Clockwise from top left) the Victorian seafront; a marvellous beer-bottle car promoting the "official ale" of the famous T.T. (Tourist Trophy) motorcycle race; some of the several vintage bikes on display; one of the lovingly preserved notices from the working steam railway; Torquil gazes from a carriage; the stations are immaculately kept; our loco, named Hutchinson, I notice...



(Clockwise from top left) Rushen delivers his speech, to rather fewer boos and calls for resignation than he is used to; the mighty cake stand arrives; a close-up of our vintage tea cups; the cake was modelled on the House of Keys building; the superannuated swing band kept everyone on their feet; Master Jake shows healthy Chappist urges



(Above) A false fire alarm brings Douglas' finest out, so the couple seize the photo op; (left, bottom to top) there's a picture to try to explain to you grandchildren; turfed out of the venue, the NSC posse maintain their rakish *froideur* in the face of imminent immolation; the first dance is engagingly disrupted by pages and bridesmaids with happy feet; (centre) close-up of a bundle of notes that the best man claimed had arrived in an envelope for Juan—he's on the planning committee, you see...



...our carriage awaits; the atmospheric old ticket office from which they still sell the tickets





## Club Art Collection Expanded



### CURÉ MICHAEL SILVER APPEARS AS RUSKIN

AS ALL MEMBERS of the New Sheridan Club should know, one of the perks of Membership is the free Club Portrait Service. Exactly how your portrait appears is ultimately up to you, but in practice this tends to mean photographing you in an appropriate pose and syringing your likeness into a famous (or not) painting or photograph using the powers of Science, of which the Committee, of course, have complete mastery. We draw the line at trying to execute a sculpture of you, which is currently beyond the powers of Photoshop.

To the left you can see the latest addition, a powerful rendering of Curé Michael Silver taking the place of John Ruskin in the 1853 portrait by Sir John Everett Millais, showing Ruskin by the stream at Glenfinlas. (During the months that it took to produce such a fiddly painting, to Ruskinian standards of detail and realism, Millais actually managed to fall in love with Ruskin's wife, who later divorced and became Lady Millais. Not quite sure what the moral of all this is.)

To view the whole portrait collection go to [newsheridanclub.co.uk/portraits.htm](http://newsheridanclub.co.uk/portraits.htm), not forgetting the Committee portraits on the Contact page too. As you can see, out of some 292 current Members, only eight (or 12 counting the Committee) have actually taken up the offer, perhaps because it does involve a modicum of effort on your part. Here's the drill:

1. Find the image in which you want to appear. The object of the exercise is to enable you to be presented as you would like to be seen in the ideal world. You may spend your days stacking shelves in Tesco to earn a crust, but if you feel that in a truer existence you would be storming Tippoo's fortress or idling your health away in an absinthe bar, this can be arranged. Experience suggests that the best source image is one where the whole of you can

be inserted: simply adding your head or face to an existing picture is usually rather unsatisfying (though the picture of Matthew Howard as Mao is clearly an exception and an undoubted work of Photoshop genius on my part). So ask yourself also how significant or recognisable the remainder of the painting will be once the figure has been changed.

2. Next we need a reasonably high resolution graphic file of the source image. Click on the thumbnails on the Portraits page to get an idea: some are bigger than others but the smaller ones are rather hard to work with.

3. You can take a picture of yourself or we can do it if we are likely to encounter you in the flesh any time soon. Try and match the stance and lighting as much as possible: this will make the job a lot easier (the bulk of the time I spend on these jobs is actually taken up with erasing vestiges of the original subject poking out from behind the new one) and the end result more amusing. We can play around with the colour balance to try and make your image look a part of the background but it helps if the light is coming from the right direction in your photograph.

4. Leave the rest to us!





# Waters of Life Flow Through Fitzrovia



## THE CLUB IS TREATED TO A TASTEBUD TOUR OF SINGLE MALT

LAST MONTH Mr Neil Ridley, drinks correspondent for *The Chap* and also a roving whisky ambassador for Diageo, gave a whisky tasting for the Club at the Wheatsheaf, the London shebeen where we have our regular monthly meetings. It was a packed house—Mr Ridley nearly ran out of glasses (he should have known better than to underestimate the Club when it comes to free alcohol). He took us through the basics of what whisky is, its history (the name comes from the Gaelic for “water of life”—there is an Irish saying that what whisky and butter can’t cure, can’t be cured) and the huge variety of flavours on offer, from the light and fruity lowland malts through to the huge smoky island offerings.

The four main drams on offer were Glenkinchie 12-year-old, Dalwhinnie 15-year-old, the Singleton of Dufftown 12-year-old and Talisker 16-year-old. There was also a mystery whisky, which turned out to be Japanese and which I thought was exquisite, incredibly delicate and nuanced. We also learned how expedience led to whisky’s being matured in oak barrels previously used by other drinks industries, such as sherry and port but especially the American bourbon business, wherein no barrel may be used more than once and the spent casks are now routinely dismantled and shipped to Scotland to be reassembled and used for whisky storage.

Mr Ridley brought with him an array of



props and samples, including barley grains and grist, vials of sherry and bourbon and some lumps of peat of the kind that is sometimes burned to dry the grain, imparting a



(Top to bottom) Our host, Mr Ridley prepares his battery or props and samples; the handy “flavour map” showing how different whiskies relate in terms of smokiness, fruitiness, etc.

distinct peat smoke aroma. One such piece was, by chance, rather alarmingly shaped. Modesty forbids me to go into details but, while ladies will obviously want to look away, gentleman of



The room is a-buzz with whisky fervour; it looks as if the Earl of Essex, centre, is expounding to Julia Wakeling, far left



Rob Loveday, left, and Neil McKeown



Matthew “The Chairman” Howard expounds on parenthood to Seonaid and Robert. Seonaid was about to give birth (she has subsequently produced William) but dutifully came to watch her husband get hammered



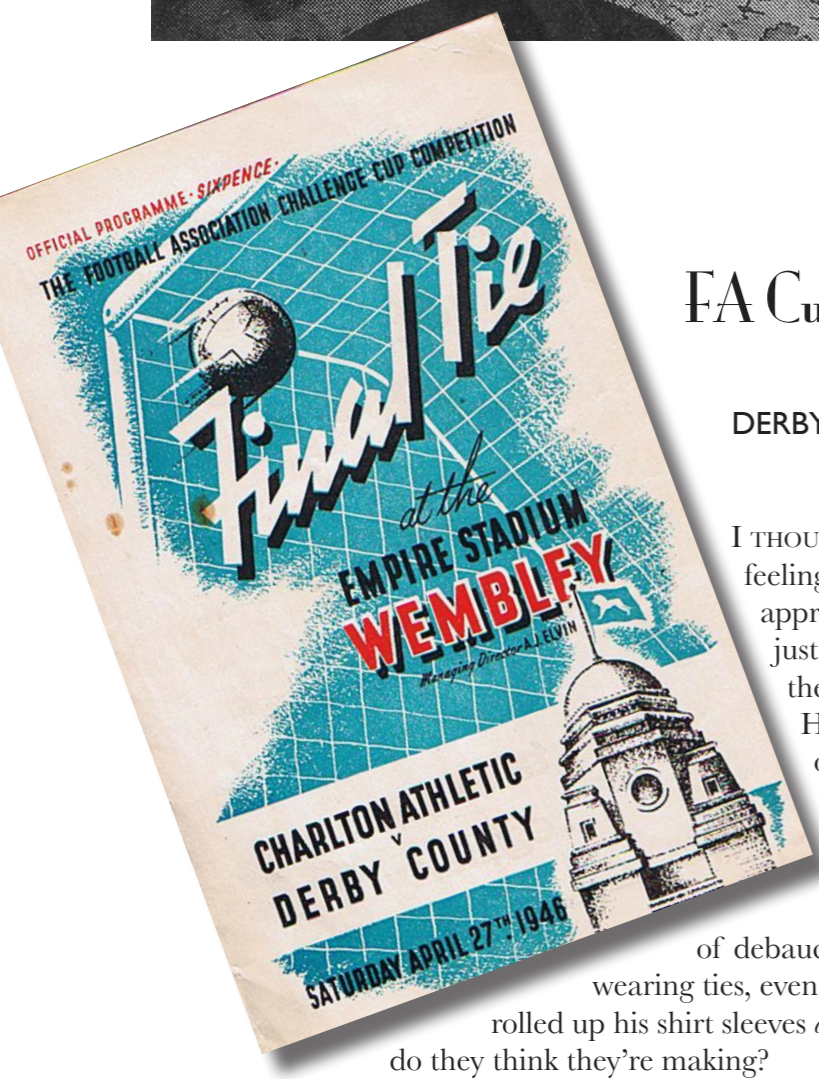
Ms Amanda Rodgers and her Jack Russell puppy Sheba. Sheba looks cute enough but...

stout constitution can inspect the image here and draw their own conclusions. Further daguerreotypes may be viewed at the Club’s Flickr page: [www.flickr.com/photos/sheridanclub](http://www.flickr.com/photos/sheridanclub).



Fleur de Guerre finds herself intrigued by this lump of peat

...after a few whiskies Sheba tears Willow’s arm off, tragically ending her promising prize-fighting career



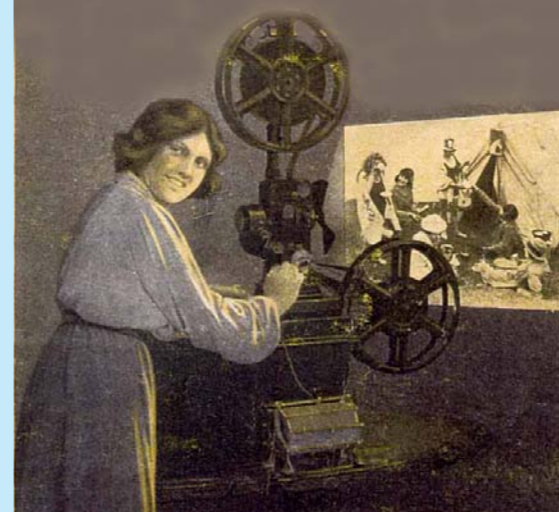
## FA Cup Madness From Yesteryear



DERBY COUNTY FC SHOW THAT PLAYER BAD BEHAVIOUR IS NOTHING NEW

I THOUGHT THAT those of you with perhaps ambivalent feelings towards next month's FA Cup final might appreciate this photograph from 1946. Derby have just thrashed Charlton 4-1 after extra time in the final and, inevitably, at the players' hotel in Harpenden, things get out of hand, in an orgy of drinking, dogging, conspicuous consumption, adultery, and the inebriated pilotage of pedalos and golf carts. Some of the players have dispensed with chairs altogether. Crazy times.

It's worth noting that, despite the insane levels of debauchery on display, all the players are at least wearing ties, even if one chap has not only removed his jacket but rolled up his shirt sleeves *above the elbow*. Tsk tsk. What kind of role models do they think they're making?



## NSC Film Night

Thursday 15th April, 6-11pm  
The Compass, 58 Penton Road (corner of Chapel Market), Islington, London N1 9PZ  
(020 7837 3891), nearest tube: Angel

### Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves

This month's Film Night has a history almost as odd as its subject matter

The programme is one previously scheduled but aborted when our old venue, the handsome but doomed William IV, closed down: Count Martindt Cally von Callomon was to present two documentaries—1970's *The Moon And The Sledgehammer* about an eccentric family living a secluded life in woods near London, and *The Knife Grinder* from the early 1980s. Cally has prepared an introduction with his thoughts on "the English media's need for our 'eccentrics' to be pre-packaged". He explains: "In *The Great Celebrity Revolution* (1995—the present day) our eccentrics have become packaged, classifiable, quantifiable, commodifiable and available for hire at the drop of a TV contract. This was not always so. Though today's demands are for cuddly outrageous anti-social losers that live out our own misery by proxy, there was a time when our eccentrics were shunned or forgotten by their very nature at not being willing to fit the mould. In these films, they are free of all convenient shrink-wrap and could even be seen as somewhat sinister." There is a trailer at [www.themoonandthesledgehammer.com](http://www.themoonandthesledgehammer.com) that shows you what to expect.

Having secured our new venue, it was full steam ahead, until I received an email from one Katy Macmillan, who had picked up our announcement of the screening while trawling the Internet. "As the rights holder to this film we have no record of this booking nor do we have any record of an agreement to show the film or any fee agreed for you to show it. These matters must be agreed in advance of any screening."

While it's good to know that little-known gems such as this have champions, needless to say the New Sheridan Club is in no easy position to pay the Committee's tailors and vintners, let alone fees for our little private film screenings. So Cally has now issued the following notice:

"The Moon and the Sledgehammer cannot now be shown for legal reasons so a replacement has been found. In 1972 the amateur director Karl Hausmann made a documentary about tramps and itinerants living off the streets of London and Edinburgh. Though the film was edited and finished, this being his first film it never had a proper "print" made from the negative, partly because funds ran out, partly due to the premature death of the director. The family have graciously allowed a showing of the film from a new DVD print before it is released by the BFI later this year."







(Below) Ms Goodrick-Meech engages in high-speed automotive horseplay in last year's Scumball race; (left) a 2009 group shot including, on the left end, Ensign Polyethyl and Actuarius and, fourth from right, Chrissy herself



## Motor Mayhem Needs Your Help



SCUM OF THE EARTH  
SEEK PETROL MONEY

EVEN MEMBERS WHO would not class themselves as “petrolheads” (or even “steamheads”) will probably have heard of the Cannonball Run, the road race made famous by the movies of the same name. You may also have heard of *The Gumball Rally*, another film which may or may not have inspired the name of the Gumball 3000, a 3,000-mile annual road race. The original Cannonball Run started in the United States in the 1970s but the name has been licensed for events in Europe for the last eight years and the next one starts this July. The next Gumball event is next month and travels between London and New York—not an obvious choice for a road race route, I would have thought, but what do I know?

Both events are all terribly glamorous with drivers showing off their Ferraris and luxuriating in the five-star accommodation and endless parties. The Gumball 3000 has been criticised as just an excuse for celebrities to drive recklessly (they need an excuse?). The only hiccup is the

entry fee: the European Cannonball Run costs £6,000 to enter, while the full Gumball ticket is an eye-watering £30,000.

There is an alternative, however, for a while known as the Scumball Rally, a budget equivalent where there is actually a rule that no competing vehicle may be worth more than £500. Consequently much of the action seems to revolve around breakdowns and the question of whether your car will finish the course at all.

Esteemed Club Member Actuarius has taken part on the NSC's behalf for a number of years (see his reports in previous Newsletters) under the banner of Scuderia Sheridan, and his co-drivers have included Ensign Polyethyl and the Committee's own Artemis Scarheart. The race is now called the Scumrun (I think legal action was threatened) and Scuderia Sheridan is not taking part this year—I believe that Actuarius' motor, Banshee, finally exploded—but another Member and former Scuderia Sheridan team member, Chrissy Goodrick-Meech, will be driving again—evidently as part of a team named the Unscum Heroes, and asks for sponsorship help.

“We're taking part in Scumrun 2010 on 19th April to raise money for CLIC Sargent and I'd really appreciate Members' support,” she says. “It's easy to donate online with a credit or debit card: just go to [www.justgiving.com/unscum-heroes](http://www.justgiving.com/unscum-heroes). Your donation goes straight to CLIC Sargent and automatically reclaims Gift Aid if you're a UK taxpayer.”

## Will Time Traveller Save Tweed Industry?

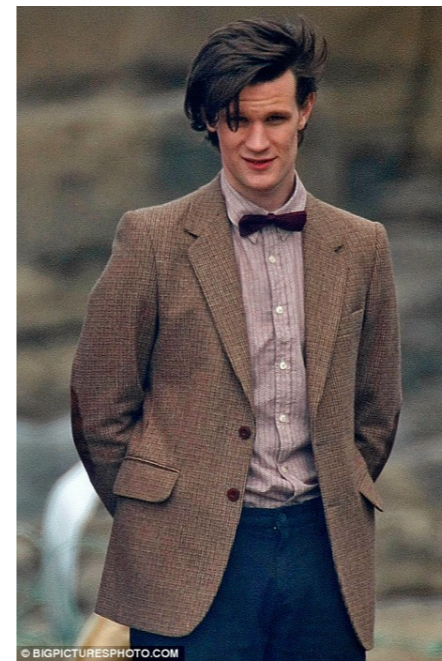


TELEVISION PLUG HOPED TO RAISE PROFILE WITH YOUNGSTERS

MEMBERS WHO managed to tune their television sets into the first episode of the new Dr Who may have raised curious eyebrows at what the new Doctor, Matt Smith, was wearing. In fact some emphasis was placed on this: the new incarnation's struggle to find his own identity included raiding a changing room for attire (although this may have been just an opportunity to delineate early on the, by now mandatory, sexual frisson between Doctor and assistant, as Amy Pond declines to turn her back as he disrobes). The outfit he settles on includes Doc Marten boots and clip-on braces (all rather skinhead) but also a bow tie—which he insists is “cool” (tragically more or less true at the moment, at least among those who regard catwalk fashion as something to be attempted by humans).

What he doesn't specifically mention is the Harris Tweed jacket he is also sporting. But this has not gone unnoticed by the public—and apparently the tweed industry has seen a big surge in interest since the costume was unveiled in July. A simulacrum of the weave of the actual jacket the Doctor wears—a vintage item from the 1960s—has been hastily produced for sale too.

Mind you, the references I have encountered are all about a rise in “interest” rather than sales: I suspect that, now the show has started to air, it will remain to be seen whether the Doctor's edgy geography teacher look will actually catch on with young people.



## TRINKET OF DREAMS!

Those of us wedded to the metrop are probably so familiar with the A to Z map that we scarcely even notice it. So I was interested to be given this handsome volume—within the slip case lurks a facsimile of an original from 1938–9, containing pages of maps, a list of “places of interest”, one of “London parking places”, location maps of Theatreland, Cinemaland and Clubland (on which the NSC does not appear, for some reason) and, at the back, a fold-out pictorial map of central London, with the buildings drawn in 3D—just as it would look if you had fallen out of a zeppelin and were tumbling groundwards.



There is also a 31-page section listing street name changes. It may seem like madness to decide to rename half of London's streets but apparently it's been going on for years: the Metropolitan Board of Works first did it in 1857, another rationalisation took place in the 1890s when the London County Council was formed, and another was in operation between 1929 and 1945 when this was published. So this map may be useful to those researching family history.

Apart from spot colour on the big map, the original was just black and white, but this edition (priced at £9.95) is in colour—to render the yellowing of the paper!

## Mad Hatters Help Children



### FEBRUARY'S BOWLER HAT DAY A SUCCESS



YOU MAY REMEMBER our report last month on a project in the City of London called Bowler Hat Day, in which City

types were encouraged to revive the tradition, for one day at least, of the wearing of bowler hats. Crude hats were also for sale as were bowler-shaped pin badges. Anyway, you may like to know that the project raised £13,000 for SOS Children's Villages Haiti Appeal—a third more than the event last year. Hats off to all who took part!



## Artistic Services On Offer



### YOUR CHANCE TO HAVE A PROPER PORTRAIT PAINTED OF YOURSELF

DESIRABLE AS THE NSC official Club Portraits may be (see page 16), if you fancy a real rendering of your noble features by a genuine artist, you may be in luck. Two new Members, Mr and Mrs Craig Young, have made an interesting offer: "My wife and I are both quite accomplished artistes," Mr Young explains, "and I was thinking that if any Members wanted a small pencil or acrylic portrait done, my wife and I would be more than happy to oblige. All we would need is a photo in the exact position the member required and we could throw something together, probably in the style of those regency thumb paintings they handed around to snatch a suitor." So if you're looking to land a spouse this could be just the ticket.

You can see a samples of Mr Young's work (on the back cover) and that of his wife (right, though I'm sure she could make you look less feral than this). A couple more are on the News page of the NSC website. Mr Young says that

for a small portrait there would be no charge, though if you wanted a larger work in acrylics then something could be arranged. If this interests you, you can contact the Youngs at [craigfraser84@hotmail.com](mailto:craigfraser84@hotmail.com).



## 1940s Radio Station Poised to Launch



### PRETEND THE LAST 70 YEARS NEVER HAPPENED



NOW YOU CAN have your favourite era piped into your home 24/7—Swing Jive Entertainments, who put on swing music events and WWII re-enactment wheezes, are launching a new Internet radio station. Broadcasting fully from

the 20th of this month, it will offer a mix of live performances and interviews, dedication shows, vintage comedy recordings, biography, and music rangin from big band to relaxing lounge moods. See [www.1940sradio.co.uk](http://www.1940sradio.co.uk).



An example of Mrs Craig Young's portraiture

## New Members

I WOULD LIKE to press the pocket-warmed creme egg of urbane camaraderie into the surprised palms of the following coves and covettes, all of whom have taken the NSC pledge in the last month: Craig Young, Mark Gidman, Robert Loveday, Neil Ridley, Hazel Holtham and Matthew Eagles.



## 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](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk).

#### 🔴 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 7th April

8pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

#### The Quick! Quick! Club's Lindy Hop

Wednesdays 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th April  
7pm–12pm

Peter Parker's Rock and Roll Club, 4 Denmark Street, London WC2H 8LP

Admission: £8.00 (club Free after 9.30pm)

Balboa classes (Basics 7.30pm, Improvers 8.30pm) with Paul Crook and Natasha Hall.

Followed by DJs playing the best music of the swing era with resident DJ Swinging Dickie (hmm...) and guest DJ Kid Krupa.

#### Night of the Blue Stockings

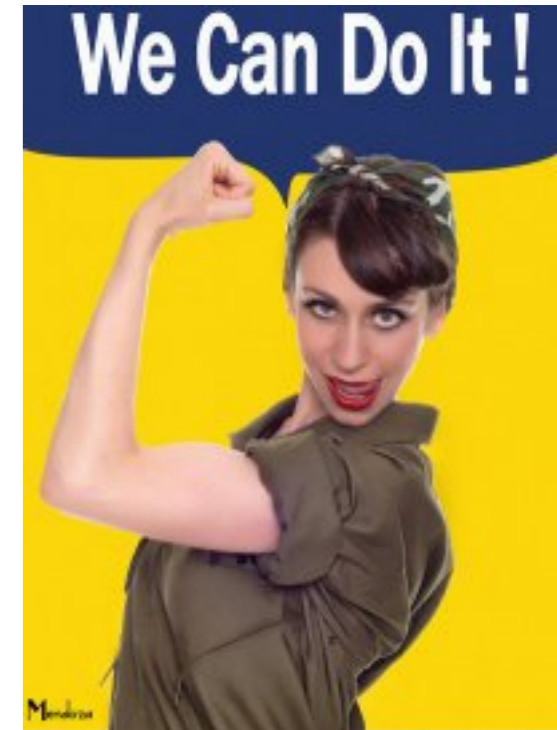
Thursday 8th April

Doors 5pm–12am

Volupté, 9 Norwich St, London EC4A 1EJ

Admission: seated £15 (and it's a supper club so you're asked to order at least one course from the *à la carte* menu); 020 7831 1622 or [reservations@volupte-lounge.com](mailto:reservations@volupte-lounge.com) to book.

Back in the 18th century, when it was unbecoming for women to read or study, a bunch of rebellious ladies got together and formed their own literary club, the Blue Stockings Society. "And now you too can become a member of the society's new incarnation," say the organizers of this night. "We might even include our own special Initiation Ritual." The modern day version seems to revolve around taking one's clothes off—performers include cabaret songstress Tricity Vogue, burlesque-clown Audacity Chutzpah, more burlesque from Beatrix Von Bourbon and "underground star" Polly Cupcake plus "potty-mouthed agent provocateur" Ophelia Bitz. Nevertheless the night is aimed at celebrating female wit and creativity.



#### Saturday Night Swing Club

Saturday 10th April

7.30pm–2am

City Firefly Bar, 18 Old Bailey, London EC4M 7EP (Nearest tube: St Pauls; overground: City Thameslink)

Admission: £12/£11 members

Dress: Glamorous Retro or modern but an effort appreciated!

52nd Street Jump present three floors of dancing to DJs including residents Dr Swing and Mr Kicks. In the Alhambra Lounge you'll find rhythm and blues, jump jive, boogie woogie and swing; in the Savoy Club you may receive taster classes in dances from the 1920s and

1930s; and in the Rendezvous Ballroom you will be treated to the dance music of the 1920s to the 1950s. All guests also get a free £3 drinks voucher. More at 52ndstreetjump.co.uk.

Land of PASH presents  
**Vintage Fashion and Retro Style Fair**  
 Sunday 11th April  
 10am–5pm  
 The Biscuit Factory, corner of Clement Rd and

apparently were disgruntled by the experience of other vintage fairs and decided to set up their own. The first event is on 11th April and you seem to be able to get a free ticket if you register now at their website. The venue is the old Peek Frean biscuit factory. It has a website too, though nowhere does it actually give an address (there is a map, however).

**The Quick! Quick! Club's Dance Courses**

Sundays 11th–25th April  
 1.30–3.30pm Shag General Level 2  
 4–6pm Balboa Routine  
 St Joseph's Presbytery, 15 Lamb's Passage,  
 off Bunhill Row, London EC1Y 8LE  
 Admission: £40 for each course

The Balboa course leads to a performance of the routine on 24th July. You don't have to take part in the performance, though you must be an intermediate level Balboa dancer and must book with your partner. To secure your place on either course, pay at Wednesday's regular Quick! Quick! Club night or online by PayPal via the website. If you have any queries, contact Natasha on 07765 166460 or Paul on 07982 847465.

**NSC Film Night**

Thursday 15th April  
 6pm–11pm  
 The Compass, 58 Penton Road (corner of Chapel Market), Islington, London N1 9PZ (020 7837 3891), nearest tube: Angel  
 Admission: Free, but you'll need to pay for your yummy food and drinks

The Compass is a busy, tastefully decorated gastro-pub and we've secured the upstairs room where there is a DVD player and projector. The food is recommended, though the venue would rather we ate downstairs, so you are advised to arrive early and eat before the screening starts: I imagine the films won't start before 7.30 or 8pm.

See page 13 for details of the programme.

**London Burlesque Week**

Tuesday 20th April–Sunday 25th April  
 Various times at various venues in central London. See [www.londonburlesqueweek.com](http://www.londonburlesqueweek.com)  
 Chaz Royale last year presented over 150 acts to some 3,000 punters and swears that this year's

The London Burlesque Festival will feature many scenes just like this



Drummond Rd, Bermondsey, London SE16 4DG  
 Admission: £4 (£2 for students) or free if you register online for a "visa"  
 A new venture set up by retro-"passionistas" Kerry Lackey and Victor Williams, who



A scene from last year's Oxford punt picnic. I seem to remember that Charles Tsua (r) does not like boats and water. It doesn't show, though

festival of nudity will be bigger still. See the website for full details. There is also a Facebook event. Apparently it is selling fast; ticket prices rose on 1st April and will again from the 15th.

Count Indigo presents  
**Wilde's Parade**  
 Saturday 24th April  
 8pm until late  
 The Ei8ht Club, 1 Change Alley, London EC3V 3ND  
 Admission: £10 (but NSC Members get a discount of two guineas, rendering the admission just £7.90; simply mention the password "Dorian") Call 020 7621 0808 to book  
 Dress: "Twentieth Century Exquisite: air stewards, Love Boat Captains, flappers, spivs, go-go girls and debutantes..."

A new venture on the last Saturday of every month. Count Indigo writes, "Groove to the sounds of ragtime and Roxy, lounge to Bacharach and Bartok. Relax to intimate performances from the jazz organ of Rory More, arresting variety performers, novel pastimes and guest classical artists while feasting on the sensual delights of movies in the bijou cinema." The comedy and films start at 9pm.

To find the venue, leave Bank station by Exit 5, head up Cornhill and Change Alley is the second on the right.

**St George's Day Punt Picnic**

Friday 23rd April–Sunday 25th April  
 Oxford  
 Admission: There will be a contribution towards boat hire and you'll need to supply some food and drink for the picnic

It's an annual tradition that on the weekend nearest to St George's day we go to Oxford, hire some punts, punt out to a particular patch of meadow and have a picnic. This is usually followed by a night in the pub, or indeed several pubs, bars, private gardens, gutters, etc. For those who fancy it there is also usually a restaurant meal on the Friday beforehand (traditionally in black tie) and often some low-key entertainment on the Sunday afternoon too. Typically we'll meet at the Turf at opening time, then pootle down to the river to pick up the punts at midday. There is often a movement towards the covered market beforehand to glean victuals. Check discussions at [www.sheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.sheridanclub.co.uk), or details on the NSC site, have a look at the Facebook event or phone 07768 628788.

An interpretation of the NSC crest by Craig Young



**CONTACTING US**

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