

# COME HELL OR LOW WATER!

Rupert takes an early  
bath on the annual  
punt invasion of  
Oxford

PLUS:

Blackballed!  
The secret history  
of London clubs

Cycle Clips  
Photos from the  
Tweed Run assault  
on central London

Toys 'r' Rust  
Edwardian toy boats  
on display—some risen  
from watery graves

Is The Romance  
Gone?

The Earl of Essex  
presents his  
Film Night selection,  
*The Great Gatsby*



The New Sheridan Club

# Newsletter

XLIII • May 2010



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 Tuesday 4th May 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 Robert Loveday, who will be attempting to spread his secret love by addressing us on the subject of *A History of Rolls Royce Aero Engines*.

“But rather than an arid address concerning camshafts and cubic capacity,” he assures us, “it will instead encompass such tales of pluck and derring-do as the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic, racing seaplanes of the 1930s and classic aircraft and exploits from the Second World War and beyond. It will be accompanied by vintage video clips (if I can get my laptop to work, that is) and I may well be looking silly in an authentic flying helmet.” So I want everyone to wear aviation gear and grow a moustache.

### The Last Meeting

April's meeting was a hearty and—for at least the third month in a row—encouragingly packed affair. It's always good to see so many new faces, guests and first-timers. At this rate we may need to find a bigger venue.

Our guest speaker was Mr Seth Thevoz, delivering *London Clubs 1870–1910*, a version of a talk he previously unleashed at the Institute of Historical Research last summer. He told how the London club scene rose from the coffee

houses, enabling often middle class men to taste the luxury of the well-located and appointed town house that was their club's premises. At the tradition's heyday there were hundreds of clubs in London, the best known centred around Pall Mall and St James's —“Clubland”.

Although the club houses were in some cases surprisingly small, the political importance of some clubs could be huge. In the days before actual membership of political parties, membership of clubs with particular political leanings was the nearest thing. But the connection with political developments goes further. At the outset just one in 15 men had the vote, and each new reform would bring a club for the newly enfranchised (who were often shunned by the established clubs, presumably as suspicious *arrivistes*).

Seth treated us to various cartoons (Wife to club-loving husband: “What do you mean by coming home at his hour?” Husband: “Everywhere else was closed”) and anecdotes, such as the one about F. E. Smith who used to stop off at the National Liberal Club every day on his way home from Parliament to use the lavatories. When finally asked by a porter if he was actually a member of the club he replied, “Good God, you mean it's a club as well?” (Apparently a reference to the club's brown tiles.)

Many thanks to Seth for his engaging and informative oration. You can find an essay version of the talk on page 4.



Seth with guest Lettie Rensley

(Above and right) Seth orates; (left) a guest; (left) de Rives shame-facedly dons a punishment tie

(Above) Mrs Grace Iggulden and chum; (right) Chuckles makes up for previous scruffiness by overdressing

(Above) Newcomer Connie eyes her companion nervously; (below) Ernie Samat shares an “it's time to leave look” with

his guest, Lt D. Benjaminsson; (above) Mickael Korausch's guest Joe; (above right) Hartley's been at the nitrous oxide again; (right) Mr Mark Gidman

Selected photos © Mickael Korausch



## Clubland— A Beginner's Guide



WHEN GENTLEMAN'S CLUBS  
RULED THE EARTH

By Seth Alexander Thevoz

ORSON WELLES, in a 1960s documentary on “Swinging London”, curiously decided to talk about London clubs. He thought them the antithesis of “swinging”. He said, “The club is the sanctuary of the English gentleman; the place where he goes to get away from his wife. The fact is that there’s not one wife on the whole sceptred isle who can get a foot through those massive doors, much less an American. And what’s even worse, an actor.”

Yet Welles was not unusual in being wrong on several counts. Whilst many wives were indeed excluded from London clubs, it is not accurate to say that they were off-limits to women—for several mixed and women’s-only London clubs sprouted up in the late 19th century. Nor were many clubs off-limits to actors, with some, like the Garrick and the Beefsteak, being founded with actors in mind. And an American such as Welles would have been made very welcome indeed at the American Club on Piccadilly which existed for much of the 20th century.

The lack of

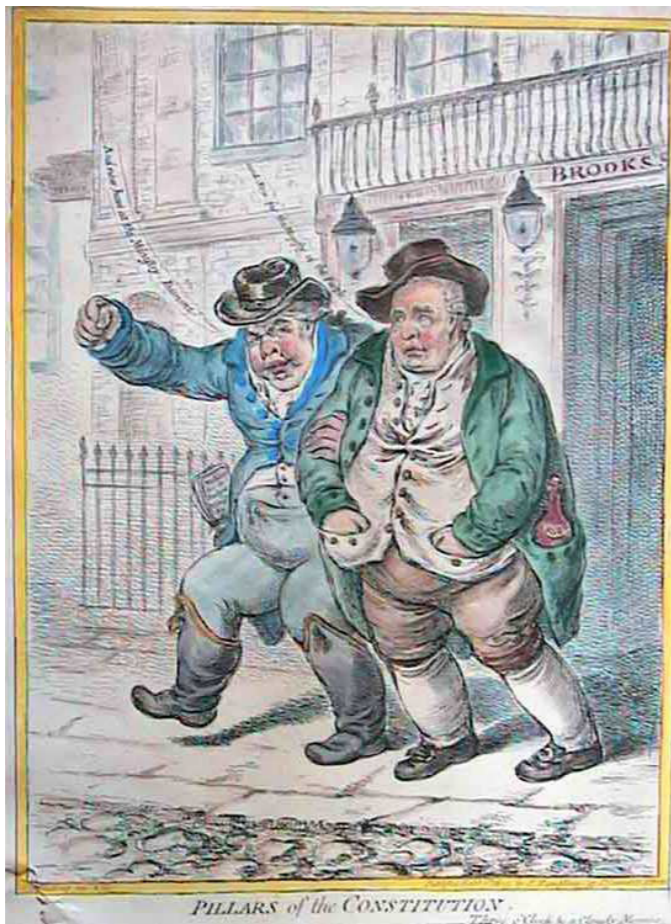
available sources on London clubs—combined with much rumour, innuendo and speculation—has created an enormous amount of mystique about them. My own doctoral research, into their political impact in the mid-19th century, focuses on one aspect, but their ubiquitousness as a Victorian obsession was considerable.

Clubs and politics were closely intertwined because of the effect of the three Reform Acts of 1832, 1867 and 1884 on the foundation of clubs. Each time a large group of people was enfranchised, the vote became a major status symbol—these people now considered themselves middle-class, and had “arrived”. Naturally, the first instinct of a middle-class *arriviste* was to join a club. Unfortunately, the existing political clubs—partly because of restrictions on membership numbers and long waiting lists—wouldn’t have them. Consequently, the post-1832 electors set about establishing more inclusive clubs such as the Carlton and the Reform. These were not inclusive enough to let the post-1867 electors join, so they set up their own clubs like the Junior Carlton, and the Devonshire. (The Junior Carlton co-founded by Disraeli notably preceded the Reform Act which he saw introduced the following year.) The process happened again in the 1880s with the

Constitutional and National Liberal Clubs both preceding the Third Reform Act—and these were both monolithic ‘super-clubs’; the first of a new breed of palatial late Victorian establishments providing for over 5,000 members from across the country, as opposed to the smaller clubs, typically limited to 300–1,000 members, up until then.

There is a widespread belief that clubs were an exclusively aristocratic preserve. This is true of the original 18th

“Pillars of the Constitution. 3 o’clock and a cloudy morning”: James Gillray satirises the carousing of politicians in Brooks’s Club



This 1796 cartoon by Gillray warning against appeasing France shows the inevitable result—the invasion of St James’s. Gillray shows Tory-sympathising White’s Club being stormed while members of Whig Brooks’s cheer from the balcony while “radical” opposition leader Charles Fox scourges prime minister William Pitt

century gambling clubs. But by the time they spread to their greatest extent in the late 19th century, most were very much a middle-class institution—and lower-middle-class at that. The notion that great statesman could be found sipping port in the corner is false. Instead, most members would typically be “on the make”. Indeed, the young Benjamin Disraeli was a fanatical clubman from the 1830s to the 1860s, but his use of clubs seems to have declined sharply once he reached the top of “the greasy pole” and became Prime Minister. This promise of contact with the great and the good against their weariness to be accosted in their club is well-illustrated by an incident at the Carlton in the 1980s, when Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington was asked why he spent all his time at White’s when he could be spending more time in the Carlton, where he was also a member. He responded, “I go to my club to avoid the kind of people one finds in the Carlton.”

The phenomenal growth of working men’s clubs around Britain in the late nineteenth century, particularly focused across London, should also be viewed in the context of the gentlemen’s clubs of London. The two should

not be confused—they had entirely separate memberships, and indeed working men’s clubs had different aims and were at least initially the product of Christian self-improvement ideology, as expressed by the Rev. Henry Solly from the 1860s onwards. Nonetheless, they were aspirational, and attempted to repeat the basic club business model and to introduce it to new sections of society in order to give them responsibility. Also, like many gentlemen’s clubs, they soon departed considerably from their original founding ideals, and became primarily focused on their social agenda. Furthermore, while there was a wide divergence in the type of premises, with many poorer working men’s clubs having sparse and underfunded facilities, the larger ones enjoyed extravagant clubhouses which compared quite favourably with the smaller gentlemen’s clubs. Thus despite very separate spheres for the different memberships, working men’s clubs and gentlemen’s clubs shared the same basic assumptions about a controlled environment for members.

The most common club business model was pioneered by the Union Club in 1797, which was the first to be jointly owned by its own



Facilities at some working men's clubs could rival those of gentleman's clubs

members. The previous business model, which became much rarer, was the proprietary model, in which the club was run for profit by a group or individual, much as a pub might be. Several proprietary clubs such as White's and Boodle's switched to becoming members-owned clubs in the nineteenth century to ensure their stability. Meanwhile, the proprietary model was taken to the limit by the United Club in Mayfair, which was actually an extension of the adjoining United Hotel, with the former owned by the latter. After being named in court proceedings, it discouraged other clubs from going down quite such a commercialised route.

The increasing number of gentlemen's clubs presented numerous opportunities for husbands to either avoid going home for most of the evening, or at least provided them with alibis for enjoying less reputable nights on the town, naturally leading to some jealousy at home. Partially in response, the late nineteenth century saw experimentation with women's clubs. The very first was the short-lived Ladies' Institute on Grosvenor Square, which also served as the office of *The English Woman's Journal*. Unfortunately, the journal racked up considerable debts and the club closed its doors in 1867, after only seven years—but the club served as an exemplar to others. The next few decades saw the arrival of such clubs as the Ladies' Army and Navy Club for the wives and daughters of officers, and the Ladies' Athenaeum for ladies with an interest in the arts. Yet, despite central premises, these clubs often suffered from precarious funding and their buildings were

often less impressive than the purpose-built clubhouses for men, being more typically a converted townhouse. A typical case is that of the Ladies' Athenaeum on Dover Street, which was wholly dependent upon the patronage of Lady Randolph Churchill. When she passed away, the club could not remain solvent for more than two years.

There were also some experiments at mixed men's and women's clubs such as the Empress Club and the Lyceum Club. Unfortunately, they were a casualty of the Oscar Wilde scandal. One of the most prominent of their number was the Albemarle Club on Albemarle Street, where the Marquess of Queensbury tried to visit Oscar Wilde and left his calling card addressed "to Oscar Wilde, posing as a sodomite [sic]", which led to Wilde's disastrous libel suit. The citing of the club in subsequent court proceedings—and staple mentions of both Wilde and his wife being members—had a dramatic and negative effect on the reputation of mixed clubs. Barring a few clubs founded around specific gender issues, such as the mixed-sex Suffrage Club of the 1910s, mixed clubs rapidly died out, and it was not until the 1970s (and in some cases the 2000s) that many gentlemen's clubs began admitting women. Thus clubland was briefly a mixed-sex environment with women's clubs and mixed clubs in the late nineteenth century, but these were often the first clubs to close in the early twentieth century, leaving it a largely masculine

The Junior Carlton Club, 30 Pall Mall, from the Illustrated London News 1868. The Carlton was at No.96; bombed in the war, its site proved difficult to sell so the Junior Carlton moved there. However, a decision to rebuild as a modernist "club of the future" in 1968 drove away most of its remaining members at it wound down in 1977



The Athenaeum Club, 107 Pall Mall

environment in the early and mid twentieth century.

Clubland was also overwhelmingly white. Formal racial barriers to club membership were rare—although the ultra-Protestant National Club made a point of excluding Jews and Catholics. Despite the scarcity of formal barriers, it was extremely rare for clubs to admit members from Britain's ethnic minorities. There were some examples, such as the Jewish member Henri Louis Bisscoffsheim at the Carlton in the 1870s, and the Parsi Indian member Dadabhai Naoroji at the National Liberal in the 1890s, but these were exceptions rather than the rule. The system of "blackballing" nominations for new members made it unnecessary to cite the rationale behind rejecting nominees, and so it is difficult to quantify precisely how great a barrier racial prejudice was to club membership, even though something may be inferred from the Guards' Club stipulation that they admit no Irish or Welsh Guards, until well into the mid-twentieth century.

London's expatriate communities responded by setting up their own clubs—there were not only four Irish clubs, a Caledonian Club and a separate Scottish Club, as well as a Welsh Club, but also clubs such as the Scandinavian Club,

and the Canning Club for Latin Americans. (George Canning's tenure as Foreign Secretary saw a great rapprochement with South America.) Numerous other groups also had their own club, particularly the professions, such as the Coventry Club for diplomats and the Smithfield Club for cattle breeders, both of which were on or near Piccadilly. The legal profession, with the Inns of Court providing club-like facilities in central London, were conspicuous in their absence, barring the short-lived Law Club of the 1830s, which operated from the back of the Law Society on Chancery Lane.

St. James's has traditionally been the heart of clubland. The main clubs of the 18th century were all built on or directly off St. James's Street; but from the establishment of the Guards' Club in 1815, Pall Mall increasingly became the focus of London clubs, until competition became fierce among clubs wishing to relocate to the street, with the Royal Automobile Club demolishing the War Office building to pave the way for their new clubhouse in the 1900s, and the Kennel Club operating from the somewhat incongruous address 29a Pall Mall.

Ultimately, London clubs dominated much of

central London. An estimated 400 gentlemen's clubs, with anything from 50,000–200,000 members, and 188 working men's clubs with 72,524 known members, dominated a large slice of London life. They reached their peak in the 1880s and 1890s, before the ravages of the First World War and changing social habits. For many Victorian men—and some women—they were the social venue of choice, with members being able to control who they met. They allowed members on often fairly modest incomes to have access to extravagant rooms. In being founded around themes such as political parties, the military, or schools and universities, they became entrenched “respectable” Victorian institutions. They were a focal point for different trades and professions, with membership often conferring a sense of achievement. Furthermore, as Antonia Taddei has observed, clubs had extended so far by the late Victorian era that almost any middle-class man could find at least one club which would admit him sooner or later.

*Further Reading*

- For amusing anecdotes, look no further than:  
 Anthony Lejeune, *The Gentlemen's Clubs of London*, Malcolm Lewis, London, 1979. (Sumptuously illustrated but rare and generally selling for in excess of £100.)  
 John Timbs, *Club Life of London*, 2 vols, Richard Bentley, London, 1866. (Many, many subsequent reprints until 1908, most of them in 1 volume editions. Contains anecdotes of the clubs, coffee-houses and taverns of the metropolis during the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries)  
 For a more serious, perceptive and scholarly look at clubs, I can strongly recommend the following essays, articles and papers:  
 W. Fraser Rae, 'Political Clubs and Organisations', *Nineteenth Century*, Vol. 3 (1878) pp.908–32  
 Jane Rendell, 'The Clubs of St. James's: places of public patriarchy—exclusivity, domesticity and secrecy', *Journal of Architecture* (1999) pp.167–89  
 Amy Milne-Smith, 'A Flight to Domesticity? Making a Home in the Gentlemen's Clubs of London, 1880–1914', *Journal of British Studies*, 45:4 (2006) pp.796–818  
 —, 'Club Talk: Gossip, masculinity, and the importance of oral communities in late nineteenth-century London', *Gender and History*, 21:1 (2009) pp.86–109  
 Antonia Taddei, 'London Clubs in the Nineteenth Century', *University of Oxford Discussion Papers in Economic and Social History*, No. 28 (1999)  
 And, of course, I can't help but mention my own ongoing research into London clubs, for a Ph.D. thesis on 'The political impact of London clubs, c.1832–1868'.



## Messing About In Boats



### THE CLUB'S ANNUAL WATERBORNE ASSAULT ON THE PICNIC GROUNDS OF OXFORD

I DON'T KNOW who originally hatched the idea of a group trip to Oxford on the weekend closest to St George's Day—it's organised through the Chap Room rather than an official NSC thing—but we've been doing it for five years now. There isn't so much flag waving these days (cross of St George in our case, Isle of Man flag in Rushen's if he's around), but one thing that has so far never changed is the weather—considering the deluge that's characterised the May Day weekend, it's amazing that the previous one was so sun-kissed. I think this proves categorically that God is an Englishman.

Anyway, we assembled, as tradition dictates, at the Turf Tavern, a splendid ancient alehouse tucked away down a maze of alleyways. After a



Newest recruit is Master William Beckwith—Pip to his friends. I think Seonaid was pretty brave to bring him, given that he was but weeks old, but he took it in his stride



We pause for a group photo

few sharpeners we proceeded to the Magdalen Bridge Boathouse and stripped them of five of their punts. They never seem to bat an eyelid when a bunch of fops in tweed, blazers and boaters descend, but I guess this is Oxford.

The picnic site that we now regard as ancestral is by what's known as the Rainbow Bridge. We go there, rather unromantically, mainly because it's near to some public conveniences but it allows for an eventful trip, nosing our way through the winter's fallen branches (a part that always reminds me of *Apocalypse Now*—particularly the way the native canoes filled with painted savages part to let us through as we approach the corpse-strewn lair of the now insane Senior Sub), and then there are the dreaded rollers. Fortunately my punt came equipped with Laurence, who took great delight in pulling the punt over pretty much single-handed.

Senior Sub himself is now resident in Oxford, which

oddly means we see even less of him on the punt picnics. In the past he has managed to pop by, shadowing us by bicycle as we poled along. This time he was part of a play that had a matinée performance, so he wasn't present at all, though by chance we did bump into him coming out of a cake shop. However, our escort was there again, in the form of Mr Henry Ball and chums. I'm hoping that, as the years pass, the crowd following us from the bank will grow until all of Oxford appears to watch balefully as we glide by.

The return journey is always more eventful on account of the exotically high Champagne levels in the blood. Laurence tragically slipped while punt-hauling and rolled around in goose poo for a bit. And every year someone falls in—this time Rupert stepped up to the plate (see the front cover).

After that it was back to the Turf for thousand more ales and then Oblivion... St George would be proud.



Laurence propels Robert Beckwith (l) and Fruity Hatfield-Peverel



(Top left) Compton-Bassett is either waving or saluting here; (above) a punt is hauled over the dreaded rollers; (left) a respite for the punting party; (far left) Scarheart puffs thoughtfully as he ponders future cruelty



(Top left) Pip gets a present from Laurence—his first pipe; (top right) Sean Rillo Raczka (r) and Chris Choy; (above) the picnic party assembles; (right) Catherine has a madonna moment holding Pip; (far right) meanwhile Laurence gets stuck into his churchwarden; (below right) Niall spent the day wearing a strange and ill-fitting hat; (below) picnic over, the flotilla prepares to refloat; (left) something you thought you'd never see: Lord Rupert pushing a buggy; (above left) immaculate as ever, Charles Henry Wolfenblood



(Above right) Punting over, we hie ourselves back to the Turf. (Top left) Tres amigos, specifically (l-r) Cyril Brown, Clayton Hartley and Dr Blah;



(Above) Fruity meets the lens with his customary hauteur; (right) Mammy! Much late-night larking about. Henry Ball claims he took the pictures with me in them, and I've no reason to disbelieve him





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## Handlebars & Herringbone



### NOSTALGIC VELOCIPEDISTS DESCEND ON NATION'S CAPITAL

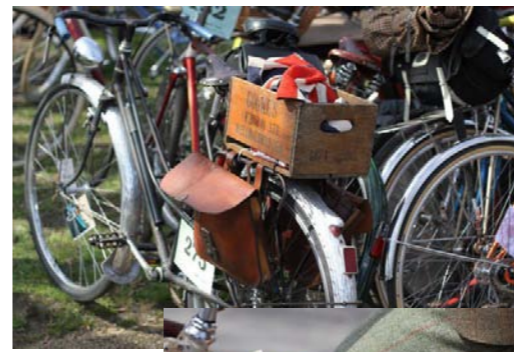
ON 10TH APRIL London was graced by a debonair swarm of bicyclists. They assembled at the Rootstein Hopkins Parade Grounds at the Chelsea College of Art and Design, then pedalled decorously on a 12-mile route, stopping off along the way at Geo. F. Trumper for a Best Moustache prize, in Kensington Gardens for a spot of tea (accompanied by a string trio), H. Huntsman & Sons on Savile Row for the Best Outfits prizes, then heading to The Bathhouse in Bishopsgate for a party that included entertainment by our own Mr B. The Gentleman Rhymer, Top Shelf Jazz, DJ Tom Kerwin and a team of swing dancers.

This was The Tweed Run, “a metropolitan bicycle ride with a bit of style”, as the organisers call it. Last year was the first outing, but it’s clearly a slick operation (copyright “Tweed Run LLP”) which they already plan to repeat in Toronto and New York. The site even has a



shop to peddle pedalling merchandise under the Tweed Run brand. Mind you they also raised £1,400 for Bike4Africa, a charity that takes second-hand bicycles to the continent for redistribution.

Club Member Fleur de Guerre went along as a correspondent for *The Chap*: at her blog you can read of her battle with irate taxi drivers and skirt-lifting winds and her triumphs of long-haul cycling and gin drinking. Note also that if you like this sort of thing there is also the Tweed Cycling Club who do it all year round.



(Right) The tweedy horde under way; (left and below) participants supplied some exotic personal touches; (below right) even youngsters could get involved, thanks to this ingenious contraption



PHOTOS STOLEN FROM JOHN CARTER, JON FOWLER, MATTHEW SPARKES AND OLEG SKRINDA



(Above) The thrill of the open road; (left) on Savile Row a tailor emerges from Norton & Sons to investigate

(Left) The tandem bicycle, perfect for couples; (right) what Cruella de Ville would have looked like with pipe habit



(Above) Miss Fleur de Guerre; (right) NSC Member and Chap drinks correspondent Mr Neil Ridley (l) and Jon Fowler; (right) a refreshment break in Kensington Gardens.



FROM THE mid-nineteenth century the huge and rapid advances in ship design and technology inspired toy makers and the children of the Empire, as celebrated by an exhibition just opened at the National Maritime Museum. Toy ships were the must-haves and models emerged to suit all pockets, with manufacturers cherry-picking design elements rather than creating authentic replicas. Early items would have been handmade for wealthier families, while later tinplate toys were mass-produced either as a sideline or by dedicated toy manufacturers. Some were “carpet ships” that ran on wheels,

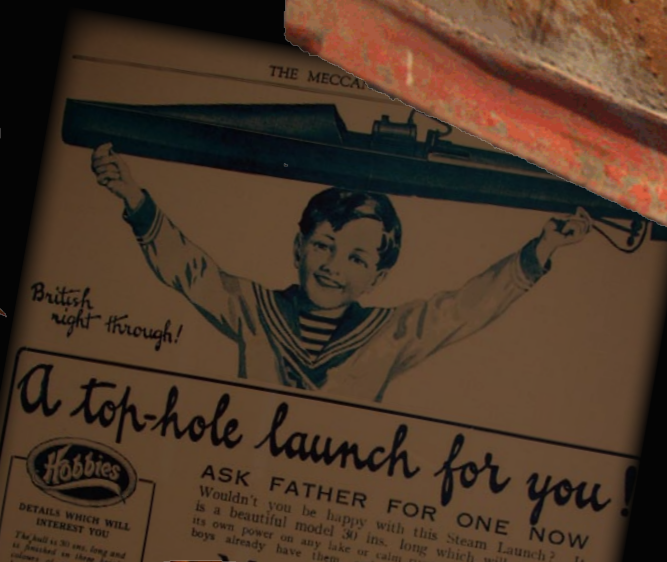
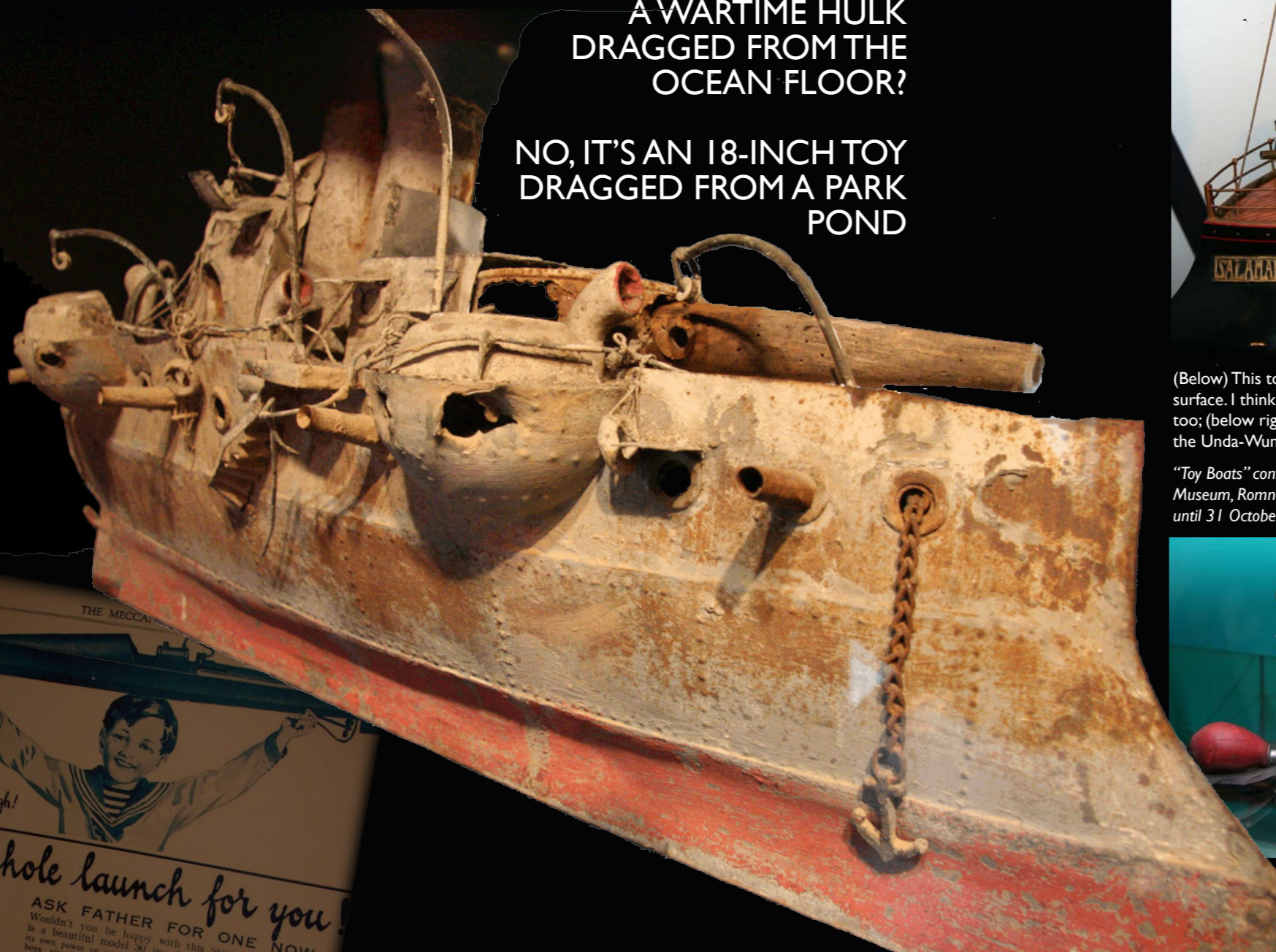
but many were pondworthy and self-propelling, initially by tiny steam engines, then by cheaper clockwork mechanisms or wound rubber bands. Some were fully functioning submarines.

You do sense a nationalist subtext, with British, French and German makers using the toys to assert their nation’s military and technological superiority. There are also boardgames based around defending our shores from ghastly foreign vessels, and you realise that, in an era when Britain still ruled the waves, these were probably intended to inspire the next generation to go to sea and help keep it that way.

# Secrets from the Deep

A WARTIME HULK  
DRAGGED FROM THE  
OCEAN FLOOR?

NO, IT'S AN 18-INCH TOY  
DRAGGED FROM A PARK  
POND



(Left) This 19th-century French vessel *Salamandre* (the majority of the items on display are from the Musée national de la Marine) has its own crew; (above) this 1859 steam-powered paddle ship shows similarly exquisite detailing; (below) this 1915 battleship comes with its own torpedo that makes it split in two (and presumably sink). Note how the package imagery always exaggerates a tad...



(Above left) Not sure I'd want to put out in a ship called *Terrible*, but it's a magnificent toy; (above) an issue of 'Hamley News' from Meccano Magazine. Sigh...

(Below) This toy sub uses an air bulb to dive and surface. I think a submariner pops out of the hatch too; (below right) how can you resist a toy called the Unda-Wunda? (1940s-50s)

"Toy Boats" continues at The National Maritime Museum, Romney Road, Greenwich, London SE10 9NF, until 31 October. Admission is free.







## When Worlds Collide



### CAN 'VINTAGE' AND 'VINTAGE-INSPIRED' EVER BE FRIENDS?

THE IDEA OF something revolutionary happening in the world of vintage might seem a bit of a contradiction in terms, so I was intrigued to be invited to a bold new vintage fashion fair held in the old Peak Frean biscuit factory in Bermondsey, on the Thames's much underestimated south bank.

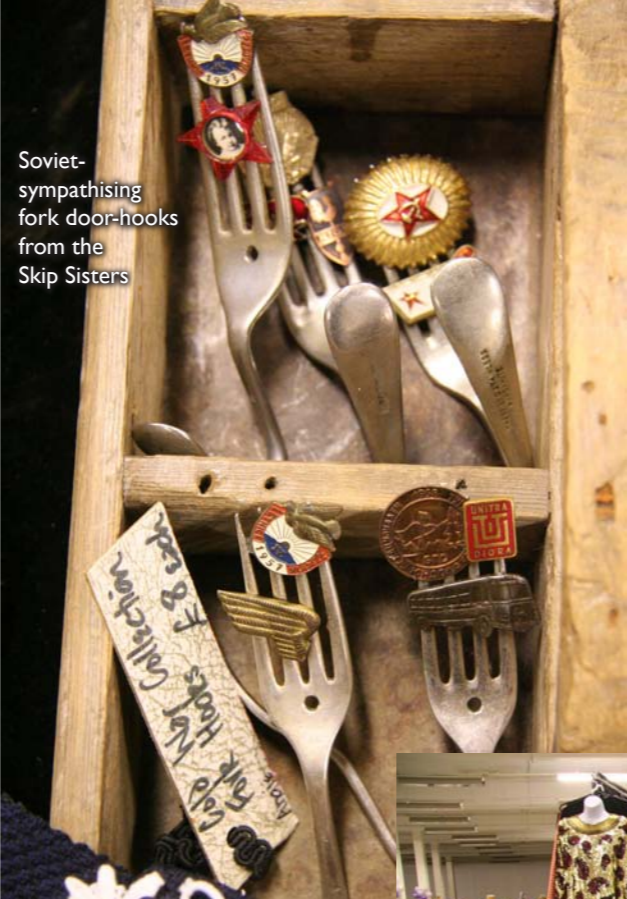
"A foray last year into selling some of our vintage fashion at a renowned London event, left us disappointed and underwhelmed," write organizers Kerry Lackey and Victor Williams, "both by the poor facilities and the lack of attention to ensuring a great customer and seller experience. Many discussions later, the Land of PASH was born. We are building our land to be a vast maze of inspiration—the largest, pop-up land of vintage and retro style in London for both men and women."

The Land of PASH? This sounds more like seven-volume swords-and-sorcery epic than a second-hand clothes market. But the website had obviously had some effort, money and, erm, PASH thrown at it, so I was interested to see what made this event so different.

Armed with my special free "visa" to cross the border, I was slightly disappointed to find that the topography of PASH closely resembled an indoor car park. The 20 or 25 stalls seemed to be rattling around and the stallholders mostly read dog-eared paperbacks as they waited for customers to drift by.

Talking to Kerry and Victor I realised that the Big Difference they had in mind was more from the stallholders' point of view—at other fairs they found themselves short of space and having to lug wares up several flights of stairs. From this perspective, their event scores: the Biscuit Factory venue has loads of acreage, car parking out front and it's all at ground level. There's an adjacent café too.

Soviet-sympathising fork door-hooks from the Skip Sisters



But cruising round the event and talking to the sellers I was struck by another difference: there is a real blend of actual vintage wares and reworked or "vintage-inspired" new products.

"We find that pure vintage events can be a bit elitist," says Kerry. "You might pick something up and ask, 'Oh, is this a...?' and they'll snap, 'No, of course it's not!' I think a lot of people might be a bit intimidated by that environment. And I don't think there are many people who dress head-to-toe in vintage. So what we're trying to do is blur the boundary between 'vintage' and 'retro'."

Present company excepted, it's true you may not see many people dressed completely in original period schmutter, yet "vintage", at least as a concept, must surely have reached a fever pitch of trendiness. So perhaps the ambassadors of PASH are on to something—demystifying it, breaking the rules, bringing a safe dose of it to the masses. Has it worked?

"We've mostly shown at craft fairs before now," says Seonaid Berry of Bunny Smalls, sitting behind a table of purple, vintage-style frilly ladies' undergarments, "and we sold more there." So would they come back if PASH



More conventional vintage fayre from Butterfly Girl's roadshow



Repro costumes from As Of By Magic

opened its borders again? "Oh, yes," she says cheerily.

The cautiously open-minded view is shared by Sam Kahn of As If By Magic. "It's been a bit quiet but we're at the slow-burn end of things because we're more

expensive: items start at £45 and go up from there." His stall is unlike any of the others, full of brightly coloured silken 18th-century clobber. They make a lot as costumes for theatre and TV then sell some of them on or reproduce them in new fabrics, and make items to order too. My eye is caught by a Napoleonic greatcoat in black brocade with a green-gold taffeta lining. At £95 it doesn't seem too bad. If you're in need of that sort of thing.

But that's the most striking thing for me about PASH—if some vintage events are

Helen Rochfort's handbags



about cognoscenti coming together to find like-minded obsessives, this one is far more scatter-gun. In his vaguely mobsterish hat, suit and tie, Sam himself is (apart from me, of course) the only properly dressed man in the room. None of the women seem addicted to period dressing either. "PASH" is short for "pashionista"—as if the term

"fashionista" doesn't suggest enough dedication—but dedication to what?

In fact there are some charming objects to be found. Helen Rochfort sells mostly handbags the sides of

which are blazoned with chocolate boxes, Willy Wonka golden tickets and the like. "We've only been trading about three years," says husband Julian, "but it's going well. We're getting into

department stores now." Elsewhere I spotted pendants made from old watches (by Mistress Vintage and quite a hit with the likes of Amber Le Bon and the cast of the Narnia and Harry Potter films), Acorn and Will's purses, hair slides, rings



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Pendants that recycle the past, from Misstress Vintage





Da-Lata's ring-pull recycling

bombs with fizzing fuses. Da-Lata offer 60s-inspired chainmail-like bags and bangles crocheted together in Brazil from hundreds of recycled drinks can ring-pulls. At Silk and Sawdust I bump into an old friend trying on one of their vintage-inspired dresses; on the counter is a garment replicated from one worn by Grace Kelly in the 1956 film musical *High Society*.

The Skip Sisters' stall is well-stocked, but then there is a collective of six people fuelling it. As I bring my camera to bear on a case of "bugbots", metal spiders made out of old zips, I am shooed away. Later, the shoer, Pia Randall-Goddard, seeks me out to apologise—apparently they have already had suspicious types trying to photograph the back of those items to see how they are put together. If you are a creative, rather than a curator of old things, then I suppose it is your ideas that are your assets rather than the physical items.

"We're all from a fine arts background and everything we do is upcycled from rubbish," Pia explains. On display are door hooks made from bent forks randomly adorned with Soviet enamel badges, and Pia's strange bird sculptures that include old cutlery, candle-snuffers and

and cushions, all made from vintage fabrics, crystal locket containing reverential images of old audio cassettes, and badges embroidered with traditional round black

corkscrews, displayed on shelving cobbled together (by the token male "bin brother") from a mantelpiece and a sign advertising swimming pool chemicals.

"Upcycle" is a new word for me; like recycling but you're not just reusing something, you're somehow making it *better*. Their literature describes them as masters of "thriftology"—that's two new words in one day. I sense they are driven more by a love of the environment than of the past; in fact you get a whiff of militant contempt for these old objects, for slumping too readily into obsolescence without a fight. No wonder the Sisters seem slightly embattled here.

Of course the problem is that for a lot of aficionados half the appeal of vintage items (as with designer brands for other people) is precisely the exclusivity—you find a hat, a clip, a cigarette case or a drinks cabinet and chances are it's now unique, not to mention suffused with history. And, as with all antiques, its value has a lot to do with its authenticity: the last thing you want is vintage-style anything. We've all been there—you spot some



My friend Angelica tries on a dress at Silk and Sawdust



Acorn and Will's loving collection of vintage nursery paraphernalia

toothsome gewgaw, only to pick it up and feel your heart sink as you discover it is "only" a modern copy. Doesn't really make sense from a fashion point of view, but for many the thrill comes from discovery



Tragically I haven't been able to work out upon whose stall these embroidered badges were snapped

rather than invention, and without rules you can't define what you've discovered. Moreover, if you have a curatorial reverence for items that have survived 80 or a hundred years (even if they were meant to be ephemeral at the time), you might not take kindly to a 1948 Jaeger Lecoultre watch being "upcycled" into a bangle or a 1920s shagreen compact reimagined as an iPhone cover.

For the Skip Sisters it's as much about Art as it is about Fashion, but the sort of art a Steampunk might like—by definition part retro, part imagination. I'm sure the wide-

spread appeal of the Steampunk subculture is precisely as an outlet for self-expression, both romantic and rebellious. This is what happens when the agreeably ghettoised world of vintage is suddenly overrun by the stormtroopers of *la mode*. Throughout the room you sense a groundswell of impatient inventiveness, poised to burst through the boundaries of what "vintage" can be.

As it happens the first Land of PASH event is



More from the Skip Sisters: Pia Randall-Goddard's odd bird sculptures



The Skip Sisters' 'bugbots' that I was nearly prevented from photographing

not the monster success its organisers hoped—of the 1,100 punters who signed up for free entry on the website only 350 turned up. But it's early days and the event, and the concept, may grow if "vintage" and "vintage-inspired" can learn to get along.

Perhaps to keep the peace we need another new word. "Futro", anyone?

Or (thanks to *A Mighty Wind*) just "nowtro"...?



# NSC Film Night

Thursday 20th May, 6–11pm  
The Compass, 58 Penton Road (corner of Chapel Market), Islington, London N1 9PZ  
(020 7837 3891), nearest tube: Angel

## ‘Gone is the romance that was divine’

This month’s Film Night brings us Roaring Twenties and beautiful shirts

The programme is curated by the Earl of Essex and the feature presentation is *The Great Gatsby*. Paramount’s 1974 lavish Academy Award winning adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s seminal American novel is set against the backdrop of 1920s New York and the glamorous but decadent Jazz Age. The screenplay was written by the, then little-known, Francis Ford Coppola, and directed by Englishman Jack Clayton, whose only previously known film was *Room at the Top* in the 1950s. (In fact the writer originally signed up by producer Robert Evans was Truman Capote. Although Coppola was brought in to provide a replacement script, he later commented, “Not that the director paid any attention to it. The script that I wrote did not get made.”)

The film stars Robert Redford in the lead role as Jay Gatsby, a rich *arriviste* from the wrong side of the tracks, who seeks to fulfil his unrequited love for socialite Daisy Buchanan, played by Mia Farrow. Daisy has since married wealthy and well-connected *dilettante*, Tom Buchanan, played by Bruce Dern. The story is the re-telling of the American Dream, but with tragic consequences. Co-starring are Sam Waterston as Daisy’s poor cousin Nick Carraway, who is also the film’s narrator, as well as Lois Chiles and Karen Black.



Interestingly, although *The Great Gatsby* was Scott Fitzgerald’s biggest success he considered his later *Tender Is the Night* his finest novel, but it was not a success at the time, leading him to mutter that “in American lives there are no second acts”. An adaptation (the third for the big screen) is currently planned with lead roles offered to Keira Knightley and Matt Damon. (Knightley is also, I gather, lined up to play Zelda Sayre in a screen version of Scott Fitzgerald’s *The Beautiful and the Damned*. Fun, fun, fun.)

Essex is sourcing short intro material on flappers and Scott Fitzgerald himself, but suggests that there also be a 15–20 minute booze break in the middle of the screening, as the film’s running time is a respectable two hours and 20 minutes.

Essex also adds: “I will try and find some 1920s props, and it would be nice if people dress in appropriate style—ladies as flappers and gents in Oxford bags, etc.”



CLUB NOTES

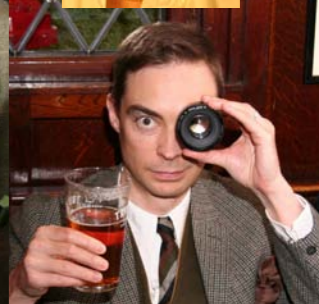
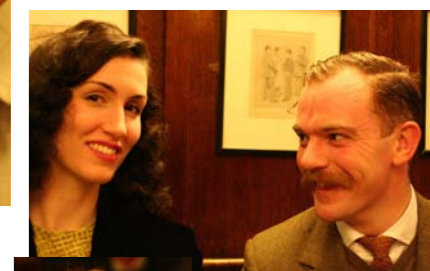
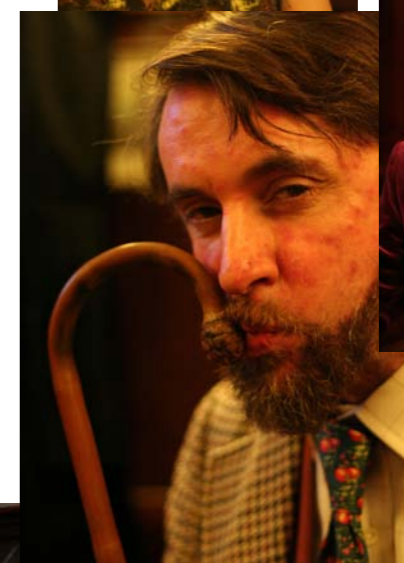
## Compton-Bassett Achieves Majority



MAY DAY MARKS A YOUNG MEMBER’S  
RISE INTO ADULTHOOD

HABITUÉS OF OUR physical meetings—or indeed those who look at the pictures, or even those who happened to see the “Chap of the Month” in the inaugural issue of *The Chapette*, bound within the latest *The Chap*—will be familiar with Lord Finsbury Windermere Compton-Bassett.

Well he’s all grown up now. Last Saturday, 1st May, his 21st birthday was celebrated with a pub crawl around St James’s. I say “crawl”, but I’m fairly sure they had started at the Red Lion in Crown Passage, where we found them, and where they still were when we left just before closing time. But never mind: the true journey is the inner one. All together now, “For he’s a jolly good fellow..!” More pictures at the Club Flickr page.



This page from top: Henry Ball (l) and Artemis Scarheart; Miss Minna; The Earl of Essex; Charles Wolfenblood; Torquil Arbuthnot: he’s our Chairman, believe it or not; Fleur de Guerre and Will Smith; a rare outing for Mrs H.; Mr H.; C-B (second from left) with his uni chums (all or them War Studies students apart from the fellow on the right who’s studing business)

## New Members

I WOULD LIKE to like to kiss the baby of insincere popular connection and welcome the following Right Sorts, all of whom have joined the party in the last month, to the podium of Club Membership: Thomas “The Cat” Watson-Lightfoot; Aaron Ramson White; Graf Ferdinand von Zeppelin, Anna Odby and Barry Walker.

## Club Honoured by ‘Mad Men’

FOLLOWERS OF THE television drama series *Mad Men* may be aware that at an official web site there’s a rather engaging time-wasting application that lets you create your *Man Men* avatar, yourself as you would be in the show’s social and historical *milieu*, rendered in a period graphic style. One of the options is the choice of tie. Bizarrely enough, of the handful of patterns on offer one seems to be the NSC Club tie. To see what we mean, have a look at the interpretations of the Club Committee



below. (Apart from anything else it gives you an interesting insight into how the Committee see themselves. Notice that Mrs H. has taken up smoking in response to Mr H.’s reviving breakfast martini. Meanwhile I think that Torquil’s is actually uncannily lifelike.)

## Erratum: Club Portraits

I MUST SHEEPISHLY apologise to Member Mr Craig Fraser: in last month’s Newsletter I announced that he and his wife had generously offered to render portraits of Club Members. However, in the text I confused him with another new Member, Mr Craig Young—something Mr Young brought to my attention! Fortunately I printed the correct email address, so Mr Young won’t have received any mysterious demands for art services. My apologies to all involved.



## Special Chow Offer

CLUB MEMBER Baron Christopher Patrick Wilhelm Solf II writes to offer Members an enticing deal:

“I am currently in the process of setting up my own restaurant in the Lake District,” he says. “To be precise, in Lazonby, four miles from the town of Penrith, in a public house that serves fantastic local real ale and a correctly fashioned Gin and Tonic. I wish to offer all members of the New Sheridan Club a 10% discount on food purchases upon the production of a membership card. I would appreciate it if you could allow members of the New Sheridan Club to know about this should they decide to holiday in the Lakes as it would also be a pleasure to partake in a pipeful with fellow members.”

So if you are expecting to find yourself in the vicinity of Lazonby, why not contact Baron Solf at [cpwsolf@hotmail.com](mailto:cpwsolf@hotmail.com)?



## Forthcoming Events

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

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

UMI & Co present  
**The Grand Vintage Ball and Vintage Attire Pageant**  
Saturday 8th May

8pm–1am  
The Rivoli Ballroom, 350 Brockley Rd, London SE4 2BY (020 8692 5130)  
Admission: £14.99 from Ticketweb or Lastminute.com  
Dress: “Mothball chic”

UMI & Co. present a night of vintage dressing and dancing at Brockley’s historical Rivoli Ballroom (worth seeing in itself) with prizes for best outfits and dancers. They will be joined by the Shore Leave crew, featuring Johnny Demonique’s Tadoo Shack and Miss Amy Gwatkin’s photo booth, plus the Brockley Ukulele Group and Zak MacKraken playing gypsy jazz, Weimar jazz, blues, doo-wop, etc.

### Saturday Night Swing Club

Saturday 8th May  
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 can 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](http://52ndstreetjump.co.uk).

### Art Deco Fair at Eltham Palace

Saturday 8th–Sunday 9th May  
10am–5pm  
Eltham Palace, Court Yard, London SE9 5QE (020 8294 2548)  
Admission: £8.90 (concessions £7.40, children £1.40, family £21.80, English Heritage members free)

Browse through stalls selling all things Art Deco, from jewellery to furniture. The venue is particularly notable—Eltham Palace is a strange mixture of architectural styles, with an original Tudor great hall and restrained exterior, opening on to some exquisite 1930s rooms added by the Courtaulds, including a gorgeous rotunda with inlaid wood panelled

walls and an innovative (for the time) concrete and glass domed skylight. I seem to recall the dining room has pink leather upholstery and a silver leaf ceiling. A thoroughly modern integral vacuum cleaning system was also included in the new rooms, and there is even a run for the couple's pet lemur. Note that the entry fee for this fair is what you would normally have to pay to see the building anyway, so it is good value. There are extensive gardens too. I can feel a picnic coming on... More about the venue here.

### Ship of Fools

Sunday 9th May

7.30pm

Bar & Co., Temple Pier, Victoria Embankment, London WC2R 2PN

Admission: £6; NSC Members get a £2 discount if they show their badge or Membership card at the door

Club Member's Tony Wakeford's record label Tursa promotes this night, set agreeably aboard a floating shebeen but a minute's walk from Temple underground railway station. "An early start," he says, "so you can sip your drinks on deck and watch the corpses of failed buy-to-let entrepreneurs float by. The music will end in good time so there will be no mad rush for the last train and you will be back in time for your cocoa." How very civilised.

Headliners this time are horn-powered dark punk cabaret mob The Cesarians (former headliners at the Cirque de Crème Anglaise), supported by short performances from experimental Dadaist electronic acts Retarder and Black Light Ascension.

### Blind Lemon Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 9th May

10.30am–5pm

The Coal Exchange, Exchange Buildings, Mount Stuart Square, Cardiff, CF10 5EB

Admission: £4.50 (£3.50 concs)

Vintage everything from Victoriana to the

1970s (shudder). The venue is a new one, for this occasion only, an historic venue where 98 per cent of the world's coal trades took place and scene of the first million pound business deal, which may or may not bode well for your shopping spree. The event will feature about 20 stalls. See the Blind Lemon website for more details.

### The Bowlly Years: Megaphone to Microphone

Sunday 9th May

8–10pm

The Jermyn Street Theatre, 16b Jermyn Street, London SW1Y 6ST (020 7287 2875)

Admission £15

A stage production celebrating the life and career of 1930s crooner Al Bowlly, from his barber shop in South Africa to London's swanky hotels and NBC radio in the US. featuring more than 40 songs recreated by the vocal talents of Australian Damion Scarcella.

### Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 9th May

Trade 10.30am, public 11am–4.30pm

The Urdang, The Old Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebury Avenue,

London EC1R 4RP

Admission £5 before 11am, £4 thereafter

A relatively new vintage fashion, accessory and textile event, which *Time Out* apparently describes as "one not to be missed". "Come and hand-pick your look from a fine selection of beautiful vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s–1980s," they say. "Without costing the earth both financially and environmentally. Organiser Savitri is an award winning events organiser with 18 years international experience in the fashion, film, advertising and music industry." There is a changing room, an alterations booth and a café.

### Cirque de Crème Anglaise

Friday 14th May



7.30pm–2am

The Cross Kings, 126 York Way, King's Cross, London N1 0AX

Admission: £5

The Furbelows, a beat combo consisting most of NSC Members, proudly present their latest evening of offbeat music, vaudevillean madness and custard-themed humour.

Returning to MC the event is performance poet Niall Spooner-Harvey, another Club Member, who will be bellowing poetry at you throughout the evening. Also performing will be sly pop whimsicalist Tim Ten Yen, described by disc jockey Steve Lamacq as "A future cult figure"; a fellow who goes by the name of The Android Angel (in reality he is neither) and combines acoustic guitar strumming with the looped sounds of bell trees and maracas (he has been known to hand out instruments to the audience) and is the darling of Radios 2 and 6; plus a bizarre silver-clad quintet called The Teeth, who wield stage names such as Ghost Milk and Sweet Jerky and sing mostly about sex and themselves. Plus The Furbelows themselves.

As before our resident DJ MC Fruity (yet another NSC Member) will be dropping priceless 78s on his wind-up gramophone and dialling up unpredictable seques of 80s hip-hop, gritty reggae and 60s lounge, all from within his expanding den of art deco bakelite and 1940s home furnishings. It's a meagre £5 to get in and for that you also get a free badge and all the custard creams you can eat. The venue does good, reasonably priced food and the bar will pour booze into you until 2am.

### La Belle Epoque

Saturday 15th May

Shoreditch Studios, 29 New Inn Yard, London EC2A 3EY

From 8pm; acrobatics start from 9pm

Admission: £20; call 020 7724 1617 or go to TicketWeb

Another event from the Bourne & Hollingsworth empire. They say: "Get ready

to be transported to the sin-filled alleyways of 19th-century Paris, Celebrate Bohemian style and applaud debauched elegance at this unique new event that promises to indulge the artistic side of partying. Enter our green-tinged Monmartre music hall and be prepared to be amazed by acrobats, Can-Can dancers and circus performers. Muse over art house films or stare into distorting mirrors as you take a step closer to madness with a tantalising dance with the Green Fairy." Sounds like another quiet evening in, then. For more details see the party's website.

### NSC Film Night

Thursday 20th May

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.

The programme is presented by the Earl of Essex and will comprise the 1974 film of *The Great Gatsby*, preceded by some shorts on the subject of 1920s flappers. See page 20.

### Prohibition

Saturday 22nd May

From 8pm till 2am ("earlier if the police find us"—ho ho!)

Venue: the site claims that owing to police scrutiny they will only reveal the venue two weeks before the event. However if you go to Ticketweb to buy a ticket it plainly states that the venue is the Bloomsbury Ballroom, Victoria House, 37–63 Southampton Row, London



WC1B 4DA

Admission: £15: call 020 7724 1617 or go to TicketWeb

Yet another Bourne & Hollingsworth joint, this time evoking the 1920s of America during Prohibition. Timeless (and illegal) cocktails will be served from teacups and hidden behind pot plants. Entertainment will include Charleston dancers, gramophone DJs, showgirls and roulette tables. Whether they've actually arranged a brutal police raid remains to be seen...

Classic Wings presents  
**Dragon Rapide UK Tour 2010**  
Saturday 22nd–Sunday 23rd May  
Kidlington Airport, Oxford  
Tickets from £79

Following the success of a similar wheeze last year, Classic Wings are taking their De Havilland Dragon Rapide biplane on tour to various locations other than their usual hang-out of Duxford. This route takes you over Oxford and on to Blenheim Palace. Book your ticket online. Each trip carries eight people. Portly

*bon viveurs* should note that passengers weighing in at over 20 stone are not allowed on the flight!

**1940s Day at Bentley Priory**  
Saturday 22nd May  
Open afternoon 11am–4pm, swing night 7.30pm–11.30pm  
RAF Bentley Priory, The Common, Sanmore, Middlesex HA7 3HH  
Admission: Afternoon £3.50 (children under 12 free); swing night £25 (£22.50 concs)

Historic Bentley Priory, home of Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain, opens its doors for a 1940s-themed day. There will be tea on the lawn with period music from brass and military bands plus (pre-booked) tours of the venue, a Spitfire display from the Battle of Britain Trust, an aviation and military art

exhibition courtesy of Aces High fine art gallery, re-enactment displays and the Harrow at War exhibition. There will also be workshops and activities for children. Your evening ticket gets you a two-course dinner plus dancing to Gregg McCann and the Hands of Jazz swing band, dance displays and the 1940s music from the Apollo Male Voice Choir. All proceeds go to nearby St Luke's Hospice.

**Blind Lemon Vintage Fashion Fair**

Sunday 23rd May  
10.30am–5pm  
St Bonaventures Social Club, Berkeley Road, Bishopston, Bristol, BS7 8HG  
Admission: £4.50 (£3.50 concs)

Vintage everything from Victoriana to the 1970s (shudder). The venue is a new one, for this occasion only, and the event will feature about 20 stalls. See the Blind Lemon website for more details.

Count Indigo presents  
**Wilde's Parade**  
Saturday 29th May  
8pm until late  
The Ei8ht Club, 1 Change Alley, London EC3V 3ND  
Admission: £10 (but NSC Members get a

discount of two guineas, rendered 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.

The Last Tuesday Society presents  
**The Great May Masked Ball**  
Friday 28th May  
10pm–4am  
Bridge, Weston Street, London Bridge, London  
Admission: £10 (from Ticketweb)  
Dress: Masks

Delights this time include a full orchestra provided by The Massed Ranks of the Doctors and Surgeons of Great Britain, Louis Elliot and the Embers touring their new album Kittow's Moor, Deathray Trebuchet, The Transiberian Marching Band, opera singing from Helen Noir, a Feast of Naked Boys and Girls serving Suzette Fields Famous Cheeseboard and Viktor Wynd's Midnight Feast of Yesterdays Cakes and the Chocolate Fountains of Gluttony.

OH COME ALL YE FAITHFULL, JOYFUL & TRIUMPHANT  
For Their Most Glorious & Decorated Majesties,  
Their Excellencies The Tribune, Suzette Field & The Chancellor Viktor Wynd  
Request & Require Your Presence at A Ball to End All Balls

**THE GREAT MAY MASKED BALL**  
ON FRIDAY THE 28TH OF MAY 2010  
IN CAVERNOUS ARCHES BELOW WHERE TRAINS RUMBLE AT LONDON BRIDGE

The Last Tuesday Society Will Present a Feast For The Eyes And Ears, Put on Your Dancing Shoes and Hide Beneath Your Most Glorious Masks & Prepare To Welcome The Summer to End All Summers The Summer of 2010, Remember You Were There When Your Grandchildren Were as Yet Unborn

PREPARE TO WALTZ TO A FULL ORCHESTRA PROVIDED BY THE LONDON GAY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

**LOUIS ELIOT & THE EMBERS**  
Will be Touring Their New Album  
**KITTOW'S MOOR**  
WELCOME THE RETURN OF OLD FAVOURITES WITH  
**DEATH RAY**  
**TREBUCHET**

**THE TRANS-SIBERIAN MARCHING BAND & OPERA SINGING HELEN NOIR**

**THE BATHOUSE**  
featuring Hot Tubs  
**AND GABRIEL PROKOFIEV**  
Kink  
ink  
Erotic  
Life Drawing  
PLUS A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE BY JOSHUA KNOWLES

DRESS CODE: DIVINE DECADENCE: MASKS OBLIGATORY, CLOTHES OPTIONAL

GORGE YOUR STOMACHS & YOUR EYES AT VIKTOR WYND'S FEAST OF NAKED BOYS & GIRLS

STILL SERVING SUZETTE FIELD'S FAMOUS CHEESEBOARD AND VIKTOR WYND'S MIDNIGHT FEAST OF YESTERDAY'S CAKES

& THE CHOCOLATE FOUNTAINS OF GLUTTONY ELSEWHERE ENJOY ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR MUNCH CANDYFLOSS, POPCORN, TOFFEE APPLES & ROASTED CHESTNUTS WHILST BOUNCING ON THE BOUNCY CASTLE OR RIDING A COCK HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS

ENTER THE CINEMA OF BROKEN DREAMS  
Lie Awhile amongst the feathers pillows & circular beds whilst in front of you an enormous silver screen lures you into another world that's only ever make believe

ENTER THE ART ROOM FOR A MASK IMPROVING WORKSHOP & LET SIMON WARNER - AS J.M. LAVATER - MAKE YOUR SILHOUETTE

DJs TO INCLUDE:  
MATTHEW STONE, PENNY METAL, FRANCOIS DIRTY SOUTH, RUSSELL TAYLOR AND SPECIAL GUESTS LADY KAMIKAZE OF THE BLACK COTTON CLUB & EL NINO OF THE LADY LUCK CLUB

**1940s War Weekend**  
Saturday 29th–Monday 31st May  
10pm–5pm  
East Lancashire Railway, Heywood to Rawtenstall  
Admission: See the fares table.

I know no more than this at the moment, but keep an eye here.

**Dulwich Vintage Fashion and Accessories Fair**  
Sunday 30th May  
11am–5pm  
The Crown and Greyhound, 73 Dulwich Village, London SE21 7BJ  
Admission £2 before 12pm, free thereafter  
Last Sunday in the month. Website is under construction but you can email for more info.

A NIGHT OF RAW MUSIC, DARK HUMOUR AND CABARET SWAGGER \*\*\*\*\* remotegoat.co.uk

An interpretation of the NSC  
crest by Craig Young

# GIROTOUR

## DE CRÈME & WANGLAISE

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radio

NOMINATED GIG OF THE YEAR 2010

### THE CROSS KINGS

126 YORK WAY,  
KING'S CROSS,  
LONDON N1 ONX  
£5 ADMISSION

### FRIDAY 14<sup>TH</sup> MAY

7.30PM UNTIL 2AM

MC Fruity  
SPINNING VINTAGE SHELLAC

### Niall Spooner-Harvey

APOLECTIC PERFORMANCE POET

### Tim Ten Yen

CHARISMA-DRENCHED  
POP WHIMSY

FREE BADGE!

YOUR HOSTS

THE  
FURBELOWS

FREE CUSTARD  
CREAMS!

### THE ANGEL

RAW ACOUSTIC  
EMOTIONS AND  
LIVE LOOP MADNESS

### The Teeth

SEX-OBSESSED ELECTRO PRANKSTERS

