



Making their own entertainment

**Members improvise at
January Club Night**

Dorian Gray pictured

Film Night screens hard-to-find film version of Wilde's classic, with a special art historical insight from Mrs H.

The King's Wife

The love story of George IV and the woman he secretly married

Coming of Age in Samoa

Tim Eyre visits an island paradise.
For work, mind

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 76 FEBRUARY 2013



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 6th February in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Dr Timothy Eyre will be addressing us on The City-State of Macau, notorious for gambling and vice, and which “combines a long history with astonishing vulgarity”. A peninsula of China on the South China Sea, Macau was originally rented by Portugal as a trading post and remained under Portuguese administration until 1999, making it the last European colony in China. It is still semi-autonomous, with its own currency, legal system and immigration policy. Gaming, tourism and hospitality make up 50% of its GDP. Dr Eyre found himself there to help train the inhabitants in the use of a complex telephone system.



Ruined St Paul's Cathedral, Macau, in 1835



Macau as it looks today

spy, triple agent and charismatic cad Edward Chapman, better known as Agent Zigzag. Sadly, however, Mr Wenban fell ill just before the event and had to pull out. I had resigned myself to having a meeting that was purely social, without our customary lecture, and in any case I was struggling to finish the newsletter in time for the early January date so I arrived late—to discover that in fact two of those present had both stepped up to the plate and delivery impromptu addresses.

Dr Timothy Eyre (the same) pre-empted his own scheduled talk this month with a short travelogue on American Samoa, another exotic place to which he had been sent on telephone business. And Eugenie Rhodes also took to the podium to tell those present about Mrs Maria Fitzherbert, a society beauty who, having been widowed twice, found herself on the receiving end of the most insistent attentions of the Prince Regent, later King George IV.

Essay versions of these talks begin on pages 4 and 8.

The Last Meeting

At our January meeting we were scheduled to hear from Luke Wenban on the subject of World War II ace



(Left) After the bulk of the guests have drifted off, the hardcore remnants naturally drift to the bar, now abandoned by the staff who have fled for their lives; (below) at the sight of an untended beer pump Craigho can't restrain himself



Additional photos by Artemis Scarheart



(Above) Tim Eyre leaps into the breach with an impromptu account of a recent visit to America Samoa; (right) Eugenie does the same on the subject of George IV's secret wife; (left) Gary Prooth (r) and Scarheart



Mrs Fitzherbert & GEORGE IV

By Eugenie Rhodes

MARIA SMYTHE, as was the maiden name of the woman who was to prove the greatest love of George IV's life, was born in 1756 into the gentry and into a devoutly Roman Catholic family that originally hailed from the north of England. One of her ancestors had been created a baronet by Charles II for his services to the Royalist cause. A century later, by the time of Maria's birth, to be "Papist" was to be viewed by the establishment with a jaundiced eye. A suspicion lurked that Catholics were Jacobites, followers of the Catholic Stuart Pretender over the water, rather than staunch supporters of the Protestant house of Hanover currently on the throne of Great Britain. Catholics were forbidden to hold positions of rank in the army and navy (in the 18th century it was impossible to be



Mrs Fitzherbert, painted by Joshua Reynolds c. 1788

an officer and a gentleman and a Catholic under the Union Flag). Her Catholicism was central to shaping the whole of Maria's life.

She was educated at a convent in France, and when she returned home suitors were quick to present themselves. She was beautiful, she

was kind, she was vivacious and unaffected in her manner and she had a sunny disposition. At 18 she was married, an arranged marriage, to a Mr Weld, a man significantly her senior. Three months later her husband died in a riding accident. After three years Mrs Weld remarried, this time to a man only ten years older. Evidence

has recently come to light suggesting they may have had a child who died very young.

By the age of 28 Maria was a widow once again. She was now a well-known figure in society, with an abundant income and noted looks. "The lovely Mrs Fitzherbert" was how society columnists described her. She had a voluptuous figure, a fresh complexion and waist-length, luxuriant golden tresses which, despite the fashion of the time, she wore unpowdered. (Mrs Fitzherbert refused to allow Gainsborough

to complete her portrait when she realised he had given her a wig.) However, "Perfection is for the gods": Maria's one physical flaw was an extremely long and unattractively-shaped nose, though in the more flattering pictures of her the portraitists see it through rose-tinted glasses.

It was said that she caught the Prince of Wales's attention at the theatre and that he followed her home in his carriage. The Prince was 22, still slim and handsome, elegant, musical, artistic and a connoisseur of distinction. When he chose, "The First Gentleman in Europe" had the most charming manners, and an Irishman waxed lyrical over the poetic grace of Prinny's bows. "You would have thought he was born bowing," he gushed. The Prince was always supportive and tender towards his sisters, who maintained that his heart was basically good but that he had been spoiled by flattery and sycophancy. He adored women and they flocked to him. It was alleged that 200 locks of hair were found in his possession when he died, tributes of devotion from the fair sex.

Mrs Fitzherbert was as virtuous as her strict upbringing demanded. While she was flattered by his wooing she had no intention of taking it seriously or of becoming his mistress. Just as Bianca Jagger made herself irresistible to indulged sex god Mick, by refusing to see him if it meant cancelling her hairdresser's appointment, so



The Prince Regent, painted by Thomas Lawrence in 1816

In this 1806 cartoon, Gillray shows Charles Fox, a champion of religious freedom, ill in an armchair. On one side is Mrs Fitzherbert, dressed as an abbess and holding a rosary, on the other side a bishop. In front of Fox, the Prince of Wales holds his handkerchief to his face. Sheridan admonishes the bishop that Catholic emancipation is not possible.





George's extravagant indulgence, Brighton Pavilion. Maria lived conveniently nearby in Steine House from 1801

Maria's elusiveness inflamed the spoiled prince's passion. The more she resisted, the more he pursued. He even faked a suicide attempt as a ruse to get her into bed. At this point Mrs Fitzherbert decided enough was enough and fled abroad, intending to remain there until her suitor had forgotten her. Instead he wrote to her, copiously, pages and pages, telling her she meant everything to him and he could not live without her. After a year, Maria was worn down and agreed to a secret morganatic marriage—one that was null and void under British constitutional law but valid in the eyes of Maria's church.

Under Maria's influence, Pranny became more

Miniature of Mrs Fitzherbert, c. 1789, by Richard Cosway, for a while George IV's Principal Painter. The Duke of Wellington said he saw another Cosway miniature of Maria around the King's neck on his deathbed, which was buried with him



temperate, drank, swore and gambled less—but, alas, the temperance was only a matter of degree. The spendthrift, sybaritic Prince was ruinously in debt. In a similar manner to modern Greece being extended credit in return for austerity, so the Prince was promised that his debts would be settled in exchange for marriage to a German princess, Caroline of Brunswick.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, the desperate Pranny agreed.

The marriage was a disaster. When he first saw his fiancée, the Prince's heart sank to his boots and he said to his equerry, "Fetch me a glass of brandy." The couple separated at the earliest possible convenience.

The Prince's thoughts turned once more to "the wife of my heart" and he was mustard keen to be reunited with Maria. She loved him and longed

to be with him. She asked the Pope to guide her and the Pope said that it was her duty to return to her husband. "Those eight years were the happiest of my life," was Mrs Fitzherbert's retrospective view of the period 1800–1808.

Despite the Prince's warm feelings for Maria he was incapable of physical fidelity. Her most serious rival previously had been Lady Jersey; now it was the Marchioness of Hartford. The Prince was thrown into her company during a law suit in which Mrs Fitzherbert sought to adopt young Minnie Seymour. She was later to say, "The case gained me a daughter but lost me a husband."

The Prince of Wales broke off with her brutally—an unpleasant trait of his was to end his affairs harshly. Mrs Fitzherbert spent most of her twilight years in Brighton, a place she helped to popularise and where she was cherished for her kindness and good deeds. She lived to see Catholic emancipation, the Prince become

Regent and then King, and also the death of his sole heir, Princess Charlotte. Aged over 80, immensely long in the tooth by the standards of the day, and still possessing "traces of great beauty", she died in the reign of George IV's successor, William IV, shortly before Victoria's accession to the throne.

But their love story had a bitter-sweet final note. The Duke of Wellington, who had been guarding the late King's body in an open coffin, observed a black silk ribbon around George's neck. His curiosity piqued, he pulled it out from under the King's shirt and saw the ribbon had attached to it a miniature of Mrs Fitzherbert. When Maria heard this she wept. In the early days of their romance Pranny had pledged to Maria he would always wear her portrait next to his heart as a symbol of his eternal love for her.

The Banqueting Room from John Nash's *Views of the Royal Pavilion* (1826). On the right side of the table can be seen George IV, centre, and, at the end, Nash himself



An Englishman in American Samoa

By Dr Tim Eyre



THE SAMOAN ISLANDS lie sprinkled in the centre of the South Pacific Ocean, halfway between New Zealand and Hawai'i. I enjoy travelling to remote destinations but in over twenty years of globetrotting I have never made it as far as the Pacific islands. Therefore I was delighted when my job took me there last August.

When I started planning my trip I was interested to learn that there are two Samoas. The islands were split into two jurisdictions at the Tripartite Convention of 1899, with Germany taking the western islands and the United States taking the eastern islands. In this set of negotiations, the United Kingdom surrendered all rights in the Samoan islands in return for German possessions in Africa and elsewhere in the Pacific. When the First World War broke out, New Zealand seized the western Samoan islands from German control at Britain's request. These islands remained a colony of New Zealand until 1962 when they became an independent state called Western Samoa. In 1997 the Western Samoan government amended the nation's constitution to change the country's name to the Independent State of Samoa. The sovereignty of the eastern Samoan islands has been somewhat simpler, having remained a possession of the United States since 1899. They are known as American Samoa and, as an

"unincorporated territory" of the United States, they have a status similar to that held by Saint Helena or Gibraltar in relation to Britain. It was American Samoa that I was to visit, stopping off in the Independent State of Samoa along the way. American Samoa is smaller than its western neighbour, having a population of around 56,000 as compared to the Independent State's 194,000 souls.

My travel arrangements were necessarily elaborate. I had a choice of flying west via Hawai'i or east via New Zealand. I chose the eastern route because it was more exotic and also cheaper. My flight to Auckland in New Zealand included a stopover of a couple of hours at Hong Kong airport. I arrived in Auckland first thing in the morning and I was not to continue my journey until late evening so I took a bus from the airport to the centre of Auckland and did some sightseeing. I was lucky enough to have beautiful weather despite it being late winter in Auckland. The colonial houses were charming and I saw some stunning views, especially from Mount Victoria in Devonport.

Come evening, I flew from Auckland to Faleolo International Airport in the Independent State of Samoa. From here I shared a taxi with two Kiwi air conditioning engineers for the twenty mile journey to my hotel. I arrived in the early hours of Saturday

morning, having not slept in a bed since the previous Wednesday. It was with great relief that I lay down, but of course a full twelve hours of jet lag meant that I struggled to sleep at all.

My hotel was called the Insel Fehmarn and it stood near to the small airport at Fagali'i from which I was to fly to American Samoa. The name Insel Fehmarn has a Germanic rather than Samoan ring to it and indeed, it was founded by a Samoan ethnic German called Fritz J. Kruse II on land bequeathed to him by his Grandfather Fritz J. Kruse I. The name of the hotel originates from a terrible storm that hit the German island of Fehmarn in the Baltic Sea in November 1872. Fritz J. Kruse I was only thirteen years old when he saw his family washed away by the tempest. He survived by clinging to a fragment of the roof of their house and was washed out to sea, where he was rescued by a French brig the next day. The boy's bravery became a national sensation and Kaiser Wilhelm I ordered that the boy should be trained by the German Navy. Kruse I's

naval career eventually took him to the Samoan islands, where he settled and now has a large number of descendents.

Chilly Baltic storms were far from my mind as the yellow light of dawn crept over the verdant landscape. At breakfast one of the servers said, "Welcome to paradise". Normally this would have sounded trite but here I felt that I was in a place that truly warranted the cliché. I set out to explore the area around my hotel before my lunchtime flight to American Samoa. I walked for a couple of hours along quiet roads that ran through lush vegetation. I noticed that Samoan houses had a strong emphasis on openness and outdoor space, with large verandahs and gardens. Traditional Samoan buildings are called *fale* and are characterised by an oval shape, with no walls and a domed roof. This makes perfect sense in the warm, wet climate. I was fortunate enough to be there in the dry season, so I walked in warm sunshine.

The check-in desk at Fagali'i airport was an informal outdoor affair. Here I was required to



The only way to get to American Samoa: a 19-seat Twin Otter

stand on a scale to be weighed along with my luggage. The twin reasons for this soon became clear. Firstly, the plane was a small 19-seat Twin Otter. Secondly, some Samoans are very large indeed, with obesity being a serious health problem in the islands. The woman in front of me was so large that she not only overlapped her seat but actually reached the seat on the other side of the gangway. She held lovingly a small child that yelled angrily for the entire duration of the 30-minute journey. This sounds like a flight from Hell but in fact it was quite the reverse for I witnessed no fewer than four marvels. First was the miracle of flight: I had travelled to the far side of the world in a couple of days when within living memory it would have taken weeks. Second was the heartbreaking beauty of the islands that sat in the ocean below me. Third was the unconditional love of a mother for her child. Fourth was the fact that I had departed on a Saturday and was to arrive the previous Friday.

The International Date Line runs between the two Samoas. Prior to 2011, they were both twelve hours behind Greenwich Mean Time. However, the Independent State of Samoa found that New Zealand and Australia were becoming increasingly important as trade partners. The government decided to omit Thursday 30 December 2011 from their calendar altogether and put themselves three hours ahead of Auckland. Therefore I was to gain a day when I crossed from Fagali'i airport to American Samoa's airport, which goes by the

name of Pago Pago.

Pago Pago is pronounced roughly *Pahngo Pahngo* in Samoan. There is a story that the Western spelling came about because the 19th-century missionaries brought an insufficient quantity of letter "n"s with them for use in the hand-presses that they used to print their translations of the Bible. This shortage was a consequence of the fact that in the Samoan language the sound "a" is always followed by a nasal "n". As such, the missionaries decided to make the nasal "n" after "a" implicit and the territory's capital has been widely mispronounced by foreigners ever since. Pago Pago is situated on the island of Tutuila, which is the largest of the American Samoan islands. Pago Pago has an excellent natural deep-water harbour and it was this that originally attracted the Americans to the island.

As the morbidly obese taxi driver took me to my hotel, I marvelled at the landscape. Pago Pago harbour is formed by a partially submerged volcanic crater, with steep mountains rising directly out of the ocean. The mountains are covered in tropical rainforest with barely space for the coastal road, where signs indicate tsunami escape routes. These are important in the light of the devastating earthquake and tsunami that hit the Samoas in September 2009. I saw evidence of the destruction wreaked by that tsunami during my stay.

My hotel was called Sadie's by the Sea, a partner hotel to the Sadie Thompson Inn

Restored Second World War naval guns at Blunts Point



A traditional Samoan fale

further along the coast. Sadie Thompson is a character in W. Somerset Maugham's short story *Rain*. The story is set in American Samoa, mostly in the building that is now occupied by the Sadie Thompson Inn. It was here that Miss Thompson attracted the invidious attention of a missionary by entertaining sailors in her room. Although I did not stay at the Sadie Thompson Inn, I did eat there on a couple of occasions.

Sadie's by the Sea was a delightful place to stay. Although it was not especially luxurious (it was firmly a three star establishment), I had a large room that looked out over the blue water of Pago Pago harbour to the green mountains beyond. I could be in no doubt that I was in the South Pacific. The hotel had a palm-fringed private beach of white sand and the clear ocean water was warmer than that in the hotel's swimming pool. Most beaches in the Samoas are private because the Samoan notion of land tenure is different from that in the West. Land is held communally by an extended family (known as an *'aiga* in Samoan) and, unlike in many countries, beaches are not considered to be public land.

Having arrived on a Friday, I had the whole weekend to myself before I commenced my duties the following Monday. I spent Saturday hiking up to the summit of Mount Alava. Several radio antennae are located on this mountain and prior to 1980 these were accessed by means of a cable car that ran across Pago Pago harbour to the summit of the mountain. Tragically, in 1980 a United States Navy plane

struck the cable and crashed into a hotel killing all six of the plane's crew and two of the hotel's guests. The cable car has been out of use ever since. The antennae are now accessed by means of a jeep track that winds through the mountains up to the summit. This makes an excellent hiking trail, passing through dense rainforest for about three miles. For most of the way the vegetation blocks the views but there are some lookout points and the view from the summit was spectacular: Pago Pago harbour was even more impressive when seen from above; to the west I could see over to Matafao Peak, Tutuila's highest point at 2,142 feet; and to the east I could see the Rainmaker Mountain, so called because it is said to cause clouds to shed their load and indeed it receives around 200 inches of rain a year. At the top of Mount Alava I rested in the shade of the cement *fale* that had been built there and signed the visitor's book. Some locals had made the same trek and were eating a picnic under the *fale*. I chatted with them for a while and later they gave me a lift back to my hotel.

Walking through the rainforest was preferable to walking through the local streets. The streets of American Samoa are rendered somewhat hazardous by the presence of feral dogs. The dogs are mostly in poor condition and the locals warned me that they do bite. I took care to avoid confrontation with them; fortunately I was never forced to take steps to defend myself. Some of the canines are semi-domesticated in that the Samoans use them as guard dogs for their

houses. I can attest to the effectiveness of these guard dogs; once I had completed the Mount Alava trail I was forced to abandon a walk into the village of Fagasa because a dog outside a house on the edge of the village made it quite clear that I was unwelcome. In the Independent State of Samoa, feral dogs are enough of a problem that people leave their rubbish in special raised receptacles.

I spent much of the Sunday preparing for my work the following week. However, in the afternoon I took a walk around the harbour. This took me past the site of a tuna cannery, which is American Samoa's main industry. I saw fishing vessels that were far larger than I had ever imagined a fishing boat might be. They docked in Pago Pago harbour close to my hotel. As I passed the dock I saw fishing nets piled in great mounds a dozen or so yards high. As a result, high quality tuna is readily available in American Samoa. I was pleased but not surprised when I ordered sushi at a local restaurant and was served with eight pieces of the most delicious tuna *nigiri* I have ever tasted or expect to taste.

Come Monday it was time for me to start work. My duties were not arduous; I was lecturing on telephone number analysis in my capacity as a telecommunications engineer. My students were hospitable, taking me out for lunch each day and presenting me with several gifts on my departure. This provided me with an excellent opportunity to meet and interact with the locals, something that is denied to most tourists. Each morning before class I went for a swim in the warm Pacific Ocean. Towards the end of my stay I rented some snorkelling equipment and so I was able to marvel at the abundant marine wildlife.

Some of my students wore *lava-lava*, the traditional Samoan garment that is somewhat

like a sarong, being a rectangle of cloth worn around the waist like a kilt. *Lava-lava* are worn by both men and women and, being well-suited to the humid climate, are in common everyday use. Some *lava-lava* are patterned with bright colours. Others are more formal and produced in restrained colours with buckles to secure them. I bought a formal *lava-lava* as a souvenir, although given my small stature in comparison to most Samoans I had to try several shops before I found one small enough for me.

I still had a couple of hours of daylight left each day after my lectures finished so I was able to go exploring. One evening I took a local bus across the island to the village of Leone. The buses on American Samoa are quite distinctive, with colourful paintwork, brightly decorated wooden interiors and powerful sound systems that play Samoan music. I noticed that some Samoans carried coins wedged in their ears. I later learned that this was because *lava-lava* do not have pockets so the ear makes a handy place to carry change for the bus. The local currency in American Samoa is the United States dollar whereas the Independent State of Samoa uses its own currency called the Tala. In Leone I saw an impressive white church glowing in the sunset. I could not linger because in American Samoa buses stop running at dusk. However, this was no great loss because watching Samoan life from the bus windows was fascinating.

On another excursion I went to see some heavy guns that date back to the Second World War. In 1941 the Americans mounted naval guns around Pago Pago harbour to defend it from Japanese forces. The guns at Blunts Point have been restored and were within walking distance of my hotel. Not only were the guns themselves interesting, the elevated location provided excellent views over the harbour.

The coat of arms of German Samoa and (opposite) American Samoa



I was lucky enough to visit the site on an evening when the locals were practicing longboat racing so I was able to watch the boats glide over the blue water from my vantage point. I heard that there are similar guns on the other side of the harbour at Breakers Point but I did not have time to visit them.

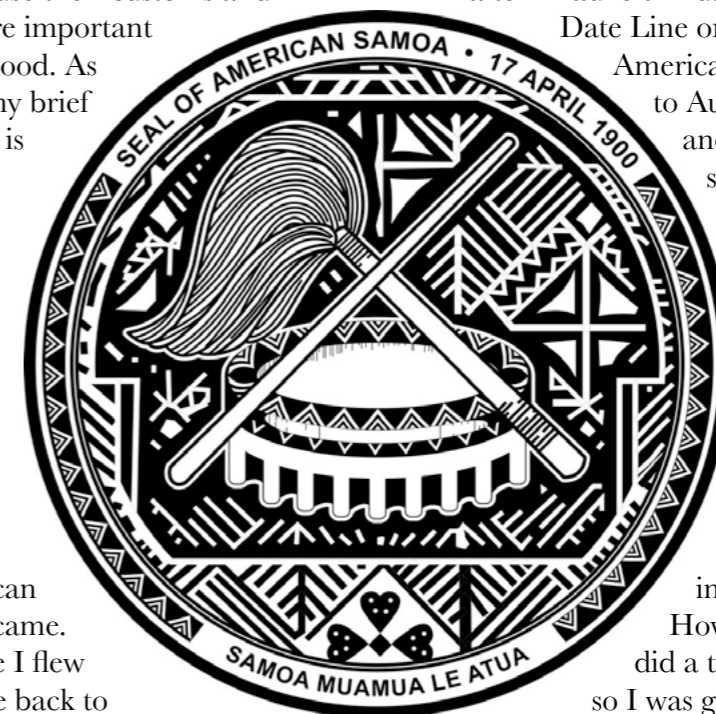
However, American Samoa is not really notable for specific sights. Apart from the stunning scenery, the most interesting aspect of American Samoa is the culture. Naturally, I was not able to become intimately familiar with Samoan culture in the course of a one-week stay but I did catch a small flavour of it. Samoans refer to their culture as the *fa'a Samoa* or Samoan way. A local told me that the fact that their traditional territory is split into two political units is not a serious issue to the Samoan people because their customs and traditions are far more important to them than nationhood. As far as I could tell in my brief visit, Samoan culture is alive and well. It was by no means obvious that the island was officially part of the United States, with the road signs and currency being the main clues.

As the reader might be able to imagine, I was not eager to leave American Samoa when Friday came. With some reluctance I flew in a Twin Otter plane back to the Independent State of Samoa, landing a day later on Saturday at around five o'clock in the afternoon. My flight to Auckland was not until the early hours of the morning so I took a taxi to the capital city of Apia to look around. In the centre of Apia stands a clock tower, erected as a memorial to the Samoans that died in the First World War. This acts as a hub for the city. Being Saturday evening, the streets were quiet as I explored. I was surprised to encounter a bingo supplies shop in a prime retail location; apparently bingo is a popular form of entertainment in Samoa.

Having exhausted the sights of the town,

I wandered along the shoreline, admiring the ocean as it darkened in the dusk. A longboat slid across the water, the coordinated shouts of the paddlers reaching me over the calm water. As I passed a restaurant a Samoan woman hailed me and invited me to join her, her grown-up daughter and her friend for some drinks. I did so and passed an enjoyable evening before taking a taxi to the international airport. My taxi driver told me that he was a Mormon and therefore could not partake in the national pastime of bingo. Samoa is a strongly Christian country, having been converted by missionaries of various denominations in the nineteenth century. Indeed, the Independent State of Samoa's motto is "Samoa is founded on God".

As the clock passed midnight at the airport I found myself in Sunday, only seven hours after I had left Friday at the International Date Line on my flight over from



American Samoa. I flew to Auckland overnight and did another day's sightseeing, this time taking a ten-mile walking route from the waterfront in the centre of Auckland to Onehunga on the Tasman sea. The route took me through a sequence of attractive parks and offered some impressive views.

However, as dusk fell so did a torrential downpour so I was glad to board the bus back to the airport for the twenty-five hour flight back to London. The flight went via Los Angeles, so I crossed the International Date Line for a third time.

American Samoa is a remote place of rare beauty and I consider myself extremely lucky to have been able to visit the place at no expense to myself. I am not sure I can recommend it as a holiday destination for Europeans simply because almost literally everywhere else in the world (including the South Pole) is closer. However, if you are in the region or have a specific interest in Polynesian culture then it is a truly remarkable place to visit.



The Perils of Eternal Youth

OUR MONDAY EVENING Film Night screening for January was the 1945 version of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. The film still seems to be unavailable on Region 2 DVD but we managed to get hold of an all-region disc from the Orient (the box text is in Chinese characters but fortunately the film had not been dubbed into Mandarin).

Based on Oscar Wilde's 1891 novel, the film concerns a young, handsome, affable but slightly naive young man, Dorian Gray. While posing for a portrait he is visited by his friend Lord Henry Wotton, who opines that the only life worth living is one dedicated entirely to pleasure, without commitment to others. Moreover, armed with his youth and beauty, Dorian can have anything he desires. Dorian is persuaded, and declares that he wished his new portrait would grow old instead of him. He happens to voice this wish in the presence of a statue of an Egyptian deity...

Dorian embarks on a career of hedonism, breaking off an engagement to a young singer at Lord Henry's suggestion. Even when the spurned woman commits suicide, he adopts an air of indifference, heading straight off to the opera. But when he returns he notices that his portrait does indeed seem to have grown older, uglier and sterner. So he locks it away and



(Above) Mrs H. expounds on the "before" painting of Gray; (below, left to right) Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders and director Albert Lewin on set



forbids anyone to look at it. As the years pass, Dorian himself does not age, but the painting locked in the old nursery grows so shockingly corrupted that Dorian even resorts to murder to keep it a secret.

Dorian is played by Hurd Hatfield and Sibyl the singer by Angela Lansbury. But the star has to be George Sanders as Lord Henry, a masterful study of caddish charm and silver-tongued wickedness. However, as the story progresses it becomes clear that Wotton merely poses as a cynical hedonist for the amusement of himself and his circle—in Dorian he has, wittingly or unwittingly, created the real thing.

The film is shot mostly in black and white (for which it won an Oscar) apart from two colour shots of the portrait itself. As a bonus, Mrs H. gave us a brief talk on the two paintings commissioned as props for the film, one of the young handsome Dorian, by Henrique Medina (1901–1988), a successful society portrait artist from Portugal who also worked in Paris, London and Rome, and the other, far more bizarre painting of the old, corrupted Dorian, by Ivan Le Lorraine Albright (1897–1983). For a transcript of this talk see oppsite.

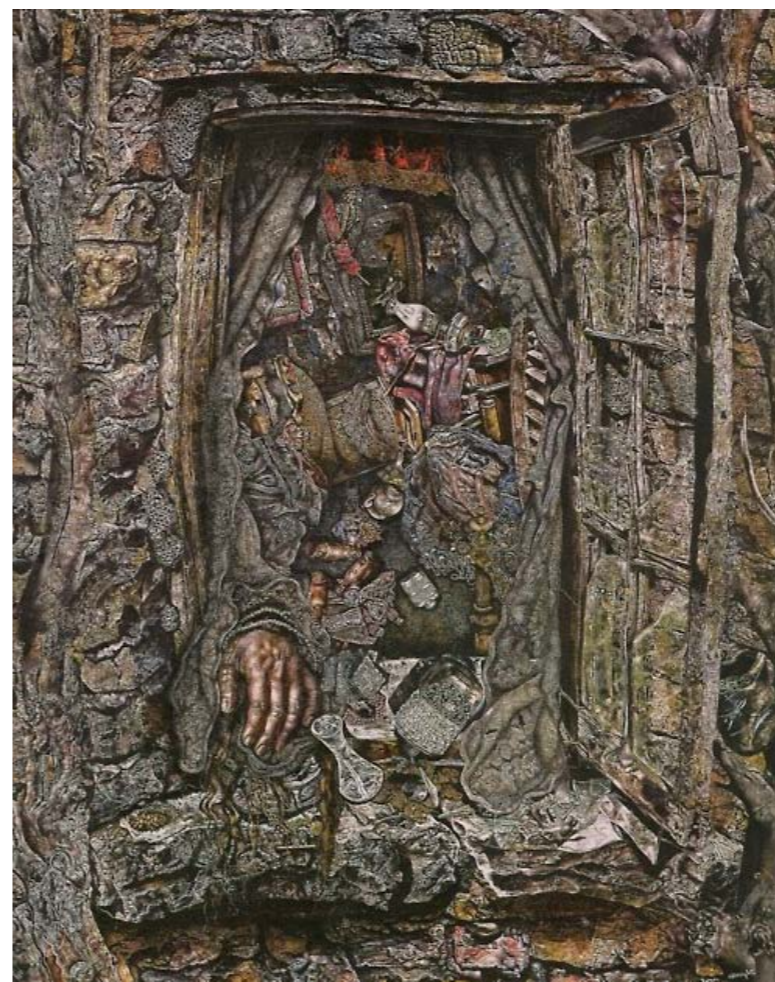


Pictures of Dorian Gray

Being a very brief investigation by Mrs H. of the painters who were given the task of creating the eponymous artwork for the 1945 Hollywood version of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

GOOGLE OFTEN INTRODUCES us to some unexpected but fascinating characters and Ivan Le Lorraine Albright is one such. Born in Illinois in 1897 he is not familiar to UK art lovers, perhaps because very few of his works seem to be in public collections here (I found only one sculpture on the Tate website). He had a twin brother, Malvin Marr, and their father was a landscape painter who gave all his sons middle names after admired artists, perhaps as encouragement to follow in his profession. One son (middle name Murillo) seems to have been the white sheep of the family and became a businessman, but Ivan and Malvin went to the

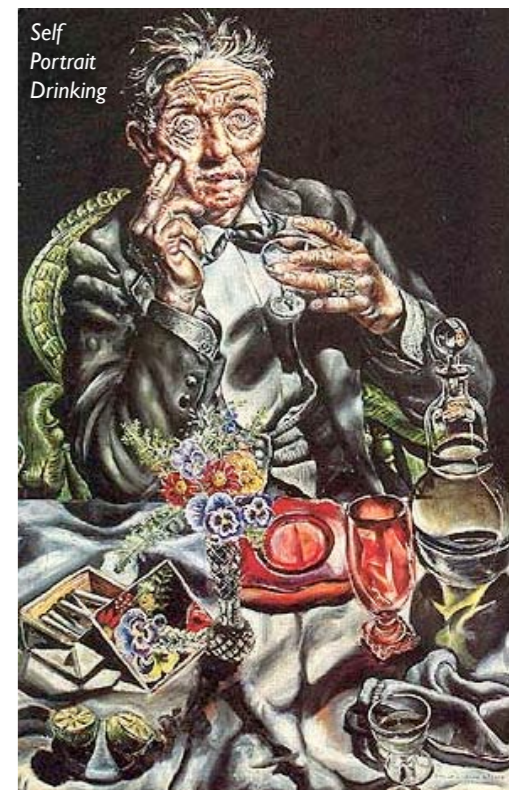
Poor Room... (1942–3, 1948–55 and 1957–63)



Art Institute of Chicago. The story goes that they decided on the flip of a coin which of them should study sculpture and which painting.

Both seem to have practised both skills, though Malvin is better known as a sculptor and Ivan as a painter. Ivan had a meticulous technique involving very fine brushes, which he used to produce images of intricate detail and texture. Single paintings took years of work and were named only on completion, for example, *Poor Room—There is No Time, No End, No Today, No Yesterday, No Tomorrow, Only the Forever, and Forever and Forever Without End (The Window)*, the dates of which tell you plenty about his attitude, too: 1942–3, 1948–55 and 1957–63.

Partly because they took so long to make Ivan was possessive of his works and charged very high prices for them, many times what other artists were asking even in the midst of the Depression. He said he was as good as any Old Master, so deserved Old Master money. Not surprisingly he sold very little and survived on the support of his father and the odd carpentering job. Nevertheless he was prolific, working as a printer and engraver as well as a painter, and by the 1940s had a reputation for his technical skill and the macabre quality of his





(Left) Self portrait by Henrique Medina; (above) Medina's "before" painting of Hatfield; (below) the sneering version, presumably by Medina too



first painting was altered. For one thing, the smirking Dorian looks very much in Medina's style, and he could have made a second version. For another, a painting used in the film was apparently sold at the MGM studio sale (probably in 1970) for \$25,000 and given by a friend to Hatfield, who is unlikely to have been given any but the first version. After Hatfield's death in Ireland in 1997 his painting was sold and I have not been able to find out any more on its whereabouts.

According to the *Life* magazine article both Albright brothers were hired to produce art for



Bust of Albright by Siegenthaler

the film and for research "made the rounds of the local insane asylums, alcoholic wards and hospitals for the incurably diseased". (The article is generally keen to present the artists as Addams Family-style freaks.) Photographs published in *Life* seem to show them at work on at least two portraits, using mannequins as models. Confusingly, in the case of the "uncorrupted" portrait, these photos show what appears to be yet another version, close to the pose of Medina's work (with Dorian looking upwards to the right rather than straight at the viewer) but in yet another style. This (and the sketch of Dorian's head seen early in the film) may have been a prop made by an MGM studio artist, perhaps specially for the *Life* shoot. It seems any work by Malvin Albright was never used.

What we do know is that Ivan Albright received the credit for the final portrait of Dorian's corrupted soul that is seen in the film. The rights to show it were bought from Albright by MGM for \$75,000 but the painting continued in his ownership and he eventually gave it to The Art Institute of Chicago, which also holds Albright's archive and organized a solo show of his work in 1997, the centenary of his birth.

Although the film attributes "portraits" of Dorian Gray to both Medina and Albright, there seems no reason to suspect that the latter made more than one painting. A photograph found online suggests the possibility of at least one transitional image, but this might have been achieved by layering one picture over another photographically—and in the film the portrait's return to its original state is done with a blur effect. Albright painted almost up to his death in 1983 (Malvin apparently died in the same year) and some of his self-portraits give an idea of his technique and continued focus on flesh and its mutability. A three-dimensional portrait of



Photos from the *Life* magazine shoot seem to show both brothers working on the "after" painting (below) and also an alternative version of the "before" painting, which may have been made by a studio artist, possible just for the shoot



Film Night: *Dodsworth* (1936)

7pm, Monday 18th February
The Tea House Theatre, 139
Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL

Despite being nominated for seven Oscars (winning one), *Dodsworth* is strangely little-known these days. I only stumbled across it while searching IMDB.com for films set on ocean liners (I wanted footage to project at a themed party), and was unexpectedly moved by it. IMDB users, incidentally, give it an impressive rating of 8.1 out of 10.

I offer it at this time partly as a nod to St Valentine's Day, but if you assume a 1936 love story will be a sugary fantasy, screwball comedy or song-and-dance revue then think again. It offers a surprisingly adult reflection on mature love, marriage and what we are entitled to expect out of life.

The story begins with a successful industrialist in a small Midwestern town having just taken the decision to sell up and retire, following his wife's desire just to travel and have fun. She argues that he's earned it; his friends argue that Midwestern industrialists are supposed to keep going till they drop: to stop working is almost un-American. They feel his wife just believes she's too good for their small town and wants to get out into wider society while she still has her looks.

No sooner do they embark on a voyage to Europe than his wife starts flirting with other men. It's as if "Europe" is a dangerous Otherworld of moral laxity but also new

possibilities. Walter Huston gives a quiet, nuanced performance of a man trying to deny his wife's infidelities in the face of mounting evidence, and the cast also includes David Niven as a charming cad and Mary Astor as the kind of worldly, self-assured woman *Dodsworth* has never met before.



The final "after" painting as seen in the film

Albright by American sculptor Joseph Siegenthaler is an aptly flesh-creeping tribute to his continued influence.

Finally, an NSC audience might be particularly interested in one other work (left) that Albright produced during his time on the film, perhaps the first "movie tie-in"...



We Are the Holly Men...

On Twelfth Night, which fell on Sunday 6th January, our own Callum Coates donned a bizarre costume to play the role of St George in an annual pageant of ancient midwinter celebration and spectacle. The fun started outside the Globe Theatre on London's Bankside, as the Holly Man (the winter guise of the pagan figure the Green Man) was rowed ashore. A "wassail", or toast, was offered to the people, the River Thames and the Globe (an old tradition to encourage good growth) with the London Town Crier. The Mummers then performed a "freestyle" St George folk play, featuring traditional characters such as Turkey Sniper, Clever Legs, the Old 'Oss and St George himself. The play is full of wild verse and boisterous action, a time-honoured part of the season recorded since the Crusades. Cakes were then distributed to the crowd with a bean and a pea hidden in two of them. The lucky members of the public to find these were crowned King Bean and Queen Pea for the day. The throng then processed through the streets before squeezing into the courtyard of the historic George Inn in Southwark for storytelling, folk dancing and the Kissing Wishing Tree.

This is the 19th time that Callum has played the role—indeed we discovered that the yellowing strips of newspaper that occasionally dropped from his costume were intriguing time capsules of what was in the news in 1994, almost as much as the festivities themselves were a look back into our nation's past...

Callum (on the right) as St George



No story is complete without an appearance by the Devil



The Holly Man is rowed ashore



All are encouraged to join in the Globe Wassail



King Bean and Queen Pea lead the procession



Tobacco Revisited

By Alfred Chapman

COULD THE CURRENT Prime Minister be a covert smoker with a penchant for flavoured cigarettes? The question will remain conjecture, but it is an interesting coincidence that talks of an in/out referendum on the EU come only a month after a directive proposal by the European Commission (in layman’s terms, a manifesto conjured by the Eurocrats in Brussels), that the manufacture, presentation and sale of tobacco as we know it should change.

In the summer of 2001, “Directive 2001/37/EC” was adopted. This described the European Community’s doctrine on the manufacture, presentation and sale of tobacco, tobacco products and the related essentials.

A decade later the topic is being revisited for the reason of harmonisation between the members of the European Community, and also to ensure that the future will not provide the general public with new tobacco products that evade the original policy. The revised view upon *Nicotiana*-related products, is

archived under the working title of “COM 2012 788” (you can read it at http://ec.europa.eu/health/tobacco/docs/com_2012_788_en.pdf) as it is still only a proposal and not yet an axiom. The nitty-gritty of this new proposal are changes to areas such as labelling and packaging, and a “track and trace” system at package level (does this mean that if one’s favourite package of dried leaves goes astray it can be found?). Interestingly, this system is already in place regarding packets of sweets...

The proposal also covers the sale of oral tobacco and novel tobacco products. Of these two, the first will possibly be of the greatest interest to the readers of this organ. “Oral tobacco” is moist tobacco, either loose or in teabag-like sachets, that is held under the user’s lip. In Sweden it is known as *snus*. Apparently, there has been a ban on selling this delightful victual since 1992 across the whole EU—apart from Sweden, which insisted on an exemption when it joined the EU in 1995. Mind you, we had no problem offering it in abundance at our infamous, tobacco-fuelled Last Gasper party, on the night before the ban on smoking in public places came into force in 2007. Under the new proposals the ban is to remain in place—in other words, there should be no problem acquiring snus in the foreseeable future. Lastly we have the novel tobacco products. This section contains products that were introduced post-2001. Which perhaps makes them superfluous to our discussion, as the category, being “novel”, would doubtless be



Basil has nothing to fear from the EU proposal (above) as long as scenes like the one on the left remain rare

were introduced post-2001. Which perhaps makes them superfluous to our discussion, as the category, being “novel”, would doubtless be

unknown to the readers of this periodical.

But what does this mean to you the reader, I hear you ask? Well, a major part of this proposal is to control the growing market for flavoured tobacco products, such as cigarettes flavoured with vanilla to mask the actual taste of the tobacco, aimed at wooing young people into taking up smoking. We should therefore be quite delighted that this proposal would be a clampdown on the “alco-pops” of the tobacco market. But of the 60-odd pages of the proposal, nothing is of greater importance than the exemptions. This is of particular concern for members of the public who enjoy a good, fragrant cloud of smoke. For the directive specifically exempts cigars, cigarillos and pipe tobacco from the ban on added flavouring.

Welcome as this is, one can’t help wondering what the logic of such a ruling might be. The proposal explains: “This exemption is justified considering that these products are mainly consumed by older consumers, while the focus of this proposal is to regulate tobacco products in such a way as they do not encourage young people to start using tobacco.” How very considerate! Mind you, when it becomes known among the citizenry that the exemptions provide not only more taste but also an air of maturity, many a teenybopper may well be swapping the menthol cigarettes for the flavoured cigarillos... (Sadly the proposal does allow for a rethink on these exemptions if the youth on the street start taking to pipe-smoking in droves.)

Regarding snuff, however, the news might well be more alarming. Even though one would assume that snuff also falls into the “mainly for oldies” category, it is not mentioned among the exemptions. Moreover, the wording does specifically say that the new rules are targeted at cigarettes, hand-rolling tobacco and smokeless tobacco products. And snuff is undeniably a smokeless tobacco product. Regarding shisha or water-pipes, which are typically used with highly-flavoured and sweetened tobacco, it all becomes rather cloudy, if you’ll excuse the pun. For there is no real mention of shisha tobacco,



Under the proposed directive, flavoured cigarettes like these Ziganovs above would be banned, while the fruit-flavoured cigarillos below would be legal. In the UK menthol, and perhaps clove, flavoured cigarettes have been around a long while but “child-friendly” flavours are still seldom seen



except that it is not a novelty tobacco product.

A phone call to top snuff merchants Wilson’s of Sharrow (who have kindly stocked the Snuff Bar at our parties in the past) revealed that they were unaware of this proposal, and indeed have only recently introduced some new flavours. Snuff sales have actually been steadily climbing for some years, but Wilson’s agreed that it was not something that the youth seemed to be taking to in any noticeable way.

Whether or not the Eurocrats are misocapnic remains to be seen. But as yet there seems to be no cause for mulligrubs, unless you are an ardent snuff fan. Nor will the market share of kinnikinnick rise dramatically! There now follows a debate in the European Parliament that most likely will not much change the content of the proposal, which is planned to be ratified in 2014. If passed through the European Parliament, it will be implemented throughout the Union around 2015 or 2016.

The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members orate as they libate

Gin is In

By David Bridgman-Smith

As 2013 progresses at a brisk pace, I think that it's fitting that I declare this annum the Year of the UK Gin Distillery!

Such a bold statement is backed up by the fact that three gin distilleries in London will have started production in a three month period at the beginning of the year. Another has just opened up in Harrington, near Northampton, another near Loch Lomond, and one is scheduled to start up in the Lake District before 2014 is upon us.

As if this wasn't enough, Bombay Sapphire will also be opening their new distillery, visitor centre and botanical garden just outside Winchester and, in what is perhaps the worst-kept secret in the drinks industry, Beefeater will open up their own visitor centre later in the year. There is even another distillery due to open, but my lips are sealed for fear of heinous repercussions!

To see the start of all this, we need to go back to 2009 and the London borough of Hammersmith, where the first of the new distilleries was opened, namely Sipsmith,

incorporating the first new copper still in London for 200 years. The chaps here set the scene for what is due to become an explosion (not literally, I hope) in British distilling. This was accompanied, almost to the week, by Ian Hart of Sacred Gin setting up his dining-room-come-chemistry-lab set-up in Highgate (complete with what I always imagine to be a couple of discarded Tesla coils).

Look to the west and you will find Chase in Herefordshire, famous for their vodka and three gins, one based on apple spirit, one on potato spirit and the third flavoured with orange. On the other side of the country, we have the brewer-distiller Adnams in Suffolk, who make two gins, the Cambridge Bespoke-Gin Distillery and the English Spirit Distillery, where Dr J makes his gin from sugar beets and five species of coriander.

Smack bang in the middle of this all is a distillery that I visited shortly after New Year's Day in the tiny village of Harrington, near Northampton: Warner Edwards. The gin and distillery is a combination of efforts by Tom Edwards and Sion Warner, old friends from agricultural college.

The distillery is situated in an old barn on Falls Farm, so named after the cultivated terraces in the lower fields; these are the only surviving indicators of a once grand medieval manor house and estate. Due to its historical significance, the grounds can only be used to graze livestock (in this case, pigs). Natural springs feed the lakes which would have supplied the house with water centuries ago and where today the water to distill and dilute Warner Edwards gin comes from.

It's all well and good to talk about gin, but the taste is even more important. Here are some drinks inspired by some of these great craft gins.

Sacred Sazerac

25ml Sacred gin
25ml Cognac

3 dashes Peychaud's Bitters
Stir with ice and strain into in an absinthe-rinsed tumbler

I'd not had a Sazerac made with gin before (it's usually made with American whiskey, cognac or a combination of the two); this used a combination of gin and Cognac. The result is quite pleasant, with the sweet, woody notes coming through at the end and complementing the absinthe and Peychaud's quite well. For a slightly cleaner drink, that is just as good, I recommend forgoing the inclusion of Cognac in the recipe.



A Sacred Sazerac (left) and a Chase Winter Cup

Chase Winter Cup

40ml Chase Great British Gin
20ml red vermouth
10ml ginger wine
150ml ginger ale
Build in a highball glass with ice

Chase GB already has quite a few spicy notes (nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger, cloves), and so a winter cup seemed like a logical choice for a cocktail. I used ginger ale instead of lemonade to lengthen it, making it less sweet and a little spicier. The result is excellent—plenty of warm winter spice, accompanied by a little sweetness, but refreshing, too. Simple to make, enjoyable to drink.

Northampton Negroni

25ml Warner Edwards gin
25ml Campari
25ml red vermouth
5ml Bottlegreen Elderflower Cordial
5ml lemon juice

Build in a glass with ice and stir gently

This gin makes a pretty good Negroni anyway, but, with this small twist, a greater depth of flavour is revealed. The cordial complements the elderflower botanical in the gin, whilst the zip of the lemon stops the drink from becoming too sweet. Intensely herbal and spicy, this has notes of warm spice, green pine, and sweet and spicy cardamom on the finish.

Adnams Aperitif (Reverse Martini)

2 parts dry vermouth
1 part Adnams First Rate gin
Shake the ingredients with ice and strain into a cocktail glass

Quite a spicy drink, with the vermouth bringing out the more herbal elements of the gin; hints of cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger, as well as the juniper. Clean, crisp and raising to the appetite, this would be perfectly fitting as a before-dinner cocktail.

This was only a very brief overview of what's going on in the UK distilling scene at the moment, but things move quickly and, finally, the UK is starting to give the US (which has had a much longer history of craft distilling) a run for its money!

For more cocktail recipes, product reviews and musings on booze, see the New Sheridan Club's **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**



A Northampton Negroni (left) and an Adnams Aperitif



The author visiting the Warner Edwards distillery



Mr White goes South in Search of the James Caird

By Ian White

Well, not quite to the Antarctic, but South of the River. About two months after Mr Dorian Loveday's excellent talk on Tom Crean (See *Resign!* no.71) and his exploits with Shackleton, in comes my six-year-old daughter telling how they had been learning about Shackleton at school and how men got stuck in the ice and a party sailed off in a boat called James Caird to South Georgia in search of help and rescue. A copy of the Club's Newsletter is despatched with daughter to school.

Next thing, I am off on an expedition accompanying my daughter's class to the far reaches of Dulwich, alas not on a ship, but the P4 bus (though the South Circular can be an adventure on the high seas) with 30 six-year-olds

climbing over seats, teachers and a number of mums and me as helpers.

The James Caird is on display in Dulwich College, where we are treated to a talk by a college guide. We are shown two paintings of the *Endurance* hanging in the college, then the Union Jack flag that draped Shackleton's coffin, before being led into the room where the James Caird resides. It really does impress how such a small vessel could cross a mountainous sea. A good talk on the journey enthralled the children. We are also shown a suit the men wore when undertaking strenuous tasks such as hauling the boats over ice. Apparently if you wear too much when exerting yourself the perspiration on the skin freezes, so these suits were designed to block the wind but keep you at an even temperature.

Excited children are rounded up and returned to class and civilisation via another roller coaster P4 bus trip. Next stop for us: a family trip to the South Pole in the next year or so—I haven't been to the West Coast of Ireland and the beautiful Dingle peninsular where the South Pole pub that Tom Crean ran after he retired from adventuring is to be found, so what better excuse to go there? (And I've just learned of a current attempt to recreate Shackleton's journey: see www.shackletonpic.com.)

It just shows how the Club's talks play an interesting part in our lives!

P.S. On the subject of poles and pubs, I can recommend a North Pole nearer to home, just off the Canary Wharf area at 74 Manilla St, London, E14 8LG.



CLUB NOTES

Mysterious Hosiery Creates Club Socks

NEW BUGS MAY not be aware, but there is a Facebook group associated with this Club and it's always worth keeping an eye on it. Had you been doing so last month you would have seen Callum Coates draw our collective attention to some socks for sale on eBay that are, to all intents and purposes, NSC Club Socks. It's almost uncanny—it's the right shade of red, and it's not just grey but "metallic grey", exactly as on the Club Tie. Below you can see a pair being modelled by Oliver Lane. They are 100% cotton in a "chunky" knit and entirely British made.

Charles Tsua suggested that I might buy up the entire stock then sell them to Members at a mark-up, but I'm far too lazy for that, so you can buy them directly on eBay for £7 a pair plus £1.20 delivery. For size 9–12 click [here](#), for size 6–8.5 click [here](#).



New Members

IN A FEW days we apparently enter the Year of the Snake—or Year of the Black Water Snake, to be even more specific. And specificity is apt, as people born in Snake years are shrewd and perceptive, showing patience and attention to detail, but enigmatic and self-contained, often people of few words with a tendency toward stinginess. If all this sounds like the makings of a rubbish night out, then the New Sheridan Club is happy to offer up a slab of candid, convivial, oafish bonhomie to the following straightforward souls, all of whom have been wise enough to join up in the last month: Ben Champion, David Churm, Edward O'Callaghan, Eva-Marie Muller-Stuler and Alexander Andersen-Doig.



Caroline Lakin, who has wasted none of her seven days on earth, having already acquired an impressive duelling scar in Heidelberg

Births

CONGRATULATIONS TO ENSIGN POLYETHYL, aka Jessica Lakin, and hubby David, on the arrival of Caroline at 2.20am on 30th January (named, by archaeologist dad, after the regicide of King Charles I on the same date in 1649), at a fighting weight of 6lbs 8oz. It was a "dangerous delivery"—and Jessie extends her heartfelt thanks to the staff at King's College Hospital, London—but mother and baby are doing well and at least one of them is craving biscuits.



Forthcoming Events



BOTH OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS (🎩) AND THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

🎩 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 6th February
8pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Wednesdays 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th February
8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm and 8–9pm)

Scenes from the Shoreditch Vintage Fair



Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: £5 (£3.50 if you're in 1920s/1930s clobber) or £8 including a dance class; £12 including both.

Live swing jazz every Wednesday, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

Swing Cats Corner

Wednesday 6th February
7–11pm

Orford House Social Club, 73 Orford Road, London E17 9QR

Admission: £9 (£6 students/MU)

Swing dance teachers London Swing Cats offer their own night, teaching mainly 1940s style Lindy Hop. Beginners' class at 7.15, intermediate at 8.15, then general music and dancing till 11pm, with DJ Pat da Kat plus a special dance performance from the Sugar Dandies (*Britain's Got Talent* semi-finalists, apparently) showcasing their new Lindy Hop routine "Sailors". It's also teacher Claire's birthday, so come and celebrate, although I note that the venue has no bar, but you are welcome to bring your own booze.

The Guinea Club

Thursday 7th February
8pm

Bar Solo, 20 Inverness Street, London NW1 7HJ

Admission: Free

A night of traditional cabaret, hosted by NSC Member Anke Landau channelling Marlene Dietrich...

Shoreditch Vintage Fair

Saturday 9th February
Midday till 5pm

Shoreditch Town Hall, 380 Old Street London, Greater London EC1V 9LT

(020 7739 6176)

Admission: £2

Some 60 traders gather to peddle clothes, accessories, homewares, and jewellery from the 1940s to the 1980s (eek!). There is also a Vintage Tearoom by Teaspoon Events and a Vintage Beauty Parlour by Lipstick and

Curls, plus live performances. To keep up to date see the Facebook page.

Vintage Mini Makeovers

Saturday 9th February
10.30am–5.30pm

What Katie Did, 26 Portobello Green, 281 Portobello Road, London W10 5TZ

Admission: £10 for 15 minutes, including a £20 in-store voucher

Lipstick and Curls are managing to be in two places at once today (see above), here offering 15-minute slots at £10 a pop within vintage-style lingerie emporium What Katie Did. For your appointment you can choose from front of hair styling (victory rolls, waves and quiffs), back of hair styling (buns, pleats and twists), a mini-curling tutorial, a mini makeover (eyes, lips and blush) or a brow grooming session. Dial 0845 430 8743 to make an appointment. All customers get a £20 What Katie Did voucher to spend in store on that day only.

Spin-a-Disc

Monday 11th February
8–11pm

The Nag's Head, 9 Orford Road, Walthamstow Village, London E17 9LP

Admission: Free

A music night organised by

Auntie Maureen: you bring your favourite discs (33, 45 or 78 rpm) and she spins them. For more details email ask@auntieaureen.info.

The Candlelight Club: St Valentine's Day Massacre

Friday 15th and Saturday 16th February
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £15.75 in advance

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue



Scenes from last year's Candlelight Club St Valentine's Day Massacre, including (above) a table of NSC types





A scene from *Casablanca*, winner of the Oscar for Best Picture in 1944, and marking its 70th anniversary this year

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 17th February
11am–5pm (trade from 10am)
The Urdang, The Old Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, London EC1R 4RP
Admission: £4 (£10 trade before 11am)

Some 45 stalls offering vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s to the 1980s. There is also a

pop-up salon, tea room, alterations booth plus sometimes live entertainment too. More details at www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk.

 **NSC Film Night *Dodsworth* (1936)**

Monday 18th February
7pm–11pm
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)
Admission: Free

See page 18. We will start our screening at about 8pm and the Teahouse will be offering the usual range of alcoholic beverages and fine cakes.

The Candlelight Club: Stars of the Silver Screen

Saturday 23rd February
7pm–12am
A secret London location
Admission: £15.75 in advance
Dress: 1920s/1930s movie stars, Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

See previous page. This time it's the night before the Oscars ceremony, so we're saluting the golden age of Hollywood, with a menu of period cocktails featured in films or created in

completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism from the New Sheridan Club's own DJ MC Fruity. Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

This time it's a Valentine special: St Valentine is the patron saint of lovers, but his day, 14th February, is also the date in 1929 when a team of Al Capone's Chicago gangsters famously ambushed seven members of a rival gang and shot them all in the back. So our party will be celebrating both romance and organised crime, guns and roses (as it were), the tables scattered with petals and cartridge cases...

The Ric Rac Club presents **Be My Vintage Valentine**

Saturday 16th February
8pm–2am
The Blacksmith and the Toffemaker, 292–294 St John Street, London, EC1V 4PA
Admission: £6
Dress: Something red

The collective of ladies known as the Vintage Mafia present a Valentine's special party, with dancing tunes from the 1920s to the 1960s played by two guest DJs and the VM girls, plus the Ric Rac raffle, a special cocktail at a very special price and general fun and games.

honour of stars of the day, plus, as a nod to Sweet Sue and Her High-Society Syncopators in *Some Like It Hot*, an all-girl swing jazz band...

The Cat's Meow

Saturday 23rd February
8pm–2am
Guy's Bar, Boland House (downstairs), St Thomas Street, London SE1 9RT
Admission: £10 in advance, £12 on the door (£8 students)

A monthly swing night from London Swing Cats, this time featuring live music from vocal harmony and doo-wop outfit the Intelli-Gents, plus resident DJs Voodoo Doll and Jumpin' Jim, playing swing, rhythm and blues and other vintage dance tunes. The venue is close to London Bridge station and offers very reasonable bar prices. Doors open at 8pm and there is a taster dance class at 8.15.

The Piccadilly Dance Orchestra presents **Anything Goes!**

Tuesday 26th February
7–11.30pm
Café de Paris, 3–4 Conway Street, London W1D 6BL
Admission: £100
Dress: Black tie or period dress preferred

This regular event offers a three-course dinner (with half a bottle of wine included), cabaret and dancing to Michael Law's Piccadilly Dance Orchestra. The PDO receive high praise from the press, though I note with sadness that they describe their presentation of 1920s–1940s music as “free from undue nostalgia”, whatever that means. For more details and ticket purchase, see www.pdo.org.uk.

Casablanca the Event

Saturday 2nd March
Red carpet from 7pm
Silver Screen

Cinema, Guildhall St N, Folkestone, Kent CT20 1DY (01303 221230)
Admission: £30
Dress: Black tie/“Hollywood glamour”

A charity screening of *Casablanca* to mark the film's 70th anniversary, raising money for the Pilgrims Hospices in Kent. The first 60 tickets sold get a VIP reception and the first 200 get to go to an after-show party. You can buy tickets either from the cinema box office or by making a donation at www.justgiving.com/You-Must-Remember-This. There is a Facebook page for the event at www.facebook.com/casablancatheeventfolkestone.

Vintage Photo Booth

Sunday 3rd March
11am–5pm
Not entirely clear, though somewhere in London
Admission: £175

A collaboration between vintage styling team Lipstick and Curls and “pin-up” photographer Tony Nylons. You get a complete and make-up makeover, some tips and tricks on vintage styling for your chosen decade, then you get a photo session with the insalubrious-sounding Mr Nylon. At the end of the day you can choose four photos to take away with you. They are happy doing individuals, couples or groups. For more details and to book email info@lipstickandcurls.net.



A close-up view of a pair of the
unwitting NSC Club Socks...
(See page 25)



FOR THE LATEST information on what
the Club is up to, who has been
arrested, etc., have a squizz at
www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For
more photos of Club events go to
www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. You
can even befriend us electrically at
www.facebook.com.

CONTACTING US

telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrarbutnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrsrheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrhoward@newsheridanclub.co.uk

