

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 78 APRIL 2013

THE OLD WAYS ARE BEST

Artist Sean Jefferson on the British Pastoral tradition and why he was drawn to it

The tide is high

It's the annual punting picnic. Meaning someone is destined for a dunking...

Dogfights at dawn

Film Night sees Flynn, Niven and Rathbone as air aces in *The Dawn Patrol*

Sippin' Stateside

Our booze correspondent travels to Kentucky to sample the new wave of independent 'craft' gins





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 3rd April in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Member Mai Britt Møller will intrigue us with a talk entitled *From the Ministry of Foreign Bodies in Daneland, a Guide for Living in London, Spotting Bounders and Other Observations that Might Include Bacon.* Mai is Danish, in case you didn't know. I don't know too much more about the content of her talk (and possibly neither does she) but she seems to have been staging photographs with which to illustrate it, which piques the curiosity.

DANISH



(Above) Mai Britt Møller and (right) some bacon, which may or may not feature in her talk



which he is a proud torch-bearer. "The paintings arise out of the historic British sense of the absurd, a love of the supernatural, and a deep spiritual connection with the unique landscape and atmosphere of these Isles," Sean explains.

He exhibits with a group of militantly reactionary artists including founder members of The Brotherhood Of Ruralists who have kept alive a tradition of art that runs in an unbroken chain back to Samuel Palmer and William Blake. You can see examples of Sean's work at www.clerkenwellfineart.com.

Many thanks to Sean. An essay version of his NSC oration begins on page 4.



(Above) We were again graced a film crew, this time students from Winchester University; (below) Peng Hui Lee signs the ancestral ledger

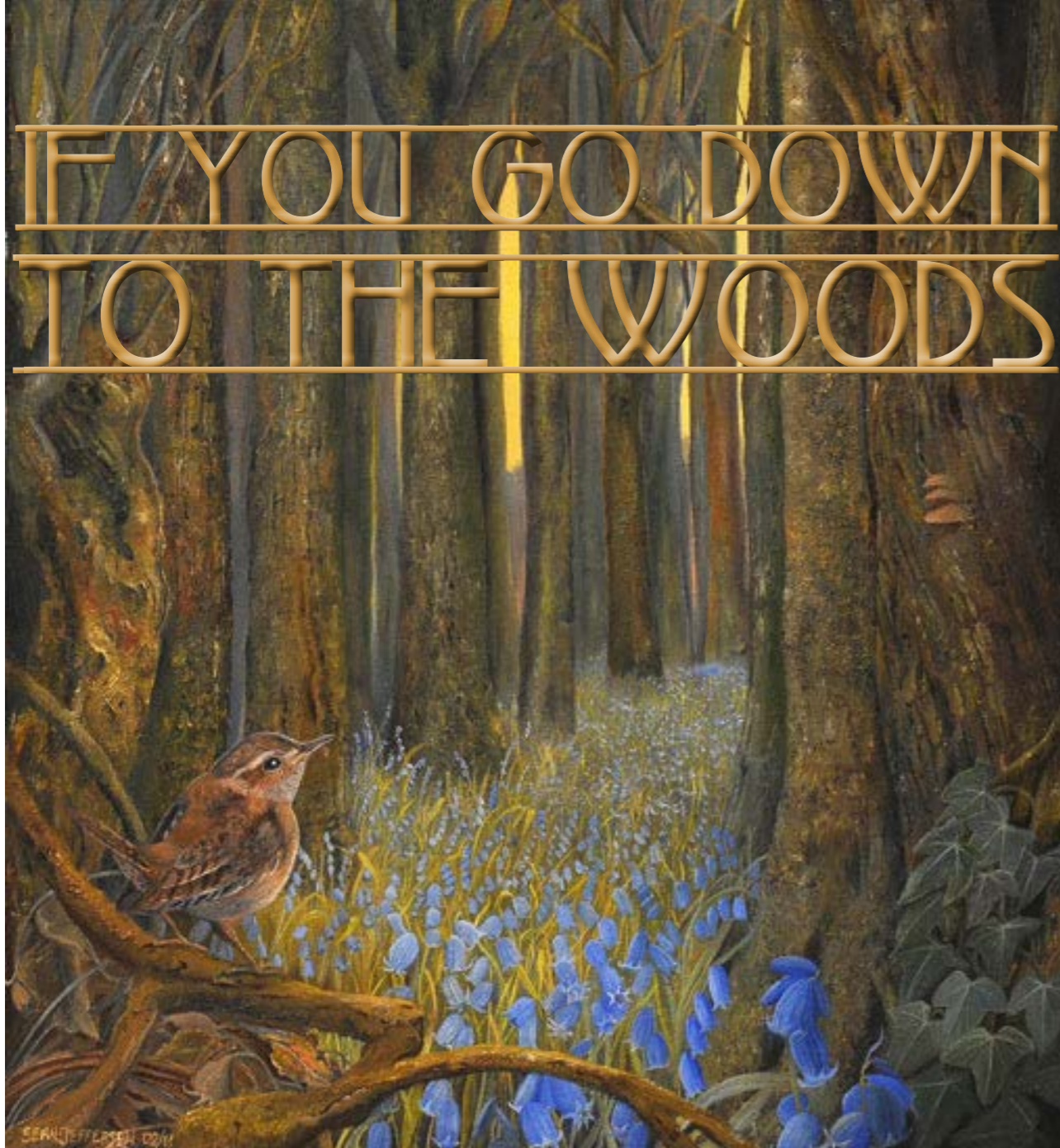


(Below) Matthew "The Chairman" Howard keeping it together pretty well considering he has a day pass; (right) Lorella gets pastoral advice from the Curé; (bottom) Smokers' Alley



(Above) Sean takes us through the Ruralist creed; (left) the packed house; (below left) "Chuckles" Youngusband (l) and Robert Beckwith; (below) Pandora Harrison (l) and Eugenie Rhodes; (below that) Craigho corrupts the youth





THE BROTHERHOOD OF RURALISTS was formed by a group of visual artists in 1976 in order to preserve and evolve a deep strand that runs through British art, which takes its inspiration from a mystical relationship with the native rural landscape. It attempts to evoke a sense of ancient wonder even in the most urban heart, but can easily slip into pointless decorative sentimentality, which has been described as a bad thing.

In a recent *Telegraph* review of a Peter Blake retrospective, the Ruralists were described as one of the most regressive art movements of the twentieth century. (“One” and not “the” most regressive... must try harder.)

The story of how I fell into being an artist is important in understanding my relationship with Pastoralism in its most Symbolist and, at

Sean Jefferson gives a personal view of the British Pastoral tradition in visual art, and how he became involved with The Brotherhood of Ruralists

times, its most Surrealist manifestation. As a teenager I had been approached by a big name spiritualist and recruited for development as a medium for which they thought I had a talent. I had spontaneously been dropping into a rather scary trance state, of which I had told no one, fearing being thought of as going mad. I had

not the slightest notion of the occult, so this introduction was the first of many strange “coincidences” which have convinced me that the current fashion for a materialist world view is very blinkered, but that’s a different talk.

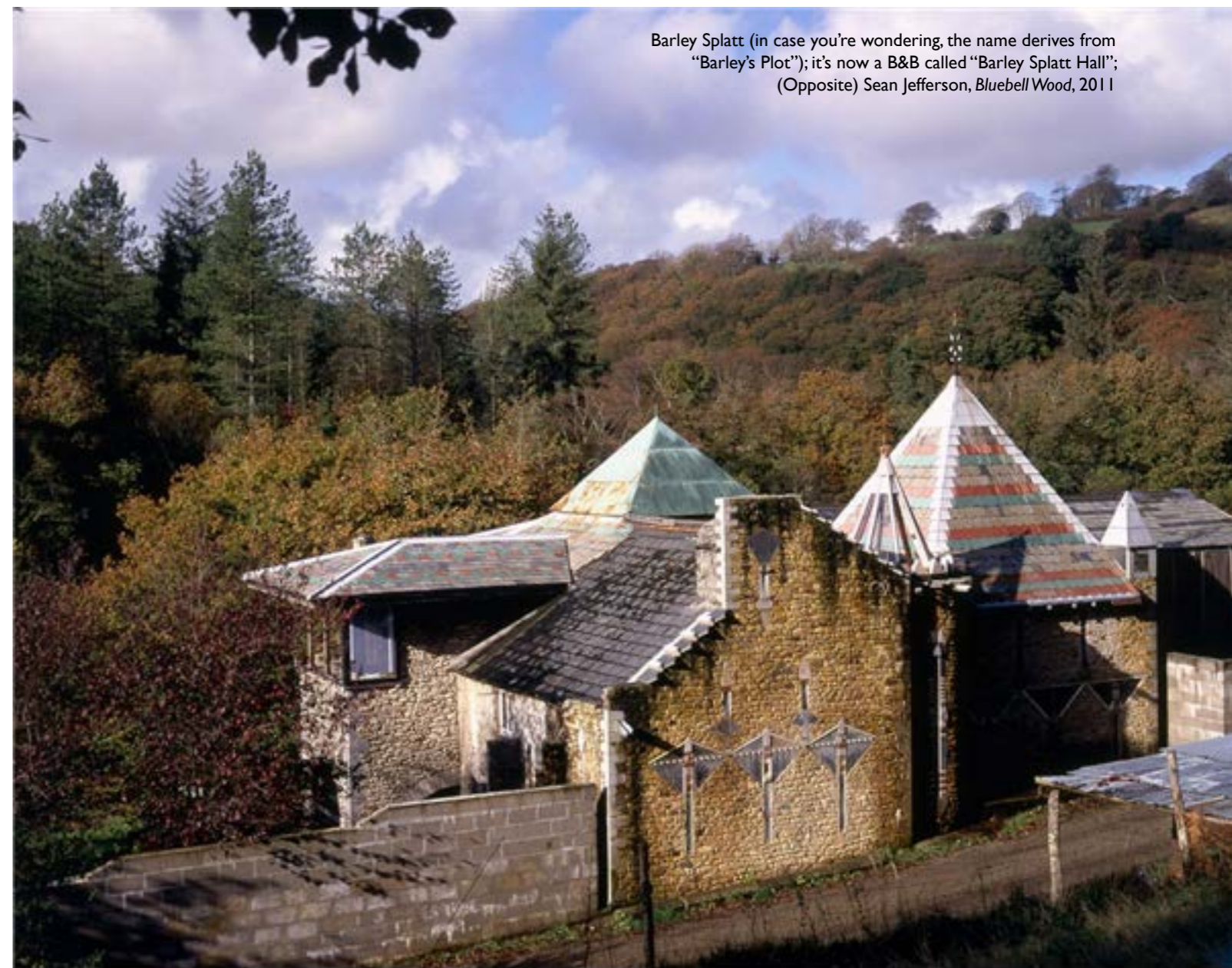
I did my degree in Microbiology at Imperial College. At the time, there wasn’t even a Medical Department—it was so hardcore maths-based science, anyone in Life Sciences was very suspect. The alien microbiological world revealed in 3D by the then relatively new technology of the scanning electron microscope was a revelation. The Botany and Zoology departments insisted on highly detailed accurate observational drawing: I hated doing it but it was life changing.

My now energised imagination needed earthing out so I took up painting. Rather cheekily, in the mid-1980s I took my efforts to the Portal Gallery who were encouraging,

After two years of my trying, they put a small painting in their Noah’s Ark Christmas exhibition along with Kit Williams and Beryl Cook. The picture sold and I was launched.

As something to do to mark the new millennium, my family and I moved to North Cornwall and within a few months I was wearing a high-buttoned green tweed jacket and entering the huge round arched doorway of Barley Splatt. This was the fairytale home and studio of the Ovendens and the Cornwall base of the Brotherhood of Ruralists. It was an exhibition of the remaining members, Graham and Annie Oviden and Graham and Ann Arnold. I had gone out of curiosity having seen a review in the *Western Morning News*.

The paintings and drawings were much in the same area as my own work and I had a vague memory of having seen this kind of work in a Sunday colour supplement—probably alongside an advert for an impossibly cool Bang and Olufsen stereo system, that being the mid-1970s.



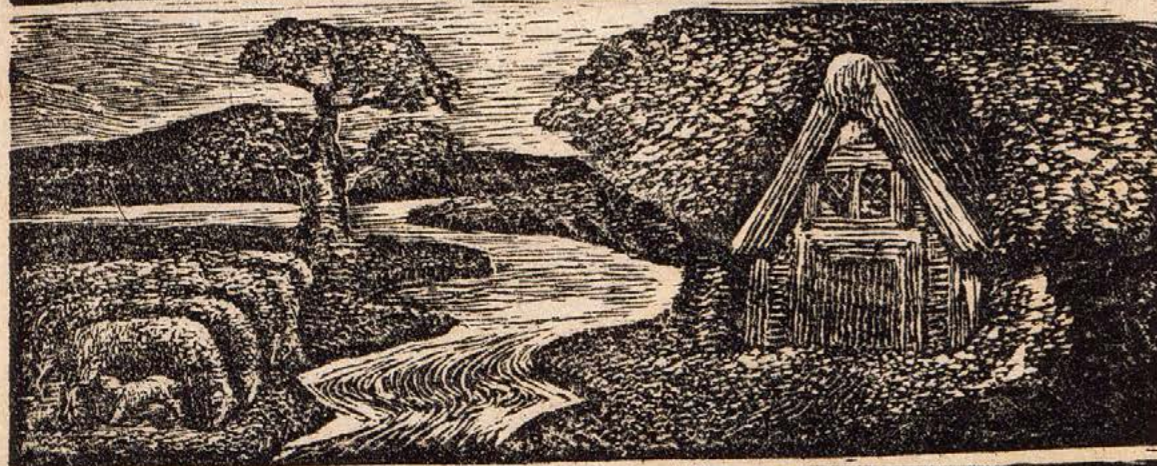
Barley Splatt (in case you’re wondering, the name derives from “Barley’s Plot”); it’s now a B&B called “Barley Splatt Hall”;
(Opposite) Sean Jefferson, *Bluebell Wood*, 2011



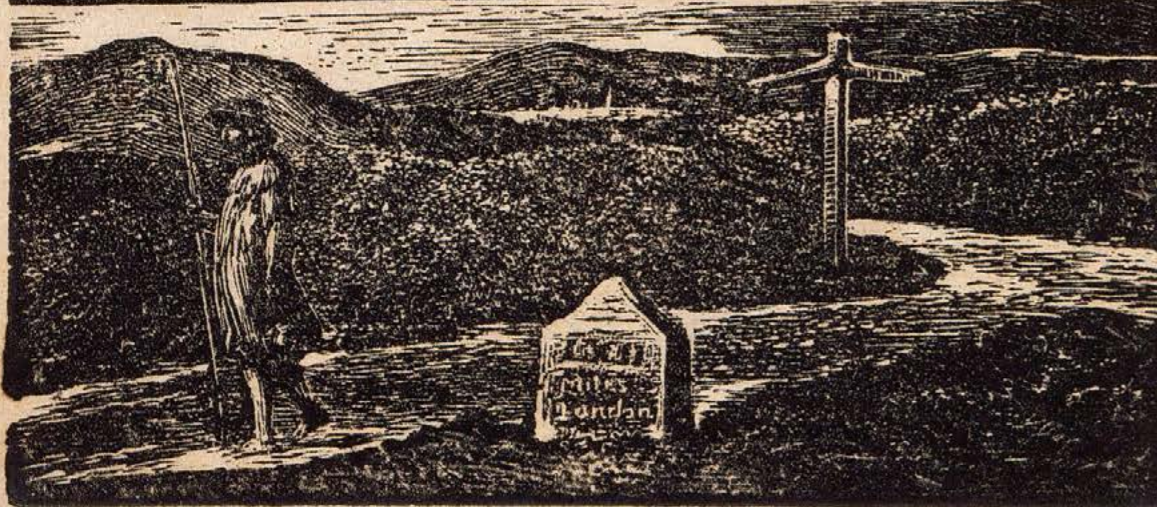
Thenot



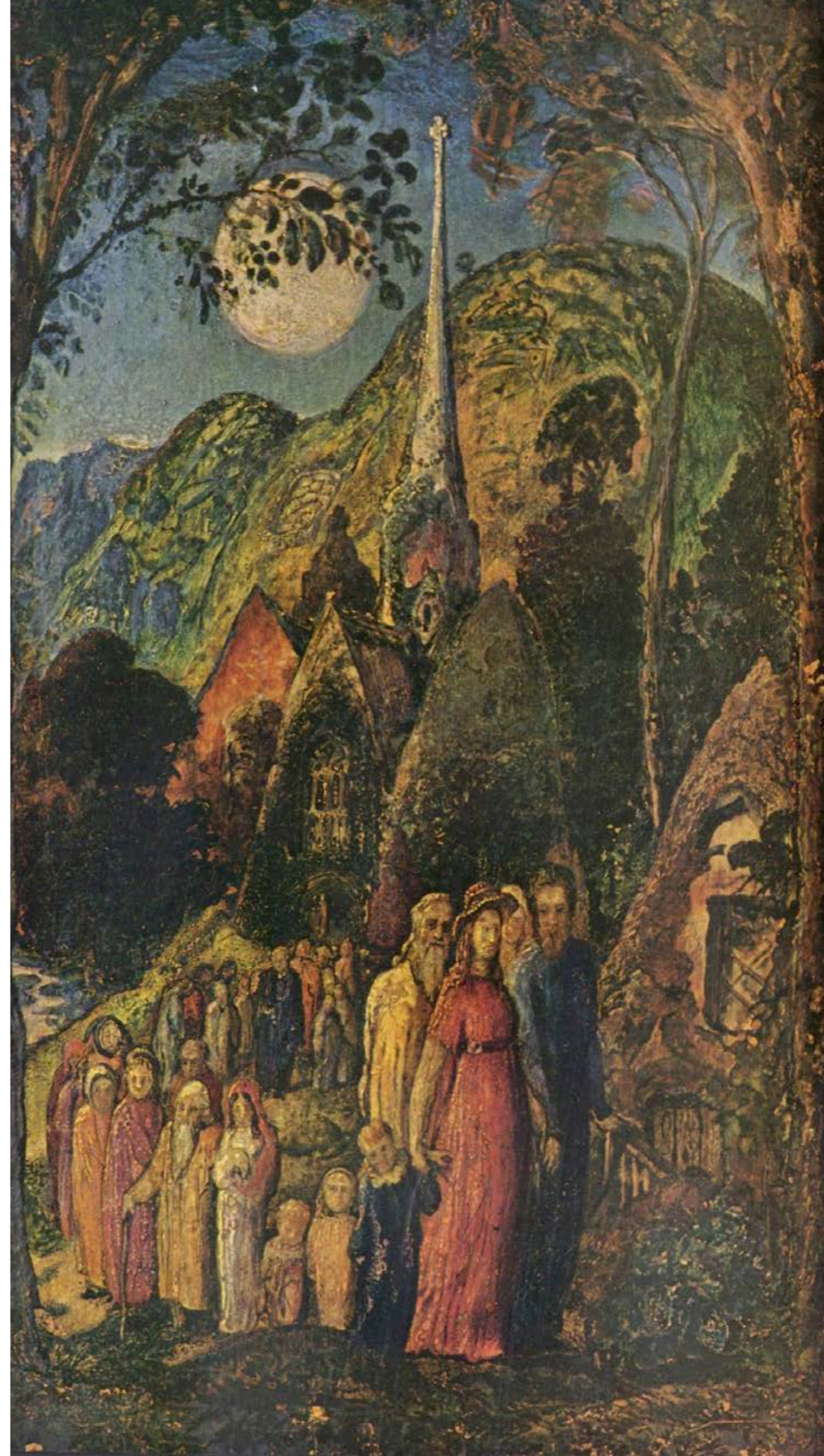
Thenot



Colnet



Colnet



(Left) Samuel Palmer, *Coming from Evening Church*, 1830; (opposite) William Blake, *Four Illustrations to Virgil*, 1821

sense of magic. It is very close to Panters Bridge—fancifully linked to the “Beast of Bodmin”, which has been reliably seen around the area. The atmosphere, I think, came from the rows of old books, portfolios of old prints and early photographs. The British Pastoral tradition, in this place, had an almost tangible presence. All the ghosts of the artists who had contributed or perhaps in some way channelled this great spirit—in Voudou it would be known as a “Loa”—were there.

The key figure as far as the Ruralists were concerned was Samuel Palmer who produced his best work between 1826 and 1835 in Shoreham in the Darent Valley, Kent. There were artists going right back to anonymous so-called naïve painters, but Palmer’s real influence was William Blake. Blake didn’t like working from nature, he considered the material world as the work of the Devil and that the imagination should be the true subject of art. Palmer had seen some woodcuts by Blake illustrating Virgil’s pastorals, which had a large landscape element. Blake had probably compromised for need of money, but the result so inspired Palmer that he made contact with the elderly Blake and had him visit him on several occasions in Shoreham. Palmer

I was with my new framer and we were invited up to Graham’s studio, already I was feeling the charged atmosphere: this felt like a temple to Art. The atmosphere was not due to any great age to the building, which had been built by Graham, albeit around an old farm labourer’s cottage. The location in a wooded valley with a fast running small river gives a

was not alone in Shoreham: he had formed a group calling themselves the Ancients. The work they produced was based on their magical surroundings but intensified through their imaginations. They were not averse to “occult” activity and had a sinister reputation amongst the locals, mainly for their diabolical, collapsible three-legged stools used for outside sketching

trips. Most of Palmer's papers were destroyed after his death but there is record of an attempt to raise a ghost in a derelict building in Bromley in Blake's presence.

The Ancients were in some ways forerunners of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, although Jerrold Northrop Moore, the major authority on the British Pastoral tradition, does not see them in the direct line to the Ruralists. Northrop Moore sees a succession through F.L. Griggs, Paul Nash, Graham Sutherland and, importantly, John Minton—who, it could be said, was driven to suicide by the absurd hype surrounding American "Abstract Expressionism", now exposed as perpetrated by the CIA for quasi-political reasons. Minton was tutor to, and a champion of, Graham Arnold, a founder member of the Ruralist Group. Northrop Moore is now a buyer of my own work.

At Barley Splatt I arranged for Graham Ovenden to see my work, which he realised fitted with the Ruralist mission. I continued to visit the studio and was invited to exhibit at Barley Splatt. This was a great time to be around, as a print company was proposing

to make prints of the Ruralist work using the new-fangled inkjet technology, which promised no need for long runs of prints and a new level of quality. This meant that most of the original members turned up at various points, re-examined their earlier work and recalled old times over sumptuous dinners.

The history of the group now became apparent. In the early 1970s Graham Arnold, Ann Arnold and David Inshaw (whose *The Badminton Game*, graces the front cover of this issue) formed the secretive Broadheath Brotherhood, the name referencing their mutual love of Elgar. Their aim was mutual support in the face of an Art world now dominated by Pop Art and Abstract Expressionism.

Peter Blake who at that time was living in Wellow, Somerset in a restored railway station, was producing work inspired by the Victorian fairy-painting tradition, another major thread in the Pastoral Tradition. He was collecting a picture of David Inshaw's for an exhibition and David showed him Graham and Ann's work, which he also took for the exhibition. Realising that he was among kindred spirits

Peter arranged a meeting between himself and his artist girlfriend Jann Haworth, the Arnolds, his student Graham Ovenden and his wife Annie, another artist working against the mainstream of Urban Art. Graham Ovenden had become a close friend of Peter and Ian Dury at the Royal College of Art. Dury took a very different direction and even asked Graham to play keyboard in his newly-formed Kilburn and the High Roads proto punk band—which must have been a tongue-in-cheek suggestion, knowing Graham's loathing for any music written since around 1910. Blake's subsequent "Pop Art" career is notable in that the material does not actually fit the Pop Art manifesto, dealing largely in a kind of nostalgia for a better past. Dury's work had a similar aesthetic.

The group immediately bonded and formed the Brotherhood of Ruralists, a name suggested by the author Laurie Lee, a friend of Graham Ovenden. During the period in which they were proofing the prints, old friendships seemed to be renewed and I had the privilege of having breakfast with Peter and Chrissie



(Above) Ann Arnold, *The Brotherhood of Ruralists at Coombe*, 1977, left to right: David Inshaw, Graham Ovenden, Juliette Liberty Blake (young girl), Emily Ovenden (in arms), Annie Ovenden, Jann Haworth, Peter Blake, Daisy Blake (in arms), Edmund Ovenden (up tree), friend of David Inshaw (on swing), Graham Arnold, Ann Arnold; (opposite) Graham Ovenden, *Peter and Juliette Blake*, 1976

Blake with Graham Ovenden at Peter's house, where I found he had on the wall a drawing by Austin Osman Spare (died 1956), a major occult artist. The new group was to be far more militant than the old Broadheath Brotherhood. They arranged various group projects and times when they would come together to work. Significantly Peter had just been made a Royal Academician and was on the committee for the 1976 summer exhibition; this meant he could place a collection of Ruralist paintings all together in one of the galleries, which he did under a banner devised by Peter reading "The Brotherhood of Ruralists". David Inshaw—who, incidentally, was not happy with the stunt—

exhibited his famous *The Cricket Game*, which was chosen by Prime Minister John Major for No.10 Downing Street from the national collection, as is the privilege of all new prime ministers.

The group continued to make waves for a while with various group exhibitions, but for personal and aesthetic reasons, first Peter then David left. The Ovendens and Arnolds kept the faith longest, but the need for a specific group has declined as Modernism has fragmented into a myriad small manifestations of Post-Modernism, all doing quite nicely well below the radar of an increasingly irrelevant, and itself fragmenting, Mass Media coverage of art.

For further reading see: *The Green Fuse*, Jerrold Northrop Moore (Antique Collectors Club); *The Greater Nature*, Sean Jefferson (Garage Press), available from www.clerkenwellfineart.com where further work can also be found. See also www.talisman-fine-art.com

Sippin' Stateside

By David Bridgman-Smith

This is the first half of a two-part report on your drinks correspondent's recent jaunts across the Pond. The first trip saw me travel to Louisville, Kentucky. The purpose? To judge a "craft" (micro-distillery) spirits competition as the anchor judge on the gin panel—imagine the slight look of disbelief when I told the passport control officer the "reason for my trip".

As soon as my feet hit the ground on American soil, I indulged in the drink of the area—bourbon—by ordering a double bourbon at the airport. This is exactly how Ian Fleming's James Bond novel *Goldfinger* (1959) starts, with the chapter "Contemplations Over a Double Bourbon" (although Bond is in Miami, not Kentucky).

I arrived early in Kentucky and so had a little time to spare. My first couple of evenings were spent at the various bourbon bars in the city, not only to try some great drinks, but also to get enough stamps in my "Bourbon Passport" to qualify for "Citizenship of Bourbon County" (where you get a T-shirt and a certificate). There were highlights and lowlights to this quest; a low point being the Mint Julep that I had from the bar Maker's Mark on Main (which was too sweet, with not enough bourbon), but my favourite bar was undoubtedly Dish on Market, where you could get "a burger & a bourbon" for \$10. Your choice of bourbon was only limited by what they had there, but they politely



(Above) a Bourbon Passport: get this stamped in enough bars that you visit and you'll qualify for Citizenship of Bourbon County; (below) the automated sample dispenser at the Jim Beam Distillery visitor's centre



The overall winner was Liberator Gin; posing here with a bottle of it are (l-r) Dennis Barnett, Tracy Howard, Aaron Knoll, DBS, MC for the gin session Michael plus extra gin judge Monique



requested that you keep it to one that would cost under \$6. I chose the blue cheese burger and Old Granddad 101 (50.5% ABV), both of which were excellent.

The day before the judging, we visited a couple of distilleries: Jim Beam and Evan Williams. It would have been more, but our trip co-ordinator didn't check the times that the distilleries opened—a cautionary tale, indeed. That said, driving through the open countryside of Bourbon County was ample compensation.

If you visit the Jim Beam Distillery you don't need to take a tour, as they give you a little plastic "catering card". But what good is this card, I hear you cry? It is good for two free samples of whiskey from the Jim Beam Tasting Room. It's all a bit sophisticated, with the card controlling automated sample servers (see picture). The whole Jim Beam range was available, including brands such as Basil Hayden's (James Bond's favourite bourbon in the 2011 novel *Carte Blanche*) and Knob Creek. I chose the Hayden's and Knob Creek Rye, both of which were very enjoyable.

Finally, came the true purpose of my visit: the gin competition. This was part of the seventh annual American Distilling Institute's spirit competition. It was the first year they had done gin and I was heading up the gin panel. The competition took place at Hubers Winery and Distillery, just a short trip across the Ohio river in Indiana. I was joined on the panel by Aaron Knoll of New York (with whom I have just finished writing *The Craft of Gin*, a guide to small, independent "craft" distilleries), Tracy Howard

(of the US version of *Imbibe* magazine) and Dennis Barnett (who, among other things, looks after Clandestine Absinthe in the USA).

All in all we tasted 66 gins over two days, ranging in style from the classic to the contemporary, genever*, old tom** and aged gin. There were some surprising examples including a gin based on pear spirit from Colorado and one from Louisiana made with rice (they also make a rice-based absinthe).

Flavours ranged from what a NSC member would recognise solidly as the juniper-heavy spirit of their grandparents, to recipes so obscure that detecting even a pine-needle's worth of juniper made me feel like an adventure archaeologist looking for an ancient idol.

I'll finish by revealing some of the medal winners:

- Big Gin (Captive Spirits Distilling)
- Aria Portland Dry Gin (Bull Run Distilling)
- Valentine Liberator Gin (Valentine Distilling Co.)
- Standard Issue Gin (Few Spirits)
- Old Tom Gin (Ransom Spirits)
- Barrel Aged Gin (Corsair Distillery, Tennessee)

*A Dutch precursor to gin, made with fewer botanicals and a certain amount of malted grain spirit

**A sweeter style of gin popular before the rise of the leaner London Dry Gin that most of us know today

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

Film Night: *The Dawn Patrol* (1938)

Monday 15th April

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,
London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

For this month's Film Night, Mr Derek Dubery will present the 1938 version of *The Dawn Patrol*, starring Errol Flynn, David Niven and Basil Rathbone, a war film set in the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War.

The first version of the film had been made just eight years earlier, one of the first talking pictures. The idea to remake using the latest generation of stars came from producer Hal Wallis, prompted by a national realisation that a second world war was looming in Europe. His judgement was shrewd and the film's anti-war tone made it a hit with critics and the public. Both films were written by John Monk Saunders, based on his short story *The Flight Commander*. Saunders, who also wrote the 1927 silent epic *Wings* on the same subject (the first movie to win a Best Picture Oscar) served as an aviator in WWI but was allegedly haunted by his failure to see combat. The



remake even reused aerial footage from the 1930 version.

The film introduced many of the images of WWI air aces that became stereotypes: the white scarves, the hard-drinking fatalism, the raw recruits with just a few hours flying time being sent off to certain death and the legend of the German ace known as the Red Baron. (Those the same age as me will remember all this from the late 1970s BBC TV series *Wings*—I've no idea if that was a conscious remake of the 1927 film of the same name.)

Monk's 1927 story was rewritten to incorporate female star *du jour* Clara Bow—“[*Wings* is]... a man's picture,” she grumbled, “and I'm just the whipped cream on top of the pie”—but for the 1938 *Dawn Patrol* they made no pretence: the entire cast is male. All 12 credited characters in the squadron are played by actors with British backgrounds, including director Edmund Goulding's housemate the 7th Earl of Warwick, who tried his hand at acting under the screen name Michael Brooke. Flynn and Rathbone were cast because of their recent success in *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938), though interestingly it is the only film in which the two actors appear on the same side.

The 1930 original had been directed by Howard Hawkes and both films embody classic “Hawkesian” themes of leadership under pressure and men who live by a code.

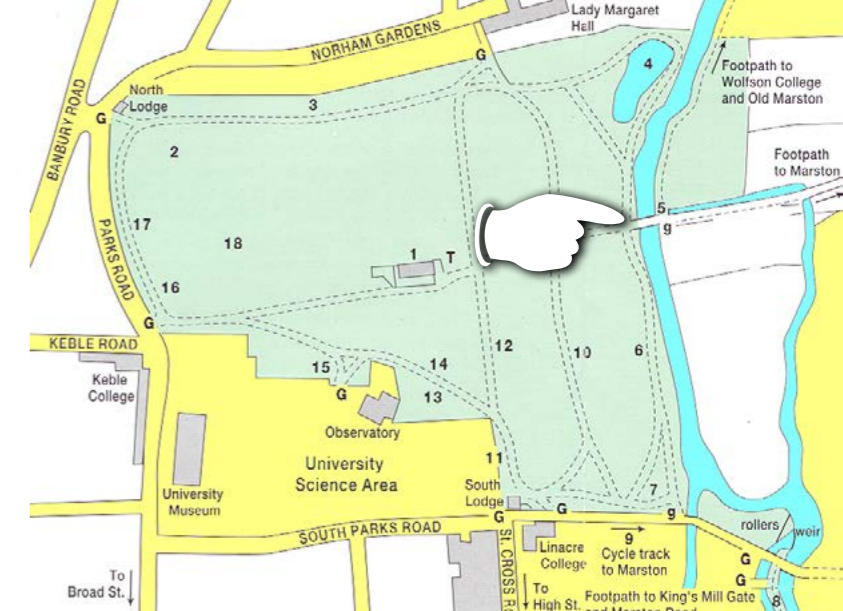


CLUB NOTES

Annual NSC Punt, Picnic n' Plunge

ONE OF THE oldest Sheridan traditions is the punting trip to Oxford, held on a Saturday near to St George's Day: 27th April this time. Folk generally gather in the Turf Tavern, 4–5 Bath Place, from around 11am and aim to hit the Magdalen Bridge Boathouse at midday where the punts are picked up. Punting then takes place until the traditional picnic spot is reached by the High Bridge (a.k.a. the Rainbow Bridge) in the University Parks (no. 5 on the map). After a picnic lunch the party punts back—with someone traditionally going overboard—and repairs to a hostelry, frequently the Turf again.

There is sometimes also a black tie meal in a restaurant on the Friday. As the whole event is not usually organised by the Committee (indeed the first punt was held a year before the NSC was formed) I suggest you keep an eye on the forum and Facebook event, but I'll endeavour to keep the NSC website Events page updated with details as well.



New Members

AS THE NATION eases its aching sides after Monday's firestorm of practical jokes, press releases announcing spoof products and usually-sober news organs trumpeting bogus stories, the New Sheridan Club takes a more straight-faced stance, as perhaps befits these times of economic uncertainty, societal collapse and unseasonably marrow-freezing temperatures, and proffers nothing but a firm handshake and a whisky and soda to the following dependables, all of whom have made the thoroughly sensible choice of NSC Membership in the last month: Dan Mottishaw, Lorella McDonald and Spencer Stone.



(Below and right)
Fun and saucy
frolics on the NSC
Oxford punting
picnic



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 3rd April
8pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday
8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–9.15pm, uke classes 5–6pm, live music from 8.30)
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 after (plus £2 for the uke class and £1 for the dance class)
Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring

Nicholas Ball, Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol and ukulele classes too, plus a uke open mic session and a late jam session with the band.

Alex Mendham Album Launch Party

Wednesday 3rd April
7.30pm
Floridita, 100 Wardour Street, London W1F 0TN
Admission: £10
Dress: Black Tie
Alex Mendham and his orchestra play authentic dance music from the 1920s and 1930s. Tonight they are launching their new album *Whistling in the Dark*, five copies of which will be given away. More details at the Facebook event. Support from the Swing Ninjas.

The Salon Project

Thursday 4th–Sunday 14th April
6pm, 6.30 and 7pm
The Pit, Barbican Centre, Silk Street, London EC2Y 8DS
Admission: £35 in advance
Dress: Guests will be provided with period costume
The Salon Project recreates the exclusive meetings at the heart of what was French society's golden age—an era of change, excess

and inquiry. Relive its splendour, contrast it with the present, and imagine what the future will hold in this night of fashion and conversation. Your evening begins in the Barbican dressing rooms, where you will be costumed in full period evening dress (you will be contacted in advance for your measurements) before emerging into a mirrored impression of a 19th-century Parisian salon. As you mingle with guests, pioneers in their fields will provoke discussion, speaking on subjects at the vanguard of 21st-century thought: science, politics, technology and the arts.

The Phoenix Dance Club

Friday 5th April
9pm–2am
The Phoenix, 37 Cavendish Square, London W1G 0PP
Admission: £7
Dress: Smart or vintage

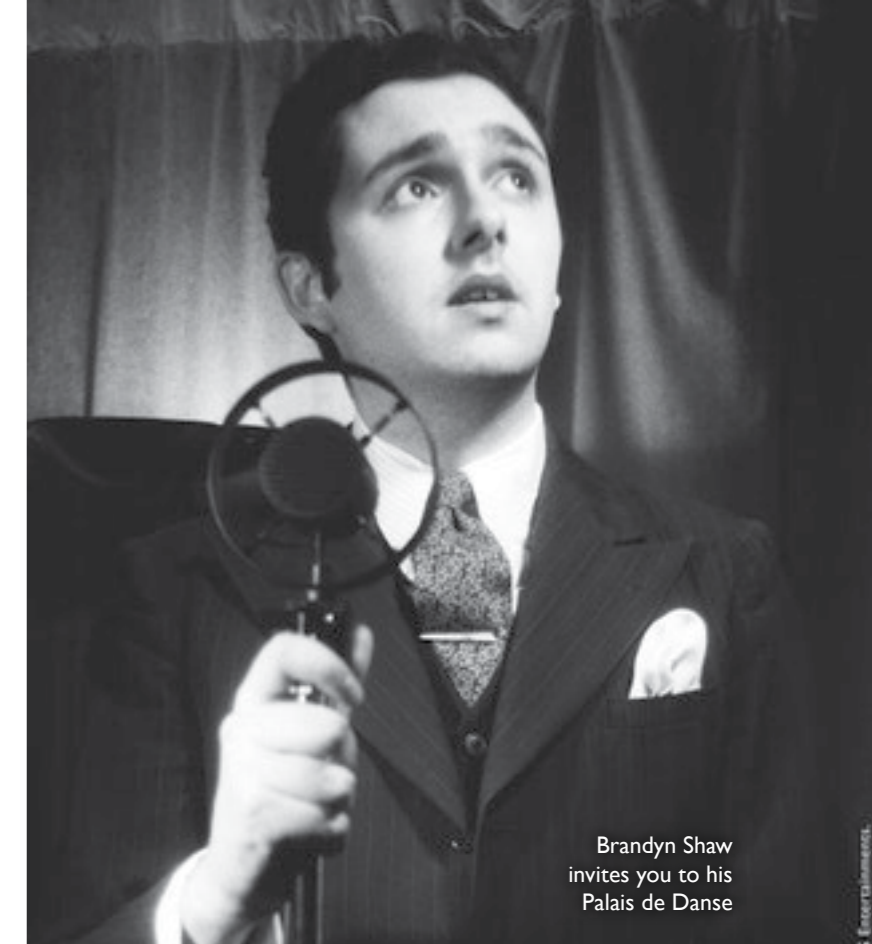
A monthly night of hot jazz and swing for dancers at the Phoenix Bar, Oxford Street, on the last Friday of the month. With resident DJs Turn on the Heat and Swingin' Dickie, plus special guests playing the best sounds from the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s—this time featuring Reverend Boogie. They also now have their own Phoenix Dance Club cocktails: the Broadway Limited, the I Can't Dance, the Al Capone's Spats and the Cotton Club.

The Candlelight Club: Sakura Old Tokyo

Friday 5th & Saturday 6th April
7pm–12am
A secret London location
Admission: £15.75–18.75 in advance from www.thecandlelightclub.com
Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, Jazz Age Yakuza, 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 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.

April is the festival of cherry blossom in



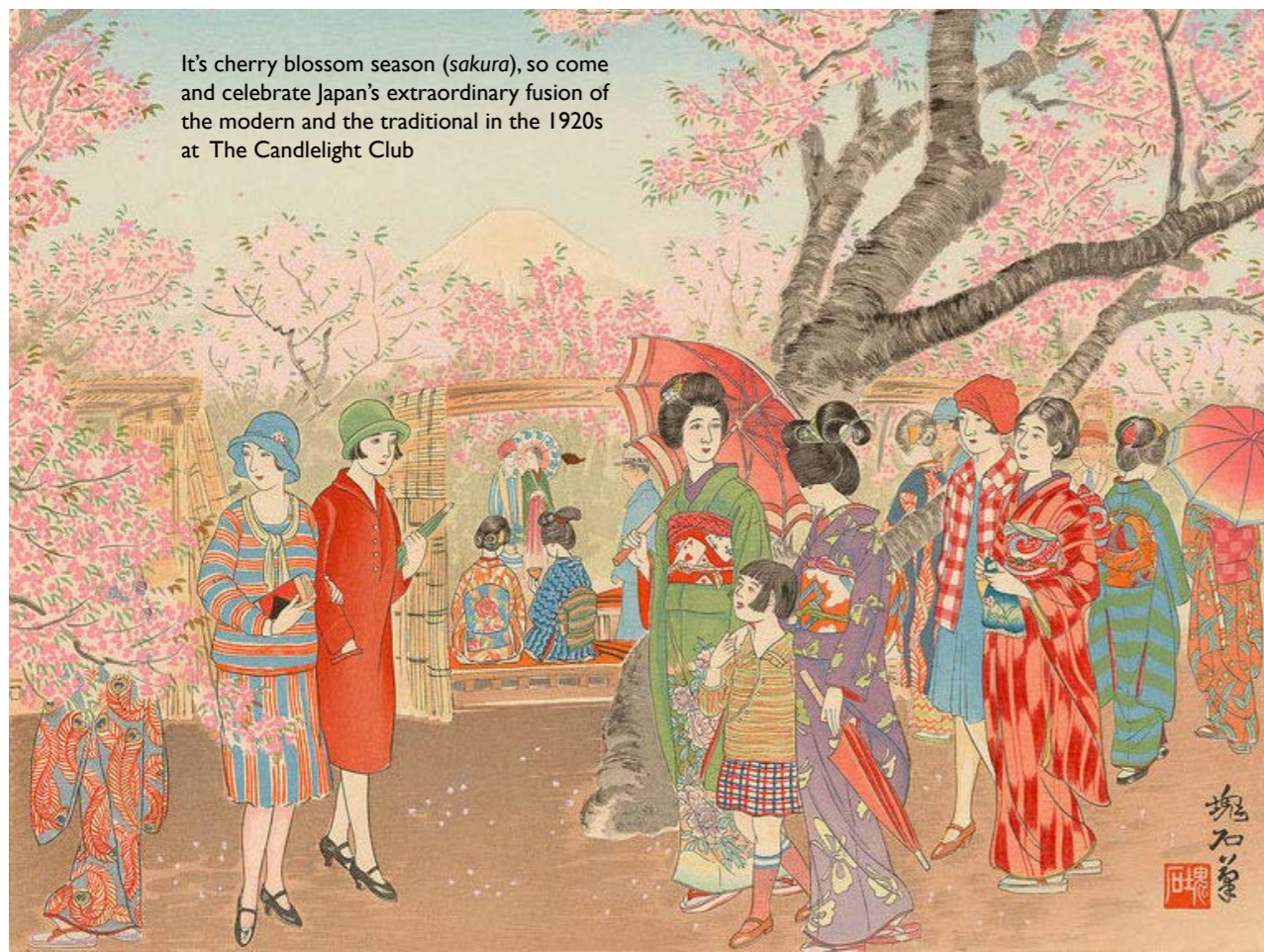
Japan: acres of fruitless trees are planted just for their beauty at this time. In the 1920s this traditional love of nature mingled with a surge in modernisation and social change—women suddenly had more freedom, the urban young embraced Western fashion, Art Deco, even jazz—to create a unique hybrid style. This party will celebrate the *moga* (short for *modan gaaru*, “modern girl”), with a cocktail menu of Japanese-influenced beverages and live music from Benoit Viellefon and his Orchestra. (Benoit's wife is Japanese and he has promised to play the gig in full kimono.)

Spin-a-Disc

Mondays 8th and 22nd April
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.

Swing at the Light

Every Monday
From 7pm
Upstairs at The Light Restaurant and Bar, 233 Shoreditch High Street, London E1
Admission: £8 for class and club, £4 just for the



SACK & SUGAR

A SELLING EXHIBITION OF ART
WORK BY MR. PAUL BOMMER
INCLUDING HIS CELEBRATED
DELFT TILES AND WORKS AS
YET UNSEEN BY THE WORLD

Yallops Gallery
59 St. Augustine's-st
Norwich NR3 3BG

SAT. 13th · SUN. 14th · APRIL · 11 ÷ 5
PRIVATE VIEW: FRI 12th APRIL · 6 ÷ 9

RSVP: paul @ paulbommer.com

club night after 9pm

Dress: Vintage/retro appreciated

Weekly vintage dance night in a venue with a wooden floor and its own terrace. Beginners classes from 7.30, intermediate classes from 8.15, and "freestyle" from 9pm.

Palaise de Danse

Friday 12th April

6.30–11pm

London Welsh Centre, 157–163 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8UE

Admission: £15 in advance

Dress: Strictly vintage glamour

Brandyn Shaw invites you to the opening night party of London's vintage dance event, Palais de Danse—step back in time to the glamour of the interwar period ballroom. Dance the night away to authentic live period dance music from Jean Bentley and her dance orchestra, with vocal input from Brandyn Shaw, a vocal spitting image of Al Bowlly if ever there was one. Additional music from DJs O-kay for Sound and Major Swing. Complimentary drink on arrival. For more info see the Facebook event.

Songs of Etiquette and Good Manners for a Modern Age

Friday 12th April

8pm

The Lamb Inn, 36 High St, Old Town, Eastbourne BN21 1HH

Admission: £10/£8 concs on the door

As part of The Eastbourne Festival 2013, Paul Gunn and his band Worsted, whose album *Chapology* featured lyrics by *The Chap* editor Gustav Temple, present a Neo-Vintage Cabaret. "Brilliant!" —*Bath Chronicle*. "Wit, panache and musical experts." —*Venue Magazine*, Bath.

Sack and Sugar

Friday 12th–Sunday 14th April

5pm Friday till 4pm Sunday

Yallops Gallery, 59 St Augustine Street, Norwich NR3 3BG

Admission: Free

Chappist artist Paul Bommer is holding a selling exhibition of his work, including his amusing range of "Delft" tiles (which actually seem to be made from wood but glazed to look uncannily like the real thing) plus some works "as yet unseen by the world".

The Tweed Run

Saturday 13th April

Times TBC

Around London

Admission: £1 per lottery ticket (see below)

The annual tweed-clad cycle ride around the capital reaches its fifth year. The system for entering involved buying lottery tickets, but



The only way to travel: a scene from last year's Tweed Run

that was all over weeks ago—if you're not in now you've got no chance, though you can still spectate, of course. See www.tweedrun.com.

The Vintage Starlet Parlour

Sunday 14th April

Midday–5pm

Vintage Patisserie (secret location)

Admission: £95

Your chance to be pampered like a Hollywood starlet and leave with photographs showing you looking like one. A collaboration between various vintage agencies: hair and make-up by Lipstick and Curls, vintage outfits curated by Vintage King and styled by Miss Turnstiles, jewellery and accessories by Passionate About Vintage and photography by

Hanson Leatherby, plus tea, cakes and cocktails to keep you going. All this is held at a secret location: email info@missturnstiles.co.uk or dial 07786 414987 for more information. Tickets via the shop link at www.missturnstiles.co.uk.

NSC Film Night: *The Dawn Patrol* (1938)

Monday 15th April
7pm–11pm
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)
Admission: Free
See page 12.

**The Candlelight Club:
A New York Speakeasy Crawl**
Friday 19th & Saturday 20th April
7pm–12am

A secret London location
Admission: £15.75 in advance from www.thecandlelightclub.com
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 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.

For every legitimate bar that closed as a result of Prohibition, half a dozen illegal ones opened. By the mid-1920s there were, according to some estimates, as many as 100,000 speakeasies in New York City alone. It was said that you could get a drink in pretty much every building on 52nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Trapdoors, alarms, sliding walls and secret doors—we take you on a grand tour, with cocktails made famous by some of the most notorious illicit watering holes of the time.

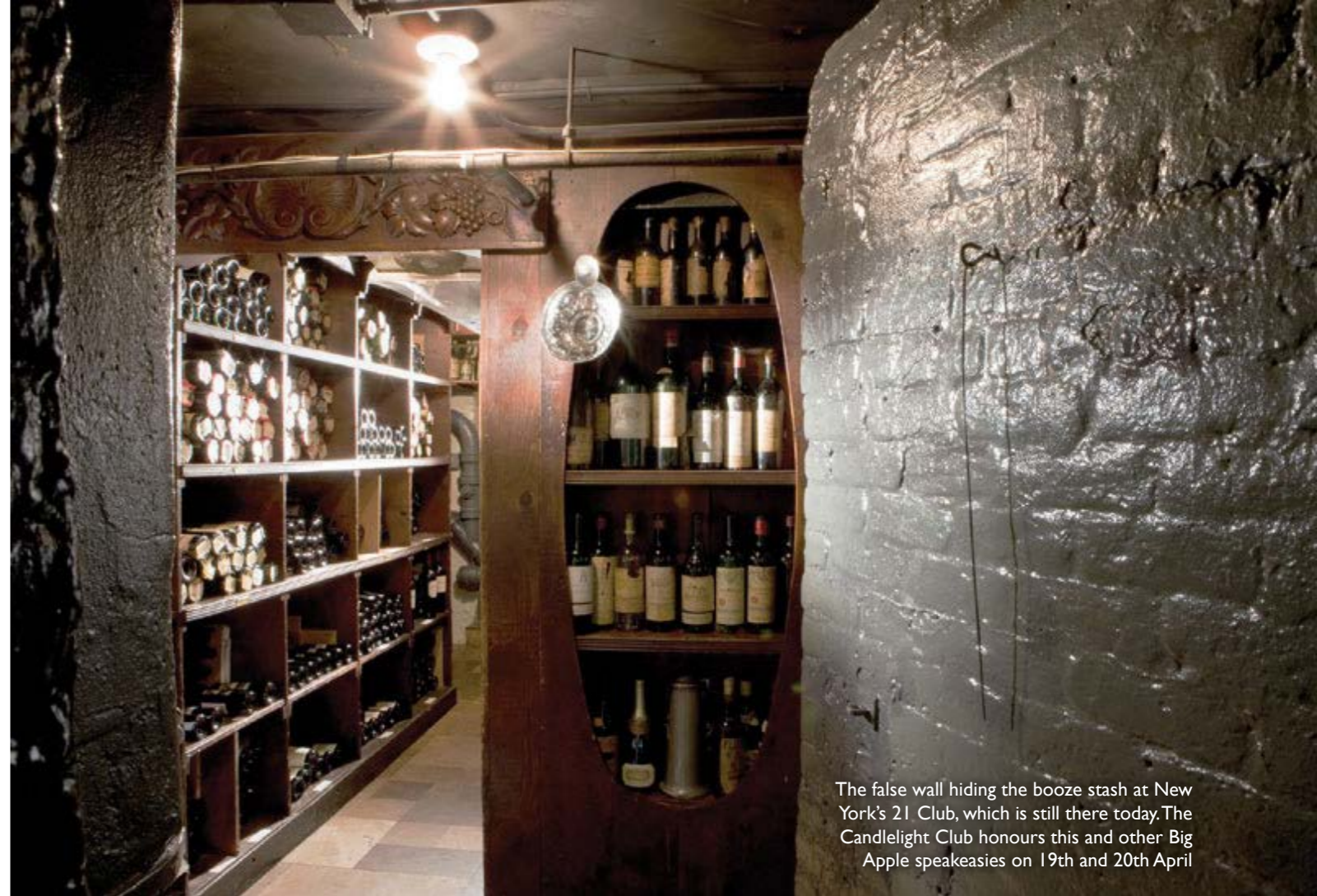
Cirque du Cabaret
Saturday 20th April
8.30pm

Leicester Square Theatre, 6 Leicester Place, London WC2H 7BX
Admission: £20–25 from the theatre's site
A feast of cabaret splendour including burlesque from Sophia St Villier and Banbury Cross, comedy from David Armand, singing from Elle and the Pocket Belles, surreal songster Elliot Mason and more.

Welcome to the Cirque du Cabaret

Mat Ricardo's London Varieties

Thursday 25th April
9.30pm
Leicester Square Theatre,



The false wall hiding the booze stash at New York's 21 Club, which is still there today. The Candlelight Club honours this and other Big Apple speakeasies on 19th and 20th April

6 Leicester Place, London WC2H 7BX
Admission: £15 (£12.50 concs) from the theatre's site

More cabaret, this time hosted by expert juggler and balancer Mat Ricardo. Guests for this show include Eastend Cabaret, Lisa Lottie, Johann Lippowitz, plus, both in conversation and in performance, none other than Paul Daniels himself.

**The New Sheridan Club
Annual Punt, Picnic n' Plunge**

Saturday 27th April
Midday till late
Meet at Magdalen Bridge Boathouse; the picnic takes place by the Rainbow Bridge
Admission: A share of the punt hire, usually about £20 a head, plus some picnic-able comestibles.
See page 13.

Shoreditch Vintage Fair

Saturday 27th April
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.

The Cat's Meow

Saturday 27th April
8pm–2am
Guy's Bar, Boland House (downstairs), St Thomas Street, London SE1 9RT
Admission: £12 in advance, £15 on the door (£8 students)

A monthly swing night from London Swing Cats, this time featuring live music from Si Cranstoun and his band, 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. See www.londonswingcats.com.

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
mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrhoward@newsheridanclub.co.uk



Sean Jefferson talks at the March NSC meeting

