

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

Harold Lloyd
at the NSC
Film Night

Scarheart's Storehouse of Mirth

At a union-wracked
Club Night, Artemis
shows us desperate fun
for desperate times

Ice, Ice, Baby

You're trapped with loads of
booze but no ice—cocktail hell!
Salvation is at hand...

Horses for Courses

Torquil's tall tales of gee-gees

RESIGN!

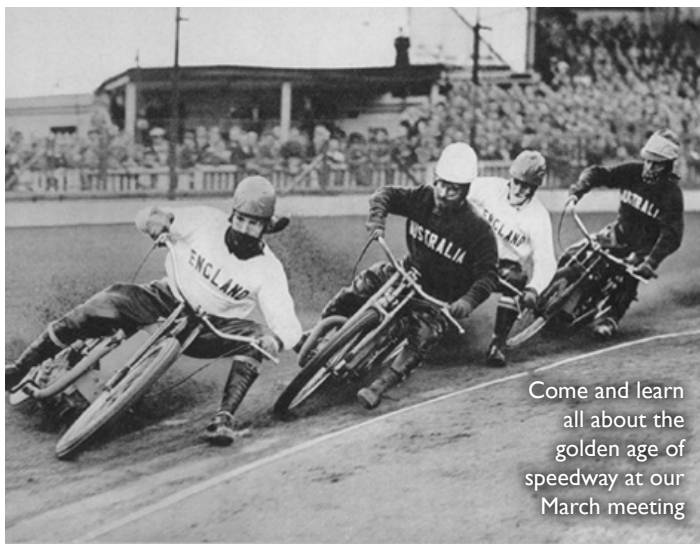
THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 89 MARCH 2014



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women there as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square; Pound and Lewis launched *Blast!* at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place and in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 5th March in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Mr Stephen Myhill will get our pulses racing with *Thrilling the Million: The Lure of the Speedway*. "No brakes, no gears, no fear," gurgles Mr Myhill excitedly. "I will entertain with stories of the early days of the dirt track. Motorcycle speedway racing in the UK is nearing its 90th birthday. In the boom years either side of the war, speedway riders were among the highest-earning sports stars. So drop your clutch, twist your throttle and go elbow-to-elbow with the kings of the cinders."



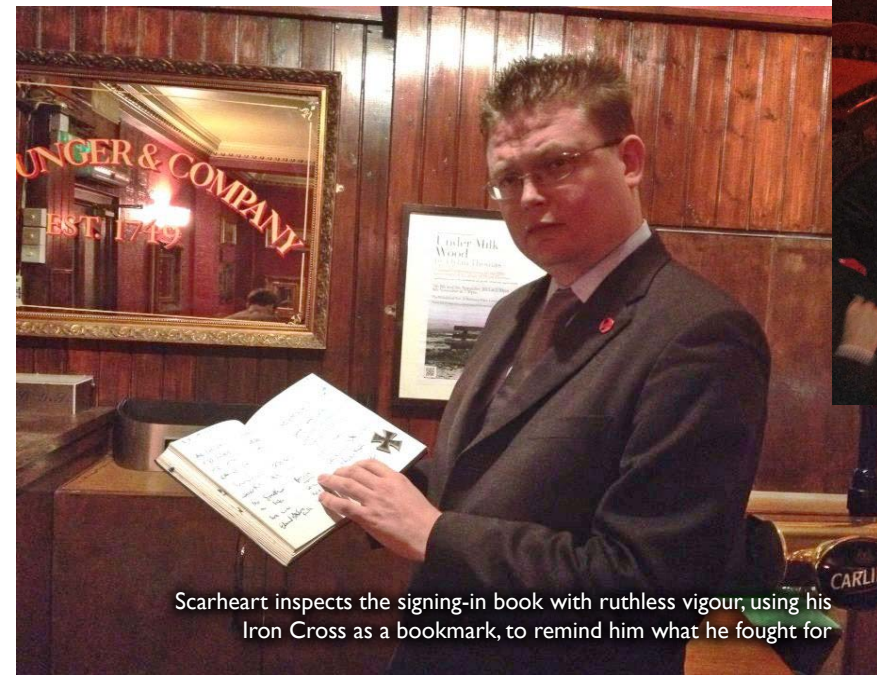
Come and learn all about the golden age of speedway at our March meeting

in Devon listening to the wind try and wrench off the roof. Our scheduled talk was from Mr David de Vynél, on the subject of the history of submarines, with a special focus on military submersibles of the Second World War and Cold War. However, that week was riven not just by stormy weather but also by industrial action on London's public transport, and Mr de Vynél realised that it would be impossible for him to get home again from the event without leaving before he had arrived, so he was forced to pull out.

Fortunately the Members of the New Sheridan Club have endless inner resources and an alternative programme of entertainment was hurriedly cobbled together, featuring a scratch quiz using questions from the NSC Alehouse Challenge back in March 2009, plus a parlour game devised by brainbox God-botherer C.S. Lewis involving humiliating the less talented. (See page 4 for a report.) Many thanks to Scarheart and Craigho for helping to plug the yawning social gap.

The Last Meeting

At the first Wednesday in February things went a bit topsy turvy but the true spirit of the Club shone through. Shone through the bottom of a beer glass, I should imagine—I couldn't actually be there myself, as I was on holiday in a cottage



Scarheart inspects the signing-in book with ruthless vigour, using his Iron Cross as a bookmark, to remind him what he fought for



(Above) Ed (I) and Incy ponder the quiz questions; (below) Our most recent new Member at the time, Lord Hare of Newham



Craigho addresses the masses, probably explaining the C.S. Lewis game



(Left) This looks like the C.S. Lewis game, where players must read out awful poetry without laughing

Many thanks to Scarheart and Craigho for taking these photographs

FUN AND GAMES

FROM

Scarheart's Storehouse of Mirth

ARTEMIS SCARHEART reports on the ad hoc entertainment cooked up at the February Club Night

DUE TO BOLSHEVIK WORKERS refusing to move with the times and holding a gun to the head of hard-working London families/employees whose positions are under threat from redundancy exercising their legal and moral right to withdraw their labour (delete based on personal opinion), the February NSC lecture on submarines was, ironically, sunk. However, the NSC are a hardy crew and with the cry "*Resurgam!*" the Glorious Committee resolved that a Club Night would still happen.

The flotsam and jetsam that washed up in the Wheatsheaf that night refused to be bowed by the transport problems and oiled their way into the pub eager to be entertained. The feeling among many was that as travel would be delayed, it was better to travel back later than normal—that way the crowds would have dissipated and the man on the Clapham Omnibus would already be at home. Plus the alcohol consumed would make the journey even faster than normal. Truly, the NSC is a powerhouse of brilliant ideas.

True to their word, the Glorious Committee laid on an emergency pub quiz and then a game invented by C.S. Lewis. The quiz consisted of five rounds from the first NSC "alehouse challenge" which I conducted some years ago, so once again I took the reins and barked out the following questions:

1. In 1745 during the Jacobite invasion of England, what song was first performed after the staging of Ben Jonson's play *The Alchemist* in London?

2. Whose supposed last words were, "I expected my sentence and believe it was just. Standing, as I do, in the view of God and eternity, I realize

that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness to anyone."?

3. If James is five, Henry is three, and Edward is two, who is one?

4. Ginger ale and the pneumatic tyre were both invented in which European city?

5. Karl Ludwig Nessler was the inventor of the artificial eyebrow. What else did he invent, in 1906?

6. What was the capital of Rhodesia?

7. On the Beaufort scale, what number represents a fresh breeze? 1, 3 or 5?

8. Who is the only British Prime Minister to be assassinated?

9. What is the maximum number of golf clubs a golfer is allowed to carry in their bag during a game?

10. Where upon her person would a lady have secreted a silver mousetrap?

11. In which country would you find Lake Disappointment?

And many more as well. (You can find the answers to these on page 19.)

Quite a range of questions all would agree, although apparently some were surprised by the number referring to German Imperial Africa. For some reason, given the Quiz Master. (You can see the whole of the original quiz in issue 30 of this organ, available online here.) Sadly

history does not record the team names or the team which won as all records were destroyed when they were thrown in a bin. Well done to the team wot won it and hard cheese to them teams wot lost it.

After this jolliness and the marking/shame, we moved on to another, even more cerebral game apparently invented by noted scribbler and Christ-Lion-tamer C. Staples Lewis. Amanda McKittrick Ros is widely considered to have been one of the worst writers to have ever worked in the English language, even worse than Jane Austen (steady on—Ed), and C.S.

Lewis and chums used to take turns to read stanzas of her work and see if they could refrain from laughing. Cruel buggers. Still her self-published works such as *Irene Iddesleigh*, *Poems of Puncture* and *Fumes of Formation*, really are dreadful.

I started off by reading "Visiting Westminster Abbey":

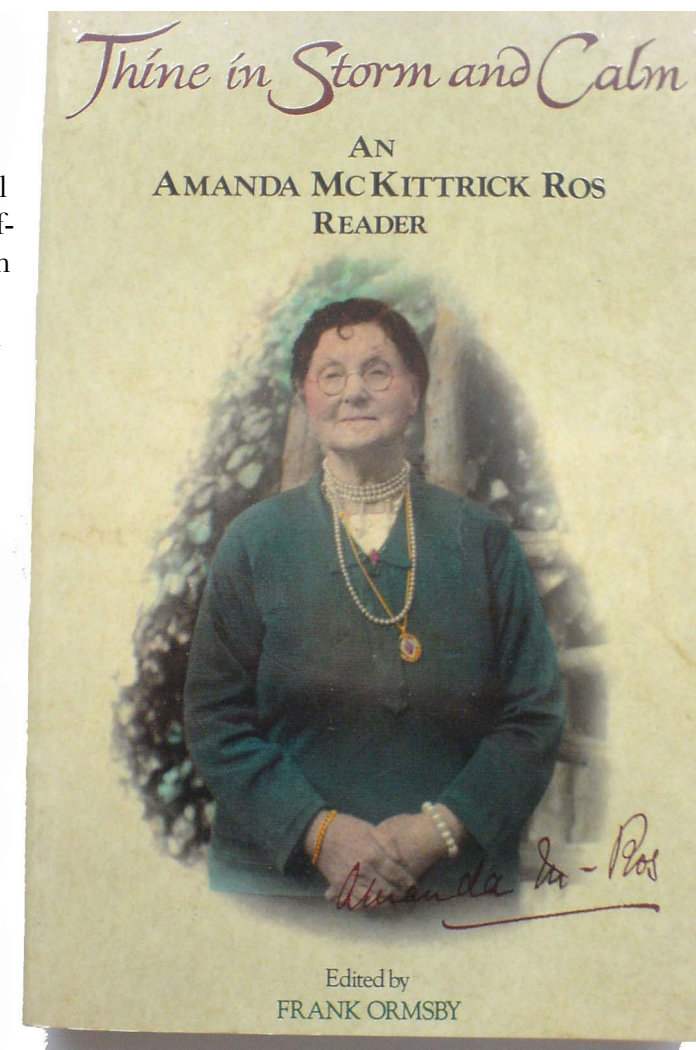
Holy Moses! Have a look!
Flesh decayed in every nook!
Some rare bits of brain lie here,
Mortal loads of beef and beer,
Some of whom are turned to dust,
Every one bids lost to lust;
Royal flesh so tinged with 'blue'
Undergoes the same as you.
Famous some were—yet they died;
Poets—Statesmen—Rogues beside,
Kings—Queens, all of them do rot,
What about them? Now—they're not!

Suitably warmed up, the assembled company arranged themselves around a long table and

took turns to read a stanza each of one of her longer works. Some of the assembled throng managed to mangle the words well, but others could barely croak out the lines:

When on the eve of glory, whilst brooding over the prospects of a bright and happy future, whilst meditating upon the risky right of justice, there we remain, wanderers on the cloudy surface of mental woe, disappointment and danger, inhabitants of the grim sphere of anticipated imagery, partakers of the poisonous dregs of concocted injustice. Yet such is life.

—Amanda McKittrick Ros, *Irene Iddesleigh*



Craigoh then followed up our poetry group with some woeful words from Scottish poet William Topaz McGonagall:

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay!
Alas! I am very sorry to say
That ninety lives have been taken away
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

'Twas about seven o'clock at night,
And the wind it blew with all its might,
And the rain came pouring down,
And the dark clouds seem'd to frown,
And the Demon of the air seem'd to say—
"I'll blow down the Bridge of Tay."

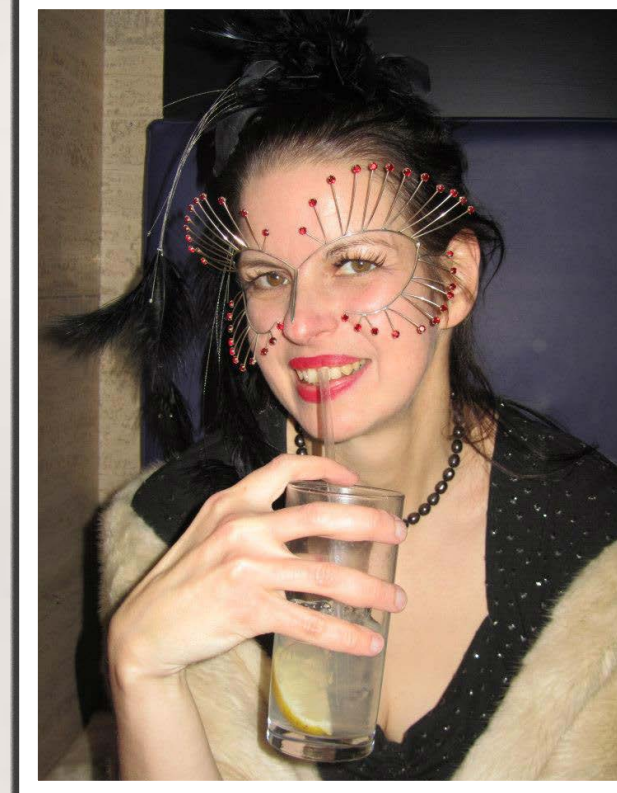
The crowd eventually broke up and made their way back to various bolt-holes and dead-letter drops but with their general and poetical knowledge increased. The Glorious Committee will look to hold another Ale House Knowledge Challenge later in the year, so start greasing up those brains to win the brilliant prize which will be offered.

THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



In which a Member of the New Sheridan Club is asked to introduce themselves to other Members so that those at Home and Across the Seas may all get to know fellow Club Members. No part of this interview may be used in court or bankruptcy proceedings.



Birgit Gebhardt

'If you hit it hard enough, it will work.'

Name or preferred name?

The name I use here is my real one; my artist's/company name, Deadly Glamour, is used for professional purposes. Feel free to investigate "Deadly Glamour Jewellery" on Facebook if you are suitably inclined.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

The curse of having a birth name which is almost impossible to pronounce and remember for

English speakers. All my household bills are in entertaining varieties of my name, not a single one correct.

Where do you hail from?

I was born in Nuremberg, Germany, but have lived there for less than five years, and that in instalments. I should really answer "South London", as last year, I realised I have now been living here for longer than anywhere else in my life.

Favourite Cocktail?

I'm the person who tries to order the ones with the weird ingredients. So, probably a Marmalade Martini. I'm also quite partial to mead and Real Ale. Reenactors are all the same.

Most Chappist Skill?

The ability to screen a film with an old-fashioned 35mm cinema projector (not one of those tiny numbers, but a contraption the size of a bathroom and the noise levels of a steam engine). Alternatively, deploying black powder artillery with a proper cannon.

Most Chappist Possession?

A close contest between my grandmother's silver cocktail shaker, and my grandfather's wedding tailcoat, both from the early 1930s.

Personal Motto?

If you hit it hard enough, it will work.

Favourite Quotes?

None, but I know quite a few innovative swearwords in various languages, if the personal

motto fails.

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...

I have won a fashion award, the trophy for which is impossible to display in polite society. And I have been on the infamous TV programme *Eurotrash*, doing a spot of morris dancing.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Around two years, if memory serves me right.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

A suggestion from Mr Bell, Butler to *The Chap* magazine. On my first visit, I was surprised to bump into Mrs Pandora Harrison, whom I have known for longer than either of us dares to admit.



Wielding the black powder scoop for the cannon

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

Basic tailoring and dressmaking abilities go a long way if you're interested in vintage clothing. If you think your talents

are sadly lacking, do a course. Trust me, the best money ever spent.

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

Girl's night in with Lola Montez (alternatively Lady Jane Ellenborough, if Lola is otherwise detained), the Marchesa Casati, and Julie D'Aubigny. It might end up in a catfight, and I doubt I would get a word in edgeways...

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart. (Are there any others?)

Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you planning to do?

I was one of the presenters of the Christmas film 2013, *Die Feuerzangenbowle*, and there's a proper Turn on the horizon for this May, on the infamous Jan Erik Hanussen, Hitler's personal clairvoyant and all-round Del Boy of pre-WW2 Germany.

Thank you for allowing yourself to be interviewed in the palatial surroundings of the NSC Club House. On behalf of the Members may I respectfully ask you to resign.



As the Angel of Mons at the NSC Xmas party



In grandfather's 1930s tailcoat



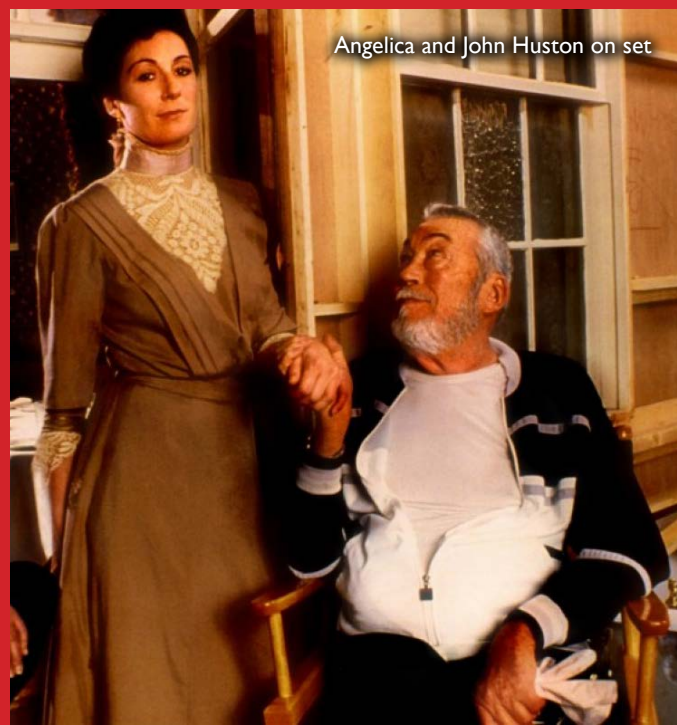
passionate past of which he was not previously aware—she reveals her nagging memories of a long-ago romance and a long-dead lover.

The mood is sepulchral (in fact Chuckles insists it needs to be watched after dark during the winter months), and in fact director John Huston was dying as he made it. Critic Pauline Kael writes: “Huston directed

the movie, at 80, from a wheelchair; jumping up to look through the camera, with oxygen tubes trailing from his nose to a portable generator; most of the time, he had to watch the actors on a video monitor outside the set and use a microphone to speak to the crew. Yet he went into dramatic areas that he’d never gone into before—funny, warm family scenes that might be thought completely out of his range. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically.” Perhaps aptly Huston had his family around him, as the Oscar-nominated screenplay was written by his son Tony and Gretta Conroy, Gabriel’s wife, is played by his daughter Angelica.

Long considered “unfilmable” *The Dead* seems to be saying that, however long they have been in their graves, the dead will always influence the lives of the living.

Thanks to Chuckles for suggesting the film, about which he will give a short introduction.



NSC FILM NIGHT *The Dead* (1987)

Sunday 23rd March

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

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

Admission: Free

If you were paying attention to the last issue of *Resign!*, you will be aware that our Film Night last month was scheduled as a double bill, an unlikely pairing of two films about love, in honour of St Valentine’s Day. The first of those went off without a hitch (see opposite), but when we came to show the second film it turned out that a number of people would not be able to stay until the end—and Chuckles Younghusband, the curator of that film, warned that the last ten minutes were particularly important. We quickly realised that the people in the room who wanted to see the second film but were not able to on that occasion, vastly outnumbered those who were able to stay, so we decided to postpone it till the next month,

The film in question is *The Dead*, based on a James Joyce short story, the longest in the collection *The Dubliners*. It takes place in Dublin in 1904 at a family gathering, an epiphany party held by two elderly sisters. Shy academic Gabriel Conroy, nephew of the sisters, fumbles in the social environment of the party, then later discovers that something at the event has triggered his wife to recall a



Stammer of the Gods

THE ONE HALF of last month’s Film Night that we did manage to show was *Girl Shy*, a 1924 Harold Lloyd silent comedy.

Harold Lloyd made over 200 movies and is most remembered for his hair-raising stunts. In fact in an accident with an exploding prop he lost a finger and thumb on his right hand, which he would subsequently disguise with a special glove (and watching *Girl Shy* I did notice how it is always his left hand that is to the fore).

His later films were more character-based—usually a character called Harold in his trademark round spectacles (which were just plain glass), a hapless but determined Everyman. In *Girl Shy* he plays a small-town naif who is terrified of women and stammers uncontrollably when under stress, yet who (rather inexplicably) writes a treatise on *The Secret of Making Love*, in which he documents his fictitious conquests. In fantasy sequences we see two of these, telling glimpses into the obsessions of the time—the Vampire (the man-eating Theda Bara type, a term later shortened to “vamp”), against whom the correct technique is indifference (see the picture at the top); and the Flapper, shown as dizzy and silly, drinking and smoking

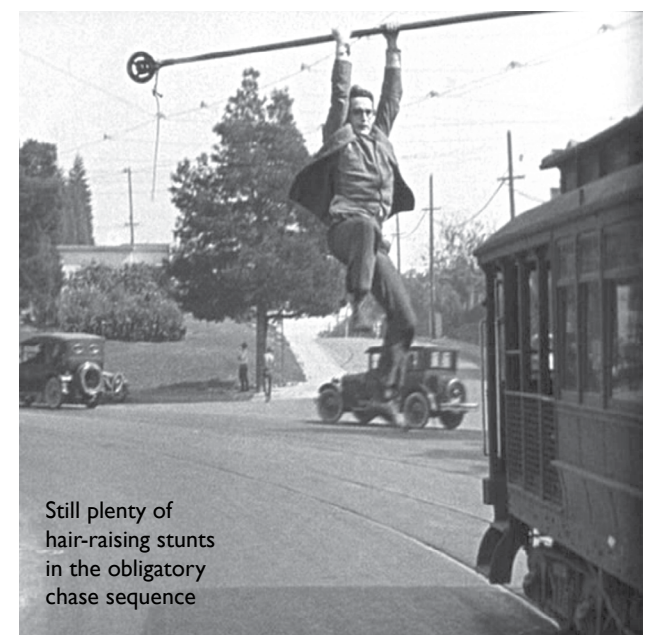
ostentatiously but also strangely girly, playing with dolls, etc. (Interestingly, we tend to picture a flapper with a Louise Brooks bob, but here she still has the Mary Pickford curls.) The way to win her, by the way, is to unleash your inner caveman.

On the way to the city to find a publisher he meets a girl and they are smitten with one another. But when the publisher laughs him out of the office her realises he could never support her so he pretends that he was never interested, that

she was just another conquest. However, the publisher then realises he could make a fortune selling Harold’s book as a joke (*The Diary of a Boob*) and offers him a hefty advance. Now Harold must race across town by a series of unlikely vehicles (cue all the hair-raising stunts we expect) to stop the girl marrying a rotter.

We tend to think of silent comedies as broad slapstick with exaggerated expressions and gestures, but I was struck by the naturalism of the performances. Although it is silent you can often see what the actors are saying—and it is ironic that key plot points revolve around the fact that under stress Harold’s stammer prevents him from speaking!

Thanks to David Pile for suggesting the film.



The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members gab about giggle-water

Warm is the new cold

By David Bridgman-Smith

Ice. Perhaps the most important ingredient in a cocktail (well, other than the hooch). Many readers will be familiar with the perils of being served a Gin & Tonic with just one limp ice cube in it, which quickly vanishes, taking with it the kick from your juniper and quinine concoction.

But what if an NSC member finds himself or herself stranded with plenty of booze to choose from, but no ice and not even a refrigerator to chill their ingredients? Well, fear not, because this month the Cocktail Cabinet has meticulously tried a range of classic cocktails at ambient temperature to see what works and what doesn't. For those with questing scientific minds, who will no doubt write in to query exactly what temperature I consider "ambient", it was around 20°C (for our friends across the pond, that's 70°F). All of the ingredients were kept at ambient temperature prior to mixing for at least a couple of hours and neither the glassware nor the mixing apparatus were chilled.

Let's start with gin. I selected a gin bottled at 40% ABV (Market Harborough's own Two Birds). Some brands are more alcoholic than this, but I decided to keep it modest as we would have none of the dilution you would normally get from ice, nor the softening of fiery edges that chilling can give.

Ambient Dry Martini

50ml dry gin
10ml red vermouth
Stir without ice. Garnish with a lemon twist.

Intense, with plenty of citrus, especially with the lemon garnish, and a long, dry juniper finish. Some of the spice comes through. Although the drink is clean, it obviously lacks the cool crispness of the classic cocktail. The drink is improved considerably with a dash or two of orange bitters.

Ambient Sweet Martini

50ml dry gin
20ml red vermouth
Stir without ice. Garnish with an orange twist.

A good aperitif, this is somewhat like sipping an Americano-style vermouth. There is a rich and full mouthfeel, with lots of herbal notes and a long, dry pine and juniper finish. The key to making this drink a success is to use a freshly-opened and flavourful vermouth.

Ambient Negroni

Equal parts dry gin, red vermouth and Campari. Stir without ice. Garnish with a wedge of pink grapefruit.

Excellent. This works as well warm as it does chilled. The flavours are brighter and the bitterness more intense. If you love Negronis, I suggest at least giving this a try. Big, bold, and beautiful.

Gin & Tonic

Ambient carbonated soft drinks are rarely much good, being more often than not more thirst-inducing than thirst-quenching. In my experience, the best way to make the traditional mix of gin and tonic water is to once again opt for a gin with an ABV between 40% and 42%, and preferably something with a classic flavour profile with punchy juniper notes. Gordons and Tanqueray both work well, as do Aldi's Oliver Cromwell and the value brands from Sainsbury, Morrisons and Marks and Spencer.

For your tonic, I'd suggest, unusually, using a diet variety, as the sweetener is more palatable than real sugar when warm; even better is to use one of the "twist of lemon" or "twist of lime" varieties. Alternatively you could try a...

Colonial Gin & Tonic

50ml dry gin
25ml lime juice (approximately one lime)
10ml tonic syrup*
Still water to taste
Orange bitters (optional)

Shake without ice and pour into a long glass.

A fine balance between dry, sweet and bitter. This drink can be lengthened, to taste, with still water. Reminiscent of an early form of the Gin & Tonic, enjoyed in the British colonies, this is as excellent and refreshing today as it was in the 19th century.

Old Fashioned

50ml bourbon
1 tsp sugar
3-4 dashes of Angostura Bitters
5ml water
Stir the bitters, water and sugar together until the sugar has dissolved, then add the bourbon.

A smooth and slightly warming drink, with the sweetness of the bourbon really coming through. Very different from the chilled version, however, being more subdued and soft. The smooth, soft start is followed by the sweetness of the whiskey, then a more bitter, woody aftertaste. This has a short flavour profile, but is still quite nice.

Manhattan

40ml rye whiskey

10ml sweet vermouth

Stir without ice.

Interesting—this has a recognisable taste, but it's also different from a chilled Manhattan. There's a real punch of flavour, with faint herbal notes from the vermouth, followed by more bitter herbal notes and dry wood on the finish. After the initial burst of flavour, the texture turns distinctly silky, with the finish lingering for a good while.

Rob Roy

45ml Scotch whisky
15ml part sweet vermouth
Stir without ice.

A lot of these flavours seem a tad disjointed: the whisky and vermouth seem to fight for centre stage, and there's a dash of bitterness in the middle. Fortunately everything is rounded off with a nice, chocolatey finish, but this simply does not work as well as it does chilled.

Rum Cocktail

50ml Woods Rum
25ml lime juice
1 tsp sugar
Stir without ice until the sugar has dissolved.

Smooth, yet potent, this has lots of bitter treacle notes, followed by sharp lemon. With some sugar and a dash of spice from some cocktail bitters, this would certainly be palatable, but, as it is, I think it's time to add a cube or two of ice.

In conclusion, most of these drinks were surprisingly palatable, however, the most successful were the Manhattan and the Negroni; these would be my recommendations to any member who finds themselves without a cube of ice to their name. Another general tip for ambient cocktails is to use strong flavours and, if in doubt, add a dash or two of bitters.

* Obscure, but you could try this or make your own. Hendricks made an experimental Battersea Quinine Cordial, and last year launched Quinetum, but neither product has so far been available to retail customers.

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



Left to right:
Sweet Martini,
Dry Martini,
Colonial Gin &
Tonic, Negroni



Left to right: Rum Cocktail, Rob Roy, Manhattan,
Old Fashioned

The thoughts of Chairman Torquil

More Thoughts on Horses

By Torquil Arbuthnot

IN 2000 MY oldest friend, Hadland, and I decided to visit Peru. We had taken 'O'-Level Spanish together when we were 15, so were prepared to tread where stout Cortes stood.

We took a jet to Cusco. I particularly wanted to visit Sacsayhuamán and points east, which are near. Unfortunately, Hadland had quite bad *soroche* (altitude sickness) which I cockily thought I'd avoided, being hearty of lung and a stranger to tobacco. I'd forgotten Cusco was 12,000 metres above sea level (give or take a balsa-wood ruler); about twice the altitude of the exhaust fumes and oxygen I'd been breathing on Charlotte Street. Mr Hadland collapsed; and I thought him a bit of a lightweight until I brushed my teeth and had to go to bed after the exertion.

Anyway, as Hadland had poncy altitude disease, I thought we should hire a brace of horses rather than have him coughing and heaving all over the *alto plano* (showing off that I can speak Spanish—*alto plano* is Spanish for "high bit of land"). So we walked to the nearest village, via the most unconvincing undercover Peruvian policeman I've ever seen, who tried to sell me marijuana.

Me: "You are a policeman."

Peruvian policeman: "How do you know that? [Followed by a bit of blather about being an honest peasant, etc.]"

Me: "Because you have your obvious Peruvian police shorts on, and very expensive shoes."

Hadland was not keen on the horse idea. "I am too heavy for my horse." I started to explain

why horses in Peru were small and wiry; but gave up after a nanosecond as Hadland was in a panic. "I'm too heavy for this horse!"

I'd taken the trouble beforehand to brush up my Spanish and commit to heart some Latin American Spanish (*americano*; if one wants to refer to the USA, they are *norteamericano*; English people, as I found out from an informative chat with a taxi driver in Lima, are *oologans*). Anyway, I'd learnt the words for "saddle" and "reins", and used them freely and with nonchalance while conversing with our 12-year old guide, Joel. I said, "I'll just get up into the saddle, and if you could hand me up the reins?"

Joel said, "What?" and after a bit of mutual

bafflement we ascertained I was going to sit on the chair of the horse and hold his rope.

Joel didn't have a horse, so did a very credible John Wayne leap-vault on to the back of my horse.

I asked what my horse (a dapple-white pony) was called. Joel said he was called Huacyha Major, which apparently means "White Spirit/God of the Distant Mountains". I explained this to Hadland; who said, "Ask him what my horse is called."

Hadland's horse was



called Colin.

Anywho, we visited a shedload of Inca ruins, Hadland haggled (unsuccessfully) in fluent French with an Inca lady who spoke only Quechan, and then got indignant that she didn't understand his "Spanish".

After an hour we stopped at a cantina where I had a large beer and a small mutter.

On the way back Hadland was still wailing that he was too heavy for Colin. Joel opined that Hadland was being a prat. As we walked back down to the hotel Hadland's sole topic was how he had ruined Colin's spine.



Left to right: Colin, Huacyha Major, Hadland, a pig



New Member

WE'VE NOT HAD anyone join the Club for a couple of months now, but it looks as if the first signs of spring have triggered the green shoots of

recovery and stirred Chappist urges in the hearts of men and women once more, as we welcome Mr Keith Petersen all the way from New South Wales, Australia (pictured right).



CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

MORE TOP TIE SPOTS this month: surely no one can be surprised to see the NSC playing a vital role in global diplomacy, as Lee Duk-haeng, head of the South Korean working-level delegation proudly sports the Club silk as he shakes hands with his North Korean counterpart, Park Yong Il (top). We have Colonel Cyrus Choke to thank for that, as well as for this clear signal of NSC affiliation from James Stewart in *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1956), right. Meanwhile Actuarious spotted Club ties adorning the necks of Michael Denison in *The Magic Box* (1951), below right, and a random tough in *The Saint* (below left).



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 5th March
7pm–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
7pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm, 8–9pm)
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
Admission: £8 for the dance class, £4 for the club (discounted if you're doing the class)
Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

Lucky Dog Picture House

Thursday 6th March
7.30pm, show from 8pm
The Teahouse Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL
Admission: £10 from www.teahousetheatre.co.uk

A film night with a difference: Lucky Dog only show silent movies, presented with a live musical accompaniment by their in-house band (featuring music

from the era in which the films were made, I believe). This time featuring Georges Méliès's *Le Voyage dans la Lune* and Charlie Chaplin in *The Immigrant*.

The Candlelight Club: New Orleans Mardi Gras Ball

Saturday 8th March
7pm–12am

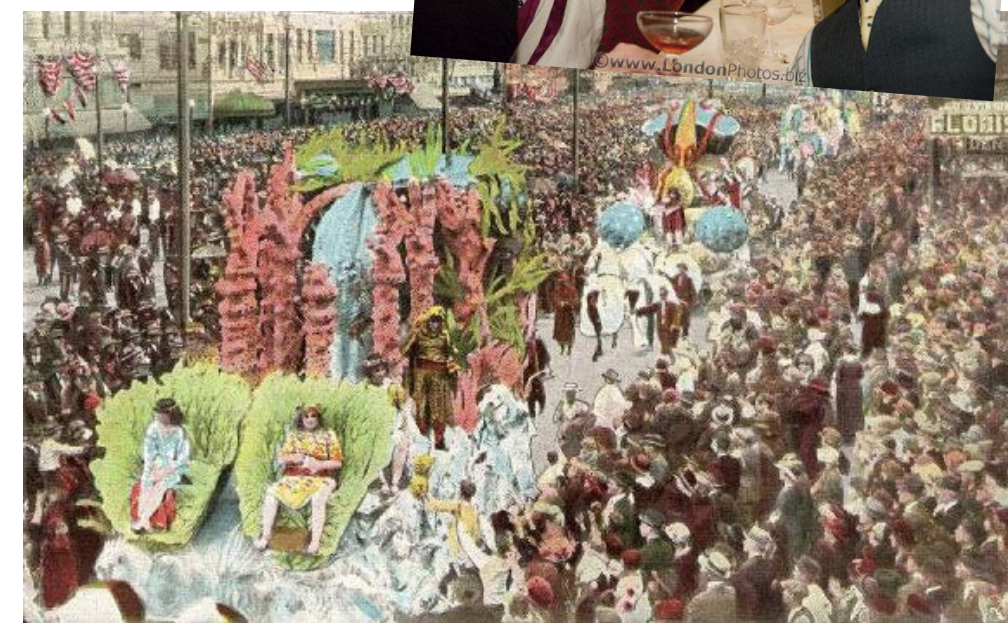
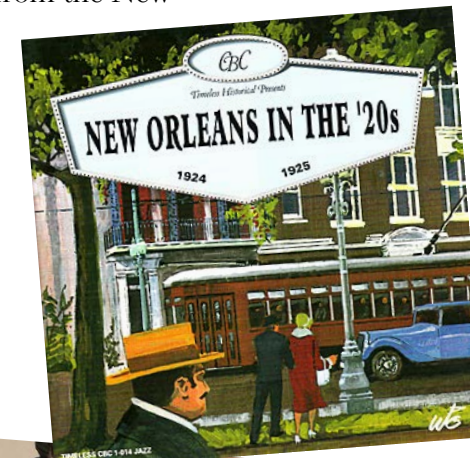
A secret London location
Admission: £25 in advance

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, 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 lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism (sometimes 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 celebration of Mardi Gras, New Orleans style: in the Big Easy they will be partying all week, a 150-year-

Come and celebrate Mardi Gras in a 1920s New Orleans style at the Candlelight Club



old tradition that didn't stop for Prohibition—in fact New Orleans is notable as the place where the official ban on alcohol made the least noticeable difference, thanks to local bootlegger “Silver Dollar” Sam Carolla. We'll be serving up Louisiana cuisine and New Orleans classic cocktails, plus dancing to Big Easy style jazz from the Candid Jug Orange Band and DJing from the NSC's own Vince Moses, plus dance routines from the Bees Knees and tarot reading from our own Voodoo Queen Madame de la Cartomancer.

Basin Street Brawlers at Wilton's

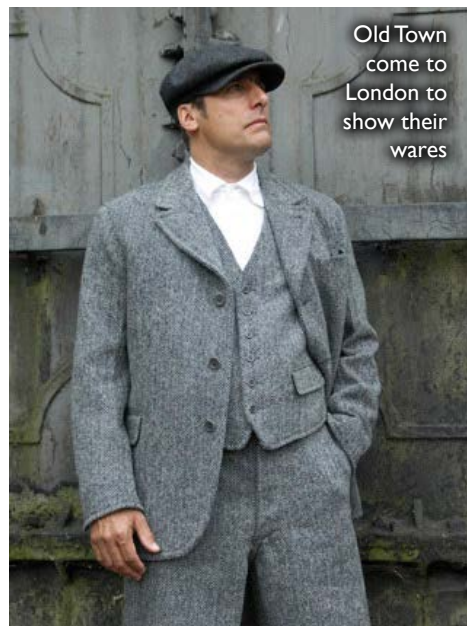
Monday 10th March

8–10.30pm

Wilton's Music Hall, Graces Alley, London E1 8JB

Admission: Free

Championing the music of Louis Armstrong,



Old Town come to London to show their wares

the Basin Street Brawlers (regulars at the Candlelight Club) play their last gig in a residency of the last few months. Also an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the world's oldest surviving music hall (it started as an alehouse in 1743).

Spin-a-Disc Social

Monday 10th March

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.

Old Town Come to Town

Saturday 15th–Monday 17th March

Shop hours (please telephone 01263 710001 or email old-town@btconnect.com ahead of time to make an appointment)

A discreet Spitalfield location

Admission: Free, though the clothes will obviously cost

The marvellous Old Town, purveyors of new clothes cut to vintage patterns, make their biannual trip to London from their shop in Holt, Norfolk, to show their current range of wares. The whole enterprise has a very carefully considered aesthetic, from the clothes themselves to the website. The emphasis is primarily on salt-of-the-earth vintage workwear rather than Savile Row, though their jackets, trousers and waistcoats can be combined to make smart, characterful and yet rugged suits. Last time I popped into one of these open-house events I bumped into Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer.

Miss Willey would prefer customers to book ahead of time so that she is not overwhelmed, but bear in mind that the number given is for the Holt shop, so obviously there won't be anyone there while the event is going on.

Hep Cats Holiday

Friday 14th–Monday 17th March

Pontin's, Pakefield, Lowestoft, Suffolk
Admission: £170–260 per person: see options online

Dress: 1930s–1950s, I would assume
Annual weekend with live swing, jump jive and R&B featuring Emmanuelle Urso, Sugar Ray's Lucky

Strikes, Speakeasies Swing Band, the Sticky Wicket Swing Orchestra, Jubilee Jumpers, Carmen Ghia and the Hot Rods, Trio Manouche and more, plus a vintage market, barbers, styling salons, DJs and dance classes. Price includes accommodation, classes, breakfast and dinner.

Tricity Vogue's All-Girl Swing Band

Monday 17th March

8–10.30pm

Wilton's Music Hall, Graces Alley, London E1 8JB

Admission: Free

Cabaret maven and cheeky mistress of the ukulele Tricity Vogue also has an all-girl swing

band, dishing up numbers from the 1920s to 1940s, plus a few contemporary pop ditties rendered in the swing style. Also an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the world's oldest surviving music hall (it started as an alehouse in 1743).

Herr Kettner's Kabaret

Friday 21st March

7pm–2am

Kettner's, 29 Romilly Street, Soho, London W1D 5HP (020 7734 6112)

Admission: £20 non-dining, £30 non-dining with a glass of Laurent-Perrier Champagne, £75 dining, either online or by ringing 020 7292 0513

Relive the decadent, desperate days of 1920s Weimar Berlin, when people really knew how to respond to an economic recession—with a maelstrom of Champagne, dancing, laughter and song. Forget the gloom outside: here, across two floors of Herr Kettner's decadently beautiful house, you can sway to the new “jazz” music coming from America, learn to dance the Charleston, flirt with our cabaret singers, guffaw at our comedians, and quaff cocktails like there's no tomorrow—there probably isn't.

• Guests with dining tickets or Champagne party tickets will receive a complimentary glass of Laurent-Perrier Champagne. In the first-floor Laurent-Perrier Lounge, for the entry price of a glass of Champagne, you can chat to Champagne Experts and thrill as a bubbly burlesque temptress cavorts in a giant Champagne glass.

• In the Ballroom there will be live ragtime and swing music courtesy of the Dixie Ticklers, vintage DJing from Aila of the Bee's Knees, plus complimentary dance lessons from Robert and Claire of London Swing Cats.

• In the Kabaret Lounge there will be two cabaret shows, hosted by Christian Lee, master of riotous comedy magic, and featuring stunning burlesque from statuesque beauty Sophia St Villier and a storm of hula energy from Polly Hoops, plus sultry song from Gracie, all ably accompanied on the piano by Fraulein Von Klaus.

• Wonder at our wandering magician Oliver B. as he delights and befuddles with his sleight of hand.

• At the Pernod absinthe fountain allow the Green Fairy to soothe and inspire your troubled soul, and receive a complimentary sample and masterclass in her history and preparation from our Absinthe Guru.

• Treat yourself to professional vintage styling from Lipstick & Curls, whose pop-up salon will be offering complimentary primping from 7.30pm.

• Have a glamorous vintage photo portrait taken at our in-house studio.

• Sample the specially designed cocktails at our two bars.

• With a dining ticket enjoy a three-course gourmet meal in the oak-panelled dining room, plus exclusive cabaret performances between courses.

• For those with non-dining tickets there is also



a classy bar food menu.

More at www.herrkettnerskabaret.com.

Daylight Music at the Union Chapel

Saturday 22nd March

Midday–2pm

The Union Chapel, Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN

Admission: Free

As part of a scheme by the Union Chapel to open up this Gothic venue to a new daytime crowd, Alex Mendham and his 12-piece orchestra play their repertoire of dance music from the Jazz Age, supported by Grace Banks (Elliot Smith/Leonard Cohen) and Your Correspondent

(acoustic folk-pop, a bit Nick Drake)—so a cultural mixed bag.

**The Candlelight Club:
A New York Speakeasy Crawl**

Saturday 22nd March
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £20/25 in advance

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, 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 lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism (sometimes from the New Sheridan Club's own DJ MC Fruity). Ticket holders get

NSC Film Night

The Dead (1987)

Sunday 23rd March

7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

See page 8.

The Cat's Meow

Saturday 23rd March

7.30pm–1.30am

The London Irish Centre, 50–52 Camden
Square, London NW1 9XB

Admission: £23 available in advance

A monthly swing night from London Swing Cats, this time with a live double bill featuring the Ray Collins Hot Club and the Intelli-Gents, plus resident DJs Voodoo Doll and Jumpin'

Two chances to see Alex Mendham's
Orchestra this month—22nd and 29th



an email two days before revealing the location.

This time we look to the Big Apple. For every legitimate bar that closed under Prohibition, half a dozen illegal ones opened. By the mid-1920s there were as many as 100,000 speakeasies in New York City alone. It was said you could get a drink in pretty much every building on 52nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Some got by on bribery, others on secrecy: the term “night club” was coined in this era as a euphemism. Hidden doors, silent alarms, trapdoors and lifts to hide the booze in a raid—never has some much ingenuity gone into having a drink. We salute those bars and the cocktails made famous in them. Music from the Boomtown Swingalings and coordinated shimmying from the Gatsby Girls.

Jim, playing swing, rhythm and blues and other vintage dance tunes. First band on stage at 8.30pm.

**Puttin' on the Glitz:
Fashion and Film in the Jazz Age**

Friday 28th March

6.30–8pm

Conference Centre, British Library, 96 Euston
Road, London NW1 2DB

Fashion expert Amber Jane Butchart transports you to Jazz Age Hollywood. She draws on the British Library's collection of vintage magazines in this talk with Christopher Lavery, editor of the popular blog Clothes on Film. From Theda Bara and Ginger Rogers to the costume designers who became celebrities

in their own right, Amber explores fashion on the big screen during the 1920s and 1930s. Magazines like *Photoplay* and *Vogue* featured every detail of Hollywood stars' costumes, exciting fans and retailers to recreate dresses like the famous ruffled gown worn by Joan Crawford in the 1932 film *Letty Lynton*. Christopher Lavery examines the flamboyantly dressed “dandy gangster” as portrayed in the HBO series *Boardwalk Empire*—gangsters from the Prohibition era cared more for their suits, hats and shoes than anything else, wearing lavish fabrics and glaringly bright tones. Christopher will trace the influence these colourful men still have on fashion today. For details and tickets see here.

Steampunks on the Docks

Saturday 29th March

From noon

Meet at the Pumphouse, Albert Dock, Liverpool
Dress: Steampunk, I'll warrant

The Liverpool League of Gentlemen (and Extraordinary Ladies) is arranging a day at the docks. After a few drinks they plan to “visit the Maritime Museum, The Museum of Liverpool, look at the ships, lose our hats in the wind...and then more drinks at the Smuggler's Cove and Baltic Fleet”. For more details see the Facebook event page.

Dinner Dance at the Savoy

Saturday 29th March

7.30pm

The Savoy Hotel, Strand, London WC2R 0EU
Admission: £125 for full dining tickets, though you can alternatively get a table at the Beaufort Bar

Dress: The Savoy itself doesn't seem to have any standards any more, but Alex encourages guests to dress in formal evening wear

Following in the footsteps of Carroll Gibbons and his legendary Savoy Orpheans, Alex Mendham & His Orchestra have taken up the baton as resident dance orchestra for the Savoy Hotel, playing the sounds of the Art Deco era with unmatched sophistication. Cut a rug under the stunning glass cupola in the Thames Foyer with a three-course dinner. Your evening begins at 7.30 with a cocktail reception, followed by dinner at 8pm and music from 8.30. Dancing till midnight. To book telephone 020 7420 2111.

Swing Street Ball

Saturday 29th March

7.45pm–midnight

Carisbrooke Hall, 63 Seymour Street,
London W2 2HF

Admission: £15 in advance only

Dress: 1940s

An annual swing dance event, this time with a 1940s American theme. Live music from the 16-piece King Groovy and the Horn Stars, plus DJs and dance performance.

Vintage Photography Studio

Sunday 30th March

9am–6pm

55 Factory, 55 Holmes Road, London NW5 3AN
Admission: £140 for a two-hour session

A collaboration between vintage styling crew Lipstick & Curls and vintage photographer Sin Bozkurt. Your £140 buys you hair and make-up, the use of their props, liaison with your photographer before the shoot by email to ask questions about outfits, styles, and requests, direction and advice on posing specific to you, five super high-resolution retouched images of your choice, chosen on the day, delivered within seven days, and your own private web gallery with customizable print products ordered at cost with leading partner photolabs through sinbozkurtshop.com. Additional images are available at £5.00 per photo. To book or for more info please email info@lipstickandcurls.net or sinbozkurtphoto@gmail.com.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 4

1. “God Save the King/Queen”
2. Edith Cavell, British nurse executed by the Germans in 1915 for helping Allied personnel to escape occupied Europe.
3. Thomas the Tank Engine (engine numbers).
4. Belfast.
5. The permanent wave or “perm”
6. Salisbury.
7. 5.
8. Spencer Perceval, in 1812.
9. 14.
10. Upon her head, in her hair or wig to catch stray rodents.
11. Australia.

Birgit Gebhardt is our
Brogues Gallery victim of
the month: see page 6

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