

Hitler's psychic

The curious tale of the rise and fall of Erik Jan Hanussen

The Order of the Fez

Probing the mysteries of exotic cultures, from the comfort of the British Museum

Ghosts of Hat Town

Tim Eyre on the hatmaking glory that was Atherstone

The need for tweed

The Club once more takes honours at the Tweed Run

Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!

Savour some 1960s exploitation from the louche vision of Russ Meyer

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 92 JUNE 2014



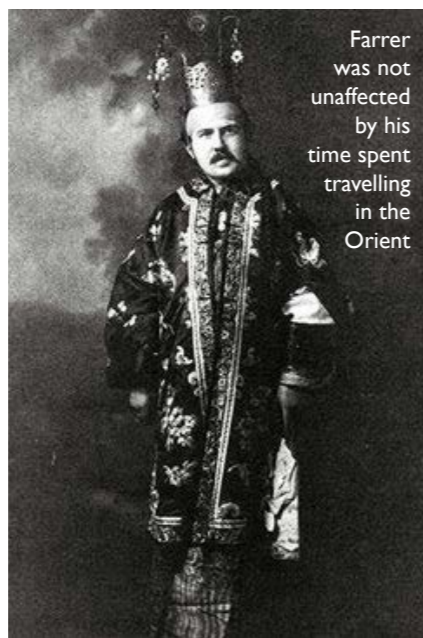
The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf 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 4th June in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Eugenie Rhodes will probe the world of *Eccentrics Up A Mountain*. Eugenie invites us to “hear about the aptly named Robert Fortune, traveller, adventurer and master of disguises, a 19th century tea thief and opium spy, and meet the orchidaceous (or should I say, alpinaceous?) Reginald Farrer, ‘Father of the English rock garden’, Oxford graduate, fancy dress fan, buddhist and maverick. This talk will form a sequel to Lorna Mower-Johnson’s exposé on plant hunters last year.”

The Last Meeting

At the May meeting our speaker was Birgit Gebhardt, whose subject was Erik Jan Hanussen, who became an immensely successful stage clairvoyant, mentalist and hypnotist in the 1930s, earning a fortune, which he spent on a yacht, mansion and beautiful young women. But his life was full of ups and downs—he also gave personal séances and fortune tellings and, under Austrian law, although the stage shows



Farrer was not unaffected by his time spent travelling in the Orient

could be classified as entertainment, the private services were different, repeatedly leading to his being charged with fraud. He also became very pally with the Nazis, frequently lending money to high-ranking officers and allegedly giving Hitler lessons in oratory and the use of psychology and dramatic effect when staging meetings. But Hanussen’s whole identity was a lie: not only was he not the Danish aristocrat he claimed to be, but he was also Jewish. His world tours may have served to get him out of trouble, but their success was often hampered by his inability to speak anything other than German and Yiddish. He was a tyrannical taskmaster, leaving a trail of disgruntled assistants ripe for spilling the beans on him. It’s not really clear what led to Hanussen’s sudden and squalid demise—kidnapped by SA men, shot and buried in a field. It may have been the discovery of his Jewishness, but it was more likely that he had become too much competition for Hitler’s attention in the eyes of Goebbels and Goering, or that his famous prediction of the Reichstag fire may have been the unwise public use of insider information. Thanks to Birgit for a fascinating talk. An essay version begins on page 4.



Birgit orates with help from (left) Hanussen and (below) Hitler



(Above) An amusing detail on Manfred’s sock; (below, l-r) Pandora Harrison, Mikhail Korasch and Miss Minna set the world to rights; Mikhail has taken to travelling everywhere with his salesman’s case (inset); (right) the mob listens attentively to Birgit’s presentation



(left) These two gentlemen were simply curious strangers interested in the talk—they are seen here in the Punishment Ties they were made to put on (and I’m not sure they gave them back...); (left) Paul Fletcher and Craighon keep up standards



(Above right) Edward and Kellyanne O’Callaghan; (left) outside in Smoker’s Alley Dorian Loveday keeps his chin up despite this damn war; (right) the seldom seen Dickie Sampson has clearly been spending his time profitably when not at the Club



IF ERIK JAN HANUSSEN ever had a favourite portrait of himself, it must have looked vaguely like the one on the right—in elegant surroundings, hypnotising a glamorous woman to do his will.

However, this was very much from the later part of his life; his beginnings were decidedly less auspicious.* Hanussen wasn't even his real name—it was Hermann Steinschneider—and he was nearly born in a prison cell in Vienna. It was June 1889, less than three months after Adolf Hitler had been born in Braunau am Inn, on the German border to Austria, about 200 miles away. Hanussen's father, Siegfried, a third-rate Jewish actor, had eloped with Antonie Julie Kohn, a furrier's underage daughter, and immediately got her pregnant. When her parents caught up with the couple they had them arrested on a phony theft charge. Antonie Julie started going into labour in prison, and had to be let out for medical attention. The father escaped from the clink a few days later



Archiv Wilfried Kugel

he would return to Vienna to write comedy songs, stage plays for other performers, engage in tabloid journalism or work at the Prater fairground. A popular hypnotizing stage act led him to write a series of “revelatory” tabloid articles and form a friendship with one of the performers, Joe Labero, which would last for the rest of Hanussen's life.

Hitler lived in Vienna around the same time (1905 to 1913), on the fringes of the same vaguely arty crowd, trying to make it as a painter, and it is entirely possible that their paths crossed then. However, as Hanussen was still performing under his old name Steinschneider, Hitler would probably not have recognized him in later life. Hanussen, on the other hand, had a fantastic memory (he could do the party trick of having 100 random numbers read to him and repeating them in sequence). It is quite possible that something stuck, which he could have used “clairvoyantly” in later life.

While in Vienna, Hanussen also got married for the first time (probably because the girl was pregnant), and immediately separated from her

when the child died.

The First World War broke out, and Hanussen was drafted, to the Eastern front in Galicia. As Hanussen and actual labour never quite saw eye to eye, he started running troop entertainments, such as flea circus, a casino and, eventually, a clairvoyance act—using tricks he had written about with Labero's help for a tabloid in Vienna.

A chance encounter with a Viennese stage impresario on the way back from an assignment, and the chance to line his own pockets instead of the army's, resulted in the creation of the name Erik Jan Hanussen. His new act involved finding needles hidden on people, performing actions agreed by the audience out of the performer's earshot, delivering unaddressed letters, and a display of dowsing. It was a complete success, especially with some members of the Imperial family who were present.

Unfortunately, the war wasn't over yet, and Hanussen had to return to his unit, where he was promptly incarcerated for being AWOL. However, the impresario started to pull strings in

Vienna with Hanussen's newfound fan club at the Imperial Court, and got him off. More performances in Vienna, of the same ilk, were a huge success, and resulted in his being sent on troop

Erik Jan Hanussen

Birgit Gebhardt on the extraordinary life of Hitler's personal psychic

and abducted wife and son for a life on the road, treading the boards in the backwaters of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Antonie Julie died from tuberculosis when Hanussen was twelve. He and his father never got along that well, and he took the first chance to escape school for a life on the road again, first with assorted acting troupes, then with a circus. According to his own account, standing in for the lion tamer one day gave him one of the most important lessons of his life—as

* A word of warning: all references to his early career (before 1930) are from Hanussen's autobiography, published in 1930, and everything in there has to be taken with quite a few pinches of salt—the details read like the adventures of the brave Soldier Svejk, published in 1923, translated into German in 1926, and possibly a source of inspiration. Hanussen never let the truth stand in the way of a good story, as we will see later.



Hanussen conducts a séance

the lion roared at him Hanussen hit it on the nose with a stick, whereupon the animal did as told. The moral was: “The one with the bigger mouth and more guts always wins.”

When engagements were not forthcoming,



Hanussen (left) is alleged to have taught Hitler oratorical techniques



(Left) Sigmund Breitbart; (above) Marta Farra; (right) poster for Hanussen's hypnotised strongwoman act; (below) Hanussen's name carried enough weight to advertise skin rejuvenation cream

His wife decided that a divorce was the best option for her and their daughter. So Hanussen went on tour. The show made it to assorted circuses as far away as the USA and, when Marta No.1 had had enough and left him, he simply replaced her with another girl—keeping the name, so as not to

confuse the audience. Marta No.2 was followed by Marta No.3. When Breitbart died of blood poisoning in 1925, Hanussen's first act was to publish a book where he explained all the tricks used in the show in detail.

The money from the American exploits did not last forever, and Hanussen was back to trying his old clairvoyance act, in small theatres in the spa towns of the Czech Republic. However, he needed a manager/assistant for that, and ended up with Ernst Juhn, who was

entertainment for the rest of the war—and also on a dowsing tour of the Croatian islands to help drill wells!

The war over, Hanussen became a full-time performer on the stage in Vienna, and actually had some money for a change. He immediately decided to get married again, to an operetta singer—yes, she was pregnant. The joy of being a husband and father didn't last long, and he went on tour for a year and a half in the eastern Mediterranean, more for his own entertainment than for commercial reasons. On his return in 1922, he found that suddenly he was yesterday's news and other acts had taken his crown. The biggest new star was Sigmund Breitbart, the Jewish Strongman, who pulled carts with his teeth, bit through chain links and stretched out on a bed of nails.

Hanussen immediately retaliated. Despite the unwritten showman law of never stealing material, he hired a pretty young girl, renamed her Marta Farra, and taught her all of Breitbart's sideshow tricks. Except he claimed she could do them because he had hypnotized her beforehand. Breitbart sued, Hanussen sued back, and in the following legal tussle it came out that the "Danish" Hanussen's birth certificate had been registered in what was now the Czech Republic. This, along with other assorted allegations of fraud and trickery, was enough to ban him from Austria for ten years.



CIRCUS BUSCH



fully familiar with the running of stage acts such as Hanussen's. It was Juhn who came up with the genius idea that private consultations after the show could net even more money. It worked a treat, earning enough for Hanussen to wed the third Mrs Hanussen, a girl from Berlin. Hanussen conducted psychic murder investigations and tried to make telepathic contact with missing people or to locate stolen valuables, occasionally with impressive results.

But the police were still on his trail, and laid a trap with a fake enquiry; Hanussen was arrested for fraud and deception. A huge amount of evidence was called in from all over the Czech Republic, Germany and Austria, and it took almost two years for the case to make it to trial.

During this time Hanussen made what was probably the biggest mistake of his career, falling out with Juhn, possibly by demanding he perjure himself if called to testify. Hanussen had always treated his employees badly, and this infraction would later have serious consequences.

The first round of the trial began in Leitmeritz, a small town in the Czech backwaters, in December 1929. Three days of unmitigated chaos, with dozens of witnesses for both sides. In May 1930 Hanussen submitted to tests at the Berlin Institute for Metaphysical

Research—and the leading scholars of paranormal activities there declared him as genuine and beyond reproach. Hanussen offered to repeat those tests in public at the second part of the trial—searching for a hidden key, a graphology test based on signatures, and clairvoyance based on calendar dates suggested by the lawyers. It worked. The verdict, on 27th May, 1930, was acquittal on all counts.

For Hanussen it was a licence to print money. He relocated to Berlin where, besides sell-out stage shows, he opened a private consultation parlour on the Kurfürstendamm, charging exorbitant fees (as much as 1,000 marks, for financial matters). This time he made each petitioner sign a "for amusement purposes only" agreement, just in case. He even toyed with the idea of opening his own spa. (In hindsight, if it had worked out, it would have been the financial coup of his career, as the proposed place for it was Bad Godesberg, a future suburb of Bonn and the most expensive real estate in post-WW2 Germany.)

He also wrote his autobiography (or rather had it ghostwritten), admitting to his real name Steinschneider, but skirting around any Jewish ancestry issues. In fact the only mention of race in the whole book is an account of seeing and



(Left) This is what Hanussen felt life was all about—hanging with a bevy of beauties aboard his yacht; (left centre) Lilian Harvey; (left bottom) La Jana



admiring a muscular policeman in the USA, whom Hanussen assumed to be Irish or Scottish—but who in fact turned out to be German, from Saxony. “Since then,” he writes, “I’ve given up on the race question.”

Hanussen bought a yacht (a snip at 30,000 marks), a few elegant cars, several flats and a weekly newspaper. He became friends with the cultural elite of Berlin, including the Nobel Laureate author Thomas Mann, the up-and-coming film star Peter Lorre, and the opera singer Richard Tauber (whom Hanussen cured of stage fright). He attracted pretty girls as hangers-on, such as a baroness he had first encountered in 1927—he predicted she would split from her husband and fall hopelessly in love with him—and the exotic stage actress La Jana, born plain Hetty Hiebel in Vienna. He separated from his third wife, although they remained friends.

He also met Count Wolf von Helldorf. Aristocratic, blond and blue-eyed, the head of the Berlin SA, gambler, racehorse owner, and Big Spender personified. Hanussen lent him money and Helldorf spent it, not just on himself, but on boots for the SA troops, cars for transporting them and anything else to fill up the coffers of the Nazi party, depleted after several election campaigns. In exchange, Helldorf made sure that nothing happened to Hanussen in the increasingly violent clashes between Communists and Nazis in Berlin. And he probably didn’t read all that much, since he believed Hanussen was Danish. It was also Helldorf who probably introduced Hanussen to Hitler.

Hitler had always portrayed himself as sensible and immune to any quackery, but he still had a dowser scan the Chancellery for signs of any cancer-causing earth rays. And he believed that people’s hands were a mirror of



their personality, to such an extent that he would stop talking to someone if their hands displeased him.

His political associates weren’t any better. Himmler, head of the Gestapo and SS, believed in the *welteislehre* (world ice theory)—that a huge block of ice had collided with the sun, creating three moons, the gravitational force from which was the source of the development of the Aryans. Hermann Göring’s pet theory was the “hollow earth”, with the human race living on the inner surface of a hollow ball and the universe an optical illusion. He loved this theory so much that he sent spy ships to the Baltic, to point special cameras *upwards* to investigate British ship movements in the Atlantic (on the opposite side of the hollow sphere).

In exchange for financial contributions from Hanussen, Hitler was proposing the foundation of a university dedicated to occult research, with Hanussen at the helm. Hanussen predicted immediately that all the stars were right for a future Nazi government. Seeing as this only happened at the end of the 1920s, and Hitler’s style of public speaking was by then well established, it is unlikely that Hanussen gave him any training in that respect. But both



(Top) Hanussen with some more ladies in a Bugatti, one of several motors he owned; (above) Von Helldorf; (below) Hanussen’s newspaper

men had been exposed to the same background, the fairgrounds and cabarets of pre-WWI Vienna, which would explain the dramatic style used by both of them.

Hitler had political enemies, and being in the public eye as a Nazi donor did not endear Hanussen to the communists. They saw him as the Rasputin of the Third Reich, and exposing him as a charlatan would clearly damage Hitler and his cronies. And they had found the perfect weapon—Erich Juhn. He not only knew all the stage tricks, but also knew about the





(Above) Hanussen's séance table and Art Deco decor at his Palace of the Occult; (right) Tim Roth as Hanussen in Werner Herzog's *Invincible* (2001); (below) with an iguana at the Palace

birth certificate and had witnessed the Jewish wedding of Hanussen and Fritzzi, his third wife, in a Czech synagogue. Hanussen tried to slap an injunction on the Berlin *am Morgen* paper and its editor Bruno Frei, but the secret was out.

It was the end of 1932, and things were getting a bit hot. He decided on a tour of Denmark, but while the evening shows were OK, deemed entertainment, that nation took a dim view of private consultations, declaring them fraud. A reporter calculated that Hanussen had turned over 15,000 kronor in an afternoon (44,000 dollars at the time, probably tax free). With the police and the taxmen breathing down his neck, Hanussen disappeared as fast as possible. He was turned back at the border trying to enter Norway, even when he promised that he wouldn't do private readings. A booking in Paris ended after three days due to language problems—Hanussen never learned to speak anything other than German and Yiddish.

Running out of ideas, he visited his ex-wife and daughter in Meran, Northern Italy, and tried to convince her to abscond with him to the US, where he would write a revelatory book about the Nazis. She wouldn't leave, though his daughter was thrilled to be in contact with the father she hadn't seen in eight years.

Returning to Berlin Hanussen, short of money,



tried to turn his newspaper from a weekly to a daily edition, but this angered Goebbels who ran a daily and did not take kindly to competition. Hanussen's next wheeze was a Palace of the Occult in his new apartment. It was a sumptuous Art Deco design mixed with astrological humbug, statues of Buddha, aquariums and glass cases with iguanas; it had moody indirect lighting and young women in diaphanous dresses wafting about. Secret recording devices were hidden everywhere.

Hitler had just become chancellor, on 30th January 1933. On 26th February, the Palace of the Occult opened with a glamorous party. The obligatory séance at midnight involved the hypnotising of a pretty young German actress, Maria Paudler. Hanussen was suggesting red themes to her, continuing with "can you see flames?"—at which point Maria fainted.

The next day, at 9pm, the Reichstag was on fire. Less than 20 minutes later, Hanussen was on the phone to the editor of a Liberal paper, claiming that the Communists were to blame. When the editor asked how Hanussen had found out about it, he avoided the question.

Hitler and Goebbels both raced to the burning building. (The only person in the Nazi government noted by his absence was Wolf



von Helldorf.) The next day, Hitler persuaded Hindenburg to sign a decree suspending parts of the German constitution to allow house searches, confiscation of property and arrests. A Dutch national, Marinus van der Lubbe, had been found inside the Reichstag on the night and the SA emergency police took the opportunity to arrest a further 4,000 political opponents as well.

At this point, Hanussen and Helldorf were still best friends. But then the Nazi party took an interest in acquiring a newspaper the Jewish owner of which had fled. The general manager was a friend of Hanussen's and asked him how he should charge to sell the company. About two million? Hanussen replied that he should charge six million—as the Nazis would do anything to ensure the public didn't find out about the loans to Helldorf and the party's being financed by a Jew. Then the manager could give a token amount to the owner, and the two of them would split the rest.

It would have been a perfect plan. Except that the manager went to Helldorf and told him the story. Hanussen's protection evaporated.

Less than a month later, on 24th March, Hanussen was supposed to perform at the Scala Theatre. He didn't show up; neither was he at the café next door, one of his favourite hangouts, nor at home. He had last been seen at his apartment by the doorman, with three SA men in tow, who were collecting a huge amount of receipts, and he had been taken away by them in his own car. At midnight, he was back, shaken, but still organised enough to write a letter to Juhn, his former assistant, asking for peace and claiming that he had thought that the Nazis' thing with the Jews was just an election trick—he realised too late that it wasn't. He then phoned his third ex-wife and discussed the possibility of needing a lawyer. The phone went dead during the conversation: the SA had returned, took him to the Gestapo barracks and shot him dead in the basement. He was stuffed in the boot of his car, driven 20 miles outside Berlin and dropped in a ditch. The body was found 10 days later, and his employees could

only identify him by the tailor's label in his suit. Ironically, Hanussen had converted to Protestantism less than a month earlier: he was buried quickly, without ceremony, in a Protestant cemetery outside Berlin, the headstone stating only his name.

The aftermath was quick. While German papers ignored his death, overseas long obituaries of "Hitler's Rasputin" appeared. His assistant, the Baroness, took anything small and valuable from the flat and escaped to the USA. The ex-wives and daughter tried to get their hands on at least a part of the money and property but failed.

Juhn escaped to the USA and Thoma, the other assistant, to London. A third assistant tried to publish a revelatory piece about Hanussen and the Nazis, from his assumed safe haven in Vienna, but died with his wife and child in mysterious circumstances. Ohst and Ernst, two of the murderers, were involved with Hitler's early companion Röhm, and were assassinated with him in 1934. Count Helldorf got himself involved with the Wolfsschanze bomb plot, and was hanged in 1944.

The Nazis banned all occult activities in 1937—but still tried to ascertain where Mussolini was being held after he was deposed using psychic activity with a pendulum.

At the end of his earlier autobiography, Hanussen had written a revealing "audience with himself" piece—declaring that the best things in life were money and the things you can buy with it, especially the company of friends and beautiful women, and that, like the German mountain spirit Rubezahl, he created everything out of nothing. In Rubezahl's case everything is created from turnips, but when these wilt it all turns to dust again. Prediction?



The Reichstag fire, which turned out to be Hanussen's undoing

THE NEED

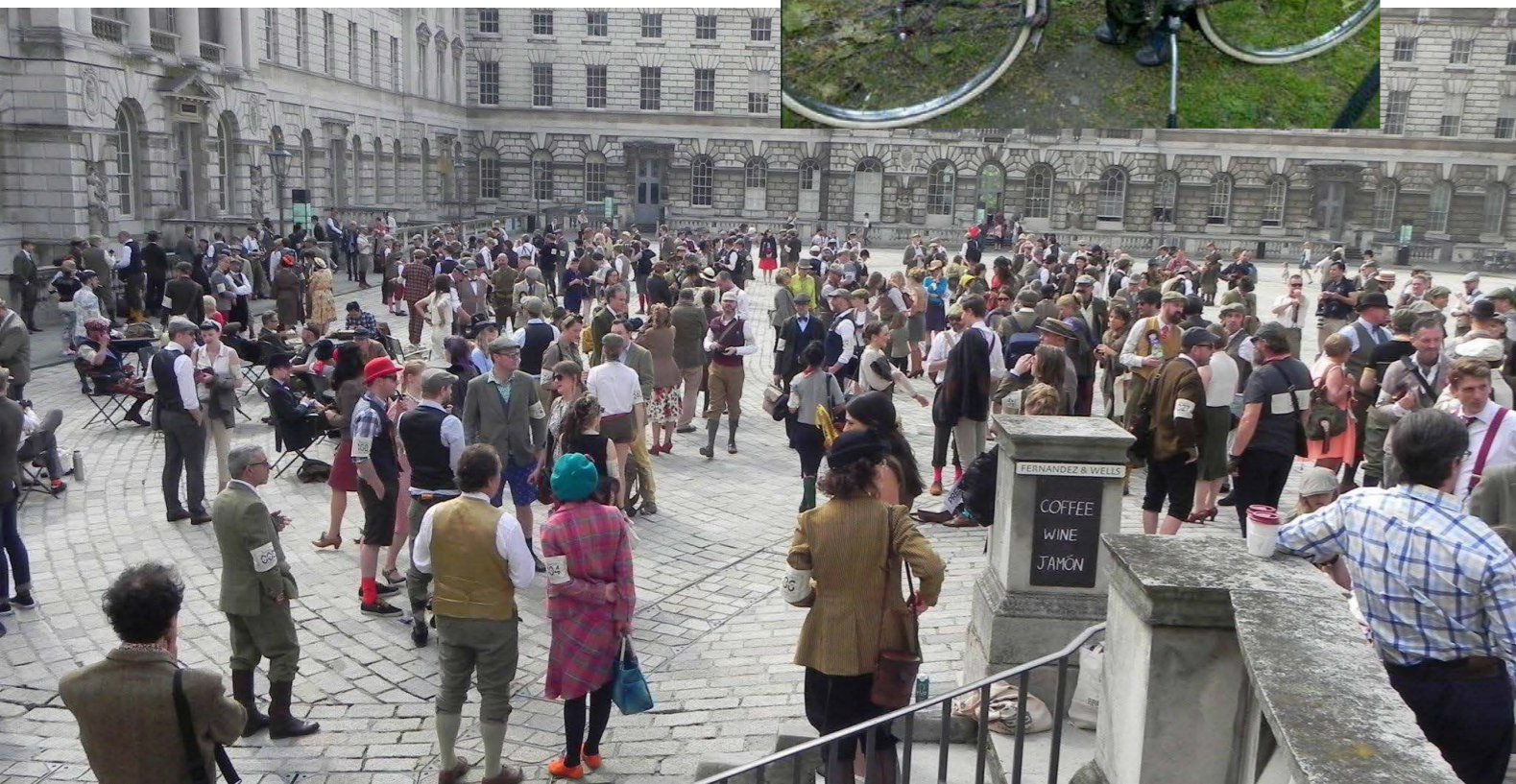
Pandora Harrison reports from the sixth annual Tweed Run bicycle rally through the streets of London—on perhaps the least appropriate day of the year...

FOR TWEED



WHAT IS THAT old saying again? You know the one that starts something like, “Mad dogs and Englishmen...”? Well, throw in a bit of tweed and physical exertion on the hottest day of 2014 so far and you’ll understand just how perfect the day was this year for the sixth annual London Tweed Run, a metropolitan bicycle ride with a bit of style.

As ever, several members of the New Sheridan Club were in attendance whether astride velocipedes, manning the elevenses tea station, offering morale-boosting support en route or wielding bottles of champagne at the “after party”. I am unable to count just how many, but suffice to say that members and friends of the club were in abundance this year



and stylishly turned out in tweed, linen and delightfully appropriate vintage cotton frocks.

The weather couldn’t have been better as the Tweed Massive (some say as many as 600 souls) gathered at Somerset House in central London for a 10am photo call and push-off at 11. Our 11-mile meander round the town would see us take in numerous London landmarks, including a teabreak at the Guildhall where most welcome cups of cha (served in proper china cups and saucers with shortbread biscuits) were handed out by dedicated Sheridans to the masses. Then it was off for more sightseeing by way of Leadenhall Market, London Bridge, Borough Market and the South Bank.

The peak of the ride was sounded by a cacophony of bells, cheers and horns against the chimes of Big Ben when at 2pm approximately 5,000 cyclists brought Westminster to a standstill as the 500+ riders on the Tweed Run met the London Cycle Campaign’s “Big Ride” going the other way. The LCC ride was being held in support of “Space for Cycling” a charity campaign to which 50% of the Tweed Run’s ticket sales were donated this year.

Next we were off to Savile Row for our traditional salute to the home of tailoring excellence, the bemused shop assistants popping outside for a friendly wave. And then the home stretch to the all-important lunch break in Russell Square via the tourist hazard that is the British Museum. Here we rubbed shoulders with the unsuitably attired as we took over a third of the square parking our bikes and setting



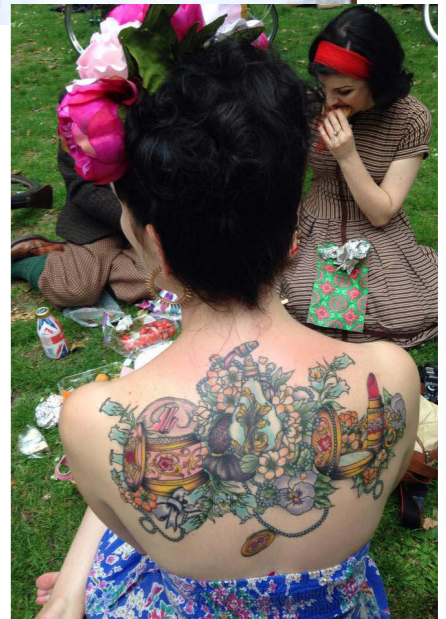
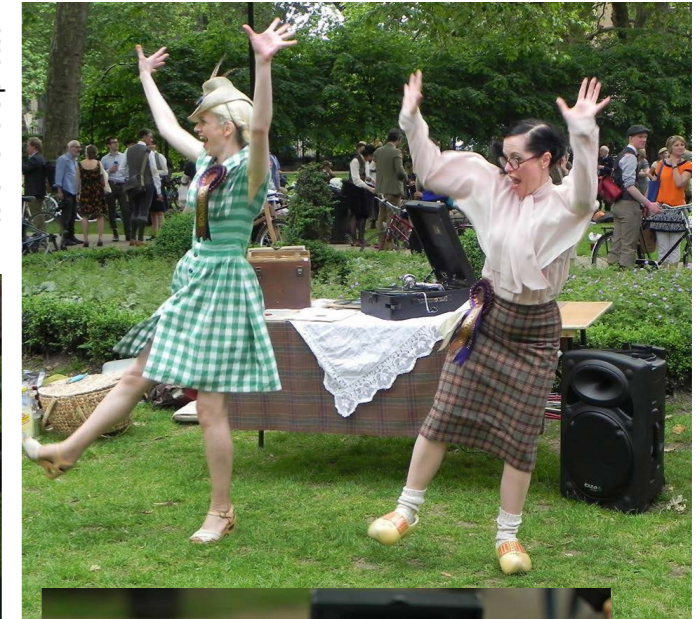
out picnic blankets. The Sheridan's own Auntie Maureen was on hand, resplendent in her tweeds and traditional Dutch wooden shoes, spinning the 78s and spontaneously Charlestoning.

After a much-needed (and restorative) G&T it was back on the bikes for a brief tour of the nether regions behind the Russell Hotel and the promise of a glass of ride-sponsor's Champagne at St James churchyard in Clerkenwell. The ride now finished but the socialising continuing in the large green space surrounding the St James church. Leftovers from lunch were greedily consumed having been well earned and the winners of the day were finally announced. Continuing in fine New Sheridan tradition our very own Mikhail Korasch of La Bowtique took the coveted "Best Dressed" award hands-down in a stunning tartan suit.

Congratulations to Mikhail, a well deserved recognition at what has been the largest Tweed Run so far. Now kindly resign.



With thanks to Jim Moore, Jon Fowler, Josephine Puddephatt and Tina Kitcher for the photos



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.



Luke Wenban

'When in doubt have some gin and a smoke.'

Name or preferred name?

Le Falsificateur de Maitre (Luke will do).

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

During college I ran a somewhat shady business producing paperwork for those who wished to enter drinking establishments and dance halls whilst barely out of shorts.

Where do you hail from?

Mater always said something about a stalk or some such; she was always rather vague on the subject. My earliest memories are of the South Downs, wind in my hair, boughs-a-rocking. So maybe she was on to something.

Favourite Cocktail?

The Corpse Reviver #2. Ingredients: 2 drops Absinthe, 1oz gin, 1oz Lillet Blanc, 1 oz Cointreau and 1oz lemon juice. Shake all ingredients and strain into a chilled cocktail glass. The Absinthe can be adjusted to suit taste, or how 'interested' in the small things around you you wish to become. It certainly has a kick!

Most Chappist Skill?

The doff. It may look easy to the uninitiated but to get the titfer back on in just the right position takes an age to master! My early attempts often ended in me wearing a rather interesting, if somewhat peculiar-looking, shoulder pad.

Most Chappist Possession?

Apart from the moustache, a Carey Magic Inch straight-stem briar. A beautiful-looking pipe and it smokes rather smoothly.

Personal Motto?

When in doubt have some gin and a smoke. Whatever it was it won't matter after a while.

Favourite Quotes?

Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go. —Oscar Wild
Those people who think they know everything are a great annoyance to those of who do. —Isaac

Asimov

I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. —Jerome K. Jerome
There is nothing so annoying as to have two people go right on talking when you're interrupting. —Mark Twain
Two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I am not yet completely sure about the universe. —Albert Einstein

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

I'm not the Messiah; I'm a very naughty boy!

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

I set my first faltering brogue across the threshold in October 2009. I was immediately made to feel welcome and part of the group, as many a good sort can be found inside the walls of the 'Lodge'. I'll admit that the brogues faltered on the way out too, but more from the consumption of gin than due to any trepidation.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

A certain someone, who is often hailed as 'The Chairman', accosted me at the Olympiad. I shan't say I was press-ganged, but I did find the Club's shilling in the bottom of me gin glass and felt that I had no other option. It's been downhill from there!



What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor,



watchmaker, public house, etc.)?

Messrs E and Bay. Admittedly their prices have gone up recently but there are the occasional bargains to be found for vintage pieces. I have not, nor will probably ever have the funds to purchase something new and bespoke, so slightly soiled and moth-eaten is my preferred 'look'.

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

Jerome K. Jerome, because he wrote some of the funniest scenes I have ever read and I dare say he was rather a witty fellow (see quote above for instance) and would bring the humour. Next would be Richard Dawkins, for the heavyweight intellectual elements. My final guest would be Emily Dickinson. Her take on life is often different and interesting and would add the final touch to the evening's conversation. Oh, don't tell the Lovely Wife that I left her off of the invite; there'll be hell to pay.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart. (I presume the usual payment will be forth coming?)

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

Eddie Chapman (Agent Zigzag) back in 2013. Quite fancy another shot at it, but I've yet to decide on a theme. Send any ideas, in a brown envelope, to PO Box 29, please.

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.

A FRIEND'S WEDDING RECENTLY took me to the Warwickshire town of Atherstone. I had a few hours to spare before the ceremony so I took a stroll around the local streets. As a guide, I used a pamphlet published by the local history society. I was interested to learn that the town dates back to Roman times and that it has hosted a free-for-all football game every Shrove Tuesday for the past 800 years. However, of specific interest to members of the New Sheridan Club is the fact that Atherstone was once a major producer of felt hats.

The first mention of hatting in Atherstone dates back to 1672 and in 1696 a feltmaker called Joseph Hatton willed some hatblocks to the local poorhouse. At this time hatting was a cottage industry; people made felt and fashioned it into hats in small workshops behind their houses. Women did the work of trimming the hats; on sunny days this was done outside because the houses were so small.

Atherstone was well-suited to the hatting industry because the town had good access to both water and fuel, which are needed for the steaming process by which the hats are shaped. By the late 18th century, hatting had

(Below) A hat workshop in the 1920s; (right) Atherstone's town emblem, celebrating its hatmaking heritage

HAT

By Dr Timothy Eyre



TOWN

become sufficiently well-established in Atherstone that families moved there specifically to work in the trade. This rise in population led to an increased demand for housing; Atherstone was surrounded by common

land so could not expand outwards. Instead, the families were packed into tiny houses arranged around small and unsanitary yards behind the high street. These yards were demolished over the course of the 20th century as a part of slum clearance and to make way for modern development. Information boards around the town explain where the yards were located and what they looked like. The last set of yards was demolished in the 1960s to make way for a ghastly leisure complex.

In the middle of the 19th century, hatting in Atherstone evolved from a cottage industry into a mechanised one. In 1855 Charles Vero and his brother-in-law James Everitt established a hat factory close to the centre of Atherstone after having run a hat shop in Melbourne, Australia

(Left) A derelict hat factory; (below) a hat workshop in the 1950s





(Above) Avins Yard, one of the residential yards where the hatmakers lived; (below) Atherstone's annual Shrove Tuesday football match in progress; (opposite page, top) a bar named in honour of the town's major industry; (opposite page, centre) the former Vero factory, now owned by Aldi; (opposite page, bottom) a former hat factory, now a gymnasium



for a number of years. Vero & Everitt expanded their factory over the following decades and patented various processes to improve the making of felt hats. By the eve of the First World War, Atherstone sported half a dozen hat factories and their hats were exported all over the world. The men of the town would often work in the nearby coal mines in the winter and in the hat factories in the summer.

As we all know, the wearing of proper hats declined after the Second World War and inevitably Atherstone's hat industry suffered as a result. By 1986 there were only three hat factories left in the town. The last feltmaker shut up shop as recently as 1999 and hatmaking only died out completely in 2006 when a German discount retailer called Aldi bought up the Vero & Everitt site, where a few hats for uniforms were still being produced.

Some of the old hat factories have been demolished, one has been converted into a gymnasium and a



few others still stand derelict as a reminder of Atherstone's proud head-covering past.

Atherstone's town emblem includes a felt hat as a reminder of its heritage. However, even though Atherstone's high street sports two vintage tea shops, sadly I was the only person I saw wearing a proper hat in Atherstone that day.

Atherstone's central location means that it is now a hub for logistics companies, so while the town no longer produces hats, we can perhaps take a little consolation in the fact that it helps vendors on Etsy and suchlike deliver their hats to members of the New Sheridan Club.



Mai Britt Møller, who proposed the film, making a few introductory remarks



You Can Never Be Too Thin

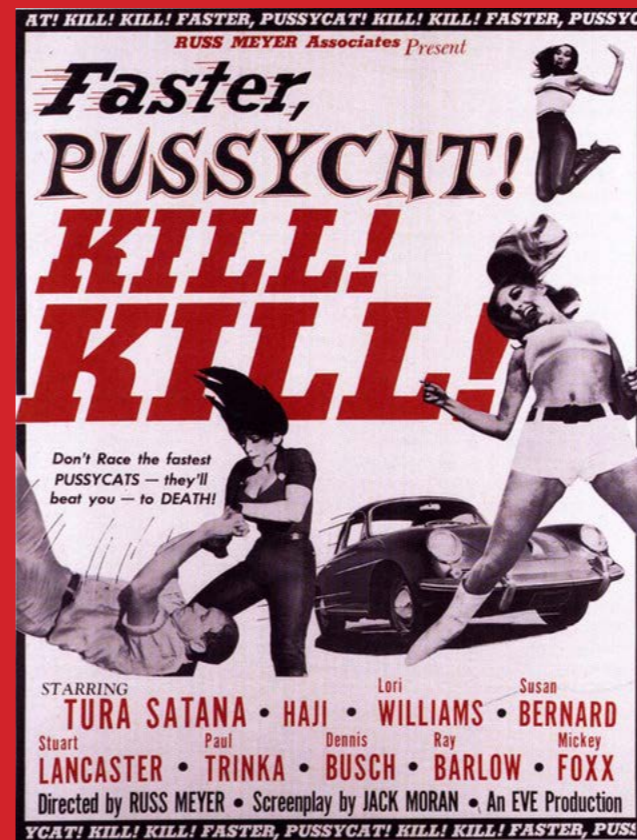
OUR MAY FILM NIGHT offering was *The Thin Man* (1934), a crime story based on a Dashiell Hammett novel. The protagonists are Nick and Nora Charles, he an ex-detective and she a wealthy socialite. At the beginning Nick has retired to focus on spending his wife's money, but murder mystery seems to seek him out. Despite Nick's attempts to keep his wife out of things, she is keen to do some sleuthing too.

But it's not especially the plot that should appeal to Chaps: the wise-cracking dialogue and urbane sparring between husband and wife are key, and the prodigious consumption of booze would resonate too. At the beginning Nick is in a bar explaining to the staff that different cocktails need to be shaken to different musical rhythms. His wife arrives and he gets them both a drink. "How many drinks have you had?" she asks him. "This will make...six Martinis," he replies. She turns to the waiter and says, "Will you bring me five more Martinis?" Cut to her hungover the next day with an ice-pack on her head.

The film was such a success that they made five sequels. I watched the second, *After the Thin Man* (1936), and, as its title suggests, it follows straight on from the end of *The Thin Man*, even featuring a visual gag that would mean nothing unless you knew the first film ends with the couple on a long train journey. At the end of the second film Nora reveals she is pregnant, and sure enough in *Another Thin Man* (1939) they have a baby, and by *Shadow of the Thin Man* (1941) their son is old enough to be involved in the plot. Clearly the producers didn't want to mess with a winning formula: the second film, like the first, ends with an Agatha-Christie-style scene in which Nick gathers all the suspects to reveal whodunnit.

You can't help wondering how Nick and Nora actually met, though one can imagine that the excitement of crime-fighting might appeal to someone in a gilded cage. It isn't addressed in *The Thin Man* but the sequel riffs on the tension between the gumshoe—who is constantly being hailed by cheery lowlifes he has put away in the past—and Nora's snooty relatives.

Many thanks to Mai for suggesting this film.



NSC FILM NIGHT

Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill! (1965)

Sunday 29th June

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

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

Admission: Free

Our June Film Night will be curated by our own Chairman, Torquil Arbuthnot, presenting *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, probably the best-known film from Russ Meyer, gleeful purveyor of exploitation flicks. Some might argue that it is not exactly Chappist, but if loucheness is a Chappist attribute then it definitely buys its way in—and it was declared the best movie ever made by none other than John Waters (and he has a pencil moustache).

The plot concerns three feisty and nubile young go-go dancers who are racing their sportscars in the desert when they bump into a naive couple. The psychopathic leader of the trio

challenges the man to a race. It doesn't end well and the girls wind up at a secluded ranch where a lecherous but wheelchair-bound old man lives with his muscular but retarded son. Yes, it's a gallery of unlikely grotesques. The film makes no attempts to represent real life—despite a voiceover introduction suggesting it is intended as some sort of moral warning against a new breed of uninhibited and violent woman—and is more of a kinky hallucination (you can see why John Waters likes it), with a camp, tongue-in-cheek, comicbook cool that is very much of the period—like *Barbarella* but with a dirty laugh and a fag on the go.

Meyer allegedly chose the title because it summed up the combination of thrills on offer—pneumatic girls, fast cars and ultraviolence (the squeamish can note that the violence isn't graphic and there isn't even much nudity, though the movie still didn't get a UK certificate until 1980). Despite this, it wasn't a massive hit on release. Its reputation grew over the years as it was savoured at film festivals and art house cinemas.

The dialogue, by Jack Moran, is sharp, witty and knowing and Meyer uses deft editing to maximise the thrill and shock value without actually showing anything explicit that would fall foul of censors. (For his editing skill Waters called him "the Eisenstein of sex films".) As one reviewer observes, Meyer "takes the sex and violence of the trash film and distills them into something more iconic than explicit". You're not meant to sympathise with any of the characters but it's such a wilful orgy of camp and engagingly surreal components that you keep watching. In fact it's a wonder that Quentin Tarantino hasn't directed a remake—unless, of course, he considers it to be perfect as it is.



THE ORDER OF THE FEZ AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

By Incy Wincy Spider

MANY YEARS AGO, a young boy picked up a copy of *The Chap* magazine and came across an article where a group of adventurers, including our very own Torquil Arbuthnot, went to the Tate Modern gallery, where they proceeded to climb an art installation of thousands of resin boxes rising the full height of the Turbine Hall. The boy was impressed that not only did they look at the artwork and see the potential to do this, but they did it dressed in the manner of mountaineers of the 1920s and 30s.

Fast forward to 2013 and that young boy is thumbing his way through that old copy of *The Chap* magazine while watching Boris Karloff's *The Mummy* and an idea forms. Wouldn't it be fun to be an explorer in the spirit of Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon (who coincidentally I suspect will be featuring in the New Sheridan summer party—see page 30) excavating Tutankhamun's tomb?

However there were two drawbacks: (1)



The man they call Incy Wincy Spider

there would be a bit of an expense involved, and (2) Egypt was in the middle of a revolution and looked a bit dangerous. Apparently my sense of adventure only went so far. However, why go to Egypt when the British Museum could provide so many of the essential ingredients—ancient artefacts, hieroglyphics and, most importantly of, all real mummies? I decided to undertake further research to see if this would be a good idea. Admittedly the research was mainly watching Indiana



Anton Krause

Jones, *The Mummy*, *The Mummy Returns*, *Abbot and Costello Meet the Mummy* and a Scooby Doo cartoon. Well, you can never be too prepared when dealing with the possibility of facing mummies.

Having decided that it would still be a good idea, my next step was to assemble the finest team available. I put an open invitation out on Facebook suggesting we meet outside the front of the British Museum on bank holiday Monday, dress as in the films above (well, maybe not Scooby Doo) and wander round looking at the exhibits and the dead things. I thought maybe 5 or 6 people would turn up but in the end there were about 30 of us. After some fun we ambled round the museum for a few hours and went for some drinks.

To my surprise a lot of people thought that was

this a good idea. This was novel. People don't normally think of my ideas are good, in fact the reverse. (I still stand by my idea for chicken and telephone flavoured ice cream, and when I make my first million, who will be laughing then? Sorry, I digress.) In fact people thought it was such a good idea they kept asking me when I was going to arrange one for this year. So I picked the same Bank holiday Monday and started plotting.

I thought of how to improve the event over last time, giving it a bit more structure than just a wander around. I thought about getting a guide to take us on a talk and tour, but in the end I settled on a treasure hunt. It would build on the idea of being explorers, discovering ancient wisdoms and treasures, and would give



Causing a stir as we enter the Great Court



Meeting on the museum steps (l-r) Mr and Mrs Harrison, Miss Minna, Darcy Sullivan



Pausing for a group photo



The riddle clues take us deeper into the bowels of the museum

was generated. So at 2pm on the first Bank Holiday of May, underneath the portico of the British Museum's main entrance 32 intrepid adventurers were inducted into the Order of the Fez.

The trip started off in ancient Greece among the Elgin Marbles and then moved on to Ancient Egypt, the main focus of the event. Discoveries were made on how hieroglyphics were translated and who

a route to follow and a bit of structure to the afternoon, while still letting people leave and join as they liked. So on a Thursday at the end of March I met up with Sarah Bowerman and we spent a long afternoon, walking round the museum, planning routes and deciding what items should be "found" in the hunt. Then there was the writing of the clues and conducting a dry run, as well as checking that the museum was happy with the idea.

Next step: get some people to turn up. A call went out on Facebook again to meet at the allotted time in appropriate dress. I posted lots of pictures of people outside the pyramids or wearing fezzes in the 1920s and 1930s to give ideas of what to wear, plus a few interesting facts about mummies, and bingo, interest

the occupants were of various sarcophaguses, and all sort of artefacts were examined. The British museum is a fascinating place and there is far more to explore than just Ancient Egypt. The hunt was a truly global affair, with the Order travelling to the Ancient cultures of Rome and Greece, Medieval Britain, Mexico and the Pacific Islands as well as dealing with such concepts as money and enlightenment.

So much exploration was undertaken that by the end of the hunt there was a need to seek out



Dorian Loveday with one of the treasures on the treasure hunt

a local supplier of liquids and food.

So that is the practicals of it, but there is so much more to the mission than that. Museums are wonderful places—they need to be explored and it always best to do it with friends. And then there is all the increasing of knowledge and all that jazz. The big thing though is the whole use of the imagination, the avant garde and Dadism, the idea that the museum is an archaeological site and that we are explorers trying to recreate those who made fantastic discoveries. Moreover, dressed as we were, in a way that could be explained and justified given the context, we



Gary Grønnestad records his findings

would nevertheless stand in stark contrast to all the other visitors to the museum. Given the reaction of most of the other people visiting the museum I think it can be said this objective was well and truly met.



Dorian and Lucy Wills



Anton actually skipped a lot of the treasure hunt to head straight for the boozier

The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members offer orations about libations

The Brazilian bandwagon

By David Bridgman-Smith

This month sees the start of the 2014 FIFA World Cup in Brazil. As if that wasn't enough of an incentive for companies to develop "Limited Editions" of food and drink to cash in on the festivities, 2016 will also see the Summer Olympics held in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Never one to shy away from jumping upon the bandwagon, I decided that this month's Cocktail Cabinet should cover some of the offerings available; in the true spirit of public service, I'm trying the hooch so that you don't have to.

First up is **Ballantine's Brasil** (35% ABV), a blend of Ballantine's Scotch whisky that has been finished in barrels with Brazilian lime peel and a little vanilla. Ballantine's whisky is very popular in Brazil, but nevertheless the assertions that the World Cup and Olympics offered no inspiration for this product is hard to swallow. Thankfully, Ballantine's Brasil is not.

The spirit itself has a bright and tart flavour, balanced out by the vanilla; however, it is not designed to be sipped neat. When mixed with lemonade (a drink called a Highland Samba), the result is a delightful, thirst-quenching drink with

Two Brazilian-inflected special beverages—one distinctly better than the other



notes of whisky, citrus, and spice. It also makes a great fruit cup, which you can mix using 5 parts Brasil, 2 parts red vermouth, and 1 part orange liqueur, all topped up with ginger ale.

Moving on to the world of gin, **Ish Limed** has been relabelled Ish Limão, complete with a new, racy poster (pictured left). Lime gin has been popular in the past, with Seagram's, Beefeater, Lubuski, and Tanqueray all having made varieties at some point. On its own, the gin is simple and bold with juniper, coriander, lemon and lots of lime. But it really shines in a Gin & Tonic, where it is so zesty that no garnish is needed, or in a Martini, where the result is something akin to a Gimtini—a Martini-Gimlet hybrid.

Dropping down the pecking order,



we come to **WKD Brazil**, which is a "Brazilian Alcoholic Mix". Chilled from the fridge, this is radioactive green, has a high level of fizz, and an artificial lime note that quickly becomes cloying. It is only marginally better if you add ice (thus making it WicKeD Brazil), with the lower temperature helping to offset the lurid flavour. I would recommend emergency use of this beverage only!

For those more temperate members, there are a number of Brazil-themed non-alcoholic (I know, pass the smelling salts!) drinks on the market. **Volvic Coco Pineapple** is a still water flavoured with coconut and pineapple (accompanied, for some reason, by a foam thong keyring). This was actually quite nice, with a good balance between the fresh pineapple and creamy coconut flavours, while remaining crisp and refreshing.

After supping on these drinks, I'm sure that even the most established lush will be a bit peckish. Not wanting to be left behind, the food companies have also dived head-first into the Brazil gravy train.

In brief, the **Limited Edition Peanut M&Ms** are just regular peanut M&Ms minus the red, orange, and brown ones. The **Müller Light Cappuccino Yoghurt** was surprisingly good and had quite a strong coffee flavour. The **Brazilian BBQ Steak Pot Noodle** was definitely one to miss, unless you are fond of the artificial taste of beef-substitute covered in chilli and crushed black peppercorns (if you are, give this a try, because the flavour stays around for hours afterwards).

The real highlight of the food offerings that I tried was the **Kettle Chips Seasonal Edition Lime & Black Pepper**, which were both spicy and zesty, and an excellent accompaniment to a Red Snapper (using Ish Limão) or the following cocktail.



Some of the Brazilian-themed World Cup cash-in food products currently on offer

Caipirinha (by Dale DeGross)
 ½ lime, quartered
 2½ tsp sugar or 1 floz simple syrup
 2 ounces cachaca

Muddle the lime and sugar in a tumbler, add crushed ice and the cachaca, stir and enjoy.

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

A Caipirinha





CLUB NOTES

Summer Party Announced

As you may be aware if you are on Facebook, the Glorious Committee have decreed that the New Sheridan Club summer party will be on Saturday 26th July, once more at the Adam Street Club, 9 Adam Street, near Charing Cross railway station in London.

The theme this time is **The Curse of Pharaoh Sheri-Dan**, an evocation of all things Egyptian. Think Howard Carter, the Earl of Carnarvon and the whole craze for Egyptian styling following the discovery of King Tut's tomb in 1922. Come as explorers, archaeologists, Egyptian princes and princesses, gods long dead, French linguists, curators, sinister locals, Orders sworn to protect ancient secrets and the cream of Egyptian society. As usual there will be silly games with highly desirable prizes, live entertainment, our traditional Snuff Bar and the famous NSC

Grand Raffle, offering an array of Egyptian-themed delights. All are welcome: admission to the party is free to NSC Members, and £5 to guests. (Entry to the raffle is also free but open only to NSC Members, including anyone who joins on the night.)



Darcy Sullivan



Terry Beddows



New Members

AS THE SUMMER party season descends upon us, I would like to welcome the following smart coves who, in the last month, have all wisely realised that the fast track to being invited to all the best garden parties was to join the New Sheridan Club: Emily Lahey from London, Darcy Sullivan from Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, and Terry Beddows from Luton, Bedfordshire.



Club Tie Corner

THE CLUB TIE spots continue to get more rarefied, with only one actually being a tie this time (left, centre)—gracing the neck of TV antiques guru David Dickinson on *Dickinson's Real Deal*. (Dickinson has been in this column before, with a different tie, although on that occasion the neckwear was at best a “deconstructed” Club Tie.) Then there is the “Club jumper” spotted by Craig

Young, being worn by fellow Kiwi Bret McKenzie from the comedy music act Flight of the Conchords (left, top). And finally we have Charles Tsua to thank for this tenuous but not unwelcome snap of Dame Julie Andrews in what could loosely be construed as an NSC minidress.

Calling Cards

WHEN YOU JOINED the Club you would have been given a few NSC calling cards, just with the logo and web address. These are handy for giving to strangers who stop you and demand to know why you are so splendidly dressed. I've just taken delivery of a new batch, so if anyone needs to replenish their stock just ask.





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 4th June
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 5th June
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 Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton.

Paul Gunn & Worsted

Thursday 5th June
Doors 7pm, show 8.30–10.30pm
The Verdict, 159 Edward Street, Brighton BN2 0JB
Admission: £10 (£6 students) on the door or by telephoning 01273 674847

Paul Gunn's band Worsted—"Noel Coward meets the Buena Vista Social Club"—tread the boards once more, featuring English tea room/Latin dance band riffs on Chappist topics including hat doffing, tea and trouser selection, including some lyrics penned by *Chap* editor Gustav Temple himself. Oddly this time you also apparently get "the music of Kurt Weill, Neil Young and Conchita Wurst all on the same bill"...

The Fitzrovia Radio Hour

Saturday 7th June
Doors 7.30pm

Wilton's Music Hall, 1 Graces Alley (off Ensign Street) London E1 8JB
Admission: £15 from www.fitzroviaradio.com or on the door

The latest show from the Chappist troupe who offer "live" vintage radio broadcasts, humorously riddled with all the racist, sexist and imperialist assumptions of the time, delivered in cut-glass accents with special sound effects created live by the cast. There is usually a sponsor, whose adverts are deftly woven in: this time it is Rathbone's Chemical Cures ("Just say 'Yes!'")

Auntie Maureen presents

Mens-a-Fair

Sunday 8th June
11am–5pm
Orford House Social Club & Institute, 73 Orford Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9QR
Admission: £2 (£1 concs, under-15s free)

Our own Auntie Maureen presents a vintage/art/artisan/food fair with an emphasis on men's things, in preparation for Father's Day the following weekend. If you would like to take a stall contact Maureen on 07432 430386.

Spin-a-Disc Social

Monday 9th June
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.

Cabaret Roulette

Wednesday 11th June
8–10.30pm
Madame JoJos, 8–10 Brewer Street, London W1F 0SE
Admission: £10–12 in advance, £15 on the door

If cabaret and burlesque are your thing, this night at the legendary Madame JoJos offers



(Above and right) military shenanigans and moustachioed women at the Zeppelin Club



eight performers, this time interpreting the theme of "Monsters"...

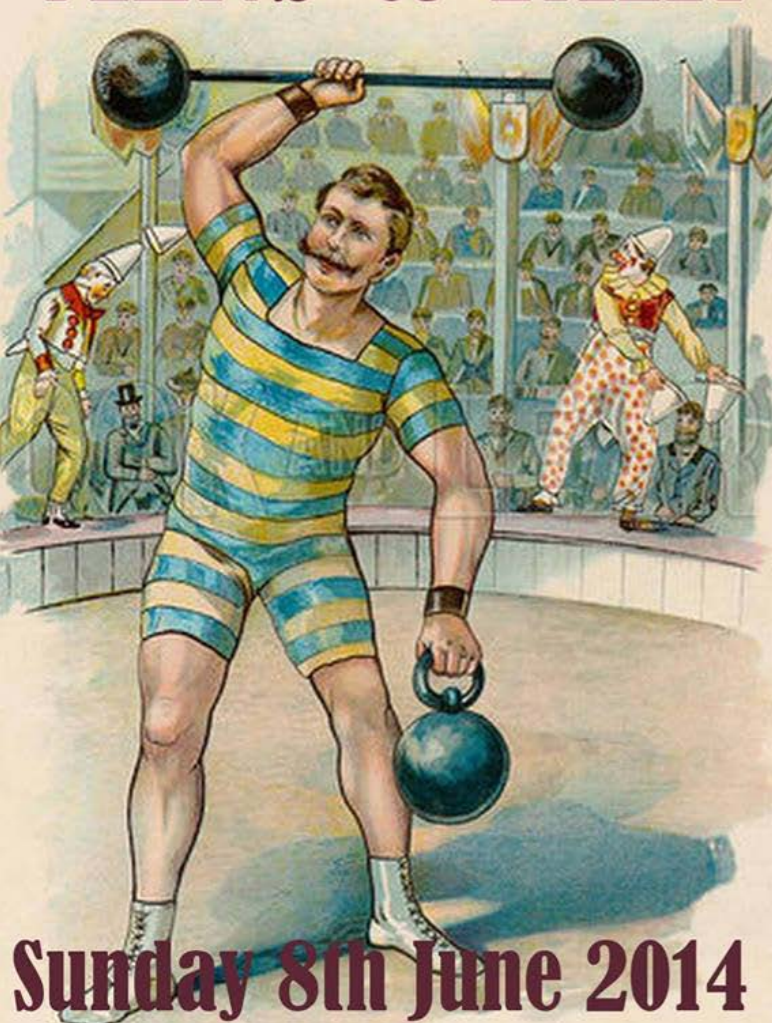
The Zeppelin Club

Thursday 12th June
8pm–1am
Underdog, 51–55 Bethnal Green Road, London E1 6LA

Admission: £4 on the door
Dress: Collar and tie or military wear. Ladies are officially not allowed, but a crude masculine disguise will suffice, apparently

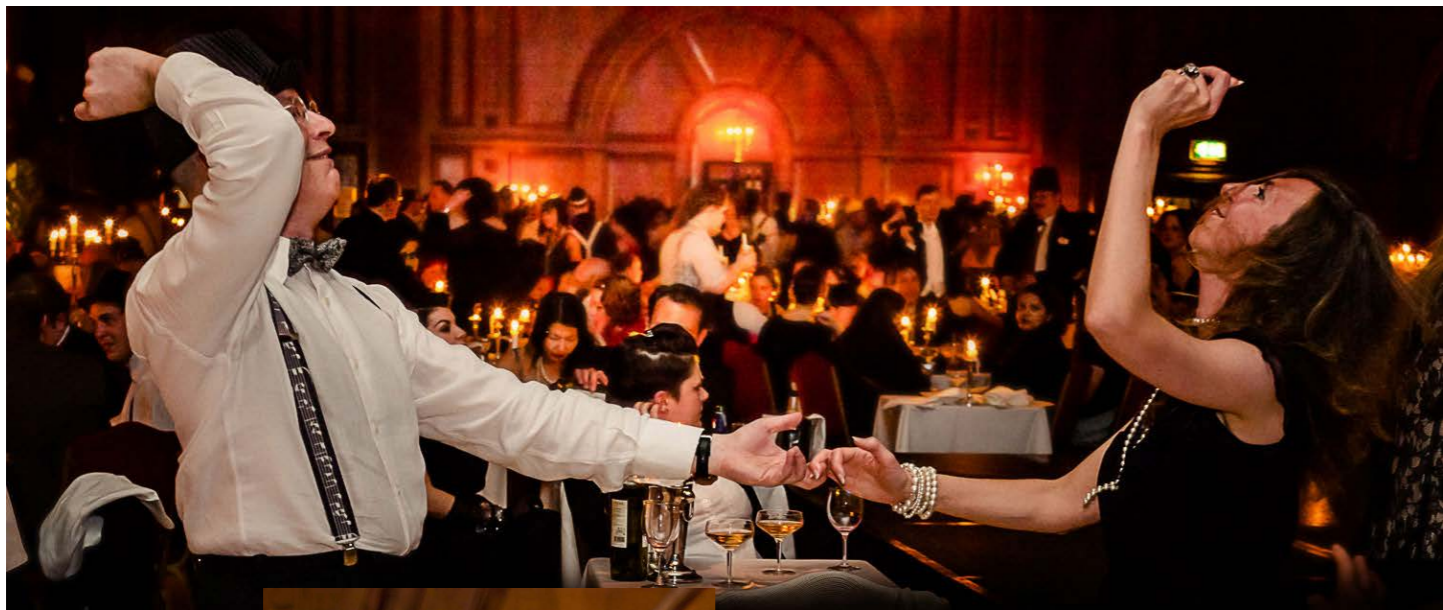
Johnny Vercoutre's night of cabaret and

Auntie Maureen presents MENS-a-FAIR



Sunday 8th June 2014

Orford House Social Club, Orford Road E17 9QR



vintage DJing, with a vague Germanic inflection, with resident host Eva Von Schnippish and pianist Lady Anna McNeil, this time also featuring burlesque from Miss Luna Peach and music from Le Bistrotet Trio, a subdivision of Top Shelf Jazz.



Scenes from the last Excelsior Club



Saturday Night Swing Club

Saturday 14th June
7.30pm–2am

Magpie and Stump (formerly the City Firefly), 18 Old Bailey, London EC4M 7EP
Admission: £12 (includes a £3 drinks voucher)

Three dance floors playing swing, R n' B and rock n' roll music from the 1920s to the 1950s, with resident DJs Swing Maniac and Simon "Mr Kicks" Selmon, plus guest DJs, this time Rev Boogie, Mr Jinx and Nina. On the middle floor there are dance classes from 8.15 till 11pm offering beginners' Lindy Hop, Collegiate Shag, then more Lindy Hop. More here.

The Excelsior Club

Saturday 21st June

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £20/25 in advance

Dress: Golden Age of Hollywood, flapper socialites, elegant evening wear

Everyone's favourite speakeasy The Candlelight Club presents a new incarnation. Not all speakeasies were makeshift basement dens. Some were large, bright, glamorous and luxurious, and operated quite openly, thanks to ownership by an influential bootlegger and the protection of a corrupt Chief of Police. Welcome, sir and madam, to the Excelsior Club,

where nothing but the best will do—a recreation of the grand, airy, palm-fronted nightclubs of the 1920s and 1930s, where uniformed attendants wait on guests in elegant evening wear. There will be fine cuisine with silver service, and a classic cocktail menu courtesy of Brian Silva (The Connaught, Rules), served from our specially built 30-foot bar. There will be two stages, with dancing to live music from The London Dance Orchestra, an 11-piece big band fronted by singer Derane (brother of Lemar, don't you know?) and a floor show from six-piece showgirl troupe the Bee's Knees.

Alex Mendham and his Orchestra at St Pancras

Monday 23rd June
5–7.30pm

The concourse, St Pancras International railway station, Pancras Road, London NW1W 2QP

Admission: Free

Part of a year-long series of free concerts at the railway station (facilitated, I suspect, but the fact that there is a piano on the concourse), given by Alex and his 11-piece orchestra, recreating the music of the big dance orchestras of the 1920s and 1930s.

Dinner Dance at the Savoy

Saturday 28th June
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

Another chance to see Alex Mendham. Following in the footsteps of Carroll Gibbons and his legendary Savoy Orpheans, Alex & 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.

Codebreakers Anonymous

Saturday 28th June

10am–5.30pm

The Mansion, Bletchley Park, Milton Keynes MK3 6EB

Admission: £15 (£13 concs)

Suzi Livingstone is organising a group visit to Bletchley Park, home of the wartime codebreaking boffins who defeated the Enigma code and are said to have shortened the war by two years. For more details and to register interest, see the Facebook page.

1940s Dance and Show

Saturday 28th June

7.30pm–midnight

Corby Masonic Complex, 27 Rockingham Road, Corby, Northamptonshire NN17 1AD

Admission: £12.50 (email

enquiries@1940singer.co.uk to book your place on the guest list, as there is limited availability)

Viv the Spiv's night of 1940s fun, presumably as a salute to the D-Day anniversary, featuring DJing from Paul Claydon, the UK's leading George Formby tribute act, Porl Casperooni, plus comedy compering from Viv himself.

NSC Film Night

Faster, Pussy Cat, Kill! Kill! (1965)

Sunday 29th June

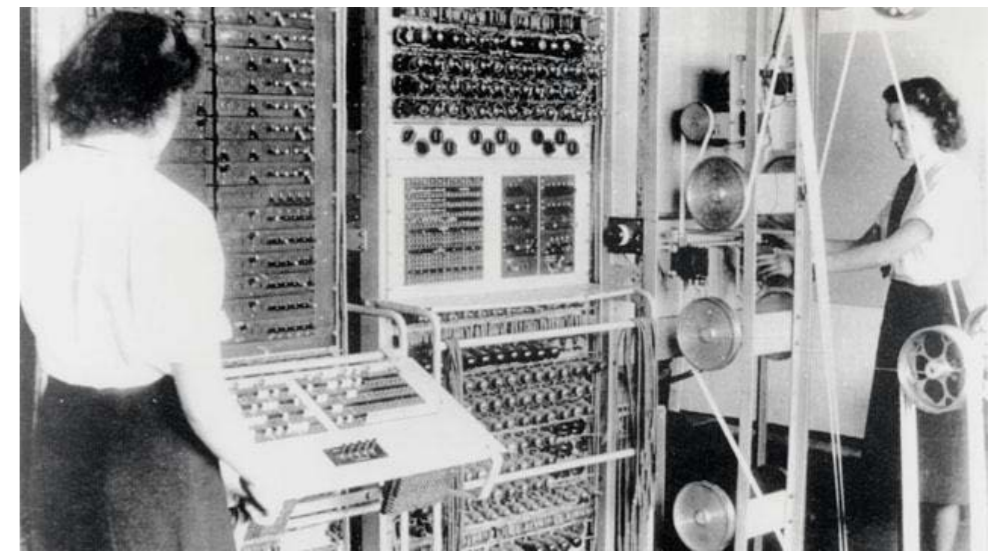
7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

See page 23.

Codebreaking at Bletchley in the days before iPhone apps





A mixture of NSC
and Eccentric
Club denizens in
attendance at Incy's
Order of the Fez jaunt
to the British Museum
(see page 24)

CONTACTING US

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