



# WINGS OVER EAST KIRKBY

Ernie Samat on a historic meeting of the  
last three Avro Lancasters

## **Goodwood Revival**

Miss Minna reports  
from the trackside

## **Eleanor Fortescue- Brickdale**

Kellyanne O'Callaghan on the  
last Pre-Raphaelite

## **La Belle et La Bête**

Jean Cocteau's masterpiece of  
dreamlike beauty at this  
month's Film Night

# DESIGN!

**THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 96 OCTOBER 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 1st October in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when member Sean Longden will continue his series of talks on the history of menswear with a look at the phenomenon of the wide boy. "In the mid-1930s the term 'wide boys' emerged to describe criminals and those working on the fringes of the law," he says. "One vital element was the wide boy look and the fashions they wore." Historian Sean looks at how wide boys dressed in the literature of the period and how their fashions were depicted on screen.



In the 1950 British film *Double Confession*, notice the difference in the cut of suit sported by good guy Derek Farr (left) and wide boy William Hartnell. Sean Longden will reveal the language of costume in such films

**The Last Meeting**

The speaker at our September meeting was Kellyanne O'Callaghan, addressing us on the

subject of Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale, one of the last of the Pre-Raphaelite painters. Kellyanne took a feminist approach, arguing that EFB, like other female Pre-Raphaelites, was not taken as seriously as the men, despite being popular and commercially successful at the time. She examined how EFB's approach differed from her male colleagues' when handling the same mythological subjects, depicting female characters as strong and in control rather than passive and helpless. Kellyanne herself is a secondary school teacher and the assembled throng were perhaps startled by the authoritative tone and enforced audience participation, with plenty of exercises and games deployed to drill some

learning into our skulls... Many thanks to Kellyanne for her talk. An essay version begins on page 4.



Kellyanne seizes the attention of the audience



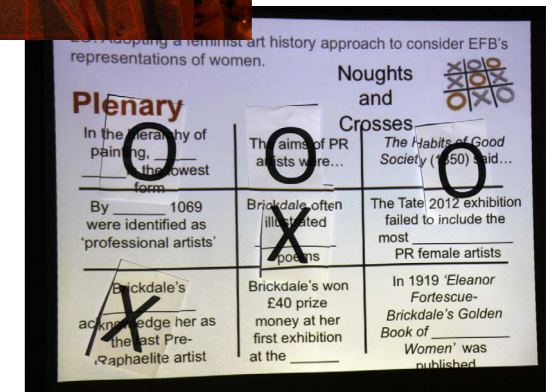
(Above) Sweets are awarded for correct answers; (below) a question from the floor



(Above) Torquil grapples with an exercise involving sorting artworks into those by Fortescue-Brickdale and those not by her; (left) expert pipemanship from John James in Smoker's Alley; (below) art historical noughts and crosses: opposing teams had to answer questions in order to place their counters



(Above) Ed Marlowe (l) and Tim Eyre; (below, l-r) Simon Pile, Artemis Scarheart, and Stewart Lister-Vickers



# THE LAST PRE-RAPHAELITE

## Kellyanne O'Callaghan on an unfairly ignored artist

**M**ARY ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE (1872–1945) was the last Pre-Raphaelite artist, despite never having come into contact with the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Dating from the mid-19th century, the term “Pre-Raphaelite” refers to those artists who aimed to return in style to the works of artists prior to the Renaissance artist Raphael, the core principle of the Pre-Raphaelite movement being “truth to nature”. Taking a feminist art history approach to the work of Brickdale seemed logical due to the style and focus of her paintings, with reference to the social historical context at the height of her career.

Census records show that between 1841 and 1871 the number of women identifying themselves as “professional artists” more than tripled, yet women artists were widely considered something of an anomaly. In 1857 The Society of Artists said: “They [women] wanted to display their work in public and...to sell it...to become not only visible but known; and...some...even nurtured an unladylike desire to become famous.” Due to the hierarchy of painting (history, portraits, landscapes, still life, in that order of importance) women were only permitted to paint still life. Art historians Hatt & Klonk identify the circular nature of logic when limiting women artists in this way:

This in turn consolidated patriarchal prejudice by means of circular reasoning: women paint flowers rather than history painting, therefore, they are lesser artists than men, and as lesser artists than men they need to be channelled towards lesser genres like flower painting.

Brickdale trained at the Crystal Palace School of Art under Herbert Bone, and in 1896 entered the Royal Academy. The Royal Academy, founded in 1768 by King George III, aimed to be a school for artists and architects, as well as providing an exhibition space open to the public. The Royal Academy (RA) did not permit women membership until 1861, when Laura Herford submitted work anonymously to the entrance examination and gained a place. Of this event G. D. Leslie wrote:

The invasion was artfully planned. In 1860 one female was passed into the establishment by an entirely unsuspecting Council; she had sent her drawings with her Christian names in initials only...The laws were searched, nothing was found in them prohibitory to the admission of females...Two or more soon followed, and the number of female students kept increasing.

*The Habits of Good Society* (1859) stated “an English lady without her piano, or her pencil...is an

E.F.B., *Isabella or the Pot of Basil*, 1897

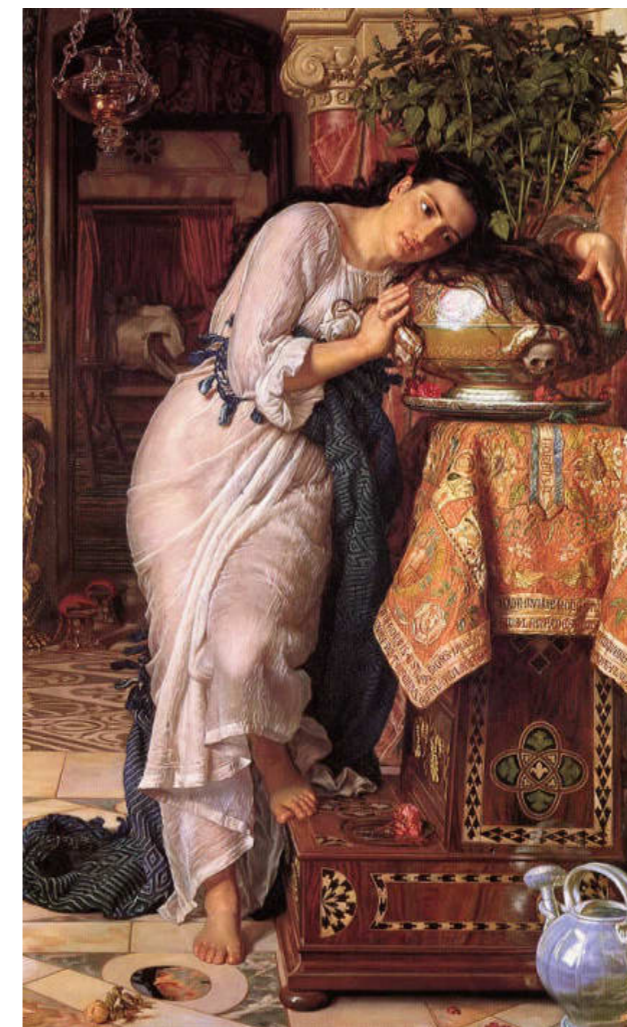


object of wonder, and perhaps pity”.

Brickdale first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1896, (she studied at the Royal Academy from 1896–1900). She also became “the first female member of the Institute of Painters in Oils in 1902”. Within her art Brickdale chose themes within the canon of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, with Shakespearean, biblical and medieval scenes the basis and inspiration for much of her work. However, she did not necessarily take the same approach to this subject matter as other artists. Often Brickdale opted to focus on the portrayal of women. One of her first major works to be displayed was *Isabella or the Pot of Basil*, which was a break from the style of previous paintings



(Left) William Holman Hunt, *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*, 1867; (above) E.F.B., *The Pale Complexion of True Love*, 1899



on the same subject. There is very little detail of Isabella herself, but instead more of a focus upon the literary narrative created by Keats. The heart-shaped leaves decorating the pot of basil are symbolic of Isabella’s love for Lorenzo; distraught with grief she has turned her back upon the outside world, the view of Florence outside the window forgotten as Isabella is too absorbed to notice. In support of the Pre-Raphaelite focus on nature, Brickdale shows the natural world outside the window that offers freedom, and a return to Isabella’s human potential; redemption is offered through nature. Isabella is curled into an almost foetal position—a gesture towards her female nature, suggesting she is powerless at the mercy of her emotional state and grief—in contrast to Hunt’s painting, which shows a more composed figure. Hilton identifies that the Pre-Raphaelites had an “emphasis on social action and emotion”, therefore it has been suggested that through her work Brickdale was attempting to provoke emotion towards the status of women within Victorian and Edwardian society, and to promote social action for women’s rights. The more familiar portrayal of Isabella by William Holman



Phoebe a shepherdess. Instead both are depicted as nobility, wearing fine clothing, a higher social status than that given to these characters in Shakespeare's play. Here, Brickdale can be viewed as challenging the status of women within contemporary society: in *The Pale Complexion of True Love* it is the man who is enthralled, he is subservient to her; enslaved by his love, willing to tolerate her behaviour and conduct towards him. This demonstration of the power of a woman over a man is a protest against the subjugation of women within Victorian society at that time. Simone de Beauvoir stated that, "Society, being codified by man, decrees that woman is inferior; she can do away with this inferiority only by destroying the male's superiority." Brickdale establishes herself as at least à la mode to her male counterparts and other Pre-Raphaelite artists, as well as demonstrating the inferiority of man through her portrayal of Silvius. A

(Left) Arthur Hughes, *The Long Engagement*, 1854–1959  
(Below) EFB, *The Little Foot Page*, 1905

Hunt shows her surrounded with decorative and elaborate furnishings it has been suggested that this was a self-proclamation by Hunt that he was capable of painting beautiful women, as a reaction to the works and reputations of Millais and Rossetti. Or it could link to the nature of women—distracted by pretty things, the skull on the pot reminding us of the fragile nature of women. Although Brickdale's sketch was widely criticised at the time, she did win £40 prize money, which funded her first large-scale work to be exhibited.

*The Pale Complexion of True Love* (1899); the title is taken from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Act III, Scene IV: "If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain." Brickdale's painting shows Phoebe sitting as Silvius is kissing the hem of her skirt. Brickdale has not conformed strictly to the literary narrative; Silvius is a shepherd and



comparative Pre-Raphaelite painting developed from a study of a scene from *As You Like It*, is Arthur Hughes' *The Long Engagement*. Hughes' subject is the Victorian social problem of class, rather than the issue of female emancipation. Art historian Barringer describes how the curate "stares despairingly at the heavens, waiting for an appropriate living to become vacant. Meanwhile, his fiancée waits patiently, unable to assume the 'natural' role of wife and mother." For Brickdale nothing appears further from the mind of Phoebe than to take up her "natural role". Pamela Gerrish Nunn states that female literary artists aiming to "establish... [themselves] as a painter with pretensions" favoured painting female characters from Shakespeare's plays, typically *As You Like It* and *Romeo and Juliet*. In this, her first large-scale work Brickdale demonstrated that she was able to challenge contemporary Pre-Raphaelite artists by not choosing to paint within the feminine genre, i.e. still life, or by a more obvious choice of

William Lindsay Windus, *Burd Helen*, 1855–6



character within the Shakespearian canon. Brickdale's painting *The Little Foot Page* (1905) shows Burd Helen dressed as a page boy, she has suppressed her female condition as she follows her lover. The tree behind Burd Helen with leaves overhanging symbolises strength and power, as a means of emphasising that Burd Helen is attempting to embody (both internally and externally) the fortitude and strength required in her quest. Within the context of a feminist approach it is possible to link the imagery—having thrown down her headdress and cutting her hair—to Freud's castration complex, "culminating in the wish... to be boys themselves". Brickdale has offered a visual symbolism for how women within Victorian and Edwardian society were jealous of men, and prepared to deny their own sexuality in an effort to conform and gain acceptance, whether as artists, or as equals in response to suffrage. Jan Marsh and Gerrish Nunn commented upon the long-lasting impact of *The Little Foot Page*,

that "it seems appropriate that a few years after this striking picture's exhibition, modern female art students in the capital were cutting their hair in 'page boy' style." In contrast William Lindsay Windus' *Burd Helen*, appears to show her struggling to keep up the pace, clutching her side as if in pain, demonstrating the weakness of women compared to the strength and stamina of man. Her lover holds her in contempt until she has borne him a child. That woman is recognised when fulfilling her duty and giving birth is a point echoed by John Ruskin when writing in 1873:

I cannot find expression strong enough for the hatred and contempt I feel for the modern idea that a woman should cease to be mother... The duty of... a woman [is] to make [a man] happy in his home, and to bring up his children wisely. No woman is capable of more than that...'

An influencing factor in



(Above) John Everett Millais, *Christ in the House of his Parents* ("The Carpenter's Shop"), 1849-50; (below) Dante Gabriel Rossetti, *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* (*The Annunciation*), 1849-50



Brickdale's paintings and choice of composition can also be identified as her Christian faith. Inspiration for Pre-Raphaelite paintings was often found in the Bible, for example in Millais' *Christ in the House of his Parents*, and Rossetti's *Ecce Ancilla Domini!*. However, in line with many pre-Raphael paintings, scenes depicted often linked to the life of Jesus or the Virgin Mary. For

Brickdale's religious-inspired painting *The Wise and Foolish Virgins* (c.1930) she has again chosen to focus on the portrayal of women. It is based on "The Parable of the Ten Virgins", Matthew 25:1-13, which is preceded by a parable with the same meaning, "be ready for Judgement Day", but that applies exclusively to men (Matthew 24:37-51) and is followed by an account about Jesus. Looking at Brickdale's painting the influence of Rossetti and Burne-Jones is

evident through the use of colour and setting respectively. The most obvious comparison for Brickdale's painting is to Burne-Jones' *The Golden Stairs*. Brickdale "has removed the virgins from their strict medieval formalism and placed them on a swirling stone staircase, creating a true Pre-Raphaelite interpretation of the parable".

The artist and illustrator John Howe states that Brickdale demonstrated her own individuality, strength and inclinations in her work, and that is how her work should be considered rather than in comparison to her male contemporaries:

Eleanor was considered unorthodox by some for her refusal to give up her artistic pretensions and find a decent husband to provide for her... The relentless comparison of Eleanor to her male contemporaries... is an ill-disguised attempt to submerge her name and subsume her creative spirit, as she was unwilling to do so herself.

As the last Pre-Raphaelite, Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale has been overlooked, although Gerrish Nunn states that she "left a legacy of thought that encourages artists to work in defiance of smugness and indifference, and often in revolt against popular expectations". And indeed she worked in defiance of popular expectations as a strong, independent, successful female artist.

In 1984 the Tate Britain Pre-Raphaelite exhibition "pointedly refused to consider any women artists, apart from offering a token presence to Siddal" according to Marsh. The 2013 Tate Britain Pre-Raphaelite exhibition adopted a thematic, as opposed to chronological, structure and included a selection of works by Elizabeth Siddal, Florence Ann Claxton, Rosa Brett and May Morris. While in some ways it is



(Above) EFB, *The Wise and Foolish Virgins*, c. 1930  
(Right) Edward Burne-Jones, *The Golden Stairs*, 1880

promising that more women were included in the recent exhibition, all of those included were directly associated with the PR Brotherhood. Yet the most prominent and successful female Pre-Raphaelite artists in terms of their careers (duration, teaching and sales), namely Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale, Marianne Preindelsberger Stokes and Evelyn De Morgan were neglected.

Over two years Brickdale created 45 paintings for the 1901 exhibition entitled "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of". All but two of these works were sold—although it is interesting to note that the catalogue accompanying the exhibition "made no mention that E. Fortescue-Brickdale was a woman and a young woman of 29 at that". A review in *The Artists* illustrates

the success of Brickdale, as she is described as having made a great reputation quickly and it adds that "the contrast between Miss Brickdale's work and that of other women-painters... gives full significance to the manifestation of Miss Brickdale's exceptional talent". Brickdale's obituary in *The Times* (14 March 1945) described her as "a versatile artist... the last survivor of the late Pre-Raphaelite painters, who though—or possibly because—they did not come into contact with the original Brotherhood, carried some of their principles to extremes... Her work was distinguished by brilliance of colour and great fidelity to detail."



# Goodwood Revival

Miss Minna at the annual festival of vintage machines

THREE DAYS OF the roar of classic motorcars tearing around the track accompanied by the hum of wartime aircraft. This alone is enough to recommend the Goodwood Revival to any self-respecting petrol head or aviation nut. The Revival has however carved itself out a unique place in the annual international calendar of motoring events by not only assembling one of the world's finest collections of classic racing cars, aeroplanes, motorbikes and utility vehicles in one place but combining it with the colourful carnival-like atmosphere more commonly found at major horseracing meets. Someone had the genius idea of encouraging the spectators to dress to match the cars; women prancing in cheap nasty lycra and spray tans really don't do a classic Maserati or Aston Martin justice. The event is not strictly "vintage"—it is still about things with wheels and wings. As a result

spectators are not hide-bound. Most make an effort but turn up in a diverse range of outfits, some fantastically authentic, some ersatz and some simply bonkers. Fifties circle skirts, big blousy victory rolls, startled-looking fox stoles, tweedy racing gents, mechanic's overalls and reproduction military uniforms proliferate. It's



not for the purist, although there is a 'Most Stylish' competition for those who stand out compered by Tristan Langlois (the NSC's very own Pandora Harrison came third on one day).

There is a lot to do; the whole thing resembles an impressive theme park centred on the action on the track. A motor show takes place in a mock-up of a period Earls Court, a Sixties Tesco's sells food in its original wrapping—anyone for Opal Fruits and a bottle of Double Diamond? There is a strong international flavour, Italy is there, the French Resistance are there and the Germans are in the motorbike sector inevitably selling beer and sausages. A number of re-enacting groups attend. My personal favourites are Walmington-on-Sea's finest with their dodgy sausages and the St Trinian's girls; watching smooth lindy hopping dancers inundated by lacrosse stick

wielding hooligans is a sight to be treasured. Gasoline Alley provides rock n roll and a corner for the bikers to congregate while they prepare for another chaotic event, the staged fight between Mods and Rockers. This included long-suffering Sixties Bobbies and one very irate deckchair seller alongside some superb scooters and bikes. By the airfield the RAF laze in the sun in front of Spitfires and in the press tent there is a mock-up of a newsroom from the Fifties.

Like a race meet the event has a series of enclosures for members of the various Goodwood Clubs. The Rolex Drivers club front theirs with ever more ambitious tableaux. Two years ago it was the desert with real camels, last year a snowy scene with fake snowdrifts but this year they excelled by recreating Stonehenge and staffing it with louche druids who seemed



to spend most of their time lounging against the stones. The fact that there are private enclosures may seem exclusive, but the event is democratic. The tickets are not cheap but in light of the insurance and investment in the event they are reasonable, reflected by the fact they sell out well in advance. The Revival is not a charity; serious business is taking place behind the scenes including an auction of classic cars by Bonhams. We watched Chris Evans enviously as he drove his new classic Jaguar out of the site on Sunday. The Revival is also full of shops and concessions covering all motoring interests but also including a vintage specialists and traditional outfitters. Every year I try to remember and then promptly

forget to bring money for discounted tweed from the Cording's outlet.

The NSC membership is unsurprisingly well represented at the event, partially because in the "Over the Road" area a mini-Chap Olympiad is held three times a day in its own dedicated space which somehow always ends up being right next to the beer tent. A small group of diehards attempt to coerce members of the public into joining in. Satisfyingly we now get return custom, one group of ladies turned up in moustaches they had knitted especially. We had a particularly vicious grudge match of bicycle jousting and inter-force competition with the RAF narrowly outwitting the Army.

ticketed and contains a funfair, the wonderful Wall of Death team, the Butlin's Roller Skating rink and lots of shopping and food. It is next to the car park reserved for classic cars which constitutes an open air museum in itself. The only thing you do have to watch out for is a plague of close harmony girl groups who crop up like boils in unlikely places.

Think of a county fair combined with one of the more surreal *Avengers* episodes, mix in a resolutely friendly crowd wonderfully dressed, throw in a fair amount of Champagne, mix in the glamour of classic motor racing and some glorious sunshine and you have an idea of the atmosphere. Finally add the emotionally affecting sight of two wonderful Lancaster bombers flying overhead.

I'd recommend this event to anyone, even those not fascinated by cars although I suspect you'd leave with more interest than you brought. It is accessible for the day from London, via a vintage bus service from Chichester or you can go the whole retro hog like many others and stay at Butlins. I'd also invest in the whole three days although be ready for the feeling of despond that settles once you realise it is over for another year.

All photos © Tom Ward (TomWardPhotography.co.uk)



The event suits junior spectators: one small girl turned up with her own pipe. A moustache Tug-of-War descended into chaos as the tache split leaving hordes of unwary competitors littered across the field on their backs. Sadly we have no photographs as we were too busy laughing to record this. Other familiar faces performing in the area included Mr B the Gentleman Rhymer, "Putting on the Blitz" and Black Elvis. The "Over the Road" area is not



# 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.



## Darcy Sullivan

'Never pay retail.'

### Name or preferred name?

Darcy Sullivan is my real name and my preferred name—you don't need to call me anything else. When I phone my local taxi hire and they ask my name, I say Darcy, so they call me Mr Darcy, which is nice.

### Where do you hail from?

I am, broadly speaking, from California, having

lived mainly in Los Angeles and San Francisco before moving to the UK. I also lived in London for about a year in the mid-1980s—I don't remember much about it except meeting Quentin Crisp and getting bitten by a hedgehog. Oddly enough, these events are closely related, but I don't have the space to explain.

### Favourite Cocktail?

I do not drink alcohol. This is one of my most unchappish qualities. My favorite beverage is Diet Coke, which I drink from 9 am until I say goodnight to my wife.

### Most Chappist Skill?

I am largely unskilled. However, I believe eccentrics are considered chaps, and many eccentrics are collectors, so collecting is my most chappist skill. I collect CDs, films, books, graphic novels, comics and clothes. Many of these collections include mini-collections—for instance, I have about 20 CDs of horror / Halloween songs, a whole shelf of weird fiction from Arkham House, and three different steelbook editions of *Sherlock Holmes*.

### Most Chappist Possession?

That would be my collection of more than 100 silk cravats. I started buying them in 2001 and things got out of hand. I started wearing them to work to justify owning so many; this caused some confusion in San Francisco, where no one under 60 has ever seen a cravat.

### Personal Motto?

'Never pay retail.' This is much harder to

live by in the UK. In San Francisco, for instance, there is a used bookstore called Green Apple that is bigger than a Waterstones, and a used CD/vinyl/movies store called Amoeba Records that occupies a former bowling alley. My family knows better than to visit either one with me.

### Favourite Quotes?

'I am Connor MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.'

A Scottish friend's son is named Connor and

I could not see him without thinking this, and sometimes saying it out loud, to my apparently unshared bemusement. I know many Europeans are squeamish about Google, so I will save you the trouble and let you know it's from *Highlander*.

"Everything's going so well!" Zidler says this in *Moulin Rouge* with such desperation, trying to convince others even when he cannot convince himself. Harold, I feel ya.

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

As a freelance writer, I interviewed some of the leading lights in alternative comics — Charles Burns, the Hernandez brothers, Dan Clowes, Richard Sala, Mike Mignola and many more people you've probably not heard of. I also once interviewed Sarah Michelle Gellar, who is almost a deity in our family.

### How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Only a few months. I'm shy.

### How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

At my first Chap Olympiad



in 2011. Some of the fellows had pretty badges.

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

Read Alan Moore and Kevin O'Neill's *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*. Not the new one (Century), the first two series, which you can get as an omnibus edition.

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

#### fiction and why?

Oscar Wilde is a hero of mine, but he gets invited to every afterlife dinner party, so my guess is he'll be booked. In that event, I'll have Vincent Price, because he was charming, cultured and funny. I would like to meet the late UFOlogist John A. Keel, because I want to know more about his encounters with the West Virginia Mothman. And I want Tilda Swinton, because she's been avoiding me. I've been in the UK for four years, and does she write? Does she call? Nothing.

### Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Clayton Hartley.\* He's an excellent writer, he always says hi, and he seems to be frightfully overeducated. \*Artemis Scarheart is away.

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

I have not. If asked, I would either do one on *Comics for Gentlemen* (I have the list all prepared for a Chap article that Gustav keeps in a special drawer) or *Cover Illustrations for The Picture of Dorian Gray*. I just started a Facebook page on these, called The Pictures of Dorian Gray. For either Turn, I will need PowerPoint, because I am from California.

*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.*





# WINGS OVER EAST KIRKBY

**Ernie Samat** has an emotional time meeting the men and machines of the Second World War RAF



**S**UNDAY 14TH SEPTEMBER was a historic day for Second World War aviation buffs. The Lincolnshire Aviation Heritage Centre (LAHC) in conjunction with The Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum and The RAF Battle of Britain Memorial Flight arranged to bring all three remaining Avro Lancasters together on one day at LAHC East Kirkby in Lincolnshire. At no other time since the 1950s have three Lancasters joined together as a spectacle for the general public—one of these planes is normally in Canada. The display included Lancaster NX611 “Just Jane”, licensed to taxi but not to take off, with Lancasters PA474 and FM213 flying overhead. I was lucky enough to be present, at a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to hear 12 Rolls Royce Merlin engines in harmony!

I have several friends in living history groups and I am privileged to be involved in their activities. These include meeting veterans of the Battle of Britain, the Dambusters raid, relatives

of Sir Barnes Wallis and in fact anyone who took part in the Second World War. At the Three Lancasters event I met Rear Gunner Ferguson Graham, aged 92. It was an emotional meeting: I shook the veteran’s hand and said thank you; he touched my wings and said thank you to me, for keeping alive what they did. At this his daughter started to cry, and that set me off...

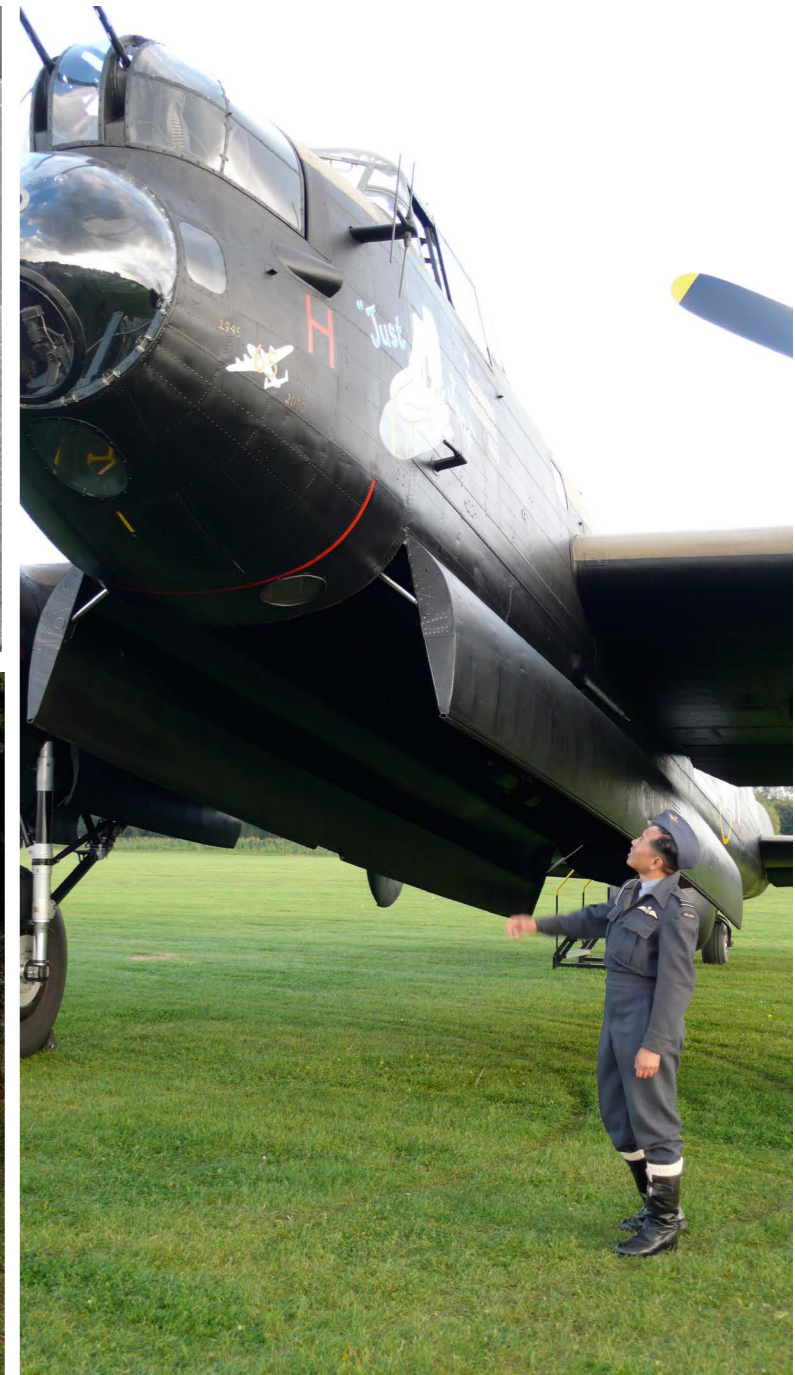
It was a similar experience when I met Jonnie Johnson, the bomb aimer with Guy Gibson in the Dambusters raid, at RAF Scampton in May of last year. I was meaning to say thank you but his presence got the better of me and I was overwhelmed. What he said was very emotional. He said he had a friend during the war who wore a similar uniform to the one I was wearing. He cried too. Later we had a spooky experience: on our way to drink at the local after the event we spotted a dog that was the spitting image of the black labrador Guy Gibson famously owned and which died the evening before the raid (yes, the one with the un-PC name!).



With Ferguson Graham



With an uncannily familiar dog



With thanks to Actuarii for the photo above of the two remaining airworthy Avro Lancasters flying at the Goodwood Revival (see pages 10–13). © S. Mosley  
All other photos by Ernie Samat



With Jonnie Johnson

# The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members bicker about liquor

## Tea-Total Cocktails

By David Bridgman-Smith

For this month's Cocktail Cabinet, I'm inspired by the British institution of afternoon tea. I'm not opposed to boozing in the afternoon, as long as the time and place are suitable, but post-meridian drinks have a different style to those of the cocktail hour: they should be long and refreshing, leisurely sipped from a wicker lounge chair and, for the purposes of this text, contain tea.

I was recently asked by a friend if, considering the likes of the boozy Irish Coffee, there were any cocktails that contained tea. Given that I had just done the research for this article, I think he may have wished he had never asked, so, as I did with my chum, let me share with you some thoughts and recipes for putting tea and booze together for your afternoon drinks.

### Josephine's Tea

Tea: Chamomile

[25ml brandy, 100ml chilled chamomile tea, 10ml lemon juice, 10ml triple sec]

Named after Napoleon's wife Josephine, this is a variation on a Collins. There is a nice tartness from the lemon, followed by a mellow sweetness from the triple sec, chamomile, and brandy. The complexity of the brandy and the elaborate floral notes of the chamomile pair well together to make an invigorating, long afternoon drink.

### High Chai

Tea: Chai

[100ml of chai tea made with hot milk, 25ml gin, 25ml crème de cacao: shake with plenty of ice]



Ginger T

A variation on the Alexander, albeit a much longer drink, this has complex, confectionery spice coming through from the chai, including notes of cinnamon, cardamom and ginger. This is quite an indulgent drink for the afternoon, with all of the qualities of an alcoholic milkshake.

### Ginger T

Tea: Ginger

[25ml Chivas Regal 12 Year Old, 75ml ginger tea, garnished with a squeezed lemon wedge]

The powerful flavour of the whisky comes through without adding too much heavy alcohol, keeping the drink light and quaffable for the afternoon. This is very cooling and refreshing, with zesty lemon and a gentle warmth from the ginger.

### Tea-rimisu Fizz

Tea: Tiramisu

[25ml vodka infused with a tiramisu (or chai) tea bag for 60 seconds, 100ml soda water]

I originally tasted this without citrus and it was just too sweet, so I added a squeezed lemon wedge. The result was a greatly improved drink with some rich notes of vanilla, chocolate, coffee and spice, with a crisp lemon flavour and a refreshing finish.

### Smokey José

Tea: Lapsang Souchong

[35ml of tequila, steeped with 1 lapsang souchong tea bag for 60 seconds: shake vigorously with ice for at least 60 seconds, open shaker and empty entire contents into a glass, before topping up with soda water and a lime wedge]

The smokiness of the tea complements the agave flavours of the tequila, creating some interesting salty and savoury flavours, whilst the soda provides a spritzy lift and the lime, a touch of zest.

Flavoursome, yet refreshing.

### Collin the Earl

Tea: Earl Grey

[25ml gin infused with Earl Grey for 60 seconds, 25ml orange juice, 100ml soda water]

A light and refreshing gin cocktail: the orange citrus botanical notes of Beefeater gin work particularly well in this drink, highlighting the fresh orange of the juice and bergamot of the Earl Grey. Clean, crisp and revitalising: this is the epitome of an afternoon tea drink and exceptionally cooling.

For those who prefer to sip their spirits straight (though not really recommended for the heat of the afternoon), here are some notes on two tea-flavoured vodkas.

### Absolut Smokey Tea

Nose: Rich, intense, and complex smokey notes of lapsang souchong combined with citrus and a hint of warm ginger.

Taste: Bold smokiness from the lapsang upfront, with a little dryness, followed by some cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger, and then some citrus. The smoke of the tea returns for a long and lingering finish. A fine example of a tea-flavoured vodka.

### Absolut Wild Tea

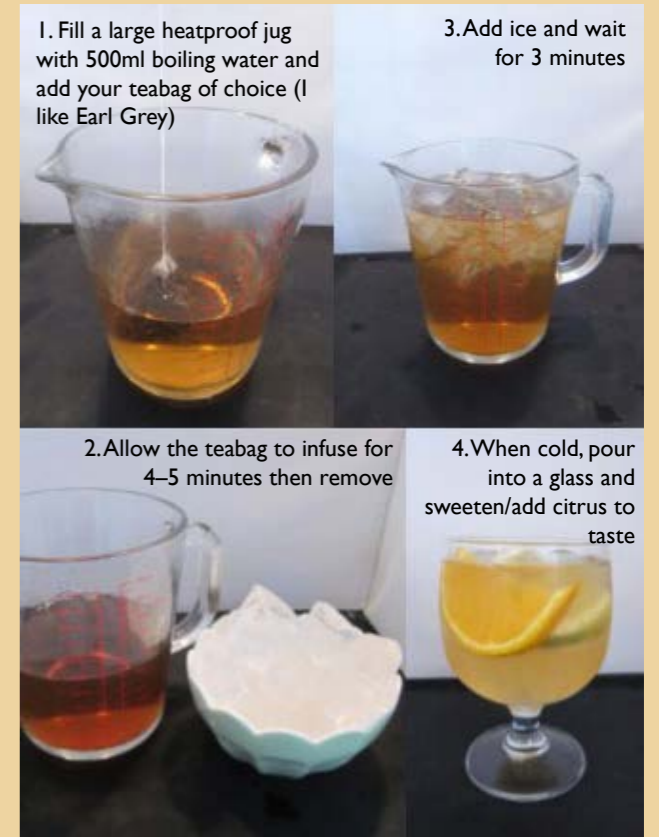
Nose: Black tea, mango, elderberry, straw and purple berries.

Taste: This has a smooth and rounded texture, with plump berry fruit up-front: far more of the flavour of elderberry than

elderflower, which quickly drops away and is replaced by

a dry, light flavour of tea and tannins. There are some nutty hints and a touch of pipe tobacco, too.

And for those without a chauffeur requiring a non-alcoholic alternative, here are some tips on making iced tea. The temperate option, homemade iced tea is a totally different animal to the sticky likes of the Lipton varieties—and let's not even mention iced tea made from syrup!



1. Fill a large heatproof jug with 500ml boiling water and add your teabag of choice (I like Earl Grey)

3. Add ice and wait for 3 minutes

2. Allow the teabag to infuse for 4-5 minutes then remove

4. When cold, pour into a glass and sweeten/add citrus to taste

### Earl Grey

My favourite choice for iced tea, this has a lovely combination of light florality and hints of citrus from the bergamot.

### Peppermint

This is perfect for hot days, because cooling comes from both the ice and the menthol of the mint. This has a clean flavour that may seem a tad odd to start with, but is certainly worth a try.

### Chamomile

Soft and delicate, but with definite floral chamomile flavours coming through. This is a very pleasant and refreshing drink, with all of the soothing elements of the hot version.



Absolut Wild Tea and Smokey Tea

# St Kilda's Kiosk



Front view of the kiosk

## Tim Eyre on a restored jewel in an Australian suburb

Naturally, London is a good place to see architecture from the first half of the 20th century. However London has been around for a couple of thousand years, so the architecture of that age is a little diluted by work from other eras. For a more concentrated dose of pre-WWII buildings the enthusiast could do a lot worse than visit Victoria, that is to say the Victoria that is an Australian state. I learned this by direct experience when an unexpected journey last February took me from my regular haunt of Bangkok to Melbourne.

As one would expect from any good chap, I'd had my tailor in Bangkok run me up a three-piece suit in red velvet. The weather in Melbourne was a little warm so I declined to wear it as I explored the centre of the city. Here I saw such fine buildings as Flinders Street Station (1910) and the Manchester Unity Building (1932). However, my favourite building

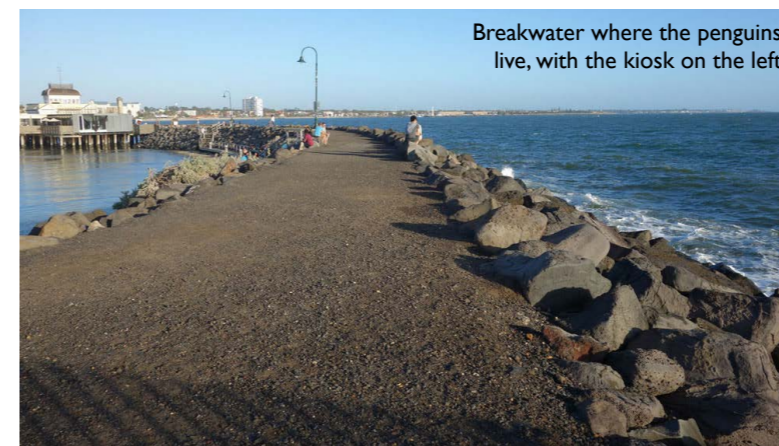
in Melbourne is not on the scale of these impressive edifices. Indeed, it is not in the City of Melbourne and it was built in the distinctly non-20-century year of 2006. This building is the St Kilda's Pavilion.

Also known as St Kilda's kiosk or Kerby's (after its former owner), this charming little Edwardian building sits at the end of the pier at St Kilda, a seaside suburb of Melbourne that was a city in its own right until 1994. The kiosk was originally built in 1904 and at one time was the only kiosk on a pier in the whole of Australia. The charming wooden building overlooks Port Phillip Bay, which faces the island of Tasmania.

Both visitors and locals alike delighted in taking a summertime stroll along the pier and purchasing an ice-cream from Mr Colin Kerby at the kiosk. Those desiring something a little stronger could try some of his strong (and not entirely legal) home-brewed beer. Mr Kerby lived above his shop and moonlighted as a local lifeboat service, rescuing five hundred people in



Kiosk from the rear with restaurant extension



Breakwater where the penguins live, with the kiosk on the left

the course of the 49 years that he occupied the kiosk from 1938 to 1987.

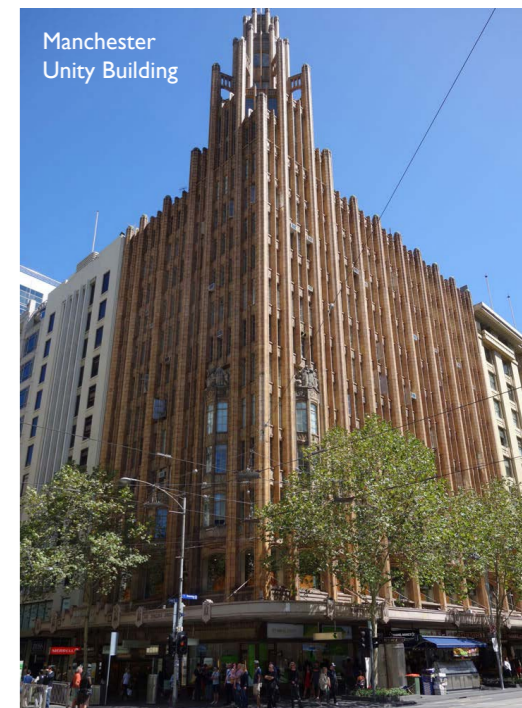
Much to the dismay of the residents of St Kilda, an arsonist burnt down the kiosk in September 2003, completely destroying this much-loved landmark a year short of its centenary. By this time the kiosk was owned by the Victorian state government and was inscribed on the Victorian Heritage Register. Work soon began on rebuilding the structure, done according to the original 1903 plans and, where possible, using elements of the original building that had survived the fire. These included the weather vane and the iron roof.

The reconstructed kiosk opened in 2006. The care taken in its reconstruction is quite palpable and it manages to look authentically Edwardian and new at the same time, providing the viewer with a feeling of how the original might have looked in the 1910s. In a shrewd financial move, presumably intended to ensure economic viability, the reconstruction saw a discreet extension built on to the back of the kiosk to house a posh restaurant. This is inconspicuous from the rear and cannot be seen at all from the front.

No description of St Kilda's kiosk would be complete without a mention of the penguin colony located on a nearby breakwater. Suitably fortified by an ice-cream, the visitor can stroll along a boardwalk and look at the little penguins (*Eudyptula minor*) at close quarters as they shelter between the rocks. Having no land-based predators, they are not shy and will gladly look you in the eye showing as much curiosity towards you as you show towards them.

St Kilda is a short tram ride or a longish walk

from the centre of Melbourne. If you find yourself in that part of Australia then it makes an easy and worthwhile excursion. If you do go there, be sure to wear suitably Edwardian clothes so that you can take a selfie by the kiosk and Photoshop it into sepia. Get a penguin in the background to add a surreal touch.



Manchester Unity Building



Flinders Street Station



## NSC FILM NIGHT

### *La Belle et La Bête* (1946)

**Sunday 5th October**

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

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

Admission: Free

Jean Cocteau's film adaptation of the classic fairy tale *Beauty and the Beast*: when an old man succumbs to the beauty of the Beast's garden and picks a rose he is sentenced to death. His daughter intercedes with the Beast, who in turn is smitten by her beauty—to her he is, well, bestial... The dialogue is in French with subtitles, but it is minimal, with the story largely told through action. The film is famous for its visual lushness: on its release New York critic Bosley Crowther called it a "priceless fabric of subtle images, ... of gorgeous visual metaphors, of undulating movements and rhythmic pace, of hypnotic sounds and music". Roger Ebert lists it among his Great Movies and calls it "one of the most magical of all films". Exterior shots were filmed at the palace and gardens of Château de la Roche Courbon. We've got hold of the restored Criterion edition (not normally available outside of Region 1). Boozes, tea and cake will be on offer.



## BOOK REVIEW

### *Cooking for Chaps:* *Stylish, No-Nonsense Meals for* *the Modern Man About Town*

Gustav Temple and Clare Gabbett-Mulhallen  
(Kyle Books, 2014, hardback 176pp)

*By Dr Edward Dutton*

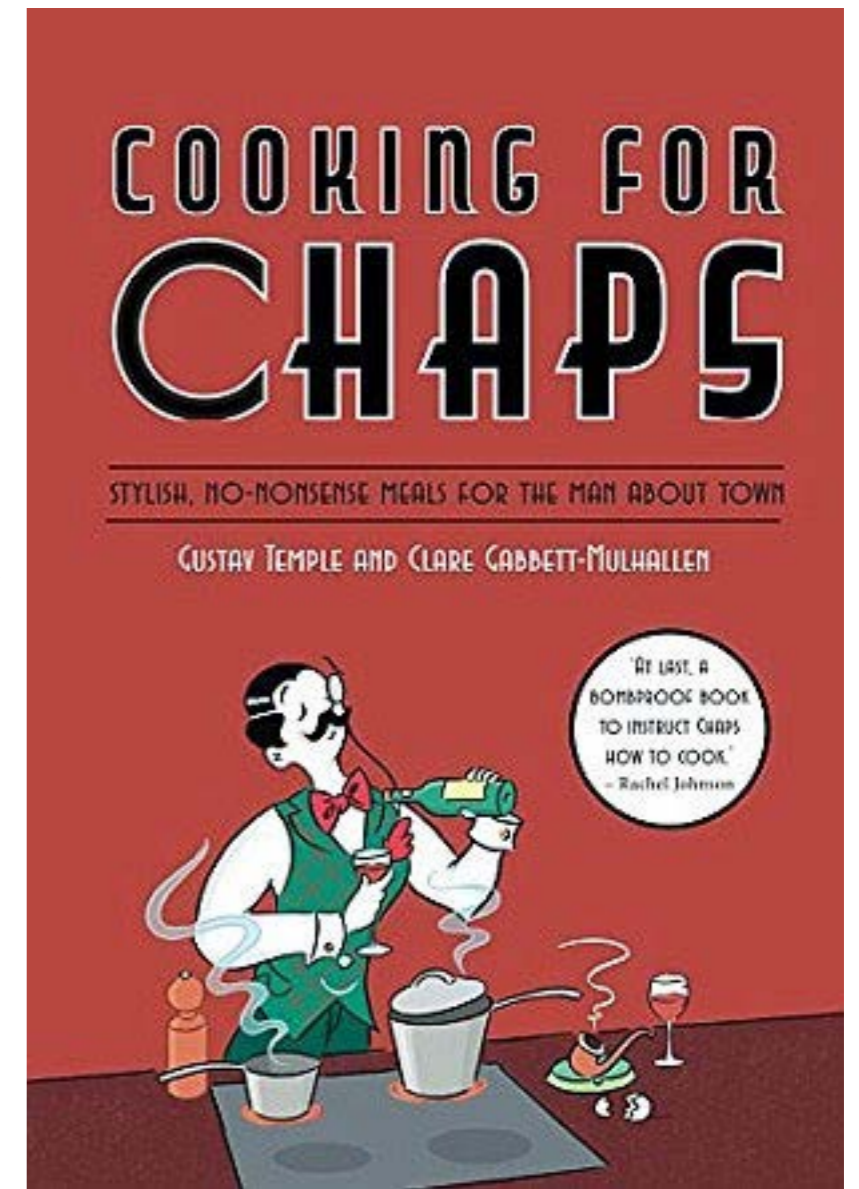
THE DUST-JACKET QUOTE on Temple and Gabbett-Mulhallen's *Cooking for Chaps* is from Rachel Johnson, sister of Boris, the London Mayor: "At last, a bombproof book to instruct chaps how to cook," enthuses the editor of *The Lady*. However, those expecting a humorous journey through the mishaps associated with gentlemen struggling to impress ladies with their culinary skills will be rather disappointed. This is not a cooking-based version of Vic Darkwood's *The Lost Art of Travel* (2006) or *The Gentleman's Guide to Motoring* (2012). As with Mr Darkwood's tomes, *Cooking for Chaps* contains quotes (though not very many) from gentlemanly sources, such as Jeeves and Wooster novels and Hilda Leyel's *Gentle Art of Cookery* (1927), but it is inescapably a cookbook.

Each recipe includes a usually informative introductory paragraph, often with advice and comments written in the faux-Edwardian Chappish style. But otherwise we are presented with a series of traditional English recipes, especially those popular before the Second World War, such as Devilled Kidneys, Kedgeree, Rabbit, Sussex Pond Pudding and Syllabub. Any man of refinement interested in extending their Chappish lifestyle to their food will, therefore, find the latest "Chap" book to be of some use.

That said, this reviewer couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed by *Cooking for Chaps*. A cookbook containing traditional English recipes is not especially original, particularly if you already own *The Two Fat Ladies Cook Book*. But the greatest deficiency of *Cooking for*

*Chaps* is its failure to live up to the standard of the earlier "Chap" works. *The Chap Manifesto* (2001) was a work of both Absurdist and comedy genius. *The Chap Almanac* (2002) was almost as superb, adding to the amusement more wry biographies of historical decadents, such as the English novelist and profligate William Beckford. *Around the World in Eighty Martinis* (2003), though perhaps slightly more contrived, again combined the Absurdist and Romantic aspects of Chappism with simply being extremely funny and the same was true of *The Best of the Chap* (2005).

All of these splendid publications were written jointly by Gustav Temple (Gavin Clark) and Vic Darkwood (Nicholas Jolly) and, according to Nicholas Jolly's website, artistic differences led to a parting of the ways in 2003. Mr Darkwood has since produced the two "Gentleman" books already noted, both of which are similar in style to *The Chap Manifesto*: hilarious comedy derived from the surreal possibilities associated with a modern day Edwardian gentleman. More specifically, Mr Darkwood has chosen to satirise self-help books and has thus heavily punctuated his own suggestions with advice from pre-War sources on the subjects in question: travelling and learning to drive. By contrast, Mr Temple, as editor of *The Chap*, has maintained the "Chap" tag, giving us *Am I A Chap?* (2011). This mostly involves acerbic or witty put-downs directed at wannabes who've sent in photos of themselves in supposedly Chappish attire, and is quite different in style from Mr Darkwood's solo efforts. Apart from playfully mocking *Chap* magazine readers' dress-sense, *Am I A Chap?* focuses less on surrealism and comedy and more on biographies of Chaps, information of interest to Chaps, and the origins of Chappish symbols, albeit employing the Chappish dialect. *Cooking for Chaps* illustrates the artistic differences between Mr Temple and Mr.



Darkwood even more starkly. I didn't laugh out loud once, there was very little of the surreal, and instead the recipe introductions, albeit written in the obligatory mock-Empire vocabulary, are simply a combination of tongue-in-cheek snobbery and information of possible of interest to Chaps. The supreme originality that characterised the early Chap books, let alone the chortling, is simply not to be found here. It appears to have been written as a stocking-filler, playing on a mildly successful brand, a bit like the "for Dummies" series. One hopes this doesn't set a precedent. If it does then "for Chaps" will become precisely the kind of ubiquitous and vulgar "brand" so vociferously condemned in *The Chap Manifesto*.

For any gentlemen whose main contribution to the household chores is cooking, this recipe book will be some interest. But it is not in the same league as the Chap books of a decade ago.



## CLUB NOTES

### New Member

AS A FAIRLY TOP-HOLE summer now wanes into the season of mellow fruitfulness, we thrust the harvest festival hamper of collegiate cheer into the hands of Warren Elliott, a denizen of Bermondsey, who signed up to Club Membership this month.

### Club Holds Own in Very Civil Unrest

THIS MONDAY A posse of Chappist types once again flooded Savile Row, the traditional home of bespoke tailoring in London, to protest against the monstrous Abercrombie & Fitch shop that has been allowed to open at no.3,



Warren Elliott



peddling sloppy tat to idiotic children. As you can see from the photo below, the NSC was well represented. Apparently the good news is that the place seemed pretty empty—I always wondered exactly *why* A&F would want to open at an address the meaning of which would be lost on their target audience...

### Club Tie Corner

HRH THE PRINCE OF WALES has been flashing his Chappist credentials again by appearing on packets of meat wearing a New Sheridan Club tie. Yes, it's meat you can surely trust. (Thanks to David Bridgman-Smith and Maximillion Conrad for the images.) Meanwhile in the comedy Nazi world of *'Allo 'Allo*, there appears a NSC sentry box. I was wondering where that had got to. And finally Evadne Raccat has this charming NSC bead necklace for the ladies. Sadly out of stock.



#### Farmers are in charge

Among the topics they've put forward for trial are exploring natural ways to treat parasites and infection, assessing peat-free compost and looking at ways of extending the egg-laying lives of hens.

But although they take the lead in research, farmers are not left to go it alone.

"We find a scientist who is interested and able to advise farmers on the problem they are trying to solve," MacMillan says. "The difference is that in a normal research project the scientist is in charge and the farmer might be hosting trials. In this case, the farmers are in charge."

"What is exciting is that scientists as well as farmers are enthusiastic and can see the potential for it to bring new ideas into their work and help make sure they're having a real impact on the ground."

So far results appear positive, with workable solutions being found that are not only environmentally friendly, they are improving efficiency and productivity.

"Business as usual is just not an option. It just doesn't add up if we keep going down this route," MacMillan says. "So the debate is about how to find a different way of doing things and what that looks like. It's not about whether we need to do anything."

"Everybody who is at all interested in future challenges facing agriculture is alert to the fact that it cannot continue as it is for very long."



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## 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](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk) plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

### NSC Club Night

Wednesday 1st October  
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.

### **The Hey-Las at the Troubadour**

Friday 3rd October

8pm–12am

The Troubadour, 263–267 Old Brompton Road, London SW5 9JA

Admission: £8

If you like a bit of 1950s/1960s doo-wop, the Hey Las (featuring former member of Twin and Tonic Louise Holland) will be spooning it out from about 9pm. The rest of the bill looks a bit of a mixed bag...

### NSC Film Night

**La Belle at la Bête** (1946)

Sunday 5th October

7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

See page 15.

### **Shall We Dance?**

Tuesday 7th October

7–11.30pm

Café de Paris, 3–4 Coventry Street, London W1D 6BL

Admission: £100 including a reception drink, a three-course dinner and half a bottle of wine  
Dress: Black tie or period schmutter preferred

Michael Law's Piccadilly Dance Orchestra offer an old-fashioned dinner dance with some cabaret thrown in too, by the looks of it. Book by dialling 0845 3700178 or visiting [www.pdo.org.uk](http://www.pdo.org.uk).

### **Cabaret Roulette**

Wednesday 8th October

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

### **Black Tie Ballroom Club**

Friday 10th October  
London Welsh Centre, 157 to 163 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8UE  
7pm

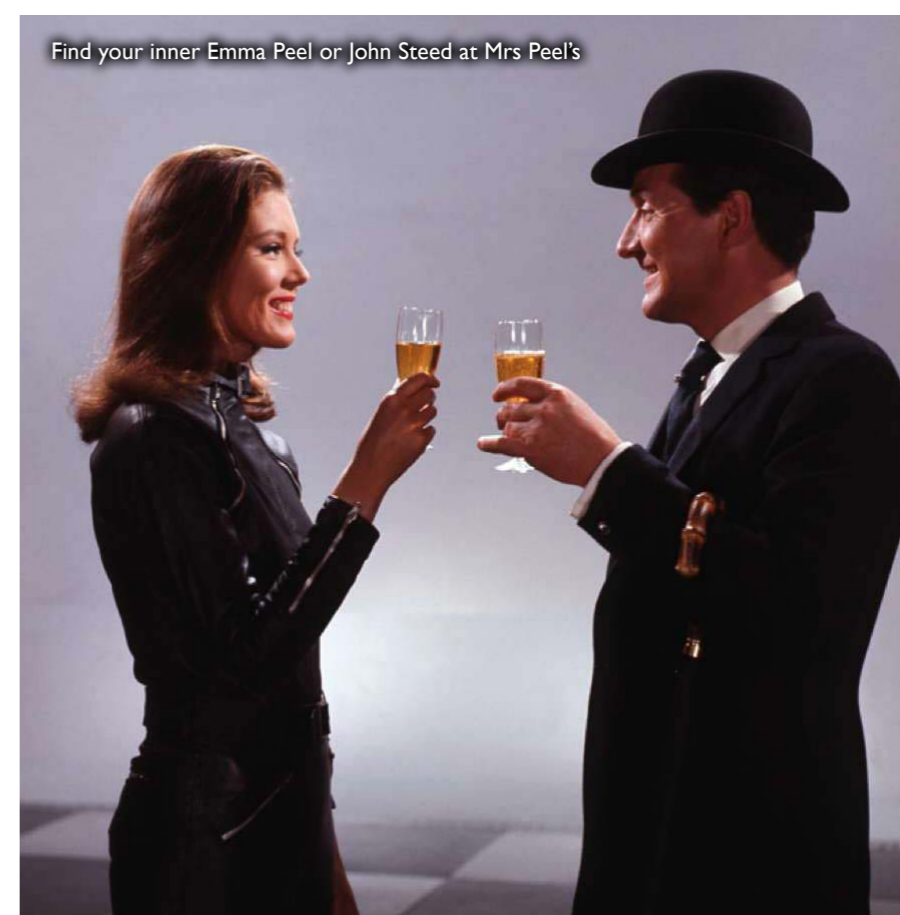
Admission: £10 from Wegottickets. See the Facebook page for details  
Dress: Black tie/evening gowns

George Tudor-Hart's new venture, aimed at those who wish to dress up and meet other ballroom dancers, catering for both beginners and experienced dancers. There will be a free beginners' dance lesson from 7–8pm with the main dancing from 8–11pm. There will be one half-hour set from the Kewdos Dance Orchestra, featuring Alistair Sutherland on voice trumpet, of strict tempo vintage dance music, and the rest of the dancing will be to pre-war, mainly English, dance band records for slow waltz, slow foxtrot, quickstep, tango, rumba, swing, jive, Viennese waltz, and the odd Charleston and cha cha. Four or five male and female taxi dancers are available for all guests at no extra charge. Your hostess, Jean Bentley, will arrange interactive social activities such as 'excuse me' dances, 'Paul Jones' and 'snowballs' and a bus stop throughout the evening. The venue has a large sprung dance floor and tickets are limited to 100 to ensure there is plenty of space. There is a licensed bar at pub prices. Any questions, phone George on 020 8542 1490.

### **Mrs Peel's**

Saturday 11th October  
8pm–2am

The Eight Club, 1 Dysart Street, Moorgate, London EC2A 2BX



Admission: £15 in advance, £20 on the door; limited table reservations available  
Dress: 1960s

The Swinging Sixties penthouse party of your dreams! Inspired by Emma Peel, the iconic character from The Avengers, played by Diana Rigg, this club night features live music from beat combo The Jetset International, loungecore and freakbeat DJing from Martin Green and Lucienne Cole, compère and lounge legend Count Indigo, a sitar, go-go dancers, cocktails, face painting, a live art happening, psychedelic light effects, all in a penthouse club with open terraces overlooking the city. More at [www.mrspeels.club](http://www.mrspeels.club).

### **52nd Street Jump**

Saturday 11th October

7.30pm–2am

Magpie and Stump (formerly City Firefly), 18 Old Bailey, London EC4M 7EP

Admission: £12 (£11 members) including a £3 drinks voucher)

Dress: Vintage or modern but an effort appreciated

Regular swing dance event from the Saturday Night Swing Club, with three rooms offering

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taster dance classes from 8.15 and music from the 1920s to the 1950s. Resident DJs Dr Swing and Mr Kicks are this time joined by Reverend Boogie, Andy "Road Oiler" and Dynamaestro.

**The Coco Club**

Saturday 11th October  
7.30pm  
Plaza Suite, Stag Theatre, London Road, Sevenoaks TN13 1ZZ  
Admission: £12.50 available online  
Dress: "Your best classic clothing"

An evening of 1930s glamour featuring live music from Brandyn Shaw and his Rhythm Makers and DJing from Empire Radio.

**Sudley Punknic**

Saturday 25th October  
From 11am  
Sudley House, Liverpool

A Liverpoolian League joint: "A visit to Sudley House, Liverpool, with a detour to the Palm House if possible. There is a very small café at Sudley, but we thought it might be nice if we all brought picnics like we did on the Cathedral day. If anyone has some lawn game to play, could be an added interest! Meet in the car park at 11.00am." Best to keep an eye on the Facebook event.

**White Mischief presents**

The Haunted Hollywood Halloween Ball  
Saturday 25th October  
From 9pm  
The Scala, 275 Pentonville Road, King's Cross, London N1 9NL  
Admission: £20 from brownpapertickets  
Another extravaganza from White Mischief, with live swing and cabaret, electroswing DJs, aerialists, dancers and cabaret artistes, hosted by Professor Elemental. More on the Facebook page.

**Dinner Dance at the Savoy**

Saturday 25th October  
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



Come for a Steampunk picnic at Liverpool's Sudley House

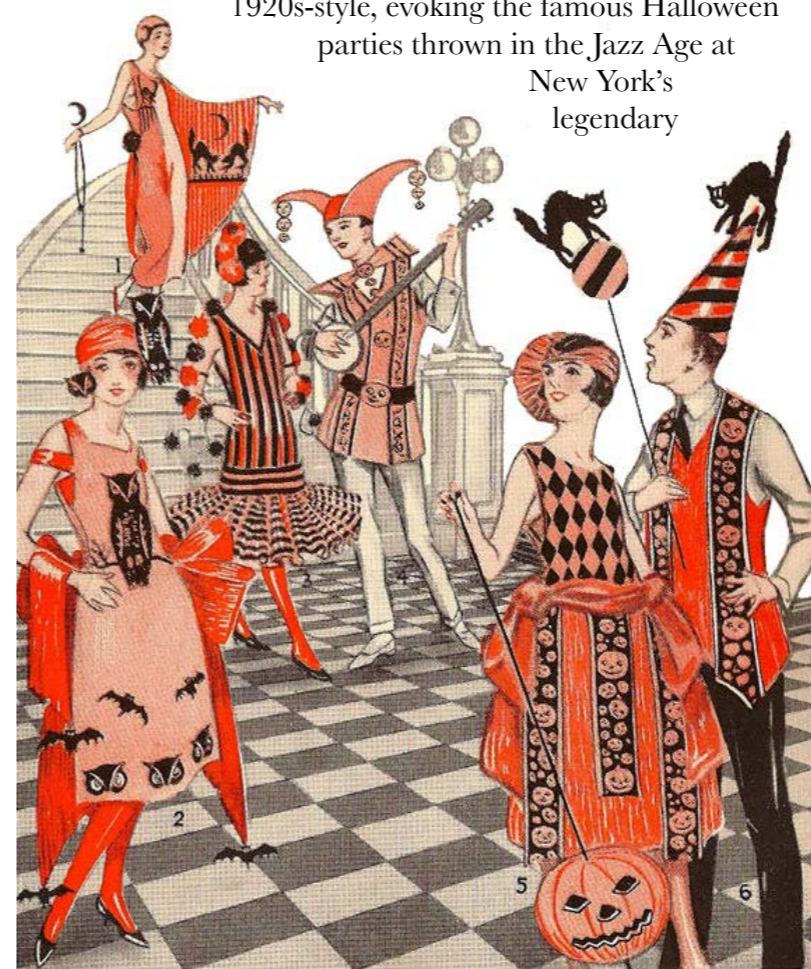
and his legendary Savoy Orpheans, Alex Mendham & His Orchestra have taken up the baton as resident dance orchestra for the Savoy Hotel, playing the sounds of the Art Deco era with unmatched sophistication. Cut a rug under the stunning glass cupola in the Thames Foyer with a three-course dinner. Your 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.

**The Candlelight Club:  
Halloween Spooktacular**

Friday 31st October and Saturday 1st November  
7pm-12am  
A secret London location  
Admission: £20 in advance  
Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism (frequently from the New Sheridan Club's own Auntie Maureen). Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

This time we celebrate All Hallows' Eve 1920s-style, evoking the famous Halloween parties thrown in the Jazz Age at New York's legendary



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Plaza Hotel, and featuring hundreds of candles, expertly carved Jack-o-lanterns, themed cocktails, eerie fortune telling from Sphinx Tarot and live music from those Gothic Gatsbys the Top Shelf Band...



Celebrate Halloween 1920s-style at the Candlelight Club, where cheery Jazz Age hedonism (left) meets, well, this from the Top Shelf Band

HALLEY

© Ellie Halley



Yes, it really is tiramisu-flavoured tea—see how it can be combined with booze to make a refreshing afternoon sharpener on page 18



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