



It's Just My Funny Way of Dancing: Part III

2011

47¼ × 46½ in · 120 × 118 cm

black chalk on paper

'During my early twenties, feeling a bit lost after graduating with a degree in Fine Art, much of my time was spent on Dean Street — between The Colony Rooms, Groucho's and Gerry's. Whenever an evening ended up at the Groucho it was bound to be a good one. You may start the night with one companion but it is a guarantee that you will end up in a whirlwind of others. I relied on friends who were members to visit the club at this point but it was always a private aspiration to afford my own membership.

'When Nicky Carter purchased one of my drawings for the collection in exchange for "half lifetime" membership (I often wonder how long that piece of string may be!) I was walking on air. To hang in such esteemed company on those walls and to be enjoyed by an equally awe-inducing audience is still a thrill.

'It gave me great pleasure to hear that a lesbian marriage was performed at the club in front of my drawing when I received an email from a member of the wedding party—complimenting the artwork.

'So you see, not only has the club offered me wonderful times and memories, it has given me confidence, support, and it continues to be a great source of inspiration. Which brings to mind not only one of the most unsettling moments of my life but one of the most magical and momentous ones at that — descending the stairs into the ground floor bar, my best friend turned to me, pulled me aside and said — "Take a deep breath, don't stare ... but as you leave walk very very slowly and glance to your left ... Elvis' grandson is sitting on the sofa." He had the nose, he had the dark eyes, he had the presence of the King himself. Thank you Groucho.'

Nina Fowler