



“All the News
That’s Fit for Fops”

The Resign! Triannual

The Newspaper of The New Sheridan Club

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Going Out in a Blazer Glory

by The Chairman

There is no article of clothing that can quite match the blazer in both pedigree and street cred. The now-ubiquitous dark blue blazer is inexorably British but has become a permanent icon of American style. The blazer is both ineffably cool and deeply traditional, equally at ease on a boat or in the boardroom, in the classroom or in the club. Wear it with Oxford shoes, deck shoes or no shoes; with grey flannels, white ducks, blue jeans or Nantucket reds; at Christmastime or on balcyon summer days. A blazer is always the “right” thing to wear; it is no wonder the famous Official Preppy Handbook (published in 1980) referred to the blazer simply as “the exoskeleton.”

SO WROTE Jack Carlson, an anglophile American and founder of the overpriced sartorial emporium Rowing Blazers in his introduction to his magnum opus of the same name. Discounting the styling tips thoughtfully supplied by the author, which I would respectfully suggest you take with a large pinch of Malden’s finest (he is an American, after all), Mr. Carlson has at least summed up the versatile appeal of the blazer to a tee. *Rowing Blazers*, published by Thames & Hudson in 2014, is an extended love letter to the rowing blazer, a genre of clothing to which I am particularly attached, being the proud owner of three such items in my wardrobe amassed during a lifetime of not rowing.

The origins of the term blazer are disputed, but received wisdom has it that the term was originally applied to the red jackets of Lady Margaret Boat Club in Cambridge, which presumably ‘blazed’, or perhaps the term perhaps first came from the blue serge uniform jackets which the Captain of HMS Blazer had made for his ratings when the ship was inspected by the Empress of India.

One cannot be truly certain after all these years, unless you are boatie at St. John’s, whose boat club members have no truck with any other claims but theirs. Of one thing we can be certain—the jackets themselves predate the term. Carlson notes that as early as 1805, ‘informal boating clubs with their own colours and uniform began to develop in earnest’, to the extent that by the middle of the nineteenth century, rowing jackets ‘were becoming a standard component of the Oxbridge gentleman’s wardrobe’.

The mods weren’t much fussed by navy brass-buttoned blazers—not really their gin & tonic, I imagine. They were, however, much taken with the appropriation of Oxbridge/public school styling when it came to the striped boating jacket, and will forever be linked with the style. Mods were mostly magpies—they stole desert boots from Cairo’s Old Bazaar, collegiate scarves from Oxbridge/public schools (once again), button-down collared shirts and knitted ties from the Ivy League, seersucker jackets from a similar source, and Fred Perry ‘polo’ shirts from lawn tennis.

By contrast, the US M-51 ‘fishtail’ parka, first used in the Korean war, was worn to stop their suits getting dirty when on their scooters. Not all subcultural clothing has such aspirational roots. Most commonly sported at Henley and university rowing events, with the striped variant also popular with cricket clubs (particularly those from grander echelons of the sport), such blazers are much prized, and often hard-earned. Club membership does not always entitle the member to sport their club colours, sadly.

This brings us neatly to the New Sheridan Club blazer. Sporting of the club’s colours is an entitlement of all members, and the blazer depicted here was made in the finest nylon by Clifton Clothing. The jacket cost your writer too much (not paying travel costs during the pandemic made it more ‘affordable’), the vents with which it came supplied had to be sewn up by Twanky at my local dry cleaners (such jackets are traditionally unvented), who also thoughtfully replaced the awful matt ‘chrome’ (hmm) buttons for which I paid extra with a pair from John Lewis. It also had cuff buttons (not working). They had to go. However, in spite of my initial misgivings, I rather like it. I cannot say that the ordering process was one of unalloyed pleasure, but we got there in the end. Patience is a virtue, as is customer service. The former was required in abundance, the latter virtually non-existent, but perhaps I am just too fussy. I prefer the term ‘particular’, but there we go.

So, perhaps you are tempted to commission



similar? If you want a traditional boating blazer, they should strictly be unlined (mine is lined in scarlet satin), and will usually necessitate a bolt of cloth producing in the club’s colours if you wish yours to be rather less flammable than mine, not forgetting the engaging of a suitably qualified tailor/seamstress. Not impossible, but a bit of a faff. Alternatively, you too can have one of these knocked up by Clifton. Just be prepared to have the buttons changed if you are fussy and get the vents sewn up. It’s what the mods would have done, after all...

The Chairman is thirty-three years into an unbroken streak of attendance at Henley Royal Regatta, in addition to being the chairman of the world’s only non-rowing rowing club. He even visited Henley during ‘Regatta week’ when the regatta was cancelled in 2020, which is either a work of genius or madness, traits he readily accepts he has in equal measure.

Annual punt trip evolves again

A report from the Club’s annual St. George’s Day punting and picnicking jolly in Oxford

by Clayton Hartley

THANKS to the beastly virus, our annual punting trip to Oxford had been on hold for a couple of years, creating a palpable excitement, as punt poles were twirled nervously and picnic hampers bulged with comestible goodness. The boatyard crew were good to their word, always keeping aside the boats we needed even though we never actually book. They confirmed that it had been a tough few years for them and that vital tourist numbers had still not returned to pre-Covid levels.

Around 12.30pm our flotilla pulled away from the boatyard. One of the early jaunts saw us head downriver, but since then we have always travelled upstream, originally using the rollers to haul the punts to the higher level of river before finding a picnic spot. It’s been years since we’ve made it beyond the rollers, however, as in recent times we have always arrived to find them underwater—a sign of global warming? The current is often strong, making it hard to punt against the stream, and I think some of our punters were again struggling. (I was lucky enough to be in a punt with Robert Beckwith, probably the finest punter in our midst, and even he felt the need to put down his Champagne glass and use both hands.)

As is traditional, we paused by Magdalen College gardens, mooring up by the big ‘NO MOORING’ signs, to allow the last boats to set sail to catch up with the convoy, and to take a brief group photograph with the punts. Then it was on upriver towards our usual picnicking ground, by the High Bridge in the University Parks—there is suitable grass for us to spread out on, plus some handy public toilets close by.

However, it was not to be. Past a vigorous weir and a small island we came across a fallen tree. We’d managed to limbo under a few trees already, but this time what looked like a clear path turned out to have a submerged trunk in the water—we tried to force the lead punt over the top, but it was not happening. (And, now I think about it, it would have meant we’d have to be sure of getting all the boats over it, and back over on the return journey to the boatyard.)

We probably weren’t that far from our usual picnic ground, but we also needed a point where we could moor the boats and get out easily on to dry land, plus a section of bank that is not private property. Someone made a decision and we ended up punting all the way back to the boatyard and surrendering our vessels after just a couple of hours. Mind you, this saved us some money, so folk were then happy enough to stump up £7 to enter the university Botanical Gardens, pretty much opposite the boatyard. This made a perfect picnic ground (and also had loo!).

After two hours it was 5pm and the gardens closed. Some folk returned to their digs to off-flood punting and picnicking equipment, before we all reconvened at the Turf Tavern until closing time. (Traditionally we also meet here at 11am for a sharpener before the punting, but after a year in which the landlord outraged Scarheart by forbidding our crew from eating some of their picnic food in the beer garden—even though at that hour the pub wasn’t serving food itself—we had switched our allegiances to the Bear Inn for a while. However, the Bear seemed to be closed this year, so back to the Turf it was.)

Thanks to whoever organised all this (Scarheart, I suspect) and to Helena for arranging a black-tie dinner for earlier arrivals the night before. And thanks to all the Club members who joined in, gracing the rivers and streets of Oxford with a splash of dapperness, much to the amusement of tourists.

In addition to the limited amount of punting, it was an unusual year also in having more children present than I think we’ve seen before; and of course, it was unusual in that no one fell into the water. Typically there is always one, but it most often happens on the way back from the boozy picnic—and this time the punting was over by the time the picnic started. I guess this means the sweepstake that Scarheart always runs will roll over till next year (at which point he’ll either come up with some excuse for the mysterious disappearance of the funds, or simply claim that we are all mistaken and there never was a sweepstake in the first place). See you all then!

Complaint Made

CLUB veteran Juan Watterson BA (Hons) BFP FCA CMGR FCMI FRSA SHK has, in a letter seen exclusively by this publication, called on Oxford city council to take action on the poor navigability of its historic rivers for visiting drunks.

Decrying the ‘lamentable’ state of the Chervell, Watterson BA (Hons) BFP FCA CMGR FCMI FRSA SHK dangled the threat that the club could conceivably relocate its annual punting trip—incredibly not far off its 20th year—to

Cambridge should things not improve.

Will Oxford extend the courtesy of replying to the honourable gentleman? Can the city’s traders afford to lose the New Sheridan Club’s considerable buy of gin and meat pies from the covered market? Will Oxfordshire declare war on the Isle of Man in response to this slight on their competence as a county?

Dear reader! So much remains to be seen but rest assured, the tireless scribblers of the *Resign! Tri-something* news desk will breathlessly report on every tedious detail.

The Distinguished Gentleman’s Ride

by James Rigby

CHAPS! We’re not all that good at opening up and sharing what’s on our minds, are we?

Stoicism, stiff upper lips, and keeping calm and carrying on all have their place; but when invoked inappropriately they can lead to physical and mental health issues not being diagnosed. This likely accounts for the shocking rates of prostate cancer among chaps and the fact that two-thirds of suicides are, again by us chaps.

A bunch of down-under chaps (not a euphemism) decided to do something about this back in 2012 by having sponsored a dandy motorcycle ride. And then it grew and grew some more. This year, on Sunday 22nd May, 90,000 riders took part in 800 rides across 104 countries, raising £4.4 million for charity.

Your correspondent signed up to the West Sussex Ride. Having previously partaken in charity rides for WhizzKids, Humanitarian Support for Ukraine, and the Golden Lion Children’s Trust (delivering Christmas presents), I was aware of the form here—but having recently had a prostate cancer scare of my own I decided to ramp things up on the fundraising front.

But more on that shortly. Firstly, a bit about motorcycles.



Three years ago, my lady companion and I discovered that we each shared a yearning to ride motorcycles, despite neither of us having ridden one before. And so we booked up all the necessary tests, obtained some cheap Chinese 125cc motorcycles on which to practice, and three years later (due to lockdowns causing lessons and tests to be cancelled) we passed. There had been some good fortune and some misfortune. The misfortune being that I came off my first bike, having literally only just picked it up, whilst misjudging a roundabout. The

good fortune is that having entered some online raffles I won a Harley Davidson. Being not a particularly chappish style of bike, I donated this to my companion, and set about sourcing a machine for myself. Nothing too slow, nothing too quick, with a classic look but modern technology. The result of this quest was the procurement of a 2016 Moto Guzzi v7 Racer, in something akin to club colours. Dubbed ‘The New Sheridan Flyer’, my motorcycle adventures could begin. It’s highly recommended!

Back to the Distinguished Gentleman’s Ride. Firstly, fundraising. There’s a certain competitive element to all of it, with league tables on the fundraising website. Whilst filthy competitiveness may not be *de rigueur* for chaps, I decided it was necessary to eschew such concerns due to the good cause for which the money was being raised. It was all about tactics. Working in an institution where people are paid good annual bonuses, my first email was timed to arrive on the same day that people received their bonuses. Follow-up emails were timed to arrive on monthly paydays. On top of this were posts to Facebook and WhatsApp groups. The net result was that by the morning of the ride, I had raised £766 and was standing in fourth position among riders on the West Sussex Ride and 11th in the country.

But what to wear? ‘Ride Dapper’ they said in the blurb. I determined that something akin to club colours was a must. Cream single-breasted wing-lapelled jacket, red weskit, white shirt, red bow tie, black trousers and snakeskin (actually cow skin) boots. All accessorised with a New Sheridan Club pin badge, red rose, and a fabric patch they’d sent me for being a top fundraiser. However, whilst many riders on days such as this go without protective padding, I was also wearing protective undergarments with knee, hip, shoulder and back protection, all of which made me looking somewhat more hench than the reality. In my backpack was my trusty fez for donning at stops along the way.

The organisers had arranged for a pub in Shoreham to be open from 7:30am providing necessary pork and caffeine-based sustenance for the ride ahead. Not having on-board satellite navigation, I worked out a rough route to get nearby and decided that I would follow anyone I encountered who looked like they might be joining the ride to the starting point. Having followed four bikers for some time, I realised after a few miles that they were heading in the wrong direction and may not actually be participating. A quick stop to consult a map put me back on the right road.

165 riders met up in the pub car park, largely in either tweed or traditional black tie, and after briefing, we were off. The weather was perfect; it wasn’t too hot and the roads were dry. We beeped our horns and revved our engines as we cruised past well-wishers.

The ride adopted the ‘drop-off’ system, where one person leads and, upon arriving at a junction, tells the person currently behind them to wait at the junction and point the field in the right direction. This person then rejoins the ride when they see the yellow-jacketed backmarker coming through. It seems to have worked as there were no reports of anyone getting lost. I did see one person’s engine blow up with smoke/steam pouring out of it; this will give that rider many hours of pleasure in their garage as they fix it. Lucky bugger.

We basically followed the coast road, but with an inland detour to avoid the Bognor Regis 10K run, and arrived at our destination at noon.

At Chichester was a band, burger van, and a stall selling coffee. We were fortunate enough to have the UK’s Head Movember Honcho on hand to give a speech. I was presented with a branded baseball cap as one of the top three fundraisers on the ride. Quite what any distinguished gentleman should do with a baseball cap is a mystery to me. Answers on a postcard.

Not wishing to cause confusion, I accepted the cap with good grace despite knowing that I was actually the fourth highest fundraiser. But on returning home, an NSC member made a donation which slung me into third place. My honour was salvaged and my conscience cleared.

If you’re reading this on or before 5th June 2022, it’s not too late to add to the coffers supporting prostate cancer, men’s mental health, and matters of a chap’s chap.

The Distinguished Gentleman’s Ride is an annual event. Fundraisers can join together to form a team. Perhaps next year we should have a New Sheridan Club Team? If you don’t ride a motorcycle, it’s not too late to get into the saddle and pass your test in time for next year’s ride.

Members may contribute to Mr. Rigby’s collection at gfolk.me/JamesRigby395112.

New Sheridan Children's Seaside Trip

A Charming May Weekend

by Ensign Polyethyl

DEAR Sheridanites, I apologise to tell you, but we seem to have abandoned the element of camping on the Children's beach weekend. Sheridanites like comfort and luxury. And in the face of such soft preferences, who am I to hold back their demand for gentle living. So this year we hired holiday lodges.

We arrived on the Friday night to lovely huts, with a view over a duck-filled lake. Children swarmed over the grassy sward, knocking shutlecocks to and fro, and scrambling up and down the bank to the lake's edge. A twisted hawthorn tree, in full May bloom, bent down over the bank to create a den, out of sight of adult eyes. The children vanished down there.

After a disappointing dinner in the holiday park's restaurant, we recovered our assaulted senses by drinking in the Hutchinson/Effeny hut, whilst smaller children told us to keep the noise down, and larger children played unsupervised by the water's edge.

Pagham Harbour is a bird sanctuary, with its estuary opening onto a shingle beach. At the harbour mouth, there are several safety signs saying 'Danger, strong currents, do not swim here'. Instructions were given to the children by Ensign Polyethyl saying don't stop here, carry on walking further up the beach, it isn't safe to swim here. But adults, weighed down with beach bags, and tempted by the inviting shingle spit on the other side of the harbour, downed bags and unfurled blankets. Two intrepid swimmers, Hutch and Harry, at the peak of the high tide, swam the channel and gloried in their prowess, whilst the children potttered, splashed and paddled and their wives chattered.

At luncheon, we walked along the beach to Pagham village for fish and chips. Whilst we dined the tide fell to a Spring low. When we walked back an expanse of shingle banks and tidal pools created the perfect crab hunting paddling pools. A bucket was filled with crabs that the children declared to be tasty looking and clamoured to cook and eat them. As the day ended and we strolled back to the lodges we passed the harbour mouth again at low tide, where we saw that underwater, where we had swum, was the rusting remains of a Phoenix breakwater, a concrete caisson that was intended to be part of a World War II Mulberry Harbour.

In the evening we feasted on Chinese take-away, to the sound of a strumming ukelele and whilst some children feasted on organic fresh crab.

The next day dawned with spitting, slashing rain, so harder children played out, and the rest of us enjoyed the peace and tranquillity of enjoying conversation whilst having nothing in particular to do. A slow and easy morning, with bacon sandwiches, spent enjoying each other's company.

Next year, Essex?

The Nature of Order

Being a club talk on the work of Christopher Alexander

Oliver Lane writes:

The club was blessed with a most interesting talk by Luca JJ at the May meeting on the subject of Australian-British architect and design theorist Christopher Alexander. While not all club members can claim to be so knowledgeable about architecture as Luca JJ, we can all surely claim a certain appreciation for the importance of aesthetics. That, perhaps, is the common thread which draws us to this 'drinking club with hats'.

But it is reductive to discuss Alexander purely in terms of aesthetics. In contrast to the modernist mode of machines for living and novelty as a virtue in and of itself, Alexander's Pattern Language helps builders create structures that are both instinctively comfortable and familiar to humans, but also genuinely fit for use.

These ideas, when Alexander first wrote them down in the 1970s, seem to me to have been in very direct contrast to the prevailing, Procrustean-Bed-type thinking of the architectural establishment.

One of the problems with giving a talk on a man who has been writing books on subjects as important as these for decades is it is impossible to fit anything like the detail you'd want into an hour's talk. Fortunately, Luca kindly agreed to drill down on just one area for this contribution to the *Resign! Triannual*.

Luca JJ writes:

IN THE first volume of his four-book treatise (over 2,300 pages!) *The Nature of Order*, Christopher Alexander famously described fifteen fundamental properties which, applied to-

gether and in tension with each other, spontaneously give rise to (generate) visual, geometric and tectonic patterns which result in 'wholeness' (buildings and other artefacts that reflect life-sustaining qualities).

In this brief essay, I shall use the example of three buildings to illustrate these concepts, as I understand them. The edifices in question are: York Minster (main work: 1260s-1470s), Villa Capra (1560s-1580s) and the Eastern Columbia Building (1930).

1. 'Levels of Scale'

A graceful object features subsidiary elements that are smaller in scale than the whole. The latter also contain smaller-scale parts and so on for several levels. The larger the object, the greater the number of diminishing scales it can accommodate gracefully. Each scale should be roughly 1.7-2.5 times smaller than the one above (not smaller by a degree that is too great or too small).

The main body of Villa Capra is a box but it also features a rather high base with steps, four (projecting) porticos and a saucer dome and drum base. In turn, each portico features a hexastyle Ionic order and pediment while the main body contains windows and entrances. A further level of scale is created by the sculpture.



Figure 1: Villa Capra, near Vicenza

2. 'Strong Centers'

A building should feature some strongly visible focal points (defined or implied) that tie the overall space together. There are clearly several such elements at Villa Capra. Looking at York Minster, I would identify as 'strong centers' the three vertical elements of the towers that frame the facade and the one rising above the crossing of the nave and transept. The gable ends at each point of the quadrant also create focus. We could name more, in such a complex composition.



Figure 2: York Minster

3. 'Thick Boundaries'

The edges where different elements of the building meet each other and where the building meets the sky, should be physically pronounced through shape, detailing, thickness, etc. This includes mouldings and courses between floors, at corners, etc. The most important boundaries are the skyline and the windows and doors. See how prominently underscored is the entrance to the Eastern Columbia Building via deep recessing, lavish decoration, mix of materials, etc.



Figure 3: Detail of main entrance at the Eastern Columbia Building, Los Angeles

4. 'Alternating Repetition'

Specific elements within a building which are repeated (rows of windows, roof gables, etc.) should exhibit a variety of shapes, sizes and edging. The windows along the sides of York Minster come in several different sizes and shapes, especially beneath the towers and gables, while retaining the overall ogival Gothic theme. They are neither randomly shaped nor identically shaped.

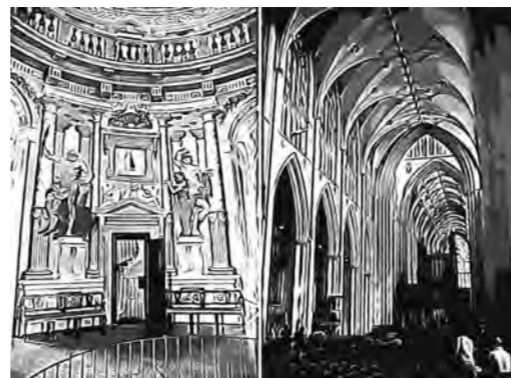
5. 'Positive Space'

This refers to the psychologically reassuring effect of the sense of gentle containment or enclosure created by the presence of right or concave angles and applies more to overall built space than to individual buildings. However, this (and other of the fifteen fundamental properties) are clearly visible in the interior of these buildings (see Figures 4&5).

6. 'Good Shape'

At every scale, the shape of the elements should be easily computable (but not too easily). In other words, it should be regular and symmetric but with some points/curves. The larger the element, the simpler, more regular and symmetric it should be. And vice versa. See from above, Villa Capra has no geometrically challenging (nor hyper-simplistic) shapes. York Minster is

very detailed but the larger elements are simple solids; the windows are ogives (leaf points).



Figures 4&5: Left: Embracing (positive) space, variety of scales, and thick boundaries in the interior of Villa Capra. Right: Positive, well-defined space despite soaring ceiling heights in York Minster.

7. 'Local Symmetries'

Looking at these buildings, note how each facade is symmetric but also the lateral elements and towers are, themselves, symmetric as are the gable ends, etc. The Eastern Columbia Building is less symmetric but its most prized element, the clock tower exhibits symmetry on at least two scales.



Figure 6: Clock tower of the Eastern Columbia Building

8. 'Deep interlock and ambiguity'

Where a building meets the external world (sky, earth) and where elements of the building border each other, the boundary (in addition to being 'thick') should also be interlocked; it should not be a perfectly straight line. The sculpture in Villa Capra and all the spires in York Minster are examples of this property. The same can be seen in Figure 6, where the clock tower has crenellation-like details.

9. 'Contrast'

The presence of articulation (portions of the building at angles to each other), opening and spaces, variations in surface treatment, creates contrast.

10. 'Gradients'

This applies to overall built space, with the idea being that the transition between parts and uses of the city/neighbourhood and between urban and agricultural or natural space should be gradual.

11. 'Roughness'

Because the multiplicity of scales goes all the way down to atomic level, surfaces and artefacts should be 'rough' in the sense that any unnecessary removal of tactile or visual contrast should be avoided. This applies to colour, too, I think, and an example of that is the aforementioned clock tower. Another example would be the effect of the tiles on the roof of Villa Capra.

12. 'Echoes'

This refers to the presence of translational symmetry (the same element repeated at a distance, also linked to alternating repetition) and scaling symmetry (similar forms exist at different scales). Gothic spires and ornament on towers and other verticals are great examples of this.



Figure 7: A profusion of echoing vertical elements

13. 'The void'

Voids are positive space and other empty or plain elements at the largest scale of a building, such as courtyards, porticos, screens, particularly large openings, etc.

14. 'Simplicity and inner calm'

By simplicity, Alexander did not mean lack of detail or scale but rather a coherence in the various forms, the absence of a jarring or arbitrary form.

15. 'Not-separateness'

By this Alexander meant that none of the sub-components of a non-separate object can be removed without the object appearing less whole.

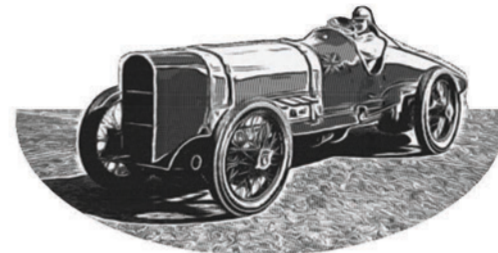
It should not look like a collection of parts but a unified whole. A humorous way to illustrate that is a meme showing a coniferous twig with leaves as it exists in nature and labelling that 'order' while, if we destroy it by chopping it into component parts, we have created chaos (in Alexander's morphological terminology).

See Luca JJ's full talk, and others, at www.NewSheridanClub.co.uk/Watch.

Sheridanite Salutes

Old Gods of Speed & Style

By Actuarium



I CAN tell you exactly where I was at 09:42 on Tuesday 17th May 2022. I was stood in blazing sunshine on the remaining section of the Railway Straight at Brooklands and in front of me was the first Bluebird land speed record car, which normally resides at the National Motor Museum in Beaulieu, with Sir Kenelm Lee Guinness at the wheel.

Various VIPs were gathered alongside us at the edge of the concrete as 'Mayflower', a preserved steam locomotive, drew slowly into position on the mainline which runs alongside the circuit and gives the straight its name.

This was the early epicentre of a day of celebrations that Brooklands Museum had put together to mark the centenary of the land speed record being set at the Surrey venue—at 09:45 on the 17th of May 1922. This, the last record to be won away from the expanses of beach, salt flat or desert was set by Kenelm Lee Guinness (generally known as 'KLG' and grandfather of Sir Kenelm) at the wheel of the 350HP Sunbeam which would later be bought by Sir Malcolm Campbell and developed into Bluebird.

The tableau so carefully arranged matched F. Gordon Crosby's painting of 100 years before depicting Guinness outrunning an express on that historic day, the 2022 version proving to be a surprisingly potent emotional experience for those of us there to witness it.

Returning to the main museum site along with the VIPs, among whom were KLG's 91-year-old daughter, and the grandchildren of Campbell, Coatalen the designer of the car, Ridley its mechanic and company founder Sir John Marston, we settled in for a day of special events. Coffee and biscuits in the Napier Room were followed by demonstration runs in front of a surprisingly large number of mid-week public visitors.

Bluebird and the museum's Napier Railton, which itself held a number of records and remains the lap record holder at Brooklands in perpetuity, were natural highlights but the wheel spinning antics of the 1905 v8 Darracq and 1923 v12 Delage stole the show. Appropriately, both of these cars had held the land speed record in their time.

Lunch back up in the Napier room was followed by the afternoon's runs along with seminars on the Sunbeam and how the heroics of the past can be used to inspire the engineers of tomorrow. As the crowds drifted away into the late afternoon Sun, Bluebird was parked in front of the Malcolm Campbell workshops with, on the spur of the moment, the Napier pushed out to sit alongside as a bonus for the few remaining photographers.

After the conspicuous celebration of speed and power in the most visceral way possible, this quiet moment of reflection was the perfect end to a day that I suspect will come to be viewed as an iconic, almost mythical moment in the continuing history of Brooklands.

Sheridanites Make Guinness World Record Attempt

NOBLE sacrifice in the name of a worthy cause? Or wanton gluttony, throwing good salmon sandwiches after bad? You must be the judge, dear reader, after club members Ella & Oliver Lane between them ate a remarkable nine picnics in just one week, sure to be a world record.

The plucky natives of verdant England are renowned for their willingness to throw themselves into full summer mode as soon as the slightest Spring springs, so often manifesting itself in the suns-out-guns-out wifebeater & shorts combo seen in every town the moment the sun makes itself known. Indeed, consider the fact the UK has the highest per-capita ownership of convertible cars in Europe, despite having among the lowest annual sunshine hours. This

Britisher optimism and willingness to have a good time in the face of all opposition knows no bounds.

In our case, this wild and reckless attitude manifests itself in outdoor dining—eating *al Tesco* for as many months of the year as possible, until the shivering rictus grin of winter's onset forces us back indoors. This wild obsession was seen in full, absurd flower the week after Easter with a remarkable run of picnics—by which we mean at the very least wicker baskets, blanket, and thermos, to distinguish from other outside meals—lasting nearly a week.

Things got off to a really fine start on Tuesday 12th with a magnificent picnic pie, eaten on a ladies' day out to Stourhead in Wiltshire. The party dominated the picturesque gardens with an intimidating flotilla of three silver crosses, but the local wildlife was not disturbed, with an intrepid duck making off with one slice of the chicken, ham, and leek pie.

Another picnic followed the very next day with a portable afternoon tea in Melbourn, Derbyshire, and again the next with a hearty feast at Calke Abbey. Revels continued on Friday with wicker baskets once again deployed for a trip to the Crich Tramway Museum.

Yet—and steel yourself, dear reader—the best was yet to come, with a notable three portable feasts had on the Saturday, with the Sheridan St. George's day punting in Oxford. Returning home after this anabasis the run continued, with an even grander than usual spread enjoyed at the Glastonbury Abbey Medieval Fayre that Sunday, and rounding off the week with a garden picnic Monday.

Can any other member lay claim to so many mobile meals in so short a time? Surely not. In all history of human endeavour, can any two bodies have withstood so many scones and cups of tea? We had hoped the Guinness World Records people would have graced us with an entry, but it seems they have things like 'rules' and 'standards' and require 'independent observers' and the like.

Well, it wouldn't be so terrible to do it all again, and I'm told having somebody watch can spice things up...



The Third Portion of Chips

A Club Talk on the Diaries of Sir Henry Channon, 1938-43

by The Earl of Essex



MY TALK at The New Sheridan Club on April 6th concerned the second volume of the unexpurgated diaries of Sir Henry 'Chips' Channon for the period 1938-43; as Clayton reminded me, this was my third Talk on the subject, and probably an unwanted record for the Club.

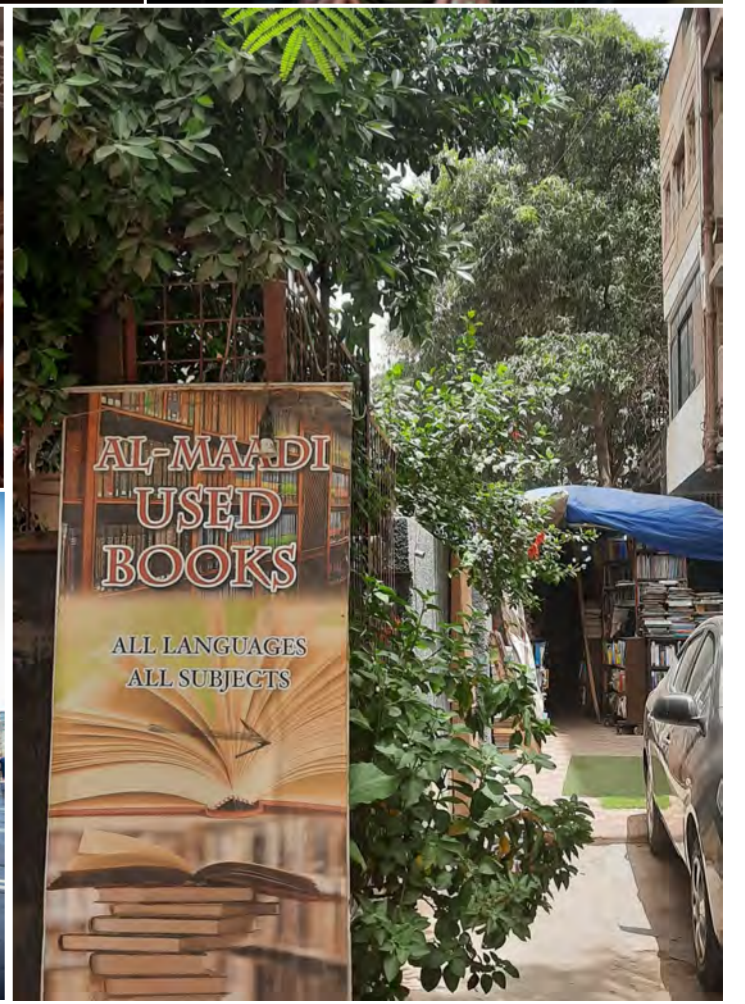
Henry Channon—'Chips' to his friends—was an Anglophile Chicagoan who became a Conservative M.P. and leading socialite in the 1930s.

He was from a wealthy Chicago shipping family but became immensely wealthy when he married into the Guinness brewing fortune by marrying Lady Honor Guinness, daughter of Lord and Lady Iveagh.

Channon is often regarded by British historians as a fey dilettante of little political



Top left: The Chairman's blazer, made in NSC colours. Above, left and below: The annual NSC Punt and Picnic, held on St. George's Day. Upper right: James Rigby with his motorcycle. Top right and below: A diagram illustrating Luca JJ's talk; Post-talk barside discussion. Lower right: The classic racing cars described in Actuaribus's article; Oliver Lane's child attempts a picnic record; James Rigby's maths talk with attentive audience. Lower left: The NSC children's weekend at Pagham Beach; The Earl of Essex delivers his third talk on the Diaries of Sir Henry Channon; An NSC trip to the v&a menswear exhibition; The Chap Magazine Grand Flâneur Walk; The Cairene bookshop that inspired Kathryn Best's article.



consequence, but this is to disregard his Diaries' importance as a record of British society at this time, and its attitude to the impending conflict with Germany. Channon, perhaps, was the best person to observe it as his immense wealth allowed him to throw lavish parties at his London home, 5, Belgrave Square, which were attended by British and Foreign Royalty, and the leading politicians of the day.

Channon had become Conservative M.P. for Southend, the Essex seaside resort, in 1935. It was colloquially known as 'Guinness-on-sea', since it had been long-held by members of the Guinness family.

Channon was what would be termed today as a prolific 'networker', he knew anyone and everyone in politics and society, and as P.P.S. (Parliamentary Private Secretary) to Rab Butler, the chief Foreign Office Minister in the House of Commons, Channon became a vital go-between for the Foreign Office and the Prime Minister's Office.

It's fair to say that Channon worshipped P.M. Neville Chamberlain, often referring him to as 'God' in his Diaries. Channon vigorously supported the policy of Appeasement led by Chamberlain and Halifax, and regarded the more aggressive foreign policy advocated by Churchill and Eden, and Channon's former friend, Duff Cooper, as the road to certain war.

Channon was understandably overjoyed when Chamberlain returned to London with the 'Munich Agreement' in September 1938, a meaningless piece of paper signed by Hitler to fob off Chamberlain; described by the Prime Minister as 'Peace in our time', and lauded by Channon, it was nothing of the sort and was firm evidence that Chamberlain and Halifax had seriously overestimated their ability to control Hitler.

Whilst Channon's political career was in the ascendant, and Chamberlain regarded Chips as a useful sounding board, his personal life was in turmoil.

Channon's wife was largely estranged, taking frequent skiing trips in Europe, and spending more and more time away from home. She developed a close relationship with a local estate manager, whom Channon despised as a common money-grabber, and worse than that, already married.

Channon was frequently concerned that this news could become common knowledge amongst his Southend constituents: marital separation was a far more serious social issue then.

To add to his troubles, his son Paul—who would later succeed his father as Member of Parliament for Southend and become a government Minister and a Lord—had been sent to the U.S. to avoid any future war. Channon doted on his son and missed him terribly.

On the plus side, Channon had established a relationship with Peter Coats in 1939, an A.D.C. (aide-de-camp) to General Wavell. They communicated frequently by letter, and Coats would become Channon's lifelong partner. Coats would be the Executor of his estate when Channon died in 1958.

It's worth noting that Channon was bisexual and the vast majority of his relationships were with other men, beginning with Prince Paul of Yugoslavia at Oxford, whom Channon referred to as his greatest love. Although Channon's Diaries are explicit, he is very careful to avoid any confirmation of carnal relations with other men, this being illegal at the time, although it is plainly obvious that he is willing to seduce anyone who takes his fancy, even rather implausibly, Rab Butler.

It's perfectly clear that whilst his marriage to Honor was conducted in good faith, their sexual relationship barely existed, and it's hard not to conclude that the marriage was one of convenience for all concerned; Channon securing immense wealth, and the Guinness family obtaining a son and heir.

As the failure of Appeasement became all too clear with Germany's invasion of Czechoslovakia, Channon was appalled at Britain's guarantee to Poland in the event of invasion.

From this, he concludes that war with Germany is inevitable, and so it proves. Channon sunbathes in the gardens of his home, Kelvedon Hall, in the final days of peace, knowing full well that the sun is also setting on his political career with the demise of Chamberlain and the ascendancy of Churchill as Prime Minister.

See the full talk, and others, at www.NewSheridanClub.co.uk/Watch.

Batwing Collar Redux

Tim Eyre relates the latest news on his batwing collar

IN THE issue of *Resign!* dated October 2021 (Volume I, number 180), I related the history and provenance of the batwing collar that I wore as I gave my September 2021 turn on the Japanese language. Among the many things that delight me about the New Sheridan Club is the fact that a member can talk at length about such important details as the stitching on the lapel of a

waistcoat, and in doing so attract a rapt audience who will hang on the speaker's every word, while beckoning urgently for nearby members to join them and enjoy the discourse. So it is that I hope members will indulge me as I relate the latest news on my batwing collar.

With my batwing collar having attracted some positive attention, I decided that I should order more from my tailor. I had already decided that the time had come to order a new jacket for the purpose of business travel. Such a suit jacket differs from the ordinary kind by being cut from a robust cloth that will tolerate being flung in the locker above an airline seat, and by having zipped interior pockets that I hope go some way to foiling pickpockets that may identify a well-dressed traveller as a lucrative mark.

On placing my order for a jacket with Nita Fashions (of Mody Road in Hong Kong), I asked them to make me three more of their signature batwing collars in detachable form. I anticipated that I would then be able to wear this unusual style more frequently with my shirts. Nita took my order with alacrity and several weeks later the jacket arrived by courier, along with three new batwing collars.

However, I was dismayed to find that the collars lacked the crucial buttonhole at the back to enable me to attach them to my shirts by means of a collar stud. This rendered the new detachable collars useless. I contacted Nita Fashions by esoteric mail and received a prompt response: they apologised and promised to ship properly made collars in due course.



This left me with three collars in a unique style, perfectly good save for the absence of buttonholes. I mused that surely someone would be able to sew buttonholes into the cloth; the collars are not the heavily starched stiff variety that may be obtained from Darcy Clothing, but rather relatively soft constructions comparable to an attached collar.

I asked my local dry cleaner, who often makes alterations for me. He pleaded that he did not have the facilities to sew buttonholes. I tried a few other options in my local borough, to no avail. However, a webular search revealed the existence of a business in Soho by the name of D.M. Buttons & Buttonholes. This establishment willingly sewed a buttonhole into the back of each collar. As a bonus, I took advantage of D.M.'s speciality buttonhole service to have the stitching applied using colours other than the conventional white. Instead, I chose to have the buttonholes sewn in one each of black, blue and red thread. These colours are not at all visible when I am wearing the collar. However, I take pleasure in the knowledge that the collar I am wearing is not only of a unique style peculiar to Nita Fashions (so far as I can tell), but is also a one-of-a-kind variation of said collar.

Some weeks later, the three batwing collars with the requisite front AND rear buttonholes arrived. I found myself with a total of seven batwing collars, up from a mere one a few months earlier. Such was the profusion of detachable collars in my *armoire* that I was forced to seek and purchase a second collar box. I believe that such an inconvenience is known as a 'first-world problem'.

Peacocks on Parade: The New Sheridan Club Takes Some Mild Exercise

Sheridanites put in a good showing at the Grand Flâneur Walk

by Stuart Turner

AFTER a two year plague-induced hiatus, the event billed as 'A stroll without purpose, a saunter without destination and a pointless perambulation ... Which could finish fifteen minutes later in Mayfair or five days later in Paris' has returned.

Faced with the opportunity to indulge in a bit of conspicuous peacocking whilst strolling twixt hostilities (and potentially doing some stealthy recruitment), how could the New Sheridan Club not take part?

So on an unseasonably warm and sunny May Saturday, some sixty-five Flâneurs joined the New Sheridan Club contingent (and Mimi the wonder Dog) at the statue of Beau Brummell in Jermyn Street. A prolonged period of individual and group photographs ensued before Gustav

called the group to order to give a reading on the art of Flâneury(!).

After a few false starts, and to the cry of 'Weirdos!' from a passing van, the sea of bonnets and boaters processed up Jermyn Street round the corner and then abruptly stopped at a local Coffee shop named 'Gentleman Baristas' who kindly offered complimentary coffees.

There was some concern at this point that we had unwittingly joined a temperance walk, but we were earnestly assured the next stop would indeed be a tavern. Next up was a leisurely stroll to revisit the scene of the infamous 2012 'Siege of Saville Row' where lovers of decent tailoring protested the opening of a branch of unwelcome import Abercrombie and Fitch.

We caught the attention of a number of the tailors on the Row, one of whom flagged down a random passer-by to take a photograph of him posing with Gustav, Mr. B (that rhyming gentleman) and your humble correspondent.

This random passer-by turned out to be comedian Katherine Tate, a fact only recognised at the time by Mr. B, who managed a cheeky selfie in return.

To the bemusement of many of the Flâneurs, we continued on to Mayfair, passing a number of public houses, with nary a sideways glance! Fortunately, moments before the point of mutiny, we were led up an alleyway to The Guinea, where we shared the pavement supping our restoratives with a group of Chelsea Supporters.

A pleasant hour or so was spent here, discussing all matters sartorial, drinking, admiring each other's outfits, drinking some more, me answering questions about my chrome brogues, drinking, and introducing the curious to the shadowy and nefarious organisation that is the New Sheridan Club.

Next we meandered up to Marylebone, where bizarrely—the party was turned away from a pub because there were too many of us. Clearly the publican didn't want to sell any beer that day.

Fortunately, the Angel in the Fields welcomed us into its refreshingly cool and beautifully stained glass interior. Another convivial hour or so was passed here, before we set off for our final planned destination in Camden, where the Camden Watch Company were offering to host us.

Whilst most of the group chose to catch the omnibus to Camden, a hardy bunch of Sheridanites opted for an invigorating afternoon stroll through The Regent's Park. Despite the leisurely pace, the walkers still arrived in Camden ahead of the riders.

The Camden Watch Company were very generous hosts, offering up free-flowing beer and prosecco, supported by sausage rolls and even cheesy twists.

By late evening, the bar was dry, the nibbles were eaten and the remaining hardcore decamped to The Black Heart, a local Metal/Alternative bar, where we formed a colourful oasis in a sea of black.

As the evening drew on, they started unexpectedly playing 80s pop music, resulting in some enthusiastic singalongs.

Eventually, at some point (time unknown) we bundled into taxis and melted into the night.

My thanks go to The Chap and the Camden Watch Company for hosting and to Stewart, George and Katie for providing a comfy couch/settee/sofa (delete as regionally and socioeconomically relevant) to crash on.

Field Notes From Egypt

Kathryn Best reports *louche goings-on from her posting to the veiled protectorate*

MAADI'S only used bookstore, semi-hidden on Road 9, provided the catalyst for today's *Field Notes from Egypt*. Maadi is a leafy suburb of Cairo and was the epitome of British colonial life in the early twentieth century, with strict regulations such as no wireless radio noise after 10pm and fines imposed for not maintaining gardens properly existing alongside peculiarities such as being home to the world's first solar thermal power station. Within the dusty bookshop shelves resided a dust jacket-free copy of *Some Notes on Egyptian History & Art, with reference to the collections in the Cairo Museum* by a Mrs. A.A. Quibell, published by C.M.S. Bookshop, Sharia Kasr-el-Nil, Cairo in 1923. Who was this Mrs. A.A. Quibell?

Annie Abernethie Pirie Quibell (1862–1927) was the daughter of an Aberdeen academic. A trained and experienced artist, her adventurous spirit led her to enrol at University College London which, in the 1890s, was the only University in the United Kingdom allowing women to earn degrees. It was here that she studied under Flinders Petrie—more formally known as Sir William Matthew Flinders Petrie, holder of the first chair of Egyptology in the UK and whose re-

markable collection of Egyptian antiquities now resides in the Petrie Museum of Archaeology, London. No doubt Annie also mingled with other pioneering giants of archaeology such as Margaret Alice Murray and Francis Llewellyn Griffith. Annie was selected to travel to Egypt with Petrie in 1895 and worked at various excavation sites as a copyist along with fellow Scot artist Rosalind Frances Emily Paget—their first 'dig' being Saqqara, a 4,000-year-old royal burial ground complete with pyramids near Memphis (governate of Giza).



At the time, Egypt was considered to be a colonial frontier in its golden era of rampant excavations and remarkable discoveries. To provide some historical context, Tutankhamun's nearly intact tomb was yet to be discovered by Howard Carter under the patronage of George Herbert, 5th Earl of Carnarvon (1922). Carter's arrival in Egypt (1891) as an artist and copyist, there to assist in recording Egyptian tomb art, bears remarkable similarities to Annie's passage to Egypt—both were lured by the tantalising opportunities offered by this strange land. Carter proceeded to train in archaeology and as a British citizen in what was to all intents and purposes a British colony, he swiftly rose to become Head of the Antiquities Services, overseeing a remarkable period of rapid discoveries across Egypt—in Luxor and the Valley of the Kings in particular. Between leaving the Antiquities Services in 1905 and the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb in 1922, Carter certainly would have witnessed the comings and goings of other hopeful Egyptologists as well as a growing uprising against British rule which ultimately resulted in the independence of Egypt in 1922.

Annie's shift into archaeology came by way of her marriage to James Edward Quibell in 1900, then the Inspector of Antiquities for the Egyptian Antiquities Service and most famous for his excavations at Hierakonpolis as well as his infamous letters elucidating a potent mix of archaeological news, personal experiences and social gossip. Indeed, many of his letters are available to read today, archived within the Griffith Institute, University of Oxford. Although Annie and Edward, as he preferred to be called, worked together on several excavations, most notably 8 years at Saqqara (1905–14), they only fell in love while both were suffering from a bout of food poisoning contracted in Petrie's camp (allegedly a frequent affair).

It was against this backdrop of the addictive lure of new discoveries, the mystique of foreign lands, the sense of impending revolution and the other-worldly dramas of foreign cultures and romantic interludes that Annie and Edward's partnership grew from strength to strength. Annie became an author in her own right as well as writing with her husband, and books published under their names included *Guide to the Cairo Museum* (1906), *A Short Guide to the Pyramids at Giza and the Saqqara Tombs* (1927), *Egyptian History and Art* (1923), and *A Wayfarer in Egypt* (1925).

In contemporary parlance, we might call Annie and Edward a power couple, and the demand for short, well-written guides had been an ongoing affair, driven by the steady flow of adventurers of a more amateur nature: travellers with notions of Empire, the 'Grand Tour' and the winter 'season', seduced by exotic advertising, a sense of discovery, and tales of exclusive cruises, steamers, planes and sleeper trains that were the backbone of colonial tourism exemplified by Thomas Cook, British Imperial Air and other forerunners of today's modern mass-tourism. 'Health travel, winter resorts, the healing effects of the climate and the waters intermingled with the politics of the leisure class' (Wait, 2021). Included were military personnel, ambassadors, traders, bankers, teachers, dreamers and all kinds of opportunistic empire builders.

Orientalism and Egyptomania had captivated Western imaginations of the nineteenth century and beyond, and Annie and Edward's social circles of expert Egyptologists, experienced artists, wealthy patrons and rarely local Egyptians would have been intermingled with all sorts of characters. Notable examples of those who felt drawn to the winter sun and a change of scene—as a tonic for health conditions deemed to be adversely affected by the harsh British winters—were included Lord Northampton, accompanied by his sick wife and her doctor. 'There was, naturally, much social interaction with dinner parties and entertainments of all sorts including "dig" visitations.' (Young, 2012).

Annie and Edward curated the Egyptian exhibit for the 1904 St. Louis World Fair, their con-

tribution being reviewed as 'priceless', and on their return to the UK, Annie played a significant role in the curation of the Egyptian gallery at the Marischal Museum at Aberdeen University. Her legacy lives on through her refined archaeological drawings, still used by researchers and students today and on permanent exhibition in the *Ancient Egypt Rediscovered* gallery of the National Museum of Scotland.

Letter From The Editor

If you don't like how *Resign!* looks and reads now, good news: there's something you can do about it.

First and foremost, we have to say the most hearty thank you to Clayton Hartley, who has been the main organisational force behind the New Sheridan Club for many years and has edited our magazine, *Resign!*, for something like 16 years.

In that time, the magazine evolved into a very professional affair which, by his own account, had become a serious job in its own right, taking over half a week full-time every month to put together. Having other real-life responsibilities to attend to, Mr. Hartley called time on his editorship—but not leadership—back in March.

A great loss to the club members, especially out of towners who enjoy the magazine as a key reminder of what the club is about. Noting the call for someone to step in, I said to Hartley several times in the weeks that followed that while I looked forward to someone else taking over the magazine, I would certainly not be doing so myself, given the workload involved.

It later transpired that this was the view of a lot of people.

As it happens, two months passed without any serious volunteers and so, supporting an anonymous typesetter—who, to be clear, does the real hard work of getting this put together—I stepped in to take things on for now. We have changed the format considerably, in part to not embarrass ourselves by attempting to emulate Hartley's own fine style, but also to considerably reduce the work involved.

If you don't like how *Resign!* looks now, that's fine. Get involved. To give the club some stability I've agreed to run this for a year, but perhaps you think you could do a better job. You probably could. Please fire me!

On other levels, the entire content of this edition has been generated by club members writing up their talks, discussing their interests, and recording club events attended. More of the same is needed for every edition for as long as the club exists, so please volunteer.

We're also interested in original art. At the moment the engraving-like images featured on these pages are computer generated, but if sketching is your thing and you might like to make a visual record of club events in a style complementary to that of this publication, we'd be so thrilled to try that out.

With all that said, thank you again Clayton Hartley for *Resign!*. It's been a joy. Hopefully, we won't let it and you down...too badly.

—Oliver JJ Lane

Club Dates

NSC CLUB NIGHT

Wednesday, June 1, 7:00pm

The Wheatsheaf, Fitzrovia
Ridade Starsies will speak on Healing with Love, an explanation of 'energy healing' methods.

NEW SHERIDAN CLUB JUBILEE PICNIC

Friday June 3, lunchtime

A Central London Park TBC

Join together in the great British tradition of avoiding the rain and batting away wasps in homage to our Queen's Platinum Jubilee.

NEW SHERIDAN CLUB SUMMER PARTY

Saturday, June 25, 2022, 6:00pm

The Duke, 7 Roger St, London WC1N 2PB

Raising Spirits: A celebration of inter-war spiritualism and the occult. We shall be embracing divination, tarot, the golden age of stage magic, ectoplasm, hollow earth beliefs, Indiana Jones, H.P. Lovecraft and more. Expect remote-controlled ouija, your chance to design a new tarot card, plus a live performance from the Arkham Hillbilly himself, singing country songs about eldritch horrors.

NSC CLUB NIGHT

Wednesday, July 6, 7:00pm

The Wheatsheaf, Fitzrovia
Record producer David M. Allen, perhaps best known for his work with the Cure, the Sisters of Mercy and Neneb Cherry, talking about the strange genesis of his new album.

NSC CLUB NIGHT

Wednesday, August 3, 7:00pm

The Wheatsheaf, Fitzrovia
Tim Eyre on the Aztecs and their pantheon.

NSC CLUB NIGHT

Wednesday, September 7, 7:00pm

The Wheatsheaf, Fitzrovia
Dr. Seth Thévoz will discuss looking at London clubs in a different way.

The *Resign! Triannual* is edited by Oliver Lane and typeset in 10½pt EB Garamond by the Nihilist Amateur (trouser) Press.