

ROBIGN!

BIBITURI TE SALUTANT!

The annual pageant of pluck, puissance and picnicking that is the Chap Olympics

Europe in a nutshell

Matthew Howard attempts to translate his ground-breaking June lecture into a written format

Two wheels good

Cally Callomon pedals back in time in search of a lost classic journey

Japan the band and bands from Japan

Louise Newton takes us on a Synth-Pop Odyssey

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 130 • AUGUST 2017

16392



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 2nd August in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Eugenie Rhodes will deliver an address entitled *Stars and Hogs*, in which she "will elucidate the nuts and bolts of astrology as a means of understanding ourselves and others better, and will then look at the horoscope of the last Plantagenet king of England, Richard III, whose emblem was the white boar, and explain what his birth chart reveals about him".



Richard III: what would the stars have told him about his future, had he been listening?

The Last Meeting

At our July meeting Louise Newton gave her debut talk, on *Japan the Band and bands from Japan*, taking us on the musical journey of her favourite synth-pop combo and her relationship with them. As she points out, Japan (the band) disbanded two years before she was even born: she was happily into Marilyn Manson when her mother commented that if Louise was into men

in make-up she should check out Japan, a fave of her mum's back in the day. The rest is history (and Louise has actually met Japan keyboardist Richard Barbieri).

The band were not initially influenced by Japan (the country), having taken their name from a Bowie lyric and presenting a glam-rock sound, but after their stubborn failure to achieve much popularity in the UK, the management decided to try them out in Japan, where the pop market was more easily governed by a strong look. Consequently by the time Japan arrived in Japan, they were greeted by hordes of screaming teens, even though they had yet to play a note there. But this gave rise to collaboration with and influence by Japanese artists such as the Yellow Magic Orchestra (although their stand-out album *Tin Drum* was more influenced by Chinese music).

A written version of Louise's talk begins on page 4, and an attempt at capturing Matthew Howard's presentation from June is on page 32.



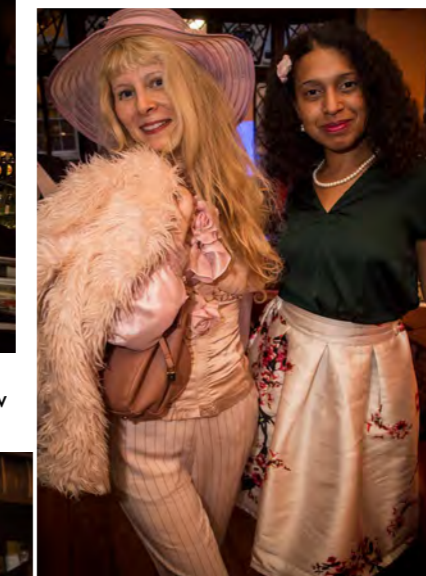
(Above) Torquil opens proceedings; (top right) Louise cuts to the chase; (right) the unhinged flowchart upon which the whole talk is based; (below) Craigoh and Mark, loving life;



(below) Ed poses a question



(Above) Luca Jellinek and Paul Fletcher; (right) Eugenie and Brandi; (below) Stewart's hair takes an interesting turn; (below right) we really should make Darcy wear a Punishment Tie



(Above) Stephen Myhill and the Contessa di Campari pay close attention; (bottom) Philip Hancock (l) and Tim Eyre

JAPAN THE BAND AND BANDS FROM JAPAN

A personal story and a musical journey with Louise Newton



Despite not being born until after the band had already split, Louise finally gets to meet a member, keyboardist Richard Barbieri

WHAT WITH NEW SHERIDAN CLUB seminars focusing largely on late 19th and early 20th century history, you may be left wondering how I managed to shoehorn 1980s electronic pop music into the context of Chappism. But for those in attendance at last month's meeting who sought tall tales of Romanticism, Dandyism, Orientalism and Futurism, my story had it all, and was served up with a veritable feast of deliciously exotic aural treats.

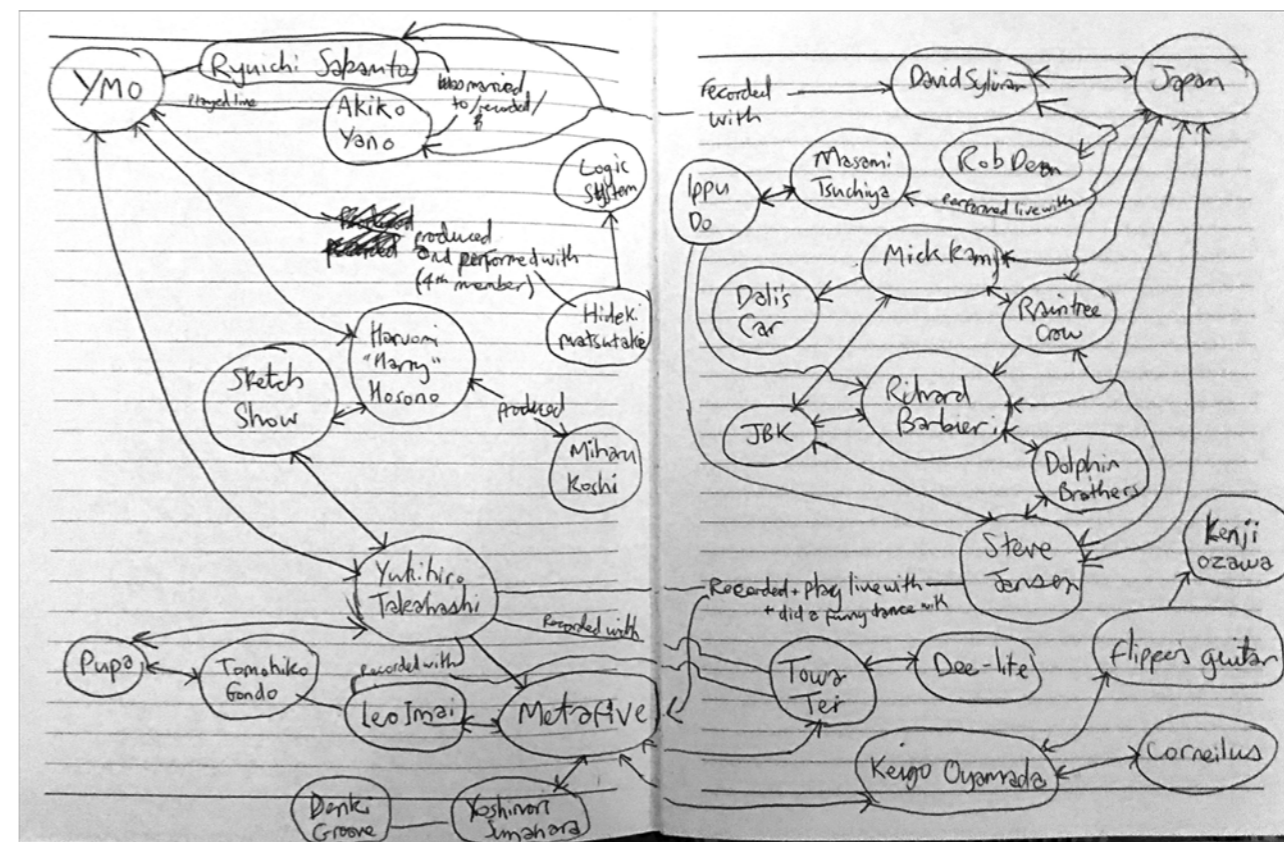
But during my research, digging a little deeper into the history books unearthed a truly tragic tale which brought unexpected poignancy to the otherwise-lighthearted subject matter. I draw your attention to an article by Sophronia Scott from the US magazine *People* published on April 20th 1998:

The defining moment of Masabumi Hosono's life came early on the morning of April 15, 1912, amid chaos and

screaming aboard the *Titanic*. As the vast luxury liner sank into the North Atlantic, Hosono, a 42-year-old Japanese civil servant, faced two choices: drown with the ship or try to board a lifeboat—and risk getting shot by sailors enforcing the maritime rule of “women and children first.” Hosono weighed the odds. “Thus,” he later wrote, “I made the jump for the lifeboat.”

Hosono survived, but paid dearly for it. In a fervently nationalistic Japan he was branded a coward for violating the cultural code of self-sacrifice. He lost his job at the Ministry of Transportation, his family was deluged with hate mail, and his story was taught to a generation of schoolchildren as a lesson in dishonor. Descended from Samurai warriors, Hosono bore his humiliation stoically until his death of a heart attack in 1939. “He never admitted [his feelings] publicly,” says his grandson Haruomi Hosono. “A Samurai would not do that.”

The Hollywood blockbuster *Titanic* was premiered in November [1997]. Researcher Matt Taylor found Hosono's shipboard diary—actually a letter to his wife Toyo—while studying papers provided by Hosono's



For those in a hurry, this scribbled flowchart sums up Louise's thesis granddaughter Yuriko. “I discovered, folded between the pages of a book, a brown page with the letterhead ‘On Board R.M.S. *Titanic*,’” says Taylor, 36, an American living in Tokyo. “It was an amazingly powerful document.” Hosono undeniably chose self-preservation over protocol. But his diary does show that certain cowardly acts by other Asians, such as that of the Chinese man who pushed his way into a lifeboat, had been mistakenly attributed to him. Moreover, Hosono, though physically slight, helped row his lifeboat to safety. The diary persuaded sponsors of a *Titanic* exhibit in Tokyo to portray Hosono in a more positive light by putting the pages on display. “I am extremely relieved,” says Haruomi. “Honor has been restored to the Hosonos.”

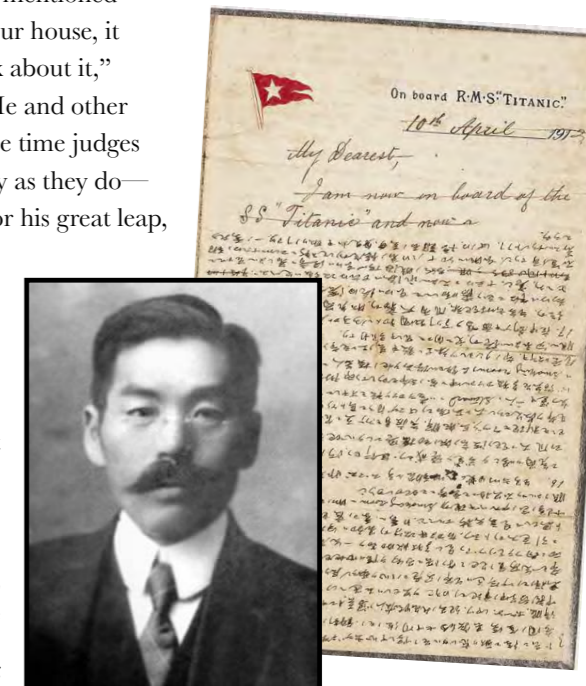
Before *Titanic*, his grandfather did the family proud. Born in 1870, the middle son of a wealthy landowner, the industrious, highly educated Hosono was sent to Siberia in 1910 to study the railway system. On his way home in 1912, Hosono stopped over in London to visit a friend. The friend had booked second-class passage on the *Titanic*, but canceled at the last minute. Hosono bought his ticket. “Fine weather,” reads his first diary entry. “Spent the day reading, exercising and napping.” Then, at about 11:40 p.m. on April 14, “I was almost drowsing when I felt the slight sensation of the ship's hitting something, but did not take it seriously.”

Hosono (who finished the letter on the rescue ship *Carpathia*) rushed to the deck to see “a host of passengers

running to and fro.” He returned to his cabin, grabbed his wallet and then, ignoring orders of the crew, made his way back to the upper deck and “found the lifeboats being lowered.” Rowing away to the sound of “wailing and shrieking,” Hosono watched as the great ship disappeared, “a tangible, graceful sight...reduced to a mere void.”

Upon returning to Toyo and their four children (they later had two more, including Haruomi's father Hideo), Hosono retreated into his collection of art and Buddhist books. He never mentioned the *Titanic*. “In our house, it was taboo to talk about it,” says Haruomi. He and other descendants hope time judges Hosono as kindly as they do—after all, if not for his great leap, they wouldn't be here. “He made a decision brought to him by fate,” says Haruomi. “That fate was my destiny.”

Masabumi Hosono and the letter he wrote on board the *Titanic*



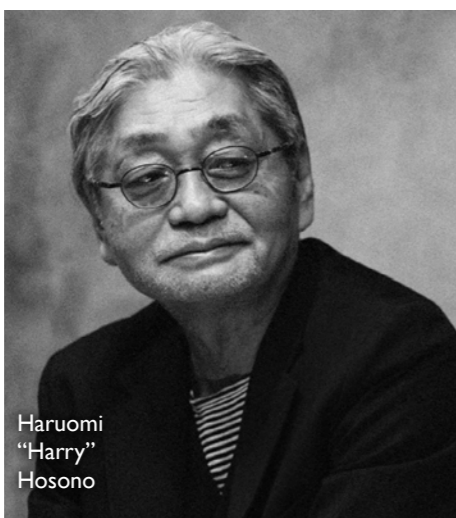


The Yellow Magic Orchestra

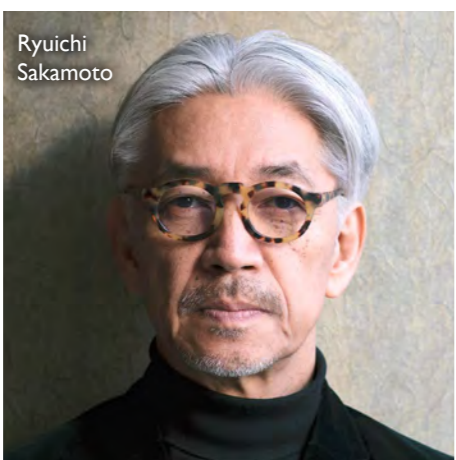
And the fate of Haruomi Hosono is the happy end to this immensely sad introduction. Happy End—the Japanese folk rock band of whom Hosono was a founding

member—are the root of the musical family tree whose branches and offshoots I so delight in climbing. Widely considered one of the most influential Japanese rock groups of all time, Happy End released three classic albums between the years 1970 and 1973 and planted the seeds for the phenomenon of J-Pop. Haruomi, affectionately known as “Harry”, celebrated his 70th birthday on the week of my talk, and without his existence, much of the music that I adore would never have come to pass, or at least would not sound quite as it does.

Hosono’s early solo albums explored the tropical sounds of “exotica”, in particular the work of Martin Denny (if you’ve jived at a tiki bar, you’ve almost certainly danced to his tunes). Hosono also experimented with electronics, producing some highly unusual results, such as the fictional soundtrack to an imagined Bollywood film entitled *Cochin Moon* which fuses Indian instrumentation with analogue synthesisers. This east-meets-west-meets-east back-and-forth exchange of musical styles and pre-digital age international collaborations is what bind together the music I love, enabling



Haruomi “Harry” Hosono



Ryuichi Sakamoto



Yukihiro Takahashi



Martin Denny, working his “exotica” magic

me to view seemingly-unrelated back catalogues as a collective body of work.

Not being content with being a member of just one prolific musical ensemble and a respected solo artiste, Hosono went on to form the pioneering electronic group Yellow Magic Orchestra alongside Ryuichi Sakamoto and Yukihiro Takahashi, after they worked together on his 1978 album *Paraiso*. They were to become one of the best-selling Japanese recording artists of all time, whose contribution to the history of dance music can be considered as influential as that of their German counterparts Kraftwerk.

Meanwhile, in sunny Catford in South East London, five sterling young coves had also decided to form a band. Taking their name from David Bowie’s Ziggy Stardust lyric “...Like some cat from Japan,” the line-up consisted of David Sylvian, frontman and irrefutable pop icon, his brother (pardon me whilst I take to my fainting couch) Steve Jansen on drums, corkscrew-haired cool dude Rob Dean on guitar, synth wizard Richard Barbieri on keyboards (I’ve met him and he’s lovely) and the flamboyant fretless bass virtuoso Mick Karn—who was in fact my introduction to Japan... [cue flashback scene]

When I was a teenager living in Nottingham, I was into Placebo and Marilyn Manson. Upon noticing that I had an eye for a chap-in-slap, my Mother surprisingly declared, “I used to like a man who wore make up and shaved off his eyebrows too [wistful sigh]. Mick Karn was the first man I ever saw with a nose piercing. He was soooooo cool.” She then dug out her old vinyl records and handed me Japan’s *Tin Drum* and *Quiet Life* albums. From the moment the needle hit the groove, I was utterly entranced. Poor old Manson & Molko fell from favour, and I became the new millennium’s top New Romantic revivalist.

Japan also went through a similar style transformation during their formative years. With an as-yet-unpolished glam rock sound and massive, massive hair, their first two albums, *Adolescent Sex* and *Obscure Alternatives* (both released in 1978) were commercially



Japan as they began...

gettyimages George Wilkes Archive



...and as they became

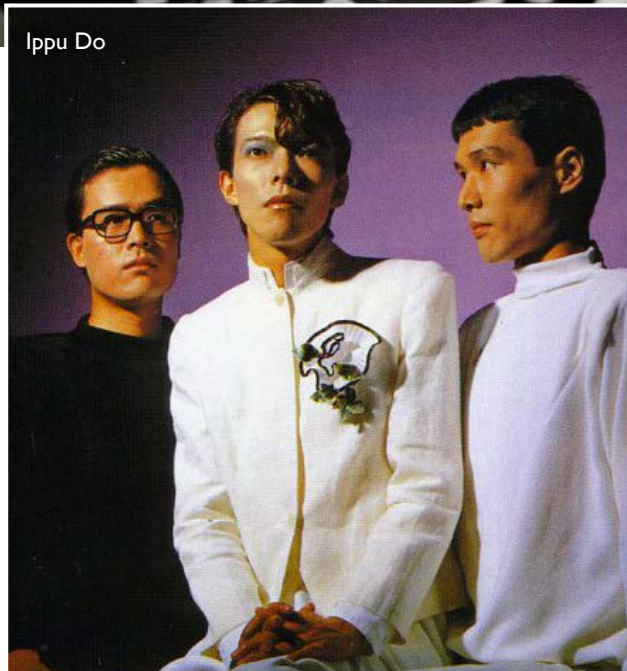
(Below) Japan’s breakthrough album *Quiet Life* and their masterpiece *Tin Drum*



and critically unsuccessful (although some years later Japan’s early works would go on to inspire Finnish band Hanoi Rocks, who in turn would influence Guns ‘n’ Roses, but I digress). As a last-ditch attempt to claw back the money they’d invested, Japan’s record company



Hideki Matsutake,
aka Logic System



Ippu Do

decided to use the band's name to their advantage and flog them to the Japanese market. The five undeniably glamorous boys from England were promoted solely on the back of their striking image in the teen music magazines before anyone had heard so much as a note. Upon landing in Japan the band, who had until then only played relatively small gigs in the UK, were met with the screams of idolising teenagers and were booked to play concert halls.

Upon their return home, where the domestic market was still left cold, Japan had a re-think, a good haircut and decided to pursue a more sophisticated Roxy-Music-influenced sound. "Life In Tokyo" was their up-tempo standalone single produced by Italian Disco mogul Giorgio Moroder, whose most famous track, Donna Summer's "I Feel Love", is an undisputed dancefloor classic. *Quiet Life* was the album that followed. Sylvian had done away with his painfully-strained rock vocals, opting for a comparatively more soothing Bryan Ferry croon, the tunes were more melodic and atmospheric, and the band's technical proficiency as musicians was progressing rapidly.

Yellow Magic Orchestra released four albums during the five-year period between 1978 and 1983: their quirky, video game-meets-disco self-titled debut *Solid State Survivor* (which sold two million copies worldwide), the electronic classics



Akiko Yano

BGM and *Technodelic* and the commercial pop offering *Naughty Boys*. Such was the magnitude of YMO's success, Hosono and Takahashi were to produce a weird-and-wonderful array of recording artists under their own subsidiary label Yen Records, including Jun Togowa, Miharuru Koshi and Sandii & the Sunsets—who supported Japan on their final tour.

Japan first met Yellow Magic Orchestra backstage during the UK leg of their world tour in 1979. Their live line up also included YMO's synth programmer Hideki Matsutake aka Logic System, and the incredible Akiko Yano, the Japanese equivalent of Kate Bush, who was married to Ryuichi Sakamoto for two decades. Her 1982 album *Ai Ga Nakucha Ne* features collaborations with members of Japan, including the lullaby duet with David Sylvian "Goodnight".

Sakamoto recorded his techno solo album *B2-Unit* in 1980 at the same studios in the UK where Japan were working on their fourth album *Gentlemen Take Polaroids*. The resulting collaboration was the unusual, analogue synth-laden track "Taking Islands in Africa". Sakamoto would also appear with Japan on their first appearance on the TV show *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. Sylvian and Sakamoto would continue to work together on numerous projects over the years, perhaps most notably "Forbidden Colours", the theme from the soundtrack to the 1983 WWII film *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, which starred Sakamoto himself alongside David Bowie and Tom Conti. Sakamoto continued his work as a composer, winning both an Oscar and a Bafta in 1988 for the soundtrack to the cinematic epic *The Last Emperor* along with David Byrne (of Talking Heads fame) and Chinese composer Cong Sui.

In the early 1980s New Romanticism was in full swing. Although Japan are often attributed as New Romantics, they weren't part of the scene, but their influence is undeniable. Fashionable youths at the Blitz club and Birmingham's Rum Runner danced to Japan records, and their image was widely emulated—most evidently through Duran Duran keyboardist Nick Rhodes's idolisation of Sylvian.

Japan had become so insular as a group that they were listening to very little contemporary pop music at that time. Guitarist Rob Dean left

the group as their work became more heavily synthesiser-led. Mick Karn's then girlfriend, the photographer Yuka Fujii, introduced the band to traditional Chinese music, picking up records in Soho's Chinatown. In the studio, Japan were to fuse their avant-guard electronic pop sound with traditional far-eastern instrumentation. The result was Japan's magnum opus, the album *Tin Drum*. Released in 1981, peaking at No. 12 in the UK album charts, it featured the singles "The Art of Parties", "Visions of China", "Cantonese Boy" and their top-five hit "Ghosts".

For their second appearance on *The Old Grey Whistle Test* and the Sons of Pioneers tour, Japan were joined by Masami Tsuchiya of the band Ippu Do on guitar. In turn, members of Japan would go on to collaborate on albums including Ippu Do's *Night Mirage* and Tsuchiya's *Rice Music*. Japan were now at their creative, critical and commercial peak.

Japan decided to call it a day in 1982 when I was but a twinkle in the milkman's eye. However, on David Sylvian's birthday in 1984, I sauntered fabulously into existence. The wealth of genre-spanning works by "Japan the band and the bands from Japan" have had a profound influence on my life so far. Many of the artists continue to collaborate and produce new work and I'm still unearthing lost treasures from lands afar. I'm incredibly thankful for their collective contribution to the history of popular music.

This article is dedicated to Mick Karn (1958–2011)



THIS SPORTING LIFE

The Chap Olympics 2017



The proceedings traditionally begin with the lighting of the Olympic Pipe. This took a box of matches, two lighters and the attentions of three people, but eventually *Chap* editor Gustav Temple was able to puff on the smouldering briar

JULY SAW *THE CHAP* MAGAZINE'S annual festival of unsportingness, in which immaculate dandies gather to take part in an ever-changing roster of silly games. Competitiveness and athleticism are frowned upon and élan, panâche and creative cheating are positively encouraged.

Those who have been attending since the early days will remember when it was just a gathering of like-minded folk in a park, bringing picnics and grog and the appropriate attitude. These days it is a commercial operation run by Bourne & Hollingsworth, who rigorously police the bringing in of one's own drinks (even soft drinks were banned this year). This, of course, is a red rag to a bull, and the NSC has a proud tradition of smuggling drinks past the guards.

All in all, however, most people agreed that this was one of the better years. For a start the weather was almost ideal: warm, but not so hot that it made the wearing of tweed unbearable, with only the odd sprinkling of rain now and then. The atmosphere was relaxed and affable, without the heavy influx of "tourists" or corporate fun-dayers that occurs some years. By and large, Chappist types like tradition and are suspicious of change, and the raft of new games this time raised some eyebrows; but in fact they were generally considered to be successful (with the exception of *Louche Libre*). Although I suspect it may have been imported directly from the real world, *Carry the Cox* proved to be a fast, punchy, fun and visually stimulating way to end the day, especially when compared with *Not Playing Tennis*, the intrinsically low-key and sometimes stultifying final event of recent years.

As usual, NSC Members played a major part and won most of the medals—which this year were actually trilby hats from Laird, along with some silk scarves from Simon James Cathcart and a timepiece from the Camden Watch Company. *Il Grande Colonnese* comes up with ever more complex on-stage narratives, involving props and sidekicks, and this year he took it up a notch when his *Umbrella Jousting* bout versus *Chopper* seemed about to end in his defeat, when suddenly *Il Piccolo Colonnese*, played by Sophie and Andy's toddler Nate, appeared in his own trademark leopard print, complete with miniature umbrella, to win the day. The victorious *Colonnese* dynasty even paraded with a NSC flag.



(Clockwise from top) Master of ceremonies Tristan Langlois calls competitors up on to the stage to partake in the opening ceremony; Darcy Sullivan with Holly Rose; Adrian Prooth with a dragon glove puppet; as part of the opening ceremony, athletes pass the Olympic Pipe along the line; Ed Marlowe takes a puff on the pipe before passing it on, seen here with other Club Members Ivan Debono, Matthew Howard and our Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot



The Oddjob Challenge Players must attempt to knock the head off a mannequin dressed as James Bond by throwing a bowler hat. (Anti-clockwise from left) Matthew Howard; Russell Nash's strange mincing technique; Andy Hill's successful throw; the aftermath of Andy's throw; some contestants, like Stuart Turner, decide to bend the rules and use an entirely different strategy to dislodge the target's bonce



(Clockwise from top left) Will Smith, Tim Eyre and Oliver and Ella Lane; Fleur De Guerre, Dorian Loveday and Jennifer Leatherby, Eva and a melon secretly filled with rum; Lord Hare of Newham, looking distinctly spivvy; Clayton Hartley; Pandora Harrison (r) with Hatty Scrace; Artemis with young master Max Scarheart





Tea Pursuit Pairs of contestants are on bicycles, one with a teapot and the other with a teacup. Without coming to a halt or putting their feet on the ground they must pour tea from the pot to the cup with minimal spillage



Riding Crop Rumpus Contestants must try to spank the line of target arses with a riding crop, while fetishists (here wearing lucha libre masks) must try to stop them by taking the blows themselves. As confusing and chaotic as it sounds





Umbrella Jousting Does pretty much what it says on the tin: contestants riding bicycles joust with umbrellas. They have briefcases to use as shields but no one does, because you need your other hand for steering the bike. It usually descends into hand-to-hand fighting



(Left) Jack Defer and Prof. Philip Hancock; (right) master oud player Joseph Awadros. Everyone else on this page is a stranger to me but I thought they deserved recognition for making a splendid effort

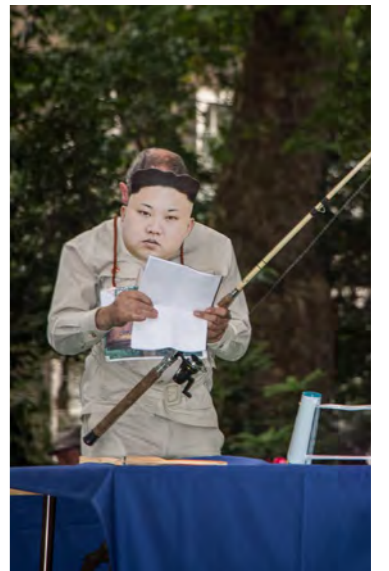


Here we see a titanic struggle between Craigho and Mark Christopher. Craigho uses the old umbrella-through-the-spokes trick to unhorse his opponent, but Mark proves the victor on foot and scalps his foe of his fez



This epic struggle sees the triumphant entrance of Il Grande Colonnese, followed by a montage of his training programme: trainer Barrington even teaches him to drink his beer from a cup (note the crooked finger) and gives him a regimen of improving reading material. But the bout with Chopper seems about to end in defeat—until Il Piccolo Colonnese arrives to save the day (note the tiny briefcase and leopard-print umbrella)





(Anti-clockwise from top left) Halftime entertainment came, head-scratchingly, in the form of modern pop numbers from “no audition” vocal group London CityVoices (presumably offering their services for free); Russell Nash and Frills & Bloom offer some audience encouragement; this gent was giving visitors a chance to sit on his high bicycle; Essex and Howard take a break from stewarding; Luke Wenban (l) and Mikhail Korausch; I don’t know who these two are but I like the blazer.



Pyong Yang Ping Pong Contestants attempt to play table tennis, hampered by the fact that the ball is on the end of a fishing line controlled by North Korean dictator Kim Jong Un. The Brilliant Comrade was accompanied by an honour guard of NSC Members, seen here marching off. There was the occasional pause as the Young General read out a prepared statement acknowledging the adoration of his people and outlining his plans for their bright but tightly controlled future, after which the game descended predictably into chaos



Tie Versus Cravat Pairs of contestants, one with a ribbon of neckties, the other a ribbon of cravats, vie to create aesthetically pleasing shapes



Fake Trews Teams race against the clock to make a pair of trousers out of newspaper. As you can see, some of the entries were pretty outré, with perhaps too much time spent on accessories, but the winner, judged on tailoring merits, was Stewart Lister Vickers's skinny-fit strides





Louche Libre
 (Above) Players dressed in *lucha libre* masks take off their shoes and try to remove each other's socks using only their own feet. You would think that five minutes trying this out would reveal how impossible it is; fortunately MC Tristan realised the tedium of the game and had all the remaining competitors play at the same time to get it out of the way



Carry the Cox
 A straightforward game where two rows of players race to carry another team member over their heads. It was so much fun it was played repeatedly with multiple coxes



Time for prizes: (top, left to right) Zack Pinsent and Lady Eccentric win Best Dressed while Alistdair Wilson-Gough wins a watch for the Tea Pursuit round; (middle, left to right) Stuart Turner takes Bronze Trilby, Frills & Bloom take Silver and Il Piccolo Colonnese wins Gold; (left) the winners unfurl a NSC flag for their triumphal procession; (below) the games over, dancing breaks out



IN PURSUIT OF *In Pursuit of Spring*

OR
THESE ROADS WERE NOT BUILT FOR BICYCLES

A recycled commentary by Cally Callomon

With extracts from the poem *Roads* by Edward Thomas

The hill road wet with rain
In the sun would not gleam
Like a winding stream
If we trod it not again.

HAVING SMUGLY VOICED my disappointment at a recent shoddy new edition of the book *In Pursuit Of Spring* (Edward Thomas, 1913) which poorly reproduced photos taken by the author on his bicycle ride west from London to Kilve on Somerset's North Coast, I glibly ended my book review with an inadvertent pun about re-cycling the book. After the review's publication, the book publisher took umbrage at my criticism, but that's quite another story.

In the review I suggested a re-tread of the route taken in 1913 on a bicycle of a similar age, wearing clothes of the period, guided by maps issued by The Ordnance Survey in 1910. This was a vain attempt at getting closer to the heart of the words, to ride through history, to mark time and note time's marks.

Journeys have a start and an end yet "journey" is a word now so over-used it has become a cliché, a word so stagnant now it fails to move. I wanted my adventure to start with the ceremonial packing of the panniers: the bare essentials: tools, change of clothing, toiletries,

maps, the book *In Pursuit Of Spring*, oil for the lamps and my one concession to safety: a High-Visibility yellow waistcoat to be worn only if needed.

With the panniers packed, the trip started with my reluctant delivery by car from my home to Watford, as I "was coming that way anyway". This part of the journey became an hour-long engine-off stop on the A12 as it was blocked solid, by cars like mine, for over 20 miles. I inched off and took a massive detour along with a thousand other like-minded clever evacuees. It was a long painful escape, cursing myself as idiot-boy for not taking the train.

I was indoctrinated into the idiocy of car-travel. Christ, even Thomas wrote about how too-speedy cycling was; I should have taken note. "Cycling is inferior to walking in this weather," he wrote, "because in cycling chiefly ample views are

to be seen and mist conceals them. You travel too quickly to notice many small things; you see nothing save the troops of elms on the verge of invisibility."

Being allowed into Watford, the car dumped, and following a subsequent quick train jaunt to Clapham, I was off on my bicycle, relieved to sit on a form of transport that only required leg-power and lubrication from time-to-time.



The author and his vehicle

My bicycle, a Royal Enfield sloping top tube roadster, was made in 1910. It was made from British Steel and has a three-speed Sturmey Archer gearbox in a tin can in the rear wheel. The gears are dated 1910; I doubt they have ever caused a problem. If one knew just what was ticking along inside them this fact would be all the more amazing. I dutifully poured a little elixir of Two-In-One into the filler cap before the off and said a quiet

blessing to old-fashioned British engineering. By 1910 bicycles could be bought on the Never-Never (hire purchase) for a sum suited to the wage of a working man. As a result he could move his family two or three more miles away from the factory to a cheaper house and he could commute to work, at which point housing changed into houses that, Thomas noted, were Five of us gathered at the very London address from which Thomas had set out, a Victorian terrace now proudly wearing a blue plaque (the house, not me). For Thomas it was a maisonette of rented flats; now it has become a single residence and therein, alone, lies a tale of creeping wealth. We crawled out through the smoke and soot of London, narrowly avoiding a *Big Issue* seller. Thomas mentions beggars: "To give them money was to take mean advantage of the fact that in a half mile or so I could stow them away among the mysteries and miseries of the world." I felt less easy, less remote, less detached than Thomas, I retraced my path and gave the beggar-issue seller a shiny two-pound coin, knowing that they were only here because of what we did after the war that did for Thomas himself. The war to start all wars.

blessing to old-fashioned British engineering.

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61 Shelgate Road, Clapham: gateway to the south.



Roads go on
While we forget, and are
Forgotten like a star
That shoots and is gone.

Often footsore, never
Yet of the road I weary,
Though long and steep and dreary
As it winds on for ever.



Rescued Rudge Cathedral, referenced in the book

about to be built along his route. And there they were for us to see: late Edwardian villas, superseded by 1930s mock Tudor, 1950s council estates, 1970s Brutalism and now huge estates of hastily-erected posh Bovis houses “in the local vernacular”—in other words, some have dormer windows.

This two-mile bicycle commute has changed today into one of 50 miles by car and these very Audis dashed past me without a signal to warn their fellow commuters behind, as I climbed up out of Winchester—their hurry to work aided by Breakfast Bars and cans of Red Bull that, when emptied, were duly jettisoned on to the verge. Like a ghost I ploughed through torrential rain, with cars and lorries whizzing past, and I started to count the Red Bull cans and lost count at 144 (gross) after some 200 metres.

Today was meant to be the hardest but was the most beautiful. Little has changed since 1910 on bicycles. Edward Thomas never mentions his 1913 steed: perhaps he was loaned it, perhaps he took it for granted, but the absence of admiration for his machine, the technology then barely ten years old, appeared to be almost one of contempt. Could he have taken such a revolutionary form of transport so in his stride?

We ploughed ahead, the rain belted down, the wind blasted our faces, just as it did for Thomas. My waxed Carradice cape and spats held up well, better I suspect than it would have in 1910, Thomas calling the sellers of waterproofs “the worst of liars”. He

set out with “sufficient clothes to replace what my waterproof could not protect from rain”.

Bicycles of today are far more sophisticated than my 1910 model, no less so than in the brakes that stop bikes. My brakes didn’t. I clamp hard on the rod-brakes, blocks heave up against sodden rims and little happens. On some downhill stretches I dreaded their uselessness more than the previous uphill struggles.

This culminated in one block deciding to leave the rear wheel altogether on a particularly steep downhill to Wilsford, from off the Ridgeway. My cycle accelerated in unfettered jubilation, towards the busy T-junction. My knuckles white, the bike responded gently and in its own time: it slowed me enough to use a grass verge as a cushion. My heart found a beat.

Crowding the solitude
Of the loops over the downs,
Hushing the roar of towns
And their brief multitude.

Cycling on roads is still free-of-charge-at-point-of-use and I love this fact. As soon as I rely on paid-for transport my trubs begin. We gladly, woefully underfund our public transport system and unsurprisingly get the results we deserve.

Thomas makes no mention of road freight. In 1910 there was virtually no long-haul on the roads, any lengthy transport went by rail and he



Over The Hog’s Back, an escape from Guildford



The forbidden call of the Yardbird

mentions the railways a great deal. The railways had stolen the goods previously transported by canal; within 50 years of his book we were stealing the freight off the railways (by ripping up the tracks, by building on the marshaling yards) and putting it on to these very roads. The roads Thomas cycled along, only now widened and wider still. These lorries hurried past me, sending up spray or dust or stones, some narrowly missing me, I was in the wrong place on the wrong road, yet I wanted the roads back. I felt that they had been stolen from me. Stolen by me: I drive a car, after all.

The noise and fumes were choking. I had decided not to find alternative side roads as I intended to stick to the 1913 route. The few times we found ourselves off the A-road diversions we found traffic that had decided likewise due to the power of their Tom Tom Garmin. Traffic spreads like a stain: forwards and back, over, under, sideways, down, backwards, forwards, square and round.

From dawn’s twilight
And all the clouds like sheep
On the mountains of sleep
They wind into the night.

Thomas makes mention of litter: “Yet this did not save a chalk pit being used as a receptacle for rubbish.” Little has changed here. Alas it may have become far worse, Red Bull is the chief culprit (drinkers of which need an energy

boost in order to launch the empty can out of the car window) I’m not a littermoaner, in fact I am an avid Litter Collector, possibly of David Sedaris proportions. My daily runs with my dog are but ruined if I don’t harvest fresh roadside detritus, my most fond collection being a rather torn bra and a pair of huge men’s Y-fronts. Those lemonade bottles that seem to contain Irn Bru look ominous, though.

The great writer Emma Warren once wrote of the harvest some London kids made of discarded small silver nitrous oxide bombs used to whip up cream amongst other things.

Not being a drugs person I had never noticed these before she made mention of them and a day’s ride up into Epping Forest once was littered with hundreds of the buggers. I feared meeting a motorist hopped-up on gas, laughing as he ploughed into the back of my bicycle at great speed. None were to be found on my Western Pursuit until I was some 10 miles from Minehead and Butlins and all the excesses contained therein. One solitary silver bomb in the gutter on the most dangerous stretch of speedy single-carriage bumpy A39 imaginable, I prayed the motorist was leagues ahead, far off if but far out.

This was the very stretch on which Thomas declared, “I had all the road to myself.” Today I was an unwelcome mobile traffic calmer, liable to be in the gutter at any moment. Seaside visitors in 1913 would have trundled along at 20 miles per hour in a 30-seat solid-tyred Leyland charabanc, the body having been bolted on after the lorry had served its purpose in the harvest. Today’s lorries are fast, fierce and loud and they join hands with lowered Citroen Saxas, the drivers paying more for their insurance premium than any car they could afford. I tucked in and dug in and made Kilve without a hitch.

Thomas made carefully chiding comments about the recent restoration of the small church at Kilve, nearly 100 years later the vandals have returned. This time not to strip off the lead, but to plaster the beautiful stones in hideous white concrete render and to slap on cheap Spanish



The commentator
outside a rescued
Tin Tabernacle at
North Bradley

slate tiles to the roof. Church vandals come in many forms, some wearing hooded cloaks, some wearing vestments.

I love roads:
The goddesses that dwell
Far along invisible
Are my favourite gods.

My relationship with Edward Thomas started with Edward Thomas himself: his grandson, in fact, also an Edward, who lived in my neighbouring village, but sadly no more after his death. He took me to readings with The Edward Thomas Fellowship, he showed me that his grandfather was far more than a “lesser-known war poet”, as I had thought. My relationship with his grandfather changed the more I read his book, the closer I got to his reasons for wanting to make the trip to greet the oncoming Spring. I started to hear the curmudgeon in his voice, the same sort of bitterness Orwell had, a similar tone of voice, not yet a grumpy-old-man but certainly not a happy one.

As his 1913 version of this trip grew closer to the Spring, so his chapters grew shorter and repeated themselves as if he was weary of the whole affair. He seemed to pad the book with

lengthy detours about poets and letters; he seemed distracted from the purpose yet also generous enough not to slight his contemporary writers too much in criticism. Chiff-chaffs, rooks, telegraph wires and linnets make return mentions, almost to the point of the fancy one-upmanship sometimes found in bird-spotters.

An entire chapter on three poets made me think that perhaps he had retreated to the safety of the suggestion that the only really good poet was a dead one. A poet that can be dissected and examined—I’ve come up against this before, in all manner of the arts. It can appear cowardly, as if “approval of what is approved of is as false as a well-kept vow” (that’s Betjeman quoting Oscar Wilde commenting on John Buchan—keep up at the back, there). This also reminded me that only after this book was published did Thomas then publish his own poetry.

Though five of us cycled the first day, the rest of the trip was with the Other Man. This was a very real companion, the master-builder Mr Geoffrey Everett-Brown. He foolishly leaped at the chance to cycle his ancient Raleigh roadster almost to his Devon home, for him it was as much “In Pursuit Of Spring” as it was “In Escape From London”.

In her valuable and insightful introduction to the Little Toller edition, the writer Alexandra Harris describes “The Other Man” found in the book as “both a complete stranger and a part of Thomas himself” which, I feel, is perfectly justified if not just darn likely. However, Thomas can be a mischievous bugger at the best of times. The Toller book cover has a photo, taken by Thomas, of two bicycles and the man holding them, looking away, is not Thomas. Could he also have sought out an other to help? Could this other have been the man who secured them bicycles? Could the other man have wished for no credit or inclusion in the book and so become a phantom other-self of Edward Thomas?

That title... Thomas was not chasing after spring, he was riding out to greet its onset, impatient for the joys to be found there. Did he consider *In Greeting Spring* not as catchy as the use of the exciting, danger-filled “pursuit”? Had he lost interest so much that the publisher sexed-up the title? Book titles are as weighty as those chosen for albums: were Yes really recounting

tales from oceans topographically or was that just a catchy title in order to get the girls?

No matter, this Other Man is silenced when he seems to meet another, a Third Man, no less, one who seems to take on the same role as “The Shouter” in the Chris Wood song of that name. Thomas wrote, “...a new arrival, a man of magnificent voice, who talked with authority, and without permission, and without intermission, to anyone whom the neighbourhood made a listener. After a wish that the talker might become dumb, or he himself deaf, the Other Man Escaped.”

I began to criticise the lengthy list of pub names and villages, none of which meant anything to me unless I was planning to recreate the trip and perhaps that’s why I was. I wanted to experience the delights of Alderbury and Little Wishford for myself, and I am not going to describe these here. It was a trip full of delights and the only way the reader of this article or the book itself has of discovering these delights is to pack a set of panniers and set off on two wheels.

Should many try this I fully expect the route to be now named The Thomas Way and for there to be an *In Pursuit Of Spring* Experience Centre built at Kilve (timed entry ticket £35.00—closed Sundays).

Near the end of the trip I dismounted above the M5, where traffic raced beneath my legs, smug that I was free of those tin-boxes.

On this earth ’tis sure
We men have not made
Anything that doth fade
So soon, so long endure.

My smugness was rewarded by news that my train journey home required two bus-bound sections due to “engineering works”. Buses that would not take bicycles. Not even folding ones.

I had no choice but to book a return train journey that shortened my trip by a day (Sunday rail works were worse than Saturday) and took me all the way to Ely and Norwich, a roundabout lengthy detour. However, I had to get to Taunton and Thomas was confronted with the same issue. His book hints at the fact that he cycled home, perhaps, but he may also have taken the train.

My first train was drawn by the 1944 Ravingingham Hall ex-GWR, 4-6-0 Hall Class

loco on the West Somerset Railway. Though we tourists may see this active steam line as an “attraction” today I also saw it as a very necessary, punctual, clean, exciting and reliable form of public transport.

Thomas would have been in awe of this beast had he lived beyond 1917. It was born in Swindon and very nearly cut up just 20 years later in Barry, Wales. Born during wartime and destined to perish after 20 years life; loco and poet alike.

Now all roads lead to France,
And heavy is the tread,
Of the living; but the dead,
Returning lightly dance.

How best to end this “journey” this helter skelter escape west to greet another oncoming spring? Perhaps we quote a poem by W.H. Davies, the tramp so well fostered and cultivated by Thomas himself.

On hearing of Edward’s death in Arras, Davies wrote “Killed in Action (Edward Thomas)”:

Happy the man whose home is still
In Nature’s green and peaceful ways;
To wake and hear the birds so loud,
That scream for joy to see the sun
Is shouldering past a sullen cloud.

And we have known those days, when we
Would wait to hear the cuckoo first;
When you and I, with thoughtful mind,
Would help a bird to hide her nest,
For fear of other hands less kind.

But thou, my friend, art lying dead,
War, with its hell-born childishness,
Has claimed thy life, with many more:
The man that loved this England well,
And never left it once before.



Ode to Joy

Britain, Europe and the Europeans

Being the 5th Lady Malvern Memorial Lecture by Matthew "The Chairman" Howard

EUROPE, ACCORDING TO THE most reliable source at my disposal (Wikipedia) is a continent that comprises the westernmost part of Eurasia (fig.1).

Europe as a land mass is bordered by the Arctic Ocean to the north, the Atlantic Ocean to the west, and the Mediterranean Sea to the south. The eastern boundary with Asia is a historical and cultural construct, as there is no clear physical and geographical separation between them; Europe is generally considered as separated from Asia by the watershed divides of the Ural and Caucasus Mountains, the Ural River, the Caspian and Black Seas, and the waterways of the Turkish Straits. Yet the non-oceanic borders of Europe—a concept dating back to classical antiquity—are arbitrary. The primarily physiographic term "continent" as applied to Europe also incorporates cultural



Fig.1

and political elements whose discontinuities are not always reflected by the continent's current overland boundaries. inspired by the work of Lady Malvern whom, devotees of the Jeeves novels will recall, we first encountered in *Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest*, and whose tale was reproduced in *Carry On, Jeeves*. Lady

Malvern, as many of you may recall, was an authoress who had achieved some level of notoriety for her previous work, *India and the Indians*, a volume she completed having spent less than a month in the country, and having just returned from the Durbar (fig.3).

And we encounter Lady Malvern having recently disembarked from her ship in New York, with her son Lord Wilmot Pershore in tow, whom she hopes to foist on to Bertie Wooster for safe keeping whilst she writes a companion volume on the United States.

Well, I've just come back from a pre-Easter break to Brussels (fig.4), and as a result, feel amply qualified to provide all the information one may need about that far-flung continent that was, and indeed is, Europe. To this end your correspondent recently led a field trip with a

and political elements whose discontinuities are not always reflected by the continent's current overland boundaries.

Well, that is how conventional wisdom has it.

My wisdom, such as it is, is rather more base and rudimentary

(fig.2). Regular attendees of my insightful and informative guides to the world will hopefully recall that these addresses are



Fig.2



Fig.3



Fig.4



Fig.5



Fig.6



Fig.8 Not this one...



...THIS one



Fig.7

small delegation to the heart of Europe (fig.5) to discover the essence of what the EU is all about.

In the spirit of pan-European cooperation, we chose to stay in accommodation that was

historically occupied by both German and Allied forces during the Second World War (figs.6 & 7)—although not at the same time, one might be correct in assuming. Built in the early 1930s in the style of Louis XVI, the Hotel Plaza has a readily imaginable appeal to occupying forces. And to those who found the hotel on Lastminute.com when all the eurocrats had bugged off early for Easter.

Europe, as we know it today, was invented in 1957 with the signing of the Treaty of Rome (fig.8). According to all the information



Fig.9



Fig.10



Fig.11

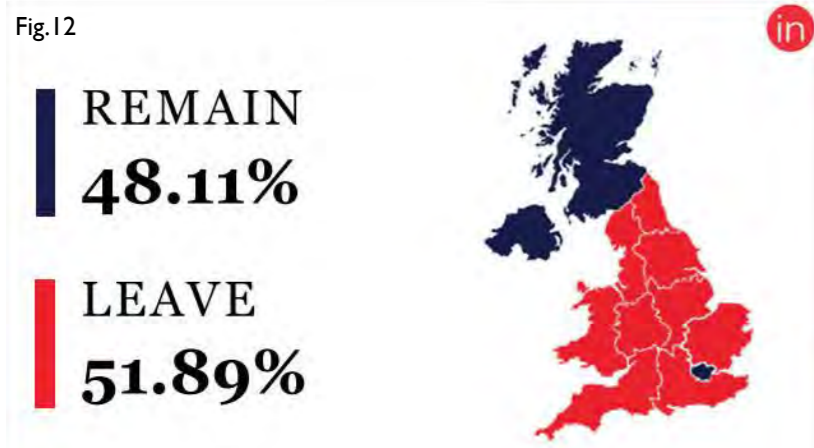


Fig.12

provided at the EU Parliament visitor's centre in Brussels, prior to 1957, the continent of Europe was a bleak featureless wasteland (fig.9) full of noisy and disruptive neighbours who invariably didn't play nicely with each other (fig.10). However, due to the foresight of Jean Monnet and Robert Schuman, Europe is now the land of Milk and honey (fig.11). And the much coveted EU passport.

But we are leaving (fig.12), and therefore we should celebrate all that makes Britain great, while looking back occasionally at that which we are leaving behind to examine what the future may hold for the United Kingdom...

No comprehensive examination of Britain and Europe can properly be undertaken without looking at the topography and wildlife which characterises our continent. Nothing quite heralds April in Britain more than the sound of the first cuckoo of spring, or the sight of the first pair of blue tits (fig.13). Such a sight is generally first viewed on the first bank holiday weekend of the year in public houses' beer gardens up and down our sceptred isle, presupposing they haven't changed the rules. Unless, of course, one lives in Liverpool, where such sights are invariably abundant in April on Ladies Day at Aintree (fig.14). The lesser spotted Orange Tit, a native to the North West of England, is also much in evidence, according to the definitive chronicler of Scouse excess, one of the most balanced and authoritative of daily newspapers our printed press produces, the *Daily Mail*.

For those with a keen interest in such matters, *Birds of Britain and Europe* may prove useful (fig.15), although there are one or two omissions from the illustrations in



Fig.13



Fig.14

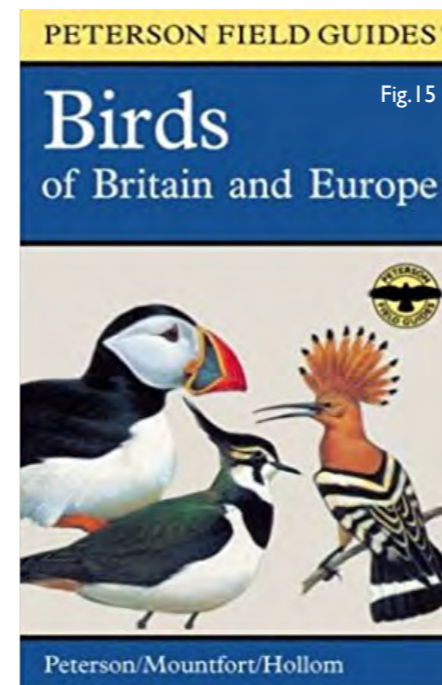


Fig.15

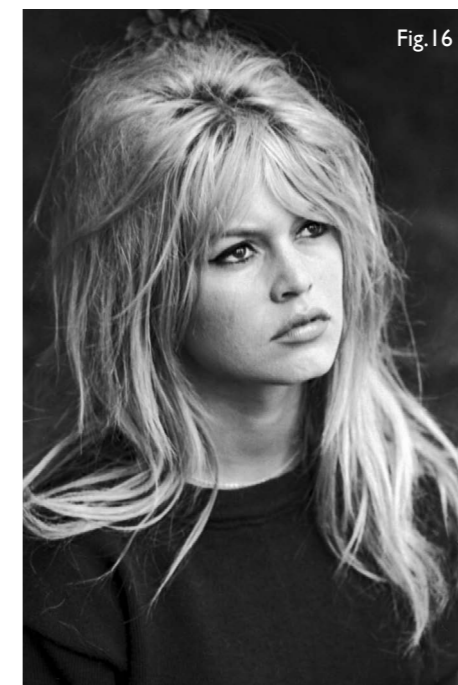


Fig.16

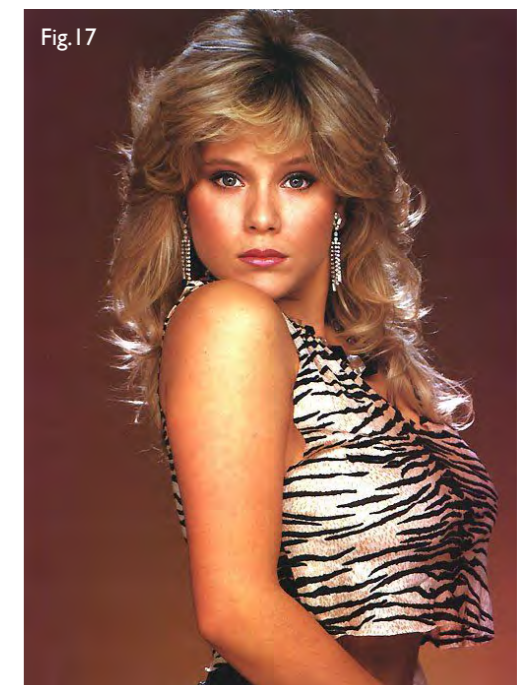


Fig.17

the opinion of none other than noted twitcher Bill Oddie (figs 16 & 17).

Although tropical rainforests are in plentiful supply in South America, those looking for similar vegetation on the continent of Europe will be sorely disappointed. For those with an interest in urban forestation, one has until recently only had to travel as far as Calais to find jungle life to the fore (fig.18).

For Britons, Calais is invariably the first, or should I say the thirst, port of call in the land of the Gaul (fig.19). Many men laid down their lives in recent times in order for us to have the opportunity to Hoover up cases of Special K and Le Wife Beater at discount prices. Whether such a sacrifice could be considered a price well worth paying will be debated by historians for



Fig.18



Fig.19



time immoral, but at €6.80 a case, I'll raise a glass to them every time (fig.20).

With regard to continental travel, since the discovery of France and Spain by the noted explorer Thomas Cook, Europe has proved to be a popular holiday destination for both the discerning (fig.21) and the not so discerning (fig.22).

Very soon however, the opportunity to bear one's breast on the continent of Europe will be a thing of the past (fig.23). France will close its doors to the school trips which for many children of yore was their first experience of a nation which steadfastly refuses to speak English, and as a result of the core exports from the French economy no longer being hoovered up by eager schoolchildren from Lincolnshire (fig.24), France is forecast to go the way of Greece by 2020. IMF on arrive, as they say in Toulon.

As a result of leaving Europe, the poor beleaguered holiday maker will have to resort to the indignity of holidaying in such far-flung fleshpots and dens of iniquity as the Maldives and the Bahamas (fig.25). And that would never do. Certainly not with my budget. Luckily, Britain is awash with its own inner beauty, where families can relax and holiday to their hearts' content (fig.26). Sunshine indoors in Bognor, Skegness, and Minehead, as captured here on Easter weekend 2017.



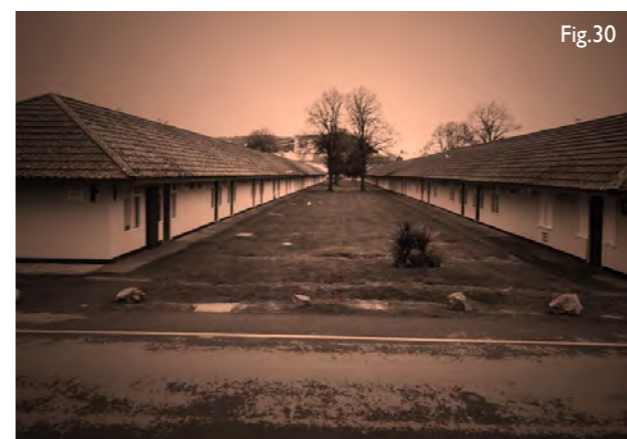
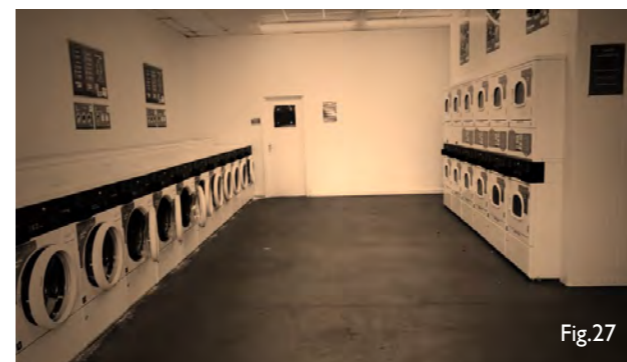
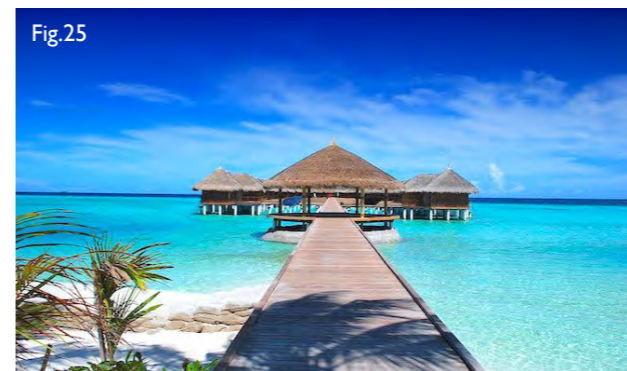
NOT FOR EU ANY MORE...



76.4% OF THE NET FRENCH EXPORTS TO LINCOLNSHIRE
Fig.24



OECD DATA, MAY 2015



All possible needs are catered for the discerning holidaymaker (fig.27) and a warm welcome is assured at the on-site hostelry (fig.28). The camp offers the ultimate in intimate dining experiences that one could ever hope to encounter on one's annual sojourn (fig.29), when staying in holiday camp modelled on... (fig.30). Well, lets not go there.

Although post Brexit, we probably will. Anyway, following the events of 23rd June 2016, we are leaving Europe. Borders will be shut, Parmesan cheese will be as unavailable as Cuban cigars were in America during the embargo (fig.31). And with the closure of Calais, our weekends will be reduced to this for our wine tourism (fig.32).



GREAT BRITISH WINE TOURS

Fig.32

However, it's not all gloom and doom (fig.33). And in order to leave you with a positive vision of our future, in the spirit of Charles Dickens's Spirit of Christmas Future, let us step back to the 1970s to see how well we did when left to our own devices, and paint a picture of what post-Brexit Britain might look like (fig.34).

Post Brexit, the opportunity to view Nordic dramas such *Wallander*, *Borgen* and *The Killing* is likely to be the thing of the past. However, in the years preceding our entry to the EEC and ultimately to the EU, Britain was noted for its memorable level of televisual output, and we can step up to the plate once again.

Shows such as *Love Thy Neighbour* (fig.35) are a prime example of the quality of television one might readily expect to find, but possibly remade with a European twist. Think 'Allo 'Allo for the Brexit age.

Less 'Allo 'Allo, more Goodbye Goodbye?

So, situation comedy would also be likely to return to our television screens; 1973 was an excellent year for such productions, the one that introduced us to such gems as *Are You Being Served*, a benchmark for homosexual characterization, recreational sexism and jokes about Mrs Slocomb's pussy (fig.36). Sadly missed.

Instead, one may readily imagine a future televisual output with programmes such as *Citizen Khan* to the fore and, of course, the BAFTA award winning and critically acclaimed *Mrs Brown's Boys* (fig.37). What a treat.

With regard to manufacturing, it will be a case of make your own or made in China.



Fig.33



Fig.34



Fig.35



Fig.36



Fig.37



Fig.38



Fig.39



Fig.40



Fig.41



Fig.42 Have a change, for a change. Vesta.

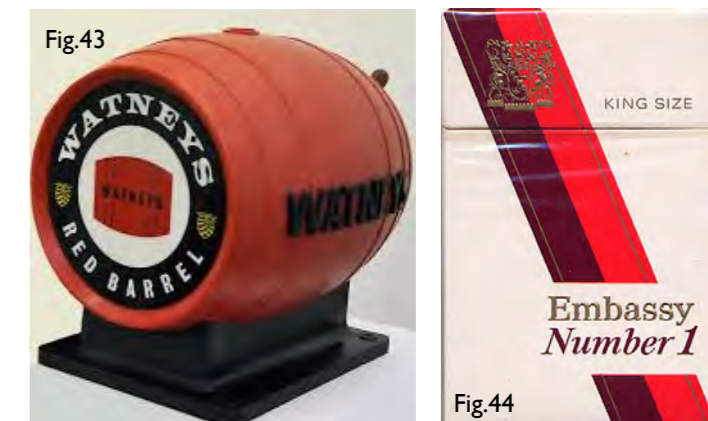


Fig.43

Fig.44

When it comes to the unfashionable continental food many less discerning Britons consume today, luckily we will no longer be reliant on garlic laden foreign muck any more (fig.41). We coped before and we shall cope again (fig.42)! All washed down with some of the finest beer in the world (fig.43). And a cigarette for afterwards (fig.44)? They're not called No.1 without good reason...

And now to cinema in post Brexit Britain. The rights to show French films so beloved of art-house devotees and teenage boys in the small hours will soon be a thing of the past. French cinema has, of course, brought us many actors in its long and illustrious history. Actors such as this fellow (fig. 45) featured heavily in the 1960s and 1970s. And who can forget this chap (fig.46), of course? And when discussing a complete

No more German cars for us. And not before time, I hear you cry, for who needs automotive excellence when you have the British car industry, which provides cars any family would be proud of (fig.38)?

Who can forget British Leyland, one of our finest nationalised industries, and their answer to the Grand Tourers of continental Europe (fig.39). And for those looking for a family car... (fig.40). Well, I suppose you may all squeeze in.



Fig.45



Fig.51



Fig.53



Fig.55

more of this eurofilth for the discerning pervert post Brexit (fig.51). And not before time, I hear you cry (fig.52). Should the cinema not be



Fig.46

history of French cinema, it would be a crime to overlook the contribution of this chap (fig.47). Great actors one and all, even if his name escapes me...

The great British film industry will more than compensate for these losses, if the example

of 1973 is anything to go by. Amongst the finest works of the 1970s, *Holiday on the Buses* (fig.48) will stimulate the senses and emotions like nothing else you have seen before. Apart, possibly, from the films *On the Buses* from 1971, and of course, *Mutiny on the Buses* from 1972. Should such British art-house cinema be a little niche for your taste, there's another film that also featured highly on the box office charts the last year we were not a part of the EU (fig.49). A



Fig.47

Fig.48



Fig.52

» English Division One (old) 1973-1974 : Table

This page for... 1973-1974 24.04.1974

Table on 24.04.1974	P	Full					Home					Away					GA	Pt
		W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A		
16 Tottenham Hotspur	39	12	13	14	41	49	8	3	8	24	26	4	10	6	17	23	0.84	37
17 Coventry City	41	14	9	18	40	51	10	4	6	22	15	4	5	12	18	36	0.78	37
18 West Ham United	41	11	14	16	53	58	7	6	7	34	30	4	8	9	19	28	0.91	36
19 Birmingham City	41	11	13	17	50	63	9	7	4	28	20	2	6	13	22	43	0.79	35
20 Southampton	41	10	14	17	44	68	8	10	3	30	20	2	4	14	14	48	0.65	34
21 Manchester United	40	10	12	18	38	46	7	7	6	23	19	3	5	12	15	27	0.83	32
22 Norwich City	40	7	15	18	36	57	6	9	6	25	27	1	6	12	11	30	0.63	29



Fig.54

WEMBLEY MATCH FACTS

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 17, 1973
WORLD CUP QUALIFIER, GROUP 5

ENGLAND	1	POLAND	1
1 Peter Shilton		1 Jan Tomaszewski	
2 Paul Madeley		2 Antoni Szymanowski	
3 Emlyn Hughes		3 Miroslaw Bulzacki	
4 Colin Bell		4 Jerzy Gorgon	
5 Roy McFarland		5 Adam Musial	
6 Norman Hunter		6 Henryk Kasperczak	
7 Tony Currie		7 Grzegorz Lato	
8 Mick Channon		8 Leslaw Cmikiewicz	
9 Martin Chivers		9 Kazimierz Deyna (C)	
10 Allan Clarke		10 Jan Domarski	
11 Martin Peters (C)		11 Robert Gadocha	

GOALS: Clarke, 63 (pen)
SUB: Kevin Hector for Chivers, 88mins

GOALS: Domarski, 57
ATTENDANCE: 90,587
REFEREE: Vital Loraux (Bel)

treat for one and all, especially devotees of the rag and bone man genre (fig.50).

As was the case in the 1970s, art-house films will still prove popular, even if their distribution may now go underground, for there will be no

your chosen oeuvre, sport from a pre-European age may give you some comfort. With no European football at our disposal, Manchester United may yet suffer the fate which befell them following our entry to the EU in the 1973-74 season (fig.53), and, of course, England will be reduced to playing in the World Cup (fig.54). Pre-supposing they manage to qualify, of course.

At least cricketers will be properly dressed again, one would hope (fig.55). If only they could prove less divisive and opinionated...

My report has almost come to an end, and I hope that you feel I kept within the bounds of good taste and decency. (Perhaps with the exception of the picture of Dresden and the retro ironic sexism.) As you will note, I have gone all evening without resorting to cheap and obvious images of those who call Europe today their home, such as fig.56, or fig.57, or perhaps fig.58. Fig.59 probably wasn't



Fig.56



Fig.57



Fig.58



Fig.59



Fig.60

suitable. And fig.60 certainly wasn't. Anyway, I hope you have all managed this evening to get a better grasp on the subject of Britain, Europe and the Europeans.



Fig.49



Fig.50

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.

As "Star Chap" from issue 59 of The Chap magazine



Name or preferred name?

Lord Hare of Newham.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Well, my father was called "Victor Ramon Marchant"—just the right sort of name for a languid Latino gigolo, but he opted to call me "Trevor", so I think that it's OK to call myself after the most mystical and beautiful animal, the hare. The hare is indigenous to these shores unlike rabbits (sorry Lady Rabbit), which the Romans brought in, and, as a dispossessed Celt, I feel a connection.

Where do you hail from?

Ewell Village, near Epsom in Surrey, though I now live in Docklands.

Favourite Cocktail?

Is there gin in it? (This could be another personal motto, by the way.) Having drunk gin in so many places, it has to be a Vesper Martini in Dukes Bar. Alessandro Pallazzi really does make it something different. When he brings the trolley out with all the "dry ice" effects that come with bottles that

are stored in the freezer, then takes you through how they source the original ingredients that don't exist anymore, you never really want to go anywhere else. You do struggle to remember your own name after five of them, though.

Lord Hare of Newham

"Never Knowingly Inappropriate"

Most Chappist skill?

Collecting tradespeople, craftspeople and other artisans. Cook ran off with my valet the other day taking my chauffeur with them. As I had no idea where my clothes were kept and have never found the kitchen, let alone the garage, it was only a passing lady Salvation Army captain that saved me with a soft-boiled egg and a blanket. Is the point made?

Skilled trades-people are essential to a proper existence, be they the seamstress that re-makes my shirts; the chap at Goodge Street that makes them in the first place; the various tailors and cobblers, who all do different things; my various hat-makers in Soho and London Fields; the lovely men in Acton who treat my old motorcar like the living thing she is; the watch-maker and repairer in Norfolk; those lovely people in Wood Green who know more about cleaning 1930s Neapolitan basket-weave shoes than I will ever live to understand; an old umbrella-repairer in Manchester, and so on and so forth.



name of "Trevor Ten Trilbies", so I probably should have added one of those, too...

Personal Motto?

Never Knowingly Inappropriate.

Favourite Quote?

"Everyone is kind, until the cow gets into the garden." An ancient Chinese proverb (or also an Irish one?), but occurs in my office on a daily basis.

"It is impossible to overdress in the presence of the enemy." Attributed to a French hussar from the Napoleonic period, but something that determines what I wear to the office on a tricky day. Perhaps Vivienne Westwood put it more succinctly with, "When in doubt, overdress."

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

When I climbed Kilimanjaro a few years back, I did so with "Beautiful Babs" from Pan's People. As we climbed higher I realised I was lacking in some cold-weather gear which, as she seemed to have it in abundance, she lent me as we went along. I am proud to say I ascended the top of the peak dressed principally in the clothing of a woman whom, as a 14 year old boy, I had idolised while watching *Top of the Pops*. Marvellous.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Oh gosh—I can't possibly remember...err, Clayton? [You joined on 6th November 2013 -Ed]

Most Chappist possession?

I own a late 19th-century silver-topped, ebonised walking cane, perfect for rapping on counter-tops to attract the attention of disaffected shopkeepers and distracted shop assistants, who make it their folly to pretend to ignore me.

Alternatively, my Hopi Spirit Guide calls me by my native American





Getting ready to rumble at the NSC Alice in Wonderland party. Note the silver-topped cane

in a little village in England. After a pint of real ale, try and find the Grenadier Pub, technically almost a tennis ball's throw away, but an almost impossible adventure through a worm-hole in space and time. The pies are great, but keep your eyes on the roof, watch out for the ghost and also for the American tourists who turn up with thousand-yard stares, clutching hand-drawn maps from their concierges.

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

- David Niven, so he could instruct me to be more charming than I already am.
- Jack Palance, so he could teach me to be more ruthless than I already am.
- Chester Draws (the well-known 1930s black and white variety act, famously banned from *The Good Old Days*), so he could teach me never to say anything inappropriate and for everything to be a bit more black and white. Which quite frankly, we all need these days.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee? Artemis Scarheart.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

Well, I was experimenting with a combination of ether and laudanum—for a wager, you understand (incidentally, please, never ever do this)—and in one of the more lucid episodes, I experienced a vision of the organisation. When I finally came off the bender, I was surprised to find that the Club actually did exist. Apparently, almost everything else I thought I experienced—as the specialist hostage negotiators of the two police forces involved were patient in explaining to me—had not in fact happened.

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

I think it would have to be a trip to the Nag's Head on Kinnerton Street. You really can't quite believe you are in Knightsbridge as you will think you are

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

No, not yet, but I was once—many years ago—a member of the Thames Ditton Mummers. The Mummers perform a passion play, which is part of a very ancient English tradition, sometimes performed at May Day ceremonies with Morris Dancers. I still have access to the script and costumes and some of the original members are still alive. For one night only, I will reform the Mummers and perform this play for the NSC, together with an account of its historical origins. The Thames Ditton Mummers only perform in the weeks before Christmas and I will need a December meeting.

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.



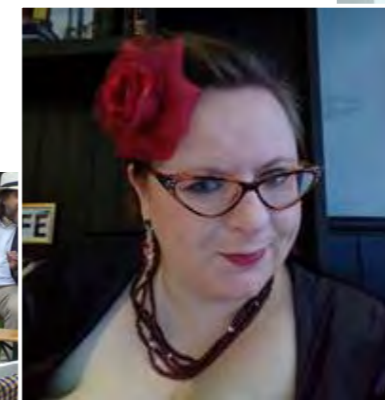
CLUB NOTES

New Members

Thanks to the oxygen of publicity puffed at the Club by the Chap Olympics each year (see pages 10–25), we have a goodly crop of joiners this month. From Leighton Buzzard in Bedfordshire come Clare Franklin and hubby Steven Mortimore. From Ealing (the home of comedy) in west London comes Linda Laubscher. From further afield, in Storrington, West Sussex, comes Mrs Hayley Warmisham. Holly Rose Swinyard, from Wokingham in Berkshire, will be familiar to many of you as a non-binary fashion blogger and writer for *The Chap*. Finally, Neil Jarvis from Bury St Edmunds stands out as being the only new Member to have discovered us not via the Olympics but through *The Chap* magazine itself. A hearty welcome to all six of you!



Hayley Warmisham was a little concerned this photo (above) of her with a cocktail might reflect badly on her character, so she added this one of her with a gun



Steven Mortimore and (inset) Clare Franklin



Neil Jarvis



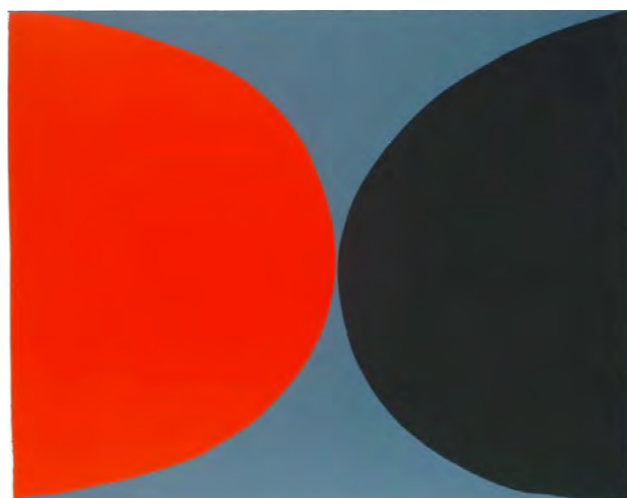
Holly Rose Swinyard



CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

Stuart Mitchell brought our attention to the vivid presence of a Club tie in this portrait (right) of Wendell R. Anderson (33rd Governor of Minnesota, 1971–6) hanging in the Minnesota State Capitol, St Paul. Moving clockwise, we see that Charles Collingridge, from the original *House of Cards* TV series, is a Clubman too, as noted by Col. Cyrus Choke; so, it seems, is Martin Clunes's boorish character from *Men Behaving Badly* (thanks, Craigho); Ivan Debono has spotted that back in 1968 Sir Terry Frost executed *Red and Black on Grey*—although he didn't get the grey right he clearly saw the shape of things to come; unsurprisingly we have the Earl of Waveney to thank for this Club bus; and, finally, Adrian Prooth notes that Bertie Wooster himself is a Member. Of course he is.



Forthcoming Events



**BOTH OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS (🚫) AND
THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE
THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY**

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

🚫 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 2nd August

7pm–11pm

Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

The Golden Era of Jazz

Every Thursday

7pm

Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB

Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 between 8 and 9.30, £5 after that

A weekly night of 1920s jazz and 1930s swing presented by clarinettist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

Tiger Rag

Every Friday

Arcola Bar, Arcola Theatre, 24 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL

10pm–2.30am

Admission: £5 on the door; dance lessons £10

The Vintage Arts Asylum and Ewan Bleach of Passing Clouds' Cakewalk Cafe collaborate on a new weekly event at The Arcola Theatre, Dalston Junction, featuring live jazz, blues, swing, calypso, Dixieland, ragtime, musette, tango, etc. Try your hand at the beginner lesson in swing, Lindy hop, shag, balboa and Charleston dancing, with no partner or prebooking required. Intermediate lessons 8–9pm and beginner lessons 9–10pm.

🚫 NSC Club Crawl

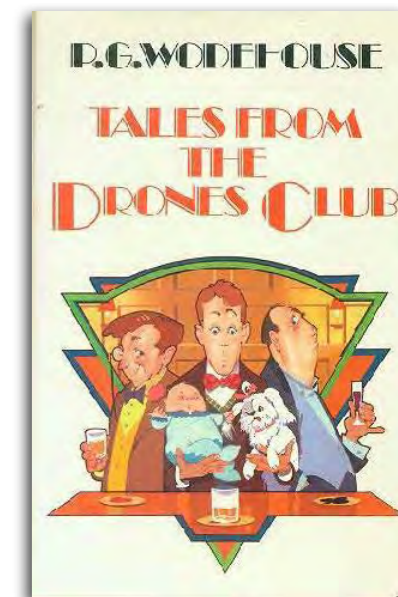
Friday 4th August

From 4pm till chucking-out time

Itinerary to come (see the Facebook event)

Admission: Free, depending on the rules of the clubs in question

Following on from the success of a similar wheeze last year, this idea takes advantage of the fact that when some members clubs close during August, members get a host of temporary reciprocal deals with other clubs. Since most clubs will allow members (including reciprocals) to bring guests, the idea here is to crawl through a number of London's private clubs. We haven't quite worked out an itinerary (it's on my list of things to do on Thursday) but keep an eye on the Facebook event where we will firm things up beforehand.



Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 4th August

Beginners' class from 7pm, main dance from 7.30–11pm

The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London W1T 6AQ (02073870411)

Admission: £10 in advance (from Design My Night), £15 on the door

Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

Dance progressive partnered dancing to a strict-tempo ten-piece orchestra and a selection of pre-war records of slow foxtrot, waltz, quickstep, tango, rumba, Jive and Charleston. Free ballroom dance lesson for absolute beginners from 7pm to 7.30 pm. Candlelit tables and chairs for all guests, a balcony area with tables for those who don't choose to dance, and four of five male and female taxi dancers available free of charge for those who do. The venue is dry, but free tea and coca cola are provided, and guests may smuggle in their own drinks if they are discreet. Tickets are £10 online or £15 on the door. The venue has a large wooden dance floor and is located in beautiful Fitzroy Square, London W1. In the



same building (the Indian YMCA) the excellent in-house canteen does a set vegetarian three course meal for just £8 from 7pm to 9 pm. Dress code is strictly black tie and evening dress only. Activities include a quickstep bus stop and ten most glamorously dressed women able to get around the floor doing a slow waltz competition. Any questions please phone George Tudor-Hart on 020 8542 1490. For more details see the Facebook group.

Lucky Dog Picture House

Wednesday 9th August
Screening from 8.45pm (sunset)
The Lost Format Society Rooftop Cinema, Top Deck, Centrale Shopping Centre Car Park, Tamworth Road, Croydon CR0 1XX
Admission: £8 from Eventbrite

A film night with a difference: Lucky Dog only show silent movies, presented with a live musical accompaniment by their in-house band (featuring music from the era in which the films were made, I believe. Nothing by Georgio Moroder). This time the movie is the Anna Mae Wong vehicle *Piccadilly* (1929), with accompaniment by pianist Andrew Oliver and percussionist Nicholas Ball.

Lucky Dog Picture House

14th, 16th, 17th and 18th August
7.30pm
Wilton's Music Hall, Graces Alley,

London E1 8JB

Admission: £10 from wiltons.org.uk

See above. August sees a run of movies at Wilton's, the oldest extant music hall in Europe. On 14th and 18th the film is *The Lost World* (1925), the adaptation of Conan Doyle's adventure. This film used pioneering techniques in stock motion by Willis O'Brien (a forerunner of his work on the original King Kong film) and was one of the first to use a tinting technique that brought colour to film. It also features an introduction from the author himself. *The Lost World* was also the very first inflight movie blockbuster, being shown between Croydon Airport and Paris in 1925 with live orchestra being transmitted up to the plane. This screening has live accompaniment from The Lucky Dog Picturehouse Quartet.

Wednesday 16th sees *The Epic of Everest* (1924), the official record of the fateful 1924 expedition by George Mallory and Sandy Irvine as they attempted to reach the summit. Filming in brutally harsh conditions with a specially adapted camera, Captain John Noel captured images of breathtaking beauty and considerable historic significance. This is the very earliest footage of the Himalayas and captures its untouched landscape in colour (tinted) film, while displaying the bravery of this group of British mountaineers and their Nepalese team. With live accompaniment from pianist Peter Coldham and violinist Kit Massey.

Finally, on Thursday 17th the feature is *Shooting Stars* (1928): at Zenith Studios, a starlet plots an escape to Hollywood with her lover and the murder of her superfluous husband. *Shooting Stars* is a must for any silent cinema fan: offering a rare insight into the workings of a 1920s film studio, with location scenes, comic stunts and an on-set jazz band, demonstrating just what life was like in the early days of cinema. With live accompaniment from pianist Sam Watts.

The Clerkenwell Festival

Sunday 27th August
1-7pm
Spa Fields, Skinner Street, Clerkenwell, London EC1

Admission: Free, but there will be a bucket collection

Free festival with a vintagey vibe, though it's more 1950s blues/rockabilly than Chappist

per se. Live bands include Ten Benson, The Mirage Men, the Deltas and the Future Shape of Sound, featuring Heather Morris, aka exotic burlesque star Suri Sumatra. There are also food stalls, a record fair and a vintage jumble sale. And a dog show. There will also be an after-party at St James's Church, Clerkenwell Green. See the festival's Facebook page for more details.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 1st September
Beginners' class from 7pm, main dance from 7.30-11pm
The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London W1T 6AQ (02073870411)
Admission: £10 in advance (from Design My Night), £15 on the door
Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage
See above.

The NSC presents the Watermere Memorial Croquet Match

Saturday 2nd September
1pm
A Royal London Park (to be confirmed)
Admission: Free

Instead of the traditional Tashes cricket match, this year the Club will have a croquet match instead. This should fit the athletic abilities of Members and Strangers well after

the exertions of The Tashes these last ten years and cut down on the injuries as well as open up playing spots. As usual there will be a shared picnic, laughter, sporting prowess, drinks, confusion about the rules and then a visit to a nearby pub to boast to the locals. There will also be a memorial trophy named after the originator of The Tashes Cricket Match, William M. Watermere. He's still alive. I hasten to add. All most welcome. Details of the precise park we will be using to come, but keep an eye on the Facebook event.



Come and try your hand at croquet—or just swigging Champagne and eating plover's eggs—at the Watermere Memorial Match



At the Chap Olympics, Torquil Arbuthnot displays the natural grace and presence that earned him the rank of Chairman for Life