



DEATH BECOMES HER

Chloe Clark on the
Roman way of dying

Twinwood 2017

Linda Laubscher reports from the annual jive
and swing festival at this former RAF base

Up to your neck in it

Tim Eyre on the glories of the
detachable collar

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 132 • OCTOBER 2017



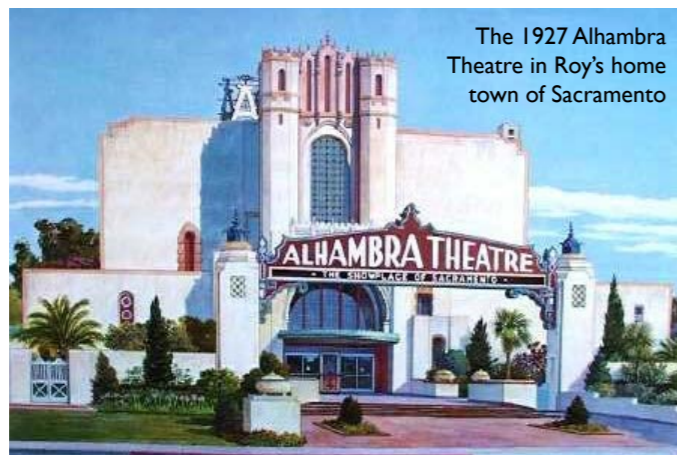
The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women there as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square; Pound and Lewis launched *Blast!* at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place and in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 4th October in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Roy Engoron will thrill us with a talk on *Art Deco Broadway: The Golden Age of Theatre*. "The era between the two World Wars was an amazing time for many different reasons," Roy explains. "It was an age when science, literature, social mores, fashion, architecture, economy, and innovations ebbed and flowed. After World War I, the United States emerged as a world power. Like many societies of the past, the country was able to concentrate more on the arts. It was able to take influences from its European and British heritage, make them truly American, and share the results with the rest of the world."

The Last Meeting

At the September meeting our speaker was Chloe Clark, who gave us a talk entitled *Lifting the Veil on Roman Death*. Despite being a bit of a goth, Chloe did not choose her subject out of morbid whimsy—she is a proper archaeologist who is doing a PhD



The 1927 Alhambra Theatre in Roy's home town of Sacramento

on the symbolism of different colours of bead found in Roman graves. Her talk was more general, however, looking at graves in Rome and in Roman Britain and taking in such things as how the burials of rich and poor differed, and the various trades who made their living from death (including professional mourners, actors and musicians who would be part of the opulent funeral procession, and even gladiators who would partake in funeral games). These classes were viewed with suspicion or distaste (despite their necessity) and much of their activity took place in dedicated regions of the city, often by night. Wax death masks were made and brought out for processions, so that the ancestors continued to play a role in the household. Chloe also showed us some odd burials, such as people who were buried face down or with their shoes removed, seemingly to stop them from wandering or returning after death. One was even buried with a yoke over his shoulders—no one really knows why (Chloe observed that the tradition was to attribute anything you don't understand as "ritual").

A written version of Chloe's talk begins on page 4.



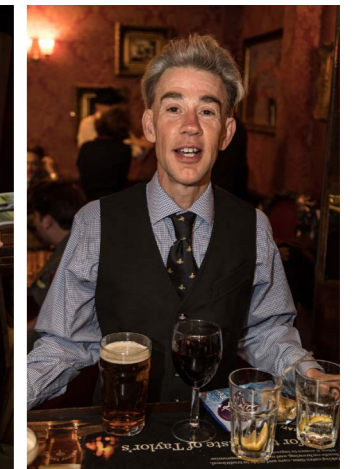
Chloe tackles the big questions head-on



Adrian Prooth in the foreground



(Above) Accessorising is just as important in death as in life; (right, l-r) Sarah Bowerman; this puckish newcomer is Mr Andrew Fish; Stewart and George; (below, l-r); Luca Jellinek, Craigh, Eva-Marie Muller-Stulter, Vince Moses



(Left) Adrian proffers a cheesy nibble; (far left) Giles Culpepper and our Chairman Torquil Arbutnot struggle to find a suitably masculine post; (below, l-r) George Davies, Lucky Henry, Stewart Lister Vickers



Lifting the Veil ON ROMAN DEATH

Chloe Clark on the peculiar world of ancient Roman funerary rites

“DEATH IS ONLY the end if you assume the story is about you.” Were these the last words of Cato?

Or carved for all eternity upon a triumphal arch in the forum? In short—no. As much as they may sound attributable to some staunchly stoical orator of the late Roman Republic, they were in fact tweeted by popular subversive comedy podcast *Welcome to the Night Vale* in early 2015. Though wry irreverence may have been the true intention, it is a phrase that neatly summarises the study of death throughout human history.

Studying how a society chooses to treat its dead is a revealing insight into that society. The final actions enacted upon a corpse, be they motivated by kindness, duty or even hatred, tell us much less about who that deceased person was in life, and more about who buried them, how and why. “The Dead don’t bury themselves,” is the mantra those archaeologists and anthropologists

interested in funerary studies mutter while huddled over site reports and skeletal remains, trying to garner some sort of greater social or cultural significance from a few coarse ware potsherds and a rusty nail.

Deceased persons can be powerful and incredibly useful tools for all sorts of self-serving practices; reverential propaganda (Lenin), humiliation (Oliver Cromwell, Gaddafi and Richard III) or national pride (Wellington and



(Above) Cemetery at Pompeii; (below) Giovanni Piranesi’s impression of Rome’s tomb-lined Appian Way

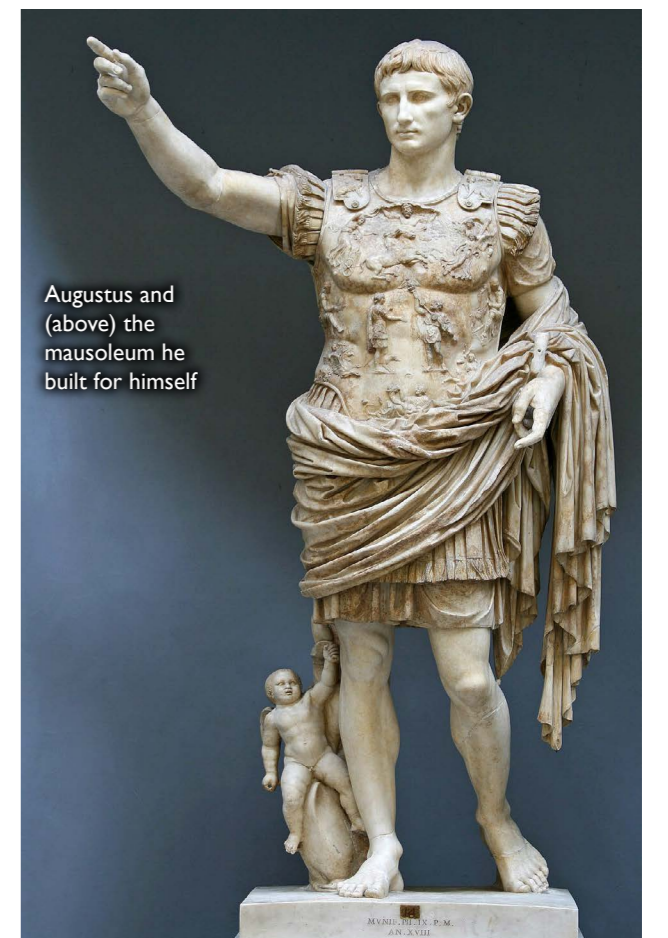


Churchill) to name but a few obvious examples.

This was a concept understood and, needless to say, exploited by ancient Romans. Not long after his rebranding from Octavian to Augustus and becoming the first emperor of Rome, Augustus set about constructing his mausoleum. It was one of the first major building projects he undertook and a less subtle building it would be hard to imagine. Once completed this vast rotunda stood at 137ft, boasting a domed room standing atop which was a large statue of the man himself in all of his modest glory.

The Mausoleum of Augustus was not the first of its kind, and it assuredly will not be the last. Powerful rulers have often thoughtfully planned ahead during their own lifetime to create monuments commemorating their death in order to establish a sense of dynastic lineage and smooth transition of power to their chosen successor. This idea was not the preserve of the ruling family, but trickled down into the ruling classes, who in turn created their own familial tombs symbolising the long ancestry of the family and their continued presence within Rome itself and Roman social hierarchies.

As much as these grave monuments represented recognised social markers, understood, if not read, by all, parameters were still in place to keep death outside of the city walls. Roman cemeteries were situated outside the gates of the city, along main arterial roads. Newcomers to any major Roman city would know the ruling elite families before ever reaching it by journeying along routes lined with large and expensive markers of societal privilege, ancient highway billboards, so to speak.



Augustus and (above) the mausoleum he built for himself

Funerals themselves afforded even greater opportunities for display and prestige in death. A typical Roman funeral (gleaned from a certain amount of scant material evidence, statuary depictions and classical sources) ran as follows: the deceased person would have their eyes closed and the closest male relation would accept the “last breath” from the lips of the dead. The body would then be laid on the ground, paralleling a similar custom afforded to new babies and likely representing the cycle of



(Top) A funerary procession carved on to the Amiternum Tomb (c. 50–1 BCE); (above) a carved relief showing mourners beside a funerary couch; (below) wax death masks—these ones were actually made by archaeologists of themselves as an experiment



life. The body would then be washed, anointed with oils and unguents, possibly for symbolic purposes but also useful for masking the natural smells of death, particularly in the hot climate of central Italy. The body would then be dressed, or perhaps shrouded and covered with a blanket, cloak or other textile. A wax death mask may have been made of the deceased at this time, later to be worn by descendants in later funeral processions.

The body was displayed in the main atrium of the family home where friends and patrons of the deceased could visit to pay their respects. This was an opportunity for the family to present themselves to a relatively small and interconnected elite social circle as an ideal Roman household; respectable and respectful.

At some point afterwards the procession or “pompa” would have taken place. Lit by torches the deceased person was conveyed from the home, through the streets in which they had lived, beyond the city walls to the cemetery site. The procession would have been made up of family members, musicians, professional mourners, as well as friends and associates. Once at the graveside lamentations and eulogies would be performed. Music, singing and wailing by the aforementioned paid mourners added atmosphere to the occasion, as well as demonstrating that the family could afford such things. Common grave goods included ceramics, jewellery such as bead necklaces or brooches, food stuffs including meats and wine and also coins, toilet instruments and shoes.

All of this pomp and ceremony meant that death was big business in Rome. There were roughly one million people in Rome (calculating ancient population figures is a notoriously shaky business), equating to 30,000 deaths per annum, roughly 80 per day. Not all of these would have required the elaborate preparations outlined above—if you were poor or a slave and without burial provision the state had no duty of care to you. Many people would have been disposed of in large pauper’s pits, possibly with the carcasses of butchered animals, or even thrown directly into the Tiber. But even taking into consideration those with little to no means of burial provision, there would still have been a considerable number of burials taking place per day.

Undertakers, grave diggers and coffin makers

had professional quarters in an isolated portion of the city reserved for their trade. Undertakers were required to transport bodies under cover of dark; whether this was for hygienic purposes or personal sensibilities it is hard to say, but in all likelihood a combination of both meant that undertaking was a taboo profession and one rather not seen in action day to day. Likewise, actors, musicians and gladiators were professionals associated with death and funerals due to the crossover of actors into professional mourners and gladiators performing at funeral games. These fringe funerary professions, while necessary, were viewed with suspicion by polite Roman society.

(Side note: if the idea of professional mourners strikes anyone as strange, it should be noted that the trade is still thriving today, with websites and organisations boasting sliding scales of grief display which can be enacted for a requisite remuneration. I recently came across a chap who will throw himself into the grave in a fit of hysterical mourning for a mere \$1,000.)

Outlined above is of course the bare-bones structure of a Roman funeral. There are always opportunities for personalisation as well as some oddities...

Recent finds from a cemetery in Bologna reveal a richly provisioned burial (code for great expense). However the skeleton was wearing the remains of a yoke, suggesting the burial of a criminal. This contrary burial could be a bit of a head scratcher. Why would you bury a “bad person” with fine goods? You wouldn’t. So the equation must be flipped to encompass a different scenario. Perhaps the person wasn’t bad. Perhaps they were much loved and cared for in life but something about the manner of their death was “bad”. The yoke may represent efforts to prevent the deceased from returning and posing a threat to society. In pop culture terms—ZOMBIES!

As far-fetched as this may sound, fear of the dead seems to have been a very real concern for Romans. Burials have been discovered with the deceased buried facing downwards in a prone position, with stones placed on top of them, or even with the head removed and placed by the feet. Again, these do not necessarily mean that the person was “bad” in life, but more likely that they died prematurely, before they were able to fulfil their purpose in life. Young women who



(Above) A body buried face-down—perhaps to stop the dead from returning; (below left) the grave of the “doctor” showing the medical instruments and playing counters from the game buried with him; (below right) the sort of game that it probably was



die before having children (and presumably marrying) are often found with the most grave goods in Roman burials, another sign perhaps that they were over-provided for in death because they died too young or in a “bad” way.

Finally let’s finish off by considering a few nice examples closer to home. Romano-British burials are an interesting collection of evidence to study, due to the mixing of pre-existing Iron Age traditions and imported Roman rituals.

An early Roman burial of a “doctor” from Stanway, near Colchester highlights this nicely. The “doctor”—so called because of the set of medical tools found with him—was also buried with a gaming board, set up as if mid-way through a particularly engaging match during which the poor old doc just happened to pop his clogs. Perhaps he did. Regardless, the

burial is dated to the first few decades of Roman occupation in Britain, meaning that we are certainly looking at a person born pre-invasion, witnessing the changes Roman culture brought with it and dying under Roman rule. The medical kit has similarities to those found in Rome itself and so it is likely that the Doctor took advantage of the new trading possibilities occupation offered, the kit proving so valuable to him that his family eventually buried him with it.

Lastly, we come to the famous “Spitalfields Woman”. Discovered in 1999 during excavations at Spitalfields, and now housed in the Museum of London, a young woman, roughly 5 feet 1 inch in height and slight of build, was unearthed in a stone sarcophagus and lead-lined coffin. The silt build-up inside the coffin preserved all manner of organic materials, including bay leaves (thought to have been a fragrant pillow the dead woman rested on), oil resins (chemically traced to the Far East and very expensive) and even a few textiles (silk damask and gold threads). Isotope analysis reveals that she was born in Rome itself, travelling to Britan at some point only to die and be buried lavishly in this green and pleasant land.

Why did she come here? How did she die? And who buried her with such care and consideration? We will probably never know, but we can keep asking questions, keep exploring and keep the stories of the dead alive.



(Above) The outer stone sarcophagus and inner lead coffin of the Spitalfields Woman; (below) the open coffin showing the silt that preserved many of the grave goods



IN THE MOOD

Linda Laubscher reports from the tenth Twinwood Festival

DAPPER BEAU SUITED and booted with cravats, dinner jacket and shiny brogues. Waiting patiently in car. Check. Hats, hair pins, dancing shoes and vintage gloves packed. Check. Parasols, slinky dresses and kimonos resting on top of beau's guitar. Check.

Switch on the engine, tie silk scarf around victory rolls, bring the top down of the town car and tune into some toe tapping swing music for the country lanes.

Destination—Twinwood Festival 2017.

Billed as the vintage festival of the year for families and vintage aficionados, it's a melting pot of all things vintage and pulls in crowds obsessed with the 20s, 30s, 40s, 50s and 60s. In short, the annual decadent excuse for discerning wardrobes to come out to play.

No wonder that tickets to Twinwood sell out faster than hot cakes each year. Especially the glamping tents resplendent with dedicated bathrooms and a makeup tent with hairdryers.

This music festival is set in the nostalgic Twinwood airfield, Glen Miller museum and dense woods adjacent. Every detail is carefully planned and mapped to offer activities to entertain damsels, gentlemen and re-enactors.

We felt like kids in a vintage sweet shoppe, kaleidoscope bottles lining the walls and struggling to pick and mix our selection

from the daily activities on offer.

The Colonial Club provided stylish English tea and moreish cakes during the day alongside tea dance lessons. Once the moon came into the tent, top hat and tails danced with flapper dresses under the chandeliers of the marquee to Prohibition tunes.

The main dance hall and adjacent tin barracks offered dance classes from Charleston to Lindy Hop throughout the day. In the evenings the swing bands, rockabilly rockers and crooners ensured no one had any excuse to sit down in these venues. The lanterned glade came into its own when the gypsy jazz bands arrived and colourful couples bopped in the evening breeze. Others were packed into the Casablanca Club listening to French *chanteurs*. And this was only the selection in the woods!

The main stage offered back to back entertainment, with a sprung floor to the side for those who wanted to dance off their cocktails and artisan beers. Delicious street-food options, glamorous hair salons and vintage stalls lined every available square inch not given over to performance or dance space.

Even the British weather played along and muddy fields stayed dry, parasols earmarked as the accessory of this year's festivities.

This is a festival to add to your calendar for next year. Pack your parasol and cravat, I'll see you there.



Your correspondent outside the Colonial Club









Tim Eyre offers a Chap's guide to detachable shirt collars

YOU HAVE A bespoke tweed suit, well-fitting shirts, a collection of decent ties, some robust brogues and a proper hat. Nevertheless, the urge to up your chappish game remains. Whither next? If you are looking to improve your sartorial credentials then detachable collars will doubtless distinguish you even in the best-dressed company.

Over The Yoke

There are three components to a detachable collar. The first is the collar itself. The second is a suitable shirt. Third is the pair of collar studs that attach the collar to the shirt.

A shirt designed for detachable collars has a neckband about 3cm wide instead of a collar. At the front of the shirt the neckband has a pair of buttonholes. There is also a buttonhole in the back of the neckband. The detachable collar has matching buttonholes: one in the middle where it will sit at the back of the neck and two at each end to sit at the throat. Before donning the shirt the wearer attaches the collar to the shirt by threading a collar stud through the rear buttonhole on the shirt into the central buttonhole on the collar. A well-made shirt will have two layers of cloth at the rear of the

neckband to prevent the stud from coming into contact with the wearer's flesh. The wearer then dons the shirt. At this point the collar flaps about, but one soon puts a stop to this by threading another collar stud through the front pair of buttonholes on the shirt and the pair of buttonholes at the two ends of the collar. (Some collar studs ease this process by allowing the head of the stud to be pivoted to facilitate easy threading.) The collar then remains firmly attached to the shirt and fits snugly around the neck. One might expect some gape at the sides of the neck but I have never experienced this.

Attentive readers will have noticed that the rear collar stud passes through two layers of cloth whereas the front collar stud passes through four. It is for this reason that collar studs are sold in pairs, with one stud having a shank somewhat longer than its partner. This business of fiddling with collar studs may sound like a bit of a faff. However, with a little practice one becomes adept at the process and it becomes one of those reassuring rituals rather than a tedious chore. I have been wearing detachable collars to the office most days for the past year and the ritual takes less than a minute out of my morning. This is partly because I usually



(Above) Arrow Collar Man was a hugely successful advertising icon—receiving more fan mail than Valentino; (right) the range from Darcy Clothing shows how varied detachable collars can be in shape

wear wing collars, which make tie tying a straightforward process. A turn-down collar adds a further layer of complexity to shirt-donning because the stiffer varieties require the wearer to tuck the tie into the collar prior to donning it.

The detachable collar itself is invariably white and is typically so heavily starched that it feels like it is made of plastic rather than cotton. Detachable collars are available in a far wider range of styles than one might see in Marks and Spencer, or indeed at a typical shirtmaker. Herein lies one of the key advantages of detachable collars: one can fit collars of different designs to a single shirt at a whim, with the whiteness of the collars guaranteeing a colour match. This feature also significantly improves the longevity of the shirts because it is frequently the collar of a shirt that wears out first. Detachable collars completely remove this vulnerability to wear. For the same reason, when having collarless shirts made it is a good idea to instruct the tailor to make them with white cuffs. Shirt cuffs can easily be replaced (so I am reliably informed by Dr. Blah) but not if



they are in a dyed cloth, because the colour will fade over time so the replacement will not match the rest of the shirt.

A Brief History of Detachable Collars

It is natural to wonder why anyone devised such an over-engineered collar mechanism. The

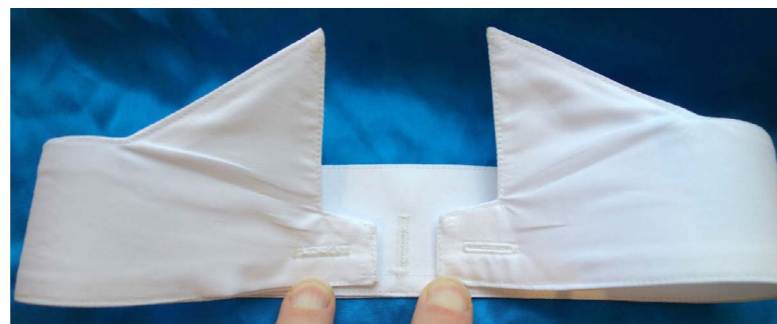
founding legend of detachable collars takes us all the way to Troy, but the Troy in New York state rather than the Troy of Homer. The story goes that in the year 1827 a certain Hannah Montague tired of laundering her husband's shirts just because the collar was dirty. The prospect of another bout of onerous clothes-washing gave her some sudden inspiration: she snipped off the collar from a shirt, washed and ironed the collar alone and then sewed it back on to the shirt.

Both Hannah's husband Orlando and a local businessman by the name of Rev. Ebenezer Brown were sufficiently impressed by the idea that they commercialised it. In 1834 Montague had opened a factory that manufactured collars and by the 1850s detachable collars had become common. Troy was "collar city": in 1900 15,000 employees across 26 companies in Troy were turning out almost all of America's collar needs. As well as manufacturing the collars, companies also provided collar laundry services.

In 1905 one of these companies, Cluett, Peabody & Co. kicked off a notably successful and aesthetically pleasing advertising campaign in the form of "Arrow Collar Man". The advertisements were created by the great American illustrator J. C. Leyendecker (1874–1951) and are considered to be among his best work. Rarely has the spirit of the Chap been captured so effectively. Arrow Collar Man was often depicted smoking, a hazardous pursuit when wearing the detachable collars of the time because they were often made of celluloid, which is highly flammable. The campaign wound up in 1931 as detachable collars declined in popularity. Improvements in indoor plumbing, electricity supply and domestic washing machine technology had made Mrs Montague's invention less important after an impressive run of over a century.

Clean Under the Collar

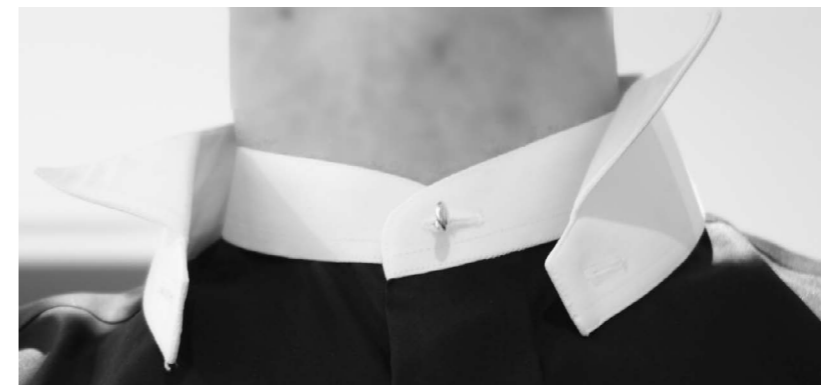
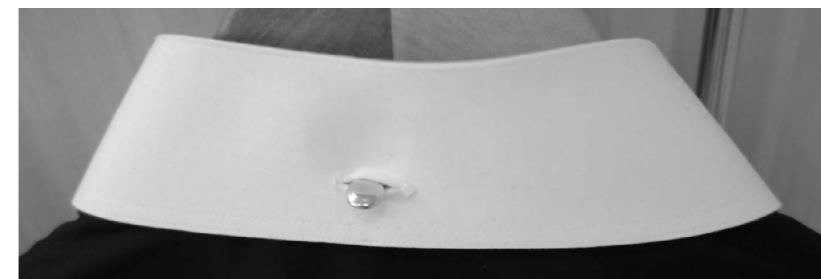
Given that the detachable collar originated as a way to make laundry easier, there is a small irony in the fact that today laundering detachable collars presents a disincentive to their use. The best known establishment for the laundering of proper stiff starched collars is Barker Collars of Bournemouth, who accept collars for laundering by post. For those who live in Town, dry cleaners around Lincoln's Inn



(Above and opposite) The detachable collar has a hole at the back and a pair of holes that overlap at the throat. The studs pass through the neckband of the shirt, from the inside, and thence through the holes in the collar. The heads of the studs hinge sideways so you can push them through the holes, then fold flat again to hold everything in place. The front stud has a longer shank because it must pass through two layers of the neckband then two layers of the collar.

Fields and Westminster serve barristers and so are set up to launder the stiff collars that form part of their uniform. In both cases you can expect to forsake the cost of a cheap cocktail or expensive pint to have a single collar cleaned. For occasional wear such as white tie this is fine but those without both deep pockets and copious spare time might balk at the inconvenience and expense for daily wear.

Fortunately machine washable detachable collars are readily available. They may not be quite the real thing, but the great is often the enemy of the good. Personally I use the soft cotton collars that my tailor provided with



the shirts that they made for me; these can be washed and ironed using normal domestic equipment and are comfortable enough for daily wear.

Acquisition

New collar studs are easily purchased from Interwebular sites for modest cost, and vintage examples are easily found. The small leather boxes that our forefathers used to store collar studs are miniature delights in themselves and can be found in vintage shops and on Etsy.

Similarly, collars and collar boxes are fairly common vintage finds, as are suitable shirts.

Darcy Clothing is a natural place to acquire detachable collars, matching shirts, collar studs and other related accessories. Given that they previously traded as The Vintage Shirt Company it is no surprise that collars form part of their core business. In particular, Darcy sell washable collars in over a dozen different styles, and I can vouch for their quality. If you would like to look further then try Luke Eyres (no relation) of Cambridge. When ordering stiff collars one should order the collar in a size half an inch larger than your conventional shirt collar measurement. For example, I take a 16" shirt collar and so order detachable collars sized at 16 1/2".

Moving to the top of the quality scale, any Jermyn Street shirtmaker will be able to run up some collarless shirts for you. This cannot be said of East Asian tailors; when I asked around at some tailors in Bangkok they had no idea what I was talking about. Fortunately Nita Fashions of Hong Kong came to my rescue and over the past couple of years Nita have been making me a series of collarless shirts in gloriously bright colours with white cuffs for US\$95 apiece,

including delivery. Soon my wardrobe will be a stranger to shirts with fixed collars. A trip to Hong Kong may be out of the question for most members but it is possible to send Nita a well-fitting shirt you already own to provide them with your measurements.

Detachables may be too troublesome for most. For this very reason donning one marks out the wearer as a sartorial aesthete. This fact alone may be enough to inspire members of the New Sheridan Club to try out Hannah Montague's invention.

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.



Harrison Goldman

"What have I done now?"

Name or preferred name?
Harrison Goldman.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Well, I was given it at birth! I think Harrison is memorable enough, although if ever the occasion arises I'd like to reserve the name "Chester Drawers", given my field of expertise.

Where do you hail from?
Ooop North, a faraway, distant land.

Favourite Cocktail?
I'm teetotal. Except for Pimms.

Most Chappist skill?
Remembering people by the objects they own or collect. I can also auctioneer when required.

Most Chappist possession?
It's probably well known that I dabble in antiques. Hmm, the Duchess of Kent's (Queen Victoria's mother's) fire-screen? A near-complete collection of Agatha Christie novels? Or then again I do co-own the Christening robes of Charles II...

Personal Motto?
"What have I done/said now?"

Favourite Quotes?
"No, no, no," and "I always cheer up immensely if an attack is particularly wounding because I think, well, if they attack one personally, it means they have not a single political argument left."
—Margaret Thatcher
"I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train."
—Oscar Wilde

"Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven, that time may cease and midnight never come." —Dr Faustus (recounted frequently nearing my degree finals)

"If I were to ever search for logic I wouldn't look for it among the English upper class." —The Dowager Countess of Grantham

"Never speak disrespectfully of Society, Algernon. Only people who can't get into it do that." —Lady Bracknell

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...
I'm soon jetting off from London for some time, but hope everyone will stay in touch and to see you all again mid-2018.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?
It will almost be four years, and I've enjoyed every moment, meeting fellow enthusiastic, interesting and fashionable Sheridanites, all with top-notch repartee. It was also an honour to co-organise a country house weekend away for the club in Kent, which I hope is repeated.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?
Through the glamorous Pandora Harrison, who has beamed with hospitality and thoughtful recommendations since I met her at the Tweed Run. Joining the NSC was one of the reasons I'm glad I came to study in London.

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)?
Firstly to pay your club subs! [Hear, hear! —Ed]



The NSC is honestly incredible value for money! Veneration aside, join another, more "physical" club! Many of the traditional members' clubs in St James's are in need of new members, often more reasonable to join than you may think and the perfect escape from the busy metropolis.

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

1. Margaret Thatcher; my long-standing role model— and even now Britain needs an Iron Lady.
2. HM Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; she knew how to throw a party, and her wit is legendary.
3. Hercule Poirot—the intelligence, the stories, the voice, the moustache.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?
Answer: Artemis Scarheart. But when he does decide to hang up his armour, Torquil Arbuthnot Esq. I mean, he's called Torquil—need one have a better reason?

Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you planning to do?
Yes, my inaugural NSC turn was on antiques and collectables and I was overwhelmed by how many attended; my second was *An Evening Without Noel Coward*; and my talk next month will be on The Isokon Building, so stay tuned.

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.



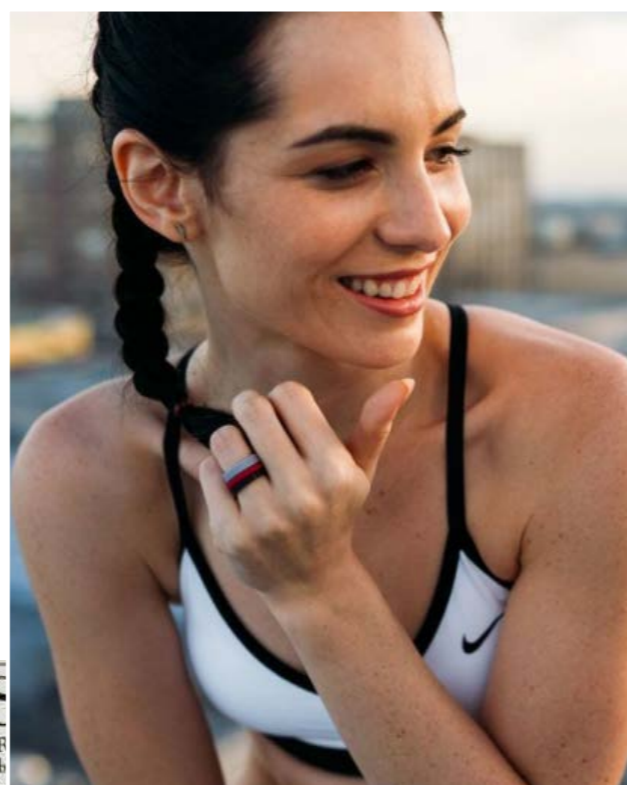


CLUB NOTES

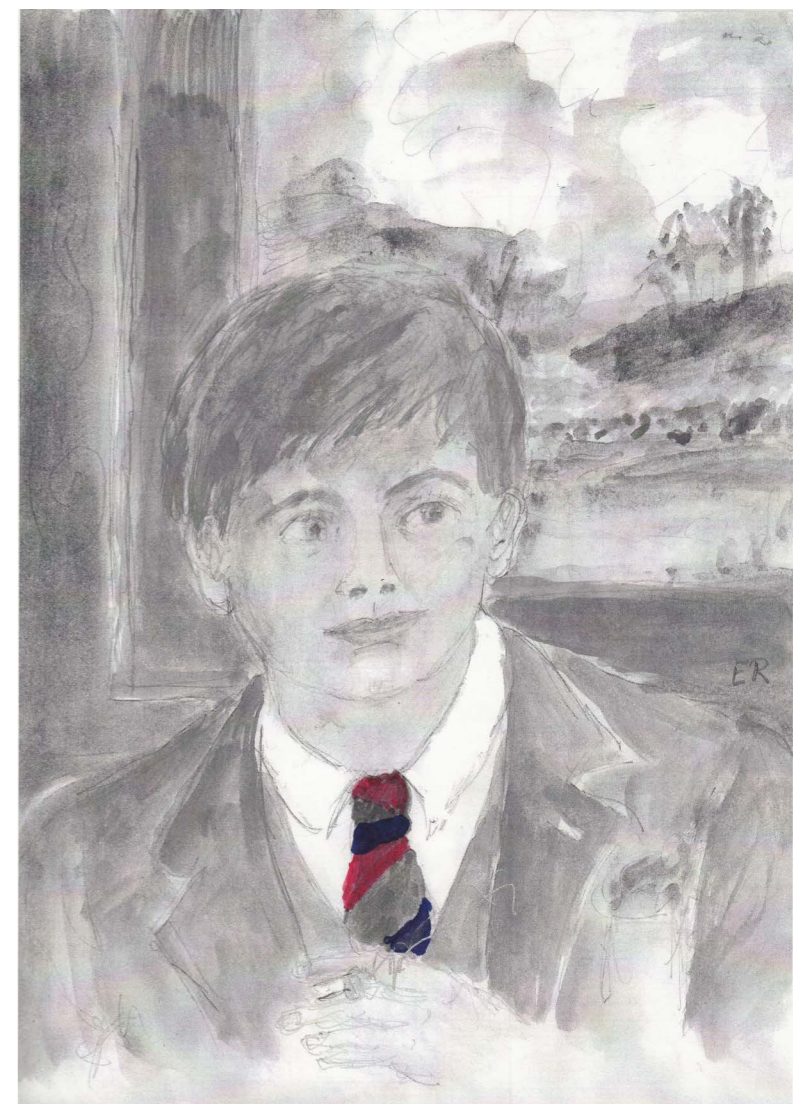
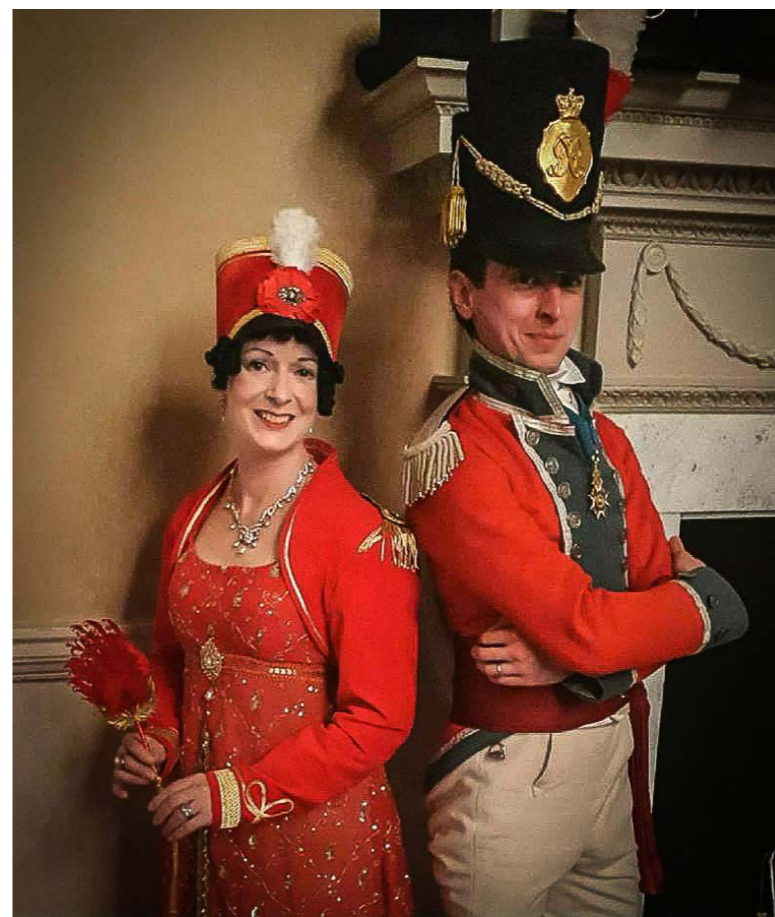
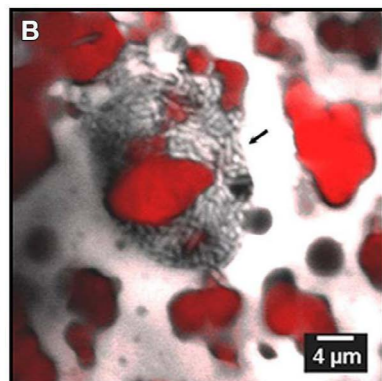
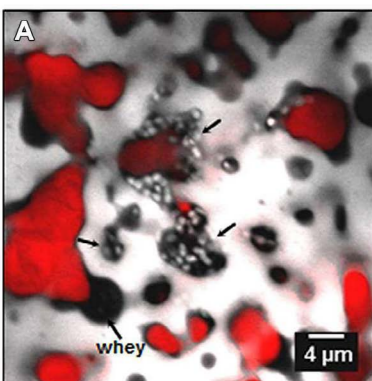
Club Tie Corner

THIS WHOLE CLUB TIE spot thing is becoming a sort of Rorschach Test. And I'm pleased to say that even from within their respective asylums our Members keep them coming.

Clockwise from top right: Stephen Myhill has noticed that this character from *Midsomer Murders* is wearing a top that's clearly telegraphing NSC colours; David Bridgman-Smith spotted that this sporty lady's ring is branded too; looking at Arrow Collar adverts (see pages 14-17) I noticed the older chap here is a Clubman; Ivan Debono is now seeing NSC cheese mould samples.



Mr Debono is also responsible for observing that the butterfly *Diathria clymena* (above) was created in the Club's image. I don't know if it was deliberate, but Pandora Harrison and Compton-Bassett at the Farthingale Regency Ball in Bath (below) seem to have developed Club military uniforms. Finally, here is Eugenic Rhodes's artist's impression of Sebastian Flyte, from *Brideshead Revisted*, in a Club Tie (right).





New Members

WE HAVE TWO new bugs to clap on the back, carry around on our shoulders and ~~subject to humiliating initiation rituals~~ make polite enquiries about the health of this month. Andrew Fish, from St Albans, will have already introduced himself to some of you as he signed up at our last meeting in September. He describes himself as well travelled and “good at losing things”.

Meanwhile Alistair Renwick hails all the way from Brookby, a suburb of Auckland in New Zealand. He has so far remained silent about his special areas of interest or expertise, so it is possible he has simply been assigned a new, Chappist identity by the Kiwi Witness Protection Programme. I can feel a movie coming on. (Handily, Andrew Fish runs screenwriting workshops. Let’s make this happen.)



Andrew Fish



Club Jaunts

A “HEADS-UP” about a couple of forthcoming Club events—one of them speculative at this stage, but with enough interest it will become a reality.

NSC Annual Public House Tour

Saturday 11th November

From 3pm

Meet at the Starting Gate, Station Road, Wood Green N22 7SS

Admission: Free but bring beer money

CAMRA stalwart **Mr Ian White** returns with his infamous and exquisitely curated annual NSC pub crawl. This year his itinerary ventures to North London to include four imposing Grade II listed premises. Due to the distances involved, the tour is being conducted on a Saturday so there is more time for intrepid travellers to traverse the territory of Harringay and beyond. These are large pubs and appear to be family-friendly. All serve food (although some may not do so all day). Near the Salisbury we will visit Yasar Halim in Green Lanes for their fine bakery products.

Note that this is more of a tour to enjoy the splendours of fine buildings rather than a traditional booze-centred “pub crawl”, so all are welcome to attend and drink as little or as much as is required for refreshment.

Itinerary is as follows:

3pm: Starting Gate, Station Rd, Wood Green, N22 7SS Station: Alexandra Palace (pub is opposite entrance)

Late-Victorian with screen panels and etched glass, mosaic flooring; well preserved bank of snob screens sitting on the counter.

3.45pm: Walk to Alexandra Palace Station, train to Hornsey, walk to...

4pm: Great Northern Railway, 67 High St, Hornsey, N8 7QB

Built in 1897, a flamboyant essay in the Flemish Renaissance manner. Raised brick lettering, ornamental ironwork and the etched and cut glass give an expectation of splendours within.



Scenes of uncontrolled gaiety at last year’s pub crawl

5pm: 144 bus to Turnpike Lane Station, then 29 or 141 bus to...

5.30pm: Salisbury, Grand Parade, Green Lanes, St Ann’s Rd, Harringay, N4 1JX

One of the grandest products of the great Late-Victorian pub boom, the Salisbury was carefully restored to its original glory in 2003. Two of the bars surround an island servery of epic proportions; this has a fine counter and an original bar back with delicate Art Nouveau painted details. A doorway marked “Saloon Bar” leads to a lavish room comprising a superb wide corridor with splendid mosaic floor, mirrors, woodwork and plaster.

6.30pm: Stop at Yasar Halim then W5 bus to Crouch End Broadway for...

7pm: The Queens, 26 Broadway Parade, Crouch End, N8 9DE

An opulent hotel-cum-pub very similar in

Miss Gin 2017

On a recent visit to Oslo I found myself exploring the fashionable area of Grünerløkka, **writes Tim Eyre**. Here I was pleased to encounter a snack bar purveying Vietnamese street food. However, my interest was not in the slightest bit gustatory. Rather, it was the name of the establishment that caught my eye. Presumably by chance, this takeaway had dreamed up a top-drawer club name: “Miss Gin”. Naturally this name has already been snapped up by a member who enjoys the juniper nectar. Regular meeting-goer and expert on historical clothing George Davies (see photos on page 3) is henceforth to be known as Miss Gin.

Miss Gin continues its chappist theme by offering delivery by means of a Deliveroo-type service with a name that puns on a rather smart type of hat.



design to the Salisbury. The ceilings and deep friezes throughout the building are immensely intricate, plus a gorgeous Art Nouveau-style glass with roses and other flowers.

8.15pm: W7 bus to Finsbury Park Station, train to Kings Cross, to...

9pm (until carriages or other forms of transport home/night in the cells): Parcel Yard, Kings Cross Station

Set inside a Grade I building, the old parcel sorting office is a very imaginative conversion of old industrial space across two floors.



London Cigar Walk III

The Earl of Essex is offering to reprise his guided tour of various cigar-related sites in and around St James's, **one Saturday afternoon in October or November**, something he has done for the last two years. He writes:

"The itinerary involves a short walk around Mayfair and St James's, starting around midday, taking in cigar stores such as Alfred Dunhill, Sautter's, Davidoff and finishing at J.J.Fox, where we usually partake of a cigar and a cup of coffee, whilst I provide background information on the history of cigar smoking in London through the centuries.

"There is no charge for the tour, but if you wish to smoke a cigar at J.J.Fox, you are obliged to purchase it from them when using their smoking room.

"I'm generally happy to do it for a minimum of 3-4 people, and if there is enough interest I shall ask Clayton Hartley to put it in the Events diary."

If this appeals to you the best thing is to go to Essex's post on the Sheridan Club Facebook page and indicate your interest.



Forthcoming Events



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

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

🎩 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 4th October

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: £7 entry after 10pm; dance lessons £10

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.

The Candlelight Club's Birthday Party

Friday 6th October [Saturday 7th sold out]

7pm–12am



Come and join Benoit and his band in wishing the Candlelight Club a happy 7th birthday

A secret London location

Admission: £25 in advance

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

A 1920s clandestine speakeasy party in a secret London venue completely lit by candles, with live jazz bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism, a cocktail bar, and kitchens serving bar food as well as fine dining. See www.thecandlelightclub.com.

Believe it or not, the Candlelight Club has been keeping you in illicit hooch and foot-stomping jazz for seven years! Come and celebrate at our birthday party, presided over as ever by Lord of Cabaret Misrule Champagne Charlie, with DJ Auntie Maureen spinning vintage platters.

Live music will come from a Candlelight favourite, Gallic crooner Benoit Viellefon and his band—who will be launching their new album at this very party.

"The closest you'll find to an authentic Jazz Age experience in central London. Its unique ambience, fuelled by hundreds of candles, is truly a scene to behold." —*Time Out*

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 6th October

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 or five male and female taxi dancers available free of charge for those who do.

The venue is dry, but free tea and coca cola is provided, and guests may smuggle in their own drinks if they are discreet. Tickets are £10 online or £15 on the door. We have a large wooden dance floor and are located in beautiful Fitzroy Square, London W1. In the same building (the Indian YMCA) the excellent in-



At October Plenty you will meet the Berry Man and (left) the Corne Queen

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, and we have sold out for the past four dances. 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.

October Plenty

Sunday 22nd October

12–6pm

Bankside, Shakespeare's Globe and Borough Market

Mumming troupe The Lions part invite all and sundry to their annual free harvest festival. The day is packed with spectacles and activities in and around Borough Market, too numerous to list here (see the Facebook event for more details), but things kick off with a procession of colourful characters including the Hobby Horse (usually played by NSC Member Callum Coates), the Berry Man, covered with wild fruit and foliage, and the Corne Queen, a huge figure on wheels made entirely (and

imaginatively) out of vegetables—and the end of the day she is ceremonially dismantled and her parts are thrown to the hungry mob. There is a play, cautionary tales from Hilaire Belloc and Hoffman, from the Fabularium, who also present The Cyclops and his Sheep, plus a host of apple-related activities to celebrate World Apple Day, storytelling for children, apple bobbing and conkers, plus the seasonal metaphorical performance The Execution of John Barleycorn. Borough Market will also be offering all its usual food and drink, and at the end of the festivities all are invited to visit and decorate the historic Cross Bones Graveyard on Red Cross Way.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 22nd October

11am–5pm (trade from 10.30am)

The Yard, 89½ Worship Street, London EC2A 2BF
Admission: £4 (£2 with NUS card)

Some 45 stalls offering vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s to the 1980s. There is also a tea room, alterations booth plus sometimes live entertainment too. More details at www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk.

The Candlelight Club's Halloween Ball

Saturday 28th

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £30 in advance

Dress: Ghostly flappers and gory gangsters, coquettish witches, black cat minxes and dapper devils—straight 1920s is fine or a 1920s take on Halloween

The Candlelight Club (see above) presents a special 1920s Halloween event in a grand, long-forgotten venue in east London, featuring two rooms of entertainment: in the **Ballroom** proceedings will be presided over by Lord of Cabaret Misrule Champagne Charlie, with live jazz from the Bubbly Boys, Charleston routines from those happy-footed flappers the Gatsby Girls and vintage DJing from Auntie Maureen, plus dinner options and tables that can be reserved as usual.

Meanwhile in the intimate **Cabaret Lounge** there will be an extra bar with more seating. In the early evening the stage will be graced by the Threat Quartet, a classical string quartet playing themes from horror movies. This will be followed by two cabaret shows hosted by



At the Candlelight Club's Halloween Ball expect vampiric burlesque from Suri Sumatra...

Weimar androgyne Victor Victoria, one half of the award-winning East End Cabaret, with gothic burlesque from Suri Sumatra, comedy magic from Christian Lee and slick, dapper juggling from Florian Brooks. Elsewhere will be tarot readers, photographers and more.

Elysian Den

Sunday 29th October

5.30–10.30pm

The Boston Room, The George IV, 185 Chiswick High Road, London W4 2DR

Admission: £10 including £5 drinks voucher

Vintage music night featuring a beginners' swing dance class at 6pm followed by swing DJing from Tim Hellzapoppin'. The pub's Sunday roast comes highly recommended.



...devilish fun from Champagne Charlie, and (below) decadent dancing from the Gatsby Girls





Master juggler Florian Brooks joins the Cabaret of the Damned at the Candlelight Club's Halloween Ball this month (see page 29)