

Thoroughly modern living
Harrison Goldman on the bold experiment in Modernist living that was the Isokon Building

Drinking on the far side
Ian White's annual pub crawl this time takes us to the frozen north


Boughs of Holly
'Olly Swinyard offers a peek into her world

REVOLUTION!

The Club's Christmas party takes its inspiration from the Ten Days that Shook the World

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 134 • DECEMBER 2017



TIMETABLE OF EVENTS	
7pm	Score
7.15pm	Sean: The Hunt for Santa Claus
7.30pm	Sean: Five Year Plan
7.45pm	Sean: Pawpaw Challenge
8.00pm	Loopy Day
8.15pm	Sean: Shoot in a Bar
8.30pm	Sean: Ball
8.45pm	Chairman
9.00pm	Sean: Ode
9.15pm	The Grand
9.30pm	Slights



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 6th December in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Professor Philip Hancock will deliver a festive frisson with *Bad Santas? A Naughty History of the Man With the Bag*. "There are few characters believed to possess decency, propriety, generosity and general chap-like credentials in greater abundance than good old Santa Claus," Prof. Hancock explains. "He remains a beacon of light in a dark, cynical and parsimonious world. In this talk, however, an alternative Santa will be considered; wild man, punisher, military propagandist, drunk driver and even occasional purveyor of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. So just be careful whom you let down your chimney this Christmas."

The Last Meeting

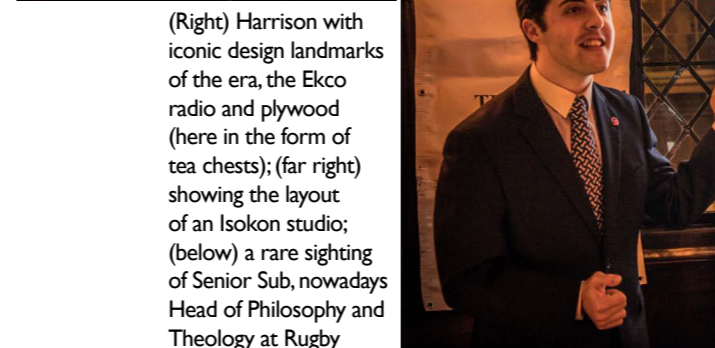
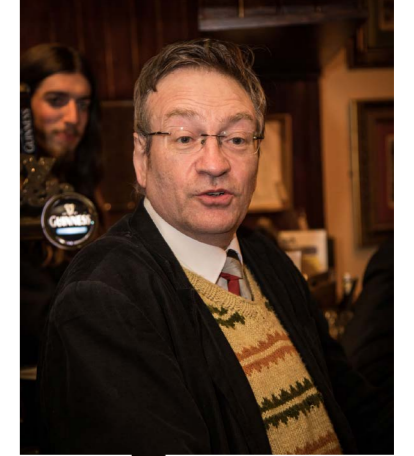
Our speaker was Harrison Goldman, a man we already know has an interest in antiques, but normally we might be thinking Georgian furniture—this time, however, he was talking about the Isokon Building, a stark modernist block of flats built in 1934 that was

not just challenging in its utilitarian simplicity but also represented an experiment in efficient, centralised living. The flats were a mix of one-bedroom and studio layouts but all had space-saving sliding doors and very small kitchenettes: the idea was that food was prepared by a central kitchen and sent up in dumb waiters. Later it was converted into a restaurant and bar which became a favourite haunt of avant garde intellectuals. Other services such as shoe-cleaning and bed-making were also offered. From the 1970s to the 1990s it was owned by the council and deteriorated until being abandoned altogether. In 2004, however, it was restored and is once again occupied (and Grade I listed).

A written version of the talk begins on page 4.



(Left) Harrison launches into his topic; (right) during the general announcements before the lecture, Ian White takes the opportunity to whip up interest in his annual NSC Pub Crawl, taking place a few days later (see pages 24–7); (below right) Frances Mitchell asks a question from the floor



(Right) Harrison with iconic design landmarks of the era, the Ekco radio and plywood (here in the form of tea chests); (far right) showing the layout of an Isokon studio; (below) a rare sighting of Senior Sub, nowadays Head of Philosophy and Theology at Rugby



(Right) Stuart Mitchell with Robert Beckwith; (below, left to right) the irrefragable Matthew Howard; the moody William Cole; the cheeky Lord Hare; Craigoh, receiving some ribbing from Mark Christopher over his inability to roll up the Club banners



WHEN THE BAUHAUS CAME TO BELSIZE PARK

Harrison Goldman on the visionary splendour of the Isokon Building

NESTLED IN BELSIZE PARK, London, lies a unique structure, a beacon of modern architecture and design, The Isokon Building. This building captures the zeitgeist of the 1930s and stands as a monument to social living, political theory and modern technological breakthroughs.

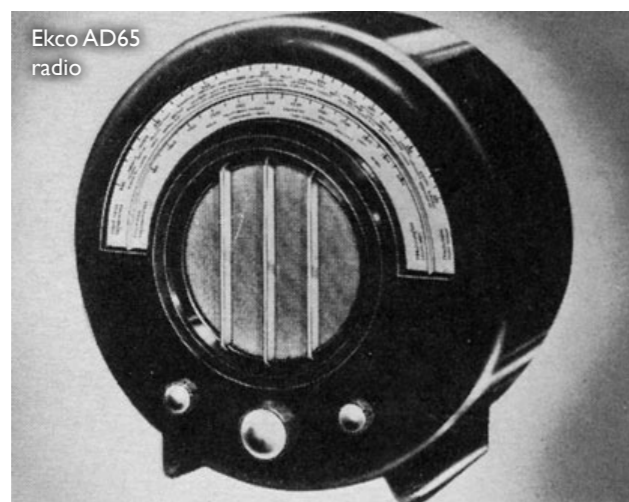
Wells Coates, both as an architect and a product designer, had accumulated a sound reputation for high design. His AD65 radio soon became one of the most popular sets in Britain with a unique circular shape and grill. He understood the importance of reducing production costs, as this circular design required fewer moulding tools in the absence of sharp corners, a valuable lesson that would prove

useful in his architecture. Jack Pritchard, the client, earned his living as a plywood magnate (Isokon was the name of his company), with his business rising from the ashes of the war. Plywood leg braces, aeroplane propellers, crates and other objects could perform the same function at a fraction of the cost compared to the same item made from metal—which was needed for the production of ammunition, tanks and fighter planes.

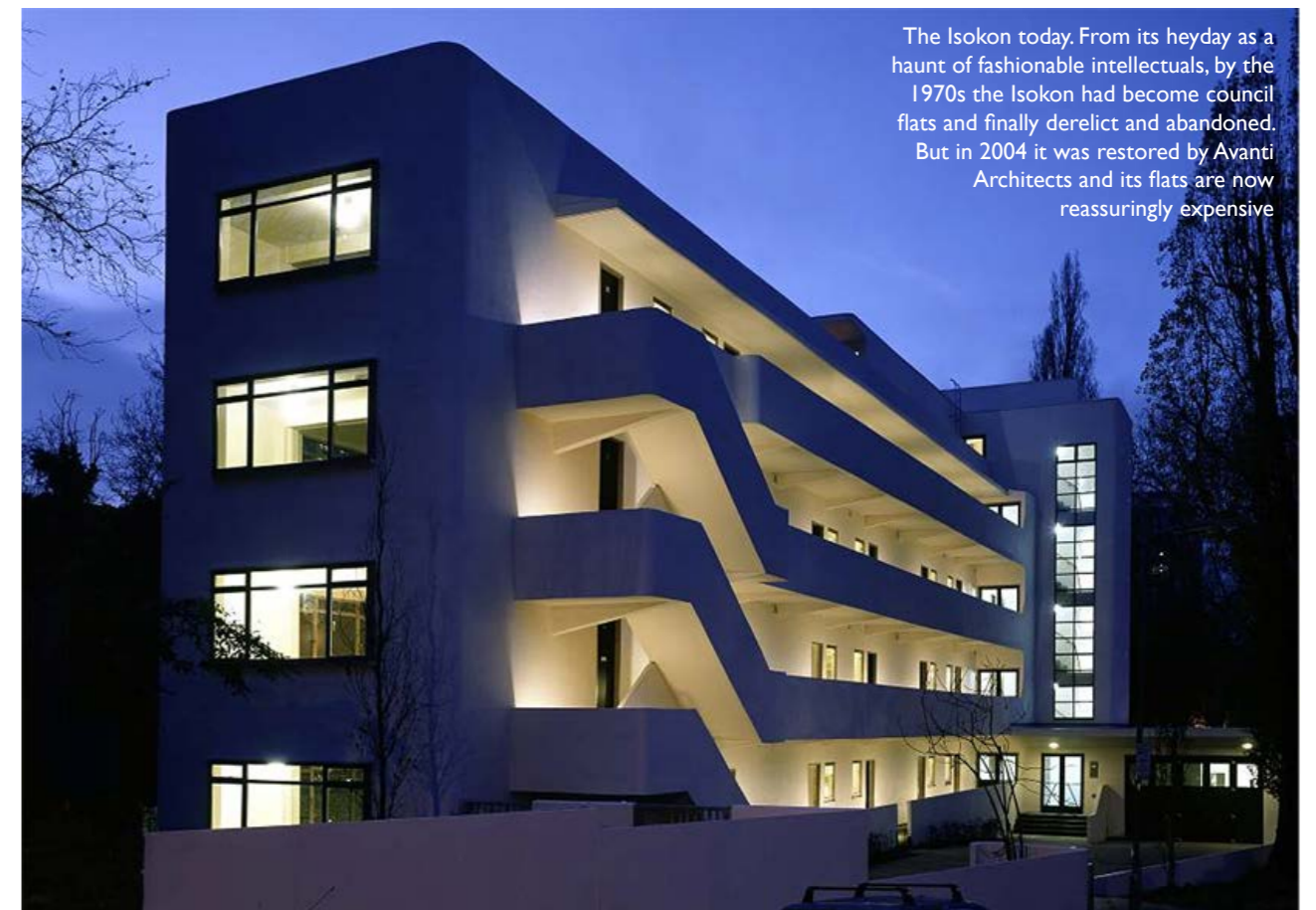
Residents of the Isokon varied in background and profession, from writers to communist spies, artists to office clerks. Several were famous, such as Agatha Christie, and leading lights of the Bauhaus movement Walter Gropius, Marcel Breuer and Lazlo Moholy-Nagy, who decamped to Belsize Park after fleeing the rise of the Nazis in Germany. The Bauhaus school strove for handmade products of the highest quality and based their production around a community, using machines only to aid their crafts rather than basing manufacture around



Wells Coates



Ekco AD65 radio



The Isokon today. From its heyday as a haunt of fashionable intellectuals, by the 1970s the Isokon had become council flats and finally derelict and abandoned. But in 2004 it was restored by Avanti Architects and its flats are now reassuringly expensive

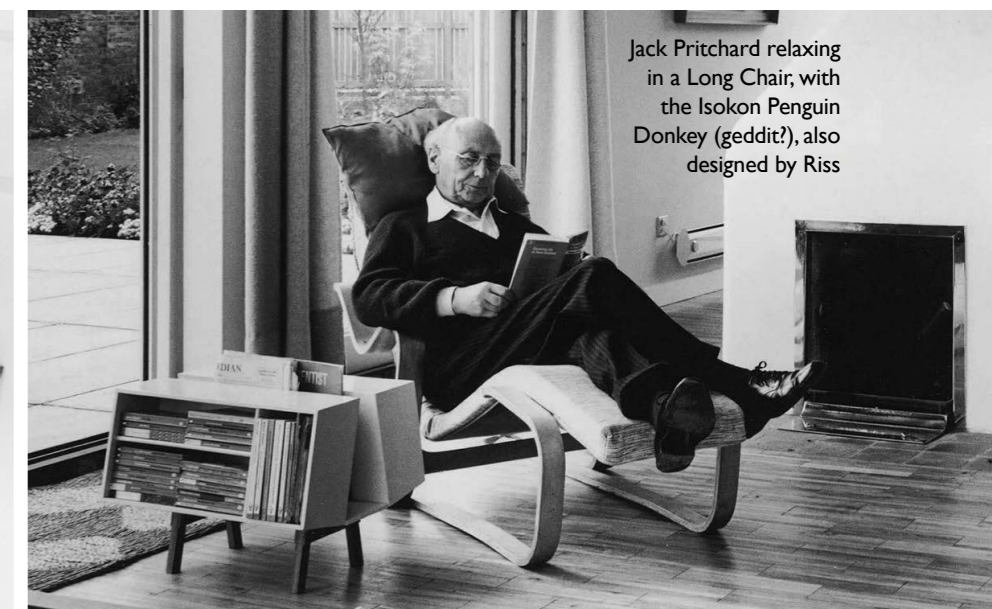
mechanisation.

These Bauhaus stalwarts would contribute their skills, passion for good design and resourcefulness with materials to this project. Marcel Breuer's Long Chair, for example, is recognised as an icon of 20th-century furniture design, with its single long steam-bent structure—and while the sinuous lines and flowing curves may not instantly relate to the outline of the Isokon itself, cast a closer eye at the

building's external stairwell and you will notice a similarity in the sweeping movement of the concrete from one floor to the next. Not only was the Long Chair simple and relatively inexpensive to produce, but Breuer took the design seriously in terms of consumer lifestyle. Its varnished surface allowed for easy cleaning and the curvaceous structure was not only conformable to most parts of the body, but intended to aid digestion after dinner, as you relaxed with the



Egon Riss's Pocket Bottleship (what would now be called a "storage solution")



Jack Pritchard relaxing in a Long Chair, with the Isokon Penguin Donkey (geddit?), also designed by Riss

11.40 LONDON
ISOKON LAWN-ROAD FLATS NW 3
TWO FLATS TO LET IN APRIL + +

ALL FLATS INCLUDE VERY FULL DOMESTIC SERVICE
SHOE CLEANING - WINDOW CLEANING - EVERYTHING DONE FOR YOU
MEALS IN YOUR FLAT OR IN THE CLUB

RENTS SINGLE FLAT £104-£110 INCLUSIVE
(FURNISHED FROM 3 GNS. P.W.)
DOUBLE FLAT £155-£170
(FURNISHED FROM 4 GNS. P.W.)

COME AND SEE PRIMROSE 6054
LAWN ROAD FLATS



ISOKON MENU

Vegetable Soup
(Terror Afrorum)

Boiled Cod & Egg Sauce
(Bacalao con nuevos)

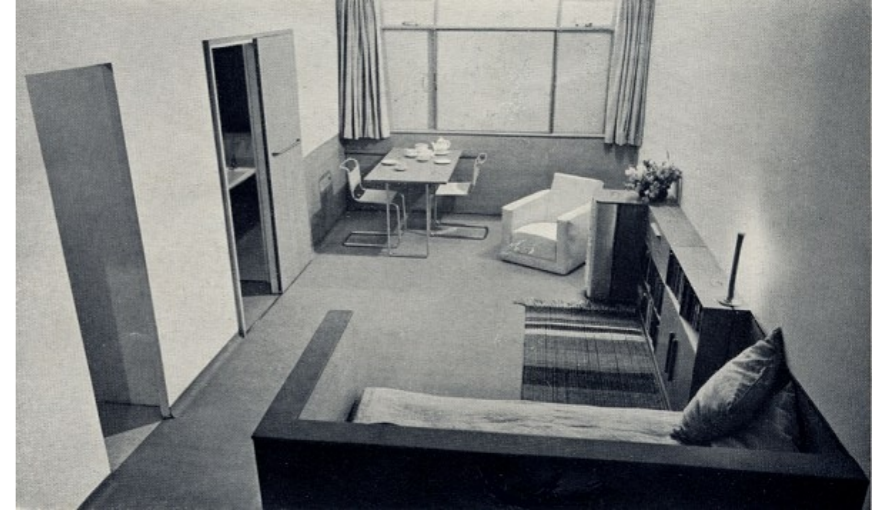
Stewed Rabbit & Potatoes
(Lapin ivfe; Jamaica Potatoes)

Port Wine Type Jellies
(Just so)

Camp Coffee or none at all
(None at all, of course)

Wines
Rainwater
Chambertin 1923 bottled 1927
Tokay

Opened in 1934, the Isokon Building's 32 flats offered a novel form of living. In addition to centralised services such as cleaning, laundry, shoe-shining and bed-making there was a central kitchen that would either serve you in the building's club or send food up to your flat through a dumb waiter—consequently the flats themselves had only very small kitchens. The block's bar (below) became a favoured hangout for local and émigré intelligentsia. The flats made extensive use of plywood for efficient, built-in furniture, and it was boasted that you need bring little with you. "We cannot burden ourselves with permanent tangible possessions," said Coates in 1933, "as well as our real new possessions of freedom, travel, new experience—in short, what we call 'life'." Today the garage at the front is a museum to the block's history (free to enter but now closed until 3rd March 2018).



(Above) The layout of a standard studio, with space-saving sliding doors into the bathroom, dressing room and galley kitchen; (left) one of the kitchens today, seemingly little changed

evening paper an arm's length away.

The Isokon architecture would have made the refugee Bauhaus grandees feel at home, for the original student accommodation blocks in Germany were built with similar design elements, such as whitewashed reinforced concrete, steel columns, large panes of glass, vertical structures, geometric shapes, angular lines and tubular steel balconies. These designers were keen to make the most of raw materials, showcasing the natural properties of stone, metal and glass, as well as pioneering the use of newly-emerging materials such as tubular steel, reinforced concrete, plywood and Bakelite. Curiously, the street facade is reminiscent of the rows of oblong windows and balconies on the side of a cruise ship. Moreover, the towering central stairwell punctuated by a vertical stream of square windows could likewise be compared to the fog horn of a large boat.

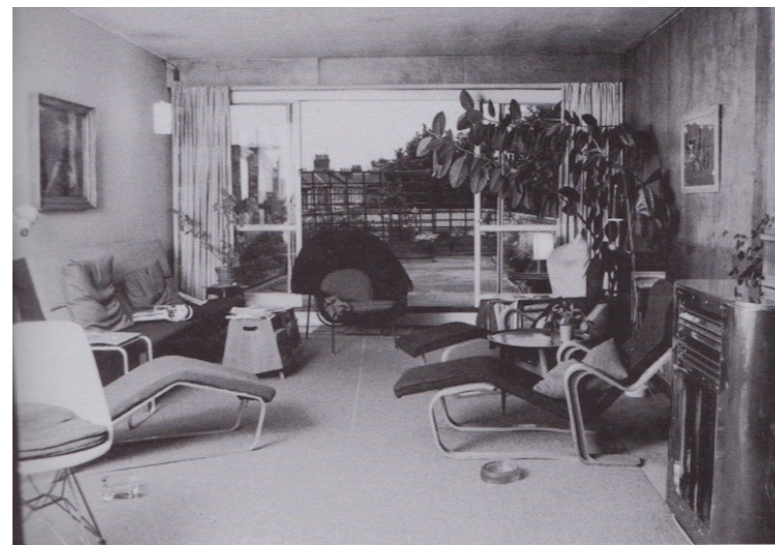
Just as William Morris had campaigned for the reduction of clutter within the home, so too participants of the Modernist lifestyle were supposed to own fewer possessions. Drinks parties required glasses and bottles, and intellectuals would always be surrounded by reading matter, so minimalist storage solutions were required to tidy away clutter while simultaneously staking their claim as pieces

of beautiful design in their own right. One response to this problem was Egon Riss's Pocket Bottleship, capable of housing a bottle of wine and several glasses together with an internal slot for newspapers and magazines.

On Coates's axonometric drawing for the Lawn Road Flats (see below), as the building was officially known, one notices that the roof is flat, a design element popular in the period. He initially intended this level to act as a roof terrace where residents and their guests could sunbathe, a pastime considered a healthy activity for the body and source of Vitamin D, not to mention a celebration of light after the dark horrors and blackouts of the Great War.

In short, Wells Coates and Jack Pritchard did not just create a block of flats that represent the high point of British Modernism. In combining Coates's ingenuity and artistic flair with Pritchard's resourcefulness and professional background they created a beacon of modern living for the area of North West London, which simultaneously served as an artistic hub for London's intelligent professionals as a place to socialise, converse, dine, be entertained and take refuge from the changing world.

The original design had a communal sun terrace on the flat roof, but in the end this became a private terrace for Jack Pritchard's penthouse (visible through the doors below left)





REVOLUTION!

The New Sheridan Club Christmas party

IN HONOUR OF the Russian revolution, which marked its 100th anniversary in October, we made the events of 1917 the theme for our Christmas party. As you can see from the photos, the place was awash with fur-draped White Russians, scheming radicals, granite-faced military enforcers and simple peasant folk.

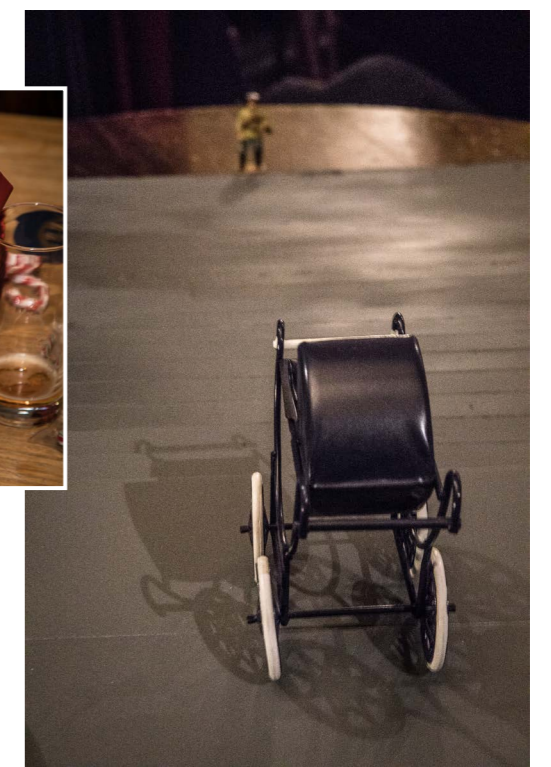
The venue was the Tea House Theatre, run by Club Members Harry and Grace, who laid on a buffet spread featuring classic Russian Salad, and a layered Shuba Salad the recipe for which the chef got from his Russian aunt, plus some inventive “rebranding” of more familiar objects—Stalin Samosas, anyone?

We had live entertainment from Chairman Now! (aka Fred Snow), singing bawdy songs and engaging in jokes about dialectical materialism, and a rich programme of games: we had a reprise of our **Shoot the Romanovs in a Basement** wheeze, first seen at our 2012 royalty-themed party. We had **Rabble Rousing**, where contestants were presented with flash cards featuring revolutionary words and given 15 seconds to assemble them to produce a fiery slogan, which they then

declaimed to the masses. The winner was the one who achieved the loudest applause, measured with the Club’s decibel meter. And we had **Odessa Steps**, a game that lovingly recreated the scene from *Battleship Potemkin* where the Cossacks are massacring civilians in Odessa and a pram with a baby in it bounces down the the famous flight of steps (a scene later referenced in *The Untouchables*).

In addition, throughout the evening there were further challenges: guests were invited to submit a **Five-Year Plan** for the glorious republic. They were presented with a basket of hard-boiled eggs and some felt-tips and invited to produce a beautiful work of art in our **Fabergé Challenge**. In **The Hunt for Red October** guests were encouraged to search the venue for a small red submarine hidden somewhere on the premises. Not to mention our traditional Christmas **Lucky Dip**, where guests thrust their hands into an old dustbin and pull out some crudely-wrapped piece of tat.

And, of course, there was our famous **Grand Raffle**, free for all Members to enter, with silly prizes themed around the revolution...



Shortly before the guests arrive and all is in readiness. (Clockwise from above) Action Man, in Cossack garb, stands guard over the Tsar and his family in the basement of the House of Special Purpose in Ekaterinburg; Chairman Now! checks the mic and paces the stage; the haul of raffle prizes lies arrayed; a tiny pram teeters at the top of the Odessa Steps, the baby’s life hanging in the balance, while a Cossack waits below; a pot of revolutionary tea gently steeps.



Jack Defer as Trotsky, with a lovingly-made ice axe in his head (and before you ask, yes, in reality it was an ice axe, not a domestic ice pick)



Stuart Turner with a magazine cover to prove the authenticity of his hat (which was not a "tagine", as Suzanne claimed)



Chloe Clark



Another Trotsky, Andrew Harrison, with peasant Pandora



Comrade Chuckles, who has somehow acquired more medals than the Committee. Coming to a gulag near you soon...



(Clockwise from top left) Mrs H. as Emma Goldman; Adrian Prooth as Napoleon the pig from *Animal Farm*; starving guests fall upon the buffet; John Callaghan, still seemingly rocking a Professor Branestawm look from our sci-fi party in the summer; Linda Laubscher and Jasper Jones; (centre) Ella Lane has discovered a cat. Never has so much fur been present at a Club event



Craigoh and the Contessa di Campari



Suzanne Coles and Grace Iggulden



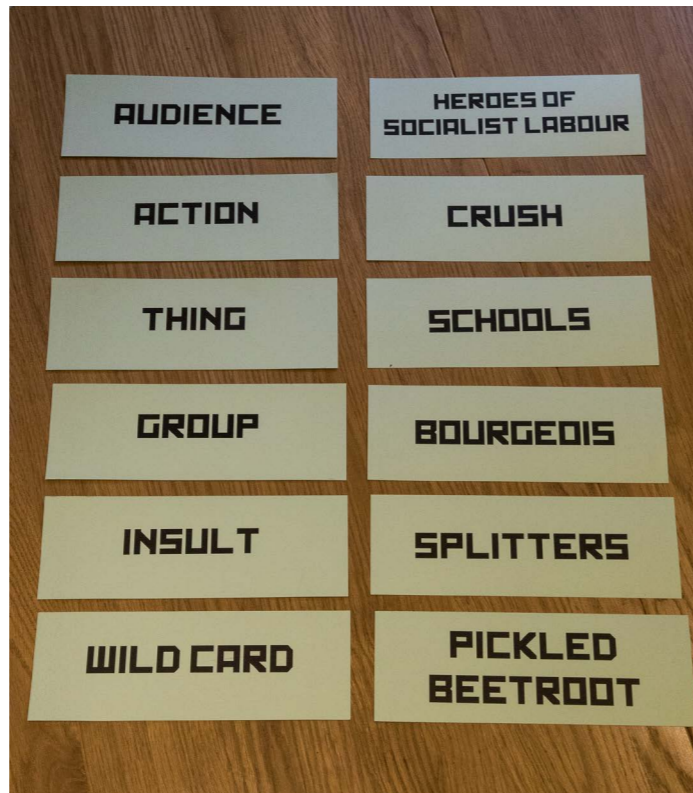


Opposite page (clockwise from top right): Andrew and Pandora explore the Lucky Dip, a bin of shredded Party documents concealing mystery prizes; Pandora ends the Hunt for Red October (a clockwork sub painted red for the occasion); Ella paints a Fabergé egg; Mrs Palmer-Lewis discovers that the glitter pens create an undrying sticky mess; the Conte ponders his Five-Year Plan; Andrew and Pandora are apparently debating whether vodka or gin should be the People's Drink in their Plan. This page: Shooting the Romanovs in a Basement. (left, top to bottom) Mark Christopher takes aim; the Earl of Essex, Lucky Henry and Helena Stroud. In the end only Maria and Anastasia fell. Francesca Albini won first prize by hitting Maria with a ricochet off the Tsar





Oliver Lane



John Callaghan, who went on to win with an impressive 108-decibel response to his promise of "free vodka for all"

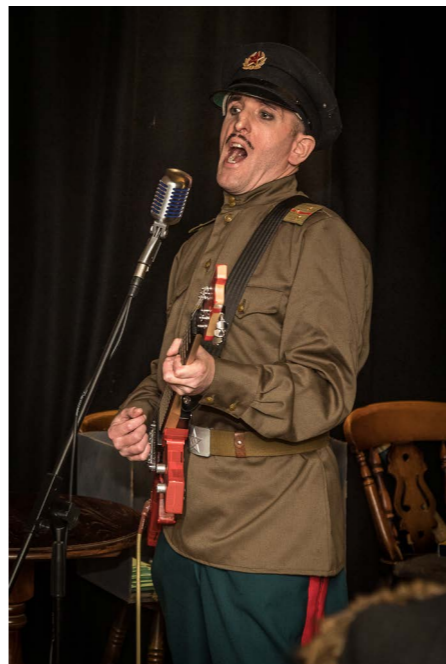


Susi O'Neill



Jack Defer

Rabble Rousing: Flashcards with revolutionary vocabulary are arranged into six categories and each contestant may choose up to six cards, from whatever categories they wish. Then the cards are turned over to reveal the words and the player has 15 seconds to arrange them into a slogan that will incite the people to revolution. Players declaim their slogan and the crowd's response is measured with the Club's decibel meter. There is no prescribed order—in the example above you might be exhorting the heroes of socialist labour to crush the schools of the Bourgeois splitters, or you might be saying that *it is in our schools* that we will crush them—like pickled beetroot [makes crushing gesture with hands].



Chairman Now! kicked off singing *Midnight in Moscow* in Russian, before barking some leftfield gags and getting everyone to march and sing along to a song about a heroic prostitute. (He told me this audience was actually more receptive than younger, less well-read crowds—who have even asked him if he was playing Hitler.)





Scarheart seems quite excited about Sebastian's attempt, but it ends in tragedy



(Above) Stewart tries to aim true but loses it, depositing the baby at the heartless Cossack's feet



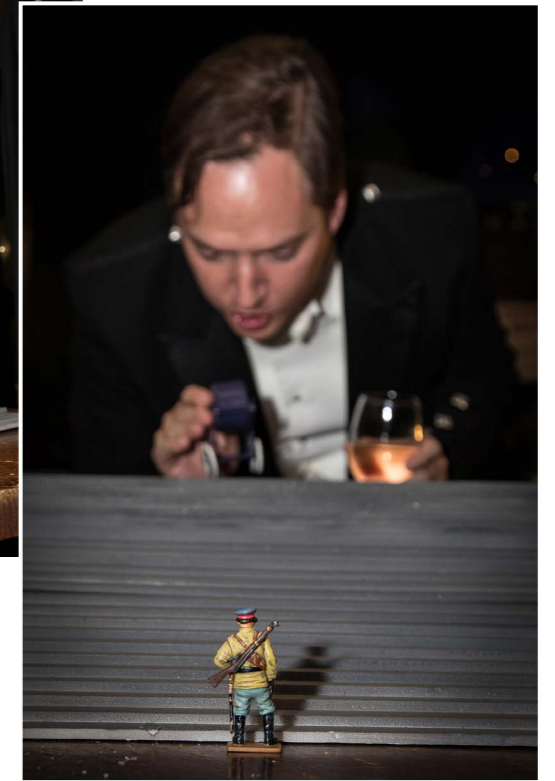
Mark tries his hand, representing bus conductors everywhere



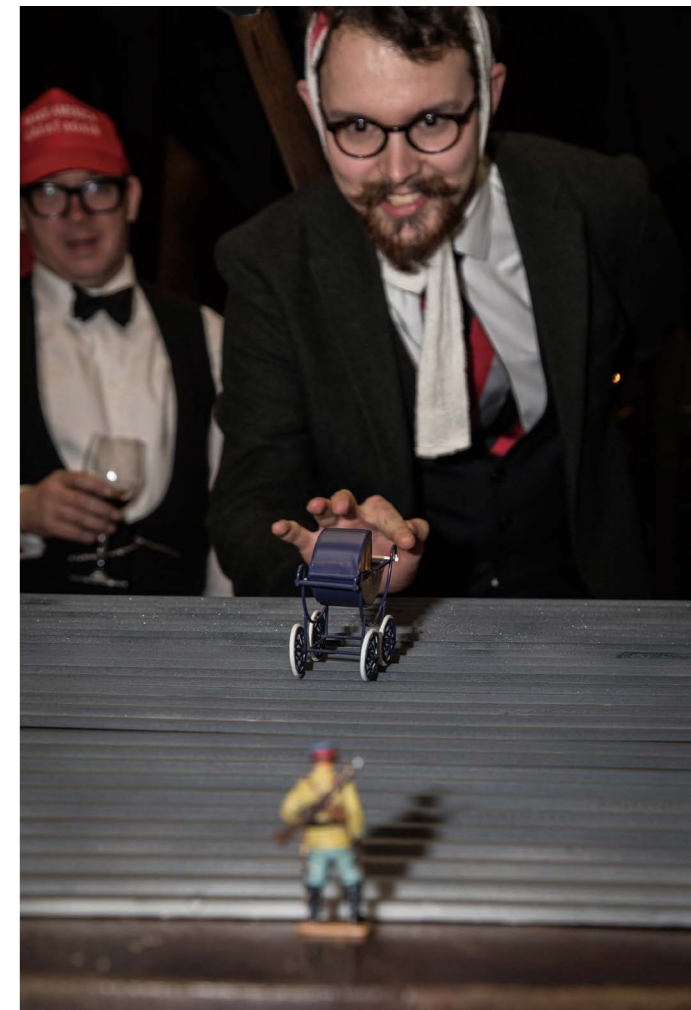
Odessa Steps saw players rolling a tiny pram down the steps from the famous scene in *Battleship Potemkin*; they scored points for reaching the bottom without falling over and spilling the baby on to the stones, and extra points for hitting the Cossack at the bottom. (Above and left) William's pram flips and tumbles the rest of the way



(Above) Jasper tries a delicate touch, to no avail; (right) a poignant reminder that in war it is always the children who suffer most



(Above and top left) Robert went on to win as the only person to reach the bottom safely and hit the Cossack; (below) excellent mad gleam from Jack



ATTENTION! WORKERS AND COMRADES! SAILORS, SOLDIERS AND MIXOLOGISTS OF THE SOVIETS! MEMBERS OF THE VANGUARD! IN ORDER TO MEET THE CHALLENGES WE FACE, WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO DEFEAT THE CAPITALIST WRECKERS! A FIVE YEAR PLAN IS REQUIRED TO BUILD UTOPIA!

Party Faction Name: *The Globe Trotters*

We, the members of the above party faction, submit in a comradely fashion our five year plan to the Central Party Committee for the Review of Party Faction Five Year Plan Suggestions (CPCRPFFYPS). We declare that the below are our key targets over the next five years.

To win the hearts of the People we MUST produce more: *a furnace to burn Any 5 year Plan proposals EXCEPT this one*

To protect the People we MUST ban: *Burn ALL other 5 year Plans*

The MOST IMPORTANT action the Party can do is to: *Burn ALL other 5 year Plan Proposals*

The MOST DANGEROUS enemy the PARTY faces is: *Sparrows*

We MUST establish the following industries: *Cheese*

Our NEW slogan to rally the People to the side of the Vanguard Party is: *Vote for us Now*

We DENOUNCE the following Party members as agents of the Okhrana:

Everyone!!!

BROTHERS AND SISTERS! MEMBERS OF THE CPCRPFFYPS THANK YOU FOR YOUR SELFLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY! HAND THIS TO A MEMBER OF THE CENTRAL PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE CENTRAL PARTY APPARATUS (CPCCPA) SO THAT IT MAY BE REVISED IN A COMRADELY FASHION BY OUR CHEKIST ORGANS. LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE! LONG LIFE TO THE PARTY! IT'S THE PEOPLES ROUND!

ATTENTION! WORKERS AND COMRADES! SAILORS, SOLDIERS AND MIXOLOGISTS OF THE SOVIETS! MEMBERS OF THE VANGUARD! IN ORDER TO MEET THE CHALLENGES WE FACE, WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO DEFEAT THE CAPITALIST WRECKERS! A FIVE YEAR PLAN IS REQUIRED TO BUILD UTOPIA!

Party Faction Name: *Teletubby Collective*

We, the members of the above party faction, submit in a comradely fashion our five year plan to the Central Party Committee for the Review of Party Faction Five Year Plan Suggestions (CPCRPFFYPS). We declare that the below are our key targets over the next five years.

To win the hearts of the People we MUST produce more: *Tubby Custard*

To protect the People we MUST ban: *Coldplay*

The MOST IMPORTANT action the Party can do is to: *Big hug*

The MOST DANGEROUS enemy the PARTY faces is: *That weird baby that lives in the sun*

We MUST establish the following industries: *Mescaline Harvesting*

Our NEW slogan to rally the People to the side of the Vanguard Party is: *Uh-Oh!*

We DENOUNCE the following Party members as agents of the Okhrana:

*Dipsy (for being tipsy)
Edgar Allan Po*

BROTHERS AND SISTERS! MEMBERS OF THE CPCRPFFYPS THANK YOU FOR YOUR SELFLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY! HAND THIS TO A MEMBER OF THE CENTRAL PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE CENTRAL PARTY APPARATUS (CPCCPA) SO THAT IT MAY BE REVISED IN A COMRADELY FASHION BY OUR CHEKIST ORGANS. LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE! LONG LIFE TO THE PARTY! IT'S THE PEOPLES ROUND!

ATTENTION! WORKERS AND COMRADES! SAILORS, SOLDIERS AND MIXOLOGISTS OF THE SOVIETS! MEMBERS OF THE VANGUARD! IN ORDER TO MEET THE CHALLENGES WE FACE, WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO DEFEAT THE CAPITALIST WRECKERS! A FIVE YEAR PLAN IS REQUIRED TO BUILD UTOPIA!

Party Faction Name: *KOMMISSAR SIR RICHARD D'ASTARDLY UNION SOVIET MOON SHINERS*

We, the members of the above party faction, submit in a comradely fashion our five year plan to the Central Party Committee for the Review of Party Faction Five Year Plan Suggestions (CPCRPFFYPS). We declare that the below are our key targets over the next five years.

To win the hearts of the People we MUST produce more: *NUCLEAR FACTORIES, LARGE DIESEL TRUCKS, FUR COATS (FOR THE SCHOOL RUN)*

To protect the People we MUST ban: *SPORTS CLOTHING, EXCEPT FOR OLYMPIC TEAM*

The MOST IMPORTANT action the Party can do is to: *QUADRUPLE THE SIZE OF THE ARMY NAVY AIR FORCE, CROQUET TEAM.*

The MOST DANGEROUS enemy the PARTY faces is: *VEGETARIANS*

We MUST establish the following industries: *WIND POWER*

Our NEW slogan to rally the People to the side of the Vanguard Party is: *IT IS BETTER TO LOSE INNOVATION THAN LET GUILTY ESCAPE!*

We DENOUNCE the following Party members as agents of the Okhrana: *(SEE ATTACHED 12 VOLUME APPENDIX)*

BROTHERS AND SISTERS! MEMBERS OF THE CPCRPFFYPS THANK YOU FOR YOUR SELFLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY! HAND THIS TO A MEMBER OF THE CENTRAL PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE CENTRAL PARTY APPARATUS (CPCCPA) SO THAT IT MAY BE REVISED IN A COMRADELY FASHION BY OUR CHEKIST ORGANS. LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE! LONG LIFE TO THE PARTY! IT'S THE PEOPLES ROUND!

ATTENTION! WORKERS AND COMRADES! SAILORS, SOLDIERS AND MIXOLOGISTS OF THE SOVIETS! MEMBERS OF THE VANGUARD! IN ORDER TO MEET THE CHALLENGES WE FACE, WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO DEFEAT THE CAPITALIST WRECKERS! A FIVE YEAR PLAN IS REQUIRED TO BUILD UTOPIA!

Party Faction Name: *DOWN MARKET BEACH RESORT OPERA SINGERS*

We, the members of the above party faction, submit in a comradely fashion our five year plan to the Central Party Committee for the Review of Party Faction Five Year Plan Suggestions (CPCRPFFYPS). We declare that the below are our key targets over the next five years.

To win the hearts of the People we MUST produce more: *SURGEONS*

To protect the People we MUST ban:

*BLUE PENS (WHERE GOD FORSAKEN PLACE YOU CLEANERS STEAL ALL BACK PENS?)
GO ON TO THE EARLY HOURS*

The MOST DANGEROUS enemy the PARTY faces is: *LYCHEES (WHY YOU LIKE SOCKING CARDBOARD?)*

We MUST establish the following industries: *FRUIT LIQUOR FERMENTING
SYNCHRONISED WIG MAKING
OUR NEW slogan to rally the People to the side of the Vanguard Party is: THEY HAVE PLASTIC CROCODILES BUT WE HAVE LARGE PARASOLS*

We DENOUNCE the following Party members as agents of the Okhrana: *OLIVER LANE (BREITBART MY ARSE, I BET HE REALLY WORKS FOR THE INDIE)*

BROTHERS AND SISTERS! MEMBERS OF THE CPCRPFFYPS THANK YOU FOR YOUR SELFLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY! HAND THIS TO A MEMBER OF THE CENTRAL PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE CENTRAL PARTY APPARATUS (CPCCPA) SO THAT IT MAY BE REVISED IN A COMRADELY FASHION BY OUR CHEKIST ORGANS. LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE! LONG LIFE TO THE PARTY! IT'S THE PEOPLES ROUND!



(Above) Torquil and Scarheart assess the Fabergé Challenge entries; (above right) the short list, including the winner, bottom right, and second place, top right—both by Miss Minna—and the third place, top centre, by Ella; (below) Jack is awarded the Order of Lenin for his winning Five-Year Plan

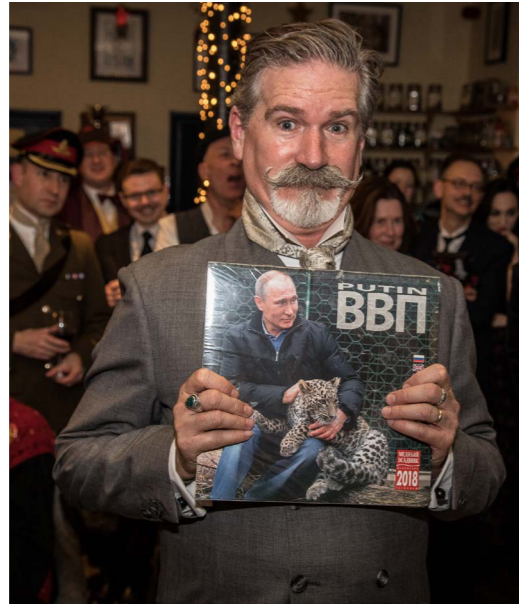


(Above) Chuckles manages to win two separate prizes of borscht with the same raffle ticket. I believe his exact words were, "Bastards."

(Above) John Callaghan wins a copy of *The Communist Manifesto* for achieving the loudest applause in the Rabble Rousing competition; (below) the raffle proper began with four huge cans of Russian lager, kindly donated by Suzanne: left to right, Capt. Coppice, Frances Mitchell, Stuart Mitchell, Miss Minna; (facing page) four Five-Year Plans, including the winner and two runners-up



A selection of the Grand Raffle prizes; (clockwise from right) The Earl of Essex lands a Jeremy Corbyn T-shirt (the Committee are considering a new regulation requiring him to wear it to all meetings); Lord Hare with a DVD of Eisenstein's *October 1917*; Maximillion Conrad wins an ice pick; Ed Marlowe with what tractor fans will recognise as a Soviet model T-28 (Hachette make a whole range of them, but they are only available in the Russian Federation, and via eBay); Grace sporting a genuine Russian military *ushanka* hat; William Cole with the ingredients of a White Russian (vodka, Kahlua and milk); (centre) Darcy Sullivan with a Vladimir Putin 2018 calendar (which also had to be sourced from Russia, surprisingly)



The Contessa di Campari scored what was arguably the star prize, an actual hammer and sickle—both stylish and practical



As if the Committee's generosity had not already gone supernova, each guest also got to take home a lavish goody bag containing a tasty and nutritious potato

To see the full set of photos from this event have a gander at the Club's Flickr album: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/sheridanclub/sets/721576880254728>



Some group photos before we all head off into the night: (right) peasants; (below) the military; (below right) White Russian aristos; (bottom right) radical intellectuals

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.



'Olly Swinyard

"Go big or go home"

Name or preferred name?

'Olly.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Well, I don't really mind people calling me Holly—I like my name—but 'Olly is just more gender-neutral and being nonbinary I think it's nice to have a

version of your name that doesn't feel explicitly male or female. Also it's fun to have an apostrophe in your name.

Where do you hail from?

I appear to have done something terrible in a previously life and have ended up in Tory heartland, Wokingham. I can feel my Labour Party membership burning in my pocket whenever I leave the house.

Favourite Cocktail?

Summer: English County Garden [gin with apple juice, lime juice, cucumber, sometimes elderflower liqueur —Ed]

Winter: Louisiana Jam [Southern Comfort, apple juice, lemon juice, apricot jam, mint —Ed]

Most Chappist skill?

I can make a three piece suit in 7–10 days in an amateur sort of way. Also I can tie a bow tie now, so that's something.

Most Chappist possession?

My grandfather's camera from when he was a police officer in Kenya in the 1950s. It still works.

Personal Motto?

One should so big or one should



go home.

Favourite Quotes?

"Coolcoolcoolcoolcool-coolsuresuresuresurenodoubtnodoubtnodoubt" – Jake Peralta, *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*

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

Because I'm dyslexic, and my job as a writer can make my brain tired and struggle to overcome the dyslexia, I often buy books and then download the audiobook and listen to that instead. I just like having the books on my shelves.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Not very long; a few months I think.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

Darcy was showing off about it on Facebook.

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

Taking a sewing class. It's very helpful to be able to sew your own buttons back on, or adjust a sleeve/trouser leg/waistband. Saves money and you get a warm little glow from doing something yourself.

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

Oh. Um. Er. The Doctor (all of them



and that totally counts as one person) because you'd get the highest level of intellect as well as some of the bawdiest humour imaginable and it would probably end up in a grand argument about the metaphysics of the cheeseboard. Vesta Tilly: I'm sure she'd have you all around the piano in no time and be ready to debate the ins and outs of gender and sexuality off the top of her rather fabulous top hat. And Alexandr Kallus just because I want to touch his glorious muttonchops. They are so beautiful.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Answer: Artemis Scarheart.

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

I have not and I'm probably going to try and convince you all that *The Lord of the Rings* reflects the fashion and styles of the Art Nouveau and Deco movements.

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.

DRINKING OFF-GRID

Ian White recounts his annual NSC Pub Crawl, which this year ventured into the frozen north to visit some choice hostelries so far-flung that public transport was called on to visit them all

THIS YEAR WAS a trip to an area that has not been explored before on a NSC crawl. It was much to the delight of a number of our fine members who were pleased that such an event was occurring in the proximity of their residences.

The mission was to enjoy four Grade II Listed public houses that were a fair distance apart—adding the tricky requirement of shepherding Members on and off a variety of public transport methods, without losing anyone.

To start off and to enable members to get to a starting point with the minimum of fuss, what could be easier than a pub directly opposite Alexandra Palace railway station? The Starting Gate is fine smallish Victorian corner street pub with the central island and plenty of features. A warm-up pint was consumed in a leisurely manner by the few who made it on time, while sundry late arrivals had to enjoy their beverages rather more quickly. From here it was an easy stroll straight across the road, back into the railway station, just in time to board a train heading south to Hornsey.

The Great Northern Railway is a fine purpose-built late Victorian pub serving a number of real ales and a large selection of craft beers. The bar staff were very happy to dispense taster shots to anyone interested—and of course a number of us took

up the offer and sampled an intriguing array of flavours. A good number of Members arrived at this point, swelling our numbers. We also got talking to a delightful gentleman who was there to raise a glass or three to a recently departed friend of his.

The 144 bus to Turnpike Lane was hailed: there was not much room downstairs, so we took the top deck seats at the back, for some reason various youths decided it was perhaps best for them to vacate the area. This was followed by a scramble across the busy junction of Turnpike



Pub 1, the Starting Gate, where (above) earlybirds got their booze game on



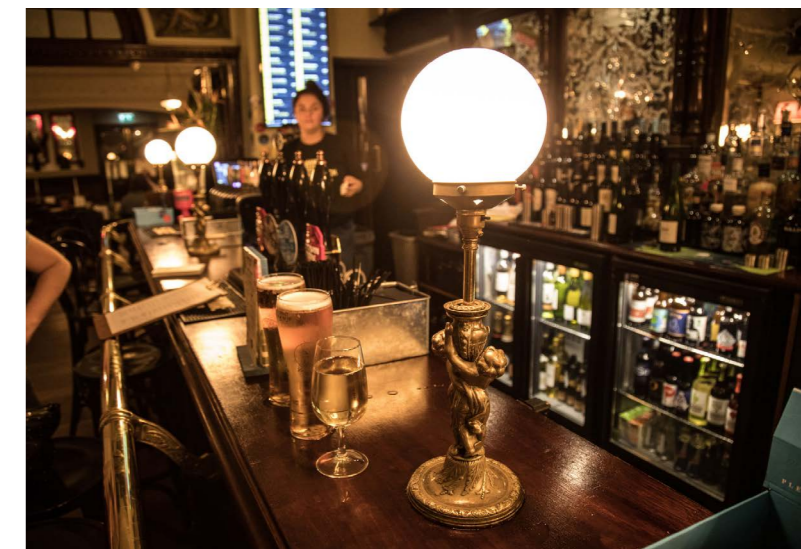
Pub 2, The Great Northern Railway Tavern, elegant outside and opulent inside. Lord Hare (bottom) is suitably awe-struck

Lane and on to another bus down to the very fine Salisbury. Even at five o'clock in the evening it was rammed with drinkers of various ages and stages of celebration, all in a pub that is a fine testament to the high Victorian design of a purpose-built boozery.

Not far from the Salisbury is the excellent bakery premises of Yasar Halim, offering wonderful Greek pastries—just the kind of good comfort food to enjoy on an afternoon of a few beverages. From here a small bus whisked us to Crouch End and into the Queens, the sister pub of the Salisbury. Again, fine Victorian Architecture and a lively atmosphere. However, it was all too soon time to depart and head southwards to Central London, by bus to



Finsbury Park and then by overground train to King's Cross. In the Parcel Yard pub even more Members arrived to bear witness to the travellers returned,



and I don't think we lost anyone en route.

It was a great day out, with fine buildings and excellent drinks quaffed. If you didn't make it then the details and addresses are in the previous Newsletter, so take an afternoon and enjoy these splendid places of refreshment.



(Above) Pub 3, the mighty Salisbury, and (left) its equally lofty interior; (below) a dodgy group-shot opportunity not to be missed; (opposite page, clockwise from top left) the only way to travel, top deck of the 144; Pub 4, the Queens; the cosy interior of the Queens; survivors photo outside our final pub; Benjamin looks on approvingly as Henry sticks his snout in a pint; group shot in the Parcel Yard, with Rachel now with us too (although in fact Culpepper was still to roll up after this); more elegant cosiness at the Queens, though this enticing dining room had been completely booked out, much to Laurence's annoyance.





CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE from right: ad from Alex Sainsbury, Actuarius found this James Cagney still in a *Chap* post on Facebook; Oliver Lane found this Russian peasant dress looking for... something for the weekend; Atlanta Falcons American football kit courtesy of Will Smith; two more *Mad Men* spots; facing page, clockwise from top left, Instagram post by Nicholas Foulkes with an NSC dress (thanks to Will Smith); yes, an NSC sewing machine, from Ivan Debono; Mitterrand in a discrete NSC tie from Benjamin Negroto; a Hugo Boss hat, a modernist building and Arthur Atkins from *The Fast Show* (albeit in black and white) from Debono, plus Lee Mack on *Would I Lie to You?* (but see issue 125 where Alan Davies is wearing the same shirt).



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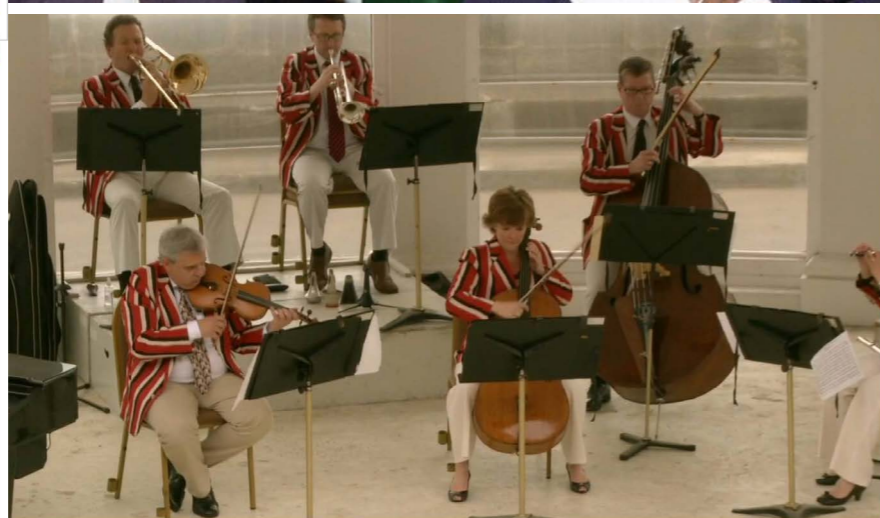
Photo

n_foulkes Four Seasons Hotel des Bergues Geneva >

Liked by 3_pairs_of_cords_and_the_truth, waynefrombuckhursthill and 483 others

n_foulkes At the lobster risotto reception for





(Clockwise from top left) A potential Club dressing gown from Adrian Prooth; Robert Mugabe with Joshua Nkomo, the latter revealing his Club affiliation (thanks to Giles Culpepper), Niklas Wiksell was confronted with this musical ensemble while watching *Antiques Roadshow*; Sir Clive Woodward, from Dickie Sampson; another sighting of Prince Charles in The Tie; a Tommy Hilfiger cardigan from Ivan Debono again (who clearly has no work to be getting on with); national treasure Tim Peake, with both Club cub-scout scarf and, as a bonus, a Club nuclear warhead nearby; a Club rugby shirt, spotted by Will Smith on oldrugbyshirts.com



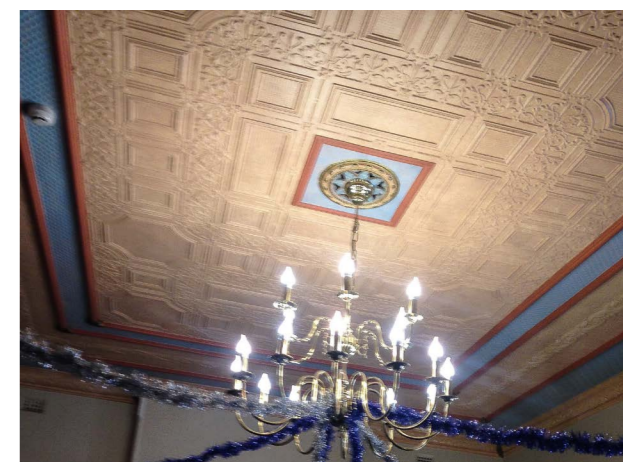
New Members

THREE NEW BUGS this time: Robert Hancock joins us all the way from Charlotte, North Carolina, while Rino Kristiansen hails from Gamle Frederikstad in Norway and describes himself as an absinthe connoisseur (well, I imagine the nights are long in winter). Finally, closer to home in Ealing, west London, Jasper Jones (husband of Linda Laubscher who joined in July) came to our Christmas party and saw the light—see pages 11 and 17.

The United Service Club Queensland

ANTIPODEAN MEMBER Keith Petersen sends these snaps from the United Service Club in Spring Hill, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

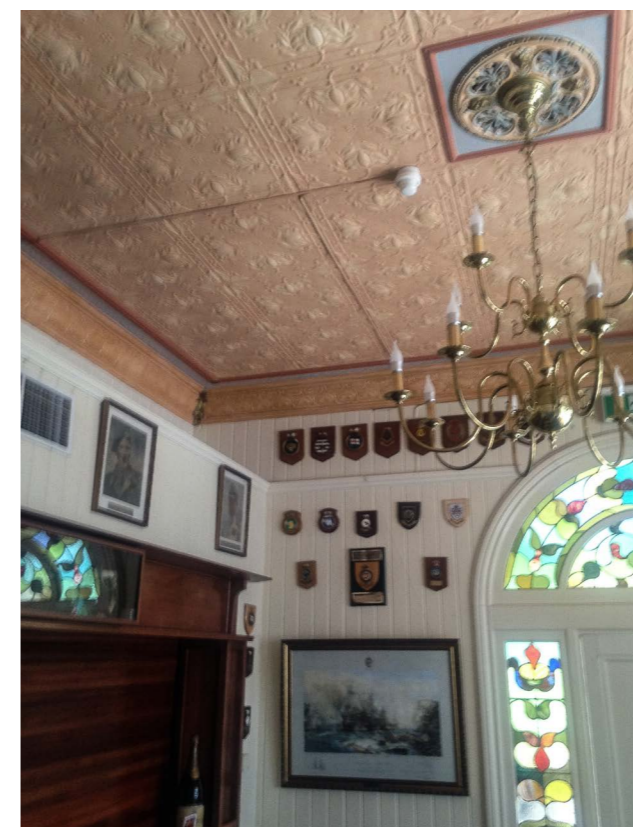
“A view north-east from the Green House, the older part of the Club’s Premises; plus views of the Military Bar and the Moreton Room. The last two illustrate a local peculiarity: pressed metal ceilings painted in what I take to be an Indo-Persian colour scheme (with Kashmiri-looking stained glass transoms) of 100 years ago.



“The club itself was founded in 1893 as a club for officers of the Queensland Military Forces prior to Federation on 1901. It retains a military flavour, though admission to business and the professions, and to women, was ordained a long time ago.

“The Club has numerous reciprocals in Australia and overseas, including the RAC, Oxford & Cambridge and Lansdowne Clubs in London and the New and Royal Scots in Edinburgh.

“An excellent club with good quality accommodation, fine dining and tasty informal bar meals. Reciprocal members from the UK tend to stay there whenever they’re in Brisbane.”





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 6th December

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 clarinetist 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 Coco Club Christmas Ball

Saturday 9th December

7.30–11.30pm

Plaza Suite, Stag Theatre, Sevenoaks, TN13 1ZZ

Admission: £18—available from the Stag Theatre Box Office



Come and Lindy-Hop round the Christmas tree at the Candlelight Club's yuletide party

Dress: Black tie/Evening wear/1930s Glamour

The Coco Club is an evening evoking the style and glamour of a 1930s nightclub. The Christmas Ball features period music from Empire Radio and live performances by the fabulous Brandyn Shaw and his Rhythm Makers.

Dance to all the great British Bands of the period such as Carroll Gibbons, Lew Stone, Jack Hylton, Ambrose and Roy Fox in the lovely Art Deco-style Plaza Suite.

The Art Deco Ball

Sunday 10th December

8–11pm

Lauderdale House, Waterlow Park, Highgate Hill, London N6 5HG

Admission: £15

Dress: Your best vintage threads

Dance to live music by The Art Deco Night Owls in the stunning upper room at Lauderdale House. Led by Cassella Bailes, the

8-piece “hot dance orchestra” will be presenting their part-orchestrated, part-improvised (as it was back in the day), 1920s and 1930s repertoire particularly for Balboa, Foxtrot and Charleston dancers. To book email nikki@hotjazzrag.com or info@thenightowls.co.uk or telephone Cassella & the Night Owls 01279 434 796.

The Candlelight Club's Christmas Party

Friday 15th December

[Saturday 16th sold out]

7pm–12am

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 a three-course bistro dinner menu. See www.thecandlelightclub.com.

This time it's a Christmas party, witnessing

The Gangster Squad
PRESENTS
WHITE MISCHIEF
CABARET & DANCE

Vocal Performance
Hattie Bee

The Canberra Club,
Salmesbury Aerodrome
Balderstone, Nr Blackburn,
BB2 7LF. (Junction 31 - M6)

Music By
THE LIVE

Sat 16th Dec 2017
7.30 till Midnight
Tickets: £10.00
Eventbrite:
goo.gl/L7xCm7
Tel: 07739 231 991
Connect:

the very welcome riotous return of Duncan Hemstock and his All-Stars. Presiding over the mayhem as ever will be Lord of Cabaret Misrule Champagne Charlie, with DJ Auntie Maureen spinning vintage platters.

“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 15th December

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-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.

The Gangster Squad presents

White Mischief

Saturday 16th December

7.30pm–12am

The Canberra Club, Salmesbury Aerodrome, Balderstone, Nr Blackburn, Lancashire BB2 7LF

Admission: £10 from Eventbrite

Dress: Vintage Colonial elegance,

Dr Livingstone, Indian summer...

Join the squad for a night of decadent and hedonistic cabaret and dance to the music of the 1930s played by GI Jive and vocal performance from the lovely Hattie Bee, in the atmosphere of the colonial club houses frequented by the British aristocracy, who lived a lavish, elegant lifestyle where scandalous behaviour was accepted as a way of life.

Swingland presents

The Winter Swing Ball

Saturday 16th December

Hammersmith Club, 11 Rutland Grove, Hammersmith, London W6 9DH

Admission: £25 in advance, £30 on the door
Dress: A touch of vintage sparkle appreciated

A night of dancing to live music and top swing DJs. Includes beginners swing dance class. Non-dancers are very welcome so bring your friends. Held in the splendid surroundings of the newly refurbished period dance hall at The Hammersmith Club, London W6.

7pm: Doors open and beginners' swing dance lesson. If you're new to swing dancing this is an opportunity to learn a few simple, fun steps to try out later on. You don't need a partner and you don't need any previous experience.

7.45pm–12am: Music and dancing, with live playing from the truly authentic Palace Avenue Swing, plus top swing DJs bringing you the best in Big Band swing, R 'n' B, Jump and early Rock 'n' Roll.

10pm Cabaret: a short show dance.

The New Sheridan Club Annual Christmas Moot

Thursday 21st December

From 6pm

The Rising Sun, 38 Cloth Fair, London EC1A 7JQ

Admission: Free

The traditional Christmas pub get-together, the official purpose of which is to check that Lord Mendrick is still alive. (He works in some fly-blown colony and seldom makes it back to Blighty at any other time of the year.) For years this was traditionally held at the Dover Castle pub, but after that



Scenes of unbridled merriment at last year's NSC Christmas Moot

was closed down we found a new home at the Rising Sun last year.

The Liverpool League of Gentlemen (and Extraordinary Ladies) presents

The League Christmas Party

Friday 22nd December

7–10pm

The Baltic Fleet pub, 33a Wapping, Liverpool L1 8DQ

Not much information available on this, but I guess if you're familiar with the League then this is all the information you need. See the Facebook event.

A Curious Invitation presents

New Year's Eve Eve Masquerade Ball

Saturday 30th December

9pm–3am

The Century Club, 61–63 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1D 6LG

Suzette Field invites you to see in the New Year a whole 24 hours early in Soho's exclusive Century Club. Be the first to raise a glass of Champagne to 2018 (before even those people on Christmas Island) amid four floors of bands, DJs and cabaret performers. A chance to get your revelling in while drinks are still at everyday prices and to pay a non-inflated cab fare home. Then on New Year's Eve proper you can enjoy a quiet night in. Or come out and do it all over again. See acuriousinvitation.com.

The Candlelight Club's New Year's Eve Ball

Sunday 31st December

7pm–2am

A secret east London location

Admission: £55–60 in advance

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

See above. This time it's a special 1920s New Year's Eve event in a grand, long-forgotten venue in east London, featuring two rooms of entertainment: in the **Ballroom** revels will be presided over by Lord of Cabaret Misrule Champagne Charlie, with live jazz from the Bubbly Boys, Charleston dance 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, with tub-thumping twisted cabaret tunes from the Bohemianauts in the early evening, followed by two variety shows hosted by strict mistress of the Berlin cabaret, Eva Von Schnippisch, with burlesque from Ruby Deshabillé, hooping and acrobatics from Abigail Collins and surreally comic songs from Elliot Mason.

Want to know what 2018 holds for you? Our fortune tellers Foxglove and Lucius will be on hand to advise.



Palace Avenue Swing will be playing at Swingland's Winter Swing Ball

On my way to the NSC pub crawl I crossed the City where the Lord Mayor's parade was taking place. I assume this girl in a Rolls Royce armoured car was connected but she could just have been doing some ram-raiding

