

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • No. 143 • SEPTEMBER 2018



Club rules

Was 19th-century Britain governed from the clubs of St James's? Seth Thévoz reveals all

The polo coat

Luca Jellinek on this overlooked outerwear

Keeping up with the Courtaulds

Callum Coates on the Club's assault on Eltham Palace

CHARM AND HAMMER

The Club gets cracking at its annual Watermere Memorial Croquet Tournament



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 5th September in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. George Tudor-Hart will fill us in on *A history of English ballroom dancing, its influence on black American dance—and how to measure your own musicality*. The talk will look at current misconceptions of our ballroom dance history, how it spawned jive, tango and salsa, examining why ballroom dancing hasn't been part of the vintage revival over the past 30 years, and indeed has been going the wrong way for the past 70 years.



George shows the youth how it's done (at Herr Kettner's Kabaret in 2012)

The Last Meeting

Our speaker last month was Member Seth Thévoz, talking on the subject of private members' clubs: he has just written a book, *Club Government*, analysing the 19th-century belief that much of government business was sorted out behind closed doors in the clubs of St James's.

Seth looked at the origins and history of

such clubs, and how the popular stereotype of the dusty place where old men snoozed in silence only came about in the mid-20th century. Originally they were lively, convivial places run for young bucks, not expensive to join. It wasn't hard to pass muster to be allowed to join, but waiting lists soon became enormous. The

shift came as alternatives became more attractive and members stopped signing up their sons, creating a timebomb. As numbers dwindled fees had to go up, which caused numbers to dwindle further. So by the 1950s clubs were indeed inhabited by a few ageing die-hard members, with high membership fees, hence the cartoon stereotype. And was the Victorian Government covertly run from Clubland? After Parliament burned down in 1834 Clubland became the de facto temporary seat of government, and it was

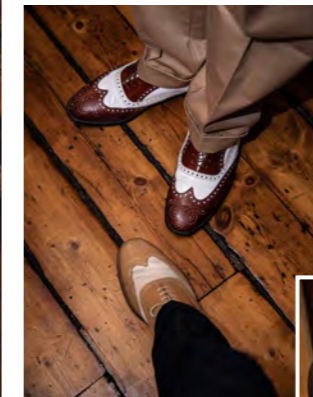
easier for whips to visit just a few clubs to find MPs for a vote. But financial interference was less than might be imagined. An essay version of Seth's talk begins on page 4.



(Above) Eyes on the prize; (right) Ed Marlowe simpers



(Above and right) Seth attacks his subject; (below) Kathryn Best and Sarah Bowerman; (below right) a riot of co-respondents



Seth explains the significance of "gendered spaces".



Tim Eyre and Stewart Lister Vickers



Stephen, Tim and the Contessa prop up the bar



Smoker's Alley

CLUBS

and 'Club Government'

Seth Thévoz looks at the rise, fall and influence of the gentleman's club

CLUBS SUMMON up a distinctive image. James Gillray was absolutely obsessed with them—he lived on St James's Street and when he was starved for inspiration he found that the clubs of St James's provided ample material for his satirical cartoons. Venal, bloated, self-indulgent, overprivileged men in clubs loom large in Gillray's work—and in the received image of clubs.

Yet there was more to the club than this. The

popular image of clubs had a grain of truth: they did indeed begin as aristocratic gambling dens, at a time when gambling was both highly fashionable and highly illegal. Even then, there was more to the club than met the eye. It remained tightly regulated by a set of norms that I would describe as "aristocratic proto-socialism". The club, a word which owed its meaning to clubbing together to the common good, was bound by the behaviours of its early aristocratic members.



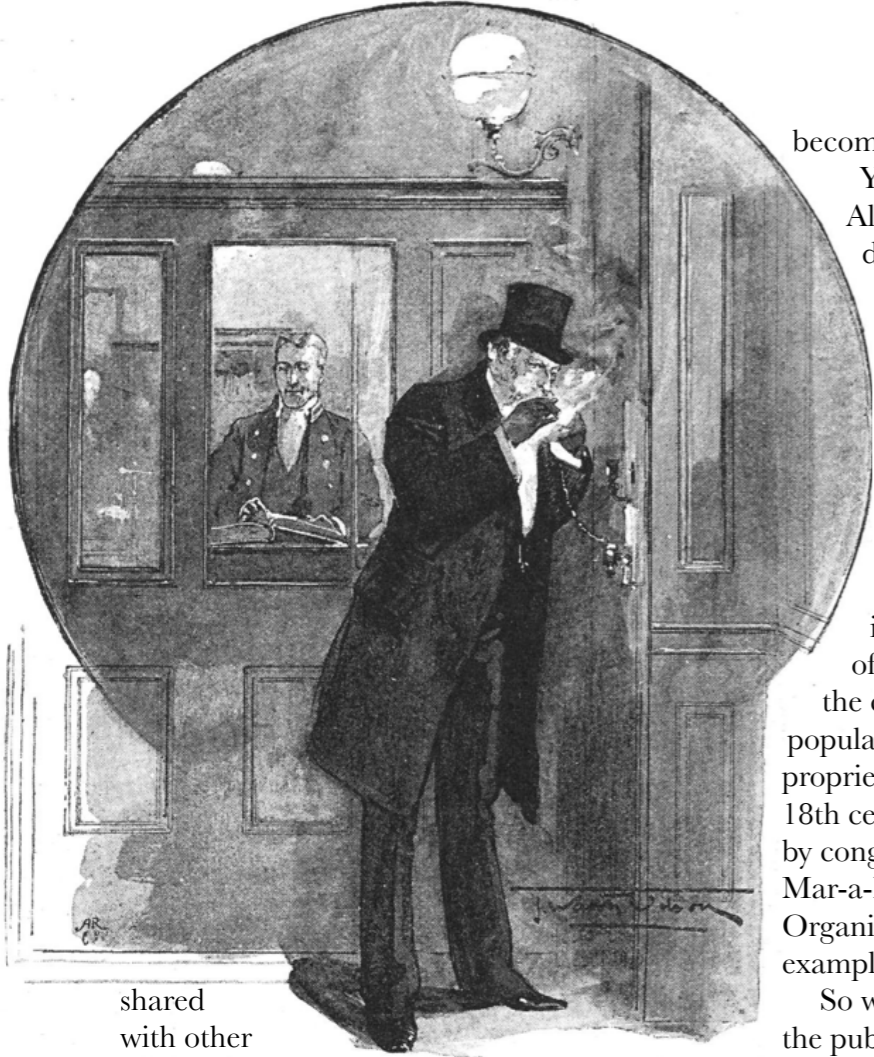
All this changed through the “golden age of clubs”, which ran from around 1800 until the First World War. The most vital component of this was the foundation of the Union Club in 1799. Established to celebrate the Acts of Union then passing parliament, the Union Club was revolutionary. It was the first members-owned club, replacing the proprietary clubs which had preceded it. Rather than falling prey to an exploitative landlord, clubs found that the Union Club's example was the preferred one to follow. Throughout the 19th century, it was the Union Club's rulebook which formed the template for British clubs at home and abroad. By the end of the century, even the proprietorial clubs such as White's, Boodle's and Brooks's had all staged “management buy-outs” on behalf of their members, and had become members-owned clubs.

The other major development which helped fuel the growth of clubs was the expansion of the middle class in the wake of the Industrial Revolution. From the 1810s, a new wave of larger, middle-class clubs (typically numbering 1,000 or so members rather than 500) was established, often themed around middle-class occupations and interests. Each of these tried to outdo the more established clubs in increasingly

grandiose buildings. Furthermore, the Victorian definition of the middle classes embraced a degree of flexibility which is often overlooked, so that by the end of the century, it was relatively easy for any determined man—or woman (for there were women's clubs, and mixed-sex clubs)—to join at least some club. The diversity of London, a global metropolis with links to every major city in the world, meant that “Clubland” was also highly diverse, and it is often overlooked how many ethnic and religious minorities were represented in clubs by the late Victorian period.

Furthermore, clubs sprouted up all over. London was the global capital of clubs, with some 400. But everywhere the British, Spanish and Portuguese Empires went, they established clubs—many survive to this day. Furthermore, although clubs are a major feature of the Anglosphere, it was in the Americas that they started—the world's oldest clubs were founded in north America long before White's, Boodle's and Brooks's were operating as clubs, and the club can be seen as an American innovation which the British appropriated and made their own.

What made the club so distinctive from other places to socialise was its use of space. A space



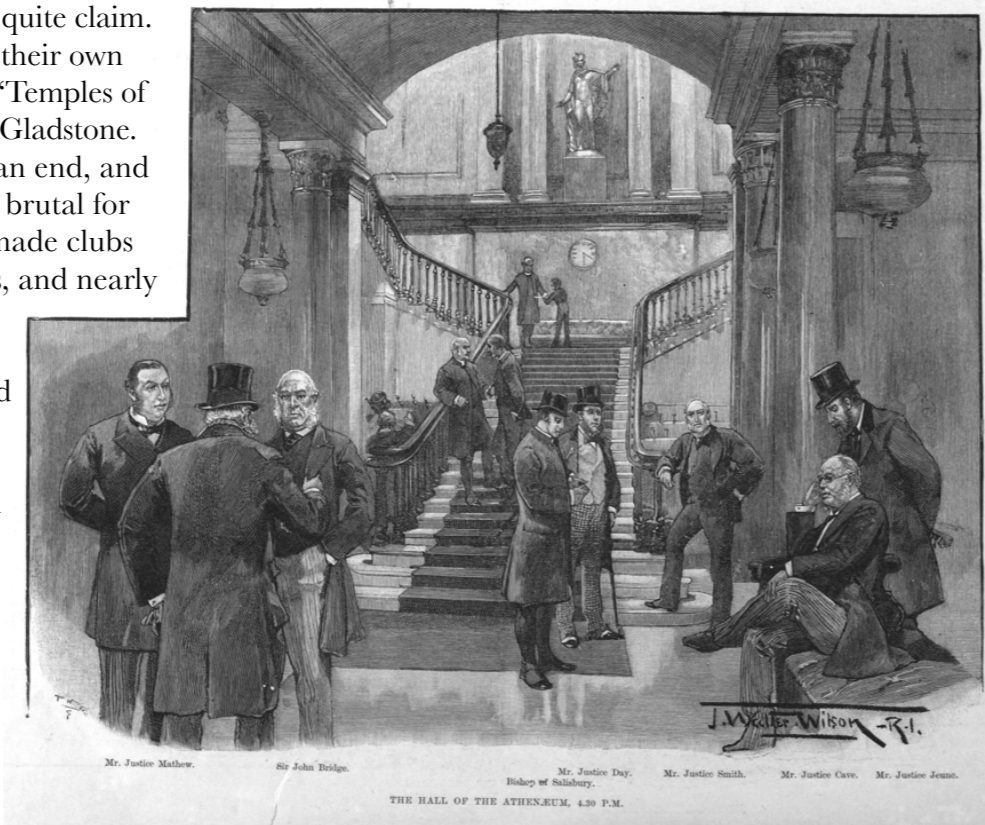
shared with other members, neither wholly public nor private, but certainly private from the outside world, and bringing together like-minded members with shared interests. This was something which no pub, tavern, fraternity, or society could quite claim. And with clubhouses coming into their own in the 19th century, they became “Temples of luxury and ease”, in the words of Gladstone.

All good things must come to an end, and the 20th century was particularly brutal for clubs. A combination of factors made clubs less economical between the wars, and nearly finished them off: rising land values, demographic change and dwindling memberships all played their part. Moreover, clubs came to draw a stench of death and decay which will be familiar from the many modern caricatures of clubs. In their heyday, clubs had been innovative and original, pioneering modern technology such as newspapers, telegraph wires, telephones, gas lighting, electrical lighting and passenger lifts. By the 1950s, they had

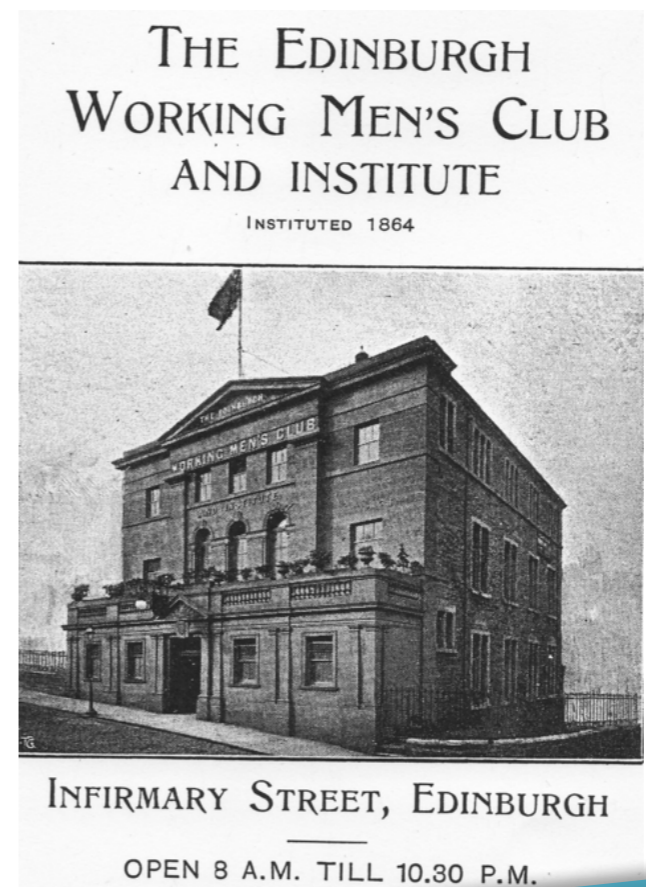
become stuffy mausoleums. Yet the club business model lives on. Although the club has had many ups and downs, it has proved highly adaptable in inspiring many different types of institution—the subscription library, the golf club, the country club, the comedy club and even the strip club owe their existence to legislation specifically framed around the clubs of the 19th century. And the most far-reaching spin-off of all was the working men’s club, pioneered by the Rev. Henry Solly in the 1850s, aimed at bringing a slice of Pall Mall to local communities. Today, the club business model is arguably more popular than ever, with a resurgence of the proprietary club of the type so common in the 18th century—although now they are owned by conglomerates rather than individuals. The Mar-a-Lago Club operated by the Trump Organisation remains the most conspicuous example.

So what of “Club Government”? It gripped the public imagination in the 19th century, with manifold tales of shadowy political puppet-masters plotting in Pall Mall. The novels of Disraeli and Trollope in particular popularised

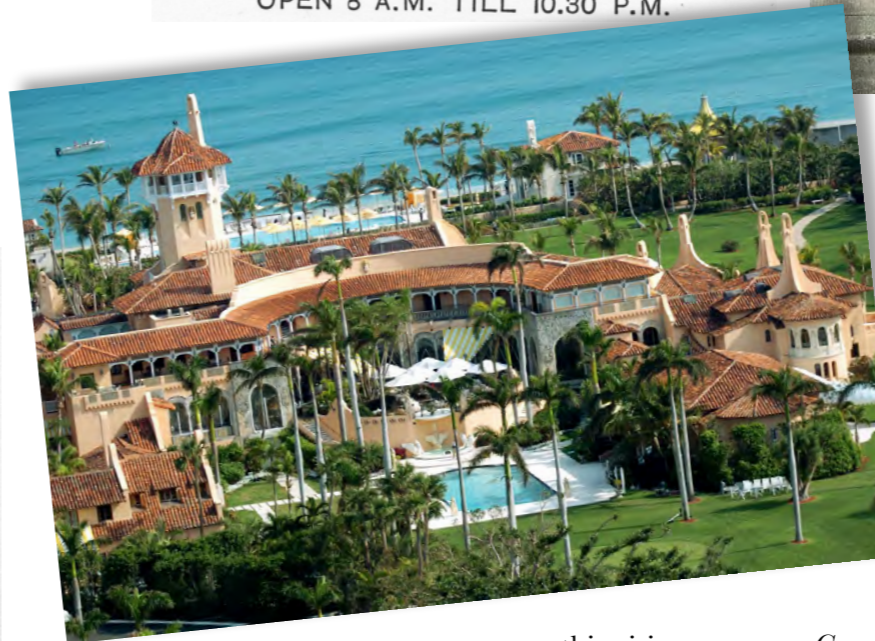
The club environment offered sociability, exclusivity and privacy; (above) clubs were also early adopters of technology



Mr. Justice Mathew. Sir John Bridges. Mr. Justice Day. Bishop of Salisbury. Mr. Justice Smith. Mr. Justice Carr. Mr. Justice Jenon. THE HALL OF THE ATHENÆUM, 4.30 P.M.



The gentleman’s club model went on to inspire and facilitate other forms of club, including Peter Cook’s Establishment Club and Trump’s Mar-a-Lago



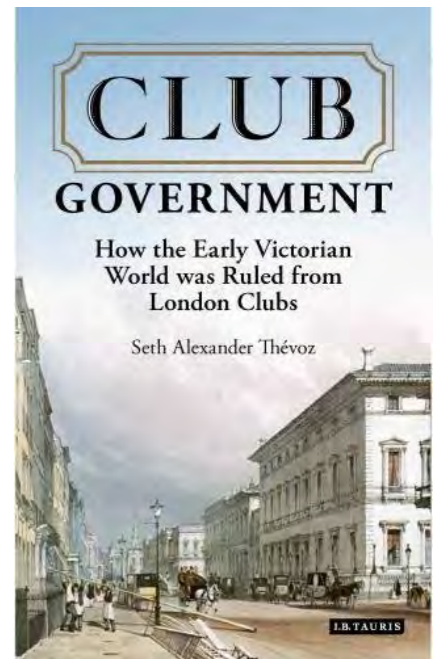
estate remained a noisy building site. As such, many of the key functions of government moved away from Westminster, and into the clubs, which had a number of distinct advantages

in being shrouded in secrecy. My new book, *Club*

this vision. Yet it is worth clarifying what “Club Government” was not. It was not a case of rapacious party managers routinely bribing the electors of Britain from their Pall Mall layers. For while there were election funds run from clubs, my research shows that they were modest in size, and very select in their use. Instead, “Club Government” was more the product of happenstance. The great fire of 1834 devastated the old Houses of Parliament, and for the next three and a half decades, the parliamentary

Government, is a detailed study of precisely how and why that came about.

Club Government: How the Early Victorian World was Ruled from London Clubs is published by I.B. Tauris.



CHARM AND HAMMER

The Club whacks balls in style at its annual Watermere Memorial Croquet Tournament

FOR MANY YEARS the NSC held its own annual cricket match, The Tashes, nobly organised by William M. Watermere. But, much as the average Sheridanite loves tradition, in recent times it became clear that this was one tradition that no longer met Members' requirements. The jaunt involved hiring a suitable pitch and pavilion, at not inconsiderable expense—originally this was in far-flung Roehampton, but even after we moved to relatively accessible Greenwich Park, we regularly found not nearly enough players were turning up to cover costs or field two teams.

So last year we decided to put the Tashes on hold and instead decorate our August with a croquet match. We chose Regent's Park for its accessibility and lack of any hire fees, and what little equipment was involved we already had in the form of a croquet set that Craigoh won as a raffle prize at one of our parties. (OK, the hoops are a little lacking in rigidity—in fact you could probably make more robust hoops by bending a coathanger—but the unusual shapes make for





more sport.) Most importantly, the minimum number of people required is just two.

This year we returned to Regent's Park, on Saturday 25th August. Last year's pitch, opposite the Broad Walk Café, turned out to be rather lumpy, so for 2018 we found another field of dreams, still within reach of the café and its facilities, but on the other side, by the walls of St John's Lodge. The scattered trees turned out to be a boon when the weather forecasts of both the Internet and our resident meteorology expert turned out to be way off the mark and it started raining on us. You'll notice from the photos that all the picnic fare, campaign furniture, etc, has been dragged under the protection of the branches.

As for the game itself, I am reliably informed that a true croquet match takes days and it's possible that no one is now alive who fully understands the rules. So we once again followed Torquil's suggestion of playing "golf croquet". This is a simplified game: each player uses a mallet to knock their own ball through a series of hoops in a prescribed sequence, but in this version once one player has been the first to make it through a hoop, all players then move their attention to the next hoop, which speeds up the game no end. When the course has been

completed the final target is a wooden post in the centre of the pitch. I think in conventional croquet the winner is the first person to make it to the post, but with golf croquet this doesn't really work, so the winner was deemed the person who scored the most hoops.

We played a number of games then, in order to find an overall champion, got the winners of individual matches to play a final.

To add more knife-edge tension to the final, it was played one-handed. This suggestion was dropped casually by Torquil himself—who turned out to be well-practised at playing one-handed... (Torquil is something of a ringer, having played for his sixth-form croquet team. If there is such a thing as croquet hustling, you can be fairly sure that this is how he spends his summers.)

Unsurprisingly, the day's *victor ludorum* was Torquil himself. As an unexpected bonus we had a prize, kindly donated by Floyd Toussaint, of a hip-flask in the shape of a fish. The flask came prefilled with what Floyd described only as "intoxicating liquor": we had some fun swigging from the flask, trying to identify the spirit. It definitely had some Amaretto in it, but my guess is that this was blended with something like rum, or perhaps a light whisky.



(Above) Picnickers wisely installed under the rain-repellent canopy of the trees; (left) still life with a pie and the splendid hipflask donated by Floyd; (below) I think this old-school transport was Priya's (either that or she just stole it to ride home on); (bottom) thanks go to both Floyd (l) and Adrian (r) for additional photos; (opposite page) there was a certain amount of confusion about the rules...





A lot of it was just standing around with a drink in your hand; (right) Pandora discovers that one-handed playing means you don't have to put your drink down



Brioche the dog was sporting her own NSC colours



(Aove) Pandora and Luca watch the chaos from the sidelines; (right) Lorna readies the old warhammer; (left) it was about here that Chloe discovered that the head of the green mallet sometimes flies off; (below) Torquil receives his prize; (below right) afterwards, we repair to the Edinboro Castle pub for some post-match analysis



Max's wellies proved a shrewd choice of footwear in the rain



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.



Contessa di Campari

Name or preferred name?

The Contessa di Campari.

Why that nom de plume?

I do consume quite a lot of the stuff— probably something equivalent to the famed European Campari lake.

Where do you hail from?

I am proud to have been born and raised in

Tooting, south London. Those old enough to remember the popular TV comedy of the 1970s *Citizen Smith* will recall its accurate portrayal as a hotbed of radicalism and revolution.

Favourite Cocktail?

I do love a Negroni (mmm... Campari), but a Dry Martini will always test the mettle of a barman and should be the “gold standard” against which the recommendation of a watering hole is made.

Most Chappist skill?

Extensive knowledge of fountain pens, inks and nib width as the result of writing in a distinctive italic hand. Also ability to quote chapter and verse on the *Mapp and Lucia* stories of E.F. Benson.

Most Chappist possession?

Full range of fountain pens from an inherited selection of Watermans and an original Parker '51 to the full blown Mont Blanc Meisterstück.

Personal Motto?

Not so much a motto, but I have inherited a saying that my father liked, which has several variations, but in essence is: “The man who never made a mistake, never made anything.” It’s very useful when things don’t quite go to plan. Which is most of the time.

Favourite Quotes?

Given my interest in E.F. Benson, a cheery “Au Reservoir!” seems a suitable conclusion for most personal encounters. That and a line from a sketch by the great Ronnie Barker, whenever questioned about the addition of ice and lemon to an alcoholic drink—“if there’s room in the glass”.

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

I’m Chairman of the London Guild of Weavers, Spinners and Dyers. I own five spinning wheels and am just negotiating the acquisition of a sixth.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

About four years, I think.

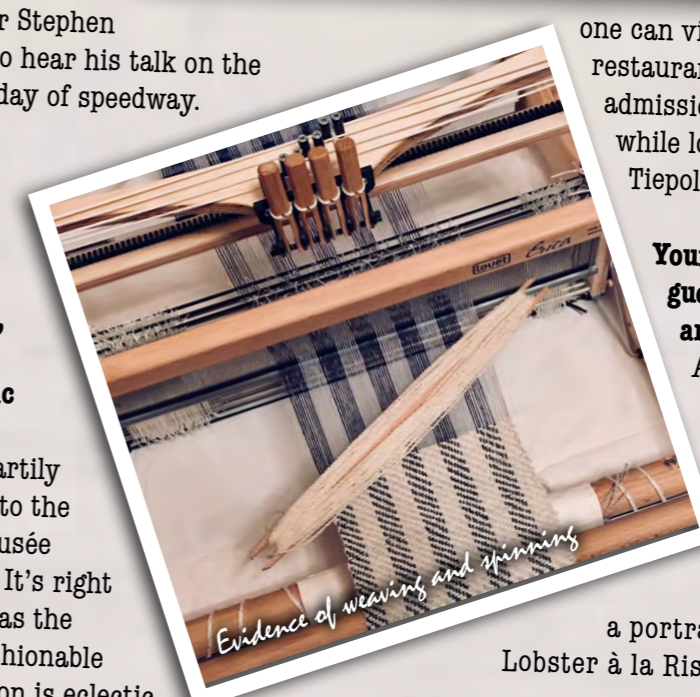
How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

My old friend, and cyclist extraordinaire, Mr Stephen invited me along to hear his talk on the subject of the heyday of speedway.

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

When in Paris I heartily recommend a visit to the often-overlooked Musée Jacquemart-André. It’s right in the centre, but has the proportions of a fashionable chateau, its collection is eclectic but first rate, and if museums aren’t your thing (see me outside afterwards), then

Fountain pen wrangling



one can visit their excellent café/ restaurant without paying the admission fee and have tea and buns while lounging beneath an original Tiepolo ceiling.

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

Albrecht Dürer, my favourite artist from history, and Mapp and Lucia from fiction so they could slyly bicker over who would be the better subject for a portrait. We would be served Lobster à la Riseholme, of course.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart. (I didn’t know this questionnaire was an “autofill” form.)

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

I haven’t yet, but admit that I know a little about a lot of subjects. I therefore fear that any turn I could present would not stand up to the ever-forensic questioning of the esteemed membership and I would be revealed as an out and out fraud.

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.

With long-time mucker Stephen Myhill



Keeping Up With the

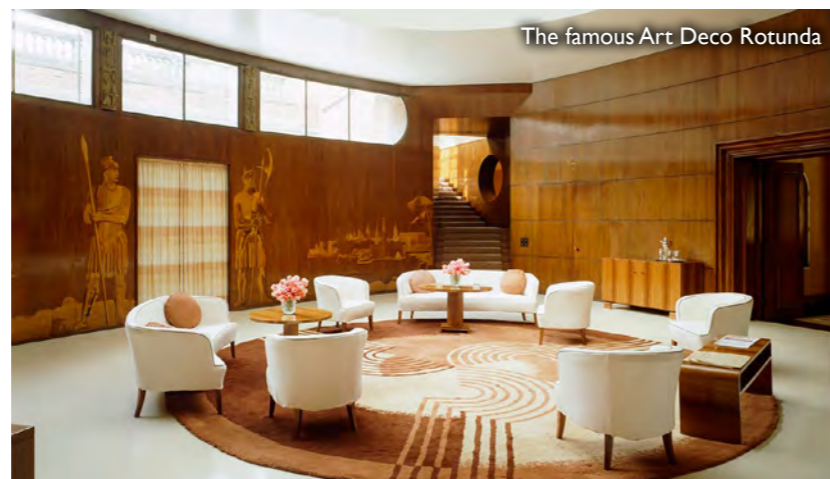
Callum Coates on the Art Deco rave he organised for the August bank holiday



The exterior of the palace, incorporating the medieval Great Hall on the right

ELTHAM, GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH... Just off the southbound A2, hidden behind leafy boughs and ancient brick walls, separated from the bustle of modern life by a carp-filled moat, lies a true architectural gem of the 20th century. A medieval palace, reimaged in 1936 by England's richest couple, Stephen and Virginia Courtauld, in fine Art Deco/Renaissance/Neo-Classical style. Despite its unique combination of different styles, Eltham Palace is totally iconic of the 1930s.

In the Rotunda lobby and the Dining Room, you feel as though you are on a cruise ship (the



The famous Art Deco Rotunda

interior designer went on to do the Queen Mary); the bedrooms wouldn't be out of place at the Savoy Hotel; the Italian Drawing Room could be in Florence. The Long Gallery is

Courtaulds

practically Stuart. The medieval Great Hall was built by Edward IV and is just waiting for Errol Flynn to swing from the rafters in knitted tights and a flashing smile. It's been featured in so many TV shows and films, it will feel strangely familiar, even on your first visit.

Stephen inherited his wealth from his silk-weaving Huguenot family, who had made fortunes through Rayon and other artificial fabrics. He was a war-hero playboy (MC and citation) who spent his money on art, adventure, mountaineering, travel, and setting up Ealing Studios. His half-Italian, quarter-Hungarian, fiery tempered, tattooed, aristocratic wife, Virginia, brought even more money to their marriage and a passion for all things European and modern and was a driving force behind Eltham's design.

A private Xanadu for only a few years, war stopped play and the Courtaulds gave the magnificent building and grounds to the ministry of blowing things up. Hushed rumours

of S.O.E. training still persist. After the war, The Army Education Corps moved in and stayed for a few decades until it was handed to the Nation.

Last Bank Holiday, the Nation gave it to me. Or rather, English Heritage did. I was commissioned to bring Eltham back to its glory days as a private home, a party venue and a magnet to the rich, famous and powerful. My brief—make it feel like the visitors (Joe Public) are guests at one of the Courtaulds' house parties.

I set the event in 1937, when the house was only a year old and had actors playing known staff and guests, including the new Queen Consort, Elizabeth (later Queen Mum).



Stephen Courtauld used to make cocktails in the Rotunda at 6pm each day



The Hartleys and Adrian effortlessly blend in



Minna and Andrew in the Great Hall



Famous Dining Room with its inlaid doors (the artificial fruit and flowers are actually cast-offs from Ali's mum!)



The Vauxhall limousine



Pandora and Andrew Harrison, who visited on the Monday

She arrived in grand style, courtesy of Daniel Hopkins, editor of *Practical Classics* magazine, who, thanks to the Vauxhall Trust, brought a spectacular 1936 Vauxhall Limousine.

Al Bowly impersonator Brandyn Shaw gave a brilliant performance as the Nation's favourite crooner singing in the Italian Drawing Room, Great Hall and in the garden Gazebo.

When weather permitted, there was croquet on the lawn and a few brave souls dared to picnic in the grounds.

Dancing in the Great Hall was led by the brilliant Nikki Santilli of Paper Moon and greatly enjoyed by Joe Public and seasoned shoe-shuffler alike:

Pretty Me Vintage gave all the ladies in my team period perfect hair styles and a wonderful talk to the public while doing so.

Clothing historians Constance McKenzie and Sadie Doherty both rocked up on Monday and gave an impromptu talk on Deco style.

As well as "being" Stephen Courtauld, and organising the event, I gave a talk on the rules

of formal menswear in the 1930s and a brief demo creating four iconic 1930s cocktails. Royal Romance seemed very popular and as I write this I have just poured myself another—1½ shots gin, ½ shot Grand Marnier, 1 shot passion fruit juice (I use passion fruit compote, as juicing fresh passion fruits is a task set by the devil), 2 splashes of Grenadine, shaken over ice. It's very good.

On both days, a strong contingent of bright lights of the Sheridan Club turned up from all over Europe (well, Suzanne Coles flew in from Poland), which made it feel genuinely like a party.

Best of all, Gin Fizz provided cocktails all day long, giving the event a very genuine party feel.

I have to say that on the day, this was the most fun I have had as an event organiser. Huge thanks to all the Sheridans who came and to my fiancée Emma Bown who provided at least half the genuine vintage dresses, shoes and hats worn. When we do another, I'll let you know. Come! It's an absolute hoot.



The dance crew, featuring the Club's own Russell and Sara



Callum, with Jenny Coulter, about to get busy with the cocktail shaker



(Clockwise from top left) Minna, Andrew and Lord Hare in the Italian Drawing Room; the Club's Suzanne Coles, who was in the vintage fashion show; dos being done by Pretty Me Vintage; civilians scratch their heads as Dorothy Lawrence emerges from the 1930s; Dorothy again, this time in Virginia's astonishing private bathroom. Facing page: Callum as Stephen Courtauld and Imogen Smith as Virginia.

Thanks to Callum, Adrian and Suzanne for the photos

TOP COAT

Luca Jellinek revisits the most effortlessly blue-blooded of outer garments

ONE OF SEVERAL items of clothing that originated with the splendid sport of polo, is the camel-hair polo coat. Bruce Boyer, writing about it back in the 1980s, called it “the aristocrat of topcoats” and it occupies a special place in an elegant gentleman’s wardrobe. The guards coat and chesterfield are always refined and correct, while the duffel and greatcoat are rugged and martial, but the polo coat manages to project both relaxed insouciance and sporting dash.

It was first worn by polo players, around the turn of the century, as a relatively lightweight version of an Ulster coat with a wrap closing

(belt, not buttons; see the Richard Gere pic) in the downtime between chukkas. As such it was sometimes known as a “wait coat”. The first reference in the Merriam-Webster dictionary, indicating a degree of popularity on the other side of the pond, is found in 1910.

During the inter-war period, like many types of Anglophile sporting attire, it acquired considerable cachet among US university students and, thence, for general wear. While still associated with tan-coloured camel-hair fabric, once the polo coat became a less



THE SEASON OF UNDERGRADUATE GOODBYES CLOTHES FOR SEEING A MAN ABOUT A DOG



Richard Gere sports a polo coat in American Gigolo (1980)

LIMITED



CAMEL'S HAIR COATS

Natural Shade 100% Pure Camel's Hair coating tailored in our natural shoulder straight falling models with framed flap-patch pockets, real horn buttons, T-vent and full swelled edges.

82. Single Breasted button through model ...\$275

83. Double Breasted Polo model with two-piece half belt\$285





FOR TROPIC NIGHTS

Extreme left: Single-breasted white shirtwaist dinner jacket with midnight blue trousers, pink shirt with gold collar, black tie, white cummerbund.
Left: Double-breasted steel collar silk dinner jacket with black dress trousers, soft shirt with ribbon straps, black tie, white cummerbund, white hat with white pique band, grey silk handkerchief.

Shoes: The new hanks shoes for men with extra wide sole rubber heel, patent leather mesh front dress shoe, patent leather pump, blue velvet formal house slipper with gold suspension, cream for unbuttoned men of house parties in Palm Beach and other Southern resorts.
Hat: Evening straw hat with black fur lining, white top, in Southern climates, with double-breasted mesh in light weight tropical fabric, with a 1/2-inch throat collar, with white, black, blue, white, black, and with blue band, patent leather evening pump, patent hair coat for men and women.

cashmere. To improve durability, these are often blended with lambswool.

Colour: Varying from the natural (very pale beige) to a charged caramel or even Cognac colour, but typically a charged tan.

General cut: Double-breasted, more typically, half-belted back, minimal waist suppression, turned-back cuffs and patch pockets.

A word about the lapels: the classic versions use either an Ulster collar (see Noel Coward, opposite left) or peaked lapels (see the Duke of Windsor opposite right).

Two more pictures: opposite, below left, from *Gentry* magazine in the 1950s, a speculative example of the earliest versions. Opposite, below right, a relatively recent and atmospherically staged Ralph Lauren advertisement with a coat based on the Duke of Windsor's example above it.

specialised garment it tended to gain some heft and buttoning, most typically double-breasted.

Despite its bright and warm colour, the polo coat manages to work well with a wide range of formality, from rustic corduroys and tweed to semi-formal garb. In the 1930s *Esquire* fashion plates on the previous page we see it worn by a college (university) student and by a man of leisure.

When rules of propriety still held sway, a polo coat was considered acceptable with sports clothes all the way up to dinner jackets (in this, it resembles the similarly sporty and versatile boater hat). Among other uses, lighter-weight polo coats were favoured during the Jazz Age for cruise and "tropical" resort wear in the winter months.

Delving into tailoring details, the permutations have been endless but a perusal of period sources and contemporary orthodoxy suggests the following specs:

Fabric: Traditionally based on the hair of Bactrian camels, with characteristics of lightness and warmth similar to that of vicuna or





CLUB NOTES

New Members

THREE RAW RECRUITS this month, and what a colourful trio they make. Ann Chaney-Charlesworth (inset below, photo taken at the Anjou Velo, “a jaunty cycle through the vineyards around Samur in the Loire valley”) is an expert on women’s suffrage and is fond of a Dirty Martini. She also signed up her husband Douglas (left), who likes his Martinis dry, and is keen to enrol the dog too; she gives his areas of expertise as “cane-carrying and hat doffing”, though it is possible he has more esoteric skills that he has yet to reveal to her. (I think a husband and wife should retain a little mystery between them, don’t you?) Finally we have Jeremy Stubbs

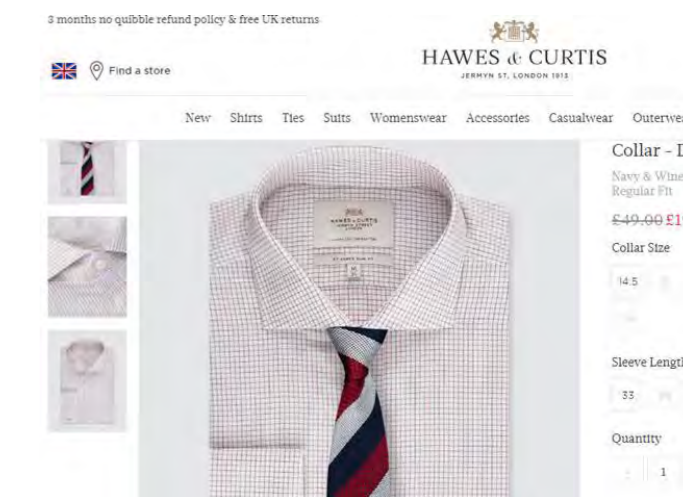


(depicted below left, attempting to camouflage himself against the wallpaper), a friend of our own Eugenie Rhodes. His given specialisms include Surrealism and Decadence, so he should fit in splendidly.



Club Tie Corner

I’M PLEASE TO SAY that a good half of our spots this time are actual ties: (facing page, clockwise from top left) Terence Rigby as Hackett, the arms dealer in *Dogs of War*, from Lindsay Sinclair; a monstrosity on many levels, from David Bridgman-Smith; club flip-flops, spotted by Harrison Goldman in Tel Aviv; a sneaky endorsement, observed by Bingo Pittard; as if we didn’t know instinctively that Withnail is a Chap, this still is from *Withnail & I* courtesy of Ivan Debono; from Mrs H. Andy Warhol in 1980, in a Club tie he seems to have painted himself.



Finally, Stephen Myhill sends us the offering below: “Harrowing scenes in a New Orleans charity shop—a pre-knotted, clip-on tie. Make the New Sheridan Club great again?”

Moreover, Bingo Pittard has been in touch with this unnerving story:

“We need to be vigilant to all the art forms; not just those in the visible spectrum!

“This very morn, while the current Mrs Bingo was preparing my dish of Wheaty-Bangs, I was enjoying some trendy classics on the Wireless.

“One particular ditty, by the popular beat combo ‘Counting Crows’, included a line which you might find litigious.

“I almost caused myself a mischief from my full mouth of cereal when I heard the warbler advise he is to ‘Paint myself in... Red, Black and Grey’.

“He goes on to point out that of all the beautiful colours, they are ‘very, very meaningful’.

“Indeed they are. Humpf!”



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 5th September

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

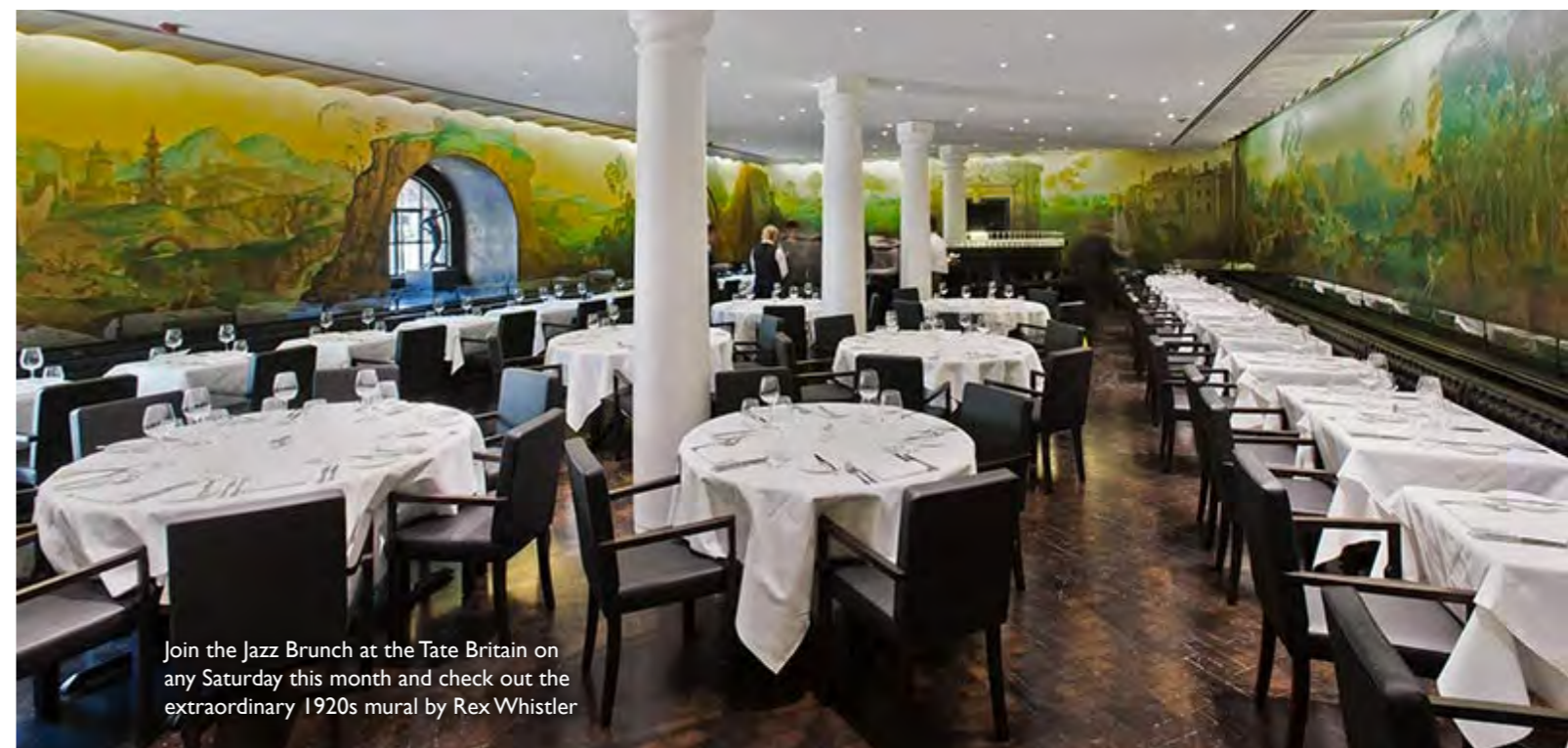
10pm–2.30am

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.

Black Tie Ballroom Dance Classes

Every Friday (except, presumably, when the



Join the Jazz Brunch at the Tate Britain on any Saturday this month and check out the extraordinary 1920s mural by Rex Whistler

BTBC itself is taking place at the same venue) 6.30–8pm, followed by social dancing till 10.15pm

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

Admission: £15 for lesson and social dancing or £10 just for the social from Design My Night

From the makers of the Black Tie Ballroom Club (see below), the method of these beginners classes assumes new students have musicality or experience in other dance forms such as Lindy, places the emphasis on moving in time to the music, and aims for 80% of beginner students to confidently and gracefully get around the dancefloor with a partner after the first lesson, and be ready for the improvers class after two lessons.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 7th September

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

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

Admission: £10 earlybird 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,

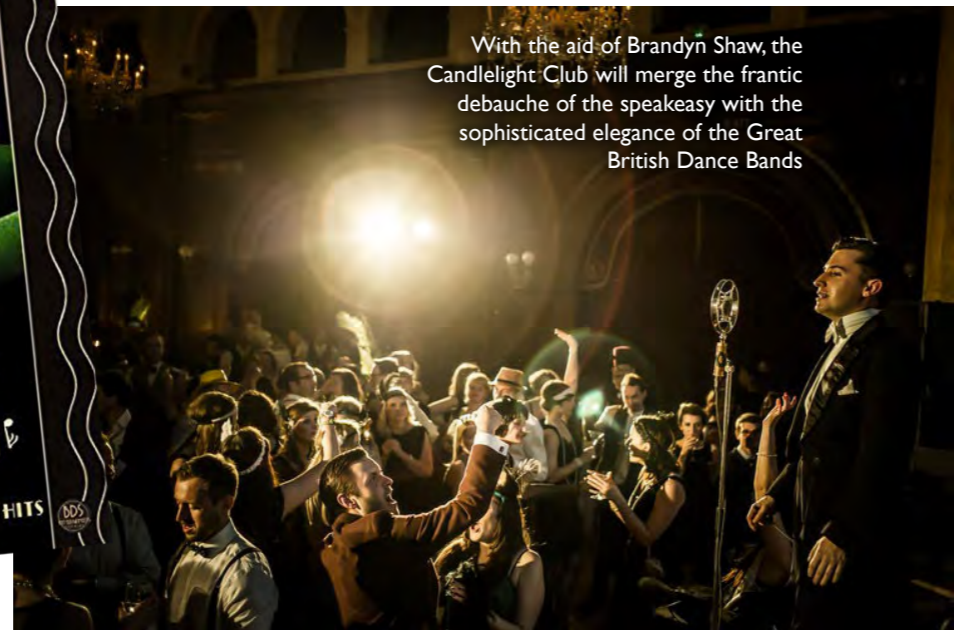
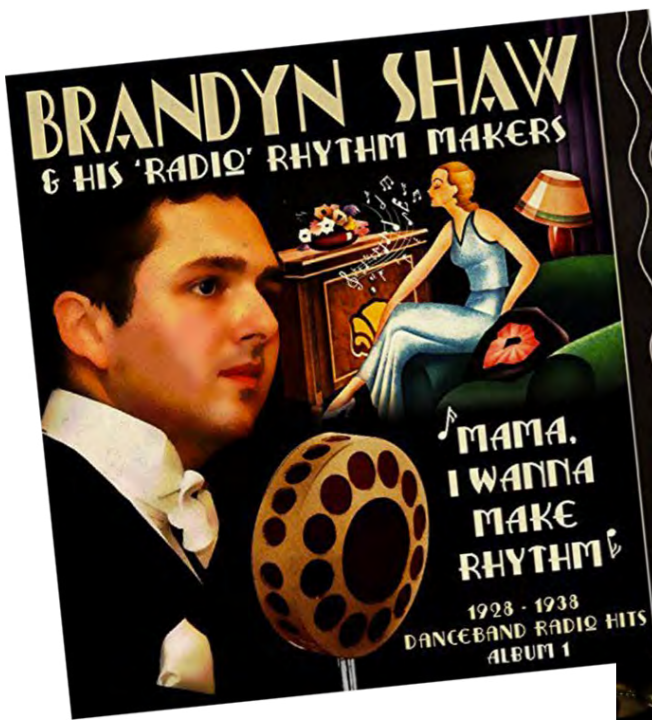
quickstep, tango, rumba, Jive and Charleston. Free ballroom dance lesson for absolute beginners from 7pm to 7.30 pm. Candlelit tables and chairs for all guests, a balcony area with tables for those who don’t choose to dance, and four or five male and female taxi dancers available free of charge for those who do. The venue is dry, but free tea and coca cola are provided, and guests may smuggle in their own drinks if they are discreet. Tickets are £10 online or £15 on the door. There is a large wooden dance floor and the venues is located in beautiful Fitzroy Square, London W1. In the same building (the Indian YMCA) the excellent in-house canteen does a set vegetarian three course meal for just £8 from 7pm to 9 pm. Dress code is strictly black tie and evening dress only, and the event usually sells out. 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.

Jazz Brunches at Tate Britain

Every Saturday until 29th September 12–3pm

Rex Whistler restaurant, Tate Britain, Millbank, London SW1P 4RG

Admission: £10 for music only, £15 including



With the aid of Brandyn Shaw, the Candlelight Club will merge the frantic debauché of the speakeasy with the sophisticated elegance of the Great British Dance Bands

a Bloody Mary or glass of wine, £30 for the à la carte brunch

The Tate Britain's restaurant, splendidly decorated with murals by 1930s wunderkind Rex Whistler, brings back its Saturday jazz brunches: enjoy seasonal dishes, including oysters and Cornish crab, strawberries and Champagne Sabayon, plus period cocktails, all accompanied by jazz trios playing the music of the era. See tate.org.uk. They also seem to be doing a special offer of 25% off the total food bill for parties of 4+—the offer came from a mail-out which simply says to call the restaurant to book (020 7887 8825) and to mention the email when booking to get the discount.

Goodwood Revival

7th–9th September
Goodwood House, Chichester, West Sussex, PO18 0PX
Admission: From £36 (see ticketing.goodwood.com)

One of the most famous vintage events in the country, the Goodwood Revival recreates the golden era of Goodwood Motor Circuit, between 1948 and 1966. This event, a theatrical and sporting drama, assembles the most significant racing cars and motorcycles along with

legendary drivers and riders from the past and stars of today. There are also a host of eating and drinking options, a vintage market place and fashion shows.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 9th September
11am–5.30pm (trade from 10.30am)

Freemasons Hall, 60 Great Queen Street, London, WC2B 5AZ

Admission: £4

Winner of the 2015 *Time Out* Love London Awards, this perennial offers 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.

Paper Moon

Sunday 9th September
2.30–6.30

Upstairs, The Prince of Wales, 150–151 Drury Lane, London WC2B 5TD
Admission: £9 in advance (email nikki@hotjazzrag.com) or £12 on the door

Swing night with a lot of bang for your buck: a dance class with Nikki Santilli from 3pm, then a DJ from 4pm, finishing with live music from Airlie Scott's new vehicle Hot

Jazz Vagabonds, playing French chanson, gypsy jazz and early swing.

The Candlelight Club's First Bash of the Season

Saturday 15th September
7pm–12am

A secret east 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 lit by candles, with live jazz bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism.

Summer may be over—but the Prohibition fun is just beginning. Join us for some “back to school” mischief, where the first lesson is Double Mixology... Our venue is a long-forgotten ballroom in east London and, as a special treat, our live music will come from Brandyn Shaw and his Rhythm Makers, evoking the Golden Age of the great British dance bands. Keeping everyone in order will be the Lord of Cabaret Misrule Champagne Charlie with DJing from



Palace Avenue Swing will be doing the live music chores at Swing Out at the Underbelly Festival on the 17th

Holly of the Bee's Knees. Guests receive an email a few days before the event revealing the secret location. More at www.thecandlelightclub.com

“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*

The Gatsby Soirée

Sunday 16th September



The homestead of Club stalwart Ian White, which will be open to the public on the 23rd

Reel Streets Tour

Sunday 23rd September
Meeting time 10am, tour at 11am or 2pm
Osterley House, Jersey Road, Isleworth,
Hounslow, TW7 4RB
Admission: £45

A three-hour street tour, on an original Routemaster bus, of more than 50 locations from Ealing Studios films, from the 1930s to the present day. The ticket price includes an optional tour of Osterly House and gardens—those on the morning bus tour see the house in the afternoon and vice versa. More details at www.renownfilms.co.uk/routemaster-film-location-tour-c-47.

Mr White's Open House

Sunday 23rd September
1pm to 8pm
10 Walters Way, Honor Oak Park, London SE23 3LH (nearest train station Honor Oak Park, five minute's walk; P4, P12, 171 and 172 buses)
Admission: Free

As part of London Open House, when buildings across the city normally closed to the public are thrown open for snooping, Mr Ian White's house will be available for inspection. Walters Way is a self-built timber-framed scheme by pioneering architect Walter Segal, and a council housing project from the 1980s. There are 13 such houses in a cul-de-sac on steep sloping ground, although many have been extended and adapted. Another house in the street will also be open. Films on self-building schemes will be running and refreshments will be available. From 5.30pm Mr White will be hosting a drinks do featuring his own cider! NSC Members very welcome to come and imbibe. See openhouselondon.open-city.org.uk/listings/1615.

Elysian Den

Sunday 23rd September
7–10.30pm
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 7pm followed by swing DJing from Tim Hellzapoppin'. The pub's Sunday roast comes highly recommended.

From 7pm
Bush Hall, 310 Uxbridge Rd, Shepherd's Bush, London W12 7LJ
Admission: £20

To celebrate their fifth birthday, everyone's favourite flapper dancers the Gatsby Girls are having their own bash, and will be using it to raise money for the charity Acting for Others. There will be music, dancing, cocktails and hosting by Champagne Charlie (of the Candlelight Club).

Swing Out

Monday 17th September
7–10.30pm
Underbelly Festival, Belvedere Road, London SE1 8XX
Admission: £14 in advance or £15 on the door

Beginning with swing lessons for both beginners and more experienced dancers, followed by dancing to DJs and live music from Palace Avenue Swing. During the band break there will be a dance contest, the final of Swing for the Crown, a competition run by SwingDanceUK, with the heats at various events over the last few months.

The Piccadilly Dance Orchestra

Sunday 23rd September
7.30pm
1 Charter Square, Bury Saint Edmunds, Suffolk IP33 3FD
Admission: £22 from www.theapex.co.uk or 01284 758000

Michael Law's Piccadilly Dance Orchestra, as part of their 30th anniversary tour, bring their 1920s and 1930s jazz and swing repertoire to Bury St Edmunds, joined on this occasion by vocalist Lance Ellington, from *Strictly Come Dancing* (and son of Ray Ellington, for fans of the *Goon Show*).

1940s Home Front Show

Saturday 29th–Sunday 30th September
8am–5pm
Rufford Abbey Country Park, Ollerton, Nottinghamshire NG22 9DF (01623821338)
Admission: Free, but £10 to park your car

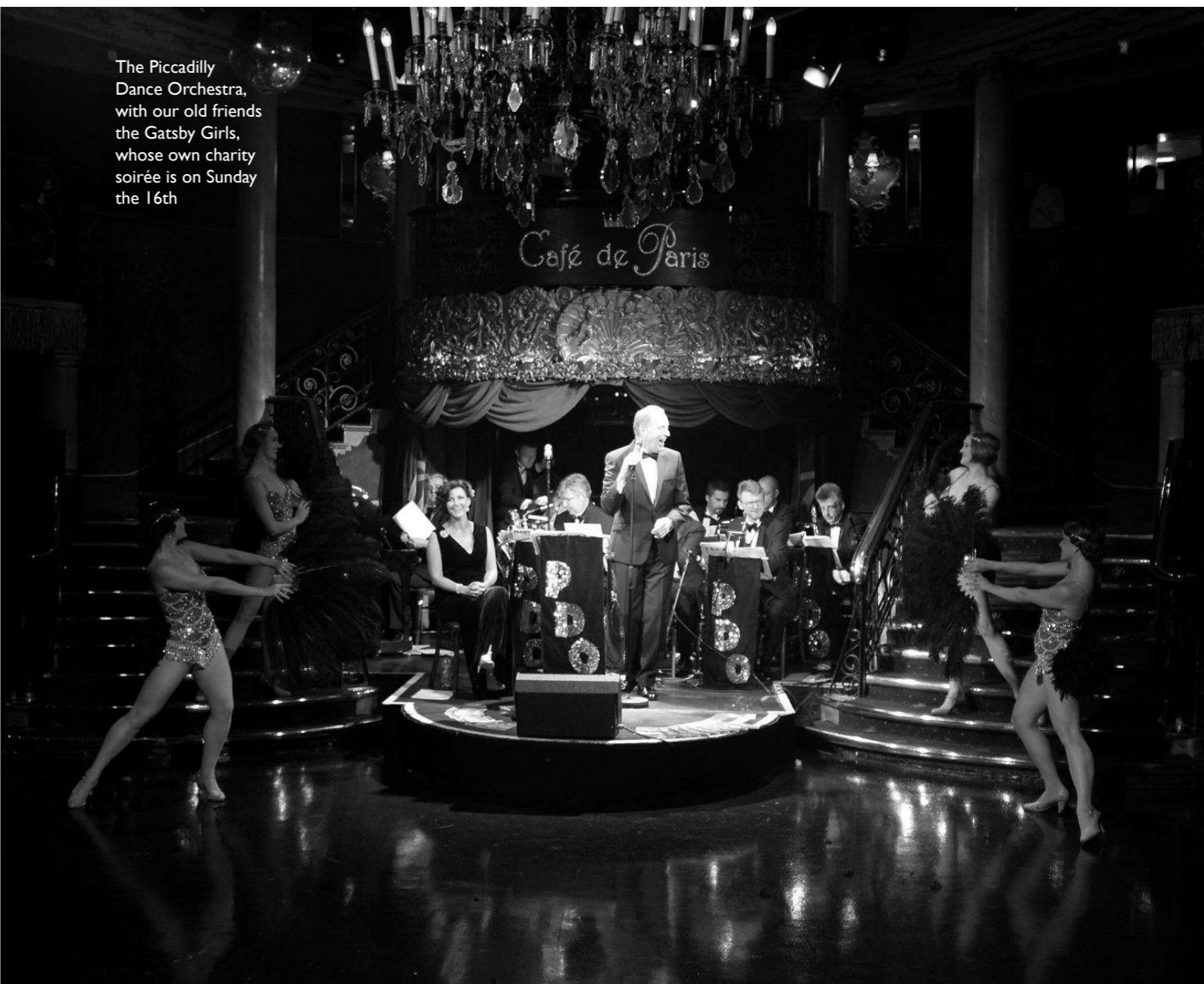
Rufford Abbey once again hosts a weekend of wartime nostalgia when Britain "kept the home fires burning". Enjoy the sights and sounds of the 1940s as re-enactors bring the past to life in the picturesque setting of the country park. Parking is charged at £10 per car all day (no admission charge to event), so bring the whole family and make a day of it. Dress up in your vintage Forties finery, chat to knowledgeable enthusiasts and enjoy the *Dad's Army* vibe.

The Piccadilly Dance Orchestra

Tuesday 2nd October
7.30pm
Royal Hall, Ripon Road, Harrogate, HG1 2RD
Admission: £20 from www.harrogatetheatre.co.uk or 01423 500500

Another staging post on Michael Law's Piccadilly Dance Orchestra's 30th anniversary tour (see above).

The Piccadilly Dance Orchestra, with our old friends the Gatsby Girls, whose own charity soirée is on Sunday the 16th



A charming rustic idyll at the Watermere
Memorial Croquet Tournament (see pages 8-13)

