

A man in a dark tuxedo with a white shirt and a dark bow tie is looking off to the side. He has a pocket square in his jacket. The background is dark and out of focus.

REGENT!

THE NEWSLETTER

CLUB • No. 148 • FEBRUARY 2019

What is a man to wear?

Callum Coates on what we can learn from the Golden Age of formal menswear

Tootal recall

A peek into the life, loves and wardrobe of Sean Longden

The Internet of things

A bizarrely bumper selection of pictures of Club-coloured objects found by Members



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 February in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Luca Jellinek will tweak our curiosities with *The Many Meanings of Modernism and the Chappist Critique*. "There are multiple meanings of 'modern' and 'chappism'," he says. "This is a light-hearted examination of various Sheridanite takes on a critique of modernity, starring four imaginary chaps and chapettes."



The Last Meeting

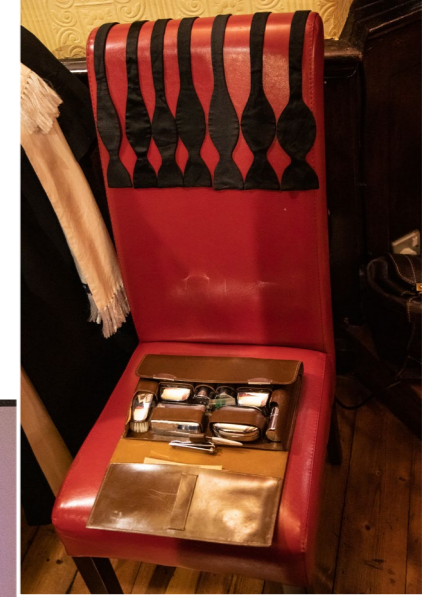
For our first talk of 2019, our speaker was Callum Coates, an actor by trade who does a lot of work for English Heritage, in character as various historical figures. At Eltham Palace he often plays Stephen Courtauld, who owned the place in the early 20th century: Stephen and his wife Virginia were society hosts and Callum has given demonstrations of cocktail making and a talk, *What is a Man to Wear?*, on the development of men's evening wear, which he reproduced for us on this occasion. He traced how it was Beau Brummell who led the change from a world

where men wore whatever they pleased and vied to display their wealth in the opulence of their attire, to an ethos that valued simplicity and "correctness". Yet anyone expecting a detailed list of dos and don'ts would have been disappointed, as Callum's thrust was that in fact that these things evolved gradually and at any given time there would not have been one accepted way to dress. Using fashion plates and advertisements from the era, he showed many examples of groups of men between them wearing long and short coats, stand-up or turn-down collars, white or black ties and waistcoats, etc. We wondered whether in the early days men would have grown up with evening wear and would have been entirely comfortable with expressing themselves in the medium, whereas in the post-war years perhaps many men who found themselves needing to dress for formal events may never have worn those clothes before and were keen for someone to give them rules—hence the development of dress codes about what was "correct" for each occasion. Callum brought along with him a range of suits and accessories, some of which he modelled for us.

An essay version of the talk begins on page 4.



(Left) Callum begins; (right) the kit he brought with him included this travel grooming set; (below) Callum displays shirts, gloves and a tailcoat



Note the array of collar, tie and jacket styles in this scene



(Above right) a good turnout for 2nd January; part of Callum's arsenal of jackets (right) and waistcoats, gloves, spats, and shirtfronts (left); (below right) Andrew Fish and Jo Xie; (below left, l-r) Robert Beckwith, Luca Jellinek and Giles Culpepper



What is a Man to Wear?

Callum Coates on the evolution of formal menswear

ONE OF THE most iconic looks in menswear, so often seen in the films of the silver screen, has to be either dinner wear or evening wear, as sported by Jimmy Cagney, Fred Astaire, William Powell and indeed almost any man going out for an evening in any smart metropolis.

To my mind, the formal wear of the 1930s cannot be bettered. There is a perfection in the cut of the coats or jackets, a flattering elongation of the leg and a super human quality in the shoulder that cannot be beaten by the modern styles available for hire from Moss Bros or Lipman's.

The origins of Black Tie and White Tie can arguably be traced to the age of Beau Brummell. Before the 19th century, men were flamboyant peacocks, strutting their success and masculinity through show and conspicuous consumption. Bold colours were expensive. Silk was rarer and more expensive than wool and therefore much more desirable. Feathers and spangles and sparkles, ribbons and fol-de-rols were all regular features of the Gallant's wardrobe, desperate to display their wealth and sophistication. But whether as a response to the excess of the Macaroni, a deliberate distancing from the laughable Prince George, a desire for simple quality or because of the effects of decades of war in Europe, the early 1800s saw the doors of the Dandies close to gaudiness and open to a new simplicity. No more ostentation. The cut and quality of cloth was all important.

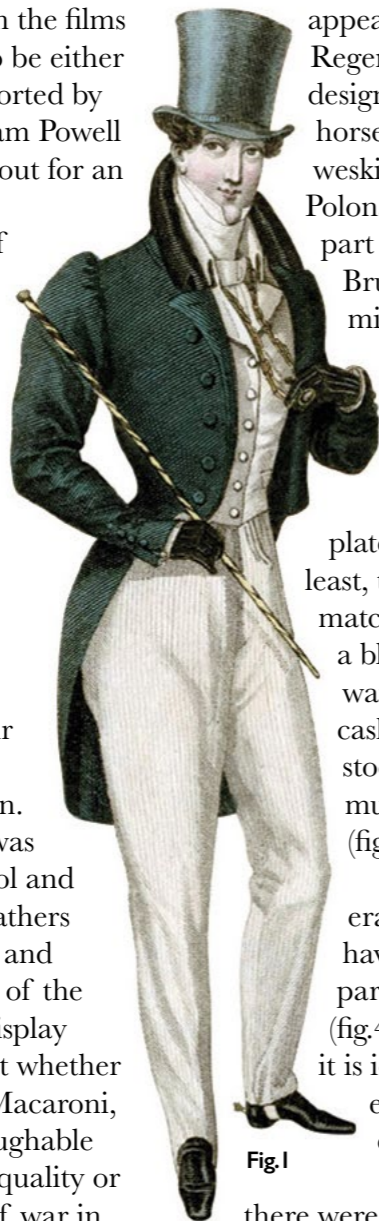


Fig.1

The cutaway coat (fig.1) first makes an appearance around the 1780s and by the Regency is almost ubiquitous. A practical design for the gent who gads about on horseback. Often worn with a pale weskit and pale trowsers, pantaloons, Polonoise or breeches, it is very much part of the day time wardrobe.

Brummell was particularly fond of midnight blue, black, deep green and burgundy in fine wool broadcloth or doeskin (much the same cloth as full-dress military tunics are made from today).

By 1818 one French fashion plate suggests that, in America at least, the coat and trousers might be of matching colour and by 1824 they depict a black suit with a cloth coat, cashmere waistcoat, lined with silk draw and cashmere trousers. That the shirt and stock is white, makes this look very much like the evening wear to come (figs 2-3). But it is still day wear.

At some time in the Victorian era, the black cutaway suit seems to have become formalised into being particularly suitable for evening wear (fig.4) and by the reign of Edward VII it is identifiable and fixed as formal evening wear with nothing in the day wear range quite like it (fig.5).

For the Edwardian gentleman, there were many more options to choose from than are certainly considered "right" today. Firstly, just regarding the coat: lapels could be peaked, notched or shawl and faced with satin, grosgrain or velvet. Sometimes the lapel will

be partially faced and may feature fossilised button holes. The front of the coat could be cut off horizontally or at an angle that tapered the waist and finishing a little lower than natural waist. Tails are usually no lower than top of the knee.

Trousers, of the same fabric as the coat, are flat fronted, high waisted and narrow. Some would argue that for the athletic, well-maintained gentleman, this is the most flattering of all the styles of 20th-century evening wear.

The waistcoat is still another area of much freedom. As yet, society has not set its frown against fancy waistcoats. As long as it is white or cream, the fabric can be quite bold silks, featuring flowers or geometric patterns subtly woven in. You might

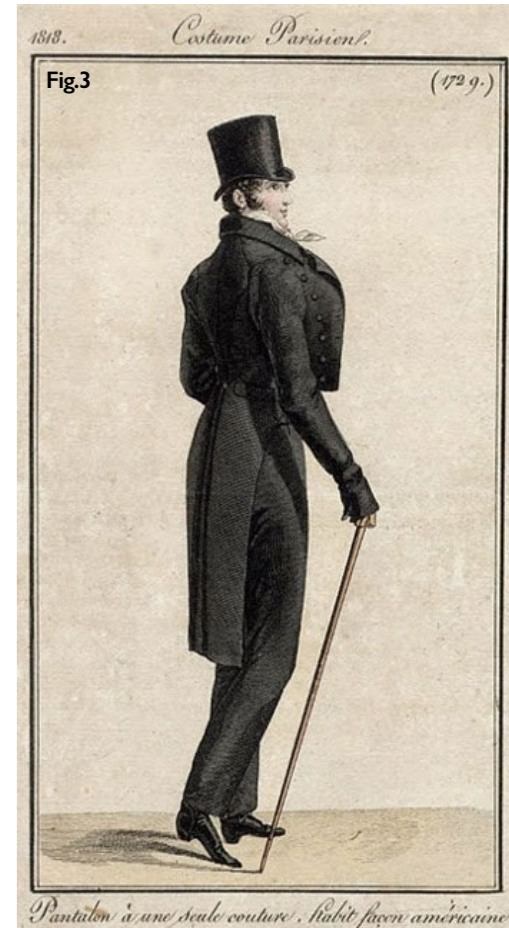
chose a textured linen much like today's ubiquitous marcella. Double-breasted, single-breasted, squared or shawl lapels. Mother-of-pearl buttons or something a bit more racy. For a dinner at home or in a restaurant you could wear a black waistcoat and you might chose to do so with either a black or white bow tie.

As for shirts, the choices for the Victorian and Edwardian gentleman are again wider than in subsequent decades. Most favour a boiled starch shirt; cardboard-stiff, smooth as an ice rink and devastatingly smart. Sometimes fastened with a single bejewelled solitaire (fig.6), later by the more subtle pair of studs. Some are still

sporting pleated shirts, others prefer unstarched shirts with a textured bib (ribbed, diaper, golf ball or Panama).



Fig.5



Collars are still always detachable and always wing or imperial (fig.6).

The Tuxedo Club in the United States often likes to lay claim to the invention of the less



formal dinner jacket but its true origins are murky. Certainly it exists in England by the 1890s (fig.6). I suspect that the early versions were generally worn at home, at one's club or an informal restaurant. A proper coat would still be expected at the opera, theatre or as a dinner guest.

After the Great War, the whole mood across Europe had changed. The social barriers strictly



maintained for centuries had been shattered. Vast numbers of young aristocrats, sons of rich industrialists and City bankers lay in corners of foreign fields, to be forever England. Those that came back had spent months or years mixing with the average Tommy and turned their backs on the old hierarchy. Formal white tie every night seemed faintly ridiculous. But it was peace and it was time to let your hair down. Night clubs like the Regent Palace Hotel (now the magnificently restored Brasserie Zedel) and Café de Paris were open to all with money to burn. The Jazz Age arrived. And so did the most perfect form of evening wear.

The look for the decade of Deco was broad shoulders, narrow waist and very long legs (fig.7). A physique not necessarily natural to many men. However, a skilled tailor with judicious use of padding and pulling could make the most average chap appear an Adonis.

The coat tails grew longer—at its extreme in 1936 when the tails met the mid calf—and the front rose to above the natural waist. Broadening the shoulders served to emphasise a small waist. The trousers naturally had to be cut with a much higher rise, well above the belly button. When worn with a very short white waistcoat, the wearers legs seem to go on for ever. One problem for the vintage collector is finding coats, trousers and waistcoats that are all of similar proportions. Ideally the waistcoat should not be seen below the coat front, the top of the trousers should never be seen nor should any of the shirt except the starched bib. So if you own a 1930s tail coat, your trousers will have to be very high cut and your waistcoat quite short.

The dinner jacket was becoming more and more popular among all walks of party-goer—even gangsters seemed to treat it as a uniform. In the 1920s and early 1930s, dinner suits were more usually three-pieces. By the mid-1930s and beyond, the vest has been largely replaced by the double-breasted jacket. I put this down to the growing use of central heating and the warmth engendered by dancing. Tail coats seem to have become entirely standardised: almost all examples I have seen from the 1930s



have peaked lapels and sloping fronts. Most have grosgrain facings, though you do see satin and other smoother fabrics. Most have black horn buttons—covered buttons are not much favoured.

Dinner jackets though come in a much wider range of styles (fig.8). Double-breasted or single-breasted, peaked, notched or shawl collars, gauntlet cuffs are all common variants. In hotter climates, to the great consternation of Jeeves, some even favour white, cream or pastel jackets (fig.9) worn, not with a waistcoat, but a cummerbund! The cummerbund was an Indian sash adopted by those serving on the subcontinent that became fossilised into the garment we know today. Those who do sport them today tend to favour black or red but of course there is a huge range of regimental and club colours to be worn by those who wish to. One point of interest is that originally tribesmen used their sash to hold money, jewels and weapons. The pleats of a modern cummerbund should therefore face upwards as a vestigial pocket. A word of warning against wearing cream tuxedos in modern Britain though, you may be mistaken for the help, as I once was by an American guest at a house party in Kensington. He was most put out when I told him he could get his own drink.

When choosing to wear white tie, I always

prefer to wear a boiled-starch shirt (fig.10) and wing collar. They are infinitely smarter than any other shirt, but they are difficult and expensive to get laundered and restarched and it has to be said are not the most comfortable of things. With dinner jackets I also often wear a stiff-front shirt but I just as frequently opt for marcella. I prefer wing collars most of the time but when





Fig. 10



Fig. 11

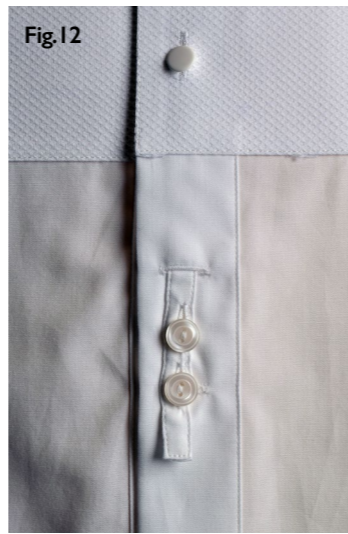


Fig. 12

feeling casual I will chose a turn down collar. This is an area of much argument. Some people are quite convinced that it is a terrible faux pas to wear a wing collar with a dinner jacket, but this is a very modern prejudice and one I completely ignore.

Although we mostly associate the 1930s with the glamour of the silver screen, it was of course the era of Depression and privation. Keeping up appearances under strained finances became a growth industry. Mass-produced disposable shirt fronts (dickies, fig. 11), cuffs and collars made of paper or cellulose helped the mildly down at heel maintain the look of a man of worth. The comedy standard of the dickie that springs up to hit the wearer's face does seem to be based in truth.

Features of the vintage dress shirt that sometimes get misunderstood: the loop at the back of the collar band is not for hanging up your shirt, but for securing your tie when wearing a wing collar so it cannot ride up. There is usually a tab at the bottom of the shirt front (fig. 12) that can be buttoned to your trousers so that a smart tension is always maintained on the shirt front. Some shirts have a placket to one side of the bib. This is to help you put in your studs. One of my shirts has a bib that is almost separate from the rest of the shirt and is held in place by the lower trouser tab but also has loops at the side for passing your braces through (fig. 13).

Vintage collars are very easy to get hold of and of course there is ready supply of new ones from Darcy Clothing or Ede & Ravenscroft in Chancery Lane, but something you almost never see are separate cuffs. I'm therefore uncertain



Fig. 13



Fig. 14

how common they were but detachable cuffs were definitely available.

Shoes for dinner wear should ideally be patent or highly polished Oxfords. The Edwardian gent often wore shiny Balmoral boots with black suede or silk upper quarters. In the 1960s patent Chelsea boots or George boots were all the rage but you really cannot go wrong with a very simple pair of Oxfords. For evening wear, Oxfords will indeed suffice, but for a very formal occasion, you should ideally opt for pumps (fig. 14). These are not for the faint hearted. It is true they do look like shiny ballet shoes and are frankly not the most comfortable of styles. According to those that adhere to these things, the correct hosiery for pumps are black silk stockings. Not to everyone's taste but if you are going to Mansion House and you want to out-dress the lot of them, why not?

The secret to being well dressed in evening attire is fit and proportion (fig. 15). If buying vintage, this is a matter of luck or much hunting for the perfect garments. Modern dinner suits

are far too ill fitting and made from far too flimsy fabric to ever achieve the same look as the silver screen giants. Obviously Fred Astaire, David Niven, Spencer Tracey and Jimmy Cagney all had their suits tailored, so inevitably look perfect. I probably wear all of my tailoring much tighter than most people. I'm used to it and I think it gives a great line but it's not for everyone. Comfort and smartness can still be had as long as attention is paid to correct trouser and sleeve lengths. I do recommend getting used to wearing your trousers as high as you can (elastic braces short enough to achieve this can be tricky to find, but broadcloth braces can be shortened to any length). If you don't fancy wearing a stiff detachable collar and wish to look well dressed, wear a turn down collar by all means, but never ever a shirt with a wing collar sewn on. All such shirts should be burned or shredded for paper.

Having said all this, never be a slave to edicts. Most readers of *Resign!* have spent years developing a totally unique style and personalities that don't do well by being told what to do. Be glorious. Be eccentric. Be well dressed in whatever way you choose.



Fig. 15



The garment that almost gave Jeeves an aneurysm—the white mess jacket

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.



Sean Longden

Name or preferred name?

I'm a great fan of nicknames (my friends include "The Cat" and "The Mayor of Ealing") but I've never personally had a nickname that has stuck. Thus Sean is fine for me.

Why that nom de plume?

Out of respect to my birth certificate.

Where do you hail from?

Clapham in Bedfordshire, but I have spent the last 30 years in Thornton Heath (which might sound like a rural idyll but is actually one of Croydon's less salubrious areas...if such a thing is possible).

Favourite Cocktail?

Does "light and bitter" count? I always drank it because the barman would pull a half pint into a pint glass and you'd get a bit extra. So, once you'd added the bottle of light ale, you had about a pint and a quarter. That made it good value.

If not, anything that combines gin with elderflower. Although I am also rather partial to Death in the Afternoon (Champagne and absinthe).

Most Chappist skill?

Does the ability to write history books count as a Chappist skill? If not, I once refaced the lapels of a jacket using fabric taken from the suit's worn-out trousers (under the expert

guidance of Savile Row tailor Alex Hills). I was rather proud of my fell-stitching.

Most Chappist possession?

Difficult question. It would be between my collection of original posters from British Second World War films and my large collection of Tootal neckwear. I once tried to go an entire year just wearing Tootal ties, scarves or cravats. I had a different one for each day until about the end of November.

Personal Motto?

"I shine, not burn." It's actually the Clan Mackenzie motto, but I got it from the label of a bottle of Glen Ord whisky. I'm not sure how appropriate it is to me personally, but it sounds good.

Favourite Quotes?

Cromwell's dismissal of the Long Parliament in 1653, which was quoted by Leo Amery in 1940 in the debate leading to the resignation of Neville Chamberlain: "You have sat too long for any good you have been doing lately... Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!" I once used it in a leaving speech as I left a job after 14 years. The difference being, I was dismissing myself.

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

My tattoos seldom get an outing in public.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Around ten years.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

From the husband of a former colleague of Mr Hartley. He saw my tweed three piece gun-club check suit and suggested that I pop along to the club.

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

My favourite bar is Bradley's Spanish Bar on Hanway Street (between Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road). It is almost unchanged since the 1970s when the earlier Alpine-themed bar was remodelled as a Spanish Bar. The time-capsule nature of the place is seen in the photograph

His finest hour



on the wall of Acker Bilk playing darts in there in the 1960s. About the only thing that has changed since the 1980s is that they removed the jukebox. So you can no longer make curiously outdated choices like "Wandering Star" by Lee Marvin or "Psycho" by Eddie Noack (1960s country music murder ballad). The downstairs bar did suffer around the time of the smoking ban, as tobacco no longer masked the smell of urine. Fortunately that has been rectified now.



At Adam Waite's tailor shop in Chiswick

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

I once saw photographs of a dinner party for Liz Taylor and Richard Burton that was hosted by Marshal Tito. That would be a suitably curious combination for me. If not, I would go for the "Gainsborough Girls" (can I please request Margaret Lockwood, Phyllis Calvert, Patricia Roc and Jean Kent?). A roomful of beautiful actresses who were once in competition to be the biggest female stars of late 1940s British cinema would be splendid entertainment.

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?

Yes. I have done a number, including the history of Oxford Bags and a talk on musicians who provide a good inspiration for the British gentleman. I have long planned to do another one, it would be between *Sex in Mid-20th-Century British Cinema* and *Unlikely Heroes: The Engineer in British Cinema*.

Thank you for allowing yourself to be interviewed in the palatial surroundings of the NSC Club House. On behalf of the Members may I respectfully ask you to resign.



CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

A BUMPER CROP of wildly diverse spots this time, straightaway insuring that 2019 will have at least one good thing to remember about it. This page, clockwise from the top: an Alice band noticed by Frances Mitchell; a hideously clashing deployment from Col. Cyrus Choke; a dog mauling something that may once have been a Club tie, from Benjamin Roberts-Jones; the ambitious sculpture commissioned for the Committee's private lavatory, snapped by Ivan Debono; a poster for a play, clearly inspired by the experience of being on the Committee. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Maximilian I of Austria signalling his affiliation, from Scarheart; an actual tie on the Speaker of the Isle of Man's House of Keys (with the Irish president); some dazzle-pattern footwear from Col. Choke; vandalism of seating in Charing Cross Hospital kindly donated by the Club, from Evadne Raccat; TV host Andy Cohen from Charles Tsua; a borderline charity-shop spot from Craigoh.

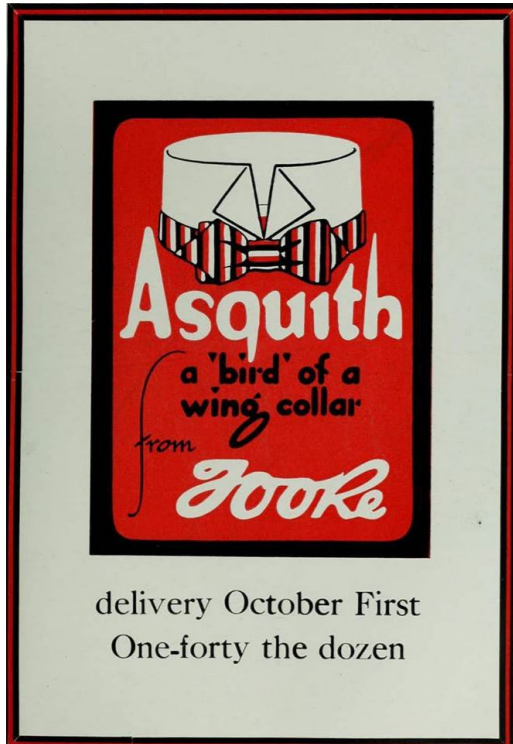


MISCHIEF SEASON

From the team who brought you
THE PLAY THAT GOES WRONG and
THE COMEDY ABOUT A BANK ROBBERY

GROAN UPS





Opposite page, clockwise from top left: vintage ad from Charles Tsua; an appealing Club umbrella from Adrian Prooth; a geometric tie redesign from Turnbull & Asser, also from Tsua; James Stewart as Macaulay Connor in *The Philadelphia Story*, clearly in Club colours, from Col. Choke; a vaguely heraldic spot from Henry Ball; Member Manny Manchester with a Club tie and three beauty queens from Hawai'i's Chinatown; something Stephen Myhill found in Primark and MP Mark Francois befouling a Club tie, from the Earl of Essex. This page, clockwise from top left: David Bowie, from the archives of Torquil Arbuthnot; Club blazer and tie, at the Fashion and Textile Museum's 1930s exhibition; some dressed-down fellow on French radio, from Benjamin Negroto; evidence of Committee influence in the Oval Office, observed by Ivan Debono; John Doxat's author pic on *Peter Dominic's Practical Cocktails*, about to spill a tiki snifter on his Club tie, from Elin Belton via Giles Culpepper; Club confectionery from Siôn Llewellyn-Betts.

PETER DOMINIC'S PR

JOHN DOXAT – THE FIXER

Cocktails at home – increasingly whisky-and-soda or gin-and-tonic – clear-cut set of recipes. John Doxat have sold in their hundreds of the with both.

And, as with his cocktails, not Aided by short, fact-packed recipes are selected from the 7000

New Member

JUST ONE NEW member to welcome this time, Mr Nat Harper from Chelsea in London. He's an MCC man and is catholic in his toping, as he gives his favourite cocktail as "B&T, Whisky Sour, Negroni...". I'm guessing he pays the bills as a surveyor of some sort, as under Special Skills he comments, "I know how many yards in a chain, that sort of thing." (The answer's 22, but I had to look it up.)



Nat Harper, 6,000 feet up at Crazy Kanguruh in St Anton, wearing tweed but sans neckwear, for which he apologises

Messing About in Boats (1)

WOULD ANYONE BE interested in afternoon tea on a barge sailing on the Thames? writes Frances Mitchell. The catch is it would mean bearing the trials of GWR and venturing forth to Reading! The barge is a modern narrowboat moored on the Thames five minutes' walk from Reading station. Most of the time it is static but can be hired for private cruise parties. I have been thinking of doing this for some time but need ten people (in addition to Stuart and me) to make it possible. However the owners of the barge have announced that they are running some public afternoon tea cruises to coincide with the various Bank Holidays which do not require a minimum number.

The cruise lasts about two hours, usually sailing to Mapledurham (Toad Hall of *Wind in the Willows* fame) and back, during which they serve sandwiches, scones and cake with tea or coffee. It is more country cottage than five-star hotel tea, with hearty sandwiches rather than patisserie. The bread and cakes are produced locally and they will cater for gluten-free, vegetarian, etc, if booked in advance. Alcohol is served separately from the bar. Cost is £29 per person. If we do the public cruise it would be on either 6th or 27th of May. Children are welcome. If you are interested please let one of us know (francesmycroft@googlemail.com) ASAP as it books up fast. See whitingtons-teabarge.co.uk and www.tripadvisor.co.uk.

Messing About in Boats (2)

THE GLORIOUS COMMITTEE have turned their vast craniums to the subject of the annual Club punting trip to Oxford. As you may know, the tradition is to

have it on the Saturday nearest to St George's Day. However, this year that would fall within the Easter weekend, and all agree this would not be a good idea. The next Saturday is 27th April, although everyone who has so far expressed an opinion (see the Club's Facebook group) is not able to make that date. So the current thinking is to make it Saturday 4th May. Save the date and watch this space...

A Good Deal for Fogeys

SHERIDAN OLD LAG Sir Royston (aka Graham Atherton) runs online Chappist accessory emporium Fogey Unlimited, offering braces, socks, stiff collars and the like, both new and vintage. He is extending to NSC types a generous 20% discount (valid for 2019 only, limited to three uses per customer). Just enter the code **NSC2019** at the check-out.

fogey unlimited
home of the elegant gentleman

Step back to a time when a Gentleman knew how to dress...
We are committed to bringing you all those items a real
Fogey Gentleman wishes to wear... but can't find nowadays.
Be it a pair of braces... Sock Suspenders, A tweed Shooting suit,
or indeed a Trilby or Bowler... fear not.

www.FogeyUnlimited.co.uk
info@fogeyunlimited.co.uk
07795 481016 or 01531 890996
Ebay store: stores.ebay.com/Fogey-Unlimited
Look for us on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram



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 February
7pm–11pm (lecture around 8pm)
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.

Black Tie Ballroom Dance Classes

Every Friday (except, presumably, when the 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.

Wassailing of One Tree Hill

Saturday 9th February
2pm
Meet at 10 Walters Way, London SE23 3LH
Admission: Free



Ewan Bleach celebrates the Golden Era of Jazz



Come and join the cosy paganism of wassailing

Dress: Pagan

Club Member, and luminary in the Campaigns for both Real Ale and Real Cider, Ian White invites you to come and wassail some trees at the allotment where he makes his own cider. Wassailing apple orchards is an ancient tradition in cider-making parts of the country, and is a way of blessing the orchard to ensure a good crop. It involves making a noise to scare off evil spirits, pouring libations of cider on to the roots and consuming a certain amount of it too. More details at ianwhite.info/Wassail.html. Interested parties can gather at Ian's house at 2pm before the wassailing of the site begins at 2.45. From 3.30 there will be scoffing of jacket potatoes and quaffing of mulled apple juice and cider, before retiring back to 10 Walters Way. Guests are requested to bring noise-making instruments and snacks and apple-derived drinks to share. In addition to the "pagan" dress code, guests are advised to dress warmly and wear suitable footwear, bearing in mind that the going can be slippery. In case of bad weather a gathering will simply take place at Walters Way.

The Candlelight Club's Valentine's Ball
Saturday 9th February

7pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £30 in advance

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

Relive the romance of the Jazz Age at the Candlelight Club's special 1920s ball, in a long-forgotten, candlelit hall in east London where a host of flappers and Bright Young Things will frolic in two rooms of entertainment.

In the Ballroom get ready to glide and shimmy to live music from Champagne Charlie and the Bubbly Boys. Charlestoneing along to the band will be our chorus line the Gatsby Girls, and when the band aren't playing DJs Holly and Aila from the Bee's Knees will be spinning vintage platters into the night.

There is also a three-course dinner menu to preorder, or the option to reserve tables with Champagne and sharing platters of food, plus a menu of bar snacks to order on the night.

Meanwhile in the Cabaret Lounge there will be another bar and more tables, where Hot Swing Boheme will be playing dreamy jazz from Paris, the city of love, followed by two



Just some of the delights on offer at the Candlelight Club's Valentine's Ball



variety shows hosted by flâneur, raconteur and bon-viveur Marcel Lucont, featuring elegant acrobatics from duo Deux Ailes, burlesque from bombshell Bonnie Fox and comic song from La Poule Plombée, the chanteuse tortured by her own genius.

Want to know if he/she is The One for you? Our fortune tellers Foxglove and Lucius will be on hand to advise.

Guests receive an email a few days before the event revealing the secret location.

Note that, despite the Valentine styling, this event (like all our parties) is aimed just as much at groups and individuals as couples. 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 Return of Marmaduke Dando
Wednesday 13th February
8–11pm
The Victoria, 451 Queensbridge Road, London

E8 3AS

Admission: Hard to say

Sometime NSC Member Marmaduke Dando performs some of his tunes ("Distinctively haunting"—Steve Lamacq, BBC6 Music), in support of a single launch by the Knievel Dead ("sinister indie rock"). Marmaduke has spent the last couple of years touring his album *Where the Wasteland Ends* (a bit like The Doors meet the Cesarians) and this is his first UK gig for a long while.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 15th February
Beginners' class from 7pm, main dance from 7.30–11pm
The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London

Which way do you lean—the King or the Saint?



W1. Dress code is strictly black tie and evening dress only, and the event usually sells out. Activities include a quickstep bus stop, a snowball waltz and a Paul Jones. There are photos and videos on the facebook page, website and

ticket link. Any questions, please phone George Tudor-Hart on 020 8542 1490.

The King vs the Saint

Saturday 16th February

9pm–3am

The Institute of Light, 376 Helmsley Place, London E8 3SB

Admission: Earlybird £9, full price £12

Dress: The King or the Saint

From Loungecore lothario Count Indigo comes a sartorial duel between the heroic leading men of 1960s and 1970s British TV—Jason King (played by Peter Wyngarde) and The Saint (Roger Moore). Ladies and gentlemen, come dressed to honour the man of your choice, the suave sophistication of The Saint or the louche decadence of Jason King. The best dressed guest will win a smoking jacket by Favourbrook or a bottle of champagne. An invitation to enjoy timeless chic and misbehaviour with groovy vinylism from Martin Green, Thomas Dynamic and Patrick Whittaker, playing disco, lounge and essential playboy floor fillers, plus live performance from Count Indigo himself, showbiz great Steve Furst with Roger Moore's Bachelor Suite, plus dancers Catsuit-A-Go-Go. (Note the change of venue: although previously scheduled to take place at the Eight Club, the evening will now take place at the cinema club the Institute of Light.) Tickets from Design My Night.

Hammersmith Vintage Fashion, Textile and Accessories Fair

Sunday 17th February

10.30am–4.30pm

Hammersmith Town Hall, King St, London W6 9JU

Admission: Free but you need a ticket from Eventbrite

An abundance of stalls selling vintage one-off fashion pieces plus an array of accessories and textiles, including millinery, shoes, jewellery, home furnishings, lace and embroidery.

Pop-Up Vintage Fairs at Ally Pally

Sunday 17th February

9.30am–4.30pm

Alexandra Palace, Alexandra Palace Way, London N22 7AY

Admission: £6 but you can get a 2-for-1 entry voucher from www.popupvintagefairs.co.uk/alexandra-palace

Pop-Up Vintage Fairs pops up within the International Antiques and Collectors Fair at Ally Pally, offering a mix of vintage ladies and menswear, vintage jewellery and accessories, retro homeware, and mid-century collectables and curios.

The Surrey Steampunk Convivial

Saturday 23rd–Sunday 24th February from 10am

The Royal Oak, 90 Coombe Road, New Malden, Surrey KT34

Admission: £15–20 in advance

Dress: Steampunk, presumably

Previous Convivials have included dance, drama, poetry, music, art, sculpture, two markets, miniature battle re-enactment, comedy, live reptiles, a robot band, the Fling-a-Familiar bazooka, Tea Duelling, Rubbish Football, Umbrella Fencing, remote control whacky races, Splendid Teapot Racing, Jenga, The Best Cake in the World Competition, Ostrich Racing, Snail Racing (clockwork and real ones), a Superciliousness Slam, a Makers Competition, magic, Battle Croquet on the lawn, Morris dancing—something going on every half hour—eight real ale pumps, and a special Steampunk menu from the pub. And lots of friendly Steampunks. More at www.harpsfest.com.

The Candlelight Club:

New Orleans Mardi Gras

Friday 1st and Saturday 2nd March

7pm–12am

A secret central 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—with a Big Easy Mardi Gras twist

An award-winning pop-up 1920s speakeasy in a secret London venue completely lit by candles, with live jazz bands, cabaret and retro-DJs—and where everyone dresses the part.

New Orleans is famous as the birthplace of jazz and is a town that knows how to party—when Prohibition came the city paid less attention than any other in the country and just let the good times keep rolling. If New Orleanians are fun-loving most of the year, in the run-up to Mardi Gras they really let rip, with a wild festival of masks, costumes, parades, music and partying. Dozens of “Krewes” spend all year putting displays together and as they process through the city they fling trinkets, specially minted “doubloons” and strings of gold, purple and green beads from their floats into the crowd. The parades begin weeks ahead of Mardi Gras itself (5th March), and the action will be at its peak this weekend. As a salute to one of the most vibrant cities of the Jazz Age, we'll be celebrating Mardi Gras with menus of classic New Orleans cocktails and traditional Louisiana cuisine, plus live New Orleans jazz from the Candid Jug Orange Band and fortune telling from our own Voodoo seers.

There is also a three-course dinner menu to preorder, or the option to reserve tables with Champagne and sharing platters of food, plus a menu of bar snacks to order on the night.

Guests receive an email a few days before the event revealing the secret location.

More at www.thecandlelightclub.com

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 3rd March

11am–5pm

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

Admission: £5

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



The Club's own Darcy Sullivan visits the LondonEdge alternative fashion exhibition to answer the question, *What will we be wearing after the apocalypse?* To read his report you'll have to wait till issue 100 of *The Chap*