

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • No.157 • NOVEMBER 2019



A Fish Called Andrew

The incomprehensible truth about this Club stalwart

Centre Pint

Ian White's annual NSC pub crawl sticks to the city's West End heart

The town that dandies built

James Rigby on the exotic origins of (Royal) Tunbridge Wells

I want to be evil

The NSC Christmas party theme: come as your favourite villain



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 November in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when our

glorious Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot will give a talk entitled *Sundry Musings on the James Bond Novels*. "It will be about the James Bond of the novels, as opposed to the films," he explains (so ignore the image on the right). "It will touch on Bond's character, his drinking and smoking, and how Ian Fleming completely cocked up Bond's firearms."

The Last Meeting

Our speaker at the October meeting was James Rigby, addressing the "Dandy History of Tunbridge Wells"—his own home town. He looked at the



Not this Bond

humble origins of the town, up until the point where one Lord North discovered an iron-rich sludge bubbling up from the ground which apparently cured all ills—and thus a fashionable spa town was born. The most famous, ancient quarter of the town is the Pantiles—so called because of the roads made from tiles formed in pans. Apparently a royal visitor turned up and grumbled about the lack of made roads; even after the problem was rectified she never came back, but the town's fashionability as a resort was established anyway. For some 30 years society dandy Beau Nash established himself as Master of Ceremonies of the Pantiles during its heyday. Many thanks to James for his local knowledge.

An essay version of this talk begins on page 4.



(Clockwise from left) Scarheart presides; James tells us about Lord North and the muddy puddle; Adrian Prooth in a very dangerous pair of trousers; the unruly crowd; Luca, now clearly a Made Man; our friend from last month is here again but not properly attired as promised; Francis looks profound and mysterious; Chuckles, Howard and Stewart



A Dandy History of TUNBRIDGE WELLS

James Rigby considers how his home town was put on the map by well-dressed men

THIS IS A TALE that takes us from the Cretaceous Period when Iguanodon roamed what is now Kent, through to the turn of the 20th century and a man who is responsible for the bottom buttons on many waistcoats being undone. We shall take in several stops along the way with tales of royalty, gambling, debauchery and general dandiness. But before we get to the dandiness, the prologue...

Over 140 million years ago, the Weald was formed and included an abundance of clay ironstone. Over the next few million years, the clay and sand eroded and left a lode of iron ore near the surface. This is evident from the “rusty” rocky outcrops all around what is now Tunbridge Wells and the aptly-named nearby Rusthall.



The many local rivers provided fast-running water and Ashdown Forest, now famous as the place where Winnie the Pooh played Poohsticks with Piglet, provided wood for charcoal. In Roman times, and again in the Industrial Revolution, the Weald was a major centre of iron ore extraction and iron production. All of this is critical for what happens next.

In 1596, there is no Tunbridge Wells. There is the significantly inferior town of Tonbridge, then spelled with a U, which is mentioned in the Domesday Book and has a large 13th-century castle. There are many other towns on this map nearby, including Grombridge, and Eridge, and we shall come back to these later. But where we find Tunbridge Wells today, there are merely rocks, and perhaps a few farmers grazing their livestock. That was then. Today, Tunbridge Wells is just to the right of the four trees above the number 6 in the map above.



Dudley, Lord North



Artist's impression of Lord North finding the muddy puddle

But let's meet Tunbridge Wells' first Dandy—Dandy Zero, if you will...

Dudley, Lord North, formally Dudley North, 3rd Baron North, succeeded his grandfather in 1600 at the age of 20. He's shown here in a contemporary oil painting.

Dudley was a member of the House of Lords and fought at the Siege of Graaf in 1602 as part of the Anglo-Spanish War. But he wasn't a well man. He himself wondered if he'd taken a bit too much treacle in an attempt to ward off the plague. It is said that in the spring of 1606, he decided that the open sewers and general noise and hubbub of London weren't helping, so he decided to spend six weeks in the countryside with his friend, Edward Neville, Lord Abergavenny, who lived in Eridge.

The story has it that his country retreat didn't help, and he remained ill. He decided to head back to London, but would have one last bender with his friend before he left.

The morning after, somewhat hungover, he headed back to London on his horse.

Just a few miles north,

he came across some water bubbling out of the ground creating what could be described as a muddy puddle.

The geography is such that there is a spot in Tunbridge Wells where the rainwaters, having flown underground through the iron-rich rocks, reach a single point and disappear partly into the underground River Grom and partly bubble up to the surface. It was at this point that Dudley had stopped.

It's said that he claimed the water had a “shining mineral scum” and the puddle it created was fringed with a reddish-brown dust. He took a drink of these weird waters, and recorded that it had a “ferruginous” taste. His hangover went and he immediately felt better. He bottled up some of the water and continued back to London. There he regaled the court with his tale of this magical medicinal spring and his physicians confirmed that the water in the bottles he had brought back did indeed have beneficial properties as it could “cure the colic and the melancholic, and make the fat lean and the lean fat”.

Bit of a post-script: there is some doubt as to the spring 1606 date. As a member of the House of Lords, his attendance there was recorded, and there is no long period of absence, nor that modern affectation a long prorogation in the



High times around the Tunbridge well

NSC Member Helen Cashin working as a Dipper



cottage, and so Dudley and friends camped or slept in wagons. And where the court went, merchants and minstrels followed. It was basically a regular mini-festival for the upper classes with much music, drinking and “courting”. It was the Coachella of its day. In the cottage lived a Mrs Humphries, who became the first “Dipper” of the well, and she lived to be 102. I was unable to source a picture of Mrs Humphries. But there are still Dippers to this

spring. Perhaps it was later in the year, perhaps it was a year or more later. We shall probably never know. But ask most current residents, and they’ll say it was 1606.

For the next few years, Dudley returned regularly to drink of the curative waters, and brought his friends. In 1608, the well was dug.

There were no dwellings save for one nearby

day, serving cups of the magical waters during the summer months to whomever needs it and telling the tale that is the subject of this essay. One of these Dippers is a Sheridanite!

But back to the story. In 1630, Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, came to camp here shortly after the birth of her son, who would go on to become Charles II. With



this, things really started motoring. Tents became shacks and shacks became huts, and huts became cottages. In 1638 the Pantiles, as it has become known, was first laid out. It had previously been a slope but was then terraced into an upper walk and a lower walk forming a pair of parallel tree-lined avenues.

In 1663, King Charles II came to stay with his wife, Catherine of Braganza. In 1678, the Chapel of King Charles the Martyr was built. In 1687, there was a fire and the ramshackle shops and hostelries were replaced and a colonnade was built in front of the new buildings. And it has remained largely unchanged to this day. In 1698, the then Princess Anne, who would go on to become Queen Anne, visited. It’s said that her son fell over and she demanded that proper paving be laid. When she returned the following year, the paving had not been done. She said there’d be hell to pay if the paving wasn’t done before her next visit. The upper and lower walks were laid with pantiles (tiles made in pans), but she never came back!

We’re at 1700, less than 100 years since the waters were discovered. But we’ve barely started—it was during the 18th century that Tunbridge Wells reached its peak.

But staying in the 17th century for a second, let me give you some flavour of the sort of thing that went on by way of these opening lines from a poem by the 2nd Earl of Rochester from 1675:

At five this morn, when Phoebus raised his head
From Thetis’ Lap. I raised myself from bed
And mounting steed I trotted to the waters

A young Beau Nash (an illustration from the 1886 *Life of Beau Brummell* by Captain William Jesse)



Beau Nash

The rendezvous of fools, buffoons and praters
Cockolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters
My squeamish stomach I with wine had bribed
To undertake the dose it was prescribed
But turning Head a cursed sudden Crew
That innocent provision overthrew
And without drinking made me purge and spew.

The royals and the court carried on partying at the Pantiles for the next couple of decades. Word spread and more and more people arrived. And more and more people need more and more entertainment and hostelryes.

On the page six we see the Pantiles in 1719. You can see the wells at the top end, the chapel of King Charles the Martyr. You can also see the geography of the land with hills on all sides which channelled the water to the well. Almost all of these building exist today. Mainly pubs, restaurants and some apparently upmarket shops.

But it all needed organisation. In 1735, Richard "Beau" Nash arrived, a dashing Welshman, not of noble stock but who, as a solicitor, had organised a pageant at Middle Temple for King William. The King was so impressed, he offered Nash a knighthood, but Nash turned it down due to lack of money. He led many fashion changes, preferring not the traditional white wig, but a black one with a white hat. Women adored him, men wanted to be him.

He'd already had huge success in Bath, having been Master of Ceremonies there



Nash painted by William Hoare around 1761

since 1704. But now he had set his sights on Tunbridge Wells. Perhaps he couldn't spend as much time in Bath any more as his gambling debts and jealous husbands were catching up with him. Perhaps his regular run-ins with Wesley and the Methodists in Bath meant he needed to find somewhere else to ply his dandiness. But most likely, the reason relates to the death in 1734 of the formidable Bell Causey

who had presided as the Absolute Governess at the Pantiles, thereby leaving a gap in the market.

He declared himself Master of Ceremonies at Tunbridge Wells. He ensured that people paid to come to the Pantiles for the entertainment and recruited a Queen of the Touters to do his dirty work. He also regulated the gambling, taking his cut, which he would generally then gamble away himself. He did a lot of matchmaking, and he insisted on "chaperoning" unaccompanied ladies—a very gentlemanly endeavour and custom which local gentlemen, including the author, try to maintain on occasion.

Perhaps the biggest change he made was that he turned the area from a Royal and Court party place into one where the upper middle classes could also come. Bit of a social engineer was our Richard.

All the big knobs and celebrities of the day would come. Opposite we see Dr Samuel Johnson, the actor David Garrick, the Earl of Chatham and friends in 1748, having a promenade under seemingly grey skies.

The democratisation continued with the arrival of the railway in 1845. And the town around began to grow and grow with the arrival of the middle classes. Architects such as Decimus Burton came with grand designs which can still be seen today. They built an opera house, which is still in use... two days a year. The rest of the time it's arguably the grandest Weatherspoons in the country.

In 1870, the Post Office finally became hacked off with the confusion between Tunbridge and Tunbridge Wells, and the old town of Tunbridge had its U replaced with an O, but it's still pronounced the same.

And all the while Tunbridge Wells retained its royal patronage. Queen Victoria would pop down once in a while. But it was Prince Albert Edward who really liked

the place. He was the portly chap who started the tradition that many chaps continue to follow today, leaving the bottom button of their waistcoat undone.

The Prince became King Edward VII in 1902. In 1909, he gave Tunbridge Wells its Royal name. Nobody uses it, not even the train station. The council doesn't use it, the mayor doesn't use it. Tourists do.

Today, it's less Dandy than it was, but it's an incredibly picturesque place. There is a free Jazz concert every summer Thursday evening, and we do have the best Weatherspoons in the country.

If you choose to visit the town, let me know and I'll show you around.



Prince Albert Edward in 1860

Albert Edward



- 1740 Aug.
- | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Dr Johnson | 4 Mr Gibbon (Clerk) | 8 Mrs (Phoebe) Countess of Wexford | 12 Duchess of Norfolk | 16 The Baron (A German Countess) | 19 Mrs Ogle |
| 2 Bp of Salisbury (Cathedral) | 5 Mr Garrick | 9 Mr (Big) Earl of Chatham | 13 Mrs Bute | 17 Anthony (Mr Richardson) | 20 Mr. Selwyn (Bishop) |
| 3 Lt Hancock | 6 Mr Truitt (The Singer) | 10 Mr. O. T. (The Speaker) | 14 Mrs Lincoln | 18 Mrs Ogle | 21 Mr. Wilson |
| | 7 Mr Nash | 11 Lt. Bore | 15 Mrs (Cousin) (Mrs Ogle) | | 22 Captain (The Bishop) |
| | | | 17 Mrs (Cousin) (Mrs Ogle) | | 23 The Women of the Wells |

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.



Andrew Fish

Name or preferred name?

Andrew.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Used to be Kipper when young, but Andrew is fine.

Where do you hail from?

Norwich.

Favourite cocktail?

Margarita, Champagne, beer, gin and tonic if I get two.

Most Chappist skill?

I have been to many philosophical talks at Kant's Cave, especially Christian Michaels's talk on the Market and prohibition. I am interested in duality [the insistence on seeing the world in extremes, as polar opposites, good guys and bad guys] and breaking the circle [a liberal, anti-duality philosophy, e.g. viewing drug use as a disease to be cured rather than a crime to be punished].

I love the classics, Plato's *Republic*, *The Iliad*. We live in exciting times. I have travelled to Tibet, Antarctica, Iceland, Peru, Easter Island, etc. I love the old adventurers and their travels. I watch war documentaries and am interested in the causes of war.

Most Chappist possession?

Lots of tweed; *The Chap* magazine—I have a collection. I love the culture and the ideas, e.g. the Helen McCrory interview in the last magazine, *The Avengers* articles and Roger Moore.

Personal Motto?

Never give up, try new things and try to change. Love is a kind of warfare. About the chase. Sometimes love wins. Sometimes madness wins. ("Love is a kind of warfare," is from Ovid; I spent some time with a French countess—several months, 30 years ago—who was more into the Marquis de Sade. She was very passionate and her motto was *La Guerre, la chasse*. So when I think of her I think of "love is war, about the chase".)*

Favourite Quotes?

You've got to accentuate the positive,
Eliminate the negative,
Latch on to the affirmative,
Don't mess with Mister In-Between
(From the song *Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive*, lyrics by Johnny Mercer)

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

I used to be a research physicist using electron and optical microscopy and escaped into a world of images (beautiful but deadly spherulitic structures of PVC and UPVC) and wrote crazy reports about them with the help of Nina, a PhD Oxbridge graduate. I ran a Screenwriting workshop in the 1990s. I love Goths and went to Gala Nocturna. My short-term memory is bad and I am a bit dyslexic. I flew to the top of Everest in a plane and drank some wine and looked out of the cockpit to see the summit, because the queue to climb it was too big. I hate queues.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Two years, I think.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

From Eugenie Rhodes at The Eccentric Club.

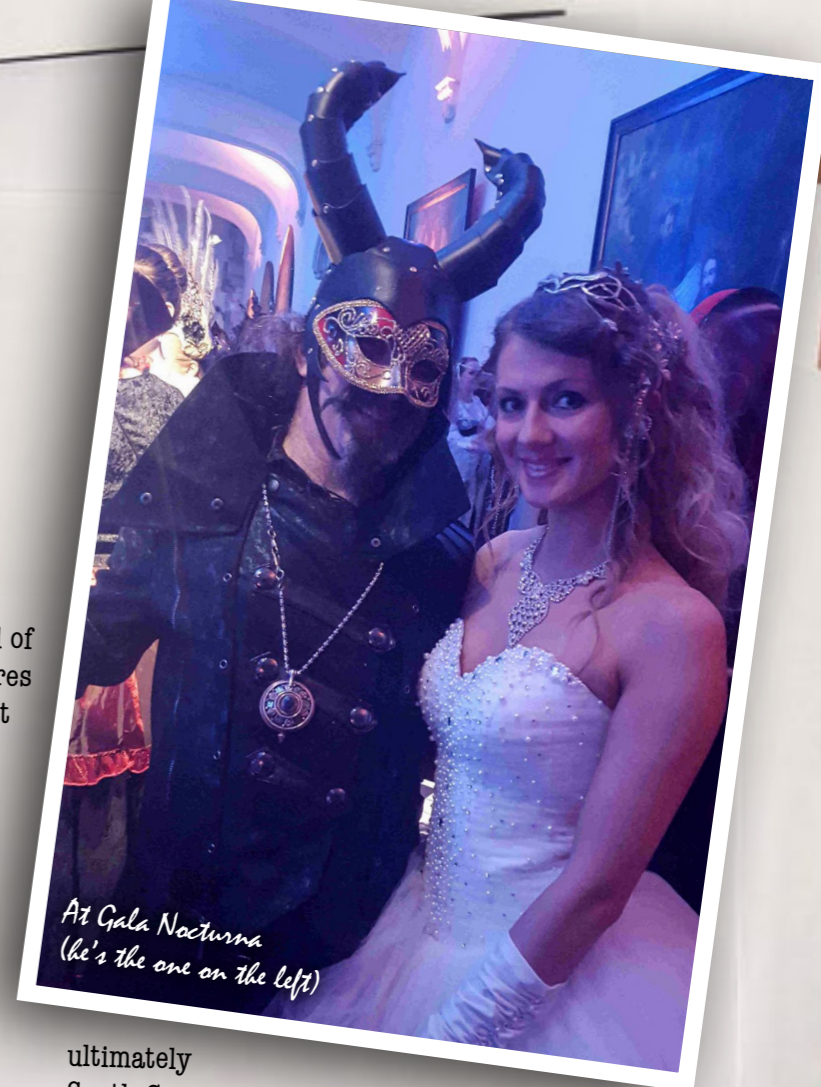
What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)?

Suzette Field from *A Curious Invitation*. She runs lots of amazing events with an extensive roster of performers.

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

Churchill—a great leader.

Shackleton—for his heroism and loyalty to his crew. Disaster struck his expedition when its ship, *Endurance*, became trapped in pack ice and was slowly crushed before the shore parties could be landed. The crew escaped by camping on the sea ice until it disintegrated, then by launching the lifeboats to reach Elephant Island and



ultimately South Georgia Island, a stormy ocean voyage of 720 nautical miles (1,330 km; 830 miles). I went on a holiday called the Shackleton Trip and we followed the same route. The ship sank. Van Gough—the passion and the ear thing.

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?

Maybe a talk on my Shackleton trip and or my trip to Tibet. Shackleton would be best as I have tons of photos.

[* De Gaulle said, "La guerre c'est comme la chasse. Mais à la guerre, le lapin tire"—"War is like hunting. But in war, the rabbit shoots." Which may be relevant —Ed].



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.

CENTRE PINT Ian White outlines the NSC pub crawl



On **Saturday 9th November** we once again stride out into the Capital, our journey entirely by foot this time. This year we are bang in the heart of the city, taking in some fine Soho drinking dens.

The times below will be kept to a strict schedule, so if you cannot make the start you can join with confidence that we will be at a subsequent hostelry.

This is a tour of fine historical premises enjoying the architecture and fine decoration. There is no requirement to consume vast volumes such as a traditional pub crawl may dictate; soft drinks and half-pints are quite acceptable. It is your company that is important.

3.00pm **Argyll Arms**, 18 Argyll Street, W1F 7TP (Oxford Circus tube)

Nicholson's range of Real ales and Craft beers

Try and find us in the multitude of rooms and snugs! An 1860s pub, Grade II* listed and one of the best late Victorian pub interiors in London. Three snugs separated by etched glass partitions, a remarkable decorated Bass mirror. The bar back is impressive and adjacent is a rare survivor, a manager's office with etched glazing.

4.00pm **Duke of Argyll**, 37 Brewer Street, Soho, W1F 0RY (Piccadilly Circus tube)

Sam Smith's excellent, reasonably priced drinks.

A recent refurbishment of this Victorian premises included re-installing four snugs.

5.00pm **Dog and Duck**, 18 Bateman Street,

Soho, W1D 3AJ (Tottenham Court Road tube)

Nicholson's range of Real ales and Craft beers

Grade II listed building dating from 1897, with elaborate mosaic depicting dogs and ducks, and advertising mirrors adorning the walls. Original light fixtures and marvellous tilework complement the interior. George Orwell was once a regular.

5.30pm **Montagu Pyke**, 105–107 Charing Cross Road, WC2H 0DT (Leicester Square tube)

Was formerly the Cambridge Circus Cinematograph Theatre, the Marquee Club's last location, and now a Wetherspoon's—about time we revisited a spoons!

Would be time for food—a chance to have a fine dining experience...

7.00pm **The Angel**, 61 St Giles High Street, WC2H 8LE (Tottenham Court Road tube)

Sam Smiths

Traditional three-bar pub, sensitively and comfortably refurbished in 2010, with classic wooden panelling and an attractive tiled passageway at the side that was a former carriage entrance.

8.30pm (till ejection from premises),

The Princess Louise, 208 High Holborn, Holborn, WC1V 7EP (Holborn tube)

Sam Smiths

Grade II listed, splendidly preserved pub constructed in 1872, displaying some of the finest examples of the Victorian art of public house building. The interior includes marble, etched windows, enormous engraved and gilt mirrors, Portland stone columns, an ornate crimson and gold ceiling and a huge central island bar. The gent's loos are worth a visit for more than the usual reason—marble urinals!

Please note that we are visiting a number of Sam Smith pubs with a strict "no swearing" policy. Moreover, customers may not use mobile phones, laptops or similar inside the pub; tablets and iPads are prohibited inside or outside. The brewery's policy is that its pubs are for social conversation, person to person. Hurrah!

I want to be evil



Saturday 7th December

6–11pm

The Spy Bar, the Morpeth Arms, 58 Millbank, London SW1P 4RW

Dress: your favourite villain

Admission: free to NSC Members, £5 to guests (refundable if they join the club on the night)

The New Sheridan Club's annual Christmas party has a whiff of villainy about it: our venue looks out across the Thames at the MI6 building and has a James Bond theme, so we're inviting you to come as your favourite Bad Guy. It doesn't have to be a Bond villain by any means: there is a vast vista of amorality to choose from, such as Al Capone, Vlad the Impaler, Fu Manchu, the Borgias, Caligula, Noel Edmonds, Nero, Commodus, Robespierre, the Krays, a Member of the Glorious Committee, Darth Vader, Mata Hari, Madame Defarge, wicked stepmother, pirate, femme fatale, black widow, Moll Flanders, "roaring girl", Bill Sykes, Jack the Ripper, cad or bounder, butler (as in "the butler did it"), Jesse James, Baron Samedi, Sheriff of Nottingham, Harold Shipman, Dick Dastardly, secret policeman, wicked squire...



There will be silly games to play, seen from the perspective of the villain rather than the hero, such as a race to steal the Crown Jewels, a competition to design your perfect villain's super-lair and a game to shoot those pesky ninjas who always invade your super-lair at the end of the movie (shortly before the whole place blows up).

There will be the usual Christmas Lucky Dip (or maybe an Unlucky Dip with nothing but live piranhas—we haven't decided yet) and of course there will be our traditional Grand Raffle, entry to which is free, but only to Members of the NSC (including anyone who joins on the night). Prizes include a henchman outfit (boiler suit, hard hat painted silver, etc), a world-shattering laser doomsday weapon, a black hat, an attaché case of money, biographies of the Devil, Al Capone and George Sanders, the collected writings of Aleister Crowley, the animated oeuvre of Dastardly and Muttley, a DVD of *The Krays*, a box of Black Magic chocolates, some Charles Addams cartoons, a ring with a secret compartment for poison, a statue of Baphomet, a bottle of WKD, the complete Fu Manchu stories and more...



CLUB NOTES

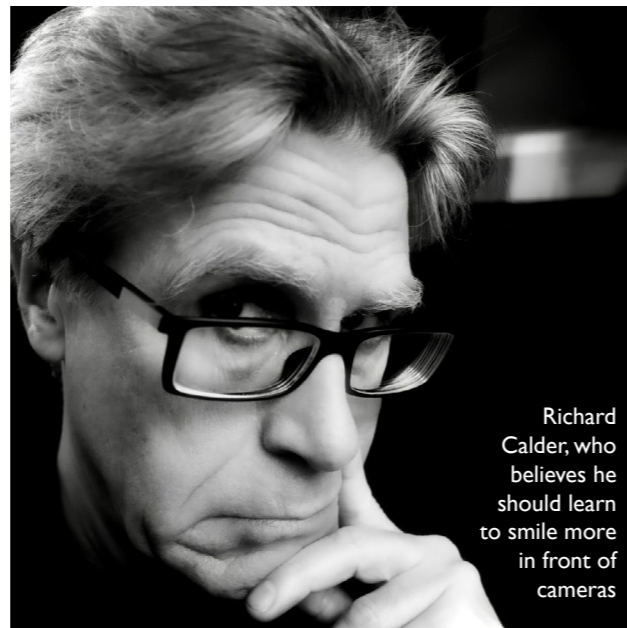
New Members

OUR NUMBERS HAVE increased by two in the last month, specifically in the form of Mike Reynolds and Richard Calder. Mike signed up at our last meeting, a friend of Francis Giordanella (see the Brogues Gallery item in issue 154). He hails from Staplehurst in Kent, cites “driving” as his chief skill and is catholic in his boozing, describing his favourite drink as “anything except rum”.

Richard currently resides in Rainham, Essex, but lived abroad for a significant chunk of his life and also describes the part of London where our beloved Wheatsheaf is to be found as “a stomping ground since I was in my teens”. He spent much of his life writing “doomed SF and fantasy titles” (see www.richardcalder.info) but considers himself more or less retired these days.

Club Tie Corner

FOUR FULL PAGES of spurious Club colours this time, folks, beginning with this snap (below right) of US designer Chip Kidd, courtesy of Mrs H. On the opposite page, clockwise from top left, we have: Mel Brooks’s choice of war paint in his 1980 western comedy *Blazing Saddles*, from Actuarius; Siouxsie Sioux, photographed recently, also from Actuarius; the first of many contributions from Ivan Debono, a dazzling example of, erm, a leisure suit in Club colours (it’s certainly what I wear around the house); Debono again, showcasing his expansive interest in ladies’ clothing with these two pairs of shoes suitable for Club functions; and David Pittard has observed that actor Lee Pace, in his role as troubled automobile magnate John DeLorean in the 2018 movie *Driven*, about the bust for cocaine smuggling that brought him down, is wearing a Club tie—clearly the neckwear trusted by drug dealers the world over.



Richard Calder, who believes he should learn to smile more in front of cameras



Mike Reynolds asks a question from the floor at our last Club Night



Lee Pace as John DeLorean in *Driven*

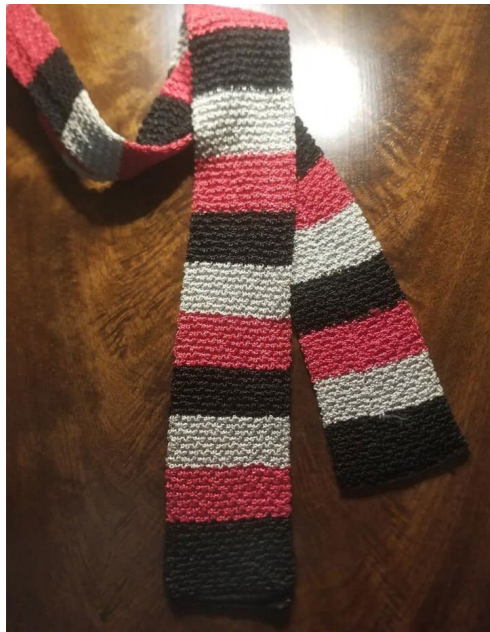


This page, clockwise from right: Princess Mariana Victoria of Portugal, clearly with NSC leanings long before the Club was founded; these three petrolhead buffons from TV's *Top Gear* (clearly from some time ago, as they haven't been in it for a while) besmirching the Club's livery; two interpretations of the Glorious Committee's official transport: first Col. Cyrus Choke spotted the gleaming modern train gliding through Provence on official business, which was then countered by Suzanne Coles with the framed picture (of a train that appears to be called Hutchinson—so each Committee Member has his own train? Suits me). Opposite page from top left: "This moth (*Sheridana gloriosa*) is known to have a weakness for shantung silk dressing gowns, but will happily feed on tweed," says Ivan Debono, who discovered it. "It nests in dark, well-stocked places like drinks cabinets." Frances Mitchell spotted this babygro for rearing the proud next generation; online outfitter Simon James Cathcart has conveniently provided the Club's winter coat; Stephen Smith noticed that Sixties pop icon Ray Davies is wearing a Club T-shirt (as if such a thing could ever exist); and Col. Choke offers this "evidence that Club members who travelled across the American plains in the 1800s left their mark with the Navajo Nation".





Clockwise from top left: Stephen Mangan in Club silk in *The Man in the White Suit*, from Callum Coates; bandleader Edmodo Ros from Mrs H.; Scarheart notes, “It is not enough to love your Club. You must fight for it too. Usually for the amusement of the Committee”; Rhett Hutchence at brother Michael’s funeral, spotted by Francois de Hadoque; a genuinely useful tie from Jon Fowler; the junior tie (Benjamin Negroto).



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 November
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.

Sunday Afternoon Swing with the Prospective Collective

Every Sunday
3.30–10pm, live music 4–6pm
Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB
Admission: Free on the door with a donation in the hat, or free online advance booking at www.jamboreevenue.co.uk
Sunday afternoon Swing is back at Jamboree with The Prospective Collective, a band of London-based jazz musicians who perform a repertoire of classics.

An English Lady’s Wardrobe

Until Sunday 1st March 2020
10am–5pm
Walker Art Gallery, William Brown Street,





Find out how Eva Von Schnippisch saved Hollywood

Liverpool L3 8EL (0151 478 4199)

Admission: £9 from liverpoolmuseums.org.uk

Displaying more than 70 outfits, this new exhibition explores shopping and style in Liverpool during the interwar years. It offers new insight into Liverpool's wealthy Tinne family, showcasing clothing and accessories purchased by Mrs Emily Margaret Tinne (1886–1966). The Tinne Collection is the largest collection of a single person's clothing in any UK gallery. The exhibition features daywear, evening dresses, outdoor wear, underwear and accessories, including jewellery, shoes, handbags and an impressive selection of hats. Much of the clothing dates from 1910 to 1939, reflecting the changing styles of the period.

In addition to Emily Tinne's clothing, the exhibition features costumes belonging to her children as well as outfits worn by the family's servants. The gallery has also been given access to a large number of letters written by members of the Tinne family, revealing new information about their lives. Central to the show is a focus on the Liverpool ladies' outfitters and department stores where many of the outfits were purchased, including Cripps on Bold Street, the Bon Marché and George Henry Lee's on Church Street and Basnett Street, Owen Owen Ltd in Clayton Square and Lewis's on Ranelagh Street.

Soane Lates: Hogarth After Hours

Fridays 8th November, 22nd November, 6th December or 3rd January
Timed slots from 6 till 9pm

The Soane Museum, 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London WC2A 3BP

Admission: £25 from soane.org

Explore the exhibition *Hogarth: Place and Progress* after normal opening hours, accompanied with a Sipsmith gin and tonic. The exhibition unites all of Hogarth's surviving painted series for the first time. Displayed throughout the idiosyncratic spaces of Sir John Soane's Museum, the exhibition demonstrates how Hogarth's "Modern

Moral Subjects" married the idea of progress with the moral geography of London. This special evening opening is a chance to see this exhibition and explore the Museum—a chappist wonderland of statues, paintings and architectural curios crammed into a house too small to hold it all—dramatically lit by spotlights. Tickets are available for arrival at either 6pm, 6.30, 7pm, 7.30 or 8pm and each slot lasts around an hour, including a tour led by one of the expert members of staff and a Sipsmith gin and tonic.

NSC Annual Pub Crawl

Saturday 9th November

7pm–11pm

Meet at near Oxford Circus

Admission: Free but bring money for beer

See page 12.

How Eva Von Schnippisch Saved Hollywood

Saturday 9th November

7–8pm

The Cockpit, Gateforth Street, London NW8 8EH

Admission: £10 from voilafestival.co.uk

Weimar cabaret maven Eva Von Schnippisch, having previously related how she won WWII single-handed, now presents her new show: "The world's greatest cabaret star turned double agent is following her dream and is Tinseltown-bound. As she basks in the glitz and glamour of the LA lifestyle of pool parties, cocktails

and orgies, she unearths a dark truth behind its red velvet curtains. The Golden Age of the Silver Screen is plagued with scandal, sex, drugs, desire and deceit. Is Eva to blame? Or is she saving it from self-destruction?"

The Hallouminati: Six Courses of Cheese with the Dark Knight of Cholesterol

Tuesday 19th November and Tuesday 10th December

7–9.30pm

The Last Tuesday Society, 11 Mare Street, London E8 4RP

Admission: £30 from Eventbrite

The Dark Knight of Cholesterol shares his secretly sourced selection of dairy delights for kindred lovers of cheese and wine alike. Six courses of Europe's most interesting cheeses will be presented with stories of their origins and makings, masterfully paired with three wines. Tickets include admission to Viktor Wynd's Museum of Curiosities.



Expand your lactic consciousness with the Hallouminati

Witch Bottles and Worn Shoes: Home Protection Folklore Practices

Wednesday 20th November

7–8.30pm

The Geffrye Museum, 136 Kingsland House, London E2 8EA

Admission: £15 from Eventbrite

In November 2018, builders working on the renovation of the Geffrye Museum discovered an old worn boot that was hidden in a walled-up chimney void from when the museum was an almshouse. What was the boot doing there? Since a chimney void is hardly a likely place to accidentally lose a boot, who put it there?

What purpose did it serve? Can we truly step into the mindset of the people who interred these objects – or will they remain a mystery? The answers to these questions come from an ancient heritage of home-protection folklore practices throughout the British Isles reaching back through time—but also practised far



Learn the significance of this boot at the Geffrye Museum



more recently than you might think.

For this evening lecture, join Dr Romany Reagan in the restored 18th-century Geffrye Almshouse. The evening will begin with a chance to view the hidden boot and the almshouse, alongside an exhibition of other historical items used in home-protection folklore, and enjoy a glass of wine before heading upstairs to learn the curious history of the secrets within our walls.

129th Annual Eccentric Club Dinner

Friday 22nd November
7.13–10.13pm
The Eccentric Club, 27 Old Gloucester Street, Bloomsbury, London, WC1N 3AX, United Kingdom
Admission: £65 for a three-course dinner, plus wine, coffee and petit fours
Dress: Black Tie and eccentrically glamorous and tasteful evening wear

The Eccentric Club—founded in the 1780s and revived in 1890—has had various internal ructions and has moved around from one base to another without permanent premises of its own, but it continues still and counts a number of NSC members among its own (as well as Prince Philip as patron). It seems to be in a particular state of flux at the moment, yet the annual dinner is still taking place (though I'm damned if I can work out where it is taking

place). All part of the eccentricity, I guess. You can learn more about the club at eclub.co.uk.

The Candlelight Club

Friday 22nd and Saturday 23rd November
7pm–12am
A secret central London location
Admission: £25 in advance
Dress: Prohibition dandies, gangsters and molls, peaky blinders, decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know
London's award-winning immersive 1920s-themed speakeasy party, with live jazz, cabaret and cocktails in a secret London venue filled with candles. The November party will be hosted as ever by purveyor of saucy song Champagne Charlie, with vintage vinyl spun by Holly of the Bee's Knees. Making their debut at the Candlelight Club, the live band are the infamous Swing Ninjas, a multi-horn, multi-harmony sunburst of brass energy, combining New Orleans ragtime, spirituals, blues and cajun jazz, adding their own original music to produce a swing sound that is not just rooted in the past. Ticket-holders receive an email two days before, 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*

Chap Hop and Cheese

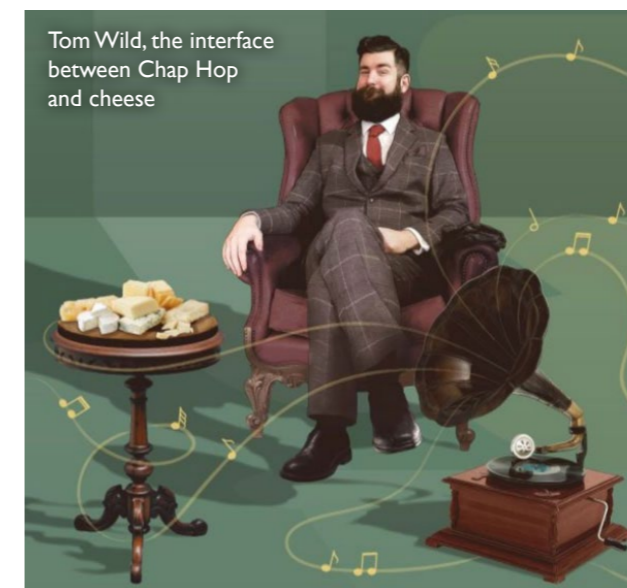
Saturday 23rd November
7–11pm
National Space Centre, Exploration Drive, Leicester LE4 5NS
Admission: £15 (including cheese buffet) from spacecentre.co.uk

Last September, a team of researchers from the Bern University of Arts played different musical genres to cheese for a six-month period. Their findings suggested that Hip Hop gave the cheese an especially funky flavour. Join the NSC (National Space Centre, not New Sheridan Club) as they recreate the experiment by exposing a buffet of different cheeses to the Chap Hop stylings of Tom Wild, who performed at our last Christmas party. Their "homage to fromage" will then be consumed by the audience and ratings given to our scientists. So grab a cheese knife (one must always use the correct implement for the task) and enjoy a selection of dairy and non-dairy options.

The Black and White Ball

Saturday 23rd November
7–11pm
Cecil Sharpe House, 2 Regent's Park Road, Primrose Hill, London NW1 7AY
Admission: £18 in advance from tickettailor.com
Dress: Elegant Black and White

Harking back to the glamorous black and white era of Hollywood, this ball presented by SwingDanceUK offers a basic dance lesson at



Come and browse the 300 stalls at Ally Pally

the beginning of the evening followed by social dancing to live music from King Groovy and the Horn Stars playing tunes from the 1930s–50s. There will also be a magic show and chocolate fountains.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 24th November
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.

IACF Antiques & Collectors Fair

Sunday 1st December
9.30am–4.30pm
Alexandra Palace, Alexandra Palace Way, London N22 7AY
Admission: £6 (with a 2-for-1 offer with a voucher from popupvintagefairs.co.uk/alexandra-palace)

Organised by the International Antiques & Collectors Fairs (IACF), London's largest antiques fair, offering over 300 quality antiques dealers from around the UK and the beautiful, historic setting of Alexandra Palace, takes place just four times a year. This time it incorporates stalls curated by the Pop Up Vintage Fairs team offering Vintage Fashion, Accessories, Jewellery, Furniture, Furnishings, Posters, Mid-Century Homeware, French Brocante, Taxidermy, Lighting, Collectables & Curiosities.



Matthew Howard loses his decorum at the naming ceremony of fellow Committee Member Scarheart's sons Max and Roman. As a result, a whole new code of conduct had to be devised for the Soft Play Area