

BUTTERFLY KISS

Secrecy, glamour and bathtubs
of gin: Vicky Butterfly blesses
the first Candlelight Club

Secrets from the dawn of cocktails

Original recipes from
the nineteenth century

Cutthroat business

Fruity has a close shave when he
investigates Murdock of London

Style tips from the silver screen

What vintage films say about
the meaning of clothes

Tea offer!

Another exclusive discount
for NSC Members

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XLIX • November 2010



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 3rd November in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Mr Ronald Porter will regale us with *The Life and Times of Her Serene Highness The Princess Grace of Monaco*. The talk (a reprise of one given a month earlier at the National Liberal Club) will, Mr Porter writes, deal with "her birth in the USA, her parents and her well-off background, school and college days and her acting career. It will cover her films and her romance with Prince Rainier, the famous wedding in 1956 and her married life with husband and three children, before ending with the fatal car crash and State Funeral. President Kennedy was intrigued by her. Hitchcock worshipped her. Our own Queen admired her and Princess Diana adored her. She "made" Prince Rainier—it was never the other way around. And she brought some much-needed style and glamour to Monaco—Somerset Maugham once described the principality as 'a sunny place for shady people'."

Please note that on this occasion the actual talk **will begin at 8pm** (rather than around 9pm as normal).

The Last Meeting

Our talk at the October meeting was a delightfully eccentric one. Mr Sean Londen's playful lecture was based on the premise of

seeking sartorial advice and direction from films of the 1930s to the 1960s. For example: "Q: How can I stay cool in summer?" "A: Follow the method used by Raymond Huntley in *Passport to Pimlico* and keep a one-button cream linen jacket in your office for use on a summer's day (wearing it over the trousers and waistcoat of one's three-piece woollen suit)." This particular ruse was being demonstrated by Mr Longden himself on the occasion (see photographs).

The lecture further considered what sort of characters were portrayed wearing what sort of clothes, and therefore what those garments were taken to suggest about personality and status in the eyes of contemporary viewers. Some of the results were surprising, Tattersall waistcoat—country squire? No, all the filmic evidence suggests spiv and fraudster.

Sean's teenaged daughter Mary came along to pilot the Babbage device. He frequently deferred to her for some fact or name of a film or actor. I asked her afterwards if she was just as much into the vintage movies as her father and she replied, "No, I've just got a better memory than him."

Coincidentally we were visited (not for the first time) by a television camera crew—our own Curé Michael Silver had been selected to appear on the TV dating show "Take Me Out", and they were gathering footage of his, erm, natural milieu. They seemed to be setting him up asking for "chappist" drinks at the bar and fessing up when given too much change. *Cinema verité*...



(Above) The film crew from Talkback Noctovision jostle as Torquil delivers his introduction; (above) Sean begins his oration; (right) earlier the crew hover around the Curé; (below) Sean has a drink to steady his nerves



(Above) the object of the camera's attention (centre), Curé Michael Silver, chatting to Fiona, wife of Gustav Temple; (left) Sean's attentive audience; (below) Sean uses his RSM's stick to point out how the cravat can be just the sartorial ticket in a POW camp



(Below) Russell Newlove plans a heist with Lucy Hayward



(Left) Sean himself illustrates his point about wearing a linen jacket over one's dark wool suit; (Below) Mary dutifully guards the pointing stick; (below right) Mr and Mrs Bridgman-Smith share a joke with Torquil





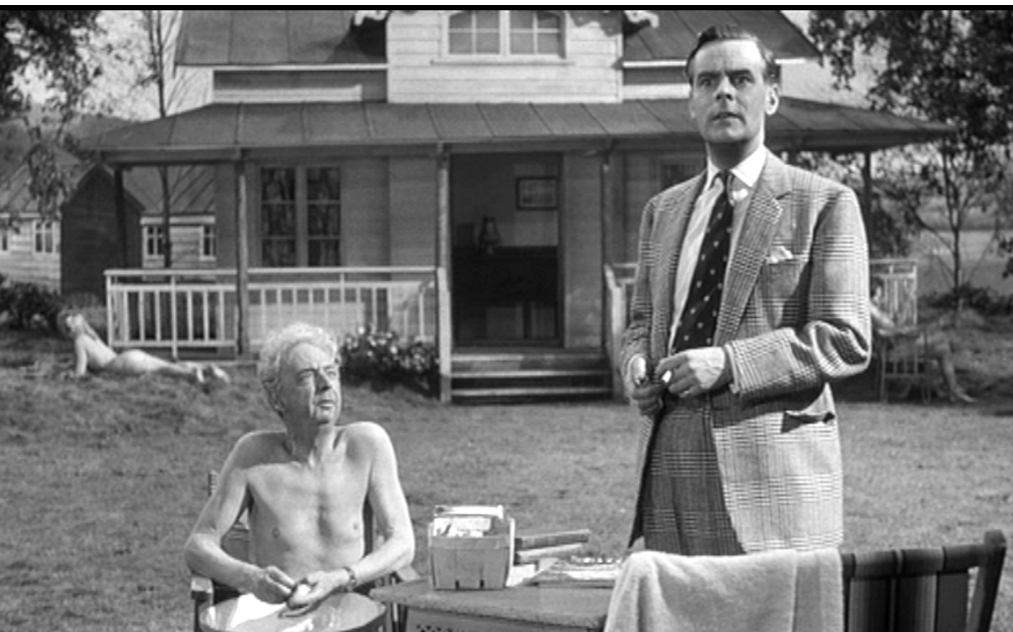
Fashion Tips From the Silver Screen



WHAT VINTAGE MOVIES CAN TEACH US ABOUT HOW TO DRESS

By Sean Longden

THE MALE OF THE SPECIES, and his clothing, is often bypassed in studies of modern fashion. On the occasions that male fashions are discussed it is frequently presented from an American perspective. When British male clothing is examined the subject tends to follow youth culture, with a nod to the Teddy Boys of the 1950s, followed by an overwhelming obsession



Ian Carmichael gets it just right at the nudist colony in *I'm Alright Jack*

with the skinny lines of 1960s mod culture.

However, this constant re-referencing of the Sixties ignores the glories of an earlier age: 1930 to 1960. It was an age of wide lapels and even wider trousers, of waistcoats, long loose collars, short ties, and beautifully relaxed woollen sports jackets. There is no better place to find examples of these fashions than in the films of the time, a period known as the golden era of British film.



Raymond Huntley (left) has the solution for summer heat hanging in the background in *Passport to Pimlico*

This offers us a number of lessons on how to recreate the period look accurately:

Lesson 1: Always dress for the occasion

The men of the period dressed in a precise manner that made a good impression on whomever they encountered. In *Rebecca* (1940), Laurence Olivier even dressed in a well-angled hat, perfectly-knotted tie, and pocket handkerchief in preparation for an aborted suicide attempt. Whereas the servicemen of the 21st century probably arrive for their first day of training dressed in synthetic “leisure wear”, the men of the earlier era apparently preferred bowler hats, ties, waistcoats and starched white shirts. Terence Longden dressed similarly to go into hospital in *Carry on Nurse* (1959), his immaculate outfit a defiant shield against the approaching attentions of nurses who will soon be stripping and scrubbing him.

And, as Ian Carmichael demonstrated in *I'm Alright Jack* (1959), a Prince of Wales check suit is ideal for a day at a nudist colony.

Lesson 2: What to wear in summer

The British climate—and its occasionally warm summer's day—meant there were times when the men of the nation needed some relief from

the oppression of the three-piece grey woollen suit. As perfectly illustrated by Raymond Huntley in *Passport to Pimlico* (1949), there was an ideal solution. By keeping a one-button cream linen jacket and panama hat in his office, he could swap his jacket and immediately cool down. The clothes reflected an essential part of the storyline: his change of clothes to a more relaxed summer look went hand-in-hand with his change of attitude and increasing integration into the local community. It is a look that defines a man who knows the fine line between relaxed and casual.

Lesson 3: What to wear in winter

Certain rules manifest themselves in winter. The double-breasted, camel-coloured short coat defines the look of the military man. From Terry-Thomas in *Make Mine Mink* (1960) to Michael Gwynne in *Village of the Damned* (1960), it is a coat worn exclusively by men carrying the rank of major. Even in *The Ladykillers* (1955) one of the crooks has adopted the look, and title—showing that not all officers are gentlemen.

Similarly, groups of men in belted raincoats and hats will invariably be some manner of official. Whether policemen, customs officers or Air Ministry officials, such outfits—combined with trilbys, homburgs and bowlers—are a badge of rank.

Lesson 4: Learn to relax

Whilst it is understandably common for Sheridanites to want to dress-up appropriately, British cinema teaches the perfect way to dress



The Police in *The Ladykillers* wear the raincoats appropriate to their profession

down. While a three-piece suit, bowler and buttonhole are suitable for the city, they are hardly sensible for mowing the lawn or laying a garden path. British cinema tells us the simple solution: almost anything can be worn if a silk scarf or neckerchief is added. Fixing the car? No problem, an old jumper and a silk scarf are perfect. Playing golf? Throw out the Pringle and slacks, put on a jumper and scarf. Designing the Spitfire, pruning the garden? Ditto. Even in *The Colditz Story* (1955), John Mills, Richard Wattis, Ian Carmichael and Lionel Jeffries all showed us the way to relax while in enforced captivity. Even in the late evening, as shown by Ralph Michael in *Dead of Night* (1945), a silk scarf is the ideal way to fill the ugly gap between neck and dressing gown.

Lesson 5: How to impress foreigners



The cravat—perfect for a spell in *Colditz*

Between 1930 and 1960 British cinema taught us that the British male was somehow more refined and stylish than his continental or colonial cousins. Wherever possible a contrast is offered. In *San Demetrio London* (1943) a British merchant seaman is confronted by an

American in a bar. The Britisher, complete with suit, hat and tie, drinks from a beer glass. The American drinks from the bottle, wears no hat and has allowed his tie knot to slip. Even when the contrast is between Englishmen, American influence is illustrated. In *The Blue Lamp* (1950) the criminal Dirk Bogarde is dressed in the American-influenced outfit of a post-war 'wide boy', complete with soft, unstructured jacket. His lapels are wide but ugly, his patch breast pocket an unnecessary distraction, and his cigarette lazily hung from his lips. When arrested he is confronted by a police officer in an immaculate suit of a fine cut, that fits, rather than smothers, the body.

Lesson 6: Beware the bow tie

While the bow tie has become seen as a badge of respectability—worn by so many pompous sitcom characters and doctors—period cinema shows a very different image. The bow tie was the sign of cinema's rogues: whether Stanley Holloway as a drunken gambler in *The Titfield Thunderbolt* (1953) or back street bookmaker Sidney Tafler in *Passport to Pimlico*, the bow tie is an integral part of the image. Terry-Thomas wore one as a tax-dodging businessman in *Too Many Crooks* (1959) as did Jack Warner as the gang leader in *Hue and Cry* (1947). Each of them



In both bow tie and Tattersall waistcoat, Stanley Holloway bears all the hallmarks of the rogue in *The Titfield Thunderbolt*

used this neckwear to make them stand out from the crowd—and warn the public what to expect.

Lesson 7: The politics of the waistcoat

Similar to the bow-tie, the Tattersall waistcoat conjures up images of horseracing: breeding and bloodstock. But cinema teaches us another lesson: the Tattersall waistcoat is another badge of the rogue. When Will Hay comes up against a retired colonel trying to get him the sack, the colonel wears a checked waistcoat. Terry-Thomas wears one as a pompous would be philosopher in *Lucky Jim* (1957), as does Michael Gough as a scheming mill-owner in *The Man in the White Suit* (1951). The prime example of the waistcoat-wearing rogue is Ian Carmichael in *School for Scoundrels* (1960). When Dennis Price sells him a dodgy-car, Carmichael wears a three-piece pinstripe suit. When he returns to con Price into re-buying the car he wears the



Compare and contrast how the Englishman and the American dress and drink beer, in *San Demetrio London*



(Above) When he buys his new car, as a *naif* in *School for Scoundrels*, Ian Carmichael wears a sober three-piece suit and tie. When he returns, educated in the ways of Lifemanship (right), he now sports bow tie and Tattersall waistcoat

uniform of the scoundrel: the waistcoat and the bow tie. To cap it all, he wears a wonderfully large pair of leather gauntlets and smokes an ornate pipe.

Whilst the 1950s is best remembered for the stylings of the teenage Teddy Boys, the more mature gentlemen had their own fashion: the cream waistcoat. Worn with morning-wear, a lounge suit, a pin-stripe business suit, or a sports jacket, the pale waistcoat creates the image of a distinguished man from that period in history.

The post-war arrival of the knitted waistcoat also offered an identity for the period. While checks had a roguish appeal, the knitted waistcoat was the badge of what we now know as the "nerd". Ian Carmichael wears it well as a young history lecturer in *Lucky Jim* or the new pupil at the *School for Scoundrels*. For George Cole in *The Green Man* (1956) the knitted waistcoat reflects his position as a lowly vacuum cleaner salesman. Even Terry-Thomas adopts the look in *Make Mine Mink* when, in a rare role as a down-at-heel ex-army officer, he wears knitwear in place of his more usual smooth waistcoats.

There is one thing to remember when attempting to recreate the look of the period. While waistcoats remained popular through-

out the period, they were worn without pocket watches. This was the era of the wristwatch, where only the old men retained the glorious detail of a pocket watch and chain spread out across ever-expanding waistlines.

Lesson 8: To mix or not to mix?

The question of whether to wear a mixture of stripes is one subject to much argument. Whether a man should mix a striped suit with a striped shirt, maybe adding the horizontal stripes of a tie, is a question answered in films of the period. Checks and stripes are thrown together with abandon. Even David Niven happily combined the styles, in a manner more normally seen on characters seemingly mixing garments due to limited financial means. While the look works in some cases, such as worn by John Slater in *Passport to Pimlico*, sometimes it is less successful. A good example of the way not to mix cloths is seen in *Brighton Rock* (1947)





Spot, stripes and checks all peacefully coexist in *Brighton Rock*

where one character takes afternoon tea wearing a plain jacket, striped shirt, checked waistcoat and polka dot tie.

Lesson 9: Protect ladies from the sight of your neck

This was an era when men wore ties, cravats, scarves or neckerchiefs, almost without fail. Ties were wide, soft, unlined, and worn short. The notion of the perfectly knotted tie reaching the waistband was not recognised by British cinema. Instead, they often hung to the bottom of the ribs. Ties were combined with soft collars, with the rigid collars of the modern

(Below) Note the soft tab collar adorning James Robertson Justice in *Against the Wind*; (right) Jimmy Hanley sports a good example for the short ties of the period in *The Way Ahead*



shirts only appearing in the 1950s. Tab collars were popular, as were long, pointed collars. One important rule: when recreating the look avoid the bright silk ties of the modern era, with their bulky lining. Instead, stick to vintage or the drabbest of knitted ties.

Rather than the more traditional cravat, the films of the era were filled with men wearing bulky scarves under their shirts. When Jimmy Hanley portrays a jazz-drumming, second-hand-car-dealing soldier in *The Way Ahead* (1944), he wears a white scarf under his shirt, teaming it with a tweed jacket and pint pot.

At this point, special mention must be made of George Sanders in *Village of the Damned*. He wears at least four different silk cravats in the course of the action, earning the title of my Cravat Wearer of the Year, 1959.

The importance of the tie is shown in the film *First of the Few* (1942). When Leslie Howard, as the designer of the Spitfire, has a physical breakdown, we see him for the first time without either a tie, scarf or cravat: the scene marks the beginning of the end for Mr Mitchell.

Lesson 10: Remember the essential details

Cinema teaches us many long-forgotten details about period fashion. Some tailors have long supported buttonholes on both lapels of a double-breasted jacket. However, we see examples of buttonholes on both lapels of even the single-breasted jacket. In one extreme



example of suit design, we see Ralph Michael in *Dead of Night* wearing a suit without a breast pocket.

Other details on suits include fishtail backs on trouser waistbands, very short jacket vents, rolled lapels and half-belted jackets. These are all details that, on a modern suit, help give period detail, showing the wearer is at a higher sartorial level than most of his contemporaries.

Lesson 11: How to spot a wide boy

The criminal class of the period was a regular feature of British cinema and, just like the gentleman or the horse racing enthusiast, the “wide boy” had his own uniform. The most famous of the period was George Cole’s Flash Harry of the St Trinians films. His angled trilby, pencil moustache, long overcoat with dropped-waist, worn with suede shoes, was a caricature of a criminal. The gang in *It Always Rains on Sunday* (1947)—including Jimmy Hanley and Alfie Bass—wear trilby hats, silk ties with gold pins, tab collars and long overcoats. Others favour bow ties and black shirts, often worn with



light-coloured ties.

The most stylish cinematic gang of the period were seen in *Brighton Rock*. Richard Attenborough wore a pin striped, single breast suit with a pleated back and a double-breasted waistcoat. Nigel Stock wore an extravagantly striped pale suit, teamed with a pencil moustache. The prize, however, went to William Hartnell. He wore a heavy checked suit with three close buttons, wide lapels, a belted back and an improbably tight waist. It is one of the most stylish suits ever seen in the cinema.

Lesson 12: Be careful when going native!

There are certain times when a man, having settled away from his native territory, can “let his hair down” and adopt the local costume. As shown by David Farrar in *Black Narcissus* (1947) there are styles that, while extreme, certainly “cut a dash”. But remember, this is a policy that, while working in Katmandhu, must be avoided in Catford.

(Top To bottom) In chiller *Dead of Night* Ralph Michael's suit jacket creepily has no breast pocket; William Hartnell, playing a gangster in *Brighton Rock*, wears perhaps the spivviest suit in cinema history, with a garish check, broad lapels, a figure-hugging waist and three very closely spaced buttons; in *Black Narcissus* what seemed acceptable dress in Katmandhu for David Farrar now seems strangely inappropriate...





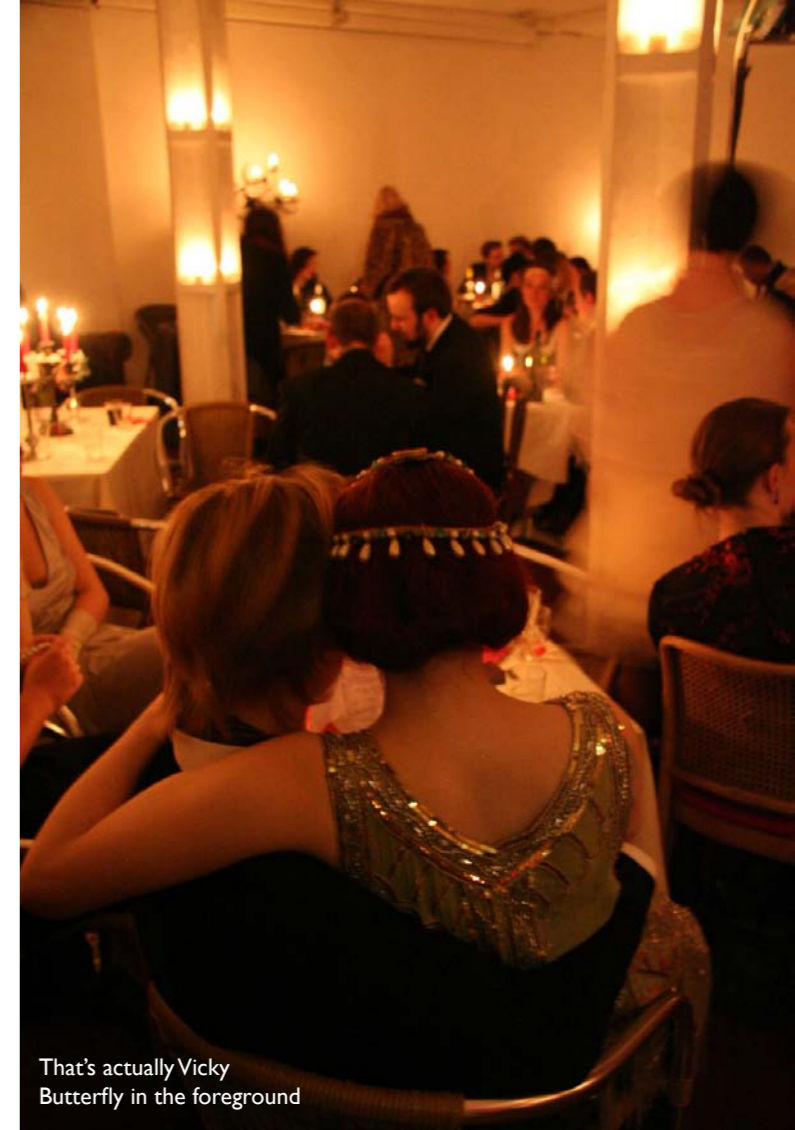
Well Met By Candlelight



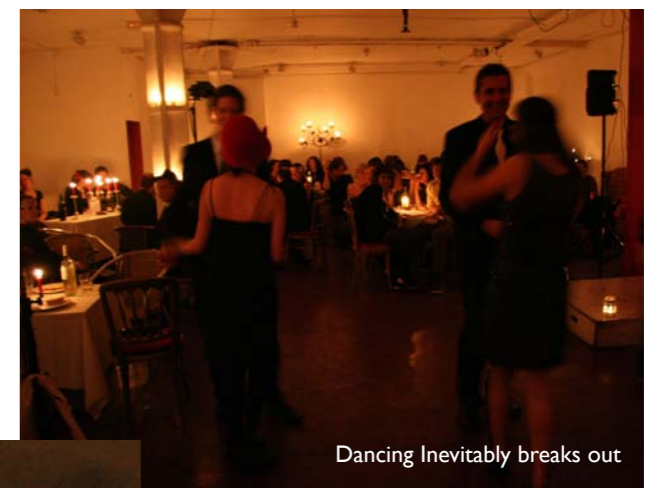
NEW VINTAGE-THEMED CLUB NIGHT
LAUNCHES IN THE CAPITAL

IN THE TAIL END of our summer Far Pavilions party I was stalking the venue, looking for interlopers and reviving the fallen, when someone told me there was a chap outside who wanted to talk to me. The mysterious fellow turned out to be an American with a proposition. He had access to an atmospheric space and he had the idea of a speakeasy-themed club. He was actually inspired by modern New York bars that do not advertise their presence—unless you know they are there you would never find them—but we settled on a series of regular nights, exclusive events with a period feel and an emphasis on classic cocktails.

I enlisted the help of NSC Member Mr Will Sprunt, who had previously run the kitchen at Salon d'Été, venue for the Far Pavilions, and the Candlelight Club was born. The irony is that, owing to an unfortunate industrial accident, the original venue that inspired the idea was closed down but the basement den we moved into turned out to be quite the thing—as I think these daguerreotypes from the inaugural event on 23rd October testify. Moreover it doesn't have the noise restrictions of the other venue, so we can have live music too, something we will do



That's actually Vicky Butterfly in the foreground



Dancing Inevitably breaks out

(Clockwise from top left)
The venue, entirely lit by candles; some of the "posh" sandwiches laid out to line guests' stomachs; burlesque performer Miss Vicky Butterfly entertains; our vintage style microphone; Mr Jeremy James Cook from Brighton; Will Sprunt mixes cocktails by candlelight; MC Fruity mans the wheels of steel



What with all the candle wax, the table cloths are a write-off...

from our second event, which will be on **Saturday 20th November**, featuring live ragtime jazz from the Dixie Ticklers and burlesque from New Zealand's Titian-haired temptress Sophia St Villier, plus period shellac spun all night by MC Fruity. If you fancy attending see www.thecandlelightclub.com, but bear in mind that it's an intimate venue and there are a limited number of tickets.



(Clockwise from top left) Vicky's second performance; a dying swan routine; all drinks were served from utilitarian tumblers; the party in full swing; conspiracy by candlelight; Compton-Bassett and Robert Beckwith in the foreground; your genial host attempts to shoo the revellers home (photo by Henry Ball)



A Good Time for Tea



YOUR CHANCE TO BUY BOUTIQUE TEAS AT A SPECIAL CLUB DISCOUNT

You may know that Lainie Petersen, one of our longest-serving American members (and yet still someone we have never physically met) is something of an aficionado of tea and writes a number of tea blogs. In the past she has arranged a special discount for NSC Members on tea purchases and I'm delighted to say that she has done it again: all Members are now eligible for a one-time 15% discount from the Canton Tea Co.

Canton Tea Co is a London-based firm trading in high grade, whole leaf Chinese tea. They have exclusive access to some of the best jasmine, white, green, oolong, black and authentic puerh teas available. In their first year they scooped six Golds at the 2009 Guild of Fine Food Great Taste Awards. Their Jasmine Pearls won the top three-star Gold award, endorsing it as the best available in the UK.

The company was founded in 2007 by Jennifer Wood. Formerly a copywriter for campaigner Anita Roddick, Jennifer had been drinking fine Chinese tea for years, ever since her partner started bringing it back from his trips to China and Taiwan.

Jennifer's partner in the business is Edgar Thoemmes, webmaster and financial specialist. He has a powerful appetite for China's tea and food culture and a brave, exploratory attitude evident on a recent trip

to Sichuan where he determined to eat what the locals ate, irrespective of its visual appeal. He is now comfortably one of the UK's most knowledgeable tea experts.

Canton Tea Co are the only specialist China tea company with full time buyers in China and Taiwan—they buy direct from the source, seasonally and in small quantities, and do not use wholesalers nor rely on a couple of buying trips a year. This means they know the provenance of every tea they sell.

Their Chinese buying partner works with a fifth generation Tea Master, sourcing stock direct from traditional tea gardens whose entire

crop would otherwise sell on the domestic market. In Taiwan their tea comes from the mountain farm of Mr Xu, whose family they have known for many years. Many of the company's teas are certified organic, and all are grown on traditional farms without the use of chemical pesticides or fertilisers.

We are hoping to organise a New Sheridan Club tea tasting, probably in the New Year. Details will follow, but if you are interested in principle do email me so I can gauge numbers.

Furthermore, the company has kindly donated a selection of exquisite teas as a prize for the traditional Grand Raffle at

the Club's Christmas Party on Saturday 11th December, details of which will appear in the next Newsletter.

HOW TO USE THE DISCOUNT
Go to www.cantonteaco.com and make your purchases. At the check-out, use the discount code **SHERIDAN**. This will automatically give you **15% off your bill, plus free postage and packing**. Note that this discount may only be used once by each customer, so choose wisely.

Braving suspicious foreign food, Edwin visits a tea garden in Wen Shan, Taiwan





A Close Shave



INVESTIGATING THE DELIGHTS OF
MURDOCK OF LONDON

By *Fruity Hatfield-Peverel*

AS IF THE SHERIDAN summer party at the Salon d'Été wasn't enjoyable enough, during the raffle part of the evening yours truly was fortunate enough to win a "Traditional Wet Shave" at Murdock's barbers.

Being rather fond of all things traditional in general, and of proper old-fashioned barbers in particular, needless to say I was perfectly delighted—and, joy of joys, was still excited about it even after I had sobered up.

Not actually having heard of them before,

Murdock's barbering emporium within Liberty



Before: note that Murdock are not responsible for the haircut

I consulted their webular presence at www.murdocklondon.com to learn more. It turns out they have three barber shops, at Shoreditch (their first shop, opened in 2006), at Mayfair and—my choice of venue—located within the menswear department of the wonderful Liberty on Regent Street in London's West End.

Booking is done via the website and is quite straightforward to use; my one complaint would be that it wasn't possible for me to cancel my initial appointment after I had booked a later one as I was, you will be astonished to hear, running a bit late...

The shop is at one end of the lower-ground floor, and one must pass through the various gentlemen's attire sections, though I suspect that (as with myself) the majority of the stock would be unlikely to detain the committed Sheridanite for *too* long. Anyway, I had an appointment to keep!

The staff, I'm pleased to report, were friendly and courteous. I do think it's important to establish something of a rapport with a chap who's about to hold an open razor to one's throat, don't you?

The actual process was both meticulous and lengthy, though not unpleasantly so. The website says to allow up to 30 minutes for the procedure, but I could swear I was in the chair for nearly 40. The trick, from my experience, is just to relax and let it all happen to one. Being in the basement, I could rest assured that I was unlikely to be dropped into a pie shop beneath and could lie back and experience all the soothing relaxation of a



The hot towel treatment that has broken so many at Guantanamo

ladies' pampering spa thing, but in a pleasingly blokey environment.

The shop itself is done out in the manner of the now very rare proper old-fashioned barber shop, with what appeared to be many original fittings and a bewildering array of salves and unguents concocted to facilitate the necessarily and satisfyingly complex business of scraping the unsightly growth from one's fizzog.

The procedure I was entitled to involved seemingly countless stages using the preparations of D. R. Harris' (estd. 1790 in St James's) to prepare the several days growth of putative beard I had allowed specially to form to give them something substantial to work with.

There were cleansers, beard softeners and something with menthol in it—then the legendary hot towel. I was asked subsequently if I'd had a chat with with the barber during the session: well, apart from a few pleasantries prior to commencement it would actually have been at first impossible (during the hot towel treatment) and then unwise (during the actual shave). I did learn from the barber (a young, fashionable chap from Essex) that he had a girlfriend. I know it shouldn't make any difference, but the whole procedure *is* incredibly



During: the barber tries to forget that scene from *Reservoir Dogs*

and surprisingly intimate. The skin preparations are applied—carefully massaged, rather—into the face and the lack of any potential frisson lent an air of complete professionalism, which all their staff undoubtedly have.

Given that one could be forgiven for being somewhat apprehensive about the straight-razor shave itself, the nearly half an hour of preparatory work served a secondary function, whether intentional or not, of engendering in me a state of almost catatonic relaxation, making the face-fuzz removal almost as pleasurable as the unguent massaging.

Finishing off with an after-shave balm and moisturiser, even a dab of eye gel—and despite a misunderstanding about sideburn-length—I drifted serenely out of the shop and on to Regent Street, looking and feeling refreshed and sharp. All in all, thoroughly recommended!

After: scraped, buffed and moistened. Hello, ladies!



(Right) Sean as Master of Ceremonies; (below) Maria unleashes her vocal chords



(Below) In the audience, Compton-Bassett and Oliver Lane display a mixture of amusement and rapture; (bottom) an armband-clad Scarheart keeps order



When the student union manager from ULU dropped by our Far Pavilions party in August she declared that she wanted a party like that. She enlisted our own Sean Rillo Raczka to put on a bash with a Weimar theme, must like our Kredit Krunch Kabaret in Christmas 2008. Maria Trevis reprised her role as a cabaret singer (she was Fraulein Maria last time, but now The Baroness—but then she has got married in the intervening time). ULU is also lucky enough to have its own big band, who kept the crowd dancing until hosing-out time. Congratulations to Sean for a splendid event and for doing his bit to spread the word...



Wunderbar Weimar



SEAN RILLO RACZKA PARTIES LIKE IT'S 1929



(Left) Maria descends into the audience; (below left) she drafts Compton-Bassett in as microphone cable holder; (above) she presents a lucky listener with a rose



(Above) The mighty ULU Big Band blast away at some swing classics; (left) Sean and Fleur can't control their happy feet



(Above) Maria worries that she may be drinking too much; (below) Fleur de Guerre holds court



(Left) As the evening degenerates into dancing, NSC stalwarts show their stuff; (right) an irrepresible Sean signs off



The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members drink out loud

The Barroom Bookshelf

Three vintage cocktail guides reviewed
by David Bridgman-Smith

Cocktail drinks guides have been around for over 150 years. But even if you can find original copies of the early ones they'll set you back a pretty penny—and then you must live with the potential horror of spilling grenadine on the priceless pages! Luckily some publishers, such as Mud Puddle, have issued reprints of the classics and made them available at a more affordable price.

The Bartender's Guide How to Mix drinks or The Bon Vivant's Companion (1862)
by "Professor" Jerry Thomas

Jerry Thomas, the grandfather of American bartending, travelled Europe and North America, perfecting the art of mixing drinks and popularising cocktails on the way.

This book is possibly the classic bartending book and is often referenced by mixologists. The recipes are categorized by type of drink and Thomas provides some background on each of these; some will be familiar (juleps and Collinses), some more obscure (smashes, shrubs and flips).

There are a number of recipes for premixed cocktails (intended to be bottled and served later; you don't tend to see this in bars anymore) and a variety of syrups, cordials, and bitters. These sorts of home-made condiment really add a certain something to a drink and I'm especially a fan of home-made Grenadine.

Here's a sample recipe:

Fancy Vermouth Cocktail
25ml Vermouth (Dry)
2 dashes bitters
2 dashes maraschino

Shake with ice and garnish with one quarter of a lemon.

This has a dry nutty flavour, and the bitters and maraschino make it more palatable. This drink would vary wildly depending on the quality of your vermouth.

I couldn't finish without mentioning the Blue Blazer, Thomas's trademark. In this recipe, whisky is set ablaze and is mixed with hot water by pouring the drink between two metal tankards in a stream of continuous fire—a tad more ceremony than twirling a bar spoon.

New and Improved Bartenders' Manual and a Guide for Hotels and Restaurants (1882)
by Harry Johnson

A contemporary of Thomas' guide, Johnson's differs by dedicating the first half to a guide for hotels and restaurants. Although much of this is not of much practical use today, it still makes good reading. There are 70 tips, including how to keep insects out of your bottles, how to handle ice and on the benefits of providing free lunches (I wish some modern bartenders would read that one). I have enjoyed trying many drink recipes from here (all well-indexed).

Old Tom Cocktail

Two measures of Old Tom gin
3 dashes gum syrup
2 dashes Bokers Bitters
2 dashes curaçao.

Stir with ice, strain, garnish with cherry and lemon twist.

Strangely, even though it contains no vermouth, this reminds me of a Martini. The lemon twist enhances the drink, which is a very pleasant way to drink Old Tom gin.

Trivia fans may note that this book contains the first recorded recipe of the East India Cocktail (see last month's Cocktail Cabinet), an early "Martini" recipe and a mention of the mysterious "East India Bitters".



(l-r) The three books with, in front, (l-r) a Fancy Vermouth Cocktail (1862), a Stone Fence (1884) and an Old Tom Cocktail (1882)

The Modern Bartenders' Guide (1884)
by O.H. Byron

The modern introduction to this facsimile reproduction suggests that Byron himself may not have actually ever existed, but might merely have been invented as a notional writer by the publishers; this was thought to make a book sell better than one without an author.

This volume has over 210 recipes and includes some for home-made ingredients. These recipes are more comprehensive than Thomas', additionally covering wines, spirits and alcoholic liquors; this is a real benefit to Byron's book.

Another thing that I like about it is that it seems to contradict many of the established works of the time; the recipes for gum syrup and the East India, for example, demonstrate that they were written by person(s) who were not just following the crowd, but were thinking about it themselves. The comprehensive index at the front is very helpful.

Stone Fence

One measure of Bourbon whisky, top up with cider, add ice.

Surprisingly, this was very tasty; who would of thought of mixing Bourbon and scrumpy? Fruity and smoky, it finishes with a flavour of salted pretzels.

Martini (and Martinez) fans may find this entry is of interest: "Martinez Cocktail: Same as Manhattan, only you substitute gin for whisky."

In conclusion, these reprinted books are a great way to access some classic drinking works and with a more modest price the odd grenadine stain won't matter so much.

The books are available from Cocktail Kingdom's US site at \$29.95 each, though a UK wing is starting up: email jeff@cocktailkingdom.co.uk

For more musings on booze, see the NSC's new **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**



CLUB NOTES

New Members

AS THE YEAR GROWS OLD I would like to toss a log of heartfelt bonhomie and cordiality on to the cooling embers of contemporary ennui and wistfulness, to warm the bones of the following good eggs, all of whom have embraced the philosophy (indeed the very lifestyle) of NSC Membership in the last month: Mr Nathaniel Adams, Ms Jeanette Lindroos, Mr Cheniston K. Rowland, Mr Russell Schiedelman and Ms Lucy Darling.

the occult bookshop where she has previously spoken on the subject of Japanese demons. She kicked off by saying that when she began the project she was astonished to find that no one had done any research into it before—so there was plenty of scope for future theses. I shan't attempt to do justice to her arguments here, but essentially she looked at the significance of books as objects appearing in art, as symbols of piety or erudition (even appearing in the hands of people who were never literate in real life), or of wealth, later becoming supplanted by loose documents as sitters preferred to appear as men of action rather than passive readers. Miss Minna observes that one almost never sees the modern equivalent, the computer, appearing in portraiture, but argues that even now if an unnamed book appears in a painting most viewers would assume it is a Bible.

Member Issues Wax Cylinder

I DISCOVERED the other day that one of our Members leads a double life: by night Mr Mark James Heffernan performs in beat combo Remodel and he writes to inform us that they are releasing a new long player.

“We are a four piece band who shun the jeans and t-shirt look for something a little sharper,” he explains. “Containing songs about 1950/60s racing cars, the indignity of labour and the joys of getting dressed, our first mini

album *Statuses* is released on 8th November. We have already released three singles and have been played on Radio 1 (Steve Lamacq), BBC 6 Music (Tom Robinson), along with some regional BBC introducing shows and had lots of other plays both here and abroad. Live we have supported Babyshambles, the Holloways, Pigeon Detectives, Miles Hunt and Department S.”

The album was recorded without the use of computers, “not because we are total traditionalists, but we wanted the recordings to have more energy and felt that recording live would help us to get it”. The album

Miss Minna's Feeling for Books

OUR MEMBERS ARE a thoughtful mob and no slouches when it comes to sitting exams, and sometimes even passing them too. Miss Minna, who herself acquired an MSc gong recently, paid something back on 28th October by delivering a lecture to the masses on the subject upon which she had written her thesis.

Her talk, *The Book in Western Art: Symbol, Device and Allegory*, took place at Treadwell's,



Club booze blog gets a makeover

I just thought I'd draw your attention to the fact that the NSC Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation has been redesigned slightly. Here you will find the booze musings and deranged alcoholic experiments that are just a bit too obsessive for the NSC site or Newsletter proper. Share the journey of our monomaniacal correspondents as they unearth quirky stories and put both long-held conventions and crazy new ideas through rigorous empirical analysis within the singed wood panelling of the Torquill Arbuthnot Memorial Martini Lab, deep within Club's crumbling cellars. And if there is something you'd like to draw to our writers' attentions, do drop us a line.



will be available as a download from www.corporaterecords.com and www.bezeb.co.uk, both sites where the customer pays what he or she feels the product is worth, as well a limited run of physical compact discs—the cover of which features artwork by Vittorio Pelosi of the intentist art movement (see below).

The minstrels are having an album launch party on 12th November at Designers Block, 32 Cremer St, “very near to the new Hoxton underground station, but hopefully tucked away enough to be hidden from the hen parties

that seem to abound in the area now”. I assume we are all invited. Hurrah!

(Left) That's Mr Heffernan on the left, spanking the plank; (below) the new album cover



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.

🍷 NSC Club Night
Wednesday 3rd November
8pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

Gangbusters
Sunday 7th November
7–11pm
The Lexington, 96-98 Pentonville Rd, London N1 9JB

CIRQUE DE CRÈME ANGLAISE
recharged
NOMINATED GIG OF THE YEAR 2010
**** remotegoat.co.uk

A NIGHT OF RAW MUSIC, DARK HUMOUR AND CABARET SWAGGER

MC FRUITY SPINNING FREAKISH SHELLAC
Niall Spooner-Harvey BELLOWING STRANGE POETRY

The Sly Tones
FACE-PAINTING PSYCHEDELICISTS

THE DEPTFORD BEACH BABES
TWISTED MARIACHI SURF ROCK

YOUR HOSTS
THE FURBELOWS

Spinster
WISTFUL ELECTRIC UKÉ BLUES

ARE WE HAVING FUN YET?
£5 Admission
FREE BADGE!
FREE CUSTARD CREAMS!

Friday 12th November
Doors 7.30, Carriages 2am
The Victoria
451 Queensbridge Road,
Dalston, London E8 3AS

Swing night, this time featuring live music from Top Shelf Jazz.

Blind Lemon Cardiff Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 7th November
10am–4pm
The City Hall, Cathays Park, Cardiff
CF10 3ND
Admission: £4

One of Edwin Dyson’s regular vintage fairs in Bristol, Cardiff, Cheltenham, Gloucester and Swansea. See www.blindlemonvintage.co.uk.



Ms Anne Pigalle: hold on to your marbles!

Cigar Evening

Tuesday 9th November
6.30–9pm
No. 1 St James’s Street London
Admission: £10
Ladies and gents who enjoy a fine cigar might be interested in this event, which seems rather good value—for £10 you get

two hand made cigars, wine, canapés and free entry into the S. T. Dupont raffle prize. If you’re interested contact Tazminah Edoo on 020 7930 3808 or tazminah.edoo@foxinternational.co.uk. Places are strictly limited and available on a first come first served basis.

Anne Pigalle’s Cabaret Amerotica

Thursday 11th November,
From 7pm
Le Montmartre Bistrot, 144 Essex Road, Islington, London N1
Admission: £5 (French bistro food also available; call 020 7354 8610 for reservations)

This strange purveyor of classic French chansons has apparently gone a bit electro for her latest album, though I don’t know if this show will be like that or more classic cabaret. Born in Paris, Ms Pigalle has lived in London and LA, has worked with Michael Nyman, Trevor Horn and Adrian Sherwood, has been photographed by Lord Snowdon, Nick Knight and Mario Testino, has hosted cabaret nights at the Café de Paris, has written a screenplay, paints and is an honorary member of the College of Pataphysics. OK, so she’s clearly mad as a bag of snakes, but if you fancy an unpredictable evening out this sounds like good value. She has recently been wandering about

Africa where “she saw herself becoming an kind of ambassador for a better world and succeeded where others have failed”, so catch her now before her Assumption into Heaven.

The Furbelows present
Cirque de Crème Anglaise

Friday 12th November
7.30pm–2am
The Victoria, 451 Queensbridge Road, E8 3AS
Admission: £5

The Circus rolls into town again, bringing its freakish blend of dark vaudeville humour, custard-fuelled cabaret camp, raw and sometimes experimental music and words worth listening to. Following the sad death of the Cross Kings we are setting up camp at the Victoria in Dalston, newly fitted out and managed by Spoon from the Cross Kings. It’s a five-minute walk from Dalston Kingsland, Dalston Junction and Hackney Downs overground stations. Six different regular buses stop on the doorstep, including three 24-hour services: 242 (24 hr), 277 (24 hr), 236, 30, 56 and 38/N38.

Headlining this time are the fabulous Deptford Beach Babes, in their only north London gig for the rest of this year. Their sound is twisted surf “with a bit of Arabic and a bit of mariachi”, and their ever-changing line-up has shared members with Urban Voodoo Machine and the Trans-Siberian Marching Band. Joining them will be face-painting insane-clown psychedelic garage blues apologists the Sly Tones (they have also asked me to mention that they are sex pests; personally I think they sound like the Blue Oyster Cult after they became children’s entertainers), all the way from Brighton, plus the wistful, haunting rattling chimes of Spinster, probably the most significant electric-ukulele-driven band you will hear this year. And you’ll have to sit through The Furbelows too, but we’re on first this time so we can get that out of the way quickly.

Spinning vintage platters of mystical derangement will be our very own MC Fruity and we will also be joined by another NSC Member, Niall Spooner-Harvey, a poet of rare insight, directness and phlegm. This will apparently be one of the last three poetry gigs he ever does, before turning his back on the genre for good—he is a man bigged up by Scroobius Pip no less, so come and catch him while you can.

Entrance is £5 and for this you get a free limited edition badge and free custard creams!

The Hotsy Totsy Hooper with Natalie Ross

Friday 12th November
8pm–11.30pm



Natalie Ross

Slak Bar, 16 Bath Street, Cheltenham
GL50 1YE
Admission: Doesn’t say
The Cheltenham Underground presents The Hotsy Totsy Hooper, Natalie Ross’s new “modern 1940’s/50’s pop/jazz/big band inspired” project. “Get on your 1940s/50s fancy dress and make yourselves look marvellous! Immerse yourselves in the sights and sounds of the era and dance like your ration book depended on it.” Natalie herself is a sort of one-woman band who apparently uses a guitar,

household appliances and a “kooky” vocal style to create something “surprisingly accessible”. Intrigued? See www.natalieross.co.uk. There will also be vintage DJs.

Saturday Night Swing Club

Saturday 13th November
7.30pm–2am
City Firefly Bar, 18 Old Bailey, London EC4M 7EP
(Nearest tube: St Pauls; overground: City Thameslink)
Admission: £12/£11 LSDS members
Dress: Glamorous retro or modern but an effort appreciated!

52nd Street Jump and the London Swing Dance Society present three floors of dancing to DJs including residents Dr Swing and Mr Kicks. In the Alhambra Lounge you'll find rhythm and blues, jump jive, boogie woogie and swing; in the Savoy Club you can receive taster classes in dances from the 1920s and 1930s; and in the Rendezvous Ballroom you will be treated to the dance music of the 1920s to the 1950s. All guests also get a free £3 drinks voucher. More at 52ndstreetjump.co.uk.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 14th November

Trade 10.30am, public 11am–4.30pm

The Urdang, The Old Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebury Avenue, London EC1R 4RP

Admission £5 before 11am, £4 thereafter

A relatively new vintage fashion, accessory and textile event, which *Time Out* apparently describes as “one not to be missed”. “Come and hand-pick your look from a fine selection of beautiful vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s-1980s,” they say. “Without costing the earth

both financially and environmentally. Organiser Savitri is an award winning events organiser with 18 years international experience in the fashion, film, advertising and music industry.” There is a changing room, an alterations booth and a café.

The National Army Museum presents In Good Company: An Evening of Tea and India

Thursday 18th November
6.30pm

The National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, London SW3 4HT
(020 7881 2455)

Admission: £20 (£15 concs.)

An evening of Indian culture, music, food and tea. The master tea blenders of the East India Company will demonstrate their skills, a sumptuous Indian meal will be served buffet style, while traditional Indian musicians play in the nearby Indian Army, Indian Art gallery. The evening will also feature talks by leading experts on the history of the East India Company (now reborn—and supporters of the event, you won't be surprised to hear).

The Hotsy Totsy Hooper with Natalie Ross

Thursday 18th
November
8pm–11.30pm

The Half Moon, 83 Lower Richmond Road, Putney, London SW15 1EU

See above.

Rhythm Riot

Friday 19th–Monday

22nd November
Pontin's Holiday Centre, New Lydd Road, Camber, Near Rye, Sussex TN31 7RL
Admission:

Entertainment passes are £105 per person; accommodation starts at £130 for an apartment that can

hold up to 4 or 5 people

The annual cavalcade of 1950s music and style returns to Pontins, four days of live bands and DJs (the Lady Luck Club have their own room), burlesque, a classic car cruise, a “skate n' surf expo” plus loads of vintage shopping, a barbershop and beauty parlour, tattooist, portrait and pin-up photographers and even a free shoeshine service. There is also a free shuttle bus to and from Rye. More details at rhythmiriot.com.

The Candlelight Club

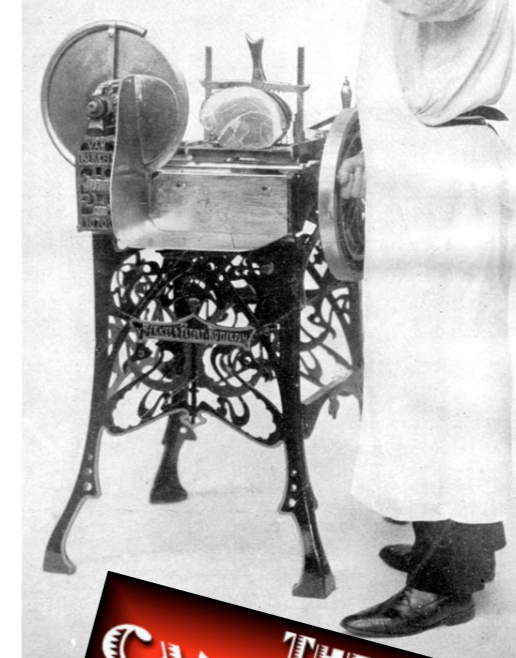
Saturday 20th November
7.30–12am

A secret central London location (venue revealed when you buy your ticket)
Admission: £15 in advance
Dress: 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail bar, in a stunning, tucked-away, candlelit den with a 1920s speakeasy flavour. Each event offers a one-off bespoke cocktail menu and there are sometimes special themes and featured ingredients, with food and drink masterminded by Will Sprunt, formerly of the Salon d'Été, plus vintage DJing and live performances. This will be the last appearance before January and features live music from the Dixie Ticklers with their woozy ragtime jazz creating an authentic 1920s feel, plus burlesque from the stunning Sophia St Villier, all the way from the British Colonies in New Zealand and period shellac spun all night by MC Fruity, London's premier vintage DJ.

Your ticket also gets you a free cocktail on arrival and a light supper of exotic sandwiches—on this occasion we are making

Join the
Candlelight Club's
ham experiment



our own juniper and port cured ham. You will be able to watch “ham cam” updates of the ham's progress on the NSC's Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation blog.

Details of the food and drink menu for the evening will appear shortly on the Candlelight Club website.

Sinner's Playground

Friday 26th November
8pm–late

The Spirella Ballroom, Bridge Road, Letchworth Garden City, Hertfordshire SG6 4ET

Admission: £18 available in advance

Sinner's Playground present a journey through the decades, beginning with a 1920s burlesque routine, 1950s live band The Zipheads and a “modern street dance” performance from a sinister group called Unseen Shadows. Plus more burlesque. The venue sounds intriguing—a restored 1920s ballroom inside the Spirella corset factory.

The New Sheridan Club

Christmas Party

Saturday 11th December
7.30pm–12am

The Punch Tavern, 99 Fleet Street, London EC4Y 1DE

Have you just about had enough of the present, with its Recession, strikes, terrorism threats, and fuel bill hikes? Let's turn our thoughts to the Future instead. The Club presents an Expressionist Ball to celebrate the Modern Age. More details to follow but expect the usual blend of live performance, drunken revelry and silly games, including a priest-dragging competition and the inevitable shooting game: Shoot the Lobster Off the Telephone, anyone?

RHYTHM RIOT!

1950s Rhythm & Blues and Roots Rock 'n' Roll Weekend

1950s LEGENDS Live!

Amazing! HOT BANDS

Fantastic! ROCKIN' DJs

MUSIC & DANCING Til 5am!

LOUNGE & BURLESQUE ROOM

Huge! VINTAGE CLOTHING MALL

AND THE BEST SPECIALIST RECORD DEALERS

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RHYTHM RIOT RADIO RRTV

Free! VINTAGE SHUTTLE BUS TO RYE

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PIN-UP PHOTO STUDIO

TATTOOIST

ROCKIN' BARBER

3 MUSIC VENUES LATE, LATE BARS & LOTS, LOTS MORE!

Sold out again in 2009... so please make sure you book on time!



FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. Those of a technological bent can befriend us electrically at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub or indeed www.facebook.com.

CONTACTING US

telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrarbuthnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrsscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrhoward@newsheridanclub.co.uk

mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk

