

DESIGN!

TER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN C ISSUE 99 JANU 015

Village fate

Our Christmas party, *I Am Not a Number, I Am a Free Chap!*, explores the stylish 1960s world of *The Prisoner* and *The Avengers*

To find out what is going on in this picture see pages 8–13

Style over fashion

Designer Ian Scott Kettle gives his view on the journey of British style

Neck where?

Tim Eyre hunts down the origins of the necktie

Ghosts of Xmas past

Our December Film Night triple bill— with soup!

Monsters of the ID

Up close and personal with Member Stewart Waller



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 7th January in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Mr Maximillion Conrad will raise a few eyebrows with his address on *A Brief History of Profanity: Abridged but Uncensored*, which he describes as, "A chap's guide to swearing like a stevedore. A shocking romp through the underbelly of society, to leafy spires of academia, to illuminate the many forms and uses of swearing, blasphemy, lewdness and vituperation!"



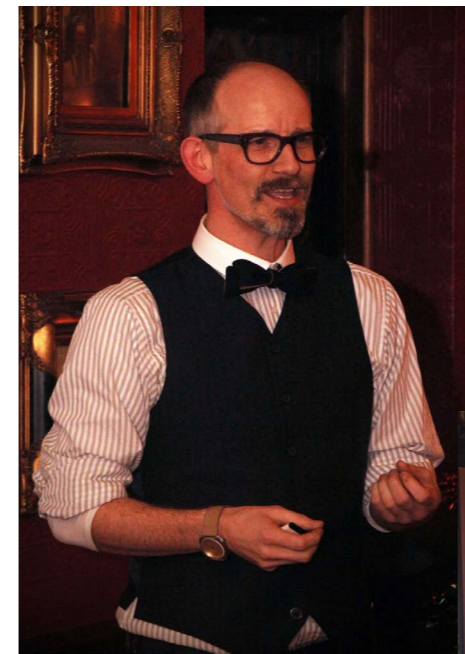
Those of a sensitive disposition may wish to cover their ears this Wednesday

confidence in defining and expressing personal style. He also presented his own range of accessories, ranging from fairly conventional ties and bow ties (but made from unexpected materials) to rethought cummerbunds and gaiters and even a coif. Considering how unconventional some of these items are, the audience was very much in accord with Mr Kettle's love of strong personal style and were very curious to try out the wares on offer. Many thanks to Mr Kettle for taking the time to come and talk to us.

An essay version begins on page 4.

The Last Meeting

Our guest speaker in December was Mr Ian Scott Kettle, a designer and teacher of fashion design at Central St Martin's, talking on the subject of *A History of Men's Accessories*. His focus was on the difference between fashion and style, looking at periods when there seemed to be upsurges of



(Left and below) Mr Kettle warms to his theme; (right) Torquil shows off his new hat from Bates of Jermyn Street



(Left) Meredith Lloyd tries on one of Ian's novel cravats; (below right) Matthew "The Chairman" Howard makes an arcane point about his scarf detailing



(Left) Mr Hartley in a "coif" that looks much like a flying helmet



(Left) Part of Ian's mojo is the unusual fabrics he uses, eschewing silk in favour of cotton, wool, etc. Here Eugenie poses with a tie that incorporates flower patterns in lace; (left) a rare sighting of the Earl of Essex (r)



WHY ARE PEOPLE TODAY SO UN-

I WAS KINDLY ASKED to deliver a presentation to the New Sheridan Club members by Mr Clayton Hartley just before Christmas.

In preparation for the event, I imagined that yet another presentation of bow ties and gaiters was not exactly going to set the night on fire (though I brought them along too, naturally) so decided to share one of my many fashion related dilemmas instead.

For many years I have been dressing a startlingly broad cross-section of London's nightlife and performers, from dodgy Nineties boy bands and candy-punker Toyah Willcox to artist Cindy Sherman and Michael Jackson. You could say it has been an eclectic career, crossing fashion, art, film and performance. All of my work has to date existed solely on a runway, on the screen or in a photo. I never intended to be a costume designer though that is what I seem to have become!

All good, all fun, but I have, in recent years (as many creatives do) taken to questioning the contribution of my output. What about out there, out in the "real" world, whatever that may be?

In the search for a solution I have finally turned my attentions to the streets of London, currently a source of deep personal depression (one of those "First World" dilemmas you hear about so much about these days), and find myself asking: *Why do people today look so un-stylish?*

Honestly, I have little-to-no answer to this. Am I just an old curmudgeon looking for the glory days of my youth (in my case that would be the early Eighties) or do people really look as awful as I think they do? Have I painted a picture of a world that can't be lived up to? Well, of course I have, but that won't stop me, I am sure.

I remember once thinking to myself that a world where people were made to wear a uniform of preferably navy/

brown or black, using natural fibres, that was never tight enough to halt a pencil from slipping down inside unhindered, with a crisp white shirt and sensible shoes—until passing a rigorous sartorial test (set by myself, naturally) be allowed to venture into self expression through dress—would be a far nicer place to live (for me).

Besides the tiny issue of creating my very



Designer Ian Scott Kettle offers a personal view of where we are in the journey of menswear

STYLISH?

then what will? I could offer the "comfort and ease" argument, but their grooming is often extensive, with elaborately polished acrylic nails that could slice a melon in half, make-up that was once only donned by stage performers of dubious gender and hair that is

own sartorial North Korea, I suppose a more practical solution is required!

As a design tutor I have taught over the years the odd celebrity, CEOs of fashion brands, models, the very wealthy and even a Princess or two. What I find perplexing is that among these students (and of course some are wildly creative in their looks and others are very stylish) are some clad in the likes of UGG boots, leggings, awful knitwear and clutching some god-awful bag with enough hardware on it to shackle the Hulk.

Where did simple elegant style go, or even wild self-expression, for that matter?

If coming to Central Saint Martin's (one of the world's finest fashion schools) does not inspire good wardrobe choices,

Mining the past: 1950s Teddy Boys raided the Edwardian wardrobe to create their own look, just as the 1960s Mods emulated the stylish cinema of Italy and France



more synthetic than the wig of a children's party clown.

Leaving aside for a moment how these women think they are ever going to do any work with those nails, I am left asking, *Where did "style" go—or was it ever there?*

We do of course have a chasm between the everyman shopper in their carbon copy ZARA knock-offs of a knock-off of a designer knock-off and the "high" consumer in the, so-called, "real thing".

I travel through the fashion world and, believe me, when the cameras are off (though with the selfie generation that may not exist as a concept for much longer) they tend to look as ill kempt as the rest of us in their daily attire.

It appears that over the years we have drifted away from clothing that is in any way "appropriate" (whatever that may mean) to any social situation in our daily lives and replaced it with comfort and ease. How could this be wrong, you may ask? Life is indeed hard enough without having to go the extra mile to appear somehow (for the want of a better word) right, and if we do make an effort, how does that then not evolve into some sort of daft "Little Britain" parody of style?

In my search for salvation I have turned to menswear in recent years and the simplicity of the sartorial choices on offer in gentlemen's attire. It appears to me that menswear has, for a while at least, upstaged womenswear by offering a more defined direction for the wearer at a time when he seems to want guidance (womenswear being so over-saturated and diluted that, short of getting your kit off completely, there is little else to do).

The resurgence of small makers and niche product suppliers like Norfolk brand Old Town and Darcy Clothing, who plunder the past to offer vintage style, suggests consumers are once more becoming aware of the social needs of a wardrobe.

My journey has also led me to research the world of the so-called "Hipster" and gazed into his bearded community, with its carefully chosen shoes and specific brand of skinny trouser, to see what it may have to offer. Having decided to try not simply to deride him for his bold (though often misguided) fashion choices I now find myself in the unexpected role of defending him.

After all, have I not been saying all along that

I wanted a world where we go the extra mile with our daily style choices? Have I not been hoping for a simpler, less messy street where people make an effort to look respectable at all times..?

Well, for better or worse, here we have it, like the Edwardian-emulating Teddy Boys and those Italian-style-loving Mods before him, we are seeing the emergence of an aesthetically conscious, style-observing dresser with the intention of standing out in the crowd while following a sartorial guideline at the same time.



Ian Scott Kettle is a Gentlemen's Bespoke Accessory Designer

A graduate of Central Saint Martin's and The Royal College of Art, I have been designing and teaching for the past 25 years, as well as delivering lectures on a variety of fashion-related subjects around the world. I currently make gentleman's textile accessories that support the dandy revival while reintroducing "typologies" that have long been forgotten.

If you would like to enquire about one of my courses or have a bespoke accessory piece from the current collection (see examples on these pages) made in your own choice of fabrics, do get in touch or come along to my studio at Cockpit Arts in Holborn, London, for a visit.

Alternatively do come along to one of our open events where I will be selling a variety of gifts and samples and would enjoy discussing the plight of British fashion with a like-minded soul.

www.ianscottkettle.com



I am not a number, I am a free Chap!

OUR 2014 CHRISTMAS PARTY had a 1960s theme, focusing on the dapper rebellion embodied by everything from the Mods to surreal and stylish TV series like *The Prisoner* and *The Avengers*. The part of Rover, the guardian in *The Prisoner*, was played by a large weather balloon lit from underneath by a colour-changing LED lamp. The venue was The Bear in St John's Square, a new venue for us with very reasonable food and drink prices and a late licence.

The venue's compactness was made up for by the ample outside space where we had our games, which this time included an elaborate one in which one player had to rescue The Prisoner (gamely played by Action Man in the trademark blazer) from the beach at The Village, using a helicopter on the end of a stick, while another player meanwhile tried to swat him with Rover—in the form of white balloons filled partly with water and partly with air, meaning that they moved and bounced in rather unpredictable ways.

We also had our traditional shooting game, this time having invested Club funds in a new foam dart gun. (The fins on the darts of the old

gun had become some malformed that it was virtually impossible to hit anything.) The target was, of course, JFK, played by a cardboard cutout in a remote controlled toy convertible.

Attractions also included our seasonal lucky dip in which guests reached into a dustbin filled with shredded newspaper and pulled out some piece of worthless tat to take home and treasure, plus our traditional complimentary Snuff Bar.

Diehard mod Matthew "The Chairman" Howard provided us with a suitably groovy soundtrack, a playlist that he had been painstakingly assembling for weeks beforehand.

Highlight of any NSC party is, of course, the famous Grand Raffle of diverse items, some genuinely desirable others more amusing in the context of the theme.

Thanks to all who trolled along to what was a very successful party indeed, both NSC Members and interested visitors, including those souls who took the plunge and joined up on the night.



(Above) Rachel is delighted to pull a history of the Ashes victory from the lucky dip; (right) Birgit as Varla from *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*; (below) Captain Coppice as John Steed



Minna could only be with us briefly, but if you own a *Star Trek* uniform you're not going to miss an opportunity like this



(Above) Pandora Harrison with husband Andrew, who is unrecognisable in that hairdo; (below) Harrison Goldman in *Prisoner*-style black and white blazer



(left) Mrs H. in a Mary Quant style dress complete with signature flower; (far left) Lorna Mower-Johnson styled like an extra from *The Prisoner* complete with a homemade cape. And she revealed that she hadn't actually seen *The Prisoner* beforehand, but had to borrow a copy from the library to find out how people dressed



Matthew does his best Buster Gonad impression as he inflates Rover



Fiona is in a leather catsuit (à la Honor Blackman in *The Avengers*) and all is right with the world.





Stuart Turner strikes a blow for the Rockers (and looking not unlike Malcolm McDowell in *If...*)



Louise adopts a proper sniper posture



(Above) Pandora opens up while singing "Happy Birthday, Mr President" in Marilyn Monroe style; (left) Coppice betrays his military training... but still misses, so Louise helps him with a point blank shot (below)



Actuarius looks as if the feel of the rifle in his hands is giving him flashbacks of that hellish last tour of duty in Vietnam...

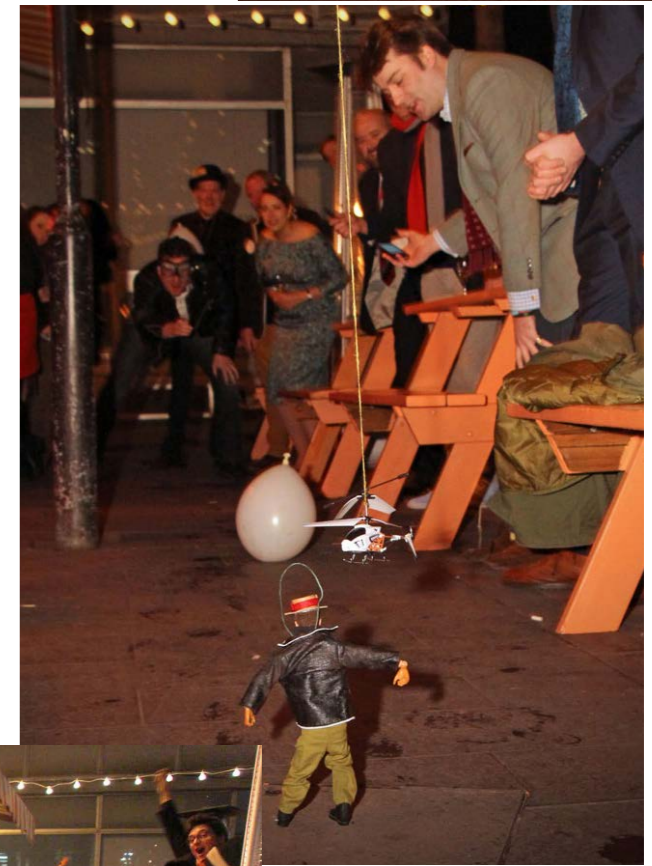


Of course just as we're all outside waving guns around, the police decide to drive past... then reverse back to take a closer look

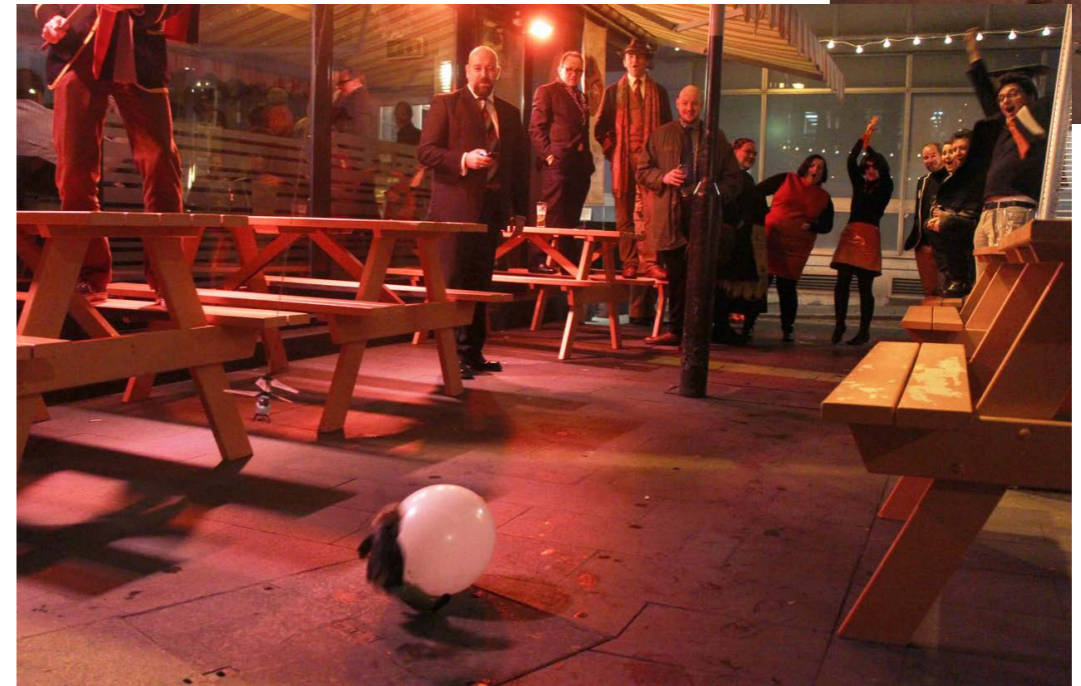


...while another player tried to hit the same figure by bowling white balloons filled half-and-half with air and water

The next game involved rescuing the Prisoner by hooking the loop on his back with the skids of the helicopter...



(Left) The moment of impact when Rover smothers Patrick McGoohan





(Clockwise from top left) Lord Hare of Newham with a compilation CD from the 1960s-themed club night Blow-Up; that's Craigh behind the mask of The Hood; Von Gregory with some working *Thunderbirds* marionettes; Coppice pretends to be outraged by the saucy *Barbarella*; fortunately the Curé's prize is safer, a tie with the *Prisoner* logo of penny farthings; Hema Ananth's prize is a DVD of permissive-society comedy romp *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*



(Clockwise from top left) Actuaris is awarded the remote-controlled toy car for winning the assassination game; Ed O'Callaghan likewise wins the helicopter from the *Prisoner* game (also in fact a remote-controlled flying toy); this gent is delighted with his boater, donated by the Scion of Hallamshire-Smythe; a startled-looking Sean Longden gets *Quadrophenia* on DVD; Louise poses with her *Avengers* handbook; the Earl of Essex squirms with his DVD of *Scandal*



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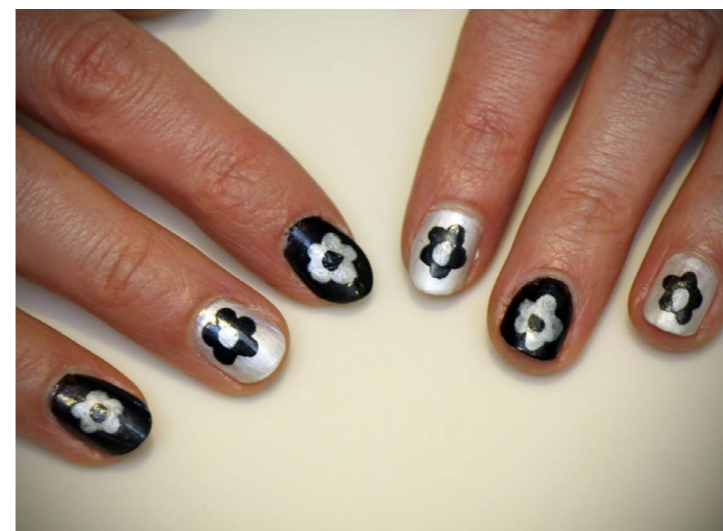




(Clockwise from top left) As well as projections of episodes of *The Prisoner*, the room was dominated by a Rover-style weather balloon, lit from underneath with continuously changing colours; Oliver wigs out on the dance floor; in the words of the catchphrase of *The Village*, Be seeing you!; detail of Mrs H's fingernails, matching her Mary Quant outfit; more dancing; Eva poses with the new Club foam dart gun



(Clockwise from top left) Lucy Wills, strangely unrecognisable in that wig, wins the soundtrack to *The Prisoner*, Catherine gets a lava lamp, Harrison wins a 1960s boardgame based on the jet-set life of international travel; "Chuckles" Youngusband takes the star prize of a DVD set of all the episodes of *The Avengers* (some 39 discs) and Seonaid wins a bowler from D'Aquino Hats (the one she has on is for display purposes only—the winner gets to choose the size and colour)



Seeking the Ancient Source of the Tie



Instalacija "Kraavata oko Aрене" autora Marijana Buičića, u Puli 18. listopada 2003.

By Dr Tim Eyre

Ottoman Empire where they had acquired a great deal of experience in frontier warfare.

However, popular history remembers these troops not for their military abilities but for the bands of cloth that they wore around their necks to keep their collars closed. These ties also provided a common identity and the quality of the cloth acted as an indicator of

rank. This novel form of neckwear caught the eye of the Parisians and, most importantly, the eye of the style-conscious boy-king Louis XIV (reigned 1643–1715, not to be confused with the equally style-conscious but otherwise rather different Club Member Louise XIV). Louis XIV started to wear a lace cravat in the style

(Above) A huge tie knotted around the Roman amphitheatre in the Croatian city of Pula; (below) A menswear shop in central Zagreb demonstrates Croatian national pride in the tie



NECKTIES ARE OF singular importance at the New Sheridan Club. Any chap who turns up to a meeting with an unadorned throat is rightly required to wear the Punishment Tie and have his chappish status severely doubted. We all know that a tie fulfils no practical purpose and is the one item in the modern gentleman's wardrobe that has a purely aesthetic role. (Gold chains and the like are naturally the preserve of the gangsta rapper, not the gentleman.) Therefore we might be interested to ask when and where the necktie originated.

The answer is at once simple and surprising: 17th-century Croatia. The history of the necktie dates back to the Thirty Years War (1618–1648), which was a struggle for political supremacy among Europe's great powers as the Holy Roman Empire disintegrated. From 1635 the French employed Croatian mercenaries to fight alongside French soldiers in this destructive conflict. Croatian mercenaries were highly prized as skilled and mobile light cavalry; these soldiers came from the borderlands between Croatia and the

of those worn by the Croatian mercenaries in 1646 when he was just seven years old. The French aristocracy followed his example and, the French court being the leaders of European fashion, neckties were soon being worn all over Europe.

When Charles II returned to England from exile in 1660 he brought the new fashion with him. It is easy to imagine that a nation that had just endured 11 years of austere Puritanism during the Interregnum would welcome such a whimsical garment. He said of the new fashion: "A cravatte is another kind of adornment for the neck being nothing else but a long towel put about the Collar, and so tyed before with a Bow Knott; this is the original of all such Wearings; but now by the Art and Inventions of the seamsters, there is so many new ways of making them, that it would be a task to name, much more to describe them." Britain was soon to be a nation of worldwide influence and so the necktie was eventually adopted internationally.

The Croatian origin of the necktie is evident in the French word *cravate*, which is a corruption of the French word for Croat, *Croate*. From *cravate*, of course, we take the English word "cravat". The origin of the tie is a matter of no little national pride in Croatia. In 1997 a Croatian company called Potomac founded a non-profit organization called Academia Cravatica which, according to their website, "studies, preserves and improves the cravat as a part of Croatian and world heritage". In case there is any doubt about the seriousness of their mission, on 18th October 2003 the Academia Cravatica knotted a giant red necktie around the Roman amphitheatre in the small Croatian city of Pula. With a circumference of nearly half a mile this is no minor achievement. They declared 18th October to be the "Day of



These three members of the Cravat Regiment clearly display the origin of the regiment's name

the Cravat", a designation put into law by the Croatian Parliament in 2008.

The original tie of the Croatian mercenaries can still be seen today. Croatia's guard of honour is called the Cravat Regiment and each Saturday and Sunday from April to September they perform an elaborate two-hour ceremony that takes them to various locations around Zagreb. They wear uniforms that are replicas of those worn by the Croatian soliders in the Thirty Years War and these include neckties. I was fortunate enough to stumble upon this ceremony myself when I made a day trip to Zagreb from Ljubljana in Slovenia in May 2012; it was a dignified performance and neckties were indeed very much in evidence.

Next time you tie a Windsor knot in your New Sheridan Club tie or even your Hermès Façonnée H Bicolore masterpiece, you may like to think about the garment's gestation in Croatia and the carnage of the Thirty Years War. It would seem that there is much more to neckties than simply looking smart.

Three Ghost Stories for Christmas

Mark Gidman on the Film Night he curated last month



The Signalman (1976)

I MUST CONFESS I did ask Mr Hartley if I could do a film night as far back as June last year, and about August/September I suggested it might be good to showcase some films based on M.R. James stories for the Christmas event.

Although strictly speaking one of the films finally selected was actually based on a Charles Dickens tale, it didn't matter—Christmas would not be Christmas without a ghost story. (Though who knows where this tradition comes from?) I decided to keep the titles secret as I felt this was in accordance with the spirit of the James legacy. Originally his stories were performed as a live recital by fellow undergraduates on the evenings around Christmas and I felt that was a legacy well worth keeping.

After much thought I chose *Number 13*, *The Signalman* and *The Tractate Middoth*. The British Film Institute has just released about 20 ghost story films on DVD together with a few radio programmes featuring Christopher Lee—it is well worth getting as for the first time it brings all the BBC's James ghost stories together. It was tough choice as *A Room With a View* is another lovely modern twist on the James stories, and I so very nearly chose it.

M.R. James was a scholarly individual, specialising in mediaeval manuscripts. He spent

all his life in academia and publishing books; he was educated at King's College, Cambridge, where he later became a don. Widely travelled, he went on cycling holidays to France, never forgetting to drop into a church or monastery to glean information to form the basis of a ghost story ("Canon Alberic's Scrapbook" being a good example) while maintaining a scholarly investigation. Much later in life he became Provost of Eton College, dying in 1936 after a short illness.

James was sure to avoid the traditional clichés of ghost stories—graveyards, buried pirate treasure and transparent ghostly figures. Rather, he preferred to base his stories on some sort of fact you

could relate to; perhaps the unearthing of a manuscript that leads our peculiar scholarly hero to make thoughtful yet futile attempts to get to the truth. This is certainly the case with our first film *Number 13* (2006), which fulfils so many of the James criteria for me: a well-meaning and inquisitive academic (yet quite naive) in search of uncovering what appear to be sinister rituals and ancient religious courts. The reluctance of the Dean of the local parish to provide information adds to our suspense and fuels the suspicion that these rituals may still be in existence—but cannot be verified as the community is reluctant to speak. When our academic, Anderson, finds an ancient letter behind the library shelves that prompts more questions, his nights become restless—there are banging noises from the next room, the mysterious moving of his portmanteau, suspicion of the other guests, and the dreadful suggestion of the reincarnation of Nicholas Francken, the sinister master of ceremonies of the "court". What was the fate of the people whose bones and possession were found buried under the floorboards? That is the key to an M.R. James mystery. He leaves it to you to draw a conclusion.

James chooses his settings thoughtfully, with

country settings featuring in particular: East Anglia, Norfolk or Kent, Denmark, Sweden or France. A small village with one or two historic, possibly Stuart or Tudor, buildings serving as the hotel or some sort of residency (as is the case in "Number 13" and "Whistle and I'll Come to You"). Suspicious or frightened-looking locals and a general feeling of being "lost in the woods" is a common theme in his stories. Many of his characters have an air of loneliness, perhaps consistent with his own life, as he never married.

Happy or satisfactory endings do not feature heavily, as is the case with *The Tractate Middoth* (2013). This is one of my favourites, with the plot centring on the near-death of an uncle and his malicious treatment of his niece and nephew in willing his money and home. As with many of James's stories, the deeper the quest to find riches or love the more powerful the force unleashed, which the viewer is left to conclude will bring disappointment even if the characters are successful in their quest.

James was not convinced that love or sexuality should be a part of a ghost story. Love can be hinted at but it should never form the basis of the plot and with "The Tractate Middoth" the couple who are united through the will find that their happiness, as suggested in the closing parts of the film, will be destroyed by the uncle's malevolent spirit as surely as Mr Eldred was on discovering the authenticity of the will. True love is no more able than deceitful practices to escape the horror, fear and unleashing of dark forces.

The third film, *The Signalman* (1976), is a true great from Denholm Elliott. Sadly it is a part of his oeuvre that appears not to get much air

time, which made it especially exciting to show. A significant step away from James, and based on the short story by Dickens, the film takes us to an isolated signal box on the Severn Valley Railway (for production purposes). The tension between the two characters is wonderfully played out—the battle between reason and the ghostly spectre that harrows the signalman for months at a time is debated, argued and reasoned around the fireplace.

I admire the way director Laurence Gordon Clark evokes the signalman's tense anxiety as he tries to convey to the traveller what he keeps hearing and seeing—much to the disbelief of the traveller who reminds him of modern scientific discoveries which, in the traveller's view, ought to dispel ideas about "spectres and apparitions". In film we often hear the director referring to actors and actresses working to a "beat" as they say their lines (in other words after the director has called "Action" the actor is allowed a few seconds delay before saying his or her lines thereby adding tension, drama or excitement). I believe that this film really highlights this method of "timing" and "beats" and does so without the technical wizardry of contemporary films.

As with James, *The Signalman* is an interesting tale which resonates with loneliness. Even though the signalman tries to "learn the basics of mathematics" in his spare time; his mind is distracted by the ghostly call and the subsequent accidents that have occurred. The traveller does much to persuade him of "reason" and "duty", perhaps inadvertently leading the signalman to his death by ignoring his own better judgement. I love this film for that very reason: which should we trust—reason or our own instincts?



Mr Gidman introduces the first of his films. There was an interval in the evening during which guests were served warming soup!

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.



Stewart Waller

'Nothing sensible ever goes out of fashion.'

"Dress like you have made something of yourself in the world, even if you haven't." [Widely quoted on the Internet, yet no one seems to know who originally said it -Ed]

Name or preferred name?

Stewart Elliot Waller

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

It's the one my parents forced upon me soon after birth.

Where do you hail from?

Buckinghamshire, right at the end of the Metropolitan line, in the heart of Audi-land.

Favourite Cocktail?

Gin and a receptacle from which to consume it.

Most Chappist Skill?

Identifying the colour of a lady's undergarments by touch alone. It works every time, most of the time...

Most Chappist Possession?

A collection of Fairisle slippers and a thoroughly waxed upper lip appendage.

Personal Motto?

Nothing sensible ever goes out of fashion.

Favourite Quotes?

"Dress like you have made something of yourself in the world, even if you haven't." [Widely quoted on the Internet, yet no one seems to know who originally said it -Ed]

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

I'm liable to remain single because I can't seem to find any eligible ladies with either a French centre-part bob or a Marcel water-waved shingle.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

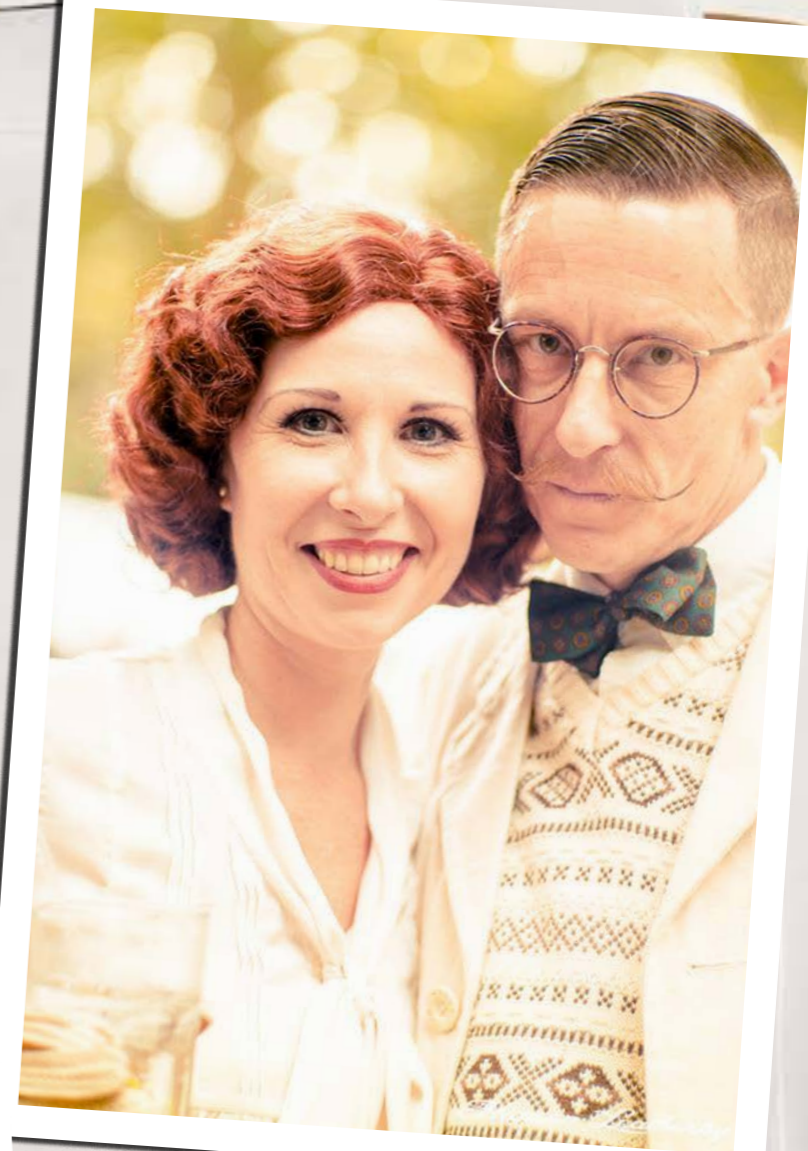
Since the rotters found some dirt on me and threatened to spill the beans unless I joined up (probably six years ago).

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

From *The Chap* magazine.

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

My dealer. He provides top quality merchandise at



competitive rates, makes a great cuppa and is not located in a crack house or a ghetto.

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

The actresses Nita Naldi, Evelyn Brent, Bebe Daniels and a magic potion that would render them utterly powerless to resist my charms...

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

"Answer: Artemis Scarheart" ..?

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

I have so far managed to weasel my way out of doing a turn but I do plan on making you all sit through a short film about my journey to Mongolia (once I have finished going through all the footage and have made said film).

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.



Apples: the gift that keeps on giving

By David Bridgman-Smith

I was contemplating a suitable topic for this month's Cocktail Cabinet when, like Isaac Newton, I got inspiration from an apple. Apples are an integral part of the British diet, from the fruit itself to the juice and, when it comes to hard libations, cider and apple brandy. So here is a digest of apple-based drinks.

Apple Juice—especially the “from concentrate” variety—is a bit tricky to deal with, unlike its fellow fruit juices orange, cranberry and pineapple. But one excellent combination is to mix apple juice with a bison-grass-flavoured vodka such as Zubrowka.

1. Frisky Bison (30ml bison grass vodka, 70ml apple juice)

The vodka adds a lovely, fresh flavour of straw and vanilla, and a touch of sweetness to the crisp, lightly tart apple juice. Simple, but delicious.

2. Amber Apple (30ml Amber Glen blended

whisky, 70ml Cawston Press apple and ginger juice)
An excellent, non-sparkling alternative for fans of a Whisky Ginger. The apple adds a pleasant fruitiness and the ginger comes through well, making a nice complement to the whisky's warmth.

3. Gin & Rhubarb (30ml Brennen & Brown gin, 90ml Cawston Press rhubarb and apple juice)

The rhubarb worked well with the flavours of this gin, in particular the warmth of ginger (which is one of the gin's botanicals), resulting in a crisp, refreshing, and light drink that makes a great spring or summer cooler.

When apple juice is fermented its flavours become more complex and you get—you've guessed it—cider. Here is a taste of three worth trying.

1. Waitrose Hertfordshire Still Cider, 2012 Vintage (7.0% ABV)

Delicious! Exactly what I think cider should be: bold and dry apple flavours come through, intense and refreshing with a lovely tartness.

2. Willy Cider (4.0% ABV)

Made by the folks at Chase Distillery in Hertfordshire, this is made using the same apple as their apple vodka and gin. The cider has a very light fizz and a dry character with hints of vanilla and spice. A good choice for those who want something smoother than No. 1.

3. Aspall Isabel's Berry Suffolk Cider with Redcurrant & Raspberry Juice (3.8% ABV)

I'm not usually a big fan of sparkling cider, but this is quite a good one with a mid-range of effervescence. The berry juice also adds a pleasant, jammy tartness.



Finally, when the cider is distilled, the result is apple or cider brandy. If distilled in Normandy under certain strict regulations, it can be called “Calvados”. In the UK, for some bizarre and incoherent reason, “cider brandy” has been given a geographical protection and so can only be made in Somerset; nevertheless, a growing number of producers are coming up with their own English “apple brandies”.

1. Pomme Pom by Adnams (40.0% ABV)

This is made at the Adnams Copperhouse Distillery in Southwold, Suffolk. The cider comes from Hogan's Cider Farm and is then distilled in a copper pot still before being aged for at least three years in oak casks.
Nose: Dried apples with rich notes of wood and warm spice, as well as a hint of caramel and vanilla.
Taste: A smooth mouthfeel upfront, with a warmth that gently builds over time. Rich, woody oak, spice and vanilla are followed by fruity notes of apple on the finish. The intensity of



the apple flavour grows as you sip and lingers for a long time on the palate.

The king of apple brandy is still Calvados and I have, in fact, never had a bad one. They do vary in quality, but two that are available for a good price in the UK are:

2. Aldi Couperne Calvados VSOP (40.0% ABV, £18 for 70cl)

Usually for Calvados you'd only get a 50cl bottle for this price so this is very decent value. The spirit has a nose of baked apple, with hints of vanilla and spice. The flavour is complex, with tart apple, accompanied by a creamy sweetness, before the woody spice notes of cassia and nutmeg.

3. Sainsbury's Taste the Difference Calvados Pays d'Auge XO 12 yrs (43.0% ABV, £20 for 50cl)

This is a truly excellent spirit and is worth pay a little bit extra for. The fresh, slightly tart character of the apple comes through as well as the warming notes from the barrel. A spirit as complex and sophisticated as a single malt.

In summary it's clear that the humble apple makes a great contribution to the world of tasty tipples. Whether you're looking for a summer cooler or a winter warmer, a long refreshing drink or something to sip and contemplate, apples won't let you down.

For more cocktail recipes, reviews, group tests and musings on booze, see the New Sheridan Club's fabled *Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation*

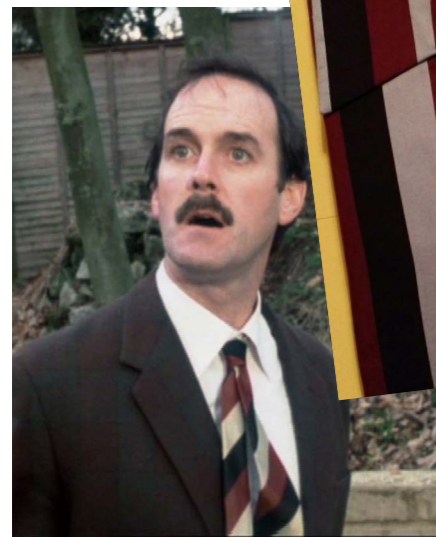




CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

A BUMPER CROP of Club Ties in the media, plus an increasingly bizarre range of non-tie branded material. On the right, from the top, we have Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche in *Trading Places* (1983) sporting both NSC tie and bow tie, courtesy of Steven Myhill; a still from the animated movie *Up* (2009) showing Carl as a youthful Clubman, sent in by Incy Wincy Spider; Cliff Richard and chum in *The Young Ones* (1961); what seems to be a NSC tea service on eBay (Craigoh), two rival pairs of NSC pyjamas (one modelled by your Secretary) and the, now traditional, Basil Fawlty shot.



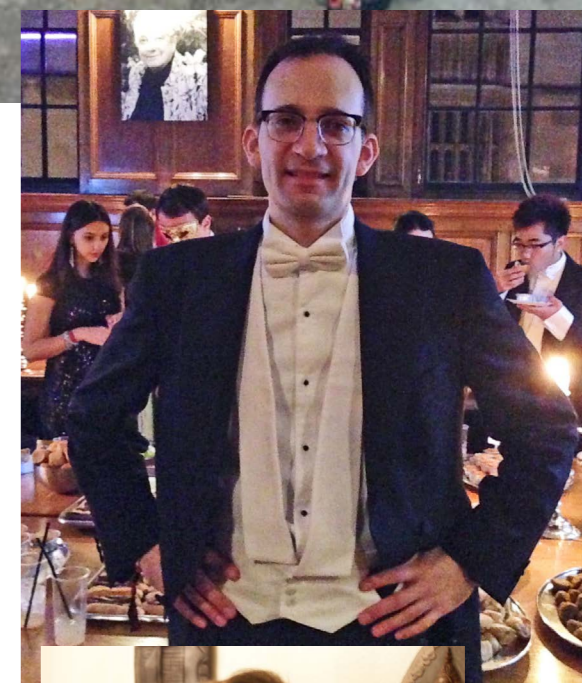
New Members

BETWEEN THE FLESHPOTS of the Christmas season and the rejuvenating energy of the new year we garnered a bumper crop of fresh Members. A hearty welcome goes out to Stuart and Frances Mitchell, Emma Daly, Dr Hema Ananth, Dr Ioana Popescu and the mysterious O’Ghandi, all of whom signed up at our Christmas party, plus Chris Mackey, Dr Jason Sender, E. Tory Laitila (all the way from Honolulu) and Margaret McAvoy, who have joined in the weeks since.



Chappism in the High-Brow Press

DR TIM EYRE WRITES: “Some members will be familiar with the cerebral weekly newspaper *The Economist*. The 13th December issue of this august publication included a special report on the business aspects of luxury goods. The closing paragraph (excerpted below) of the 16-page report describes *The Chap* magazine’s ‘Siege of Savile Row’ protest of September last year and even mentions Mr Temple by name. Those New Sheridan Club members who managed to attend can be proud to have been described as ‘nattily clad’ by the international press. However, it’s a bit of a shame that the journalist confused bespoke and made to measure, especially when discussing luxury goods. Any members who don’t know the difference should resign forthwith.”

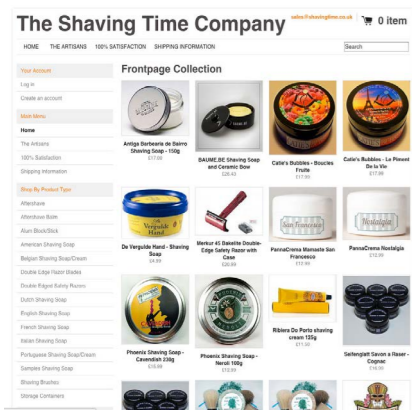


Consumers still want to hear the story that luxury tells, perhaps more than ever as the world comes to seem more rootless and mass-produced. In London’s Savile Row a small crowd of men and women, nattily clad in mid-20th-century garb, recently staged a demonstration against two shops selling clothes by Abercrombie & Fitch, an American fashion chain. “Give Three-Piece a Chance,” demanded their placards. To the demonstrators, the intruder was the antithesis of Savile Row’s made-to-measure tailoring. “We’re not proper Savile Row-type people,” said the protest’s organiser, Gustav Temple, who edits an obstreperously nostalgic magazine called *The Chap*. “But we hope to be one day.” The brides of Trang Tien Plaza would understand. ■

The Economist December 13th 2014



(Top to bottom) Doctors Ioana Popescu (left) and Hema Ananth, Dr Jason Sender and Mr E. Tory Laitila



A Closer Shave

DAVE McMILLAN OF the website ShavingTime.co.uk, purveyor of double-edged razors and a wide array of shaving soaps from around the world, is offering NSC Members a 10% discount until the end

of January. Just use the code “**Special**” when placing your order.

Christmas Cheer

CLUB MEMBER MISS PENELOPE VETIVER (aka Krista) sent this Christmas card to all at the Club—see below. It features a detachable Christmas decoration which will grace our tree next year if we have one.



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 7th January
7pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday
7pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm, 8–9pm)
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
Admission: £8 for the dance class, £4 for the club (discounted if you’re doing the class)
Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred
Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

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.

The Aviator Club

Thursday 8th January
7pm–1am
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston,



London E8 4AA
Admission: Free

Foul-mouthed swing outfit the Top Shelf Band take over Passing Clouds with their Indy-Vaudeville Ram-Raid—songs of debauchery and unabashed wrongness. Joining this Tour De Farce will be Eva Von Schnippisch with her Weimar Kabaret Oddities and Balkan-beats DJ Kobayashi spinning hot eastern vibes direct from the opium laced silk road!

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 9th January
London Welsh Centre, 157 to 163 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8UE
7pm
Admission: £10. See the Facebook page.

Dress: Black tie/evening gowns
George Tudor-Hart’s new venture, aimed at those who wish to dress up and meet other ballroom dancers, catering for both beginners and experienced dancers. There will be a free

beginners’ dance lesson from 7.15–7.55pm with the main dancing from 8–11pm. There will be two sets from the Kewdos Dance Orchestra, featuring Alistair Sutherland on voice trumpet, of strict tempo vintage dance music, and the rest of the dancing will be to pre-war, mainly English, dance band records for slow waltz, slow foxtrot, quickstep, tango, rumba, swing, jive, Viennese waltz and the odd Charleston and cha cha. Five male and female taxi dancers are available for all guests at no extra charge. Your hostess, Jean Bentley will arrange interactive social activities such as “excuse me” dances and a “bus stop” throughout the evening. The venue has a large sprung dance floor and tickets are limited to 100 to ensure there is plenty of space. There is a licensed bar at pub prices. Any questions, phone George on 020 8542 1490.

Post-Christmas House

Friday 16th–Sunday 18th January
A country house not far from London
Admission: £125 for two nights including food and drink and a refundable £15 deposit

It’s been some years since the last Sheridan Christmas House, where we used to go and stay in a country pile for a week before Xmas. It’s telling that no one ever organised it more than once, such were the organisational difficulties,



yet there is still a yen for that sort of thing so members Pri Kali and Harrison Goldman are planning a modest weekend-long version and have scheduled it just after Christmas (on the grounds that this would be relatively short notice to try and get a pre-Christmas version off the ground). The idea is just to lounge around the house poking the fire, or stride out in search of vigorous country pursuits, as the urge takes you, then engage in feasting and port-quaffing in the evening. In keeping with the conventions of a nobler age, dinner is usually black tie. If all goes well, there is a plan to go for the full Christmas experience again next year. I think that the house may be full now but if you are interested, contact Pri or Harrison at priyakalia@gmail.com or harrisongoldman@hotmail.com.

The Double R Club

Thursday 22nd January
8pm
The Bethnal Green Working Men's Club, 44-46
Pollard Row, Bethnal Green, London E2 6NB
Admission: £10 in advance
An evening of mystery and nightmares inspired by the films of David Lynch, featuring

Dark and eerie cabaret entertainment at the Double R Club



Not one but two chances to see the Top Shelf Band this month, at the Candlelight Club and also their own Aviator Club night

a parade of cabaret and burlesque performers. Comes highly recommended by our Chairman. More at www.thedoublerclub.co.uk.

The Candlelight Club

Friday 23rd and Saturday 24th January
7pm-12am
A secret central London location
Admission: £20 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 party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism (frequently from the New Sheridan



Club's own Auntie Maureen). Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location. Music this time comes from those lewd troubadours the Top Shelf Band.

Mouthful O' Hotcha

Sunday 25th January
1pm
The Dissenting Academy, 92
Mildmay Park,
London N1 4PR
Admission: £5 on the door

A collaboration between Mouthful o'Jam and Hot-Cha Swing, this is an afternoon of swing dancing and hot jazz on 78s on the last Sunday of every month.

Sheridan Le Fanu's The Familiar

Wednesday 28th

January
7.30pm
20 Devereux Court, Temple, London
WC2R 3JJ

Admission: "Pay what you like on the night"

A rehearsed reading of this celebrated ghost story by Dublin's great supernatural storyteller, performed by Nunkie. See the Facebook event and message if you wish to attend as space is limited.

Mrs Peel's

Saturday 31st January
8pm-2am
The Eight Club, 1 Dysart Street, London EC2A
2BX (Moorgate or Liverpool Street tube)
Admission: £15 in advance, £20 on the door
Dress: 1960s

The Swinging Sixties penthouse party of your dreams! Inspired by Emma Peel, the iconic character from *The Avengers*, played by Diana Rigg, the club night this time features live music from the Jet Set International, loungecore DJing from the Psychedelic Milkman and James Karminsky of the Karminsky Experience, compère and lounge legend Count Indigo, cocktails, face-painting services from Jenny Green, a live body-painting art happening at midnight, psychedelic light effects and more—all in a private penthouse club with terraces looking out over the city. See www.mrspeels.club.

Mrs Peel's
LIVE THE HIGH LIFE
Saturday 31st January
8PM-2AM

- COMPÈRE AND LOUNGE LEGEND COUNT INDIGO
- LIVE MUSIC FROM BEAT COMBO THE JETSET INTERNATIONAL
- DJS THE PSYCHEDELIC MILKMAN AND JAMES KARMINSKY, CREATING A MOVIE SOUNDTRACK DISCOTHEQUE
- SITAR AND GO-GO DANCERS
- PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT EFFECTS
- FACE PAINTING AND LIVE ART HAPPENING
- COCKTAILS
- AWESOME VIEWS FROM OUR ROOFTOP TERRACES

At the Christmas party
Coppice and Howard
debate that eternal
question—who is
Number 1?



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. You can even befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com.



CONTACTING US

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