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THE VIKTOR WYND

Museum of Curiosities, Fine Art & Natural History

"The marvellous is always beautiful, anything marvellous is beautiful, in fact only the marvellous is beautiful"

– Andre Breton, Le Manifeste du Surrealisme

The Museum presents an incoherent vision of the world displayed through wonder, enclosed within a tiny space. No attempt is made at classification & comprehensiveness; instead The Museum focuses on the pre-enlightenment origins of the museum as Wunderkabinett – a mirror to a world so suffused with miracles & beauty that any attempt at categorization is bound to fail.

Where contemporary museumology hides 90% of a collection, attempts to educate & explain, to put the world into neat little labelled drawers dictated by an obscurantist elite establishment that has shown itself in error many times over the centuries & is obsessed with a pedantic over specialization of so-called "knowledge" that means little or nothing to anyone outside its narrow little field & oft discredited metanarratives. This Museum merely displays everything that has glittered & caught the eye of its founder – from rare priceless marvels of the natural & scientific worlds like Dodo Bones or speculum to the intriguing beauty of McDonald's Happy Meal Toys, from old master etchings to prison inmates & mad women's doodles, occultist's paintings & pop art prints, the horrors & wonders of nature, two-headed kittens & living coral.

By placing the rare & the beautiful on the same plane as the commonplace, banal & amusing this Museum seeks not to educate but to subvert, to show the world not in a grain of sand, but in a Hackney basement.

The Museum has no overreaching aim beyond the theft of it's visitors time & the hope that it will provide amusement by return & hopes to fill the vacuum between what the establishment elite believes is worthy of worship & what exists in the world. The Museum originally opened its doors in 2005 as a curiosity shop in the basement - Viktor Wynd's Little Shop of Horrors & an Art Gallery on the ground floor called Viktor Wynd Fine Art Inc, becoming a Museum following a successful Kickstarter campaign.

The Last Tuesday Society

The Society is a 'Pataphysical organization founded at Harvard by William James in the 1870s and brought to London in the early noughties by it's Chancellor Viktor Wynd. Since then it has sought to examine and improve life through activities such as Seances, London's longest running Literary Salon, Magnificent Masquerade Balls, Loss – an Evening of Exquisite Misery – a reinterpretation of Gunter Grass's Onion Cellar Nightclub, Wyndstock – a boutique festival, a Taxidermy academy, Cocktail master classes, expeditions to far flung corners of the world like Papua New Guinea, a curiosity shop & art gallery. The Society is currently headquartered at it's Eponymous Cocktail Bar, Gallery & Museum of Curiosities, Fine Art & Natural History on East London's Mare Street. You are cordially invited to join us by visiting us or signing up on our website.

"It was always the idea of amusement that caused me to do things" – Marcel Duchamp

GONE WITH THE WYND

The Last Tuesday Society invites You To Join Viktor Wynd & Distinguished Naturalist & Explorer Stewart McPherson on a Collecting Trip to Papua New Guinea

UP THE SEPIK RIVER TO A CROCODILE CULT INITIATION CEREMONY & IN SEARCH OF BIRDS OF PARADISE
MONDAY NOVEMBER 5TH – FRIDAY NOVEMBER 16TH 2018
£3,375 (EXCLUDING INTERNATIONAL FLIGHTS)

This trip is as close as you can come to travelling back in time to an age of explorers and blanks on the map. We will step into a world of Spirit Houses, remote tribal villages and ritual. We will be going to very little visited villages (where first contact is within living memory), and have been given the honour of witnessing the ancient tattoo ceremony of the crocodile people (which gives the “crocodile men” their famous, scale-like scars which they hold as sacred and a symbol of warrior status). Along the way, we should see some incredible wildlife, including birds of paradise.

While this isn't a trip for the faint hearted, for anyone wanting a unique adventure to an extremely remote part of Papua New Guinea to experience one of the world's most interesting tribal cultures - we invite you to join us.

MORE INFORMATION ON WWW.THELASTTUESDAYSOCIETY.ORG





BEASTS, FREAKS & MONSTERS

The Museum's collection of Polycephalous Specimens – creatures with extra heads & limbs - include the Skeleton of a Two-Headed Kitten & a Human Baby, the Mummified Head of a Two-Faced Calf, an Eight-Legged Lamb (ex Walter Potter Museum), a Two-Headed Lamb, Snake & Teddy Bear, a Kitten, Calf, Snake, Two-Lambs & a Teddy Bear.

Elsewhere see the Mounted Head & a Skull of a Unicorn, Fairies (Mummified, Fish & Tiny), the Skeleton of a Mermaid, a Fiji Mermaid, Sea Unicorns, Sea Monsters, Sprites, the Skull of a Cyclops & Leg Bone of an Irish Giant.

Ethnographica

Viktor Wynd has travelled extensively & brought back a collection of Masks, Fetishes, Totemic Figures & other objects from The Congo, New Guinea & Latin America - including an axe used by the women of Papua's Dani people to chop joints off their fingers every time a male member of their family dies.

TWO HEADED LAMB



MASKS

Tens of thousands of people have attended our Masked Balls & found freedom & uninhibited joy in disguise. The Masked Balls had their origin in Mr. Wynd wanting to have a party where people could bring their ugly friends. The Museum's collection of masks includes several that were commissioned for him to wear – including a copy of The Beast's Mask from Cocteau's *La Belle et La Bête* & others from Latin America & The Congo.

African masks cover not just the face but the entire body with a fabric or raffia costume. A mask is not about hiding the face. A mask is it's own creature with it's own life, habits & face. As soon as the mask is put on the wearer loses their own sense of identity & becomes the creature, the servant of the mask.

When trouble calls, serious trouble like drought, war or great sickness the most fearsome masks are called to help & women, children & the uninitiated have to hide – if they see what they must not see they will be lucky if the penalty is milder than death. There are masks for all occasions, for weddings, births & victories, they dance on stilts & on all fours, they chase foolish women, mock old impotent men & teach naughty boys & girls lessons they won't forget. However powerful the masks may be they often find Islam & Christianity abhorrent & hide – & one thing they can not bear is the smell of gasoline.

THE DEATH MASK OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BENEATH A SELECTION OF CONGOLESE MASKS



DANDIES

Stephen Tennant - The Last Professional Equisite

by Philip Hoare

"I almost faint when I think of Pink"

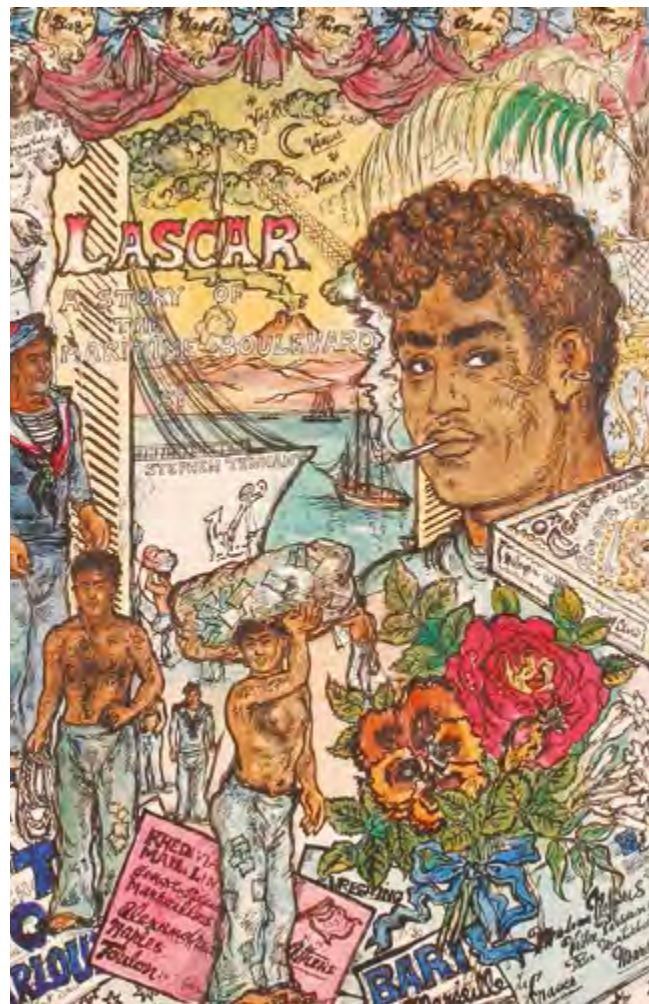
"I adore Good Taste – In Moderation"

– Stephen Tennant

Stephen Tennant was a work-in-progress. Born in 1906 as the youngest son of the newly ennobled Baron Glenconner, his life was an expectation of privilege. Yet he subverted that all by becoming, in the words of Jacob Epstein, the most beautiful person, male or female, of his generation. Gold dust in his hair, Vaseline on his eyelids, a leather coat copied from his brother's First World War flying jacket (with the addition of a chinchilla fur collar), he outraged staid society by dressing as a beggar in rags, & arriving with the greatest war poet, & protestor, Siegfried Sassoon on his arm.

But that dream ended, & Stephen, as the world became serious, retreated to the Arts & Crafts manor built for his mother by Detmar Blow, deep in a Wiltshire valley. Therovertaken by the vulgarity of the modern world, he recreated his beloved

PHOTOS OF WILSFORD & OF HIS DRAWINGS & COVERS FOR BOOKS HE NEVER QUITE FINISHED WRITING INCLUDING THIS ONE FOR LASCAR – (ON LOAN TO QUEER BRITISH ART AT TATE BRITAIN APRIL-OCTOBER 2017.)



South of France – the imaginary territory of his never-to-be-completed masterpiece, *Lascar: A Story of the Maritime Boulevards*. & just as he forever re-wrote that manuscript, in ever-changing ink colours, & illustrated it with the tough tars & tarts of his fantasies, so Wilsford Manor was refurbished in his image.

Twenty two tons of silver sand were spread on the lush English lawns to evoke his Marseilles dream, Chinese fan palms planted, & tropical birds & lizards let loose in the grounds. In the winter, they took refuge in the house, accompanying Stephen as he turned the bath taps on his collection of shells, since they looked better that way. Meanwhile Cecil Beaton brought David Bailey & David Hockney, Kenneth Anger & Derek Jarman came to call, all rapt in Stephen's stories of Greta Garbo or the Ballets Russe, of the Sitwells & Rex Whistler, of dear Morgan Forster & Virginia's peculiarities, of Lawrence of Arabia & his beloved Willa Cather. & there Stephen lived on, in exquisite, decorative reclusion, reliving his past glories & imagining his future ones, such as this long-awaited exposition of his beauty & his art in London's salubrious East End.

Philip Hoare

Philip Hoare (born 1958, Southampton) is the author of six works of non-fiction: *Serious Pleasures: The Life of Stephen Tennant* (1990) & *Noel Coward: A Biography* (1995), *Wilde's Last Stand: Decadence, Conspiracy, & the First World War* (1997), *Spike Island: The Memory of a Military Hospital* (2000), & *England's Lost Eden: Adventures in a Victorian Utopia* (2005). *Leviathan or, The Whale* (2008), won the 2009 BBC Samuel Johnson Prize for non-fiction.

THE MUSEUM HAS AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF STEPHEN TENNANT'S LETTERS, MANUSCRIPTS, SCRAPBOOKS, EPHEMERA ETC



DANDIES

Sebastian Horsley

by Viktor Wynd

"Dandyism is a lie which reveals the truth, & the truth is that we are what we pretend to be"

— Sebastian Horsley

Sebastian Horsley was the greatest Dandy of all time, his greatest failure as a Dandy was to actually do something – he painted & wrote one book – a meandering suicide note of purple aphorisms, a book that garnered far too many plaudits & gave far too much pleasure to far too many people for anyone to believe that it was written without great effort. However neither activity took up too much of his time, or distracted him from his great work – himself. He needed to breathe the oxygen of publicity & his life garnered great media coverage – from his crucifixion in the Philippines to his death, from a heroin overdose on the night of the opening of a West End play about him at the age of 47. A Dandy is not someone who dresses beautifully & works hard, or indeed at all, & certainly not Beau Brummel who merely wished to dress so impeccably that he was not noticed, Sebastian wished to stick out even at a Liberace concert, when he left his house he wanted everyone to look at him, from his six inch platform boots to his exaggerated top hat, his figure encased in ruinously expensive hand tailored suits from the

A SHINE TO SEBASTIAN HORSLEY CONTAINING HIS SEQUINED SUIT BY RICHARD ANDERSON OF SAVILE ROW, THE NAILS USED TO CRUCIFY HIM IN THE PHILIPPINES, SYRINGES FOR HEROIN USE & OTHER PARAPHERNALIA



worlds finest tailors, cut with more than a little nod to the Regency delight in filth & beauty, he walked through our lives in the perfect glow of self adoration, striding invincibly through our awestruck consciousness, living a life poised between Savile Row & Death Row, trying to find a balance between vanity & insanity, a born performer who rarely had to search far for an audience & with little interest in any script that did not end with death. In many ways his life was nasty, brutish, beautiful & short, brought up by drug & alcohol addled adulterous & uninterested rich parents, bugged, cuckolded & betrayed by his mentor - Scotland's most notorious gangster & convicted murderer Jimmy Boyle, addicted to the crack & heroin that would kill him, but possessed of limitless charm & love to his many friends & acquaintances. He never had a reason, & he never found a reason to be alive, he constructed a cage to trap his dreams but festered like a disease, a lighthouse in the middle of our sewer.

Precisely because of his self hatred, a trait many of us share, his admirers like to build him up to counter his own assertions, whilst detractors like to use his own words in foolhardy attempts to crucify him as the biggest, the best the most beautiful fraud of them all, a Dandy using his clothes as a barricade to hide nothingness, - "the real dandy wants to make people look, be shocked by, & even a little scared by the subversion which his clothes stand for, being a dandy is a condition rather than a profession. It is a defence against suffering & a celebration of life. It is not fashion, it is not wealth, it is not learning, it is not beauty. It is a shield & a sword & a crown – all pulled out of the dressing up box in the attic of the imagination. Dandyism is a lie which reveals the truth & the truth is that we are what we pretend to

SEBASTIAN HORSLEY – PORTRAIT BY TOM MEDWELL



be” To take him at his word, as some have one, is to rob him of the subversive power of his writing & his presence, through his exaggerations & cult of the ridiculous in all it’s forms he showed us a distorted mirror of ourselves, an honest mirror, he saw himself for what he was & us for what we are – unimportant “in the great sum of things all a man’s endless grapplings are no more significant than the scuttlings of a cockroach. The universe is neither friendly nor hostile. It is merely indifferent.”

We are all, in some degree like him, we have all looked in the mirror & seen great beauty & we have all lain with our heads in the loo, even if we haven’t all, however much we’ve fantasized about it, had our heads pushed deep into the bowl, our bare backsides lashed & the loo flushed. He was that rare, indeed almost unique creature who lived life between excess & exoticism – a Decadent as deified by Jacques de Bascher “Decadence comes from the Latin word ‘cadere’, which means to fall. Decadence is something very different; it’s the beautiful way to fall. It is a very slow movement with lots of beauty. It can be kind of self-killing in a beautiful, tragic way.”

He rarely gave the impression of taking himself, or life seriously in our post Christian post ideological world he fluttered like a mayfly, danced his glinting puzzles over life’s flowing streams.

“Mayflies may only live for a day. But so what? To live for the day is all that there is. Besides, to be a dandy is to live as a martyr.”

THE PRESERVED FRONT BOTTOM OF A VICTORIAN PROSTITUTE, PREPARED BY GLASWEGIAN ANATOMIST & SURGEON DR. ARCHIBALD McCANDLESS IN THE LATE 19TH CENTURY.



DANDIES

Quentin Crisp

by **Tim Fountain**

If Quentin Crisp had not existed it's doubtful anyone would have had the nerve to invent him. With his trademark fedora hat perched across his 'birds nest' hair, his heavily rouged cheeks & his fantastically flamboyant taste in scarves, the self styled stately homo of England looked like a creature from another planet.

I got to know Quentin when I wrote a play about him in 1999 called *Resident Alien* & I spoke at his memorial service in New York in 2000 alongside many others. The actor John Hurt described Quentin as 'one of the truly great figures of the 20th century'. He said, 'He was a true philosopher & the only philosopher who actually lived his own philosophy', who 'was born into impossibility & never wavered from his personal crusade. Tom Steele, the author & publisher, said Quentin had spent his life perfecting his idea of himself & presenting it gift wrapped to the world & Ned Rorem said 'with his death the world weighs less'. Professor Eric Bentley, the writer, critic & academic remembered how at the height of the prominence of the gay liberation movement when sex was with as many partners as possible was not only desirable but a political statement Quentin declared 'sex was the last refuge of the miserable'.

QUENTIN CRISP DRAWN BY MERVYN PEAKE WHEN CRISP WAS LIFE MODELLING FOR PEAKE'S CLASS AT CENTRAL IN THE EARLY 1950S



There's no doubt Quentin was a huge paradox: he was a man who existed in almost total obscurity for fifty years before becoming famous almost overnight with the publication of his memoir *'The Naked Civil Servant'* & yet who refused to live in anything except abject squalor. A man who was a regular on television & a required guest at the opening of society events & film premieres & yet who never removed his name from the New York phone directory. A man who was so quintessentially English that the singer Sting could write a hit song about him *"Resident Alien – an Englishman in New York"* & yet who never tired of declaring that England was a 'terrible place, where no-one is your friend'. A man who did as much as anyone to forward the cause of gay rights & yet who never tired in telling anyone who would listen, that the life of a homosexual was 'horrible' & a man who said he went on working because he had to & yet who left a small fortune to relatives, few knew he had. This was a man whose life had spanned most of the 20th century. A man born in the shadow of Victoria & the trial of Oscar Wilde, who died in the meek twilight of the Clinton years. Who had survived two world wars, seen men gaoled & executed for sleeping with other men, the legalisation of gay marriage. A man who lived for almost 50 years as a social outcast in near poverty on the streets of London in which he was born, & had then risen to become one of the most visible gay figures in the world & the natural heir to Oscar Wilde, before going on to be rejected by many in the gay movement as reactionary & homophobic. Who in his new life in New York became even more prominent, performing his one-man show, going on to write more books & a diary, & being featured in television documentaries & on countless television shows & who developed a reputation for going to every opening he was invited to. He was a flirt & a tease. A Conservative & a left wing radical, an icon & an iconoclast, an Edwardian gentleman & a revolutionary, a hater of the establishment & yet an upholder of many of his

values. He simultaneously struggled to belong whilst always distancing himself from getting too close to anyone, never failing to address even those close to him as Miss or Mr. In short he was a great, glittering contradiction.

His history was a history of homosexuality in the 20th century. The journey from being beaten on the streets of London to being laughed at as passé & reactionary by other gays, mirrored the changing attitudes of 100 years of gay history. He was the last great link to Wilde. He had done as much as anyone to forward the cause of homosexual rights & yet had never sought to further any cause other than his own. His death captured in it the essence of his life: the desire to please, the craving or the spotlight, the need to remain in control & the absolute commitment, despite all his self-deprecation, to significance. The sissy from the suburbs ended his life as one of the iconic figures of the 20th century & he did it by documenting with candour, strength & generosity, the struggle that had been his life. He turned pain into humour & anger into wit. He embraced life as a great metaphysical joke to which the only logical response was laughter. He left behind him an essence so distinct that like Oscar Wilde & Noel Coward before him, his very name conjures up an attitude & a philosophy to deal with the business of living. Quentin Crisp grew up to be himself & that's the greatest thing any of us can hope to achieve.

Tim Fountain

Tim Fountain is the biographer of Quentin Crisp, adapted Crisp's autobiography into the Herald Angel Award winning play *Resident Alien*. Other plays & books include *Dandy in The Underworld*, *Rock*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Sex Addict*, *Hot Boi*, *Rude Britannia* & *How To Write a Play*.

EROTICA & JUVENILIA

"The imagination is the spur of delights, all depends upon it, it is the mainspring of everything; now, is it not by means of the imagination one knows joy? Is it not of the imagination that the sharpest pleasures arise?"

— The Marquis de Sade

The Museum's collection of Erotica illustrates the life Mr.Wynd wishes he'd led & includes Japanese Shunga, French 18th Century Watercolours, Austrian Prints (including one particularly odd one of girls, horses & possibly tennis balls), Ashanti Gold Weights, Masturbating African Figures, Chinese Paintings & Outsider Erotica by an artist best known for his soap advertisements. The Juvenilia starts with Mr.Wynd's own (badly) painted toy soldiers from his childhood & a boat made out of matches one Christmas with his grandfather extending to tin toys & anything else he wishes he'd had & can now buy.

AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF EROTICA LINES THE WALLS OF THE LION'S CHAMBER IN THE WUNDERKABINETT. THE SKELETON IN THE SARCOPHAGUS IS RATHER LONELY (SHE HAS NO BODY TO GO OUT WITH), SO WHY NOT HIRE THE TABLE FOR AN EVENING, FROM £50, & BRING SOME FRIENDS TO DRINK & CHATTER AROUND HER. THE CHAMBER IS DOMINATED BY THE SKELETON OF MORTIMER THE LION - FORMERLY OF GLASGOW ZOO (HIS HEAD HANGS IN THE ROYAL & ANCIENT GOLF CLUB OF ST.ANDREWS), BUT ALSO CONTAINS A SELECTION OF CERAMICS BY VIKTOR WYND, A SEA MONSTER, A SCENE FROM THE RAKES PROGRESS BY HOGARTH, HANS BELLMER ETCHINGS & A DEEPLY DISTURBING PAINTING BY MERVYN PEAKE.





19TH CENTURY FRENCH ANTI-CLERICAL WATERCOLOUR FROM A RECENTLY ACQUIRED COLLECTION



FROM A SET OF WATERCOLOURS PAINTED BY PAUL-MARC-JOSEPH CHENAVARD IN PARIS IN THE 1830S

DEAD PEOPLE

*"If in his study he hath so much care
to hang all old strange things,
let his wife beware"*

— John Donne

You are never alone in our Museum - you are always surrounded by the dead - Mr. Wynd maintains that they are far better company than the living.

The collection includes a Shrunk head from South America (the skull is first removed, the eyes, nose & mouth sewn up to keep the spirit of the dead enemy inside & in perpetual pain, the head boiled with herbs, then kept in continuous motion for 24 hours with hot sand & stones inside), an Asmat Skull from New Guinea, human skeletons, dead babies in bottles, Napoleon's Death Mask, the preserved front bottoms of Victorian prostitutes, the skull of an Executed 19th Century Felon & the mummified trigger finger of Mexican Revolutionary Pancho Villa.

THE SKULL OF CONVICTED, & EXECUTED FELON JOHN PARKER, HANGED ON THE 11TH SEPT 1813 ON THE ROOF OF THE PRISON LODGE AT GLOUCESTER GAOL. HE WAS CONVICTED OF BREAKING INTO THE DWELLING HOUSE OF ELIZABETH GREY AT CLIFTON, BRISTOL, & STEALING SILVER SPOONS, A DAMASK TABLECLOTH, TWO SHIRTS, & VARIOUS OTHER ITEMS.



TREASURES

From The Palmer Hudson Collection

Started in the 1930's by PHD Palmer of Gloucester. Phillip Henry Douglas Palmer collected bizarre & wonderful artefacts all his life. He worked as an administrator for the National Health Service where he came into contact with many retired doctors & physicians. These encounters led him to amass a huge collection of eighteenth & nineteenth century anatomical models & curios.

Over the years he sold, swapped & dealt to collectors all over the world & amassed a private collection which was housed in his small office at home in Donderry, Cornwall. A prolific dealer in coins, stamps & virtually anything collectable he was well known in many collecting circles. At six feet three with a smile almost as wide you couldn't miss him at the antique fairs. In the late 1980's & early 90's Robbo Hudson was travelling & amassing his own collection of weird & wonderful things & met PHD's daughter 'Alison'. Meeting her father opened up a whole new world of "Chasing the impossible!" for him.

They shared so many ideas & Hudson learnt so much over the next fifteen years until Palmer passed away the day before Christmas 2002. The Museum of Curios was opened by Robbo & Alison in 1999 in Newquay, Cornwall. Eventually

PAPUAN GULF TROPHY SKULL, 18TH CENTURY WITH LATER FEATHERS. COLLECTED BY PALMER-HUDSON 1989-91



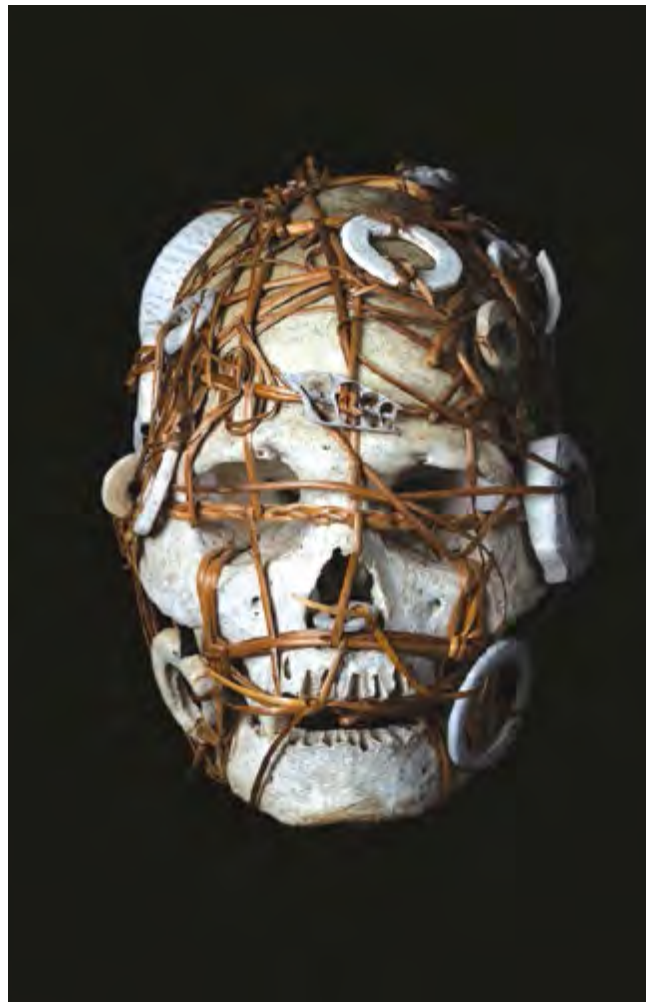


it housed most of their combined collections until in In 2001 Palmer sold his collection to Hudson being delighted to see so many people enjoying the museum. His collection alone stood at 2047 artefacts. Combined with Hudson's own collection they had amassed over 4000 items of curios over the years. These items were either lent to other museums or galleries or sold off after the closure of the museum in 2005. A small number of artefacts have remained in the collection & only see the light of day when other collectors come to visit or a gallery houses so for an attraction etc.

The museum would like to express it's eternal gratitude to Mr. Hudson – without his incredible generosity, support & expertise we would never be here today, & we probably wouldn't be worth visiting if we were.

"This world is not made of milk & honey," cried Wolf, the worm, to the skull of his father, 'nor of the sweet flesh of girls. This world is made of clouds & of the shadows of clouds. It is made of mental landscapes, porous as air, where men & women are as trees walking, & as reeds shaken by the wind."
– *Wolf Solent* by *John Cowper Powys*

19TH CENTURY ANCESTOR SKULL FROM CONGAR VILLAGE, RUBIANA, NEW GEORGIA. SOLOMON ISLANDS, BOUND IN RATTAN & SHELL MONEY – DEMONSTRATING THE WEALTH OF THE DECEASED



The Palmer Hudson Collection

Head Hunting

The Palmer-Hudson collection has particularly rich holdings of Asian, Oceanic & South American human heads. It is impossible to generalise & difficult to understand the various motivations that compelled these peoples to collect human heads. The skulls of Ancestors are often kept & treasured & treated almost as if they are still alive & brought out for special ceremonies & celebrations. The skulls, & in the case of the Jivaroans, the mummified shrunken heads of the enemies are collected for a myriad of reasons – primarily as a form of insult & a carrying on of unpleasantness's beyond the grave; a ceremonial taunting of ones foes. Bound up with warfare & cannibalism are all manner of spiritual beliefs, many believe that a persons spirit, or one of their spirits, lives on in the head & by taking the skull or head one takes the spirit, perhaps to serve you in this life, or the next, or perhaps to stop the spirit doing one any mischief.

19TH CENTURY MARIND-ANIM SKULL.

THE MARIND-ANIM, SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS THE MERAUKE TRIBE, ARE A PEOPLE LIVING IN SOUTH NEW GUINEA, SOUTH OF THE LOWER PARTS OF RIVER DIGUL, EAST OF YOS SUDARSO ISLAND, MAINLY WEST OF THE MARO RIVER. HISTORICALLY THE TRIBE WAS WARLIKE & FAMOUS FOR HEADHUNTING.



The Palmer Hudson Collection

The Dayaks of Borneo

The Dayaks of Borneo are one of the most famous headhunting tribes – the White Raja's – The Brooke family who ruled the Kingdom of Sarawak from 1841-1946 tried unsuccessfully to eliminate the practise, (apparently there was a lull in headhunting after World War II had supplied a huge number of Japanese skulls to decorate the longhouses with) & whilst it is rare today it is not altogether unknown with reports of decapitations in 1997 & 2001 during periods of local unrest.

The skulls would be kept for 10s if not 100s of years & often be redecorated – in this case a human leg bone has been added to the skull.

19TH CENTURY DAYAK SKULL



The Palmer Hudson Collection

The Asmat

The Asmat collected the skulls of their ancestors & took the skulls of their enemies, when they could get them. The Ancestral skulls they would decorate & keep, bringing them out for special occasions & keeping them a part of the family. The skulls of enemies, clearly distinguishable by the hole in the temple where the brain was removed, & the missing jaw – normally used in women's necklaces would be kept in the central men's hut & be richly decorated symbols of pride & success in battle

The eye sockets & nasal cavity are lined with beeswax, with red & light grey seed capsules pressed in as decorations. The red pods are so-called 'abrus beans' (*abrus pectorius*), while the grey are 'tears of Job' (*coix lacryma jobi*). The lower jaw is attached to the skull with rattan wickerwork.

The nose has a large nasal ornament called a 'bipane', just like the ones Asmat warriors usually wear through their pierced septums. This 'bipane' consists of a seashell, divided into two parts, with the ends curved inward into spirals & connected with cord. Round rings of rattan wickerwork hang from the left & right cheekbones, with pendants of Job's tears & feather tassels as purely ornamental elements.

19TH CENTURY ASMAT ANCESTOR SKULL OR 'NDAMBIRKUS' SOUTH EAST COAST OF NEW GUINEA.



The Palmer Hudson Collection

Shrunken Heads

A curiosity museum without a shrunken head is like a cake without icing, impossible; from their first appearance in the West in the early nineteenth century they have been the subject of intense morbid curiosity & longing. It is, perhaps, surprising, that in only one place in the world amongst one people – The Jivaroan Tribes of the Northwest Amazon Rain Forest in Peru & Ecuador has the skill been mastered - an enemy is killed & the skull is removed, then the skin is boiled in a mixture of herbs containing tannins, then dried with hot sand & stones.

The eyes, lips & mouth are sown up & the skin rubbed with ash to keep the Muisak from escaping. It is not entirely clear why or how this practice was developed, it is thought that beyond being a particularly unpleasant thing to do to ones enemy it was a way of harnessing their Muisak or vengeful spirit both for ones own nefarious ends & to protect oneself from it's powers.

19TH CENTURY SHRUNKEN HEAD





(ABOVE) 19TH CENTURY SHRUNKEN HEAD

(RIGHT) 19TH CENTURY MEDICAL MUMMIFIED ANATOMICAL HUMAN HEAD. THIS EXTRAORDINARY MUMMIFIED HEAD IS BELIEVED TO BE UNIQUE, PARTIALLY MUMMIFIED & SLICED IN VARIOUS PLACES SO ONE SIDE OF THE FACE WOULD CONCERTINA OUT IT WAS USED AS A TEACHING AID BEFORE BEING ACQUIRED BY THE PALMER-HUDSON COLLECTION.





EARLY 18TH CENTURY TIBETAN SKULL CARVED WITH A WHEEL CALENDAR.



THE GNOSTIC TEMPLE OF AGAPE

The Gnostic Temple of Agape was housed in the basement of a quiet building in Mile End from either the 1920s or the 1940s until it's lease ran out in late 2016 & it was invited to relocate to the museum's basements, with the antechamber & spell table on public view but the inner temple, open only to initiates, housed in the basement of the original Georgian building that was demolished when the current building was built in the early 20th century, accessed through the trap door under the spell table.

The current custodian of The Temple, the artist Rufus White, has moved it into a public space as he is keen to expand the membership of the dying organization, & hopes that a more public platform will encourage new devotees.

For hundreds, if not thousands, of years, The Temple, under the guardianship of the initiates, has been used as a place to celebrate the divine gift of love, to create spells, practice alchemy & summon angels & spirits from the other world.

The exact origins & history of The Temple are only revealed to third degree initiates, & much of the information surrounding this fascinating Cult is lost in the mists of time.

During its time in the Museum The Temple will continue to be in regular use when not open to members of the public.



A guide to The Temple & its Cult is in preparation & will probably be published early next year.

Alongside The Temple will be other items from Rufus White's Collection of Paraphernalia & Regalia of Alchemy & the Occult.

We would like to express our deep & eternal gratitude to Hendrick's Gin who very kindly financed the transportation of the Temple.

Magic & The Occult

The Museum holds a collection of Magical Soaps purchased in Mexico City's Witches Market, a Pebble containing a benign spirit used by a 17th century wise woman to treat intestinal complaints & a (replica) candle made of the tallow of a hanged man, the light from which is said to illuminate the souls of thieves & show where they hid their treasure.



*Do what thou wilt
shall be the whole
of the Law.
Love is the law,
love under will.*

HENDRICK'S
— GIN —





THE GNOSTIC TEMPLE OF AGAPE MAY BE HIRED FOR SEANCES OR PERHAPS AN EVENING OF COCKTAILS, CHARCUTERIE & CHEESE, OR A BOARDROOM MEETING.



SKULLS

Osteology, Taxidermy & Marine Creatures

"Every passion borders on the chaotic, but the collector's passion borders on the chaos of memories. More than that: the chance, the fate, that suffuse the past before my eyes are conspicuously present in the accustomed confusion of these books. For what else is this collection but a disorder to which habit has accommodated itself to such an extent that it can appear as order?"

— Walter Benjamin

Over 500 skulls sourced from historic collections, from a mouse to the gold plated skull of a hippo that once belonged to Pablo Escobar, the skeleton of a Giant Anteater & a Wholphin (a cross between a bottle nose dolphin & a false killer whale), fish skulls & skeletons, trophy heads, squirrels playing cards, a Japanese Giant Spider Crab & odd, odd creatures (dead & alive) from the depths of the ocean including a Giant Isopod & Pycnogonids. The Museum's Coral Reef Aquarium is maintained by Charterhouse Aquatics whose magnificent showroom is 10 minutes walk away along the canal at Stean Street, E8 4ED.





DRAWINGS BY CATHERINE WALLIS OF THE MUSEUM'S DODO BONE & COLLECTION OF EXTINCT BIRD FEATHERS. (INCLUDING GREAT AUK, IVORY BILLED WOODPECKER, ESKIMO CURLEW, CAROLINA PARAKEET, HUIA & PASSENGER PIGEON). THE MUSEUM HOSTS A MONTHLY LIFE DRAWING CLASS & WARMLY WELCOMES ARTISTS WHO WISH TO COME & DRAW, MUSE, THINK & DRINK.

CURIOSITIES

"Curiosity is a vice that has been stigmatized in turn by Christianity, by philosophy, & even by a certain conception of science. Curiosity, futility. The word however pleases me"

— Michel Foucault

A Giant Hairball from a Cow's Stomach, Kidney Stones, Dodo Bones, Feathers of Extinct Birds, Deformed Sea Shells from Fukushima, a Casket Containing Some of the Original Darkness that Moses Called Down Upon Earth, Blood Squeezed from a Stone by Viktor Wynd, Magic Stones, Medical & Scientific Instruments, Unidentified Objects, Condoms used by The Rolling Stones, Celebrity Poo, a Bullet & a Piece of Bone Extracted from an Irish Boys Foot in 1898, a Chocolate John Major, Three Blind Mice, a Dancing Rat, a Mummified Cat, Furbies, Dinosaur Poo, Coco de Mer, Bean Pods (from Jack's Giant Beanstalk), Venus Flower Baskets, Horoscopes, Ammonites, Dead Plants, Tin Toys, Mummified Pygmy Child, Golliwogs, Santa Muerte, Blue Babies, Unidentified Deep Sea Worm, Giant Clam Shells, Grot, Flying Kitten, Jenny Haniver, Devil Fish, The Strange One, Dead Things in Bottles, Victorian Dolls, Argonauts, Puzzle Balls...

A TRICHOBEZOAR — OR HAIRBALL — REMOVED FROM A COWS STOMACH & A COLLECTION OF BEZOARS REMOVED FROM THE GASTROINTESTINAL SYSTEM OF GOATS. IN MEDIEVAL & EARLIER TIMES THESE WERE MUCH VALUED — WORTH MORE THAN THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD — AS THEY WERE BELIEVED TO BE A UNIVERSAL ANTIDOTE BUT IN 1575 THE SURGEON AMBROISE PARE TESTED IT ON A COOK AT THE FRENCH COURT WHO DIED SEVEN HOURS LATER IN AGONY. HOWEVER THIS WAS BLAMED ON THE SURGEON USING THE WRONG TYPE OF POISON RATHER THAN SEEN AS PROOF OF INEFFICIENCY. FEW THINGS ARE CAPABLE OF GIVING MR.WYND THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF PLEASURE A BEZOAR CAN.





OPPOSITE: A GERMAN 19TH CENTURY WAX MODEL OF A SCABIES MITE

ABOVE: THE SKELETON OF A GIANT ANTEATER



EGG FROM THE EXTINCT ELEPHANT BIRD – OR AEPYORNIS BIRD OF MADAGASCAR



RELICS FROM VIKTOR WYND'S CHILDHOOD INCLUDE A CASE CONTAINING EVERY SINGLE BRITISH BUTTERFLY HE COLLECTED AS A BOY & A MODEL BOAT HE MADE WITH HIS GRANDFATHER ONE CHRISTMAS (& STILL DOESN'T KNOW IF EITHER OF THEM ENJOYED THE EXPERIENCE)

ANGEL LUST

The World's Longest Standing Erection.

The 18th Century Mummified Penis of a Hanged Man.

Hanged men are almost invariably observed to have erections even ejaculations. Indeed the mandrake is supposed to grow beneath the gallows from the spilt seed of hanged men. Scientifically these tumescence's from the other side of death are termed Priapisms, but they are more poetically known as 'Angel Lust'

Erotic Asphyxiation: "When the brain is deprived of oxygen it induces a lucid, semihallucinogenic state called hypoxia combined with orgasm the rush is said to be no less powerful than cocaine & highly addictive" George Schuman

The Phenomenon of sexual pleasure caused by the reduction in the oxygen supply to the brain known as asphyxiophilia is a not uncommon practice which is well documented since the 17th century when following its observance at the gallows it began to be used as a treatment for impotence. It has been blamed for many accidental deaths including that of Tory MP Stephen Milligan in 1994 with a black bin liner & a slice of orange & Rock Star Michael Hutchence.

THE 18TH CENTURY MUMMIFIED PENIS OF A HANGED MAN.



FINE ART

"The reason why I do not spend my days in despair & my nights in endless weeping simply is that I am in love with my own ruin. I therefore deserve no sympathy, & probably shan't get it: my own profound compassion is enough. I am so abnormally self-conscious that no smallest detail in this tragedy eludes me"

— W.N.P. Barbellion The Journal of a Disappointed Man

Michael Ayrton, Peter Blake, Charles Bronson, Ian Bruce, John Buckland-Wright, Leonora Carrington, Ithell Colquhoun, Shezad Dawood, Tessa Farmer, Marcelle Hanselaar, Madge Gil, Hendrick Goltzius, Matthew Killick, Kate MccGwire, Mervyn Peake, Pablo Picasso, Austin Osman Spare, Lina Scheynius, Graham Sutherland, Stephen Tennant, Theatre of Dolls, Agostino Veneziano, John Waters, Hugo Wilson, E.C.Woodard, Viktor Wynd...

MERVYN PEAKE - PORTRAIT OF UNKNOWN MAN.





MADGE GIL - SPIRIT DRAWING.



HENDRICK GOLTZIUS, THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, CIRCA 1594.



THE WITCHES ROUT BY AGOSTINO VENEZIANO 1505 - SHOWS A WITCH OUT GATHERING BABIES

Fine Art

Mat Humphrey

Mat worked very closely with Viktor Wynd in designing & building the museum, & is the current art director. He also curates photography exhibitions around the world for Bryan Adams, & Jimmy Nelson.

The works are primarily made with oil paint on board. However, his use of the medium is unusual, & the end result often looks little like standard notions of oil painting.

The panels in the entrance, although large, are a small section of a huge painting that the museum commissioned in 2011. This work, titled '...And the Dark Waters Covered the Earth' was a 'walk in' painting covering the walls & floor of the entire upstairs space. His work is inspired by subjects as diverse as human anatomy, aquatic organisms, atomic structures, & notions of physics.

Mat is represented by New Art Projects (3 minutes walk from the Museum at 6D Sheep Lane, E84QS). In November 2017 he will be having his first major solo exhibition with the gallery.

For further information, please contact:
info@newartprojects.com
+44 (0)207 249 4032



Fine Art

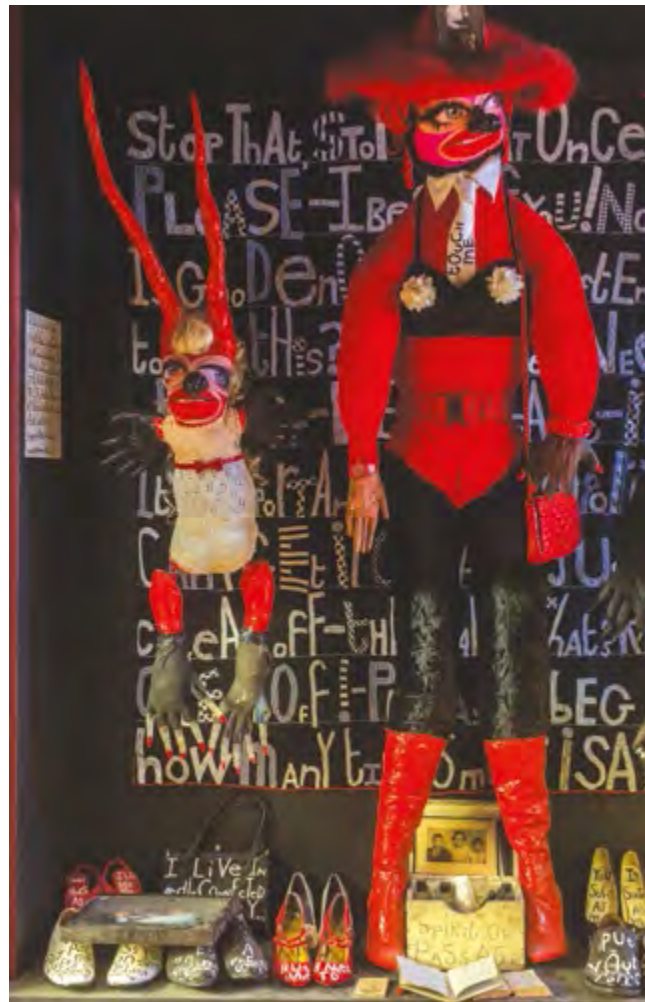
Stephen Wright Inmates from the House of Dreams

Artist Stephen Wright has been forced out of his house by his collection and turned it into a museum, he takes the objects he finds manipulates and sculpts them. He tells us that he is our puppeteer, sad and lonely, as such he has produced a body of work that is wonder inspiring, deeply strange, slightly disturbing and at times more than a little funny. He is neither afraid of being extremely silly nor of telling us about the deepest and darkest parts of his soul. Just over ten years ago a chance encounter with outsider art changed his understanding of how he could express himself and consequently began the transformation of his Dulwich home into The House of Dreams Museum.

His abode has become a shrine filled warren of mosaics with a debt to popular religious art from Latin America, India & Haiti using junk, toys, litter, bottle tops, dolls, old pottery shards and kitsch souvenir objects to embellish every surface as he seeks to come to terms with the world around him with extensive texts dealing with personal crises and joys.

I saw some of his work in a shop window, falling in love I eventually persuaded him to build this elaborate installation in my museum.

To see opening times & book your place to visit The House of Dreams Museum please see www.stephenwrightartist.co.uk



Fine Art

Tessa Farmer

In 2011 in the wake of the London riots, a mob of evil fairies (conjured by artist Tessa Farmer) invaded Viktor Wynd's Little Shop of Horrors. The fairies commandeered a mute swan and entered the shop followed by a fleet of bird skeletons and skullships, flown by enslaved butterflies and beetles. Armed with ants, scorpions, tarantulas and spines they were surely intent on looting the contents and slaying whoever stood in their way.

Armed with a narwhal tusk, brave Mr Wynd put up a good fight and even captured some of the fairies and their ships, imprisoning them downstairs in his Curiosity Museum, but alas the swan escaped into the night. It was last seen in Antwerp.

He was naive to think he could contain the fairies. They are the king of pests and of course they escaped and surreptitiously infested the museum several years later. Wreaking havoc amongst their new playground they smashed glass bell jars, insect frames and crab shells. They bred carpet beetles and clothes moths and released them into taxidermy and Mr Wynd's beloved red sequinned suit that had belonged to Sebastian Horsley. They vandalised his meticulously written labels, and gleefully shredded precious hummingbird skins.

This time Mr Wynd banished them, or so he thought. It seems they will never leave. Now they feast brazenly atop the giant spider crab and skull in dark corners, plotting their revenge.

Biography

Tessa Farmer lives and works in London. She is the great granddaughter of the influential writer of supernatural horror Arthur Machen. Her work, made from insect carcasses, bones, plant roots and other found natural materials, comprises complex installations and animations depicting Boschian battles between insects and tiny winged skeletal humanoids.

In 2007 she was artist in residence at the Natural History Museum, London and was nominated for The Times/ Southbank Show Breakthrough Award. In 2011 she was awarded a Kindle Project 'Makers Muse' Award that funded a collecting expedition to Chilean rainforest with entomologists from the Natural History Museum.

Her work has been exhibited worldwide and is in many collections including The Saatchi Gallery, London, The David Roberts Collection, London and The Museum of Old and New Art (MONA), Tasmania. Recent exhibitions include 'Encounters' at Museum Aan de Stroom, Antwerp and 'Strange Worlds: The Vision of Angela Carter' at The Royal West of England Academy, Bristol.



TED & EDDY

The Museum's Mascot

by Viktor Wynd

Chapter One – In which Ted & Eddy are born, expelled from Teddy Bear Land captured by the nasty Pease family & sold for a sausage to kind lonely Mr.Wynd & given a new home.

Ted & Eddy were born in Teddy Bear Land – a far away magical kingdom of Teddy Bear Happiness; it's all cuddles & huggles & endless teas of jelly, meringues & peanut butter sandwiches in Teddy Bear Land, picnics in the woods & games of hide the furry bear in the mountain.

Now when Ted & Eddy were born there was some thing decidedly odd about them – they had one body but two heads – they were greeted with horror & outrage & fear & disgust, Daddy bear looked at Mummy Bear & said – what have you been doing? Mummy Bear wanted to know who Daddy Bear really was & Daddy Bear ran away & all the other teddy bears yelled freak freak freak & threw poor Ted & Eddy in the river.

But there are two happy endings, it's very hard to drown a teddy bear, they tend to float & can hold their breath for hours – try having bath with a teddy bear & you'll know what I mean. They don't like it & it makes them cold & uncomfortable & miserable & sad but they don't die. But the first happy ending was with mummy & daddy teddy bear. Daddy teddy bear was sad & lonely & hadn't seen mummy teddy bear for two whole hours & was desperately in need of a cuddle, as



you probably know teddy bears get very sad if they're left on their own & not cuddled for even a few hours, that's why most teddy bears always look so sad, they're the teddy bears that got lost on the fringes of teddy bear land & got found by strangers & taken home; firstly they're missing their home & their friends & families & secondly people seldom give them enough hugs & cuddles. Some people I know don't even sleep with their bears – that is indescribably cruel.

So Daddy teddy bear was feeling very sad & then he saw some beautiful violets & picked a big bunch & went & looked for mummy teddy bear & gave them to her & she was very happy & they cuddled & hugged for hours & hours & decided not to have any more babies & to go for a picnic & to eat peanut butter sandwiches instead – with just a little bit of honey – mummy teddy bear's favourite, they forgot all about Ted & Eddy & lived happily every after.

Ted & Eddy floated down the river feeling sadder & sadder & wetter & wetter & colder & colder & not really understanding what had happened to them & why nobody loved them – all they'd wanted was a cuddle & a huggle & a peanut butter sandwich. There were two of them it's true & they could cuddle each other but it's not really the same & Eddy doesn't like being cuddled by Teddy as Eddy often tickles him & then he tickles Eddy back & it means neither of them get a proper cuddle, & anyways their arms aren't long enough & they were trying to stay afloat.

So down the river they floated when – whoooooosh – they were snatched out & propelled through the air “it's a biggun – I've caught a whopper” gloated old Mr.Pease – “Dad you've never caught a fish in your live” said young Mr.Pease – “well I have now”
“no you haven't you've caught a teddy bear”

“what?”

“Daddy's caught a teddy bear, daddy's caught a teddy bear” chanted young Mr.Pease – now the Peases were a poor family who weren't any good at fishing & didn't like fishing & only fished because they were hungry,
“Well lets take it back to Mother” growled old Mr.Pease “she can probably put it in a stew or something, gotta taste better than my shoes that we ate last night, far too tough”
“and smelly” added young Mr.Pease

But Mrs.Pease wasn't having it – she'd baked young Mr.Pease's Teddy bear Angus in a pie only the other week & it had been all stringy & puffy & tough & chewy & got stuck between her teeth & tasted of nothing nice, & she was very cross with Mr.Pease – she'd sent him out for a fish & he'd come back with a Teddy Bear – now what good was that?

- But Mrs.Pease wasn't as stupid as Mr.Pease she'd noticed something strange about Tedd & Eddy – not only were they looking very sad & terrified but they had two heads!

- & she'd just read in the newspaper about a Mr.Wynd in London town who'd sold someone or other a two headed baby for a lot of money – & that baby had been dead so what would a two headed teddy bear be worth – millions she thought.

She thought wrong. She hid Tedd & Eddy in a black bag so she wouldn't have to get them a ticket & took the train to London. Tedd & Eddy were very sad & very scared. In London she found Mr.Wynd in his little shop. Though it's less of a shop than an orphanage, Mr.Wynd is a lonely man, very nice, they say, but lonely, & he lives in his shop that is more of an orphanage than a shop – from all over the world come creatures & things that no one else loves, but somehow he always sees in them something to love & gives them a home, it might look like a shop, & things might look like they are for

sale but no one ever buys anything – no one else will give a home to the things he gives a home to – from dead rats to unloved bits of stone, dead penguins, people with three legs & all the outcasts of the world.

Mr.Wynd looked at Mrs. Pease & thought she was a nasty, mean smelly person. He hated to judge but when she took out of her bag the sweetest most loveable pair – or almost a pear – (maybe an apple?) of teddy bears, looking so sad & miserable & so desperately in need of a cuddle that he almost called the R.S.P.C.T.B. – The Royal Society for The Protection of Cruelty to Teddy Bears, but he didn't for he thought that there were a lot of people in the world who didn't cuddle their teddy bears properly & that they might not come out in a hurry & meanwhile the woman might go & the only way to give Ted & Eddy a proper cuddle was to buy them & cuddle them then & there.

So he put on a sad face & told Mrs.Pease that he really, really wanted a two headed fish – he had lots of two headed bears – they were two a penny he said – now a two headed fish! But Mrs.Pease hadn't got a two headed fish – for which he would have paid millions & millions only a two headed bear that was hardly worth a sausage, however he leaned down into his drawer & found a particularly nice looking sausage & handed it over in exchange for Ted & Eddy.

As soon as the nasty woman was gone he gave Ted & Eddy the biggest cuddle they'd ever had & dried them with a hair dryer & gave them each a peanut butter sandwich with lashings of honey!

THE MUMMIFIED HEAD OF A TWO FACED CALF



THE LIBRARY

"How I'd like to infect at least one soul with some kind of poison, worry or disquiet! This would console me a little for my chronic failure to take action. My life's purpose would be to pervert. But do my words ring in anyone else's soul? Does anyone hear them beside me?"

— Fernando Pessoa The Book of Disquiet

Please choose a book from the library in the bar, settle yourself comfortably, have a cup of tea & spend a gentle afternoon reading . Downstairs in The Wunderkabinett are many of Mr.Wynd's favourite books including:

A Guide to Faking Exhibition Poultry, The Aesthetics of The Japanese Lunch Box, Wasps of Surrey, Warfare in The Enemy's Rear, Sin Bum, The Naughty Nun, Shopping Centre Sex, Girls of The Pansy Patrol, Who Cares About Elderly People, Rats for Those Who Care, A Sex Guide for Irish Farmers, The Social & Cultural History of The Potato, I Was Hitler's Maid, Versailles – The View from Sweden, Mrs. Thompson's Water Domination, Let's Play Nurse & Doctor, The Glands of Destiny, Men Who Have Risen, How To Help Your Husband Get Ahead, Enid Blyton's Gay Story Book, Joyful Lays by The Rev.R.Lowry, If You Want Closure in Your Relationship Start With Your Legs...



ON LOAN FROM:

The Hanbury Collection

The Hanbury Collection is as rich as it is diverse. As Hanbury explains 'the sole guiding principle to my passion for collecting is to follow wherever my curiosity leads, & to purchase whatever inspires a sense of wonder in me. I see myself as a collector of stories rather than artefacts. The objects in my collection are merely shadows or memories of the stories they represent.'

The Gold Plated Skull of Pablo Escobar's Hippopotamus

Pablo Escobar's Gold Plated Hippopotamus Skull. In the early 1980's Columbian cocaine baron Pablo Escobar built himself a private zoo on the grounds of his huge ranch Hacienda Napoles. Worth an estimated 30 billion at the height of his power Escobar smuggled Giraffes, Elephants & a variety of other exotic animals, including four adult hippopotami, into the country. Three of the hippos made the journey to Columbia safely, the fourth, an adult male, died under sedation on the journey. In typically ostentatious fashion Escobar decided to honour the fallen hippo by ordering that the animal's skull be plated in gold & displayed in his office.

Escobar was shot & killed in 1993 & his goods were confiscated & Hacienda Napoles fell into disrepair. The three original

GOLD PLATED SKULL OF PABLO ESCOBAR'S HIPPOPOTAMUS



hippos bred & there is now an estimated population of over seventy hippos, some of which have extended their territory beyond the confines of their original home. Columbia now boasts the only wild hippo population outside of Africa. The rest of Escobar's seized belongings were kept in vaults until late 2013 when they were auctioned off by the National Office of Narcotics, the state agency in charge of liquidating assets seized from drug traffickers. It was here that Hanbury acquired the skull for his collection.

The Skeleton of a Wholphin

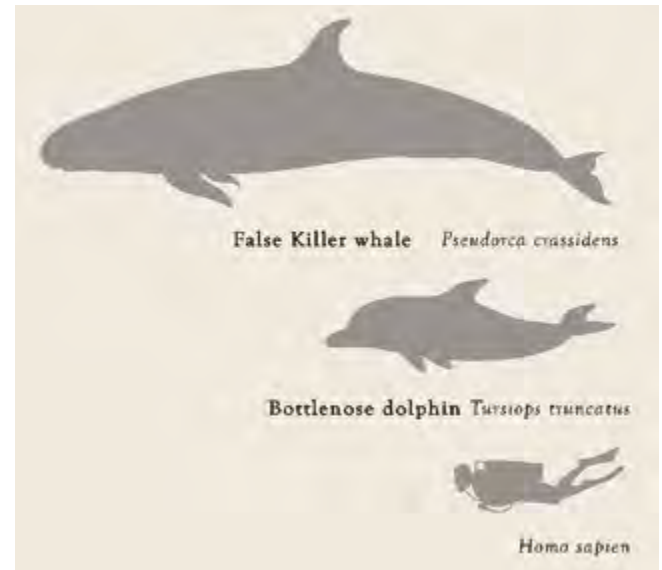
The bottlenose dolphin (Tursiops) is best known member of the family of Delphinidae, the family of oceanic dolphins. This particular specimen is unique - she was one of the very few recorded bottlenose dolphins to hybridize with a false killer whale in the wild, & the only one whose skeleton has been preserved.

Both wild & captive dolphins have been known to mate with false killer whales, an animal over twice the size. The resulting offspring, a Wholphin, grows to mid way between the two parents size & shares characteristics with both.

'I was moved by the idea that two highly social creatures might find themselves alone in the Ocean & find one another, & that their desire for companionship & affection might surpass the differences between them.'

— John Hanbury 2014

WHOLPHIN SKELETON



VIKTOR WYND

"Here we have a man who has to gather the day's refuse in the capital city. Everything that the big city threw away, everything that it lost, everything it despised, everything it crushed underfoot, he catalogues & collects"

— Baudelaire

Viktor Wynd is an artist, author, lecturer, impresario & 'pataphysicist. Educated at SOAS, The John Cass & The University of South Florida. The Museum is intended as an artwork in its own right, a portrait of the inside of his head as an incoherent, unhappy mess. Past exhibitions, projects & installations have included 'The Sorrows of Young Wynd,' 'Structures of The Sublime – Towards a Greater Understanding of Chaos' & 'Why I Think I'm So Fucking Special – It's All About ME'.

He is the author of 'Viktor Wynd's Cabinet of Wonders (Prestel, 2014) & has lectured widely at institutions including The British Library, The Natural History Museum, The Barbican, Kings College Cambridge, University of Manchester. In the Noughties he reinvented London Nightlife & entertained tens of thousands of revellers with his legendary Masquerade & Halloween Balls, The Animal Party, Wyndstock & reinterpreted The Onion Cellar Nightclub from Gunter Grass's Tin Drum as 'Loss; an Evening of Exquisite Misery' where thousands chopped onions & cried. He very much hopes you enjoyed your visit & would love to know what you thought - please leave a review on TripAdvisor, & if you have anything at home you think he might like, please post it to him at The Museum.

VIKTOR WYND HUNTING BUTTERFLIES IN FAKFAK, WEST PAPUA 2013





FROM VIKTOR WYND'S SERIES 'A POSTMODERN WILDERNESS OF LOST YOUTH 2001-2011':
NATALIA & I IN BED WITH A REVOLVER, WILLIAMSBURG 2005,



JENNA ON MIAMI BEACH, VIKTOR WYND



SUMMER KNIGHT & FRIEND IN THE BACK OF MY BUICK CENTURY IN MIAMI 2004. SUMMER KNIGHT LATER COMMITTED SUICIDE.



Portrait of a Carthusian, After Vermeer

"PORTRAIT OF A CARTHUSIAN BY PETRUS CHRISTUS" ONE OF A SERIES OF WORKS THAT VIKTOR WYND THINKS SHOULD BE IN THE MUSEUM, BUT CAN'T AFFORD, SO HAS DECIDED TO COPY



'I ALWAYS THINK THAT IT WILL BE FOREVER BUT IT NEVER IS' FROM 'STRUCTURES OF THE
SUBLIME – TOWARDS A GREATER UNDERSTANDING OF CHAOS'



SELF PORTRAIT AS A SUICIDE NUMBER 15 – FROM THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WYND



THE LONG & LONELY NIGHTS I'VE SPENT SINCE YOU FIRST LEFT HOME.



BLOOD SQUEEZED FROM A STONE 'FROM THE ARTIST AS SUPERMAN'.

A DANSE MACABRE

The Halloween Ball

His Excellency Viktor Wynd, Chancellor of The Last Tuesday Society Requests & Requires The Glorious Dishonour of Your Beblooded Presence this All Hallows Eve - 31st October 2018 at

A Danse Macabre

The Halloween Ball Baroque Carnival of Lust & Disgust
London's Most Magnificent Halloween Ball

TO BE HELD ACROSS THE MANY MAGNIFICENT FLOORS & CHAMBERS
OF KINGS CROSS'S MAGNIFICENT PALACE OF THE NIGHT - THE FORMER
PRIMATARIUM WHERE GREAT APES ONCE GAMBLER - THE SCALA

LIVE BANDS: PERHAPS CONTRAPTION & MORE TBC | PERFORMANCE ART,
KABARET, FREAK SHOW, CIRCUS SURREALISM |
OPERA SINGER: VALIS VOLKOVA | DJs PLAYING THE DEVILS MUSIC:
ELECTRO-SWING, BIG TOP BURLESQUE, MEXICAN DAY OF THE DEAD,
GYPSY PUNK, PARTY MASH-UPS, CLASSICAL DANSE MACABRE |
LIFE DRAWING | MENAGERIE (ALIVE & DEAD) | CHOCOLATE
FOUNTAIN & A MIDNIGHT FEAST OF YESTERDAYS CAKES & VIKTOR WYND'S
FAMOUS CHEESEBOARD | THE MARQUIS DE SADE'S DUNGEON

DRESS CODE: THE BEAUTIFUL & THE DAMNED

TOP HATS & TAILS, VELVET & GORE, DEAD ANIMALS & LIVING FREAKS,
SAVILE ROW IN A COFFIN, YOUR GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING DRESS
(THE ONE SHE WAS BURIED IN), ZOMBIES & BUTCHERS, TIARAS & RUBY
RED BLOOD, MEXICAN DAY OF THE DEAD, PLAGUE MASKS

NO COSTUME NO ADMISSION

PRIZES PRIZES PRIZES FOR THE BEST COSTUMES



www.thelasttuesdayssociety.org

THE SPARE ROOM

The Only Permanent Collection of Work by Austin Osman Spare on View in The World

**An introduction to Spare
By his biographer Phil Baker**

"There must be few people in London interested in art," the Art Journal told Edwardian readers back in 1907, "who do not know the name Austin Osman Spare." Before long they might have done better to ask if there was anyone out there who did know the name, weirdly memorable though it is, because Spare had his career upside down: he began as a controversial West End celebrity & went on to underground obscurity in a South London basement. Hard to categorise, impossible to pin down, he remains one of England's strangest & most enigmatic artists. In the words of an obituary, 'Strange & Gentle Genius Dies' in the London Evening News, "You have probably never heard of Austin Osman Spare. But his should have been a famous name."

Spare was born near Smithfield Market in 1886, the son of a policeman, & spent his later childhood & youth in Kennington. Feted as a prodigy, he became the enfant terrible of the Edwardian art scene, where he was hailed as the next Aubrey Beardsley. He experimented with automatic drawing some years before the surrealists, & went on to



VIKTOR WYND IN HIS SPARE ROOM



PORTRAIT OF HIS FUTURE WIFE AMID SELF PORTRAITS, 1910.

work as an illustrator & War Artist, but for complex reasons – which would have to include changing fashion, his refusal to embrace modernism, & a lack of the social skills needed to get on in the metropolitan art world – his career foundered in the early Twenties. Having been “the darling of Mayfair” he began to fall back into working-class life south of the river, moving to a Borough tenement block & living, as he put it, as a “swine with swine.”

Increasingly reclusive & living outside of consensus reality, Spare spent the Twenties voyaging into automatic & “psychic” drawing, only to find a new identity thrust on him in the Thirties as the first surrealist (“FATHER OF SURREALISM – HE’S A COCKNEY” said a newspaper headline in 1936). This sensational & more than slightly tongue-in-cheek claim was based on his experiments with automatism, but unfortunately it didn’t mean he was hanging out with Salvador Dali & Andre Breton, dispensing avuncular advice. Instead he was trying to sell his Surrealist Racing Forecast Cards through a small ad in the Exchange & Mart.

Now based in a studio above the Elephant & Castle Woolworth’s, Spare was developing a particularly strong line in pastel portraits of local Cockneys, like his picture of a flower-seller. She is more conventionally attractive than many of the Cockney portraits, which often featured working men & in particular elderly women, with whom Spare had a particular sympathy; he had a lifelong principle that what he looked for in portrait subjects was “character & not beauty”. He also had a deep & heartfelt line in self-portraits, & was said to have done as many as Rembrandt. His own face had as much character as anyone’s, manifest in the ambitious & somewhat wary, hunted-looking young man from around 1919, still unsure of his place in the world; the unfazed stoic in the white scarf,

characteristic of Spare in later life; & the warmer & more charismatic study from 1936, looking thoughtful & a little put-upon.

One of the stranger & more hyped stories about Spare's career involves a request from Hitler for a portrait, possibly through a member of the German embassy staff; Spare seems to have refused on principle, & briefly became a hero in the local papers. When his studio was bombed during the worst night of the blitz, 10th May 1941 – the night the Elephant & Castle area was completely devastated, with record casualties – he referred to it as “Hitler's revenge”. Spare suffered a great loss of work in the blast, with perhaps a couple of hundred pictures & particularly his local portraits. In some cases portraits & their subjects probably perished together in the same night.

Mutating beyond straight portraiture, Spare was also producing exquisite stylizations of film stars such as Mary Pickford & Jean Harlow, using an anamorphic technique of altered perspective that he called “sideralism”, along with Pan-like “satyrizations” of male faces, often modelled on real-life locals. One of the extraordinary things about Spare's art is the chameleonic range of styles & modes, including automatic drawing – which itself ranges from fertile scribble, with vague faces materialising, to the more developed characters of Spare's early Twenties albums *A Book of Automatic Drawing* & *The Book of Ugly Ecstasy*. At the same time Spare's more traditional draughtsmanship led to comparisons with Old Masters such as Michelangelo & Durer, often by people outside the art world who were surprised to find “real art” was still being made. The difficulty of getting to grips with Spare's work on its own terms has led to similarly excitable comparisons pointing forwards: not only was he credited as Britain's proto-surrealist in the

Thirties, but in the Sixties art critic Mario Amaya (a pop-art specialist, shot & wounded alongside Andy Warhol when Valerie Solanas tried to assassinate him) saw him as Britain's first pop artist.

Spare's output also includes overtly occult work, & his involvement with the occult has kept his memory alive in some quarters & yet marginalized him. At the core of his innovative approach to magic was an attempt to manipulate his own unconscious, giving his wishes the demonic power of complexes & neuroses & nurturing them into psychic entities, like the older idea of familiar spirits. In order to talk to his unconscious in a language he thought might get through to it, Spare developed the experimental scripts that can be seen at the foot of his magnificent study of a woman holding a crystal ball, with a line of “sigils” (a condensation of words, based on the principle of the artist's monogram, & intended to bypass the conscious mind) & then four more elegant lines of the “alphabet of desire.”

Part of mankind's long history of trying to control reality with writing, Spare's experiments with script also make him a precursor of the “hypergraphics” movement of the Fifties, associated with the Lettrists in France. They are no less part of the long fascination, particularly in magic, with arcane lettering as the writing of otherness, both external & internal. In the words of Marlowe's Dr Faustus,

These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly.
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, & characters:
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

Three centuries later the Surrealist heroine Helene Smith produced supposedly Martian script in mediumistic trances, while more recently Susan Hiller's *Midnight, Baker Street* (1983) scrawls cryptically over a photo-booth self portrait with something that looks midway between Arabic & shorthand, suggestive of unconscious & nocturnal realms. And when the American writer William Seabrook – alcoholic, sado-masochist, cannibal, & sensationalistic explorer of voodoo & witchcraft – taught himself even plain Pitman shorthand as a teenager in the first decade of the twentieth century, he felt himself escaping (as if to “war, to jungles, to deserts, & ultimately to drink”) into its “mysterious, beautiful, secret, hieratic” script.

There is a less encoded occult engagement in the extraordinary 1910 drawing featuring an idealised self-portrait of a handsome youth with ram's horns, beside a hermaphroditic devil figure with an austere, hieratic dignity. Aligned with his very organic-looking horns, the devil is stretching oddly-shaped wings upwards, their shape perhaps making more sense if they are represented both as unfurling – with a sideways, elbow-type movement suggestive to modern viewers of a bygone disco monstrosity, ‘the funky chicken’ – & at full vertical stretch, anticipating the simultaneous depictions-in-time of the Futurists, like Giacomo Balla's dynamic dog with its moving legs in multiple positions at once. The spontaneous energy & intensity of the pencil inspires a further dancing squiggle to continue over one of the ram's horns, as the local energy of the hand rises up like whorls of smoke from a joss stick, or the ornamental flourishes of bebop taking off from the overall controlling melodies of earlier swing. & at the bottom of the picture is a cloudy density of ‘automatic’ line, with vague animal heads taking shape; the whole thing should stretch our idea of what was going on in British drawing in 1910.

Spare's occultism was rooted in the place & period of his early life, with spiritualism, theosophy, & the late nineteenth-century occult revival, along with a rising excitement about the unconscious. It is a biographical commonplace to say that such-and-such a figure lived from the era of the horse & cart to the first jet planes, or some similar span, conveniently forgetting the same is true of millions of people from the same generation, but Spare really did inhabit his times in a particularly distinctive way. He lived from the dog-end of the Aubrey Beardsley era, stayed loyal to the Edwardian cult of Pan in his satyr pictures, & embraced the heyday of Hollywood Babylon & the social changes beyond, with his post-war portraits of spivs. Post-war London was a ravaged but atmospheric landscape, with stray cats proliferating in the ruins, wild plants springing up on bomb sites, & live pianists in public houses, where Spare could often be found. The Harry Lime Theme, from the 1949 film *The Third Man*, was popular on pub pianos at the time & a friend remembered it as “almost Spare's signature tune”.

Moving to a dank Brixton basement after being bombed, where he looked after a horde of cats, Spare was now in poverty but he never gave up. Needing to survive outside the gallery system, shortly after the war he hit on the idea of holding reasonably priced shows in South London pubs, & mounted three with varying degrees of success. & when a popular magazine of the Forties, *The Leader*, ran a human-interest photo feature about Spare as a starving artist, members of the public posted him tins of food.

It was this same article that brought Spare to the attention of a young couple named Steffi & Kenneth Grant, & it was in the occult writing of Kenneth Grant that Spare was to be recreated as a dark sorcerer, seduced & initiated in



BETTE DAVIS, 1933 (WATERCOLOUR & PENCIL ON PAPER).

childhood by an elderly witch. Grant's mythologised version of Spare was influenced by Arthur Machen, H.P. Lovecraft, & Fu Manchu creator Sax Rohmer, & his Spare seems to live in a parallel London: a city with an alchemist in Islington, a mysterious Chinese dream-control cult down in Stockwell, & a deceptively small shop with a labyrinthine basement, supposedly decorated by Spare, where a magical lodge held their meetings. This shop, near Baker Street – then a furrier, now an Islamic bookshop¹ – really existed, & part of the fascination of this confabulated life is its misty overlap with a real London. Whether Spare ever went near any of these places is another question.

Famous & obscure in his lifetime, since his death in 1956 Spare has been simultaneously forgotten & celebrated: a shadowy cult figure, collected by rock stars (notably Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin), championed by graphic novelist Alan Moore, & taken up by the British music underground centred around Throbbing Gristle & Coil. He even made an arcane appearance on late Sixties vinyl when a little-known band called Bulldog Breed (psychedelia with a touch of Kinks-style nostalgia, not to be confused with any later bands of the same name) recorded a track about him on their 1969 LP *Made in England*. & now, at last, it looks as if he is finally reaching a wider audience outside the occult ghetto, & gaining the serious recognition that largely eluded him in life.

At best, particularly seen in the flesh, Spare's work has a remarkable presence. He is, par excellence, the artist of the aura, that almost magical quality of 'is-ness' in a work of art that seems able to face the audience on equal terms,

¹ Formerly David Curwen furs, 7a Melcombe Street.
Enquiries about the basement are not welcomed.



as if it could return the viewer's gaze. Not everyone likes this intensity, & in the Thirties an unknown ginger-haired man was seen to rush out of one of Spare's shows shouting "Horrible, horrible! Go to Hell!" But at best his work also has an extraordinary, enigmatic beauty, & a compulsive pleasure. The French writer Georges Bataille, eroticist & thinker of extremes on the fringes of the surrealist movement, once asked if any man could love a painting the way a fetishist loves a shoe. If we ever find that man, he may well turn out be a Spare collector.

Phil Baker,
Valentine's Day, 2017

Phil Baker

Phil Baker is a writer in London. His books include *The Devil is a Gentleman: The Life & Times of Dennis Wheatley* (Dedalus, 2009) & *Austin Osman Spare: The Life & Legend of London's Lost Artist* (Strange Attractor, 2011). He has also published on Samuel Beckett, absinthe, & William S Burroughs, & more recently co-edited *Lord of Strange Deaths: The Fiendish World of Sax Rohmer*.

"Darken your room, shut the door, empty your mind. Yet you are still in great company - the Numen & your Genius with all their media, & your ghost of elementals & ghosts of your dead loves — are there! They need no light by which to see, no words to speak, no motive to enact except through your own purely formed desire."
Austin Osman Spare, *The Logomachy of Zos*



THE FIELD

Starring: Vida, Rab, Oshi, Lord Elgar, Medal Mouse, Minty, Malin Gonzales, Black Magic (and Amazing Grace), The Great Pretender, Thor & Marguerite, Confuse Us, Madame Bon - Bon, Blondie, Old Salt & Luna de Sancha, Gilda, The Mariachi Sisters, Silent Sy, Bolt, Fernando III, The Sky Countess, Vermouth, Dr.Love, Not Brian, Moltar, Sholtar & the World's Only Dancing Mole.

Katarina Rose has created a fictional place called 'The Field' inhabited by a motley bunch of creatures. They have been brought together through some unknown force of nature, & untold obstacles have littered their lives. There are all sorts of animals, both indigenous to the U.K. & more exotic breeds that have escaped from pet shops or some other form of captivity. Together they live in a world that represents her thoughts & observations on life.

Characters include 'Confuse Us' the would be Spiritual guide, who is full of pointless advice; The Mariachi fake mermaid Sisters & their traveling sideshow; a tattooed magpie; a street artist bat; a budgie who suffers from delusions of grandeur; a depressed albino mole whom everyone thinks is a ghost; A touring magician called 'The Great Pretender'; 'Madame Bon- Bon' the sweet sadistic vole who makes lipstick from beetle's blood; 'Amazing Grace' the crayfish who

miraculously escaped a grizzly end in the form of a paella... saved only by the incompetence of the chef. There are squirrels, a lizard, a parrot, pygmy shrews, rats, mice & many more creatures living in 'The Field' under the watchful eye of our protagonist; the great inimitable all seeing, all knowing 'Moltar'. He's a fortune telling Mole who unknowingly creates the moral foundations from which everyone can grow. "He's also the first character I created & the one I am most fond of."

Katarina Rose

Katarina Rose studied Sculpture at Wimbledon Art School & worked as a Costume Propmaker/ Scenic artist/ Window Installation artist for several years in London, before setting up her own studio in Dorset.

In 2016 she was awarded an Arts Council Grant to develop her work into site specific spaces & was selected to create several pieces for 'b-side' Festival & for The RWA exhibition 'Strange Worlds: The Vision of Angela Carter'.

For many years she has created sculptures in snow & ice including a room in The Icehotel, Lapland, 2017. She is returning this year to build a giant snow cloud installation room for 2018.

www.katarinarose.com

Moltar

Moltar' has followed an extraordinarily brave path in order to fulfil his own true destiny. He has had to challenge the tyrannical mole society, in his fight to live a more authentic life above ground. Condemned by the elders as a crazy & corruptive influence, he first finds himself isolated & depressed, saved only by his love of archaeology & faith in a better life.

He spends several years doing what he ought to do & quietly deliberating over his own fate, before eventually ignoring the popular belief that a mole will go blind if he seeks to live above ground, & renouncing all he has ever known to be true. He breaks free & begins a slow & challenging journey, taking him through great tunnels of darkness & despair, but eventually transforming him from ordinary 'John' (from a long historic line of 'Johns')... to 'Moltar', the extraordinary fortune telling mole. With his amazing insight & true psychic power he is able to help everyone he meets to realise their own true potential.

You won't find him talking much about his former life underground, but if you do ask him, he will look right past you into the wind & the hills, & the trees & the sky... & smile.



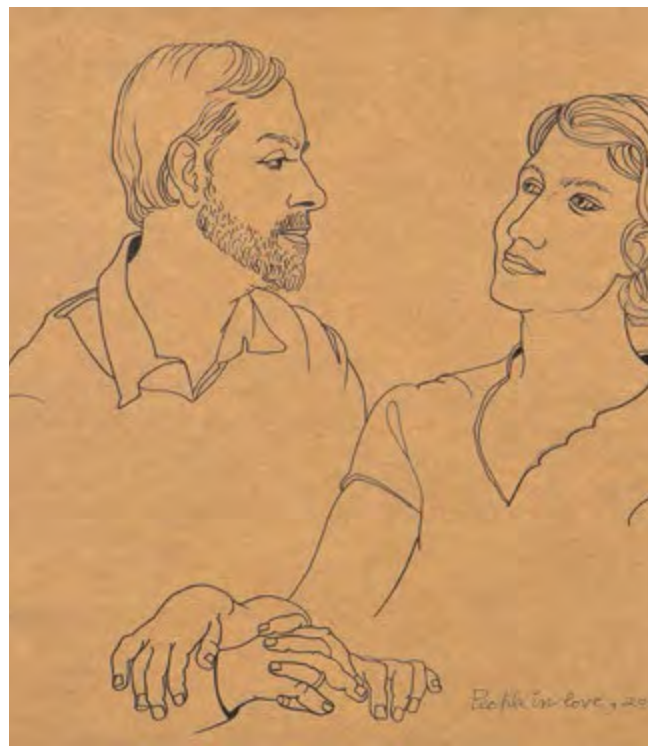


ALASDAIR GRAY

June 2018 - Jan 2019



1. Winnie Wilson, framed ballpoint pen on paper and mounted card, 54 x 54 cm, 1984



2. People in Love, ink on brown paper, framed unframed size 36 x 46 cm, 2009

ALASDAIR GRAY

An Introduction

- Rodge Glass

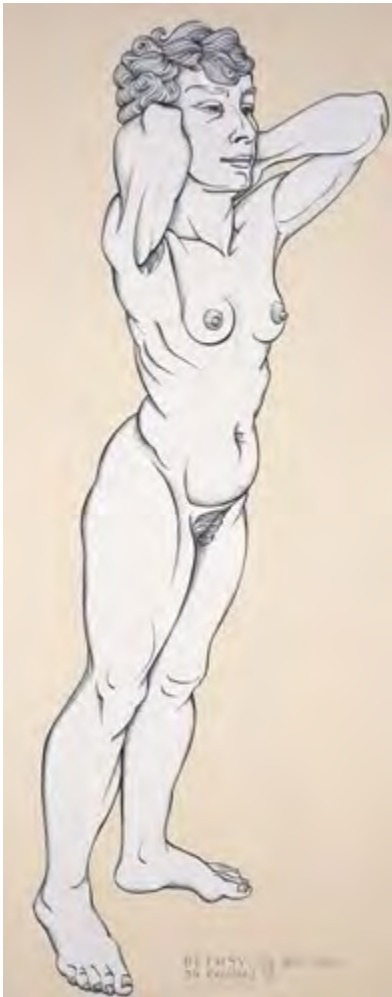
When I heard that a selection of Alasdair Gray's art was going to be exhibited in the Viktor Wynd Museum of Curiosities, I remember thinking, Ah yes, that makes sense. As regular visitors may know, this started out as a basement curiosity shop, expanding into an attempt to fill that vast space between 'what the establishment elite believes is worth of worship and what exists in the world.' In my opinion, that makes Gray a perfect fit. Unnoticed by that elite for decades, Gray has always been rooted firmly in his world, primarily being concerned with recording people and physical spaces who would otherwise disappear if he didn't render them. For decades, he himself was considered to be a curiosity by the few who were aware of his practice. Even within the Scottish art world, he was a footnote. That has since changed, and radically. But before stepping into this space, it's worth knowing about where he started out. With Gray, the past is often the present, the present very much in the past.

Alasdair Gray is, was, has always been both visual artist and writer. From his earliest childhood sketches, which blended picture into word into picture, he has spent a lifetime resisting expectation that the two should remain separate. As an ambitious teenager writing in notebooks now housed in the National Library of Scotland, he imagined a future shelf of books he would write, all of which he would illustrate himself: a novel, a book of collected short stories, a book of collected non-fiction, a book of collected plays, a book of collected

poems. Each of those, he expected, would include portraits of people and places in his home city of Glasgow, some dense and intricate, some spare line drawings. Astonishingly, he did eventually publish all the books on that imagined shelf, though it took him until his seventies to realize the ambition, and there were many digressions along the way.

With Gray, you have to be patient with digressions. Long gestation periods are usual for an artist who took thirty years to write his first novel, *Lanark* (1981), a book that transformed the Scottish literary landscape and made the artist an overnight success at fifty-one. A success, that is, as a writer. *Lanark* is every bit as much a work of visual art as it is a novel, and is now widely regarded as a classic of the form. But somewhere in the ensuing noise around publication, the fact that Gray had always considered his visual practice of equal value to his literary art seemed to be lost. Over the following decades, he complained that one form had overtaken the other. Writing, he described as draining. Painting, an invigorating physical activity that gave him energy.

All Gray's literary output contained examples of his distinctive visual practice intruding on the text – those clean, sensitive pen drawings among them – as well as featuring book covers which were birthed as paintings. Despite producing over twenty books in this manner across the literary spectrum – from the fantastical collection *Unlikely Stories, Mostly* (1983) to the playful, prize-winning novel *Poor Things* (1992) to his vast non-fiction work *The Book of Prefaces* (2000) – this visual element was often dismissed by critics as somehow a minor adornment to the main work, the words. Gray disagreed, and continued working. Sometimes on his biblical-themed murals, some of which have since been destroyed, or painted over, or dismantled since. Also, on his growing archive of portraits and landscapes which built up an evolving



3. Bethsy Nude, framed ink and emulsion on paper, 79 x 33 cm, 1986

4. Alasdair and Ann Hopkins, framed ink, acrylic and oil on paper, 67.5 x 88 cm

picture of his disappearing city, his Glasgow. Elements of each of these were sometimes co-opted for other works; Gray is nothing if not a serial recycler, often re-using lost images, or trying to improve on past works with new versions. All this time Gray painted for pleasure, considering himself 'deeply unfashionable'. Having never left his home city, and been neither organized nor well connected, he never expected to be.

And so it proved for many more years, something perhaps accentuated by the fact that Gray was disorganised, often living in penury, painting in pubs for the price of his meals and sketching portraits for fans of his literary work in the title pages of his books. But there's no doubt, fast-forwarding to the present day, that the value of this work is being reappraised now. That's not just about younger artists namechecking an elder, though that's part of the picture, and the two-part 'Spheres of Influence' exhibition at GoMa and Glasgow School of Art to celebrate Gray's 80th birthday was revealing in terms of understanding both where his work came from and how it has been passed on to others. But the most notable change in Gray's artistic fortune is one that is hidden from visitors.

Sorcha Dallas became Gray's art agent a decade ago. Since then she has dedicated a huge amount of time and energy to finding and cataloguing Gray's huge disparate output stretching back over six decades and more, then presenting it in new and innovative ways. One of those ways is, as described above, putting Gray under new light. Another is allowing the work to be seen in its own right, rather than simply as an addendum or footnote to the books the artist has also produced.

The exhibition at the Kelvingrove Art Gallery in 2014/15, 'From the Personal to the Universal', was an example of how

this could work. It took place in the temporary basement gallery space, but saw more visitors witnessing Gray's art in the few months it was on display than had done so for most of his life up to that point. It wasn't until I visited this exhibition myself – moving through Gray's Glasgow Art School work from the 1950s, on to reproductions of his ambitious, lost murals, on to the portraits created as part of his work as Artist Recorder at the People's Palace Museum in Glasgow in the 1970s – that I felt I could appreciate Gray's visual output without feeling the unspoken pressure of literary context. The only words here were arced around the figures being portrayed.

Even these helped me see Gray in new ways. One of his pieces, of his son Andrew aged 7 in his then-home in Kersland Street, seemed familiar and unfamiliar all at once. Hadn't I come across it before? Then I noticed the words, 'Drawn 1972. Painted 2009.' For Gray, nothing is ever finished. Every rendered image is always in a state of flux, of incompleteness, waiting to be altered to take in new perspectives or lifted and placed in another context. This can be seen writ large in his 'Cowcaddens Streetscape in the Fifties' (1964), also the much more recent Glasgow Hillhead Underground mural, which is a kind of who's who of Gray vignettes and emblems recognisable to fans. It also exists in Gray's largest and most-viewed mural at the Oran Mor Arts Centre in Glasgow, which features his glorious night sky which blends Adam and Eve, entwined below the stars, with contemporary real-life figures from the city's West End. As ever, recording the disappearing. Juxtaposing the real and the unreal. And open to new, complementing perspectives.

All of which brings me to the selection featured here in Viktor Wynd's Museum, featuring a series of Gray portraits, some of which are new to me – those of Tony Bliss (husband of Mary,

who Gray once proposed to, way back in 1959), also Helen Mitchel, Alan Singleton. I'm pleased to see, in particular, that several of Gray's portraits of May Hooper are featured, being an example of just the sort of multiple-view approach discussed above. May, distractedly looking away from the artist, chair barely visible. May in white bodice, framed by a much larger chair, which dominates the frame. May, naked, the chair she's sitting on now invisible, looking directly at the artist. Each of these are valuable pieces from the Gray visual archive, some of which lay partly finished in the artist's studio room in his home for many years before being completed. (Not that they ever are.)

It's interesting, I think, both before and after Gray's literary breakthroughs, that he was producing visual art which few noticed at the time, but which is now coming to prominence, and being re-examined in a new context. The longer that passes, the less marginal these appear. Indeed, old Gray murals are still literally being uncovered, with one from 1965 just going on display for the first time in 2018 in Glasgow. (Of course, he's added a poem to the new version, fifty years on.) Considering the prominence of the Oran Mor mural, plus the Hillhead Underground mural, and the growing interest in Gray's art internationally, it seems the visual practice is finally getting a bit of the attention it deserves. But in my opinion, that only makes it more special to be able to witness Gray's work in its natural home – a Museum of Curiosities.

Rodge Glass





5. May on Nursing Chair, framed ink on brown paper, acrylic background unframed size 81 x 45.7 cm, 2010

6. Preliminary Sketch of Horrors of War (for Scotland USSR Friendship Society), framed gouache and pen on board, unframed size 39.5 x 48 cm, 1954

7. Young Boy and Paint Box, framed ink on paper, unframed size 33.5 x 25.7 cm, 1951





8. Andrew Sleeping 21 December 1965, framed ballpoint pen on paper, 20.5 x 19 cm

THE ARTS OF ALASDAIR GRAY

Poema pictura loquens, pictura poema silens

Stuart Kelly

A few years ago, I was asked to interview Alasdair Gray at the Wigtown Book Festival. After the event, my friend Shaun Bythell, the owner of the largest second-hand bookstore in Wigtown (and indeed the country) asked Alasdair to sign his copy of *Lanark*. It was an enlightening experience to watch, as Alasdair decided he would also draw a portrait of Shaun as well as merely sign it. What struck me – there's a chiel among ye, takin notes – was the fluency of Gray's line. There was no hesitation but there was a quality of patience; certainly there was no sketch in advance that was then inked over. There was a strange precision, and he wielded the sharpie pen as if tracing something beneath the paper itself.

The great virtue of Gray's artwork is that it is unmistakably his work. It might be said that its greatest failing is that it is unmistakably his. To look over his artistic career is to see little in the way of an evolution of style, or even the honing of one. Most people will encounter his art in its most hybrid form, either as the accompanying designs of his novels, short stories and poetry, or as the public commissions where it is



9. Poor Things: Morag as Bella Baxter (frontispiece). Framed photocopy and scraperboard, pen, Indian ink and tippex, 23.5 x 20 cm



10. May Hooper on her knees, framed ink on paper, 57 x 35 cm, 1984

in dialogue with architecture, as in the murals in Oran Mor or the Hillhead Metro Station. Even the most compendious collection of his painting and illustrations occurs within his book, *A Life In Pictures*, where it is spliced with autobiography.

Gray's style is distinctive in particular ways. I have always thought of him as an exceptionally accomplished draughtsman who occasionally adds colours to his work – and indeed, many of the works here have a tendency to the monochrome. The insistence on the line, first and foremost, strikes me as similar to another writer-artist, Jean Cocteau, with his looping, reproducible Orpheus. There is also a kind of two-dimensionality to the work – it is rare to see Gray use perspective, and even when he does it is radically “stacked”. These must be considered as aesthetic choices, and they bring to mind the kind of flatness to be found in the work of Henri Rousseau or Diego Riviera.

As such it is interesting to see here two almost Vorticist abstracts, lacking the bounded line and seeming in many ways more “painterly”. Looking at the portraits in particular, they lack the painted quality of, say, Lucien Freud or John Bellany. Subject is all, application is mere technique. The abstracts appear like little frolics of his own, where Gray actually tries not to paint like Gray. Every artist deserves a chance to not be themselves for a while.

I confess a slight queasiness about some of the nudes; especially as even when clothed there is a recumbent slant to the depiction of women (an exception must be made for the formidable images in *Something Leather*). This raises the question of how image and text interact in Gray's work: I would argue that they do so significantly, as the images introduce ideas that the text itself does not make explicit. They are not, in a way, illustrations. The variation on the

frontispiece of Hobbes' *Leviathan* in *Lanark* is both subtly subversive and introduces an angle on the political “future” of the novel. Likewise, the portraits in *Poor Things* often hint at qualities and failings that the book will later expound.

Returning to Wigtown, the preponderance of portraiture in Gray's oeuvre is, I think, worthy of note. (Heaven help the curator who ever tries a complete catalogue of his artistic work – where for example, are the originals of all the authors, editors, typesetters, designers and so forth who garlanded the printed edition of his *The Book Of Prefaces*? Or all the cartoons, doodles, pictures and calligraphic flourishes on all those books at book-signings?) A portrait is both a gift and a strange limitation – or delimitation. I say this as someone who has many portraits – photographic, painted and graphic of himself, a vanity I consider excusable. A portrait is always in some ways a way to fix time itself. *Dorian Gray* is the obverse of the reality. Gray's portraits always seem gifted, a moment of time kept away from time. (Hence, perhaps, the strong emphasis on line over shifting colour and smearing paint). It also highlights how, in some ways, Simonides of Keos – whose quote is the title of this contribution – got it wrong. Gray as novelist and artist knows that that the novel is a portrait in motion. A novel can't be a novel if the characters don't change. The portrait is a static novel, an amber-trapped slice of life.

Author & Critic Stuart Kelly regularly writes for *Scotland on Sunday*, *The TLS*, *The Guardian*, *The Spectator* & *The New Statesman*, and is the author of *'The Book of Lost Books, an Incomplete History of all the great books you will never read'*, *'Scott-Land - The Author Who Invented a Nation'* & *'The Minister and the Murderer; a Book of Aftermaths'*



11. Gerda Stevenson, framed ink and acrylic on paper, 38 x 24 cm, 1966
colour added 2017

12. Alan Singleton, framed ink and acrylic on paper, 48 x 49.5 cm, 1966
colour added 2017

THE DUAL IDENTITY

of Alasdair Gray

- Allan Massie

It is quite rare, not perhaps surprisingly, for someone to excel in more than one art-form. Wyndham Lewis is one of the few painter/novelists to come quickly to mind. That fine and versatile artist Michael Ayrton wrote two good novels. Likewise there are professional writers who are occasional painters. Nevertheless Alasdair Gray is unusual in having pursued parallel careers as writer and artist for more than sixty years now. Though it is probable that anyone in his native Glasgow who is interested in the Arts knows of his dual identity and values him in both his roles, there are readers of his novels who are ignorant of his paintings while visitors to Glasgow may have admired his murals without knowing that they were made by the author of "Lanark".

He is unusual too in being able to work on both a grand scale, with a Baroque extravagance of language, line and colour, and in an apparently modest and certainly intimate fashion. Though he likes to describe himself with a degree of mischievous self-deprecation as "an elderly Glasgow pedestrian", there is still in his ninth decade a remarkable freshness to his vision, nothing "elderly" about it, while his soaring imagination takes wing as no pedestrian ever does.

Gray's is a humane art. He celebrates intelligence and the human body. His portraits, especially the drawings with lines as clear and assured as William Blake's contrive to be both strong and tender. They are alive to the moment, yet rooted in the past. A portrait of a woman in knee-length boots and fishnet tights is very much of our time, yet harks back

also to the music-hall, while the cast of her face dreamily recalls a figure in a Gothic stained-glass window. As artist and writer he is always aware of those who have come before him whose works are in museums or libraries, yet still alive. All the best modernist art offers an oblique acknowledgement of tradition. Valuable novelty is possible only for those artists who recognize their debt to the masters on whose shoulders they stand. Gray has always been aware in both his arts of the paradox of influence. Without an awareness of influence a painter and a writer of fiction works in a narrow world, even a solipsistic one. Yet at the same time he has to liberate himself from even the most nutritious of influences if he is to be true to his personal vision, his understanding of immediate reality.

His art is aristocratic in a finest sense of the word, for it celebrates what is best and most beautiful but it is also profoundly democratic in its tender regard for our common humanity. It contrives to be both exuberant and disciplined, joyful and melancholy, for it reminds us of life's pains and sorrows even as it enriches our experience of the world we have found ourselves in. It is, for Gray, a world we never chose to enter but one which we can learn to celebrate. At times his vision is as candid as a child's, but awareness of mortality is there in the shadows.

Gray has said we should work as if we lived in the first days of a better nation. The remark was made in the course of arguments about Scottish independence. So it was understood as a political statement or advice. No doubt it was that, but it was more than that. It was an expression of his artistic creed, and, one may say (though he wouldn't himself) it is how he himself has worked; and we have all been better for it. Moreover, in his mid-eighties he is still working and working well; remarkable.



13. Director of the Scottish Stage Company, framed pencil and acrylic on paper, 22.5 x 18 cm, 1966 colour added 2017



14. Helen Mitchel: actress Scottish Stage Co, framed pencil and acrylic on paper, 23 x 18 cm, 1966 colour added 2017



15. Aongus MacNeacail: Gaelic Poet and Journalist, framed ink and acrylic on paper, 19 x 17 cm, 1966 colour added 2017



16. Tony Bliss, framed ink and acrylic on paper, 27 x 6.25cm, 1966 colour added 2017

ALASDAIR GRAY

- Viktor Wynd

I first came across Alasdair Gray's novel *Lanark* in the early 1990s and it gripped and astonished me. I remember reading it over the course of a week and then reading it again that weekend before going to the library and ordering the rest of his books and devouring them with enormous pleasure, both literary and aesthetic, returning to them over the years but it wasn't until seeing some of his work at The Hayward Gallery in 2011 that I became obsessed by his work as an artist – I then contacted his dealer to see if I could show his work in my (then commercial) art gallery but was politely told that this would not be possible and being unable to buy any work from his dealer bought a few works at auction that have been my daily companions ever since and fill me with joy and a slightly disturbed sense of wonder.

With Alasdair Gray's work ever present in my life I didn't take no for an answer and invited him to give a lecture for me at the Edinburgh Festival and timidly asked if he might lend some pictures to a show I was curating of work by Mervyn Peake & Gunter Grass and was delighted to learn that he was as keen on their work as I was (in fact had first become interested in Peake's drawings in the 1940s). It was the second exhibition, I think, in my new museum, and I was very excited – not least because Alasdair was coming. I don't think it really worked – the space is too small to be split between artists so I wanted to revisit the artists individually and recently travelled to Glasgow to choose the works in the show from amongst those hanging on the walls in his home.



When Alasdair gave a lecture for me in Glasgow I asked if he'd like to take questions afterwards he replied that he was happy to but didn't expect to hear any new ones, when I reminded him of this in Glasgow he laughed and said that Louis Bunuel once sent his son, Juan Luis, in his place to a screening and in reply to a question said 'My father said to say this to that one' which made me rather wary of asking too many questions, I am also only too aware of Patrick O'Brian's famous dictum 'Question and answer is not a civilized form of conversation' and have rather taken to heart some advice that Simon Kuper gave in an article recently where he says that if someone worthwhile is saying something interesting one shouldn't be listening waiting for a chance to interrupt with one's own little anecdote (so when Alasdair was telling me about William Carlos Williams' visit to Ezra Pound after the war I bit my tongue and didn't tell him how important William's translation of Philip Soupault's *Last Nights of Paris* had been to me as a teenager (just as well really as in retrospect as it's not that interesting).

I did rather hesitatingly, over a fish supper and Hendrick's & tonic try to ask him about the relationship between writing and painting and he replied, quoting Hegel that sculpture and painting exist in space whilst drama and poetry exist in time. When I showed him the catalogue for my exhibition of Austin Osman Spare he said that he first became aware of Spare when he had been terribly ill with asthma whilst doing his national service and been hospitalized in Gibraltar and the sergeant had lent him one of Spare's books – the only other book he'd been able to find had been Jane Austen and he struggled to be able to pay much attention to a book written entirely about people who didn't have to work for a living.

I hope that you find this show as interesting as I do – I'm not entirely sure if anyone ever really notices these exhibitions

that I put on (and with so many other exhibitions in London this wouldn't be too surprising) or for that matter reads these catalogs I make (this is the third one) but if you've enjoyed or even if you haven't I would hugely appreciate hearing from you – especially if you think I should continue with them both. Leave me a review on tripadvisor or google or write me a letter.

Viktor Wynd
– May 2018

With Thanks To Hendrick's Gin

The Museum & The Society exist purely thanks to the extraordinary generosity & foresight of Hendrick's Gin who share a common aim to make the world a more unusual & pleasant place. For over a decade Hendrick's have helped & partnered our extraordinary adventures; from Lectures & Dinners at the Café Royal, to a Crying Party, Halloween Extravaganzas & Midnight Seances in a Cornish Quarry (where the dead cat spoke). But perhaps most important of all is The Gin that has been supplied, with accompanying cucumber, it has lubricated & freed our minds to float & think for which we are truly grateful & without which we would still be in bed in a dull grey world. So come, charge your glasses & drink to Gin.



15. May Hooper on her knees, 1984, 57 x 35 cm

16. -



Representation & Sales

Whilst the work in this exhibition has all come from Mr.Gray's home and some of it is deeply personal a few pieces may be for sale . Alasdair Gray is represented by Sorcha Dallas, please contact her directly if you are interested in purchasing any work. sorchadallas@me.com

Alasdair Gray's notebooks



THE BRITISH ACADEMY OF TAXIDERMY

A Division of The Last Tuesday Society

We have been teaching taxidermy since 2007 & offer the largest breadth of classes in Europe. Classes from £35 - Choose: Anthropomorphic Mouse Taxidermy, Crab, Mole, Snake, Goat, Fox, Crow, Canary, Deer, Rabbit & many more (all specimens are ethically sourced).

'We left late at night, stuffed mice in hands & glowing with satisfaction'

Virginia Ironside in The Oldie

'I can't suppress a squeal of delight at my creation'

The Financial Times

www.thebritishacademyoftaxidermy.org







COCKTAIL BAR

Welcome to the World's Most Curious Cocktail Bar

The Cocktail Bar, as experienced today, opened its doors in 2016 when Directors Allison Crawbuck (Brooklyn) & Rhys Everett (London) joined together at The Society, bringing with them a mix of New York's illicit Speakeasy culture & London's experimental cocktail scene.

The plaque on the front door warns clients that this is in fact "Not a Brothel, No Prostitutes Live at this Address." A warm glow of pink neon reaches out to the street, enticing the passerby. As you enter into the long, narrow building, the dark walls and ceiling are scattered with hanging curiosities; from a Sharks & Puffer Fish to a Wolphin skeleton, Mermaids and Alligators. The Bar, packed full of the world's most interesting Absinthes and mysterious spirits, displays a Beauchene lobster and the skull of a walrus, watching over an exhibit of exotic bitters.

The Absinthe menu, meticulously chosen by the in-house 'professeurs' of this most infamous green spirit, is the perfect partner to the macabre, yet inviting setting of London's newest and weirdest Cocktail Bar & Absinthe Parlour...

The Last Tuesday Society enchants all with its wonderfully crafted, well-balanced cocktails, made by some of London's best mixologists, and exceptional service provided throughout. The Society is truly a hidden treasure of Hackney.



ABSINTHE

By Allison Crawbuck

"After the first glass, you see things as you wish they were. After the second, you see them as they are not. Finally, you see things as they really are, and that is the most horrible thing in the world."

— Oscar Wilde

Absinthe — there is no spirit so notoriously favoured by the rebellious minds of art & literature. Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec famously meandered the brasseries & brothels of bohemian Paris carrying a hollow cane, filled with a personal stash of the green spirit. Paul Verlaine & Arthur Rimbaud's explosive affair, famously fuelled by a shared love for Absinthe, would eventually result in the attempted shooting of his young lover by Verlaine, twice. An Absinthe induced vision of 19th century France is forever immortalised in Vincent Van Gogh's jarring colour juxtapositions and, most famously, in the tale of his self-mutilated ear gifted by the artist to his favourite prostitute. Pataphysics founder, Alfred Jarry, was perhaps the only Absintheur mad enough to drink his Absinthe neat, being a devout alcoholic who considered water to be a terrible poison. Even the 'Wickedest Man in the World,' Aleister Crowley, wrote an ode to "The Green Goddess" while observing its lucid influence upon the patrons of The Old Absinthe House in New Orleans. Pablo Picasso, Charles Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, Émile Zola — the list of famous Absintheurs would inspire anyone to pick up a glass of this tantalising elixir, but what is this "tongue-numbing, brain-warming, idea-changing, liquid alchemy" as described by fellow Absinthe drinker Ernest Hemingway?

History In A Glass

There are three essential botanicals needed in the distillation of traditionally made Absinthes; fennel, green anise and grande wormwood (*artemisia absinthium*). Temperance campaigns would later make accusations that it was the thujone found in grande wormwood that gave Absinthe its hallucinogenic properties, however, wormwood as a botanical has long been used in the practice of holistic medicine. The earliest example of wormwood's medicinal properties can be found in an Ancient Egyptian medical papyrus dating back to 1550 BC and references continue to appear in ancient herbal remedies of centuries old medical manuscripts, prescribing wormwood as a cure to almost anything: intestinal worms, fevers, stomach ailments, venereal disease, bad breath and, ironically, even as a cure for drunkenness. The origin of Absinthe as it is known today, however, dates back to the 17th century with a French doctor named Pierre Ordinaire. Living in the the Swiss border region of the Val-de-Travers, Dr.Ordinaire's botanical elixir —a so called "wonder drug" of its time — was already nicknamed "La Fée Verte" or "The Green Fairy" in the 1700s for its seemly magical properties.

As the story goes, Dr. Ordinaire left his recipe to the two Henriod sisters of Couvet, Switzerland, whilst on is deathbed. The Henriod sisters would then later sell the recipe to a gentleman, Major Dubied and it is here with Dubied that Absinthe's commercial potential was first realised — not only a cure-all tincture, but as an enjoyable aperitif! With his son-in-law, Henri-Louis Pernod (formerly known as Perrenoud), Major Dubied opened the first Absinthe distillery "Dubied Pere et Fils" in 1798 Switzerland, marking the pivotal moment in this spirit's debauched history.

Driven by a particularly high demand from their French consumers and in avoidance of the taxes incurred by the exportation of spirits across French/Swiss borderlines, the astute Henri-Louis established his own distillery in France's rural commune of Pontarlier in 1805. "Maison Pernod Fils" would be the first of many Absinthe distilleries to open in this small town on France's western border, inspiring an attraction for The Green Muse that would soon run strong through the veins of bourgeois society.

For the duration of a century long Absinthe frenzy leading up to the spirit's eventual ban in 1915, Pontarlier would remain the centre of France's Absinthe production. What started with Henri-Louis Pernod's first distillery producing a mere 16 litres of Absinthe per day in 1805 would lead the way for more than 1,000 distilleries to open across France at the height of the spirit's popularity and an astonishing 36 million litres of Absinthe consumed per year in the country by 1913.

Paraphernalia & Rituals

Absinthe may have been vilified as the root of all madness in the creative circus that was Belle Époque France but the truth was, mind altering substances were everywhere. Cocaine, heroin, opium, ethanol, hashish, cannabis — drugs that are illegal today were all readily accessible and even socially fashionable by the fin-de-siecle. Intoxicating substances even poured their way into the hands of the higher powers; His Holiness Pope Leo XIII & Queen Victoria both openly enjoyed Vin Mariani, a mixture of red wine and cocaine, as their preferred pick me up & drink of choice.



Decadent paraphernalia and drug-like rituals fuelled public intrigue and curiosity for “La Fee Verte.” The ceremonious rituals of preparing one’s “dose” of Absinthe would always be left for the patron to perform — as for being an Absintheur, it was an art form in itself. Ornate glassware and perforated spoons of Art Nouveau design were provided as props to accentuate their spectacle. For those Absintheurs “with sugar” decorative fountains provided the means to delicately drip ice water slowly through the newly invented sugar cube, sometimes stacked 1, 2 or even 3 high. And for the Absintheur who took their Absinthe “pure” carafes of water were held high in the air, away from their glass, showcasing their ability to masterfully drip the water, “louching” their spirit with excellence & ease. Whether adding ice water by fountain or carafe, with or without sugar, the most important show of all, La Louche , would reveal itself in the patron’s glass — where a seductive dance of water & spirit meet before the eye. By adding ice water to Absinthe, drip by drip, the contents of an Absintheur’s glass would entirely change — liquid alchemy of the most delectable kind.

La Fin de la Fée Verte

Widely misunderstood at the time, alcoholism and addiction spread across Europe by the turn of the century, causing great alarm in headlines. Research on the effects of “absinthism” was starting to surface precisely at the same time the wine industry was suffering from the phylloxera epidemic, destroying the vital grapes in vineyards across Europe. Limited wine production lead to unavoidable price hikes.

Absinthe was being produced at such large quantities that a glass of the infamous green spirit could be purchased



for a fraction of the cost of a glass of wine, even a kilo of bread. For the first time, Absinthe surpassed wine as the national drink of France, leading to the wine industry's collective support of the temperance movement to ban the favoured spirit.

Absinthe's tumultuous history leading to its prohibition, however, leads back to where it all began, in Switzerland. On 28th August 1905, a horrific scene of events would unravel in the small canton of Vaud. Jean Lanfray, a labourer, French by birth, was found wounded from a self-inflicted gunshot to the face, unconscious, clutching the body of his murdered daughter. Inside his home, officials would find the body of his pregnant wife and second daughter, both murdered by gunshots of the enraged and intoxicated Lanfray. While it was found in their investigation that the known alcoholic consumed a mixture of wine, brandy and various other spirits earlier in the day of the crime, an amount that would have any average man face down on the floor, the defendant's lawyer and newspaper headlines focused on one particular drink as being the cause for the horrific murders — two glasses of Absinthe.

While judges found the defendant's case inadmissible due to the fact that Lanfray consumed this Absinthe more than 10 hours before the murders took place, sending him to prison for 30 years, headlines sparked widespread fear. Public votes across Switzerland in astonishing numbers called for the ban of their beloved spirit. News spread like fire across Europe. The Netherlands, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, The United States and eventually France would all be among the list of countries to ban Absinthe by 1915 — the only spirit in history to be singled out in a widespread prohibition of this kind.

Revival of the Green Goddess

Absinthe still remains one of the most mystifying spirits on any back bar. The Green Fairy's influence has been forever immortalized by the work of the 19th century's most creative & well-lubricated minds.

Clamours of debauchery can still be heard from the Absinthe soaked depictions of Lautrec's Montmartre at its prime. Vibrations of colour found radiating from Van Gogh's cafe scenes offer a sense of what Hemingway was referring to as the green spirit's "brain-warming" and "idea-changing" powers. Absinthe's greatest ability was to inspire a critical eye for the changing world as seen through the bottom of a glass. More than a century after the ban, contemporary producers have returned to tradition in the distillation of premium absinthes now available in all countries where La Fée Verte was once loved. Sip on Jade's Esprit Edouard Absinthe, painstakingly reverse engineered from pre-prohibition era bottles by the microbiologist & Absinthe connoisseur T.A.Breaux, and rediscover the titillating Green Goddess for yourself.

The Last Tuesday Society's curated menu of Absinthe has been carefully selected to transport one's senses back to this time of great revelry — where absinthe poured long into the night and the green veil of the glass in hand provided as much inspiration as the most curious setting in which a true Absintheur would position one's self.

FOR FURTHER READING ON THE INFAMOUS GREEN SPIRIT, GUESTS CAN FIND THE WONDERFUL RESEARCH BY AUTHORS JAD ADAMS, PHIL BAKER, T.A. BREAU, BARNABY CONRAD III, DAVID NATHAN-MAISTER AND BETINA J WITTELS IN THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY.



"Absinthe – mere mention of the word opens a door into the shadowy fringes of the human psyche. Enveloped within the seductive green liquid, one finds a realm of the misunderstood, the creative, the sinister, the beautiful, the bohemian, and the fashionably tormented. No spirit has caused such sensationalism or controversy as this celebrated but sordid herbal elixir. Within the dark corner of London that is The Last Tuesday Society, one gains clear passage through an opaque, unsettling world by imbibing the finest, most historically authentic absinthes, painstakingly resurrected and skillfully presented for your pleasure. Santé! "

– T.A. Breaux



Voodoo That You Do

HAVANA 3 RUM - 25ML

COCCHI AMERICANO - 25ML

VELVET FALERNUM - 25ML

FRESHLY SQUEEZED LIME JUICE - 25ML

NOUVELLE ORLEANS - 3 DASH

PEYCHAUD'S BITTERS - 3 DASH

After experiencing the enchantment of New Orleans' French Quarter, something other than Gris-gris, Alligator heads, Voodoo dolls and an appetite for Po Boys had to come back to London with us. Walking around Rue Bourbon — famed for Mardi Gras celebrations, unimaginable live street jazz performers, Marie Laveau's House of Voodoo and of course the 'Hurricane' cocktail — we were overcome with inspiration to start mixing our own spirits. Playing on the classic 'Hurricane' and 'Corpse Reviver #2' we combined the two original ideas to develop a cocktail that possess the ability to revive any corpse left by the Voodoo gods. Equal parts Havana 3, Cocchi Americano, Velvet Falernum and Lime with an extra added few dashes of Jade Nouvelle Orleans Absinthe and a Peychaud's bitters rinse; the combination of spirits should definitely be enough to keep Ogun away. Folklore has it that Ogun, is the Warrior and powerful spirit of Metalwork, War, Hunting, Civilisation and the all important Rum making... The experiences of New Orleans have been replicated to you, in this cocktail. We hope you enjoy.

P.S. OGUN HAS BEEN KNOWN TO POSSESS A MAN THROUGH THE SUBTLENESS OF DRINKING RUM. THESE POSSESSED MEN WILL WILDLY WAVE MACHETES, SMOKE CIGARS, CHASE WOMEN, AND DEMAND RUM BY SHOUTING, "GREN MWE FRET," WHICH TRANSLATES TO "MY TESTICLES ARE COLD"... IF YOU NOTICE ANY ODD BEHAVIOR, PLEASE CONTACT A MEMBER OF STAFF



Sazerac 1890

SAZERAC 1890

PEYCHAUD'S BITTERS - 1 BARSPOON

BOKER'S BITTERS - 1/2 BARSPOON

RITTENHOUSE RYE 101 - 60ML

NOUVELLE ORLEANS - 1 BARSPOON

DEMERARA SIMPLE SYRUP - 10M

Apothecarist Antoine Amédée Peychaud fled to New Orleans from Haiti with his family from conflict caused by the Revolution. With the dream of a career in pharmaceuticals, Peychaud settled in the French Quarter. In 1841 'Pharmacie Peychaud's' opens, Making tinctures of various bitters and elixirs for the locals, He created one remedy, a cure for all, that was so delightful it had to be self named: Peychaud Bitters. Peychaud's remedy - named after his favourite Cognac 'Sazerac de Forge et Fils,' consisted of his bitters, Cognac and a spoonful of sugar served in small egg shaped cup known locally as a 'coquetier'. Soon after, Peychaud's sold this recipe to his neighbours the 'Merchant Exchange Coffee House' and in time, by being the only importer of the favoured Cognac and distribution of Peychaud's bitters, the Coffeeshop's popularity exploded. By 1852, it was renamed the 'Sazerac Coffee House'. In 1871, Antoine Peychaud joined forces with Thomas Handy, Nola's legendary bartender of their time & future creator of Sazerac Rye, together gaining full control of importation and distribution of New Orleans favourite cocktail's true ingredients. Alas, all this victory came to an abrupt halt by the late 1870's as the the emergence of a European pestilence would single handedly alter the greatest cocktail of the modern world. Phylloxera, was singly responsible for wiping out the vast majority of all grapevines in Europe during the late 19th century, which led to the local substitution of Rye Whiskey in Peychaud's Sazerac.



L'Heure Verte: Absinthe Hour

Join us in a grand celebration of the classic Belle Époque tradition that was L'Heure Verte: Absinthe Hour.

Tuesdays - Fridays from 6:00pm-7:00pm

A precursor to the "Happy Hour" known today, L'Heure Verte transformed 19th century cafes into marvellous assemblies of creative & wandering minds alike. Meet together with Absinthe in hand & channel the intoxicating inspirations of La Fée Verte.

Heighten your experience & succumb to the charm of the infamous Green Fairy. Enchant yourself with our Weekly Absinthe Specials.

Stimulate your senses & indulge. Sample some of our finest nibbles provided free with each Absinthe order to ground one's sensibilitie

RESERVATIONS REQUIRED.



Meet the Directors

Directors Allison Crawbuck (Brooklyn) & Rhys Everett (London) joined together at the Society in 2016, bringing with them a mix of New York's speakeasy culture with London's experimental cocktail scene.

Allison Crawbuck

Hailing from Brooklyn's south side, Allison left NYC's art world in search for creative projects to stimulate her curiosity for the world's most subversive cultures. Central to her research has always been a fixation on alternative methods of exhibiting art — curating social experiences for the culturally curious.

Now at the Society, Allison is curator of London's most curious event programme with a range of Absinthe Drink & Draws, Japanese Bondage, Seances, Lectures & Masterclasses hosted weekly.

Rhys Everett

Rhys has spent the last decade developing his own methods to mixology, largely inspired by his travels — with a palpable interest in pre-ban Absinthe, Prohibition era tales & a personal play on classic cocktails.

The Last Tuesday Society has become his platform to develop & recreate these most curious tipples, shared with guests through an eclectic menu of cocktails that has been paired with objects from the weird & wonderful world of The Viktor Wynd Museum of Curiosities.



Upcoming Events

Menagerie at the Museum

LIVING ANIMALS INVADE THE WUNDERKABINETT! PET A PYTHON, FONDLE A FROG, TOUCH A TARANTULA, CUDDLE A HAMELEON & MORE IN A EDUCATIONAL DISPLAY. HELD EVERY 3 WEEKS IN THE MUSEUM

The Hallouminati

A SECRET EVENING OF WINE & CHEESE WITH THE DARK KNIGHT OF CHOLESTEROL & VINOThENTIC WINES.

25 SEPT | 22 OCT | 27 NOV

Absinthe Drink & Draw Salon

CHANNEL THE INFLUENCE OF LA FÉE VERTE DURING OUR MONTHLY LIFE DRAWING SALON, PAIRED WITH A GLASS OF THE INFAMOUS GREEN SPIRIT.

10 SEPT | 12 NOV | 10 DEC

Alchemy & Spirits

A MASTERCLASS ON THE ALCHEMY OF COCKTAIL MAKING AND HIGHER POWERS OF THE MOST DELECTABLE SPIRITS HELD MONTHLY AT THE SOCIETY.

24 SEPT | 15 OCT | 19 NOV

Victorian Hair Art Workshop with Hendrick's Gin

DISCOVER THE LOST ART OF VICTORIAN HAIR WORK AS YOU MAKE YOUR VERY OWN BEAUTIFULLY MACABRE BROOCH USING ORIGINAL TECHNIQUES.

23 SEPT | 14 OCT | 18 NOV | 16 DEC

VISIT WWW.THELASTTUESDAYSGOCIETY.ORG/LISTINGS FOR MORE INFORMATION ON OUR UPCOMING EVENTS & DATES



Intimate Moments & Private Parties

The Austin Osman Spare Room (with it's conservatory, or smoking room), The Sarcophagus Table & The Gnostic Temple of Agape are available to hire for dinners, drinks, boardroom meetings & intimate moments with prices starting at £50 for an evening. The Spare Room fits 20-25, up to 10 may sit around the Sarcophagus & up to eight may squeeze round The Spell Table in The Gnostic Temple of Agape.

Please ask for details of other hires / private events / wedding receptions / wakes / Christmas parties / etc – we are also able to offer private Cocktail Classes, bring in our petting zoo for your event – be it a romantic date for two around the Sarcophagus or a party for 80 in the whole museum. Mr.Wynd is also available to give private tours.

Location Hire for Film Shoots or Filming starts at £150 an hour.

THE SARCOPHAGUS TABLE

THE Gnostic Temple of AGAPE





Cocktails

YOUNG, HARD AND HANDSOME

DRUM & BLACK RUM, CAMPARI, L'AMARO NARDINI & PUNT E MES

JIVAROAN SOUR

EL GOBERNADOR PISCO, BARSOL PERFECTO AMOR, PLUM & LAVENDER JAM, PEAR, LIME, PLUM BITTERS & EGG WHITE

VOODOO THAT YOU DO

HAVANA 3, VELVET FALERNUM, COCCHI AMERICANO, LIME, PEYCHAUD'S BITTERS & JADE NOUVELLE ORLÉANS ABSINTHE

PLEASE DON'T TELL

ELEMENTS EIGHT ANEJO RUM, CACAO INFUSED ELEMENTS EIGHT ANEJO RUM, BANANA & CHOCOLATE - CHILLI BITTERS

HAPPY & YOU KNOW IT

ELLC LONDON DRY GIN, CHAMBORD, AELDER ELDERBERRY ELIXIR, LEMON, ROSEMARY, SODA & EGG WHITE

COCONUT FREAK

ELLC SMALL BATCH VODKA, CHOYA SAKE, COCONUT, LIME & ELDERFLOWER

SCORPS REVIVER

ELLC LONDON DRY GIN, MERLET TRIPLE SEC, COCCHI AMERICANO, JADE NOUVELLE ORLÉANS ABSINTHE & EDIBLE SCORPION

ROSE & RITA

QUIQUIRIQUI MEZCAL, OCHO BLANCO TEQUILA, FAIR GOJI LIQUEUR, LIME & GRAPEFRUIT BITTERS

GREEN LADY

ELLC LONDON DRY GIN, GREEN CHARTREUSE, JADE NOUVELLE ORLÉANS ABSINTHE, LIME, DEMERARA