

THE NIGHT MUSEUM

LOSS

ARKNESS

ENDINGS

MUSEUM OF LONDON

MUSEUM OF LONDON

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To the morally benighted and mentally unhinged:

Welcome to The Night Museum

The Museum of London invites you to celebrate the dark, the illicit, and the lost. Here you can immerse yourself in an eclectic and magical series of events involving mythical creatures, sonic installations, whispering objects, ghost clubs, drinking dens, experimental performances, thought experiments and tours of the night.

Musicians, artists and writers will inhabit secret and evocative spaces in and around the museum, including the Barber Surgeons' Garden, Postman's Park, and Roman City Wall. Ours will be a journey of discovery where the senses are heightened and darkness prevails.

This guidebook – or 'compendium of the night' – is both an events programme and artwork. We have invited three writers to respond to the themes of 'loss', 'darkness' and 'endings', subjects that relate to each of our three events:

The Museum of Lost Sounds, Saturday 29 Oct
The Museum of Dark Places, Wednesday 2 Nov
The Museum of Last Parties, Friday 4 Nov

Joanna Walsh's narrator gets lost in Rome at night where she encounters ghosts, a synaesthetic form of emptiness, and ruminates over a broken marriage; Matthew Beaumont presents a vivid thought experiment on what it must have been like to walk the streets of London before the introduction of street lighting; and Frances Morgan explores the derelict remains of a London nightclub, feet crunching through debris of the past.

Interspersed throughout the booklet is a series of objects that form part of the Museum of London's vast and truly fantastic collection. They are presented here in a playful way, making oblique and curious connections to the night, across time, subject matter and media.

Nicky Deeley's mythical creatures gleefully stalk these pages, echoing her performance in The Museum of Dark Places in which two species engage in a nocturnal rite of exchange and ingestion in the parks and gardens around the Museum of London.

The guidebook concludes with an homage to London's ghost clubs and lost night haunts, resurrected for one night only in The Museum of Last Parties.

We wish you strange and unexpected encounters and, above all, 'the right to disappear'.

Jes Fernie and Lauren Parker

☞ 'The morally benighted and mentally unhinged' is a quote from Matthew Beaumont's *Nightwalking: A Nocturnal History of London* (Verso, 2016); and 'the right to disappear' was something the French writer and philosopher Maurice Blanchot wrote in his text *Michel Foucault as I Imagine Him* (New York: Zone Books, 1990).

Lost

Joanna Walsh

I walk and walk further, until the Roman afternoon turns blue and the buildings are lighter than the surrounding night. I have gone so far from where I was, I don't know if I can find my way back. It's hot, hot. It must be round 8pm. Something keeps me off the main streets. In vicolo after vicolo all the windows are blank except the lit windows of restaurants. I take out a cigarette. Eating on holiday is the management of time, of boredom; a cigarette an excuse for an equivalent pause. I have been warned by smoker friends not to smoke, but with a sly smile: they want me to join their club, which is the death wish club, the opposite of marriage. Away from that life, where what I am doing is not lifelike, I smoke more, and eat badly. Death can't touch me; cholesterol neither. I don't feel like eating, anyway, have hardly eaten since I got to Italy although waiters outside the restaurants grab me by the arm: *Hello! Bonjour! Signora, scusi!*

Hunger doesn't manifest as hunger. I feel empty, but it's not physical emptiness. I'm synaesthetic, like people who see sound as colour.

I don't want to be too full as, were I not content, being already full, I would no longer be

able to blame hunger for my emptiness. Without hunger to occupy me, grief might rush in to fill the gap. I need one gap to prevent the other. The streets of Rome offer me a succession of children's party treats: pizza, biscotti, granita. They're quick treats, though. Romans don't stop outside cafes for long, and their favourite treat is ice cream, which you can eat as you walk. I buy a *granita con panna* (frozen coffee with whipped cream) from the shop on the corner of the square. All that caffeine and sugar and nicotine makes me want to move, and my emptiness makes me light as whipped cream pumped through with air.

I have been brought up to take myself lightly, to appreciate that hard-edged, weightless thing called fun, which includes holidays, nice dinners, and other sanctioned treats. *A little of what you fancy does you good.* Oh, but only a little, that's the good life: a little of this, a little of that, don't get too passionate about anything. And, if I did not enjoy the treats, if I found any other emotion occurred, I was not to say so: a word out of place could ruin everything for everyone. I never complained because, if I did, how would I know when to stop? I have no sense of proportion, no idea how much of anything is enough. It's easier to be empty, silent. And because I cannot eat, I walk, and I walk.

I walk from the Piazza della Rotunda across the Corso Vittorio Emanuele II, through the vicolos and stradinas until I reach the Campo Dè Fiori where the traders packing up the market are trampling fruit and flowers. In the square between here and the Tiber, when I visited with my husband, I remember that, in the garden of the Palazzo Spada, we found a short narrow corridor painted to look like a long wider corridor with, at its end, a statue, the size of a garden gnome, which appeared monumental. I stop just outside the Palazzo in the Piazza de Farnese, where there are fountains like huge stone birdbaths. Some of the Palazzo's cornicing is painted on to resemble marble, but this is ancient fakery so counts as genuine. By the birdbath fountains an old woman feeds pigeons alone. She wears a black velvet dress with embroidered cuffs, too heavy, too formal for the heat and for what she is doing, but it is not worn or dirty and her hair is cut in a neat silver bob, so she can't be a crazy woman. No one arrives to meet her. I watch her carefully, wondering whether she is the woman I could become. She crumbles something from a brown paper bag. She does not stop until it is empty. She must do this every night.

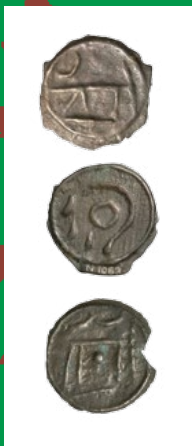
I'm lost now near the Piazza della Repubblica. All the restaurants are closed – they close early in Rome – and every clock shows a different time. All those ghosts. I imagine what your arms feel like

round me, then I imagine my husband's, then those of other men I have known. I try to observe what effect each of these imaginings has on me, but I find I can hardly distinguish one from another, just the feeling of loving, and being loved.

'A city is a priori unsuited for a comparison of this sort with a mental organism.' Freud wrote, and he was talking about Rome, the layers on layers of culture, and history, and how they can't all be seen at once, as though there was no such thing as time or forgetting. 'The observer would need merely to shift the focus of his eyes, perhaps, or change his position, in order to call up a view of either the one or the other.'

I walk (I dance!) through the Piazza Navona. Around the white Triton fountain, which, like the station, is dressed in plissé plastic, beggars are selling small shining toys: plastic sycamore keys that light up and scream as they whirl higher and higher into the black sky.

LOSS



Eel Pie Hoard, Iron Age, BC 800–43 AD

Hoard of coins found at Eel Pie Island, Twickenham. The use of metal detectors in recent decades has greatly expanded the number of finds – there are c. 340 Iron Age coin hoards and c. 2,700 Roman coin hoards currently recorded across Britain, increasing in number at around the rate of 80 a year. On loan from the Layton Collection. N1058–63



Brass letters, 14th century

These brass letters were set into stone monuments and coffin lids, marking the initials of the dead person within. A2546



Skull of an aurochs, Pleistocene period

Extinct type of giant wild cattle that once inhabited Britain and Europe – from the Pleistocene period (the era that began 1.8 million years ago and lasted until 11,700 years ago). Last European specimen died in Poland in 1627. On loan from the Natural History Museum. L340/12

Computer, 1983

The Apple II series was one of the first microcomputers to be widely used by businesses. The 11e was an 'enhanced' model and became popular in schools. Users could also play games such as Pacman and Donkey Kong on these machines. NN14386





Roman face pots

These pots were used as burial or cremation urns. Libations of blood and offerings of food and drink were ritually poured over the ashes of the dead. Their crude, barbaric, rather comic-looking features are stuck, rather incongruously, on classically shaped Roman jars. The eyes are circular, with a horizontal slit relaying the appearance of sleep, or a peaceful death. 18302, 21674, 21739, 73.68



Barrel organ, 1800

Barrel organs like this one were used to play popular tunes on the streets of London. 93.26

Oyster shell palettes, 13th century

Throughout the Middle Ages, illuminators and scribes often prepared pigments in oyster shells. Several of these palettes, retaining traces of pigments derived from lapis lazuli and iron, lead, and copper minerals, have been recovered from monastic sites in London. They were used in the decoration of the walls of churches and palaces. GAG87[495]212



Darkness

Matthew Beaumont

In 1819, little over a decade after the first public experiment in using gaslight to illuminate London at night, John Keats composed a sprightly satirical poem, 'The Cap and Bells', in which he sketched the new conditions of the city at dusk. 'It was the time when wholesale houses close / Their shutters with a moody sense of wealth', he wrote, and when 'retail dealers', who hoped to attract customers commuting home through the streets at evening time, 'let loose / The gas ...' It is a brilliant image because of its shadowy implications.

Paradoxically, the poet manages to make this pioneering agent of illumination, the gas 'convey'd in little solder'd pipes by stealth', sound like a pack of blackened hellhounds scrambling through the subterranean passages of the city, then bursting onto the streets above and positively terrorising its inhabitants. Keats regretted the emergence of this technology precisely because it repelled, as he put it, 'all the powers of darkness'. According to his Romantic sensibility, gaslight threatened to eliminate completely the magic and mystery of the pre-Enlightenment night. His 'Ode to a Nightingale', also from 1819, is a ritualised attempt, in the face

of this process of modernisation, to invoke the night as a time of enchantment. In his fragrant garden in Hampstead he finds the 'embalmed darkness' that has been banished from the centre of London.

Since Keats's time the powers of darkness have been chased ever more comprehensively from the city at night. The introduction of electricity in the late nineteenth century, most dramatically, flooded London with a brittle, glaringly bright mode of illumination that, in retrospect, made the softly flickering gaslight it replaced seem almost as inconstant and intimate as candlelight. Today, as London markets itself as a 24-hour city, it is even more difficult to imagine its streets and squares as pools of darkness where the pre-modern, if not primal, powers that Keats hoped to preserve remain a palpable force. It requires a conscious act of the historical imagination.

What would it have been like, then, to encounter nocturnal London before the institutionalisation of public lighting in the late seventeenth century, the moment when oil lanterns were first systematically lit in the central thoroughfares of the increasingly commercially minded metropolis? I picture a female inhabitant of the city, in the autumn of 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, living in one of the medieval streets near Cripplegate, close to where the Museum of London stands today. She wakes,

perhaps as a result of persistent toothache, shortly before midnight. This is the dead of night, when the bed is for most respectable citizens ‘an image of the Grave’, as Nicholas Breton writes in his *Fantasticks* (1626).

The room is faintly illuminated by the remaining embers from the fireplace, in spite of the fact that, before going to bed, her husband pissed on the flames in order to put them out. Hot and flushed, even though a cold breeze is leaking through the poorly sealed window frame, she does nothing more than lie quietly in bed at first, listening to the intermittent sounds of the night-time city: a dog barking, an infant crying, a fox screaming beyond the city wall, a pious neighbour muttering prayers next door, a drunken apprentice raucously shouting as he careers along Cheapside, someone emptying a pail of slops from a window ... The city itself is like a sleeping body emitting alien and intimate noises.

These sounds are interrupted by the night-watchman, who rings his bell and calls the hour with spiteful enthusiasm, reciting a sanctimonious verse as if to ensure that it is impossible to return to sleep: ‘Midnight feastings are great wasters, / Servants’ riots undo masters. / When you hear this ringing bell, / Think it is your latest knell.’ She lights a candle and, with a woollen cloak around

her shoulders, cautiously descends the stairs to the door onto the street. Outside, there is moonlight for a moment, in spite of the rucked blanket of clouds that covers the stars, so she extinguishes her candle and stands on the threshold peering into the darkness. When the moon is screened, though, the night suddenly thickens. For several minutes all she can see is the dim, distant light from an oil lamp outside a merchant’s house in the adjacent street.

This darkness is only ‘embalmed’ in the sense that a corpse is embalmed in order to conceal the smell of corruption. The air is noisome. Orazio Busino, chaplain to the Venetian ambassador in London during the early seventeenth century, bemoaned ‘a sort of soft and stinking mud which abounds here at all seasons’, adding that because of this ‘the place more deserves to be called *Lorda* [filth] than *Londra*’. It is because of this filth, difficult to negotiate even during the day, that she resolves not to step from the threshold into the street itself. As a woman, it is in any case morally, if not legally, unacceptable for her to walk in the city at night. In the midnight streets, she is likely to be arrested as a prostitute by the night-watchman before she gets as far as the city wall; or herded up by the constable alongside the houseless vagrants who lie ‘pigged together’, as the phrase goes, on the steps of St. Giles.

But there is another, more profound, reason for her reluctance to immerse herself in the night-time sensorium of the city, with its distinctive noises, smells and textures. For, even in streets of the early seventeenth-century metropolis, the night that lies outside the curtained interior of her home, with its press of comforting and familiar bodies, and its comparative warmth, flickers with supernatural threats. The strangulated growl of a cat, for example, as it encounters a dog or fox or rodent pig in the pitch dark of a narrow alley, sounds uncannily like a witch – one of those ‘secret, black, and midnight hags’ that Macbeth met on the heath.

These are the ‘powers of darkness’ that Keats, acutely sensitive to the destructive force of the Enlightenment, which sponsored the related processes of rationalisation and illumination, sought to protect. Even in twenty-first century London, however, they have not been terminally eradicated. Wherever, for one reason or another, an alley or street or stretch of common escapes the light – perhaps because of nothing more than a broken streetlamp – these obscure spots can still act as repositories of primal fears and excitements.

Like the exiled Greek gods imagined by the German poet Heinrich Heine, the powers of darkness have not fully disappeared from London

so much as assumed a set of disguises. For my part, I often glimpse them, among other incarnations, in the form of a feral fox loping into the shadows across the road from a front garden in which it has been pillaging littered food ...

DARKNESS



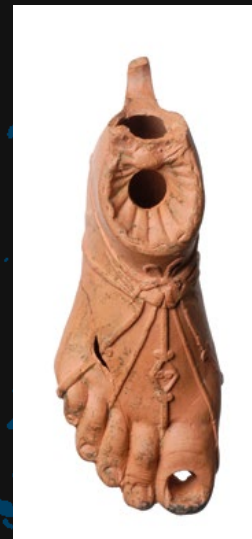
Salvation Army matchbox, c. 1900

Text on this matchbox label ('Manufactured by the Salvation Army, Fair Wages for Fair Work Security from Fire') refers to the advanced working conditions of the match factory that opened in 1891. Unlike many others, it was well ventilated and lit, and the 100 workers received better wages than those in other factories. 'Lights in Darkest England' matches were made using harmless red phosphorus which meant that workers were not at risk of developing 'phossy jaw', a facial deformity common among match girls who worked with white or yellow phosphorus. 74.14/1



Night light, 1930s

Night light and lid decorated with Highland Terriers. 72.228



Roman lamp, 50–60AD

Roman oil lamp shaped as an elegantly sandalled right foot. The blackened big toe forms the nozzle leading into the central fuel chamber. BGH95[522]426



A Hard Day's Night album cover, 1964

A Hard Day's Night is the third studio album by the British band The Beatles. It was released at the height of Beatlemania on 10 July 1964 as the soundtrack to their film of the same name. The album contains some of their most famous songs, including the title track and 'Can't Buy Me Love', both of which were number one singles in the UK and America. NN24700d



Hand bell used in WWII, 1939-1945

Strict blackout regulations were imposed on 1 September 1939, before the declaration of war. All windows and doors were to be covered at night in order to prevent any light from aiding enemy aircraft, and all streetlights were extinguished. 78.121/1



Alternative London, 1970

Nicholas Saunders' handbook was an encyclopaedic guide to London's counterculture used by those living on the city's 'other' or 'dark' side. It was enthusiastically taken up by squatters, those living in communes, and those pursuing alternative spiritual development and drug use. 2007.1/98



Poster, 1858

Poster announcing the last grand night ascent of the Royal Vauxhall hot air balloon piloted by Captain W.H. Adams on 17 September, 1858. The event was organised to mark the ending of the long tradition of pleasure gardens in the city, which were popular with those looking for 'courting opportunities', because the many darkened bowers and walks presented the perfect opportunity for 'genteel romance'. A9162



Head of Serapis, 2nd or 3rd century
Greco-Egyptian god of the Underworld, Serapis was introduced during the 3rd century BC on the orders of Ptolemy I of Egypt as a means to unify the Greeks and Egyptians in his realm. This object was found in London during excavations of the Temple of Mithras in the city of London in 1954. 18494



Iron dagger, Late Iron Age

Slender iron dagger with a pointed triangular blade. It was originally found twisted into an 'S' shape to dispatch it into the spirit world. Found in the Thames at Putney in 1990. 91.166

Lead curse, 43–450 AD

'Cursing' was extremely popular in ancient Britain. This curse was inscribed in lead which had several symbolically relevant attributes such as heaviness, coldness, and a dark patination. A square perforation in the centre of the sheet suggests this curse was nailed to a wall, possibly within a shrine. Inscription translation: Titus Egnatius Tyrannus is cursed and Publius Cicereius Felix is cursed. 29.94/6



Wellclose Prison, Neptune St, Spitalfields, 1700–1744

This two-roomed prison was situated beneath a public house called The Cock and Neptune. The tavern was connected to a courthouse for which the pub's landlord acted as gaoler. The majority of inmates were insolvent debtors, many of whom would carve their initials, write messages and draw pictures on the oak walls of the cells. 37.8/1



A Natural History of the Theatre

Frances Morgan

Around an hour ago, although it could have been more, perhaps it was yesterday, or ten years ago, he and I had slipped sideways through the heavy door that opened onto Roseberry Place.

The door had been shut for years. That morning, looking over from the café at the junction, I saw that it had been forced open about a foot. I texted him and asked if he wanted to look inside.

He came over around six. I put a torch in my pocket and we walked there the back way through the estate, coming out at the huge black side wall that faced the disused railway line. The open door jutted from the wall's far right corner.

A cornice decorated with Greek gods' heads ran like a brown-grey tidemark around the upper part of the wall. Lower down, above another door that was sealed shut, a torn yellow awning, and under it, a black and white spray-painted image of a man's face, eyes raised, long hair; and under the face the word LABRYNTH.

At night unable to sleep a few streets away I would imagine that I could hear the building. It was not the monolith it seemed in daylight but

a vast creature whose breath hissed and crackled like applause on a radio.

I didn't tell him this. I told him that the building was a theatre that had become a cinema, then a club and then another club. The image of the man on the wall had been on the last club's flyers.

Inside there was nowhere to walk that was not loud with glass, plaster, chipped paint, concrete crumbs, plastic bags, pigeons' bones. As we started up the stairs rising from the small foyer he asked me for the torch. He wanted to check each stair before we stepped on it. We climbed slowly, stop-start, stepping into the patches of light and into their debris, becoming with each step more accustomed to their textures and sounds.

At the top of the stairs we turned right. The building yawned. We were in its throat, at the base of the ridged tongue of the dress circle where seats had been removed, leaving steps like those in an amphitheatre. Here the roof's skeleton was visible in faint lattices of late sun. One day the sky would break its remaining bones.

He held the torch shoulder-height like a cop in a film and swept it from left to right, revealing the auditorium in slow slices of white-yellow. Doric columns either side of the stage hung in the torch beam, impossible structures that seemed neither supporting nor supported. Holes pooled the floor.

A door on the other side of the circle led to numerous small windowless rooms. In the first room a mattress, piles of blankets and a sleeping bag slumped in a corner. In the next, newspapers stacked in piles some feet high, with a dank, sweet smell. I bent down to see a date: four years ago.

I had often dreamed about places like this. The rooms in these dreams were damp and neglected, piled with mattresses that prickled with bugs and old clothes patterned in mould. I would pick at the walls, uncovering layers of older wallpaper. The faded patterns would move me to tears. There was not a surface that was whole or clean. But I had to stay there until I found the thing that I had lost.

As we moved through the maze of dark boxes we spoke less and less. In the darkness and silence time oozed and spread. We could stay in these rooms forever, too, mutely compelled to search for the lost thing, but neither of us knowing what the other was trying to find.

The room that we came to on the ground floor was long and narrow, with a small stage at one end. At the other was a trestle table piled with damp-ruined fly-posters. Smeared light glanced in from high windows.

The stage had a low decorative border with clubs, hearts, diamonds and spades worked into

its wrought iron. I pointed to the shapes and began to speak. He motioned to me to be quiet. I laughed.

‘There’s no one here’, I said.

A sound came from above us, to the left. Shuffling followed by an echoing thud, as if something heavy had been dislodged and fallen. I heard myself say his name. My voice was high and tight in my throat.

He turned off the torch. With his other hand he turned me towards him so that my face was against his chest. I listened for further sounds but my left ear was muffled by his body and my right ear was covered by his hand.

We stood still for some seconds. He dropped his hand and I shook my head free, exhaled, listened again. I heard nothing but the shriek of a bus braking in the street outside. I asked him for the torch.

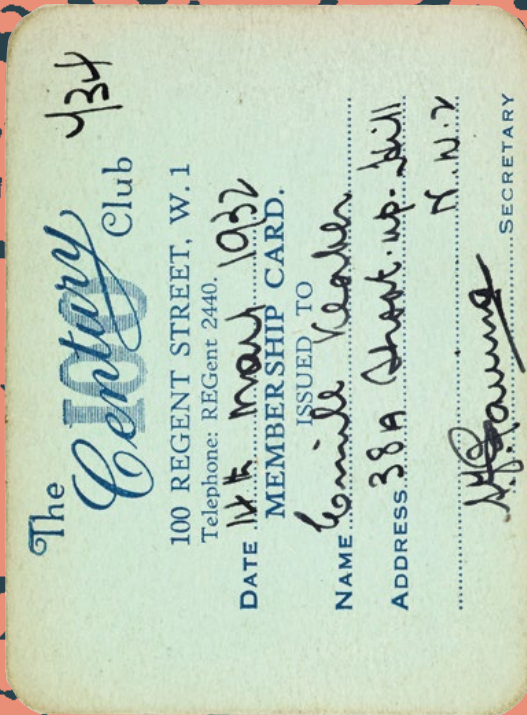
I crossed the room and turned a corner into another corridor. He followed. A mildewy, cool taste settled on my tongue and I knew that we were almost outside again.

London's lost nightclubs

AIR STUDIOS
AKA
AREA
ASTORIA
BAR RHUMBA
CABLE
CANVAS / BAGLEYS
CRUCIFIX LANE
DANCE TUNNEL
FABRIC
FOUR ACES
HANOVER GRAND
HERBAL
HIDDEN
HOME
ICAN STUDIOS
IMPERIAL GARDENS
KEY
LEGENDS

MADAME JO JO'S
MASS & BABALOU
MATTER
PACHA
PASSING CLOUDS
PLASTIC PEOPLE
PROUD 2
PURPLE TURTLE CAMDEN
ROUGE
SE1
SHAPES
SHOOM
STUDIO 338
THE CROSS
THE END
THE FRIDGE
TURNMILLS
UNIT7
VELVET ROOMS

ENDINGS

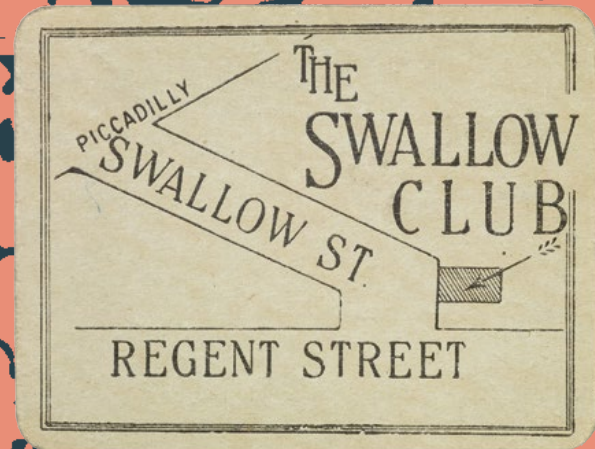


Club membership card, 1930s

Membership card for The Century Club at 100 Regent Street, W1 with handwritten member's name and address. Issued to Emile Klaber, 38a Shoot-up Hill, NW2 and dated 14th May 1932. 74.451/29

Club membership card, 1930s

Membership card for The Swallow Club, Regent Street, Piccadilly. The reverse of the card includes the signature of the member, and owner of the card: Emile A. Klaber. This is one in a collection of 100 club membership cards used by Emile Klaber from the 1920s to the 1940s. 74.451/62



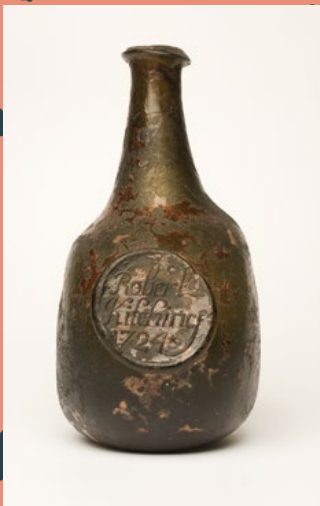
Drinking horn

Medieval, 14th century
Kingston-type ware drinking horn with handle on the back. It has three feet under the base and the front is shaped like a human face. There are remains of a man with a large erect phallus seated behind the handle. A3914



Party shoes, 1925

These shoes were made for the Countess de Hamon, wife of Cheiro, a fashionable society palm reader by the 'high-class shoemaker' Ignazio Pluchino. The Louis heels are decorated with small diamantes and gold beads set in a geometric pattern. 68.60/11b



Wine bottle, 1794

In the 18th century it was common practice for individuals, inns and educational institutions who bought wine in bulk, to decant it into their own bottles marked with a glass seal, so that they could be returned and re-used. This one belonged to a 'Robert Kitching'. A10014



Club membership card, 1930s

Membership card for Murrays Nightclub, 9 Beak Street, Regent Street. Issued to Emile Klaber for the year ending December 31st 1933. Entertainment at the club included dancing, live bands, and orchestras. 74.451/35

Membership card for The Ambassador Club, 26/27 Conduit Street, New Bond Street, W1.

The card includes the club logo and the name of the Managing Director, Peter Mazzina. The Ambassador Club opened in 1926 and included a programme of entertainment including live bands and orchestras. 74.451/37



The Museum of Lost Sounds

Saturday 29 October, 7.30pm – 12am
Museum of London, London Wall

The Museum of Lost Sounds explores the dark and lost borders of music, sound, art, and film, in partnership with Illuminations Festival.

The evening includes:



Lume (Auto)

Chris Shen

7.30pm – 12am

Outside the Museum of London Main Entrance

From Saturday 29 October – Friday 4 November, the Museum of London will present *Lume (Auto)* by artist, Chris Shen. In this light installation a ring of automatic security lights configured to create a chain reaction on/off sequence is activated when visitors pass by.

Illuminations Festival presents ...

8pm – 12am

Sackler Hall

A special live performance by acclaimed producer Forest Swords debuting *Shrine*, a new experimental dance piece. Much of the show's score is made up of breath and body sounds, processed and sequenced to create a claustrophobic sound world of texture and physical rhythm.

London experimental musician, Cosmo Sheldrake, will play a special set, incorporating elements from the Museum of London's sound archive.

London's Drones Club is a wildly creative group of electronic musicians and artists who make music as a *beam of light through the shadow*. They are the soundtrack to the dystopian city, the dance party band for beneath the streets, and will make a special appearance filling the Museum of London's Sackler Hall with their frontier-pushing sound.

Illuminations DJs and London-based sonic adventurer Deeds will be playing with the idea of lost and found sounds, both between and after the acts, into the night.

With visuals by Rian Crabtree.

Illuminations Festival presents ...

8pm – 11pm

Weston Theatre

Keeping the tradition of East London jazz clubs alive, the little bread Big Jam players meet weekly at The Royal Inn on the Park to play, with tap dancing and a rotating cast of players. The Weston Theatre will host one of these sessions in the Museum of London, accompanied by specially commissioned visuals around the themes of lost archives and dark London by Rollo Smallcombe.

Sarah Angliss with Stephen Hiscock

Performances at 8.15pm and 9.30pm

People's City Gallery

Sarah Angliss is a composer, performer, roboticist and sound historian. She will be previewing her forthcoming solo album, *Ealing Feeder*, performing with percussionist Stephen Hiscock.

London Whispers

Yuri Suzuki Studio, stories by Monika Bansal

7.30pm – 11pm

Pleasure Gardens, Expanding City Gallery

This installation features rarely heard recordings of the city's life from London's past. The sounds, captured from different parts, bring to life a secret London filled with quirky and captivating stories through these whispering objects.

Yuri Suzuki, a sound artist, designer and electronic musician, produces work that explores the realms of sound through exquisitely designed pieces. Suzuki's work raises questions of the relation between sound and people, and how music and sound affect people's minds.

The Deed and Prosper

Steve Hellier and Nick Luscombe

7.30pm – 11pm

Victorian Walk

A 'pop-up' sonic installation in the smallest pub in London, *The Deed and Prosper*, hosted by broadcaster, DJ and music curator, Nick Luscombe (BBC Radio 3 *Late Junction*) and Steve Hellier (maker of noise and original founder member of Death in Vegas).

Both Nick and Steve have a long relationship with electronic music, from the early 1980s onwards, which soundtracked the massive cultural changes in London that have taken place against a backdrop of the erosion of manufacturing and the physical import and export of products, and the adoption of service and financial industries. *The Deed and Prosper* explores the changes in technology, employment and political narratives, using archive conversation from the Museum of London's oral history archives and electronic music.

School of Noise workshops and interactive performances

7.30pm – 11pm

With performances at 8.30pm, 9.30pm, and 10.30pm

Designing a Moment Gallery

School of Noise workshops and interactive performances invite you to play on mini modular synthesizers, music boxes, drum machines, paper record players and more.

Visitor Information: Cloakrooms can be found in the museum main entrance. Bars are located in the Sackler Hall, Weston Theatre Foyer and around the museum's lower galleries. Last orders 11.45am.

Also open on the night: *Punks* (1 October 2016 – 15 January 2017). *Punks* tells the story of one of music's most explosive genres from the people who were there.

The Museum of Dark Places

Wednesday 2 November, 7.30pm – 10pm

St Botolph-without-Aldersgate and other venues

Nocturnal visitors are invited to accompany us on a programme of night walks, talks, readings, performances and journeys of discovery into the dark heart of the city. Taking place in the hidden spaces underneath the Museum of London, as well as in nearby Barber Surgeons' Garden, Postman's Park and the Church of St Botolph-without-Aldersgate, the evening will include mythical creatures, an experimental choir, a talk on apocalyptic London literature, a thought experiment on night walking, and tours of London's night sounds.

All events are free, some events are for ticket holders only. For more information during the night, and for ticket returns, visit The Museum of Dark Places Information Desk in St Botolph-without-Aldersgate, Aldersgate Street, London, EC1A 4EU from 7pm.

The evening includes:

Night. London. 1616.

**Matthew Beaumont, Professor of English Literature, UCL
7.30pm – 7.50pm**

St Botolph-without-Aldersgate

Talk, ticket holders only

According to Dickens, there is a ‘democracy of dreamers’ in which there is little distinction between the thoughts of people in bed and those of the semi-somnambulant walkers who haunt the streets at night. Writer and academic Matthew Beaumont (author of the recently published and hugely acclaimed *Nightwalking*) will present a thought experiment that evokes what it would be like to wake in the night and walk through the streets of London before the era of public lighting.

Dark City: London after the Apocalypse

**Caroline Edwards, Lecturer in Modern and Contemporary Literature, Birkbeck, University of London
7.50pm – 8.10pm**

St Botolph-without-Aldersgate

Talk, ticket holders only

London is the setting for many influential horror, fantasy, supernatural, and science fiction texts written over the last century. In her talk, Dr Caroline Edwards will explore

the post-apocalyptic London imaginary, from H. G. Wells’ scientific romances to the destruction of the city depicted by modernists such as Virginia Woolf and T. S. Eliot; and from mid-century dystopian visions of London’s future in the works of Aldous Huxley and Doris Lessing, to the disturbing urban fantasies of contemporary writers such as China Miéville and Alan Moore.

An Ear to the Night

Rosie Oliver, Dotmaker Tours

8pm – 8.45pm and 9.15pm – 10pm

Meet at the Information Desk,

St Botolph-without-Aldersgate

Guided walk, ticket holders only

Walking through the City of London after dark is a solitary affair, markedly different from the frenetic nightlife that lies farther west and east. Join Rosie Oliver on a listening tour of the London night. From the bells that mark the passing hours to the hum of buildings at sleep, tune into the City’s nocturnal soundscape, and rediscover lost and forbidden sounds, such as the birdsong that triggered a bucolic hallucination and the metallic rasp that inspired a street name.

Weird Nightmare: Musarc with Sarah Kate Wilson

8.20pm – 8.30pm

Meet at 8.15pm outside St Botolph-without-Aldersgate

9.20pm – 9.30pm

St Botolph-without-Aldersgate

Performance, no booking required

The poet Shelley wrote that night makes ‘a weird sound of its own stillness’. For this event, Musarc, one of London’s most progressive and experimental choirs, will reference



this stillness, creating a magical atmosphere where the senses are heightened and darkness prevails. The choir will perform two ten-minute pieces towards the beginning and end of the evening, the first in the underbelly of the Museum of London and the closing performance in St Botolph-without-Aldersgate Church. With an intervention by Sarah Kate Wilson. Music by Charles Mingus, Melanie Pappenheim, Olivier Messiaen and the ensemble.

The Watts Memorial to Heroic Self-Sacrifice

John Price, Senior Lecturer in Modern British History, Goldsmiths, University of London

8pm – 8.20pm

Postman's Park

Talk, no booking required

'Sarah Smith, pantomime artiste, died of terrible injuries received when attempting, in her inflammable dress, to extinguish the flames which had enveloped her companion. January 24 1863.' This is one of the 54 ceramic tablets that make up The Watts Memorial to Heroic Self-Sacrifice in London's Postman's Park. Historian John Price will tell the story of the memorial and how artist and radical socialist George Frederic Watts realised his ambition to commemorate ordinary people who died saving the lives of others.

In the Darkness they Swing their Manes like Pendulums

Nicky Deeley, artist

Tazelaar Stevenson, percussion

8.30pm – 8.50pm

Meet at 8.25pm outside St Botolph-without-Aldersgate

9pm – 9.10pm

Postman's Park

Performance, no booking required

Mythical creatures of the night will stalk the parks and gardens close by the Museum of London in specially commissioned performances by artist Nicky Deeley. Inspired by H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine* and 60s sci-fi film *Quatermass and the Pit*, two species will engage in a nocturnal rite of exchange and ingestion.

Visitor Information: Toilet facilities can be found in St Botolph-without-Aldersgate. The Museum of Dark Places bar will be open from 8.30pm – 10pm in St Botolph-without-Aldersgate, serving a selection of night-themed cocktails devised and served by Gimlet Bar.

Previous page: drawings by Nicky Deeley,
Crystal Kidz and *Rock Feelie*, ink collage on paper, 2016

The Museum of Last Parties

Friday 4 November, 7.30pm – 12.30am

Museum of London, London Wall

At The Museum of Last Parties the end of the night is never quite reached. The bands play on, the dancers keep dancing, time has been called, but the bars are still serving. Curated by Shunt co-founder, Andrew Rutland and Martin Green, co-creator of the 90s nightclub Smashing, The Museum of Last Parties celebrates the history, diversity and excitement of nightclubbing.

Come dressed up to the nines and join in the celebrations.

The evening includes:



The Future of London Nightlife

A round-table discussion hosted and produced

by The Night Time Industries Association

8pm–9pm

Weston Theatre

London has had an enormous impact on music and cultural trends internationally. From the Swinging Sixties to Acid house via Punk, New Romantics and everything else in between. These Youth cultural explosions were all born in and around nightclubs.

The last few years have seen the continued closures of some of the capital's best known venues – from Turnmills and The End, to Madame JoJo's and Cable. The recent revoking of Fabric's license by Islington Council highlights the myriad issues facing London and the future of its nightlife. At the same time, London's new Night Czar will be tasked with embracing the capital's night-time culture and shaping the future of London as a twenty-four hour city.

This round-table features some of the people at the heart of London's cultural life. The spirit of the evening is an open discussion – audience included – where the public will have the chance to address some of these questions live and direct. We invite you all to come and join us at this crucial turning point for London.

Speakers on the night include presenter and journalist Sunta Templeton, Andy Blackett (Head of Events and Promotions, Fabric), Ben Osborne (Noise of Art), Henry Scott Irvine (Activist for Save Tin Pan Alley), and journalist Kate Spicer. Moderated by Alan D. Miller, Chairman of The Night Time Industries Association.

The Disco Apocalypse

9.30pm–12.30am

Sackler Hall

Is it open? Is it closed? Has it begun or has it ended?

Just what is happening to our nightclubs?

Nightclubs in London are closing down at an alarming rate. The creativity and culture that once put London at the centre of the map is being sold off. The smoking ban is in place, the fun ban is coming next. So dress up, dance on, and join DJs Wayne and Jack Hemingway, Martin Green and Bishi for a party at the last nightclub on earth *The Disco Apocalypse*.

Vintage visuals from Julian Hand, lightshow artist, and video artist Susanne Dietz. Set design by art collective, Le Gun. With performances and surprises throughout the night.

The Candlelight Club

7.30pm–10.30pm

People's City Gallery

Calling all dandies and flappers, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos, and decadent aesthetes. Join *The Candlelight Club's* 1920s soirée, with clandestine cocktails and DJ Auntie Maureen spinning original shellac discs. London nightlife lothario Champagne Charlie will be stopping by to say 'Champagne'.

Carradine's Cockney Sing Along

7.30pm–10.30pm

Victorian Walk

Join Tom Carradine, Peter John, and friends for a right proper Cockney knees-up. We go back to Victorian times for a group sing along around the ol Joanna.

Jonny Trunk's Workshop of Radiophonics

7.30pm – 10.30pm

Designing a Moment Gallery

Jonny Trunk, broadcaster and record collector extraordinaire, presents a Workshop of Radiophonics with Howlround and DJ Food. An interactive playroom of tape reel manipulation, electronic toys and cosmic vibes, with a chance to engage with tape editing, sound generation and possibly even a bit of knob twiddling. Or just lie back and unwind with the sound.

Photo Studio and T-shirt Printing

7.30pm – 10.30pm

Expanding Cities Gallery

Clubs have always been as much about dressing up as they have been about the music. Join the stalwarts of London's vintage clothing scene Beyond Retro and art/fashion magazine *55 Pages* in our dress up box and have your photo taken. Or get creative with the scissors and heat press machine and make yourself a groovy 80s transfer t-shirt to take home.

Visitor Information: Cloakrooms can be found in the museum main entrance. Bars are located in the Sackler Hall and around the museum's lower galleries. Last orders 12.15am.

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The Night Museum writers

Joanna Walsh is the author of *Vertigo*, *Hotel*, *Grow a Pair* and *Fractals*. Her writing has been published by *Granta Magazine*, The Dalkey Archive Best European Fiction 2015, Best British Short Stories 2014 and 2015, *The Stinging Fly*, *gorse journal*, and *The Dublin Review*. She reviews at *The New Statesman* and *The Guardian*. She edits at *3:AM Magazine* and *Catapult*, and is the founder of @read_women.

Matthew Beaumont is a Professor of English Literature at UCL. He is the author of several books, most recently *Nightwalking: A Nocturnal History of London*. He is also the co-editor of *Restless Cities*.

Frances Morgan writes about music, film, and sound for *The Wire*, *Sight & Sound* and others, and is currently researching histories of electronic music at the Royal College of Art and the Science Museum.

Colophon

The Night Museum

Museum of London

29 October – 4 November 2016

The Night Museum mini-season has been conceived and produced by Lauren Parker and Ruth Lie, Museum of London.

Curators

The Museum of Lost Sounds: Lauren Parker and Ruth Lie, in partnership with Illuminations Festival

The Museum of Dark Places: Jes Fernie

The Museum of Last Parties: Andrew Rutland and Martin Green

Thank you to all the artists, designers, writers, musicians, and performers who responded so enthusiastically and generously to our invitation to take part in The Night Museum.

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We would also like to thank the staff and volunteers at the Museum of London for their invaluable support and assistance.

Editor

Jes Fernie, independent curator and writer

Design

Stefan Kraus and Lisa Stephanides, Polimekanos

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Drawings (p.40/41 *Crystal Kidz* and *Rock Feelie*) by Nicky Deeley © the artist
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