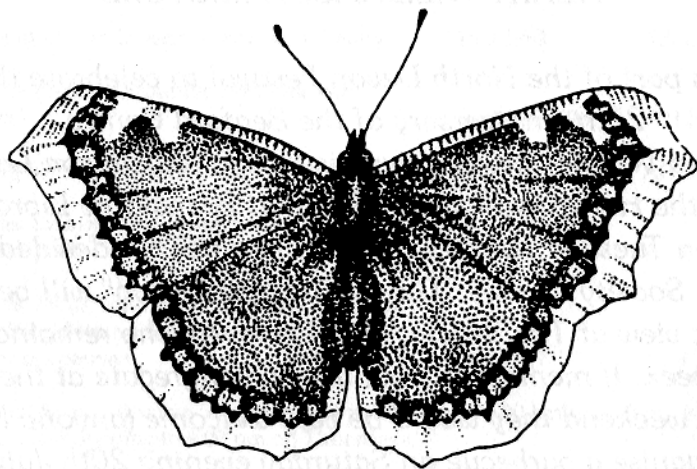


## The Grand Surprise

*Peter Lewis*

We first meet Richard Edward Maddison, the shy, lonely twenty-five-year-old bank clerk living in digs at Brockley, London, in Part One (entitled *Camberwell Beauty*) of *The Dark Lantern*, 1951, the first of the *Chronicle* novels. It is June 1893, and his courtship (by correspondence) of Hetty Turney is coming along nicely. It is a buoyantly happy Richard who strides up the slopes of the Hill to examine, by the clear yellow light shining through the bull's-eye lens of his beloved dark lantern, lit by a colza oil wick, the strips of old trouser-legs impregnated with a boiled mixture of foots (coarse) sugar and beer that he had earlier pinned to the elm trees on the crest of the Hill to lure moths. (Richard knew his moths and butterflies, and it is clear that Henry had taken pains to research the subject, for we are told of Sphinx moths, Lime or Privet, or perhaps *Convolvulus*, white Phantoms, Yellow Underwings, Angel Shades, Painted Ladies, Red Admirals, Cinnabars, Death's Head, Great Tortoiseshells, and others. A full description of Richard's collection, which had been started by Richard's grandfather, is given in Ch. 21).

*Richard gazed then with unbelieving amazement at what he beheld in the circular and wavering beam of his lantern – it was one of the Vanessas, but the colouring was unfamiliar. It had rich mottlings of chestnut-brown and black, like the Great Tortoiseshell, but this insect's wings were edged with yellow-white – the wings were deep brown shot with purple. By Jove, it was – could it be? – yes! it was exactly like the coloured woodcut in the old book given him by his grandfather – it was a Camberwell Beauty! Last seen in England nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, three of them being recorded as taken in Camberwell in 1748! A Camberwell Beauty! He gazed without power of movement.*



At that very moment, while his butterfly net hung forgotten in his fingers, he was set upon by louts, and he had missed the chance of a lifetime. What actually happened next was meant, I believe, to give the reader an early insight into Richard's moral fibre. He smartly side-stepped the rush of the buck navvy (an undernourished coalman whom we meet again in Ch. 26, but no hard feelings!) who promptly placed himself *hors de combat* by head-butting an elm tree in the gloom, and with grit and determination Richard saw off the other two youthful assailants. Hardly had the dust settled than our hero, with dignity, spurned the unwelcome advances of a lady of the streets, and retired early to bed.

The first three novels of the *Chronicle*, often referred to as 'The London Trilogy', published between 1951 and 1953 when the author was in his late fifties, are considered by many to be Williamson's best work. Certainly the opening chapter of this immense chronicle is unforgettable, and I have from time to time promised myself that I would sometime look more closely at the Camberwell Beauty, little dreaming that I would receive such an impetus as I experienced recently. When wandering aimlessly among the stalls of an open-air Antique Fair in my home town of Newport, nearly one hundred years after Richard shone his dark lantern on the Hill in 1893, I saw a small glass-fronted mahogany box containing a single butterfly, a butterfly I had not seen before. But it was somehow vaguely familiar. It was large, chocolate brown with small blue spots, the wings edged with yellow-white. By Jove, it was – could it be? – yes! it was exactly like the butterfly described in *The Dark Lantern* – it was a Camberwell Beauty! Like Richard, I gazed without power of movement.

The stall-holder knew nothing of the history of the little box, except that she had bought it, together with some rare birds' eggs, from an old lady in London. The butterfly was, she assured me, very old, and a collector's item. I thought her story was very old, too, but money changed hands, and I hurried home to look up the incident in *The Dark Lantern* – thence to the library. Yes, I had a Camberwell Beauty, all right. My butterfly is evidently a male, measuring 70 mm across; the female of the species, apparently, is noticeably larger, being some 80 mm, or three inches.<sup>[1]</sup> Another source<sup>[2]</sup> quotes the measurements as 76 to 86 mm for the male, and 78 to 88 mm for the female, considerably larger, I think, than the specimens, and pictures, I have seen.

Why the learned compilers of my trusty *Concise Oxford Dictionary* (1954) should wish to include it is beyond me, but there it is, thus: 'Camberwell Beauty, n. – a butterfly'. Well, I thought I could do better than that, and took it upon myself to find out, among other things, why 'Camberwell', and why 'Beauty'? The name was, it seems, first given by someone with the unlikely name of Moses Harris in 1766 – more of this chapter later. E.B. Ford, FRS,<sup>[3]</sup> says that 'Camberwell Beauties were attracted by the willows which grew so abundantly at Camberwell – it is to this circumstance that it owes its best known name'. (Incidentally, Ford also that the Camberwell Beauty has long been regarded as the great prize of British butterfly collecting, which is some consolation for the somewhat excessive sum that I paid for my specimen.) The insect is not of course peculiar to Camberwell, having quite an extensive habitat across northern Asia, Europe and North America; it does not even live or breed in Camberwell, but it was there that the butterfly was, I think, first recognised as a 'new' species (There is a European moth called the Jersey Tiger which has no connection with Jersey except that it is or was sometimes seen there, and the Bath White butterfly has no connection at all with Bath except that it was a lady from Bath who first drew and painted it.)

Beauty is, of course, in the eye of the beholder. Moses Harris would no doubt be pleased to know that his name for the insect has, with some justification, after a shaky start, withstood the test of time. It is quite likely that in 1766 old Moses had not seen the many tropical and sub-tropical butterflies which are undeniably more beautiful than the

Camberwell. The Beauties are certainly handsome creatures, however, and those who finally accepted the 'new' name may well have seen them at their best when coloured dark purple with wide yellow borders and vivid blue spots. The dark brown insects with off-white borders usually seen in collections today hardly deserve, I think, a second glance.

I found various accounts, often vague and even contradictory, on the library shelves, of the Camberwell Beauty, just as I had, indeed, when researching for Henry's Owls. It was listed, even quite well documented, in all the books on butterflies I have pored over. The first contradiction, it seemed to me, was that although it was included in all the books about British butterflies, it was made clear that the Camberwell Beauty was not in fact British at all, but a rare migrant or vagrant from Scandinavia and northern Europe. Most books describe the main colouring of the insect as dark chocolate brown (e.g. <sup>14</sup>), but one source<sup>15</sup> at least says that it is dark purple, another writer<sup>6</sup> describes it as violet brown, another<sup>12</sup> deep purple, and yet others<sup>17</sup> as maroon brown, and even mauve. Moses Harries<sup>12</sup> himself described the wings as being 'of a fine chocolate colour, with broad borders of light yellows. (His beautiful water colours, dedicated to his patron the Countess of Dalkeith, are preserved in the British Museum.) I think Richard Maddison got it right when he described it as 'deep brown shot with purple'. One explanation for these differences of opinion seems to be that as the insect gets older its colourings change somewhat (its adult life is some ten months). One course<sup>31</sup> says that when the butterfly first emerges from its chrysalis the borders of its wings are rich yellow but that this colour soon fades to creamy white. (The Purple Emperor butterfly – a near relative of the Camberwell Beauty and which also feeds on willow – is at first glance a drab brown, but miraculously turns a bright purple when seen at some angles in a certain light, and it is just possible that the Camberwell Beauty possesses a similar characteristic, to a lesser degree.)

The first definite British record of the Camberwell Beauty was made in 1748 by a Benjamin Wilkes who called it the Willow Butterfly. Moses Harris, in his work called *The Aurelian* in 1766 (dictionary, aurelian = a collector or breeder of insects) declared that the first Willow Butterfly had been taken at Camberwell in 1748. Moses was apparently a most knowledgeable fellow, and his *The Aurelian* was long regarded as the butterfly collector's 'bible'. He actually renamed the species the Grand Surprise or Camberwell Beauty, but many later writers still preferred the name Willow Butterfly, and the name Grand Surprise was eventually dropped (I'm not surprized!). In the author's Index at the end of *The Aurelian* the butterfly comes under 'S', i.e. 'Surprize, Grand', and the water colour illustration is also labelled 'Grand Surprise', but the relevant chapter is headed 'Camberwell Beauty'. Why Moses gave the insect not one but two new names is not recorded, and I don't suppose that what Benjamin Wilkes had to say about it is on record either! Another expert, Howarth, in 1803, insisted on calling it the White Border.<sup>12</sup> Moses, writing of the Camberwell Beauty, said: 'This is one of the scarcest Flies of any known in England, nor do we know of above three or four that were ever found here; the first two were taken about the middle of August, 1748, in Cool Arbour Lane near Camberwell; the last . . . near Newington Butts, the beginning of that month . . . as all that have been yet taken were found flying about Willow-Trees tis the common opinion of Aurelians that their Caterpillars feed thereon; but their Caterpillar and Chrysalis is to us intirely unknown, and the food is a mere conjecture.'

Richard Maddison said that the Camberwell Beauty had not been seen in England since 1748. I think that he meant that it had been extinct in England since that time, for he (and Henry, of course) must have known that the butterfly had been seen in England many times since then – in fact, of course, it was only in that year that it had first been recognised as a 'new' species. He did say later that the Camberwell Beauty was said to be

resident in the UK before that date. Although Richard got it wrong on both counts, we know what he meant, and it detracts nothing from the telling of the story.

My searches among library shelves for information on the Camberwell Beauty having proved somewhat unsatisfactory, mainly due to the several inconsistencies I found, I visited The National Museum of Wales at Cardiff to see what I could discover. There I was told that the Museum's collection of butterflies was not on public display but was kept in perpetual darkness in the basement, where it could be seen only upon special request. A few formalities having been completed, I was taken down into the vast basement, nervously clutching my Visitors Pass. My guide and I trudged along dusty, dimly lit corridors; I was led past the darkened rooms of the Zoological department's vaults, the contents of which could only be fearfully guessed at – occasionally the beady eyes of long dead creatures glinted from glass cases. At last a final light was switched on and I saw rank upon rank of slim drawers labelled in Latin. A drawer was selected, pulled out and placed upon a table for my inspection.

There, among a great many Red Admirals and Peacocks, were no fewer than seven Camberwell Beauties, four of which had been taken at Cambridge in 1872 and two at Bury St Edmunds in 1884 (the seventh label was illegible). I wondered how such fragile things could have lasted so long; my obliging mentor, the Museum's entomologist, told me that the earliest known butterfly in Britain is a Bath White taken in 1702 – this is in the famous Dale Collection at Oxford, which includes, I learned later, a Camberwell Beauty dated 1793. The Petiver Collection in the Natural History Museum at Kensington was compiled before 1718. The entomologist advised me that the definitive account of the Camberwell Beauty was to be found in Volume 7 of the enormous publication *The Moths and Butterflies of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1989, edited by Emmet and Heath, and assured me that I need look no further in my quest for accurate information about that insect. While I am much indebted to that book, and I would of course recommend it to any serious student, I have turned up many other references to the Camberwell Beauty which may be of further, simpler interest, inconsistencies and all, and have attempted to summarise them below:

(i) does not breed in Britain, but is an immigrant from central or north Europe, which migrates across the North Sea in late summer or early autumn – some have been seen as early as April. Between 1858 and 1958 over a thousand Camberwell Beauties were recorded in Britain, 436 in 1872 and 52 in 1947. Majority of captures in the eastern counties, even as far north as the Shetlands, but they have been seen in Cornwall and Wales. Believed to have been carried accidentally to Britain on timber boats from Scandinavia. First recognised in England in 1748. In America the Beauty is known as the Mourning Cloak (my note: perhaps because of its sombre colouring. But having had occasion to look up 'willow' in my Concise Oxford, I read 'to wear the willow = to mourn the loss or absence of one's beloved, formerly indicated by a garland of willow leaves').<sup>191</sup>

(ii) . . . a much rarer migrant is the Camberwell Beauty, which appears to come from Northern Europe, although its continental distribution is wide; it is generally seen in the east of the country.<sup>192</sup>

(iii) In a RSNL Guide, Camberwell Beauties are included in the Section headed 'Rare Migrants, Vagrants and Accidentals'. It is described as a 'gorgeous and unmistakable large Nymphalid with dark chocolate brown upperwings bordered by blue spots and broad cream margin. Perhaps arrives among shipments of timber from Scandinavia. It is seen either in late summer or early spring. Its foodplants are Willows. Like most migrants, its appearance is sporadic; a few in most years, notably in 1846, 1872 and 1976, when 272 were recorded.'<sup>193</sup> (My note: interestingly, nowhere in

the many descriptions of the Camberwell Beauty that I have read has the butterfly ever been described as beautiful, pretty or handsome, etc. 'Gorgeous' is the only such description given anywhere, and this is too fulsome for my liking. Hetty Turney once referred to it as being beautiful but she never actually saw it, nor was it described to her as such by Richard.

(iv) The female is noticeably larger than the male. The insect is not attracted to flowers but feeds on oozing sap, particularly that of birch trees. Timber ships crossing the North Sea are unloaded at Hull, Harwich and other east coast ports, and a great many authenticated records of Camberwell Beauties come from the neighbourhood of those ports. The most likely places to see them are in birch groves and plantations of conifers, which most nearly resemble their natural habitats.<sup>(1)</sup>

(v) Geological distribution said to be of a very wide range, including North America, Europe and Asia. A large butterfly, violet brown with a series of blue marks close to the broad yellow margin. In individuals that have hibernated as adults the margins turn white. Habitats: . . . said to be found in fields, meadows and woodland clearings, from lowlands to high altitudes. The caterpillar lives on various trees (willow, poplar and birch). This migrant butterfly, after suffering a decline in recent years, now seems to be on the increase again in some regions.<sup>(6)</sup> (My note: good news, indeed, but my entomologist friend in Cardiff told me that one reason, he thought, why Camberwell Beauties do not breed in Britain is that the winters here are too mild for the species, some continental breeders actually keeping hibernating adults in refrigerators – our winters, too, seem to be getting even milder. I would just add at this point that two serious but unsuccessful attempts have been made, in the 1920s and the 1950s, to establish the butterfly in England.)

(vi) Howarth, of its habitat, distribution and abundance, says 'Open country, orchards and gardens where it feeds on over-ripe fruit and flowers. Recorded usually from S. and E. England – usually a few are recorded each year'. He said this three years before the 'invasion' of 1976.<sup>(10)</sup> With regard to the number of sightings it should be remembered that many sightings recorded from slightly different locations may be of the same insect; also, of course, many sightings are never officially recorded at all. This is a good time as any, perhaps, to say that at the moment of writing (July 1990) the last recorded sighting of a Camberwell Beauty was of a single specimen in Somerset in October 1987.

(vii) The definitive account<sup>(2)</sup> also quotes that Camberwell Beauties feed at (*sic*) sallow blossom – sallow it seems includes willow – and they have also been seen to imbibe sap from damaged birch trees and oaks. They have also been seen 'round garden flowers or feeding on over-ripe fruit'. The eggs are laid on many different trees and bushes but especially sallow, poplar, elm and birch, so presumably the caterpillars feed on the leaves of these trees. I have read that the adult butterfly feeds only on nectar – it can only of course absorb liquids through its proboscis – as willow blossoms only in the Spring there is presumably very little for the Camberwell Beauty to feed upon when it arrives here mostly in late summer and autumn except rotten fruit and flowers. Reliable information on the foodplants of both butterfly and caterpillar is however sparse and even contradictory, like many of the notes above, and the reader must sift through the conflicting evidence to form his own conclusions, accepting that not a great deal can be satisfactorily and authentically documented in this country about such a rare migrant.

(viii) My perseverance with other publications paid off in one respect, at least. In a little book written in 1978<sup>(11)</sup> I discovered the only reference I have seen to the various concoctions which lepidopterists have used for centuries, it says, to lure

moths other than by using bright and harmful lights. We know that Richard Maddison's landlady, Mrs Cummings, used to boil up his concoctions for him in her kitchen; these consisted of foots sugar and beer, with perhaps a nip of 'demon' rum (what a stench! said her crony Mrs Birkett). The book describes how the so-called 'sugaring' method is most effective. 'The recipes doubtless vary from time to time . . . but a standard concoction, hallowed by tradition, consists of . . . stale beer, some black treacle and brown sugar, plus a few drops of rum . . . to give it added bouquet'. It is then painted at eye level of trees, posts, etc., preferably along a woodland edge or ride. The sugar, says the author, is simply a substitute for nectar. The same chap says of the Camberwell Beauty that after its arrival here in late summer and autumn it generally spends only a short time on the wing before going into hibernation. As butterflies are not active at night Richard was extremely fortunate to spot one by the light of his dark lantern on a night early in June.

While the various writers are almost unanimous in declaring that Camberwell Beauties do not breed in Britain, one source at least <sup>(2)</sup>, again says that many of the butterflies seen in the Spring of 1977 may well have been the offspring of the insects that 'invaded' in large numbers the previous year. The author then however covers himself by saying that no eggs or caterpillars have ever been found in Britain, and adds that many of the 1977 butterflies may have been 1976 adults that had successfully hibernated.

Richard Maddison was a man of solitary disposition. Surprisingly, he read little, but he enjoyed long walks and bicycle rides into the country, alone, of course, at least until his marriage. He liked fishing and swimming, and was quite good at tennis. He flew his elaborate home-made kites on the Hill, and made his own sled to whizz down its slopes in winter snow – he was very proud of his full carpentry kit. He owned and played a 'cello, and had a fine tenor voice. He exercised daily, as a young man, with weights and Indian clubs. But his real passion was collecting moths and butterflies. His favourite hobby, however, along with much else, he thought, passed into limbo, more or less, upon his marriage, and we hear very little of it after his twenty-seventh year. (His 'cello was thrust into the cellar and forgotten, too.) In the first chapter of *The Dark Lantern* we hear Richard's landlady, Mrs Cummings, who thought the world of 'her young man', telling the sceptical Mrs Birkett, the midwife, of Richard's hobby: 'His butterflies and moths are a hobby that keeps him out of mischief anyway. You ought to see his collection, it's a tribute to the Almighty's wonderful variety, all gaudy colours they are, you'd never credit it.' In *Donkey Boy* (Ch. 6) Richard, enjoying a rare but well earned Raggett's Stout on his first (and probably last) visit to The Castle public house, meets up with these old dears again, somewhat to his dismay. He buys them a drink, however, orders another pint for himself, and, thus fortified, talks to them about his butterflies, telling them how some, including the Camberwell Beauty, flew miles across the sea to England. Mesdames Cummings and Birkett are enchanted.

The shy Richard longed to be loved and understood. Friendless at work and at home, where a fellow lodger scoffed at the bearded, knickerbockered, eccentric bug hunter with net and bicycle, he daydreamed about his Unknown Inamorata, as he called the figment of romance to himself. 'She was rare and aloof, infinitely tender; she understood his every secret thought. Vanessa Inamorata!' He recalled the wonderful afternoon when he had discovered the herb fields at Cross Aulton, an entomologist's paradise amidst the variegated scents and colours covering hundreds of acres. How nearly he had missed meeting the most wonderful butterfly of all there – Hetty in an idealised form, whose unwitting role, sadly, was to be to fill the void left by his late mother and to become an inadequate substitute for his brother's wife Jenny, whom he secretly admired and yearned for. His sister Theodora had asked him to accompany her on a visit to friends at

Cross Aulton (the Turneys, in fact). People? No fear, he preferred butterflies, he told Dora. But fortunately for us all he changed his mind, 'curiosity prevailed', and he went with her, lugging his 'cello.

The wings of the butterfly which Richard saw in 1893 were 'edged in yellow-white, not with grey-white, which would have been the case had she been English', and Richard thought the butterfly may well have come from France. It was thought in Richard's day that white-bordered Beauties were British variants of the continental species. There is evidence in fact that early dealers in butterflies actually painted or stained the yellow borders of some captured insects white to trick gullible customers into buying 'English' Camberwell Beauties. Richard's remark here was made in the course of teasing Hetty Turney by hinting that while she had been abroad he had been consoling himself with a French demoiselle, whose dress, he told Hetty, was in the same colours as the one she herself was wearing – dark brown shot with purple and edged with yellow. With a tear in his eye he told her 'In fact, my pretty one, I think it was you I saw, now changed back by a good fairy into my dear little Hetty'. Hetty was, of course, like any young lady, well aware that she was being teased, and happily awaited the denouement: that she was adorned like a Camberwell Beauty. Hetty had in fact bought her dress in Paris on her way home from the Riviera where she had been accompanied by her mother – it was a brown and purple ensemble with yellow ruchings, the latest thing. She had wanted to wear her butterfly dress, as Richard called it, for her wedding. 'He had imagined meeting her in it; for when away from her he had pictured her as the Camberwell Beauty, as the prize, as he put it to himself, of his collection. Hetty had divined this . . .' but on the advice of her older sister Dorrie she wore a different outfit. Why had she not come in her butterfly gown, simply dressed, complained Richard silently; now she was like any other woman of the villadom he despised.

In the charming engagement scenario another important connection between Hetty and the Camberwell Beauty is sprung upon us. We are told that Hetty had been born in Camberwell, some two or three miles from Brockley and Wakenham (Lewisham) where Richard himself had lived for ten years. Hetty's father, Thomas Turney, had moved to Camberwell from the Bedfordshire countryside upon the occasion of his marriage to Sarah. Hetty, their third child, had been born there, so it is perhaps with some surprise that we realise that the Turneys had lived in their little wooden cottage near Camberwell Green for some years before moving to the fine villa at Cross Aulton (Carshalton). Sarah Turney arranged for her daughter to marry Richard somewhere where her husband, who had forbidden the marriage, was unlikely to find out, and she chose Camberwell, where the wedding duly took place at the Register Office in November, I think, 1893.

The character of Richard Maddison was probably modelled upon Henry's own father William Leopold Williamson, who married Gertrude Leaver at Greenwich Register Office in May 1893. It is often difficult to separate fact from fiction in Henry's writings, of course, but if we need to be reminded that Henry was first and foremost a novelist we should perhaps consider that the Leaver family, on whom the Turney family was largely drawn, had, in fact, as far as is known, no connection with either Camberwell or Carshalton.

It is thought that neither Henry nor his father were butterfly collectors – if they were, no collection survives. I'm sure Henry agreed with Hetty, who was glad that the Camberwell Beauty had escaped. She had not dared however to tell Richard that she could not bear the idea of anything being put in a bottle of crushed laurel leaves to suffocate, just because it was beautiful. Richard, however, thought that it would have been wonderful to have had it in his collection – even Mr Rothschild didn't have one. Some guttersnipe, he thought, would only beat it down, or a bird get it, whereas,

preserved in a case, it would give pleasure and interest for many years. Hetty hoped he would say that having lost one Camberwell Beauty he had found another (herself) but immediately thought she was being silly, and vain, to think like that. Richard had indeed thought of saying it, but gave her his mother's gold filigree brooch instead.

When at Christmas 1894 Richard opened his boxes of butterflies and moths, perhaps for the last time, he 'looked at the talismanic emblems of vanished summers, of faraway sunlight and starry nights in meadows and upon the hills . . . these tokens of warmth and light and colour were to him the essence of his own life . . . all mementoes of hundreds of wonderful days and walks and expeditions which would never never come again . . .' He thought nostalgically of his mother and brothers and sisters, and sighed. When he closed the lid of the last box he may have well reflected that his young days were truly over. His collection was seldom referred to again.

As I have penned these words, I have had before me, on my desk, as a constant spur, the little mahogany box containing my Camberwell Beauty. Are you ready, patient reader, for another Grand Surprize? On the back of the box, in a modern hand, are written the words 'Camberwell Beauty, *Nymphalis antiopa*, found in Coldharbour Lane in 1748'. Well, can it be one of the two taken in Cool Arbour Lane in 1748 as described by Moses Harris? Can my specimen really have survived the passing of two and a half centuries? Very probably not. But whatever its age and history, my Camberwell Beauty has pride of place in my small collection of Williamson memorabilia.

#### NOTES

1. *The Complete British Butterflies in Colour*, 1968, by L.H. Newman FRES, FRHS
2. *The Moths and Butterflies of Great Britain and Ireland*, Vol. 7 1989, edited by Emmet and Heath
3. *Butterflies*, 1945 revised 1967, by E.B. Ford FRS
4. *RSNC Guide to Butterflies of the British Isles*, 1986, by J. Thomas
5. *Butterflies of Britain and Europe, a Field Guide to*, 1970, by L.G. Higgins and N.D. Riley.
6. *Butterflies and Moths, The MacDonal Encyclopedia of*, 1987
7. Reference lost, sorry!
8. *Insect Migration*, 1958, by C.B. Williams FRS
9. *Atlas of Butterflies in Britain and Ireland*, 1984, by Heath, Pollard and Thomas
10. *Butterflies of the British Isles*, 1973, by T.G. Howarth
11. *Insects Are Animals Too*, 1978, by A. Wootton
12. *The Aurelian*, 1766, by Moses Harris. Moses would no doubt be gratified (but not surprised!) to know that an edited publication of *The Aurelian*, said to contain all the original script and illustrations, was produced in 1986, on sale today at £15.

Quotation from *The Dark Lantern* by kind permission of the Henry Williamson Literary Estate.