

“Black Swine in the Sewers of Hampstead & Other Stories”

Good afternoon, and welcome to the Camden Arts Centre. In a short while, I would like to begin my talk, which takes in small events in one day from the lives of a number of distinguished Hampstead inhabitants, and hopefully I will introduce you to some lesser known incidents and stories from the rich history of this area of London. Before I begin, I would like to read a short quote from an article in the Daily Telegraph from October the 10th, 1859.

“It is a trite story, that of the exquisite who, being told by an acquaintance that he was about to visit a friend in Bloomsbury Square, asked whereabouts on the road he changed horses. Yet such is the immensity of this metropolis, so innumerable are its thoroughfares, and so widely separated its districts, the one who had passed half a life time at the west end of London might well be excused for entire ignorance as to the situation of Bethnal Green, Jacob’s Island, Mile End and Stepney. They are as vaguely remote to many as the Ultima Thule of Orkeny or Shetland. It is exceedingly probable that we have among our readers/listeners thousands, who, with or without a map, would be utterly unable to point out the localities of Piccadilly Square, Honey-lane Market, Hay hill, Little Britain, Cloth Fair, Cock Lane, Bell Square, Long Alley and Bleeding Heart Yard; and people are born, and run their race in life, and die within a mile or two of one another, and are completely estranged from their neighbours as though they were separated from them by rocky mountains, by unfordable streams, by stormy seas.

This London is an amalgam of worlds within worlds, and the occurrences of every day convince us that there is not one of these worlds but has its special mysteries and its generic crimes. Exaggeration and ridicule often attach to the vastness of London, and the ignorance of its penetralia common to us who dwell therein. It has been said that beasts of chase still roam in the verdant fastnesses of Grosvenor Square, that there are undiscovered patches of primaeval forest in Hyde Park and that Hampstead sewers shelter a monstrous breed of black swine, which have propagated and run wild among the slimy feculence, and whose ferocious snouts will one day uproot Highgate Archway, while they make Holloway intolerable with their grunting” The Daily Telegraph Oct 10th 1859.

The first character in this story is

Ian Robins Dury (born 12th May 1942) –

Ian had spent much of the morning at the Kenwood House Stately Home, sitting to the North of Hampstead Heath, with a view over Parliament Hill and south to the mass of central London. The building dates from the early 17th Century, and was bought in 1754 by William Murray, 1st Earl of Mansfield. He commissioned Robert Adam, to remodel it from 1764-1779. Adam, was born in 1728 in the town of Kirkcaldy, in the Kingdom of Fife, also home of Adam Smith, infamous author of Kenwood House is Ian’s favourite part of London, where he can survey the city in the comfort of the magnificent grounds. Having spent an hour or so taking in the view, he decided to make his way down across the Heath, to return home and collect some medication for his throat. Walking slowly down the paths towards Hampstead Ponds, his progress is slow, as he walks with a limp, due to contracting polio as a child, and as he walks, he feels the small pouch that is attached to his waist and filled with chemicals, slosh and bounce on his stomach. The “Hickman Line” as the pouch is called, feeds medicine directly into chest, to help combat the tumours in his liver caused initially by Colon Cancer. As he walks, and hears faster walkers approaching him from behind, his heart races slightly as the fear of being mugged, and having his pouch mistaken for a wallet rises once again. He pictures someone grabbing it and pulling his lungs out in front of him, leaving him on the heath trying to stuff them back in. To his left, two small dogs are sniffing each other, one starts to yap and bark excitedly. Ian is reminded of the legend of the killer dog of Hampstead Heath – a Staffordshire Bull Terrier called Max – who had attacked many smaller dogs by grabbing them round the neck and shaking them furiously till they fell, limp and pitiful, to the grass. Max never was found, even after press coverage and a series of dog hunts were launched by local dog walkers. As the ponds come into Ian’s field of vision, and he turns to head toward the Vale of Heath, looking right to the North West, he makes out the back of the infamous Dupayne Museum, just withdrawn from Spaniards

Road. He pauses a while to regain his breath, and to rest a reassuring hand on the Hickman Line. He remembers how, in 2002, 2 murders and an attempted murder took place in the Museum and its grounds. The museum was founded in 1961 by Max Dupayne, who was obsessed by the interwar years. The museum reflected his collection of 20's and thirties paintings by Percy Wyndham Lewis, Stanley Spencer, Duncan Grant and Paul and John Nash, first editions of DH Lawrence, Orwell, Virginia Woolf and Joyce, poetry of Yeats, Eliot, Pound and Auden. The museum also housed a "murder room" which documented some of the more unusual murders of the time. In 2002, after the death of Max Dupayne, the future of the museum was uncertain, with disagreements between his 3 children about whether to dissolve and sell it, adapt it, or keep it as it was. These disagreements led in one way or another to the death of Dr Neville Dupayne, Max's son, who was burnt alive in his jaguar in the Museums grounds. A young girl of 17 was found dead in the murder room from strangulation. It transpired that Caroline Dupayne, the founders daughter, had been running a secret sex club called "Club 96" in the museum. Arranging anonymous meetings on the internet, after which members would arrive and remain at the museum dressed in masks, while taking part in consensual group sex. The murdered teenager was one of the clubs members. The final attempted murder was of the museums gardener, a Mrs Tally Clutton in her sixties. She was hit over the head with a poker in the cottage she lived in in the grounds. She survived, and was the last victim of an attacker who had modelled their attacks on the infamous murder cases that were documented in the Murder Room. The murderer turned out to be a Miss Muriel Godby, secretary of the Museum, who feared losing her job there, and who was desperately in love with Caroline Dupayne.

Recalling these horrific events, Ian found himself thinking of Max Dupayne, the founder of the museum. How would he have felt to have seen his beloved hobby, the museum, setting and becoming the stage for such violent and debauched behaviour. Poor man, he thought, he only wanted to document a period of time bookmarked by 2 horrendous wars, and destined to be forgotten as a time for recovering from and preparing for, much more historyworthy periods. His thoughts turned to his own father, as he resumed his amble southwards. Thinking of his father, a tune came into his head, he started to hum it quietly to himself, his melody bumped and knocked as his body took on the vibrations of his feet as they slowly limped their way forward. "hhhhmmmm, hhm ,hmm, mm, my old man, my old man" he liked the tune, and didn't want to forget it, he continued humming over and over, as he walked past the ponds to his left and reached the traffic on East Heath Road. Singing now, to make himself heard above the traffic, the song began to take shape as he crossed the road, and made his way right, down Well Walk past the complex roofs and lovely exterior metalwork of Klippar House, Victorian Architect Ewan Christians House. The lyrics were coming now, as Ian's fathers life's made its way to the forefront of his thought. "My old man was wore three piece whistles, he was never home for long, drove a bus for London transport, he knew where he belonged" the beat of the song matched the swinging of his Hickman Line, and the song had reached a stage at which Ian was confident not to forget it. Down Christchurch Hill, turning into Willow Road Ian noticed an agitated and excited looking man approaching him on the pavement. He had a bin bag that appeared to be full of cds held in his right hand, with a sports bag slung over his left shoulder. He was walking quickly and confidently, but the look on his face was disturbingly self satisfied. As he passed by Ian, Ian tried to recall a time when he walked without a limp, but he found the effort of remembering distracting him from the more important task of retaining the tune and lyrics he had been creating "later on he drove a roller, chauffering for foreign men, dropped his itches on occasion, said cor blimey now and then..." Turning right down Downshire Hill, past Keats Museum, he was tempted to recite the lines to "When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be" but again, he disciplined himself, and began humming. He passed the delapidated and overgrown garden of the house where author and photographer Allan Chappelow was murdered in 2006. A renowned recluse and hoarder of things, Chappelow was found dead in his house under a pile of papers, his death caused by head injuries. the house had become notorious in the area for its overgrown garden and ramshackle appearance. Chappelow was remembered by neighbours as someone who liked to ride motorbikes, wore a 1940's RAF gabardine mackintosh tied with string. He wasn't the most sociable of people and was rumoured to have stuck broken tiles on his roof with sellotape. it took 2 days to recover his body from the house due to the immense collection of papers and detritus. Chappelow had lived in the house for 72 years before

his death. A Chinese British man called Wang Yam was arrested for his murder, and was found in Switzerland. Wang, a financial trader was accused of burglary, arson and murder, but his trial was to make history, as the first murder trial to be held in Britain “in camera” – meaning parts of the trial would not be made public, or reported on by the media, as the trial was seen to endanger national security, as it was rumoured Wang was a low level Intelligence informant. Wang was found guilty of stealing £20,000 and possessing stolen goods, but no verdict as reached on murder and burglary charges.

Still humming, Ian reached the bottom of Downshire Hill, turned right up to Heath Street and slowing his speed up the hill, he eventually reached number 29, and entered Edward B. Stamps Pharmaceutical Chemist. Ian’s throat had felt dry and tickly, and despite not singing as much as he used to, he liked to treat his voice well. The previous day, a friend had recommended “Throat Coke” to him “Throat Coke?” Ian repeated? “No, no, throat COAT”. Making his way to the desk of the chemist, he looked up at the shelves briefly, before making eye contact with the attendant. “do you have any throat coat?” he asked. “throat coke?” “no, no, throat COAT, coat, like a coat you wear” “no sorry, ive never heard of that. Have you tried boots?” “no, I don’t like boots, its for sore throats, a friend said you’d have it” “no sorry, I’ve got locketts, and cough syrup, some throat spray. Do you want throat spray?” “no” he said despondently, “I’ll take the locketts, the purple ones please”.

Leaving the chemist, Ian limped up Heath Street, he realised that the previous conversation had robbed his mind of the lyrics to the song. He began at the start again, humming “hmmm hmm hmmm, my old man”.

While Ian made his way up Heath Street, Thomas Boyle was leaving his temporary home at Wells Tavern on Well Walk.

Thomas Boyle grew up in Eastern Pennsylvania and holds degrees from Cornell and New York University. He is the author of the crime novels “The Cold Stove League”, “Only the Dead Know Brooklyn” and “Post-Mortem Effects”. He was in London researching for his doctoral dissertation, a comprehensive survey of so-called Victorian Sensation Novels, with the hope of discovering in these novels, a genre antagonistic to the accepted orthodoxy of good, Victorian moral values. He had been spending days and days researching old newspapers and journals in the British Newspaper Library in Colindale. Finding the journey and surroundings somewhat unwelcoming, he was glad to have the opportunity to enjoy the more picturesque surroundings of Hampstead. He was going to take the relatively short walk to Spaniards Inn, but his prostate had been giving him difficulties in the last week, and walking wasn’t easy. Leaving the hotel on Well Walk, and turning right up Christchurch Hill, he realised he could only move comfortably by shuffling, almost dragging his legs forward, a bit like John Wayne. The pain between his legs had subsided in recent days, but as he walked or shuffled, he felt it increasing again. Once he reached the end of Christchurch Hill and had turned into Hampstead square, a few drops of rain began to fall from the sky, and the wetness in the air turned his thoughts to urinating. He hoped that any desire to pee would remain dormant until he at least reached the Inn. The pain in between his legs, and latterly down the back of his thighs, really originated in the space between his testicles and his anus. It felt like a dead arm, a sort of dull throbbing pain, on the cusp of becoming a stinging pain. the rain continued, and though he tried to think otherwise, he became aware of the need to pee. He had attempted to before he left his hotel room, but was unsuccessful. He had avoided drinking anything at breakfast in the hope that he could avoid attempting to pee in a public space, despite his doctor in Brooklyn recommending he drink as much water as possible. He looked up at Christchurch, which he had hoped to pop into, to admire the architectural additions of Sir George Gilbert Scott, but he didn’t want to waste time looking for a toilet in a church. Leaving the square, he turned right up Heath Street and had Spaniards Inn in his sights. Passing the tree where Samuel Bacon was hung, he almost felt he couldn’t make it, the burning was too much, and experience told him, that in this position, he had to pee when he could pee.

Reaching the door of the pub, and shimmying through the low ceilings, past the bar, he had no time to take in the images of Dick Turpin, Karl Marx and Charles Dickens on the walls. He found the gents, and the cubicle, to his relief, was empty. . The pain was increasing, which meant

the piss was coming, and he couldn't not take this chance. Slamming the cubicle door shut, sliding the lock across in one movement, he lifted the seat, unzipped his fly, pulled his pants down to his thighs, and stood over the toilet in hope rather than expectation. He pushed his glasses back up his nose, as he had started to sweat, and they kept creeping off his face. The pee sat in his urethra, like a sprinter waiting for the starters gun. "Please, please, please come on". a burning hot tiny dribble tinkled down into the toilet. "come on, relax, relax". Still nothing. He tried to think of something else. He looked up to the wall above the toilet and saw graffiti. "Suck my big black cock" it said, with a graphic biro drawing of the aforementioned penis underneath. To the left hand side of the penis, was a smaller penis, beneath which was scribbled "suck my little white ball sack". Having spent a few seconds taking this tableau in, he looked down at his privates with the hope that he had started to pee. No such luck. "please, please" he tried to think of something else again. Into his head came a song from Bob Dylan's poorly received "Self Portrait" album. The first track, his favourite in a collection of stinkers. "all the wild horses in the sun, how'm I supposed to get any riding done, mmmm, mmmmm" still no pee. Another verse. He pictured Dylan in his Woodstock home, riding, singing, laughing with his backing vocalists. Dylan would never get a prostate infection. Not even now, in his 60's. "all the wild horses....." Suddenly, he felt his muscles relax, and the hot, stinging dribble began again. "now, stay calm, look at the ball sack...". Momentum had been gained, and he knew he was in for the long haul now. When he had finished, he let out a great sigh, and immediately felt better. His stomach relaxed, and the pain in his legs turned to more of an itch. leaving the cubicle and washing his hands, he now felt confident enough to order an ale, he didn't sit in the bar stool though. He received his change, and withdrew to a quiet seat in the back of the pub. Slowly sitting down, he felt a small sting, then sat back and sighed once more. Pulling out photocopies of the "newgate Calendar" from his bag, he looked up to see a short, agitated looking man approaching his table. "Do you mind if I join you?" he asked. Thomas wanted to be on his own, he wanted to relax. "I'm afraid I wont be much company, I've got reading to do". "That's ok, I've got writing to do" the man said, dumping a bin bag and a sports bag onto the floor. He took a small black journal from the sports bag and began to write, mostly in capitals. Thomas took a small sip of his pint, and sifted through his photocopies, the front pages were dominated by headlines such as..... He looked across the table, and upside down he saw the man had written "I am a genius" in his journal. Thomas sighed once more, sat back, and tried not to think of his prostate.

Mark Pacelli Papazian (Irish psychiatric nurse, lived in Aviva Hotel on Finchley Road, 50) – left his budget hotel on Finchley Road with his sports bag slung over his left shoulder. The bag was of reasonable weight, for it held 2 bottles of wine, his journal, a hammer, 2 knives, some gloves and a book by PD James. Leaving the hotel and heading south, he had a skip in his step, feeling confident that today would be the day his ambitions would be achieved. Turning left down College Crescent, crossing Fitzjohns Avenue, he made his way along Belsize Lane. His bag made a clunking percussive sound as it moved up and down to his steps. The walk along the Lane, on his way to Pond Street, always reminded him of the pathetic story of Thomas Henry Hocker. He smiled to himself and shook his head, his bag shaking too, as he recalled the murder that took place in Belsize Lane on 21st February 1841, around 7.30 pm.

A baker called Hilton heard cries coming from Belsize Lane, for 3 or 4 minutes. He informed Police Constable Baldock. He found the body of a man lying against the wall surrounding Belsize House. While Sergeant Fletcher went to get a stretcher, a young man approached the body singing, and said "Hallo policeman! Whats wrong?" Baldock said "I think it's a man who has cut his throat". The young man checked the pulse and said "It's a nasty job policeman". He remarked the policeman had long night ahead of him, and offered him a brandy. The policeman refused, but accepted the offer of a shilling. The young man left, and was seen later running hometo Portland Town. He was Thomas Henry Hocker, 22. The police found a young woman witness, who gave evidence crying. She testified Hocker had dropped in to see her and her friend about . 8pm .he was wearing a mackintosh and explained there was blood on his shirt because he had been tipsy and had a fall. He showed them a silver ring and a watch he said

he just bought. Hocker got home and discussed the murder (which was well known by then) with his family. His brother came in and they sang duets together. A detective inspector visited and questioned Hocker about the watch. He said he bought it from a pawnbroker then said an acquaintance, Mr Delarue, had given it to him as the hands were broken. The body was later identified as a Mr James Delarue, a music professor living in Hampstead. Hocker was detained, and his clothes were found to be covered in blood. He was charged with murder at Marlybone Station, and given toast and coffee. In Mr Delarue's pocket, a letter was found, written in blue ink, and signed "Caroline". A pen in Hockers room was found with the same ink. In court, Hocker revelled in the attention and gave a performance full of bravado, claiming he and Delarue had been competing for the attentions of a "genteel young lady" in Hampstead, and how Delarue had seduced the poor young thing. Hocker had decided to step in, and forged the young ladies name to arrange a meeting, where, unbeknownst to Delarue, the young ladies brother would be waiting. According to Hocker, he accompanied the brother as far as Swiss Cottage, but upon hearing cries of "Murder!" he ran to the scene to find Delarue dead. Feeling guilty that he had set up the meeting, he felt responsible, so sought out a slaughter house in Hampstead, and covered his clothes in blood.

The jury took 10 minutes to find him guilty, and he was executed on April 28th – he lost all bravado, and had to be carried to the scaffold. A commentator at the time said he had "exhibited a very extraordinary degree of audacity and of misdirected talent: by pretended revelations he had several times sent the officers of justice on vain searches and had even succeeded in raising doubts as to the justice of his sentence....a greater compound of wickedness, falsehood and conceit never graced the annals of the Newgate Calendar"

Mark thought if he had been around in the 1840's he himself would have undoubtedly made the front page of the Newgate Calendar. Hocker had clearly not thought anything through beforehand considered Mark as he turned up Rosslyn Hill towards Lyndhurst Road Chapel and St Stephens Church. He slowed his pace somewhat as he turned right up Pond Street, and as he reached his destination, he paused at the door to compose himself. When he was ready, he rang the bell.

Roger Hendra, a retired English teacher of 65 years age, answered the door, and buzzed in his expected visitor. After Mark had made his way up to the 2nd floor, Roger met him at the door and gave him a hug. They both made their way into the living room, with Mark insisting Roger sit back down in his favourite easy chair. Behind Roger, Mark opened his sports bag and removed the bottle of wine, being careful to leave the bag unzipped. He went to the kitchen, uncorked the wine and brought down two glasses from the cupboard. His heart was beating fast. "why not put some music on?" he asked. As Roger turned on the stereo, Mark could hear the opening strains of Aida drifting into the kitchen. He loved this music. He was so jealous of Rogers music collection, he couldn't wait to get his hands on it and spend hours listening to the Classical and Opera cds, taking notes at home in the hotel, praising and criticising each recording. He concentrated again, and brought the glasses and the bottle back through to the living room. "there you are Roger". He handed over the glass to Roger, who faced out towards the window, half turning to receive the glass. "thankyou Mark" he said. Mark turned, placed his glass onto the book shelf, and bent quietly into his sports bag.

Minutes later, Roger lay dead on the floor, on his back, in a cross shape. Mark placed a beanbag over his face. He turned up the music, sat at Rogers writing desk, and opened his journal. He let out a satisfied sigh, turned a page, and read a few lines back to himself.

"Wanted to do some mischief but the floor were so thin the neighbour would hear. Then I realised if I did him on the heath that would be the end of the heath. I have thought of a plan to do him

I will buy a hammer, do him in one blow while he is sitting in his chair. I lust after his CD collection. I have decided I want to do it. His time is up.

Thought of a plan to do him with a hammer while he is in his chair. I have it down to a fine art.

I am going to buy a hammer and am having more thoughts about Pond Street."

He leafed through to the next empty page, took the lid off his pen and began to write, mostly in capital letters

“It was a struggle. He had some fight left in him. I brought him to the ground. He started to scream but I covered his mouth which finished his struggle. He tried to beat me so I cut his throat.

The knock on the head isn't the only thing for a quiet death. You've got to use the knife. It was not good enough (this time) because the blade broke but I had another one.

I know noe I need the knife and hammer together for an easy death.”

He closed the journal, left the desk and returned the journal, with the rest of his tools, to the sports bag. Stepping over Roger, he pressed eject on the CD player, took out the CD and returned it to its case. He turned off the stereo, and made to the kitchen. From under the sink, he ripped a bin bag off the large roll of them, and licking his fingers to separate the bag, he thrust it through the air to open the bag. Back in the living room, he took CD's from the book shelf, about eight at a time in his right hand, with the left holding the bag open. After 7 or 8 handfuls, he dropped the bag, and returned to the kitchen to get another bin bag, which he then struggled to put around the original bin bag, to double the strength. Finally, he bent down, slung the sports bag over his left shoulder, and surveyed the room. He was satisfied. He lifted the bin bag in his right hand, dropping it at the door to unlock it, picking it up again and placing it outside the door, he shut the door quickly but quietly behind him. He was thirsty. He wanted a drink.

George Gilbert Scott Junior sat in his drawing room on Church Row, casually flicking through a copy of the Newgate Calendar. “.....” it declared. He heard his maid approaching at the door, and sat back in his chair expectantly. She carried a tray with a large jug of water, a glass and some slices of lemon. Once she had placed it in front of George, she stood back and asked “anything else Sir?” George eyed up the glass and the jug and said “yes, another jug please, just to be safe”. He poured a glass as the maid left the room, and paused briefly before swallowing the entire glass in one go. He filled up the glass, and again swallowed it in one, filled the glass again but didn't drink it. The maid returned with a second jug, and looked quizzically at the first. “that'll be all” George said. His stomach ached a bit. He placed a small slice of lemon in his glass, and slowly this time, finished his third helping, and thus, the first jug. He felt a small shudder of excitement down his back, and considered how long it would take for the water to finish its journey through his body. He poured a new glass from the 2nd jug, sipped from it, and picked up his pipe. Delving into his pocket, he pulled out a small piece of cheese, crumbled off some small chunks onto the table, put the remainder back in his pocket, then filled his pipe with the crumbs. He placed the pipe in his mouth, struck a match, and pulled and puffed on the pipe as the cheese smoke spiralled into his eyes. He took another drink of water, and unfolded his copy of the Daily Telegraph, looking for news of the invasion of Canada by the United States.

Having finished smoking his pipe, and with only one glass-worth of water left in the second jug, George left the drawing room and put on his coat and hat. He could feel his bladder swelling now, but he didn't go to the toilet, he went into his studio instead, and pulling open a drawer, placed 2 small flick knives into his long pocket. He run through everything in his head, and was satisfied that preparations were complete. He left the studio, headed to the front door, opened it and strode out into his front garden and onto the pavement of Church Row. Turning walked past the front window of his neighbour, Wilkie Collins house. He could see Wilkie at his front window, and he doffed his hat with an exaggerated sweep, but Collins head was down, no doubt searching the newspapers for some inspiration, and news of the invasion of Canada by the United States.

George continued along Church Row, and upon reaching Heath street he crossed over and passed a brightly painted red telephone. He always felt a sense of pride passing the telephone box, one of his sons designs, but today he was too concentrated on the task in hand to notice it.

George's son, Giles Gilbert Scott, was a talented architect and designer, and as well as designing the famous telephone boxes, he was the creator of Waterloo Bridge, Battersea power station, Bankside Power Station, the Tate Modern and the Birds Nest Stadium in Beijing.

George cut back down Hampstead High Street, and then left onto the busy market street of Flask Walk. The walk was filled with shoppers, and he passed a butcher, a grocers, 2 bakers, a pork only butcher, a fishmongers, a greengrocers, a tailors, the bootmakers, an oilman, tobacconist, a hairdressers, another fishmongers, a leather seller and another hairdressers, but

none of these attractions caught the attention of George as he strode purposefully through the narrow street. Not until he reached Stefani's the Italian ice cream maker, when just in front of him, a young woman strode out of shop door, licking a green and beige ice cream. Mint and vanilla, George thought to himself and she turned and walked a few feet ahead of him. The woman was around 19 or 20, short blond hair, and a full voluptuous figure. As she walked slightly slower in front of him, he saw her buttocks circling as she walked, restricted in tight blue jeans. He wondered why women insisted on wearing jeans with low back pockets, they made the bum look slightly defeated, and tired. If they only wore jeans with higher pockets, up at the top of the buttocks, the backside would look much stronger, more confident. He shook his head and slowed his walk, so that he could ponder a while at the slightly unstable rotating of her buttocks, as each leg took its stride forward, and collided with the pavement, causing a small ripple to travel all the way up the leg, and resonate and vibrate around the soft tissue of the cheek. As his eyes moved from one buttock to the other, he felt the urge to relieve himself of the two jugs of water that were swirling around in his bladder, mimicking the movement of the girls rear in front of him. His slight arousal at the sight, kept the urine in check as his loins started movement of their own. But, the bladder had reminded him of his purpose for the day, and he picked up his pace, passing the young lady, while catching one final look at her bum, and glancing to his left to try to pick out her face. He failed. Head up, he strode on, past Wells and Campden Baths and Washhouse, and further, past Burgh House, he reached Christchurch Hill. A quick glance up the hill towards the church steeled his determination. A vision of the drawings he'd made for the porch and extra aisle of the church flashed across his eyes, and he fingered the knives in his pocket. His bladder was aching and he was sweating somewhat. His pace picked up as he crossed the street to Well Walk, the time was approaching. Passing Gainsborough Gardens he neared the end of the walk, and the street corner, joining East Heath Road, and his final destination, Klippar House, 50 Well Walk. Now he was really sweating, he almost wet himself as he approached the stairs to the door, he took a deep breath, and knocked on the door. It opened revealing a short rotund maid. "Good day Mr Scott" "Good day" repeated George, "could I see the master of the house?" "certainly Sir". She closed the door slightly, and George opened his coat, and undid the buttons of his britches, then pulled his coat back over his exposed privates. A shuffling of ageing feet was heard, and the door was pulled open. "Good day young Scott, how may I be of assistance?" asked Ewan Christian.

Ewan Christian was born 20th Sept 1814 on the Isle of Man. He designed 40 churches, 200 parsonage houses and restored 150 churches. Mr Christian since 1850 had been the consulting architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England, and he reported to that body on an average of nearly 220 designs annually, giving himself trouble far beyond the necessary work of the office in *pointing out to young architects not only the defects of their plans, but taking infinite pains to show how those defects might be remedied*. He designed the National Portrait Gallery, an addition to the National Gallery. Receiving his gold medal from the Royal Institute of British Architects, he said "mine has been a life of independent service, not of exploits. My highest ambition has been that of doing to the best of my ability the duty from time to time set before me to accomplish, and of maintaining unsullied in every sense the high character of an honourable and independent architect."

Before he had finished asking his question of George, Ewan Christian noticed him pulling apart his coat front, to reveal his penis. Ewan was dumb struck. George felt a surge running through his body and began peeing, aiming his jet upwards, above the steps, and onto the shins and shoes of the respected architect. While Ewan looked on in horror, George's eyes rolled back into his head, and the physical sense of relief he felt was replaced by another vision, he saw his finest works, burning and crumbling, being rained down on by huge black bombs. The vicarage St Agnes in Kennington, and All Hallows Church in Southwark were destroyed, there was screaming and wailing, smoke, heat, dust flew up and into his eyes. He saw Hampstead Central Library in ruins, with an image of his own face projected onto its half-fallen walls. He then saw himself curled up in a ball, clutching his stomach screeching in agony. He was lying on a bed, and through his visionary eyes, he left the window of the room in which he lay, flew up into the sky, and could see below him, the frontage of the Midland Grand Hotel at St Pancras, the architectural master piece of his father, George Gilbert Scott Senior. His visionary body continued to fly up, into the night sky, which was illuminated by the raging fires across the city.

He pictured himself putting out the fires with a great hose in the sky, spraying water onto the buildings below. When his hose had run out of water, he opened his eyes to see a large pool of piss flowing down the steps in front of him, and between his legs. The front door had been slammed shut, and some spots and drops of urine were dripping down its glossy black surface. George shook himself off, did up the buttons on his trews, then his coat, and turned 180 degrees back out onto Well Walk. He felt confused and weary. His pace was slow as he returned down towards Christchurch Hill. Walking up the hill, his mind was blank, he didn't even look up at the church as he turned into Hampstead Square. Approaching Heath street, he was almost knocked over by a rushing horse and carriage, he looked up just in time, before seeing a creole man shaking his fist out of the carriages window at George. As he crossed the road, he saw Ford Maddox Brown sat on a stool on the Mount, working away loosely on a canvas, painting the street. He was talking to Robert Louis Stevenson, who appeared to have a parrot on his shoulder. This didn't even register with George, who continued up Heath Street, before cutting back on himself and onto Hampstead Grove, then turning right into Admirals Walk. He stood for a while gazing up at Admirals House, his fathers house. He finally opened his mouth, and said confidently "you were the successful, practical man, yes. And a phenomenal scholar in the Gothic precedent. But I, I am the artist!".

He wasn't aware of continuing his walk, but he suddenly found himself back at Church Row, approaching Wilkie Collins' House. Just then, he was knocked out of his zombie like stupour, by the approach from Collins' house of the most arrestingly beautiful woman he had ever seen. Although initially repulsed by hair bright red hair, it was of the most luxuriant texture. She possessed a high sloping forehead, straight nose, full, rich sensual lips, softly white skin which was delicately bright in its rosier tints, her chin was round, dimpled and unblemished. She wore a hat with a veil, which was pulled back from her face, and a red paisley shawl. Most striking though, was her figure, her hips rolled up and down and she approached George, and her bosom was full and welcoming. While George gazed longingly at this woman, he failed to notice the the womans expression. She knew what effect she had on men, and she knew how to get what she wanted. "good afternoon sir" she said. George silently tipped his hat, and turned to watch the woman walk away, her hips rolling over and over. Turning back to Collins' house, he saw the old man watching from the window, and giving George a sad, regretful wink.

Wilkie Collins was born on the 8th of January 1824. Stepping back from his front room window, he sat down at his writing desk, and sunk his head into his hands. The woman he had just watched leaving his house was Lydia Gwilt. He was overcome with grief. Tears fell from his eyes as he recalled how he had just sent her to her death. She would die later that night, having tried to kill her husbands best friend. She would die from carbon monoxide poisoning, with a broken heart, and a lifetime of abuse and deceit behind her. All this, was Wilkie Collins fault, he had created her, he had shaped her past, and he brought her life to an end. In front of him, spread out across his desk, was a copy of his own book "Armada" alongside a copy of Blackwoods Magazine from May 1855.

Wilkie had spent the morning reading and rereading a disparaging description of his love, Lydia Gwilt as "fouler than the refuse of the street, someone who "revolted every human sentiment". Wilkie read the author of the piece's name over and over again "Mrs Oliphant, Mrs Oliphant, Mrs Oliphant".....

Margaret Oliphant Oliphant.

Born April 4th 1828, Margaret Oliphant Oliphant and was a novelist and contributor to Blackwoods Magazine. She married her cousin, who was a stained glass artist. Two of her children died in infancy, and her husband developed consumption. They moved to Rome, where he died. Her remaining daughter died in Rome as well, her brother in Canada was bankrupt, and she offered him a home for his wife and children, where she supported them along with her own remaining children. All this sorrow and heartache did not deter her from embarking on a huge amount of writing, including the novels lilliesleaf, the Laird of Norlaw, Madonna Mary, Squire Arden, He that will not when he may, The marriage of Elinor, the Ways of Life, The Beleaugured City, A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen. Her two remaining children died in the 1890's and she had no more strength left.

These were the words she wrote in Blackwoods magazine, reviewing Wilkie Collins' novel "Armadale" in May 1855.

"as the tale progresses artfully towards its concluding horrors, and is nothing without them, we conclude that the object of the author is simply to excite those feelings of abhorrence and loathing with which we are compelled to regard his catastrophies. Modern life, no doubt, like every other, has great crimes, calamities, and miseries hidden in its bosom, but a person who judges modern life by Wilkie Collins, will form a very inadequate opinion of the life which, even in London, is made up of everyday and small events, and is by no means a series of catastrophies".

Ozias Midwinter is travelling in the coach with Allan Armadale. They go up Heath Street, take a right onto East Heath Road, and a left into Vale of Heath. Where they get out to reach the Sanatorium, go to bed and he wakes up in a stink after changing rooms and finding a letter in his hand.

Lydia Gwilt leaves Wilkie Collins House, and calls a carriage which hurries her back to the Sanatorium, where she proceeds to attempt to kill Armadale, but almost kills her love, Midwinter. In despair, she kills herself.

Wilkie Collins puts down his copy of his own book, "Armadale" having read it again, after reading a stinging review by Mrs Oliphant. Then go on to Oliphant.

Margaret Oliphant – "as the tale progresses artfully towards its concluding horrors, and is nothing without them, we conclude that the object of the author is simply to excite those feelings of abhorrence and loathing with which we are compelled to regard his catastrophies. Modern life, no doubt, like every other, has great crimes, calamities, and miseries hidden in its bosom, but a person who judges modern life by Wilkie Collins, will form a very inadequate opinion of the life which, even in London, is made up of everyday and small events, and is by no means a series of catastrophies".

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