Upon the midlands now the industrious muse doth fall, The shires which we the heart of England well may call. **DRAYTON: *Poly-0lbion*****(Epigraph to *Felix Holt the Radical,* by George Eliot)**

`Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, and fed by different food, and ordered by different manners ...'

`You speak of - ' said Egremont hesitatingly.

**BENJAMIN DISRAELI*: Sybil*; *or, the Two Nations***

**Part 1:**

If you think ... that anything like a romance is preparing for you, reader, you were never more mistaken. Do you anticipate sentiment, and poetry, and reverie? Do you expect passion, and stimulus, and melodrama? Calm your expectations, reduce them to a lowly standard. Something real,

cool and solid lies before you; something unromantic as Monday morning, when all who have work wake with the consciousness that they must rise and betake themselves thereto.

***CHARLOTTE BRONTE: Prelude to Shirley***

**Part 2:**

Mrs Thornton went on after a moment's pause: `Do you know anything of Milton, Miss Hale? Have you seen any of our factories? our magnificent warehouses?'

`No,' said Margaret. `I have not seen anything of that description as yet.'

Then she felt that, by concealing her utter indifference to all such places, she was hardly speaking the truth; so she went on: `I dare say, papa would have taken me before now if I had cared. But I really do not find much pleasure in going over manufactories.'

**ELIZABETH Gaskell: North and South**

**Part 3:**

`People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a learning, nor yet they can't be alwayth a working. They an't made for it.'

**CHARLES DICKENS: Hard Times**

**Part 4:**

`I know so little about strikes, and rates of wages, and capital, and labour, that I had better not talk to a political economist like you.'

`Nay, the more reason,' said he eagerly. `I shall be only too glad to explain to you all that may seem anomalous or mysterious to a stranger; especially at a time like this, when our doings are sure to be canvassed by every scribbler who can hold a pen.'

**ELIZABETH GASKELL: North and South**

**Part 5:**

`Some persons hold,' he pursued, still hesitating, `that there is a wisdom of the Head, and that there is a wisdom of the Heart. I have not supposed it so; but, as I have said, I mistrust myself now. I have supposed the head to be all-sufficient. It may not be all-sufficient; how can I venture this morn- ing to say it is!'

**CHARLES DICKENS: Hard Times**

**Part 6:**

The story is told. I think I now see the judicious reader putting on his spectacles to look for the moral. It would be an insult to his sagacity to offer directions. I only say, God speed him in the quest!

**CHARLOTTE BRONTE: Shirley**

**Pag 53/31:**

Robyn picks her way across the floor, putting her shapely boots down carefully in the spaces between books, back numbers of Critical Inquiry and Women's Review, LP albums by Bach, Philip Glass and Phil Collins (her musical tastes are eclectic) and the occasional wineglass or coffee cup, to the desk. She lifts from the floor a leather Gladstone bag, and begins to load it with the things she will need for the day: well-thumbed, much underlined and annotated copies of Shirley, Mary Barton, North and South, Sybil, Alton Locke, Felix Holt, Hard Times; her lecture notes - a palimpsest of holograph revisions in different-coloured inks, beneath which the original type- script is scarcely legible; and a thick sheaf of student essays marked over the Christmas vacation.

**Pag 43-44-45/74-75:**

`There were two climactic moments in the history of the Chartist Movement. One was the submission of a petition, with millions of signatures, to Parliament in 1839. Its rejec- tion led to a series of industrial strikes, demonstrations, and repressive measures by the Government. This is the background to Mrs Gaskell's novel Mary Barton and Disraeli's Sybil. The second was the submission of another monster petition in 1848, which forms the background to Charles Kingsley's Alton Locke. 1848 was a year of revolution throughout Europe, and many people in England feared that Chartism would bring revolution, and perhaps a Terror, to England. Any kind of working-class militancy tends to be presented in the fiction of the period as a threat to social order. This is also true of Charlotte Bronte's Shirley (1849). Though set at the time of the Napoleonic wars, its treatment of the Luddite riots is clearly an oblique comment on more topical events.'

**Pag 47-48/76-77:**

`Mr Gradgrind in Hard Times embodies the spirit of indus- trial capitalism as Dickens saw it. His philosophy is utilitar- ian. He despises emotion and the imagination, and believes only in Facts. The novel shows, among other things, the disastrous effects of this philosophy on Mr Gradgrind's own children, Tom, who becomes a thief, and Louisa, who nearly becomes an adulteress, and on the lives of working people in the city of Coketown which is made in his image, a dreary place containing: several streets all very like one another, and many more streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and tomorrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next. `Opposed to this alienated, repetitive way of life, is the circus - a community of spontaneity, generosity and crea- tive imagination. "You mutht have us, Thquire," says the lisping circus master, Mr Sleary, to Gradgrind. "People mutht be amuthed." It is Cissie, the despised horserider's daughter adopted by Gradgrind, who proves the redemptive force in his life. The message of the novel is clear: the alienation of work under industrial capitalism can be over- come by an infusion of loving kindness and imaginative play, represented by Cissie and the circus.' Robyn pauses, to allow the racing pens to catch up with her discourse, and to give emphasis to her next sentence: `Of course, such a reading is totally inadequate. Dickens' own ideological position is riddled with contradiction.' The students who have been writing everything down now look up and smile wryly at Robyn Penrose, like victims of a successful hoax. They lay down their pens and flex their fingers, as she pauses and shuffles her notes prepara- tory to the next stage of her exposition.

**Pag 48-49-50/78-79:**

`It is interesting how many of the industrial novels were written by women. In their work, the ideological contradic- tions of the middle-class liberal humanist attitude to the Industrial Revolution take on a specifically sexual character.'

At the mention of the word `sexual', a little ripple of interest stirs the rows of silent listeners. Those who have been daydreaming or carving their initials into the desktops sit up. Those who have been taking notes continue to do so with even greater assiduousness. People cease to cough or sniff or shuffle their feet. As Robyn continues, the only interference with the sound of her voice is the occasional ripping noise of a filled-up page of A4 being hurriedly detached from its parent pad.

`It hardly needs to be pointed out that industrial capitalism is phallocentric. The inventors, the engineers, the factory owners and bankers who fuelled it and maintained it, were all men. The most commonplace metonymic index of industry - the factory chimney - is also metaphorically a phallic symbol. The characteristic imagery of the industrial landscape or townscape in nineteenth-century literature - tall chimneys thrusting into the sky, spewing ribbons of black smoke, buildings shaking with the rhythmic pound- ing of mighty engines, the railway train rushing irresistibly through the passive countryside - all this is saturated with male sexuality of a dominating and destructive kind.

`For women novelists, therefore, industry had a complex fascination. On the conscious level it was the Other, the alien, the male world of work, in which they had no place. I am, of course, talking about middle-class women, for all women novelists at this period were by definition middle class. On the subconscious level it was what they desired to heal their own castration, their own sense of lack.'

Some of the students look up at the word `castration', admiring the cool poise with which Robyn pronounces it, as one might admire a barber's expert manipulation of a cut-throat razor.

`We see this illustrated very clearly in Mrs Gaskell's North and South. In this novel, the genteel young heroine from the south of England, Margaret, is compelled by her father's reduced circumstances to take up residence in a city called Milton, closely based on Manchester, and comes into social contact with a local mill-owner called Thornton. He is a very pure kind of capitalist who believes fanatically in the laws of supply and demand. He has no compassion for the workers when times are bad and wages low, and does not ask for pity when he himself faces ruin. Margaret is at first repelled by Thornton's harsh business ethic, but when a strike of workers turns violent, she acts impulsively to save his life, thus revealing her unconscious attraction to him, as well as her instinctive class allegiance. Margaret befriends some of the workers and shows compassion for their sufferings, but when the crunch comes she is on the side of the master. The interest Margaret takes in factory life and the processes of manufacturing - which her mother finds sordid and repellent - is a displaced manifestation of her unacknowledged erotic feelings for Thornton. This comes out very clearly in a conversation between Margaret and her mother, who complains that Margaret is beginning to use factory slang in her speech. She retorts:

"And if I live in a factory town, I must speak factory language when I want it. Why, Mamma, I could astonish you with a great many words you never heard in your life. I don't believe you know what a knobstick is."

**Pag 51-52/82-83:**

`The writers of the industrial novels were never able to resolve in fictional terms the ideological contradictions inherent in their own situation in society. At the very moment when they were writing about these problems, Marx and Engels were writing the seminal texts in which the political solutions were expounded. But the novelists had never heard of Marx and Engels - and if they had heard of them and their ideas, they would probably have recoiled in horror, perceiving the threat to their own privileged position. For all their dismay at the squalor and exploitation generated by industrial capitalism, the novelists were in a sense capitalists themselves, profiting from a highly commercialized form of literary production.'

The campus clock begins to strike twelve, and its muffled notes are audible in the lecture theatre. The students stir restlessly in their seats, shuffling their papers and capping their pens. The spring-loaded clips of looseleaf folders snap shut with a noise like revolver shots. Robyn hastens to her conclusion.

`Unable to contemplate a political solution to the social problems they described in their fiction, the industrial novelists could only offer narrative solutions to the personal dilemmas of their characters. And these narrative solutions are invariably negative or evasive. In Hard Times the victimized worker Stephen Blackpool dies in the odour of sanctity. In Mary Barton the working-class heroine and her husband go off to the colonies to start a new life. Kingsley's Alton Locke emigrates after his disillusionment with Chartism, and dies shortly after. In Sybil, the humble heroine turns out to be an heiress and is able to marry her well meaning aristocratic lover without compromising the class system, and a similar stroke of good fortune resolves the love stories in Shirley and North and South. Although the heroine of George Eliot's Felix Holt renounces her inheritance, it is only so that she can marry the man she loves. In short, all the Victorian novelist could offer as a solution to the problems of industrial capitalism were: a legacy, a marriage, emigration or death.'

**Pag 64-65/74-75:**

Prison is just a word to Robyn, a word in a book or a newspaper, a symbol of something - the law, hegemony, repression ('The prison motif in Little Dorrit is a metaphorical articulation of Dickens's critique of Victorian culture and society' - Discuss). Seeing it there, foursquare in soot-streaked stone, with its barred windows, great studded iron door, and high walls trimmed with barbed wire, makes her think with a shudder of the men cooped up inside in cramped cells smelling of sweat and urine, rapists and pimps and wife-beaters and child- molesters among them, and her heart sinks under the thought that crime and punishment are equally horrible, equally inevitable - unless men should change, all become like Charles, which seems unlikely.

The convoy crawls on. More shops, offices, garages, takeaways. Robyn passes a cinema converted into a bingo hall, a church converted into a community centre, a Co-op converted into a Freezer Centre. This part of the city lacks the individual character of Robyn's own suburb, where healthfood stores and sportswear boutiques and alternative bookshops have sprung up to cater for the students and liberal-minded yuppies who live there; and still more does it lack the green amenities of the residential streets around the University. There are few trees and no parks to be seen. There are occasional strips of terraced houses, whose occupants seem to have given up the unequal struggle against the noise and pollution of the ring road, and retreated to their back rooms, for the frontages are peeling and dilapidated and the curtains sag in the windows with a permanently drawn look. Here and there an effort has been made at renovation, but always in deplorable taste, `Georgian' bay windows or Scandinavian-style pine porches clapped on to the Victorian and Edwardian facades. The shops are either flashy or dingy. The windows of the former are piled with cheap mass-produced goods, banks of conjunctival TVs twitching and blinking in unison, blinding white fridges and washing-machines, ugly shoes, ugly clothes, and unbelievably ugly furniture, all plastic veneers and synthetic fabrics. The windows of the dingy shops are like cemeteries for unloved and unwanted goods - limp floral print dresses, yellowing underwear, flyblown chocolate boxes and dusty plastic toys. The people slipping and sliding on the pavements, spattered with slush by the passing traffic, look stoically wretched, as if they expect no better from life. A line from D.H. Lawrence - was it Women in Love or Lady Chatterley? - comes into Robyn's head. `She felt in a wave of terror the grey, gritty hopelessness of it all.' How she wishes she were back in her snug little house, tapping away on her word-processor, dissecting the lexemes of some classic Victorian novel, delicately detaching the hermeneutic code from the proairetic code, the cultural from the symbolic, surrounded by books and files, the gas fire hissing and a cup of coffee steaming at her elbow. She passes launderettes, hairdressers, betting shops, Sketchleys, Motaparts, Currys, a Post Office, a DIY Centre, a Denture Centre, an Exhaust Centre. An exhaustion centre is what she will soon be in need of. The city seems to stretch on and on - or is she going round and round the ring road in an endless loop? No, she is not. She

is off the ring road. She is lost. Robyn thinks she must be in Angleside, because the faces of the people slithering on the pavements or huddled and the bright silks of saris, splashed with mud, gleam miserably at bus-stops are mostly swarthy and dark-eyed, beneath the hems of the women's drab topcoats. The names on the shopfronts are all Asian. Nanda General Stores. Sabar Sweet Centre. Rajit Brothers Import Export. Punjabi Printers Ltd. Usha Saree Centre. Halted at a red light, Robyn consults her A to Z, but before she has found the place on the map, the lights have changed and cars are random and finds herself in an area of derelict buildings, hooting impatiently behind her. She takes a left turn at burned out and boarded up, the site, she realizes, of the previous year's rioting. Caribbean faces now preponderate on the pavements. Youths in outsize hats, lounging in the doorways of shops and cafes, with hands thrust deep into their pockets, gossip and smoke, jog on the spot to keep warm, or lob snowballs at each other across the road, over the roofs of passing cars. How strange it is, strange and sad, to see all these tropical faces amid the slush and dirty snow, the grey gritty hopelessness of an English industrial city in the middle of winter.

**Pag 141/202-203:**

The drive over the still snow-covered wastes of the Pennines on the rolling M62 was spectacular. `Oh look, that's the

way to Haworth!' Robyn exclaimed, reading a roadsign. `The Brontes!l

'What are they?' Wilcox asked.

`Novelists. Charlotte and Emily Bronte. Have you never read Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights?'

`I've heard of them,' said Wilcox guardedly. `Women's books, aren't they?'

`They're about women,' said Robyn. `But they're not women's books in the narrow sense. They're classics - two of the greatest novels of the nineteenth century, actually.' There must, she reflected, be millions of literate, intelligent people like Victor Wilcox walking about England who had never read Jane Eyre or Wuthering Heights, though it was difficult to imagine such a state of cultural deprivation. What difference did it make, never to have shivered with Jane Eyre at Lowood school, or throbbed in the arms of Heathcliff with Cathy? Then it occurred to Robyn that this was a suspiciously humanist train of thought and that the very word classic was an instrument of bourgeois hegemony. `Of course,' she added, `they're often read simply as wish- fulfilment romances, Jane Eyre especially. You have to deconstruct the texts to bring out the political and psychological contradictions inscribed in them.'

`Eh?' said Wilcox.

`It's hard to explain if you haven't read them,' said Robyn, closing her eyes. The lunch, the wine, and the cushioned warmth of the car had made her drowsy, and disinclined to demonstrate an elementary deconstructive reading of the Brontes. Soon she dropped off to sleep. When she awoke, they were in the car park of Rawlinson and Co.

**Pag 217:**

`So much the worse for them,' said Charles.

`But doesn't it bother you at all?' Robyn said. `That the we care so passionately about - for instance, whether Derrida's critique of metaphysics lets idealism in by the back door, or whether Lacan's psychoanalytic theory is phallogocentric, or whether Foucault's theory of the episteme is reconcilable with dialectical materialism - things like that, which we argue about endlessly - doesn't it worry you that ninety-nine point nine per cent of the population couldn't give a monkey's?'

**Pag 241:**

`Thatcher has created an alienated underclass who take out their resentment in crime and vandalism. You can't really blame them.'

**Pag 177-178-179:**

`Any good?' she inquired, nodding at his book. `Not bad. Quite good on the de-centring of the subject, actually. You remember that marvellous bit in Lacan?' Charles read out a quotation: "`I think where I am not, therefore I am where I think not ... I am not, wherever I am the plaything of my thought; I think of what I am wherever I

don't think I am thinking."'

`Marvellous,' Robyn agreed.

`There's quite a good discussion of it in here.'

`Isn't that where Lacan says something interesting about realism?'

`Yes: "This two-faced mystery is linked to the fact that the truth can be evoked only in that dimension of alibi in which all `realism' in creative works takes its virtue from metonymy.

Robyn frowned. `What d'you think that means, exactly? I mean, is "truth" being used ironically?'

`Oh, I think so, yes. It's implied by the word "alibi", surely? There is no "truth", in the absolute sense, no transcendental signified. Truth is just a rhetorical illusion, a tissue of metonymies and metaphors, as Nietzsche said. It all goes back to Nietzsche, really, as this chap points out.' Charles tapped the book on his lap. `Listen. Lacan goes on: "It is likewise linked to this other fact that we accede to meaning only through the double twist of metaphor when we have the unique key: the signifier and the signified of the Saussurian formula are not at the same level, and man only deludes himself when he believes that his true place is at their axis, which is nowhere." 'But isn't he making a distinction there between "truth" and "meaning"? Truth is to meaning as metonymy is to metaphor.'

`How?' It was Charles's turn to frown.

`Well, take Pringle's, for example.'

`Pringle's?'

`The factory.'

`Oh, that. You seem quite obsessed with that place.'

`Well, it's uppermost in my mind. You could represent

the factory realistically by a set of metonymies - dirt, noise, heat and so on. But you can only grasp the meaning of the factory by metaphor. The place is like hell. The trouble with Wilcox is that he can't see that. He has no metaphori-cal vision.'

`And what about Danny Ram?' said Charles. `Oh, poor old Danny Ram, I don't suppose he has any metaphorical vision either, otherwise he couldn't stick it. The factory to him is just another set of metonymies and synecdoches: a lever he pulls, a pair of greasy overalls he wears, a weekly pay packet. That's the truth of his exist- ence, but not the meaning of it.'

`Which is ...?

'I just told you: hell. Alienation, if you want to put it in Marxist terms.'

**Pag 270:**

What to do with the thought ingenuity and cooperation or a colossal waste of resources, human and natural. Would we all be better off boiling our water in a pot hung over an open fire? Or was it the facility to do such things at the touch of a button that freed men, and more particularly women, from servile labour and made it possible for them to become literary critics? A phrase from Hard Times she was apt to quote with a certain derision in her lectures, but of which she had thought more charitably lately, came into her mind: "Tis aw a muddle. She gave up the conundrum, and accepted another cup of coffee from the stewardess.

**Pag 333-334:**

`Jane Eyre was all right. A bit long-winded. With Wuthering Herghts I kept getting in a muddle about who was who.'

`That's deliberate, of course,' said Robyn.

`Is it?F

'The same names keep cropping up in different permu- tations and different generations. Cathy the older is born Catherine Earnshaw and becomes Catherine Linton by marriage. Cathy the younger is born Catherine Linton, becomes Catherine Heathcliff by her first marriage to Linton Heathcliff, the son of Isabella Linton and Heath- cliff, and later becomes Catherine Earnshaw by her second marriage to Hareton Earnshaw, so she ends up with the same name as her mother, Catherine Earnshaw.'

`You should go on "Mastermind",' said Vic. `It's incredibly confusing, especially with all the timeshifts as well,' said Robyn. `It's what makes Wuthering Heights such a remarkable novel for its period.'

`I don't see the point. More people would enjoy it if it was more straightforward.'

`Difficulty generates meaning. It makes the reader work harder.'

'But reading is the opposite of work,' said Vic. 'It's what you do when you come home from work, to relax.'

'In this place,' said Robyn, 'reading is work. Reading is production. And what we produce is meaning.'

**Pag 336-337-338-339:**

'The struggle between optimism and pessimism in Tennyson's verse,' said Marion Russell. `Come on, then, let's hear it.' If Vic had been explaining Industry Year to the other three students, he had been very brief, for the room was silent when Robyn returned with Marion Russell. Vic was frowning at his copy of Tennyson, and the students were watching him as rabbits watch a stoat. He looked up as `Both or either,' said Robyn: `It doesn't really matter. Go Marion came in, but, as Robyn had predicted, his eyes signalled no flicker of recognition. Marion began reading her paper in a low monotone. All went well until she observed that the line from `Locksley Hall', `Let the great world spin forever, down the ringing grooves of change', reflected the confidence of the Victorian Railway Age. Vic raised his hand. `Yes, Mr Wilcox?' Robyn's tone and regard were as discouraging as she could make them. `He must have been thinking of trams, not trains,' said Vic. `Train wheels don't run in grooves.' Simon Bradford gave an abrupt, high-pitched laugh; then, on meeting Robyn's eye, looked as if he wished he hadn't. `D'you find that suggestion amusing, Simon?' she said. `Well,' he said, `trams. They're not very poetic, are they?' `It said the Railway Age in this book I read,' said Marion. `What book, Marion?' asked Robyn. `Some critical book. I can't remember which one, now,' said Marion, riffling randomly through a sheaf of notes. `Always acknowledge secondary sources,' said Robyn. `Actually, it's quite an interesting, if trivial, point. When he wrote the poem, Tennyson was under the impression that railway trains ran in grooves.' She read out the footnote from her Longman's Annotated edition: "`When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester in 7830 I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night, and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line."' It was Vic's turn to laugh. `Well, he didn't make it very well, did he?' `So, what's the answer?' said Laura, a rather literalminded girl who wrote down everything Robyn said in tutorials. `Is it a train or a tram?' `Both or either,' said Robyn: `It doesn't really matter. Go on, Marion.' `Hang about,' said Vic. `You can't have it both ways. "Grooves" is a whadyoucallit, metonymy, right?' The students were visibly impressed as he brought out this technical term. Robyn herself was rather touched that he had remembered it, and it was almost with regret that she corrected him. `No,' said Robyn. `It's a metaphor. "The grooves of change" is a metaphor. The world moving through time is compared to something moving along a metal track.' `But the grooves tell you what kind of track.' `True,' Robyn conceded. `It's metonymy inside a metaphor. Or to be precise, a synecdoche: part for whole.' `But if I have a picture of grooves in my head, I can't think of a train. It has to be a tram.' `What do the rest of you think?' said Robyn. `Helen?' Helen Lorimer reluctantly raised her eyes to meet Robyn's. `Well, if Tennyson thought he was describing a train, then it's a train, I s'pose,' she said. `Not necessarily,' said Simon Bradford. `That's the Intentional Fallacy.' He glanced at Robyn for approval. Simon Bradford had attended one of her seminars in Critical Theory the previous year. Helen Lorimer, who hadn't, and who had plainly never heard of the Intentional Fallacy, looked despondent, like the earring on her left ear. There was a brief silence, during which all looked expectantly at Robyn. `It's an aporia,' said Robyn. `A kind of accidental aporia, a figure of undecidable ambiguity, irresolvable contradiction. We know Tennyson intended an allusion to railways, and, as Helen said, we can't erase that knowledge.' (At this l f attering paraphrase of her argument, Helen Lorimer's expression brightened, resembling her right earring.) `But we also know that railway trains don't run in grooves, and nothing that does run in grooves seems metaphorically adequate to the theme. As Simon said, trams aren't very poetic. So the reader's mind is continually baffled in its efforts to make sense of the line.'

`You mean, it's a duff line?' said Vic.

`On the contrary,' said Robyn, `I think it's one of the few good ones in the poem.'

`If there's a question about the Railway Age in Finals,'

said Laura Jones, `can we quote it?'

`Yes, Laura,' said Robyn patiently. `As long as you show you're aware of the aporia.'

`How d'you spell that?'

Robyn wrote the word with a coloured felt-tip on the whiteboard screwed to the wall of her office. `Aporia. In classical rhetoric it means real or pretended uncertainty

about the subject under discussion. Deconstructionists today use it to refer to more radical kinds of contradiction or subversion of logic or defeat of the reader's expectation in a text. You could say that it's deconstruction's favourite Lrope. Hillis Miller compares it to following a mountain path and then finding that it gives out, leaving you stranded on a ledge, unable to go back or forwards. It actually derives from a Greek word meaning "a pathless path". Go on, Marion.'

A few minutes later, Vic, evidently encouraged by the success of his intervention over `grooves', put up his hand again. Marion had been arguing, reasonably enough, that Tennyson was stronger on emotions than on ideas, and had quoted in support the lyrical outburst of the lover in Maud, `Come into the garden, Maud, lFor the black bat night has l flown.'

`Yes, Mr Wilcox?' said Robyn, frowning.

`That's a song,' said Vic. "Come into the garden, Maud".

My grandad used to sing it.'

`Yes?'

`Well, the bloke in the poem is singing a song to his girl, a well-known song. It makes a difference, doesn't it?' `Tennyson wrote "Come into the garden, Maud", as a poem,' said Robyn. `Somebody else set it to music later.'

`Oh,' said Vic. `My mistake. Or is it an aporia?' `No, it's a mistake,' said Robyn. `I must ask you not to interrupt. any more, please, or Marion will never finish her paper.'

**Pag 340:**

`I'll take them both,' he said. `There's some good stuff in here.' He opened the Tennyson, and read aloud, tracing the lines with his blunt forefinger:

`Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine, Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'

**Pag 356:**

*`In my life there was a picture, she that clasped my neck had flown. I was left* within *the shadow, sitting on the wreck alone.*

`That's rather beautiful,' said Robyn, after a pause.

`I thought it was rather appropriate.'

`Never mind that,' said Robyn briskly. `Where's it from?' `Don't you know? A poem called "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After".