























































































































*“And I have now a new word in my vocabulary, much hated, to which I am enslaved - it goes - ‘And IF’... And if we had time and space to be together - as we have allowed ourselves to wish to be - then we would be free together - whereas now- caged.”*

*Possession practices postmodernism on postmodernism - a high spirited response to the pat triumphs against the paralysis of postmodern scepticism refuting pessimism. When Roland and Maud’s research takes them to Brigg, they are “not sure anymore what they were looking for, feeling it impermissible simply to enjoy themselves (pg 251). Possession restores this permissibility - to enjoying while we go on looking.*

*Nothing would be better than concluding like LaMotte did in Chapter 28, the letter read aloud by Roland, so passionate age-old verses sets off with the repetition “My dear - my dear”:*

*“Did you not flame and I catch fire? Shall we survive and rise from our ashes? Like Milton’s Phoenix? ...”*

*... I must give up writing. One thing... Your grandson (and mine, most strangely)... His name is Walter and he chants verses to the amazement of his stable - and furrow-besotted parents. I have taught him much of the Ancient Mariner: he recites the passage of the blessing of the snakes, and the vision of the glittering eye of the ocean cast up to the moon, most feelingly, and his own eyes are bright up with it.*

*Christabel LaMotte”*