OBITUARY

We open this issue of *Culture and Organization* with a section commemorating our friend and colleague, Bob Grafton Small, who died earlier this year. The section contains an obituary by Martin Parker, one of Bob’s most recent and as yet unpublished works *Digestif*, introduced by Simon Lilley and a tribute written by John Desmond and Mike Saren which also contains some of Bob’s unpublished writing.

Jo Brewis and Annette Risberg, co-editors

Bob Grafton Small: stories of an unsettled self

Dr Robert Grafton Small, a longstanding member of SCOS and writer for *Culture and Organization* and Notework, died in Glasgow on 28 February 2017. My subtitle is the subtitle of a chapter he wrote in 2003, ‘Circling the Square’ (see the list of publications below), a typically allusive play on words by someone who combined keen intelligence and personal vulnerability in equal measure. His wit, moustache and care about every small detail will be hugely missed by all who knew him.

He was born on 21 January 1950 in the suburbs of Birmingham. His brother Duncan Alistair Small was born in 1953 and is the only remaining immediate family member. In 1955 the family moved to Ludlow in Shropshire, living in Raven Lane. In 1963 the family moved again to Flat B in a subdivided mansion within the walls of Ludlow Castle. The bedroom that he and his brother shared there now sells ice cream. Duncan told me that his father, Peter Farquharson Small, was a tax officer, and his mother Margaret Small (née Crosbee) an amazing knitter. His brother moved to the USA in 1979.

Bob attended Ludlow Grammar School (now Ludlow College) from 1961 until 1969. From there he left for Stockport College for a HND in Business Studies in 1972, Liverpool Polytechnic for an Advanced Course in Marketing in 1973, and a Diploma in Business Studies from the University of Liverpool in 1974, and then an MBA from Liverpool in 1975. He lived in his parents’ house in Sefton after his father was transferred to Bootle in 1972. He finally gained his Ph.D. – titled ‘Marketing Managers: The Evocation and Structure of Socially Negotiated Meaning’ – from Sheffield City Polytechnic in 1985.

As a youngster he was very fashion conscious and followed John Lennon into a macrobiotic diet. He used to smoke (especially Gauloise), and loved Newcastle Brown, but gave up alcohol early in life. He was very close to his maternal grandfather James Leonard Crosbee – a vet and graphic artist. Bob also loved to draw caricatures, and many will have seen his moustachioed trademark signature on a drawing. Like René Magritte, Bob in his prime looked like a miniature caricature of an eccentric stockbroker, a square. When I first met him, at a conference in Edinburgh in 1998, I had already read his work and we had corresponded with some verbal fireworks. I expected a roaring monster of a man, told him so, and he quietly reminded me (twinkling eyed) that the best subversion comes from the perfect bourgeois.

His friend and colleague Steve Linstead tells me that at Sheffield Polytechnic Bob had a disagreement with his supervisor about data gathering and he lost his funding. The DHSS forced him to take a job with the Commission for Racial Equality and he found himself interviewing people after the 1981 riots. A position as a research assistant at Hull College of Higher Education was followed by a job back...
at Sheffield teaching marketing, where he won the best performance of any teacher nationally in the Institute of Marketing Case exam.

A job at Strathclyde led to him settling in Glasgow, where he lived until his death. Most of his later life was overshadowed by Addison’s disease, and he was effectively kept alive by steroids as his immune system barely functioned and his body could not produce adrenalin. He enthusiastically embraced a later diagnosis of Asperger’s syndrome, perhaps as a license for a life lived with a quiet and slightly shy strangeness. We also discussed other diseases that began with A, and whether he would get them. Steve Linstead remembers many odd facts – he was a member of MENSA, rode a Ducati off road motorbike, was a county standard marksman, came 5th in the world in a bridge contest, and ranked 3rd in the Sheffield City Poly Students Union hi-score list on the arcade game Galaxians but refused to use the hyperspace function as he considered it to be cheating.

Bob took medical retirement from a post at St Andrews in the 1990s, but kept publishing and firm connections to an academic life, including the edited book Understanding Management. He had a fellowship in the Department of Management at Keele University from the late 1990s, finally taking up his position at the then Management Centre at Leicester in 2004. He stayed with us at Leicester until his death, attending various events, particularly those organized by our Centre for Philosophy and Political Economy. As his friend John Desmond reminds us, his heroes were ‘George Orwell, with whom he shared a birthday and a distaste for authority, Andy (Warhol), Francis Bacon, “Big” Claude (Levi-Strauss), “Big” Jacques (Derrida); Seamus (Heaney) and “Laughing Sam” (Samuel Beckett).’

Bob’s published research included work on critical marketing, ethnographies of the everyday, an interest in culture and symbolic consumption, and a ‘lasting fascination with the transient’. Bob wrote that phrase, for his Leicester website, and it nicely captures both his skill with words and also the seriousness with which he addressed the trivial. As Steve Linstead puts it – ‘He loved to play with brands and liked making incongruous juxtapositions work – Italian beast-bike, Jaeger-LeCoultre watch, made to measure hand stitched kicker style boots from a backstreet garage firm in Crookes, and his mum’s rainbow 3 metre scarf’. Duncan responded with a precision that reminded me very much of his brother:

I think that Steve Linstead was close, but Robert actually rode a small engine Moto Guzzi road bike (V50 I think, about 400cc) and a 125cc Yamaha trail bike. I remember he was pulled over on Xmas day from Sheffield to Liverpool as he was late for lunch and doing about a ton I think. I rode the Yamaha once and almost put it through a house wall.

As the pieces printed here show, Bob’s attention to words, to their arrangement, power and meaning, was relentless. The placing of a comma, the use of this word or that, were matters that led, towards the end of his life, to short dense pieces of academic writing. Almost like haikus with references, dotted with allusions and snatches of heard conversation from Glasgow streets. He was an extraordinary writer and thinker, articulate and anxious, a crossword puzzle fanatic, and someone who many of us have learned from, both as an academic and in learning how to be an academic.

I want to finish with John Desmond, ending his eulogy at Bob’s funeral by summoning ‘Big Jacques’ Derrida.

In The Work of Mourning there is a piece in honour of his friend and mentor entitled ‘Adieu to Emmanuel Levinas’. Derrida draws on the dual meaning of A-Dieu – which for secularists means ‘farewell’ while for the religiously inclined it signifies ‘go to God’. It is in both these senses that I say Adieu to Bob, a friend whom I will greatly miss. May you rest in peace.

Note

1. Bob’s trademark signature is reproduced at the end of the ‘RGS’ piece by John Desmond and Mike Saren.
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Introducing Digestif

A hand written copy of Digestif was, to my shame, the last communication between Robert and I. I think he sent it to me about a year ago, but due to a shift in role and office it travelled around the internal mail for some time before finding me. I then sat on it for a while rather than calling Robert straight away to compliment him on it and my tardiness in picking up the phone meant that I never got to share my appreciation of it with Robert directly, to my great and enduring regret.

It is a deliciously small and perfectly formed exemplar of many of the things that I admired most about him. Its masterful, pithy, erudite, witty, meticulously sourced, collaging of ready-made elements seems all the more vital to me as the rest of the writing I have to read increasingly presses on me as an endless po-faced and pointless vanity project. Robert always cut through this context of crap with the intensity of his intellect and the wicked nature of his humour and the fact that he continued to do so despite the ever increasing challenges of his health reminded me that one could and should continue to try to write and share words that both have something to say and are an object of joy in themselves. I was privileged and proud to consider him a friend and shall miss him much more than I can begin to say.

The words he left us are much more than mere consolation for his absence. They are a persisting and inspiring celebration of light almost too bright to bear

Simon Lilley
University of Leicester School of Business, Leicester, UK

Digestif: like a hook from the sky

Adami our entrée, fish off Glas: caught by his line as we are. To flounder on Grass, a state of meaning across fissures of text, each opening a mouthful, an unspoken. Crosshatched, hybrid, monstrous …

Plated on paper; old format, older form. Feast of thousands. Deep-drawn, in two dimensions. Signature dish. Shallow, unstill life. Ours yet not to scale, every stroke a pull to some other, some nameless framing of hunger, pike, that spares nobody.
Better Basquiat’s Pork. Réchauffé in oil and acrylic on a found door, menu as meat hangs hinged and unframed. Forbidden flesh, to go. No sides, Long Pig longing, Pulled into shape. Piece-meal. Pigment. Antiporchetta.

Cartoon-stripped, each frame an empty promise, an exclusion. The special-scratched. Everything out but pig. White ground, Ah, Um, black face. Rack of teeth. The scream, bitten back. Berger’s earth in rut. Raw need as ur-text.

Or the wilder shores of love. Two versions, Cy by Cy. Each on a double date. Two-timing themselves and each other. Narcissus reflects, on gloss, and graffiti – a street art named desire. We too enfold this split, as sweet – those ice-cream oils, as foretaste – the abyss Echoed. Flesh finds other and we are consumed, a bone archive. Enter Thromby’s weevil writing. Text worming, text tapering out, a still-throbbing column of carbon, lead. Pencil traces lipstick, mouths the animal. Tract: …

In appearance of order

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Robert Grafton Small

RGS

I

So Farewell then Bob,
or is it, as you used to say,
“Inshallah” or “d,v.”?
Released at last
from the ? of being,
To a. or a;

II

Reading ‘Puissance’

Mike writes, ‘Words Fail Me – But they didn’t fail Bob. In fact they succeeded him’. Part essayist, part humourist, part philosopher, to those of us who appreciated his wit and wisdom, Dr Grafton Small was an academic flâneur, haunting the streets of the West End and central Glasgow – and on his
travels – observing all the comings and goings. His brief, wry descriptions not only bring to life these little vignettes of everyday life, but through these with the skill of an accomplished essayist, he also succeeds in drawing readers into his worldview, which was, as all who know him will appreciate, unusual, quirky and, above all, idiosyncratic.

For Bob, writing was the warp and weft of life and much of his earlier work has the character of a reflective stream of consciousness, part memoir, part something else. He never bothered to justify his introspection – he just did it – ruthlessly deploying his acerbic wit. Bob’s world was seen through the lens of a diverse body of literature and writers. Erudite doesn’t capture it. The authors to whom he chooses to refer comprise an extremely odd bunch of bedfellows. And not the ones most readers would expect. In the piece mischievously subtitled ‘If this is Berlin, I must be Tuesday’, Bob quotes Elizabeth Taylor. ‘You’ve heard of Elizabeth Taylor? Of course’. Turn to the references and, ‘of course’, it’s not the actress he quotes. It’s a dialogue from the lesser-known novelist’s *A Game of Hide and Seek* (1986). Reading Bob it usually is. In this short piece we see Bob the wit, the humourist, who can’t resist the clever play on words, the intellectual joke, the obscure literary citation – but not the one you thought.

The only other reference in this piece is to Swift. Graham, not Jonathan of course, *Out of this World* (1988). Sadly, you are now Bob. In a way you always were. That’s what made your view of things in your writing so fantastic to me and many others.

John Desmond  
*School of Management, University of St Andrews, UK*

Mike Saren  
*University of Leicester School of Business, Leicester, UK*

**Puissance, débâcle, chagrin: all stations to Fountainbleau**

**or**

**if this is Berlin, I must be Tuesday**

Dr Robert Grafton Small

‘You are not English’.

This in Denmark, from a Slovene with a Russian name and a career in Italy. But is it an accusation, a statement of fact or something altogether more serious? Am I so obviously uncertain that only my inconstancy is secure? And when she said the thing which as not, was it Swift she had in mind, or simply Swift?

‘But doesn’t it get to you, Doctor K? (K for Klein. Another Doctor Small. Really). Other people’s minds. Other people’s mess. How do you feel at the end of the day? Kind of dirty? Kind of tainted? Or what do you do? Put your notes away. Stretch your arms and crack your knuckles. Cut off. Fix a drink maybe and make some calls. Look at from your window over the chasm of …’

The Busiest Airport in the World. Must Being and Nothingness always entail four hours in the Transit Lounge at Heathrow? Why are those men carrying guns? Can’t they keep their dog on a lead like anyone else? Not that it’s much of a dog. It’s more like a sofa with teeth or, if you live in a basement in Glasgow, a futon with splinters (one futon the platform, the other futon the train). I’m going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain). But I’m not. I’m off to Paris for another immersion in integrity, insight and the latest from the Frontiers of the Known World. Which means two days of Le Cancan Lacan and biting my tongue for a free lunch. And what else exactly? Are you serious? Do you expect me to talk about that here? Why not, a little hinterfrage
has never bothered you before. Let’s put it this way. You’ve heard of Elizabeth Taylor? Of course. Well, she was faced with a very similar question.

‘Can other people be so much more wonderful that I am myself, I used to ask. And one knows how very wonderful one is oneself. Did you ever meet anyone who seemed more wonderful than yourself?’

‘Many people’.

‘You are being modest’.

‘I have nothing to be modest about’.

‘It is true modesty to believe that. One might even call it humility’, Kitty said disdainfully. ‘You have too low an estimate of yourself. So low that one begins to think you are dissembling. Would you be lit up, transported, at the idea of another person’s company …?’

Indeed I would though the party in question seems to prefer a deconstruction of cars and hospital food to the fill of fare on offer at INSEAD, which may account for me being on my own but it’s hardly an explanation. And is such a thing possible in any case? Despite the rumour – Dr Linstead, I presume? – that Darwin died to avoid reckoning with me, there may yet be some understanding. Currently, it’s couscous and the curse of the Stiff Upper Lip, meaning, where I am concerned, a curious, cross-cultural compact of honey, bristle and almond paste. Thank you Omar and Good Night.

Set free, thought hardly liberated by the dissolution of the Conference. The Itinerant Moustache was soon on the other side of The Channel, demanding ‘Café Noir’ of a disbelieving waitress. He didn’t take milk and he didn’t take sugar but she gave him the spoon substitute anyway. He stared for a minute at the little strip of vinyl and the coffee in its polystyrene container, then stirred his drink very slowly, just to see if this made any difference. After a second or two, he noticed a warm trickle down his right arm and a widening stain near the table’s edge. His curiosity had killed the cup.

The bitterness of this Socratic rupture spread swiftly from his cuff to his thinking. Was it worth coming all the way back here for an afternoon of Miss Gardner’s laundrette and the ceremonial daze of the several hundred graduates passing out from the University? Could any Rational Being have anticipated the mature student whose overflowing cups would lead to a moment of giddy adolescence and a close encounter of the forward kind?

‘Come ‘ere and gissa kiss, ya big handsome hunk, ye!’

‘You’ve been drinking …’

‘Only two! Large ones, mind, but they’d have to be’.

Too true on every count though surely there is more to life than this everyday ontology? I only ask because, according to my mirror and my barber, who is not only balk but visibly distressed, the presence or rather the absence of my alopecia has moved from my left temple – what better place for a tonsure? – to the top of my head. Not the back, you understand, where it might be mistaken for mere pattern baldness, but the top, the crown, the very apex of my improbable physique.

Now how can something so unruly be so precise?

And, by the same token, how something precise be that unruly? I wonder about this, too, having recently been witness to Scientific Inquiry in its most common, if not its most vulgar, form.

‘Excuse me boys, we’re doin’ a wee survy an’ I wuz wanderin’, do yez have air-conditioning in yur office?’

‘Only when the windy’s open …’

But how to keep from jumping, that’s the trick.

And which way is Over the Wall?

III

Bob was a stickler for language, such that a comma out of place provoked a raised eyebrow, while to omit one where this was deemed necessary constituted a scandal of the first rank. Bob was as much the subject, as the author of his discourse, or as he put it himself, ‘the teller and the tale, simultaneously the signifier and the signified’ (Grafton Small 1990, 3). In truth there are more signifiers than signifieds given the juxtaposition within one skin of a number of characters, of which Bob
was the least, the others being Addison’s, Anorexia and Asperger’s which collectively provided the overflow of jouissance that nourished his joy in gloom as a ‘fabulist of his own distresses’.³

Often railing against the injustice of illness and lack of promotion, which he found galling as his contemporaries soared, he also imagined the prospect (which never came) depressing: ‘only he could regard more committees and more meetings as a reward for years of teaching and research. Then again without promotion I would be undermining my health and restricting my writing’.⁴

Accounts of conferences and relations with superiors at Strathclyde provide a rare window onto academic life at the dawn of the Research Assessment era. His mastery of précis is exemplified in this pithy reflection on the ultimate futility of such schemes.

In sum, I think …

16 Pieces

8 Years

O remaining

Dr Robert Grafton-Small

IV

Reading Digestif

Bob’s work demands slow reading, the antithesis of what is expected nowadays. You can read quickly and get nothing from it, or locate all the references, read them, think about them and then read Bob’s allusive piece. The following exercise was motivated in part because of the tendency to skate over meanings, but is definitely not an attempt at a definitive reading.

Location: Tinderbox café on a Monday morning at around 11am possibly in 2014. Two figures sit hunched opposite each other at one of the small tables.

JD: Let’s say we take Digestif. Maybe you can tell me what you think it means and I can write a commentary.

RGS: Eyebrow raised. Hmm okay.

JD: Okay, so where to start?

RGS: ‘A hook from the sky’ is the first line of Tracy Emin’s work; it’s also a pun – for any fish, land is strange.

JD: Okay … ‘plated on paper’.

RGS: as in fish supper, or an illustration on a photographic plate

JD: ‘Feast of thousands’.

RGS. You should know that – miracle of the loaves and fishes – deep drawn – the fish has an ancient provenance.

JD: ‘unstill life is ours, ours yet not to scale’?

RGS: Adami’s picture is not life size to scale but all fish have scales but we have to scale fish to eat it – to scale it is to make it consumable.

JD: ‘Nameless framing of hunger?’

RGS: We are consumed by desire … we consume … but desire consumes us … Ted Hughes’ Big Pike deathless -is waiting for us. Makes us a beast; gives us to the beasts.

JD: Réchauffé.

RGS: Reheated … printed on a door found in a skip a la Duchamp (also deep drawn) painted on wooden panels, aged, on an unframed door, the iconic triptych.

JD: ‘Cartoon strips’.

RGS: Squares are empty in the Basquiat painting – contrasting with the framed door. The strips are scratched – a painting technique – double paint but using the back of the brush.

JD: ‘Ah-um’.
RGS: Charlie Mingus ‘Ah um: Goodby Pork Pie Hat’ – police brutality – Black face in pink shown against white ground – black is defined only in terms of white.

JD: ‘scream’.

RGS: Bitten back – the human face in the picture with gritted teeth – here reference to John Berger desire and consumption – our animal nature is to be consumed by desire.

JD: ‘Wider shores of love’

RGS: Twombly … weevils … John Waters has a Twombly who puts graffiti in his pictures link to street art named desire (graffiti) … Twombly uses whites and pinks, ‘ice-cream oils’

JD ‘The abyss’

RGS: The abyss. Echoed … relation to narcissism – It’s a diptych – looks at itself all the time. The depth and richness of paint is almost like sculpture.

RGS: This is a tract of writing – it ends in a colon!

V

The Last Word …

The Wee Man (Fire, Ambulance, Symbolism….)

He’s long gone but he’s back again. He’s away in the head yet he won’t let go. He tends to fits of the touched while his clothes tend to fit where they touch. A loose cannon because he’s wrapped too tight, his moustache is personal and his personal’s hairy. He’s a small spiky man, a spiky Small man, with too many jokes for a sense of humour and feet that are permanently round. He’s read, you’re right, though not so ready to write and his rage against the light quickens your coming darkness….

Notes

1. Swift, Graham. 1988. Out of This World, 125. London: Penguin.
2. Taylor, Elizabeth. 1986. A Game of Hide and Seek, 125. London: Virago.
3. Taken from Anthony Cronin’s borrowing of Robert Welch’s description of Edmund Spenser, to describe Samuel Beckett. See Cronin, Anthony. 1999. Samuel Beckett: The Last Modernist, 469. New York: Da Capo.
4. From an unpublished piece by Bob.

Dr Robert Grafton Small