George Landow of Brown University spoke on "Morris and Ruskin," pointing out that while the influence on Morris of The Nature of Gothic is well-known, few critics have noted that Morris learned how to talk about painting from Ruskin's examples in Modern Painters, and that from Ruskin he also learned the "devices of the sage," prophetic structures that appear in the socialist lectures of the same.

These devices include:

1. a characteristic alternation of satire and positive, even visionary statements, that is frequently accompanied by (2) a parallel alternation of attacks upon the audience and attempts to reassure or inspire it; (3) a frequent concentration upon a single trivial phenomenon as the subject of interpretation; (4) an episodic or discontinuous literary structure that depends upon anachronistic or metatypographical relations for unity and coherence; (5) a reliance upon grotesque contemporary phenomena, such as the murder of children, or grotesque metaphor, parable, and analogy; (6) a satiric and didactic definition of the key terms; (7) and an essential reliance upon echoes, or the appeal to credibility.

Although Morris does not use all seven of these devices, several of them show up again and again in the lectures and thus signal another and hitherto unregarded debt to Ruskin.

Jeffrey L. Spear of New York University spoke on "The Incarnate Muse: An Essay on the Psychology of Interpretation," setting forth certain assumptions about male/subject and female/object roles played out by Rossetti, Blunt, Morris and the women in their lives. Against this theoretical and biographical background, Spear then discussed several of the late prose narratives, suggesting that the portrayals of love and sex therein, the visions of happy, guilt-free friends and lovers, are not explicable, if linked to Morris's personal experience and theoretical formulation.

Helene Z. Roberts of the Fogg Museum at Harvard gave a slide lecture entitled "Morris's Stained Glass: As Seen Against Its Religious Background." She pointed out ways that Morris and Company artisans were influenced by Protestant restrictions and prejudices against the "papal aggression" depicted in church decoration. Morris and Company windows depicted prophets and angels rather than saints; sin and salvation and other problematic themes were avoided in nearly all their designs for stained glass.

Frederick T. Kirchhoff of Indiana/Purdue University at Fort Wayne spoke on "Terrors of the Third Dimension: Morris's Incomplete Artists," inviting his audience to recall Morris's supreme skills as a designer of flat patterns. His designs avoided depths and the third dimension, and certain of his narratives represent the distrust of romantic individualism and emotional involvement in three-dimensional art, preferring narratives that were only social and entertaining.

Norman Kelvin announced that the topic for next year's MLA session will be "William Morris and His Contemporaries." Anyone wishing to deliver a paper should send an abstract by March 1, 1987, to Bartley Spatt, Maritime College, Fort Schuyler, Bronx, New York, 10465.

Yours in fellowship,

Gary L. Aho, for the Governing Committee
Department of English
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, MA 01003

Dear Member,

1. KELMSCOTT HOUSE

Although these lines have to be written before the re-opening of our quarters at Kelmscott House on 11 April, by the time this newsletter reaches members a bottle (or two) of bubbly will metaphorically—have been broken on the bows of our long-awaited rooms in the basement of the house in Hammersmith in which William Morris once lived and worked. This has now been converted to provide us with an office, a craft workshop and a library—all of which will offer us new opportunities to develop the work of the Society in fresh and interesting directions.

We hope that our part of Kelmscott House can be open to members and others interested in Morris on a regular basis—say on Wednesdays and Saturdays for a start. This of course would depend on being able to staff it on a regular basis on these days. Would any members living near the company and able to take part in a rota—it might be for just half a day once a month—please write to the Hon. Secretary? Special skills or knowledge are not required—although always welcome. There is plenty to do straightaway in sorting the Society's papers and reorganising our library. The workshop with printing and other craft facilities will be available for use. There are several new projects we can now put in hand, amongst them the planning of a travelling exhibition on Morris and his circle. Kelmscott House can become a social centre for members and a place where visitors from abroad can count on being able to meet Morrisians in this country in a way that has not been possible for all too long.

2. BOOKCASE APPEAL

Our new bookcase which was the object of our recent most successful appeal forms the centre-piece of our Library at Kelmscott House. Members will be interested to see this photograph of it, taken when it was on display before Christmas at Liberty's store in London. Designed and made by Lucinda Leech at her workshop in Oxford, it is constructed in light English oak, with brown oak inserts. The projecting lower central cupboard is to take wallpaper and fabric sample books and large portfolios.

A list of members and others whose generous donations have made this project possible is given below. We propose to print this on our Albion press as a commemorative folio. Please would any member who would prefer their name to be set out differently let the Hon. Secretary know?

John Kay
3. THE SOCIETY: APPEALS FOR ASSISTANCE

The Society is in need of assistance in two important areas - membership and publicity. Daphne Jennings, after some years of sterling work as our Membership Secretary, has decided that she must retire from the post at this year's A.G.M. In a voluntary society such as ours, entirely dependent on its members for support and finance, the keeping of proper membership records is crucial, and of great value to the other officers, especially the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary. The other main duty of the Membership Secretary is to respond to enquiries for prospective members and welcome new members when they join. The job is not particularly onerous, and many of the tasks it involves are routine, but they are important ones, and require steady application and attention to detail. Residence in London isn't essential but may be desirable. Closely associated with the question of membership is publicity, and the Society wishes to create a new post of Publicity Officer who will begin work, it is hoped, from this year's A.G.M. As this is a new post the job specification is less precise and to some extent will be created by the person who holds the office. At the most basic and routine level it will be necessary to ensure that the Society's supplies of publicity material are maintained and that copies are regularly sent to our current outlets. At the same time we need to find new outlets and new ways of publicising the Society's work, so the job requires someone with flair, imagination and energy. It should be said that, in both cases, the Society will meet out-of-pocket expenses incurred by the people who undertake the jobs. Anyone interested in either post should get in touch with the Hon. Secretary.

4. THE SOCIETY JOURNAL

The Winter/Spring issue of the Journal is enclosed with this Newsletter. The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions for the next and subsequent issues. Illustrated articles are particularly welcomed. Please send material for consideration to Peter Faulkner, 1 Chichester House, Coates Road, Leavesmore, Exeter, EX2 5RB

5. THE SOCIETY'S 1987 PROGRAMME

Saturday 9 May 2.00 p.m. - THE SOCIETY'S 12TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. Our AGM this year will be held at Fulham Palace (off Bishops Avenue, SW6). This is a remarkable building which was once the principal seat of the Bishops of London and is now being repaired and brought back into public use by the London Borough of Hammersmith & Fulham. The main business of the meeting is to discuss the Committee's report on the work of the past year, and to consider plans for the coming year. The discussion is always lively and wide-ranging. We are continuing the practice of holding our AGMs on Saturday afternoons so that members from outside London stand a better chance of being able to attend. After tea, Keith Whitehouse of the Fulham Archaeological Society Group will talk to us about the history of the Palace.

Saturday 16 May 2.00 p.m. - VICTORIAN RAS, THEIR ARCHITECTS AND HOUSES. A walk in Kensington (in all of about 1 mile) led by Hilary Morgan, an authority on Victorian painting. We shall view houses in Marlbury Road and nearby in SW designed chiefly for Victorian RAS by noted architects such as Philip Webb, Richard Norman Shaw, Halliday Ricardo and William Burges. The walk ends with tea at the Richmond Fellowship in Addison Road, W14. Tickets £2 including tea from the Society. Meet at High Street Kensington Underground Station at 2.00 p.m. prompt.
Saturday 23 May to Monday 25 May - MORRIS AND THE CATHEDRALS OF NORTHERN FRANCE (see separate display advertisement).

Saturday 6 June - DAY TRIP TO BRIGHTON

A series of visits arranged and led by Ray Watkinson to places and people in Brighton of particular interest to members of the Society. We shall see the church of St. Michael & All Angels, where there is a splendid stained glass by Morris & Co. and visit private collections not normally open to the public. The tour will start at about 11 a.m. and will end with tea. Tickets £2.50 including tea from the Society. Numbers have to be limited and early booking is advised to avoid disappointment.

Wednesday 10 June 6.30 p.m. - WILLIAM MORRIS AND 19TH CENTURY ATTITUDES TO THE RESTORATION OF CHURCHES. To be held in our new headquarters at Kelmscott House, this lecture is to be given by Professor Hans de Groot, a member of the Society from Toronto University, who has made a special study of pre-Ruskinian attitudes to the restoration of church buildings. After the lecture there will be a glass of wine and a chance to meet the speaker.

Saturday 27 June 2.30 p.m. - GARDEN PARTY AT RED HOUSE. The garden party held at Red House was one of the highlights of our programme two years ago. Members who missed it (and those who didn’t) have another opportunity to see, in high summer, the house Philip Webb designed for William and Janey Morris on their marriage in 1859, now lovingly cared for by Mrs. and Mr. Edgware. Our hosts on this occasion. The garden party will be opened by a leading figure in the art world. The tea will be up to the usual high standard of our garden parties. Tickets for tea £2.50; guided tour of Red House £1, from the Society.

Friday 10 July to Sunday 12 July - MORRIS & CO. IN THE MIDLANDS

A notice giving details of this study week-and in Birmingham, organised jointly with the Victoria Society, is enclosed with this newsletter. Further copies are available on request (SASE please) from the Society.

6. OTHER FORTHCOMING EVENTS

28 March - 10 May - FURLONGS: PEGGY ANGUS AND FRIENDS. This exhibition concerns Furlongs, a remote Downland Cottage, and the circle of artists that have drawn their inspiration from it and from its long-time tenant, artist and designer, Peggy Angus. Among the artists who have benefitted from the Cotswolds is Eric Ravilious his wife Tirzah Garwood and John and Myfanwy Piper. As a life-long teacher, having taught from the early thirties in schools in Hugonot, Eastbourne and London, Peggy Angus has encouraged talent wherever she found it and enthusiastically recommended the involvement of everyone in art, whether as artists or patrons. She feels strongly that art should be within the reach and understanding of everyone, not just located in the hands of a few. To this end, her own paintings are designed to be seen in the context of domestic settings and her wall paintings designed to provide an attractive setting to hang pictures upon. Some of the wall paintings will be on display in the exhibition. A major influence on Peggy Angus' art and ideas was, and still remains, William Morris, and she is a long-standing member of the Society. Other influences include medieval and celtic art and the folk art of many nations, including Bali where she spent a year on sabbatical leave, some twenty years ago. This exhibition, which shows for the first time the great artistic achievement that has centred around Peggy Angus and Furlongs for over fifty years, is being held at the Towner Art Gallery, High Street, Eastbourne, old Town, Eastbourne, East Sussex BN22 8BB, Tel. 0323-21635/25112. A separate but complementary exhibition on the work of Tirzah Garwood is being held at the Gallery during the same period.

Friday 1 May - Sunday 3 May - RUSKIN/MARK WEEKEND

The aim of this course is to look at the criticism of industrial society made by John Ruskin and Karl Marx. After some background discussion of industrialization and its social effects the course will look at the responses of Ruskin and Marx in some detail, consider William Morris's attempts to run a commercial firm on Ruskinian lines, and conclude with a discussion of Marx's attempt to combine the ideas of Ruskin and Marx in his own critique of contemporary England. The tutors are Jon Press, a business historian, Peter Faulken and Ray Watkinson. The course takes place at Dartington Hall, and costs £45.00 (33.00 for non-residents); further details from David Cox, Devon Centre for Continuing Education, Dartington College of Arts, Dartington, Totnes, Devon, Telephone 0803-862267.

Thursday 28 May, 11.00 a.m. - WILLIAM MORRIS: NEWS FROM NOWHERE

The British Museum is showing this 53 minute video in its series of events open to the public, admission free. It starts Timothy West as William Morris and Eika Markham as Janey.

14 - 21 June - FLOWER FESTIVAL, ALL SAINTS CHURCH, LEEK

All Saints, which celebrates its centenary this year, is a fine example of an Arts and Crafts Movement church. Designed by Norman Shaw and decorated by his
pupils Lethaby and Horsley, much of its glass is by Morris & Co., to designs by Burne-Jones. As well as the Flower Festival there will be an exhibition of works by the Leek School of Embroidery. Refreshments will be available throughout the day, but parts need to book - Leek 382588 - for lunch and afternoon tea. All Saints is situated on the A520 on the left hand side of the road travelling towards Stone.

7. SOCIETY PROGRAMME REPORT

Visit to Sanderson's Design Archive, Ubridge, 21 January

A fascinating and illuminating time was enjoyed at the Sanderson Design Archive in Ubridge by approximately a dozen people on 21st January. After having a little of the history of the Sanderson family explained to us, Christine Woods kindly showed us round the recently completed refurbished Design Archive, housing amongst other collections, an extensive selection of William Morris fabrics and walloperings.

Although Morris did not have any dealings with Sanderson during his own lifetime, his designs are an important part of the firm's output today. For the last few years of his existence, Morris & Co. had commissioned a Carlisle firm, Steed McAlpin & Co. to produce printed cloths from their wood-blocks and on the liquidation of the firm, Steeds acquired the sets of blocks that they held at that time. The wallpaper blocks became the property of the Wallpaper Manufacturers Ltd., and were allocated to the Pareva factory of Arthur Sanderson & Sons, rightly regarded as the successor to Jeffrey & Co. (Jeffrey & Co. was an Islington based wallpaper manufacturer to whom William Morris turned for advice and to whom he eventually entrusted the production of all Morris & Co. wallpapers.) Pattern books, now owned by Sanderson, show samples of all the early designs of wallpapers such as Daisy, Treliss and Fruit (we were able to see some of these ourselves when we visited the archive) and the painstaking trials that were involved in the masterly mixing of colours and the careful use of wood-blocks.

From the 1950s, Sanderson's range of hand-block printed Morris wallpapers have been in constant production. Other Morris designs have been transferred to machine, providing a cheaper range of screen-printed papers, many of which are now available as printed cloths and linens.

It was thrilling to be able to handle some of Morris's original designs, both in fabrics and wallpaper, and to compare how the hues of the colourways have changed with the modern production of wallpapers and fabrics in some instances. We were also able to glean from one of the young designers who was introduced to us, which of Morris's designs are, as far as Sanderson's are concerned, among the 'best-sellers' today and to try to understand why, sadly, because of the wide range of Morris's designs, some are out of production for the time being. However, we gathered that fresh designs from the Morris Collection are being introduced each year.

It was a memorable visit and we are very grateful to Christine Woods, the Archivist, and Messrs. Sanderson for not only providing us with a delightful venue for our Christmas party in 1986, but also this opportunity to visit their excellent Design Archive.

Jackie Kennedy-Davies

Morris Weaving Techniques, Science Museum, 17 February

Miss Linda Wigley is in charge of the textile machinery at the Science Museum and we are grateful to her for showing us some of the machines in her charge and explaining so clearly their operation. It was interesting to find that the Jacquard looms for which Morris designed such beautiful, intricate patterns were part of a long line of semi-automatic looms, going back to Bouchon's of 1725 and Falcon's of 1728, which controlled the pick-up of threads for the pattern by means of perforated paper roll and punched cards respectively, and that these techniques were probably derived from early attempts to make automatic musical instruments. Jacquard's of 1801 combined punched cards with an automatic flying-shuttle, and many now in use still work on the same principles. Some of us were allowed to operate some of the machines and all of us left feeling that we understood more clearly than we ever had before how these clever inventions worked and how great was Morris's skill in designing for them.

Dorothy Coles

8. ROBIN AND HEATHER TANNER: 'A VISION OF WILTSHERE'

Those fortunate enough to catch BBC2's programme 'A Vision of Wiltshire' in the 'Look Stranger' series, which went out on the afternoon of 17 February, were richly rewarded. The Radio Times accurately introduced it: "For over half a century Robin and Heather Tanner have been striving to record a vanishing vision of countryside - the greystone villages, green meadows and flower-filled woodlands of north Wiltshire. They have lovingly portrayed this landscape in a lifetime of etching, drawing and writing. It is a landscape which, the Tanners believe, need not be lost if people really care about keeping it - this vision of Wiltshire.

"Robin will be well-known to many as a long-standing member of the Society, and we saw Morris's teaching in action in his and Heather's love and concern for the countryside, and in the art with which they captured aspects of Robin's etchings and Heather's accompanying text for their book on Woodland Plants, which is now out of print. Their first book Wiltshire Village, published in 1939, has just been re-issued in paperback by Impact Books at £5.95. It contains sixty pen drawing and six etchings, which have been very well reproduced. In June the same publishers will issue Robin's autobiography, Double Harness, hardback, £14.95. It will contain about 30 black and white illustrations, and much, of course, on the importance of William Morris. Both books are strongly recommended.

Richard Smith

9. MORRIS IN CANADA

The energetic Canadian Society has a characteristically lively and varied Spring programme, including a lecture, by Hans de Groot, on 'The Architecture of Philip Webb' and a tour of Arts and Crafts houses in Wythwood Park, conceived as an estate of artists' homes near Toronto at the turn of the century. The major event is the Society's two-day Annual Symposium, the theme this year being 'Useful Work versus Useless Tolf'. The Winter 1987 issue of the Society's Newsletter, running to fourteen closely-packed pages, reports on the equally interesting programme for the second half of 1986. The Canadian Society has offered to provide regular reports on its work for this Newsletter, and the first of these should appear in the July issue.

10. THE RON SOUTHER FUND

Dr. Ronald South, Principal of the City Library Institute from 1968 to 1984, died in January 1985. He was a member of the Society and his wife, Joan, was at one time on the Committee. Ron South was a distinguished and committed
adult educator who, as well as enhancing the already high reputation of the City Lit, was a keen advocate of international co-operation in adult education. His illness prevented him from working as he had hoped for an organisation whose establishment he had supported - the Commonwealth Association for the Education and Training of Adults. It is the CAETA, in co-operation with the Governors of the City Lit, which has established the Ron South Fund. Its main aims are to provide for an annual 'Ron South Lecture' to be delivered at a major international conference concerned with adult education, and "to provide for some studying and promoting the practice, theory and ideals of international adult education."

Contributions to the Fund are invited and should be sent to Alan Rogers, CAETA, School of Education, University of Reading, London Road, Reading RG1 5AQ or Chris Springfield, The City Lit, Stukeley Street, London WC2 NW.

11. MISCELLANY

The Society has entered into reciprocal membership with the Institute of Contemporary Arts, at whose premises in The Mall the memorable 150th anniversary exhibition was mounted in 1984. The two organisations will be exchanging information about events and exhibitions which may be of interest to members. The reciprocal membership works at an institutional level only, and Morris Society members will still have to pay for ICA events.

Sotheby's annual Market Report mentions the sale of copy of Bruno's Historia Fiorentina, printed in Venice in 1476. This was founded by Morris and was used by him as model for the Golden Type of the Kelmscott Press. The book fetched £9,680 at auction.

A recent member of the Society is Mrs. Helen Firth, who lives at Westness House, Rousay, Orkney. The house formerly belonged to the Traill family, was let to various tenants during the nineteenth century, and sold in 1922; Mrs. and Mrs. Firth bought the house, in bad repair, in 1952, and restored it with the help of the Historic Buildings Council of Scotland and the Orkney Islands Council. Its interest for Society members is that during the tenancy of Mr. Middlesmore in the late nineteenth century, the house was visited by Pre-Raphaelites. There is an original Morris wallpaper (Daisy pattern) in the dining-room and there are William de Morgan tiles in all but one of the fireplaces. Society members visiting Orkney will be made most welcome - though happily this will be the Firths' last year in the house.

12. PUBLICATIONS

Linda Parry, who is Keeper of Textiles at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and a member of the Society's Committee, has an article on 'William Morris and Embroidery' in the Autumn 1986 issue of Embroidery. Linda says that it is unfortunate that so little is known of these early commercial embroideries since they show "not only Morris's and his colleagues' most idealised thoughts on how public and religious buildings should look but also their ability to carry out such aspirations using one of the most complicated yet expressive of techniques."

Jon Press, who will be one of the tutors at the Dartington Hall course over the Mayday weekend, has published 'William Morris and the Marketing of Art' in Business History, XVIII, 4 October 1986.

The magazine Traditional Interior Decoration has published an illustrated article on Stow on the Wold's March issue, and this will be followed by another on Wightwick Manor in May. This is not a magazine known to the Editor, so any further information will be welcomed.

Still on Wightwick Manor, Stephen Ponder has compiled a guide Wightwick Manor: the Morris and de Morgan Collections, which is available from the Administrator at the Manor, Wightwick, Wolverhampton, West Midlands at £5.00 plus 20p postage.

By Chance I Did Rove, the memoirs of Norman Jewson, introduced by David Gould, have recently been reissued by Gryffon Publications. Norman Jewson was an architect who was inspired by Ernest Gimson to work in the new Cotswold tradition, an offshoot of the Arts and Crafts style. No price was given in the publicity material received by the Society, but further information may be obtained from Davinia Wynne-Jones, Gryffon Publications, Turk's Yark, Barnsley, Cirencester, Glos.

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THE KELMSCOTT LECTURE 1985

WILLIAM MORRIS AND THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

given on Wednesday 23 October 1985 in the Hall of the Art Workers' Guild by BARBARA MORRIS is now available from the Society at £3.00 (including postage). Please send orders to Norah Gillow, William Morris Gallery, Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4PP, but send no money until you receive your invoiced copy.

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13. EDITOR'S NOTES

I must apologise to the Society's Auditor, Mr. Chartrey, for having spelt his surname wrongly in the last issue. The next issue will appear during July and the closing date is Monday 22 June. Members should note this earlier date. It has become clear over the past year or eighteen months that to make the closing date at the end of the month preceding that in which the Newsletter is due to appear is too late to allow for editing, typing, proof-reading, printing and distribution by the end of the month in which members, quite reasonably, expect to receive their copies. The typist, Barbara Andrews, and the University of Nottingham Print Unit do an excellent job and it is only fair to them that we should give them plenty of time in which to complete their work. Contributions should be sent to me at 7 Bramley Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7AP.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Peter Beresford
Editor.
WILLIAM MORRIS SOCIETY
in the UNITED STATES

NEWSLETTER,
April, 1987

A. ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Second Annual Conference on Medievalism sponsored by Studies in Medievalism will take place at the University of Notre Dame, October 8-10, 1987. Papers are invited on all aspects of Medievalism from the end of the Middle Ages to the present and beyond. Papers on art, music, religion, history, and literature are sought, and papers on the scholarship, history, and philosophy of Medievalism will be particularly welcomed. Abstracts of papers should be sent by June 1, 1987 to Leslie J. Workman, Editor, STUDIES IN MEDIEVALISM, 520 College Avenue, Holland, Michigan 49423.

Ms. Judith Kennedy is seeking articles on revision among Victorian writers for a collection which she is editing. For examples of the kinds of articles wanted, see PMLA, November 1985 (the Convention Program), section 422, "Processes of Revision among Victorian Writers," and PMLA, November 1986, section 428, "Revision among Victorian Writers: Motivations and Modes." Send inquiries or articles to Judith Kennedy, Department of English, Kutztown University, Kutztown, PA 19530.

"Gilbert and Sullivan and Their Circles" will be the theme of the University of Leicester's 1988 Victorian Studies Conference, tentatively scheduled for early July. Inquiries and proposals for papers should be sent to Richard Foulkes, the University Centre, Barrack Road, Northampton NN2 6AF, England.

Samuel J. Bough, owner of the bookstore, "The Owl at the Bridge," thought that members of the Society would be interested to learn that he has on hand copies of the Omega Press facsimile of the Kelmscott Chaucer. He is selling them for $50., plus $2. for postage and handling. His address: 25 Servick Lane, Cranston, R.I. 02905.

It was reported in the October, 1986 Newsletter that the journal, NINETEENTH CENTURY THEATRE (formerly NINETEENTH CENTURY THEATRE RESEARCH) was being moved from Arizona to the University of Massachusetts. Its editor, Professor Joseph Donohue, announces that the move is now complete, and that this semiannual journal of theatre studies welcomes inquiries, essays, and subscriptions ($10. for individuals, $15. for institutions). The address: NINETEENTH CENTURY THEATRE, Department of English, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, MA 01003.

Dorothy Coles has asked me to give credit, since I failed to do so in the October, 1986 Newsletter, to Julia Stapleton for her work in planning the Icelandic journey which Society members enjoyed last August. Ms. Stapleton was the one who handled all the difficult preliminary work on the bookings. Dorothy writes, "I only took over in the final stages, when it was all easy."

The February-March 1987 issue of AMERICAN CRAFT (Vol. 47, no. 1) contains the first of a three-part series of articles "profiling master bookmakers who are operating small private presses." The first article, "Claire van Vliet's
The exhibition will travel to three other sites: the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, August 16 – November 1, 1987; the Detroit Institute of Arts, December 9, 1987 – February 28, 1988; and the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, New York, April 5 – June 26, 1988.

C. THE NELMA WILLIAM MORRIS SESSION

At the 1987 Northeast Modern Language Association meetings in Boston, Yvette Artier presided over a session, given on April 4, 1987, entitled "The Influence of the Norse Sagas on Morris's Work." There were three presentations:

- Carl O.E. Anderson, of Clark University, spoke on "Morris's Position in the History of Norse Studies in English," surveying an impressive list of British and American authors, from Thomas Grey in 1768 to Gordon Bottomly and W.H. Auden in our century who have written on Iceland and Icelandic literature. He then asserted that William Morris towered over them all, both in terms of quantity (he translated over two dozen sagas and skáttar as well as several Eddic poems, and he used Norse themes in a few of his best narrative poems and in several shorter lyrics) and quality (Sigurd has been called the greatest epic written in the nineteenth century. Anderson ended his informative talk by reading from Morris's lyric, "Iceland First Seen," offering proof for his sense that Morris's tone in such lyrics is perfect for capturing Iceland's chill and strange beauty.

- Lin Haire-Sargent, of Tufts University, spoke on "Mythic Patterns in Morris's Prose Romances," finding ways to apply Lacanian terminology to the roles of heroines in his stories. Gary L. Aho, of the University of Massachusetts, and Florence Boos, of the University of Iowa, gave a slide-lecture that incorporated passages from Morris's Icelandic Journal and 45 slides taken from John R. Bury's 1882 trip to Iceland. They attempted to demonstrate why certain scenes and saga sites moved Morris deeply; in prose that evokes emotion as it provides clear and clean descriptions, Morris left to posterity one of the three or four best travel books ever written on Iceland.

It is pleasant to report that there will again be another Morris session at NELMA, on the general theme of Morris and the medieval past. Anyone interested in giving a paper at next Spring's meetings, to be sponsored by Rhode Island College and the University of Rhode Island and to be held in Providence, Rhode Island, should write to Professor Carolyn Collette, English Department, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts.

D. NEWS OF MEMBERS

Joe Dunlap reports that he enjoyed immensely a pair of lectures on "C.R. Ashbee, His Life and Works," given in New York City on April 1, 1987. The lectures, sponsored by the Victorian Society of America, were by Felicity Ashbee, the architect's daughter, and Alan Crawford, his biographer. These same two speakers are again scheduled to appear on April 12, as part of the "Sunday Lectures" at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, these given in conjunction with the exhibition mentioned earlier in this Newsletter. Felicity Ashbee will speak on "C.R. Ashbee, Architect, Designer, and Romantic Socialist: A Daughter's View," and Alan Crawford will speak on "The Arts and Crafts Movement" in Britain and America. Joe Dunlap also wants to remind Society members that an Important anniversary is coming up next year, and that it might not be too soon to be planning an
exhibition or symposium to commemorate the slide lecture by Emory Walker on November 15, 1888, for it was William Morris's reactions to this lecture that led to his "adventure" at the Kelmscott Press.

Norman Kelvin reports that volume two of the Collected Letters will be published in October.

Jan Marsh, author of Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood and Jane and May Morris, will be travelling and speaking in the United States next Fall. We hope that she will lecture at the University of Massachusetts in October or November, and she is tentatively scheduled to take part in one of the sessions on William Morris which will be on the program at the Modern Language Association Meetings next December, in San Francisco.

Jack Walsdorf was invited to lecture at the Third Annual Arts and Crafts Convention at East Aurora, N.Y., home of the Roycrofters and Elbert Hubbard, the amiable buckster of the home-spun who claimed to have visited Morris in 1894. Walsdorf spoke on William Morris and his achievements at Morris and Company to an appreciative audience of some sixty crafts enthusiasts. Efforts to restore the Roycrofters' shops and enterprises are evidently meeting with some success.

Florence Boos's very detailed and interesting journal of The Society's Icelandic jaunt will appear in this Newsletter in two installments; the first (of eight pages) is attached herewith.

Yours in fellowship,

Gary L. Atco, for the Governing Committee
Department of English
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, MA 01003

With William Morris in Iceland: The First Week
August 1st, 1986 - 8:15 a.m. Reykjavik time

We arrived in Reykjavik airport, and drank a peaceful if expensive tea, coffee, and milk as we waited for the British members of the Icelandic tour to arrive seven hours hence, at 2:30 a.m., the previous night I only slept about 3. Still, I wanted to begin immediately, in honor of Morris's Icelandic diary, and try to write daily, as did he, I revered the opening of his diary on the plane, and was impressed at how excited and eager he was, sleepless too (for other reasons) the night before the trip; even Scotland was new to him and he made careful, enthusiastic observations of scenery and intelligent comments on bridges, ships, etc. He was clearly eager to absorb all he could, and try to fit it all into his letters to his friends--including his wife--whom he repeatedly addressed as "you." The purpose for writing during voyages seems clear, to keep faith that his own's dislocations from pattern matters, that one is still connected through detached and unhealthy. Morris enjoyed lying on the boat seeing the waves rise towards him--an impulse to seek the edge of danger?

After I began this, Bill found a kindly loftleðir employee who let us sleep in a deserted staff lounge, a great relief. At 2:45 p.m. Icelandic time, we rode to meet the British party, gathered by Ruth Elliot, who had come out from Reykjavik. Friend and well-organized, she distributed maps and lists of places we will visit. She is very rigorous, practical, and precise of manner, and speaks excellent Icelandic. Before the bus drove us off towards Reykjavik, we talked a while with several others. The trip to Reykjavik took us through the familiar featureless lavafields, but the suburbs (Bæjarinsstjórnar, Garðabær, and Kopavogur) and Reykjavik itself looked beautiful in bright sunlight, with its familiar museums, churches, university, and lake. Bill and I were moved, each in our own way. Despite my regret that I hadn't learned more of the language in our four months here last fall, I recognized stirred as I looked at place names, streets, and buildings; so many names now familiar at least, though strange. Jórgur is quite excited by the trip; on the plane he could hardly stop talking about what we would see, and the fact that clouds concealed most of the topography did not quench his zeal.

At Reykjavik, Gary, his twentieth-year-old daughter Karen, and fellow University of Massachusetts professor Bob Creed boarded. The scenery to the southeast became more interesting, as wide fields of moist mossy grass ("jóður") contrasted with deep grey basalt. We noted small, nest farms with bright red, blue, and green roofs; the many fine small churches; handsome sheep and ponies; flying gulls and grey-black-and-white marsh birds ("Fulmar") and the occasional small waterfalls and many slender rivers which defied from the mountains.

After a friendly tea we drove south through Seltjórn, and on to the farm/guesthouse in Smávatn ("clover field") for the night. It was pleasant and peaceful at our first farm; Ruth went to another farm with another group, and Bill struggled to help translate. I felt regret that I couldn't follow the hostess's conversation, and renewed respect for the ordered intricacy of the language. We were served a hearty dinner (bread and cheese for us), including dessert and coffee, and walked out into the fields to view turf-covered sheds, neat verdant fields, and sturdy oxen-like Icelandic cows with their powerful legs and lean bodies.

Bill and Eugene are in one room and I share another with an American doctoral student, Holly Dworkin; four men (Nigel, Kelsey, Neville Cornwell, Edmund Grant, and Al Vogeler) are in a large room across the way. We made tentative first acquaintances, but the fatigue of travel and minimal privacy left us all with some strains, and bright sun and jet lag woke me at 4:20 a.m., after only four hours sleep.

August 2nd

We stopped briefly at the high falls at Seljalandsfoss (either "seal's-land-falls" or "mountain-dairy-land falls"), slender and attractive. Icelandic vacationers were camped at the base, and one of their small dogs (named "Vaskur," or "Brave") nimbly leaped past Bill and Eugene as they climbed. We then rode on
towards the glacier at Thórsfjörk, a gravelly riverbed region rimmed by deep charcoal mountains ("völk" is a "boundary-region," often uninhabited, which may be forest, mountains & a "skógur" ("forest"), desert, or, as in this case, Glacial moraines). To reach a small skógur ("forest"), desert, or, as in this case, Glacial moraines. A much easier operation than the horseback fording Norris casually describes in the Diary. At one point, the driver paused for calculation, consequently forward; we clasped:

This region depressed Norris, as well it might. I tried to take pictures of some things he mentioned—the glaciers, the flowers (some purple, some white-belled, some white and yellow clover), and especially the birch trees, sturdy, scrubby, stubbornly pervasive bushes. Nevea looking for on the mountain summits supported goats and sheep; I noticed one striking white goat with an odd, long, slightly curved horn. One becomes used to the fact that the animals are such an individualized array of composite whites, blacks, greys, tans, and browns—one can never quite predict the markings of a goat or sheep, and a cluster of animals rarely remains identically-colored coats. One understands why the language has an enormous variety of words which designate different color-patterns of sheep, cattle, and horses. Remnants of counterparts probably survive in many English and Scottish dialects.

A destination, a region of "wooded" hills which border Thórsmörk as a vacation area; we passed cars parked at the forts along the way, and a great crowd of Icelanders and others had encamped at the foot of the hills.

The cliff formations at Thórsfjörk were starkly jagged and irregular. Its mountains are "palagonite-tuff," formed under glaciers and flat at the top. We passed Stakkholtsfjell ("steep-hill gorge"), an impressive gorge a mile high upon a mountain, like a great open cleft. These and the other grim rock formations, like so much in Iceland, bear witness to the heless power of geological events which are no less fearful for being "undependable" (what Thomas Hardy never made it to Thórsfjörk).

Edmund Grant aptly remarked that "This was nature's own industrial revolution scarring the countryside, completely without human assistance."

The region is full of crumbled rock and black glacial dust which brush off easily, and the ground is covered with thin spongy vegetation and brush. One becomes accustomed to sitting down with related people one at a time, but I shuddered over this mesa of stones covered with mounds of tussocky moss in the wide glacial beds, and some of the crevasses and gullies which beckoned them are striking in themselves. In brightest daylight, the sun brightened the mossy-green grass somewhat, and we stopped by a solitary mound called Trolleikjós ("trolls' church") to devour our neatly packed petri, bundles of yoghurt, juices, sandwiches, and pastries. I saw several solitary sheep alone in the gullies in the cliffs, sturdily grazing in the legendary lonesome life.

One needs something to personalize such unrelieved expanses of dark stone; the name-giving of "trolls' church" seems similar to the naturally anthropomorphic spirit of Edmund's remark.

Afterwards we drove to the edge of a large glacier whose lake run-off waters in heavy rain seemed rose-colored; large bluish chunks of ice floated in swanklike formations. Enjoyed the driving rain and heavy mist after exposure; Gary called it "Burne-Jonesish." Bill, Eugene, and I realized we had made a bad mistake not to bring raincoats, hats, and even perhaps boots. Gary, Bob, Dorothy, and I clambered through the blackish glacial residue in the glacier's edge, and gazed up at the gray knifes of ice which protruded above and ahead of us. I imagined being at the bottom of a knife as it fell on me. The heavy drenching rain fell to the dirty snow, charcoal soot, dark ash, and even the buttery rose light created one of the weirdest and most memorable scenes of the trip so far.

Near a hayfield and waterfall on the road home, Dorothy Cole identified several flowers for me—among them mustard flower, blue crane's bill, angelica, and cow's vetch. All, presumably, have equally quaint Icelandic names. Eugene picked an angelica to reveal its large tubular root (Icelanders have traditionally eaten its green stems rather than root-tubers). Our lunch on the rugged" national desert," a sweetened whip which tastes like a slightly tart whipped cream; everyone enjoyed it. Afterwards Edmund kindly translated for me the final chapter of Edige Schulte's book on Rossetti.

August 3rd

We visited Berghorphsholl ("Berghor's knoll"), near Njáls' house, whose burning is the "burning" of Brunnhildisaga. We all walked together up the knoll to a spot, neat, from which a tenth-century homestead has been identified. The little hill quietly overlooked plains which extended south to the Westmannagjá ("Westman Islands"). En route to another waterfall, Gluggafoss ("Window Falls"), which Norris may have visited, we stopped at Stora Dínum, a large, greenish soft-sloped mountain-formation.

We ate at Hlíðarandi ("Slopo-ends"; Norris's "Lithend") a peaceful sheltered site high on the hill from which Norris described as "Gunnar's Howe" ("howe" = "hugur" = "burial mound") and made the subject of one of his few Icelandic poems devoted to a specific saga hero. Thus he celebrates the lonely steadfastness of the warrior in Njál's, whose wrath was observed after his death as it sang in his grave at night.

Gunnar's Howe, actually a mound in the gully near where Gunnar may have lived, overlooks a wide, pleasant yellow-brown plain, traversed by rivers shining in the sun and once again reaching to the Westman Islands. The weather was idyllically warm, and it was a peaceful, quiet day. As we set on the grassy slope above the sun and church and cemetery and looked out over the bright plain beneath, Norris's epitaph seemed believable; for a moment at least, intense desire and identification can make not only nine hundred years but a millennium seem to fall away.

I began to realize that this little "bygd" below the road—farmland, ironclad church with reddish-brown gate and adjacent churchyard—cemetery—formed one of the most characteristic scenes. We walked through the cemetery, and looked at the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century stones, and round stood its high-sounding graves. Bill, Gary, and Dorothy all agreed that it would be a pleasant place to be if one were howling over this present in winter, in the long twilight above the nearly-empty plains—blacker than the landscape of Euthering Heights—the other side of Norris's hymn to steadfastness and the vanished civilizations. Had I been one of the women who lived and worked here, I would have found it hard to suppress a grinace that I would be buried within a few miles of where I'd been born and lived out my entire life. It takes no leap of empathy to understand why even a prosperous woman such as Norris's Gudrun might prefer "a stirring life," to such insolation.

The next stop was one of our more interesting, a preserved farostrut at Keldur (which means either "springs" or "swamps," depending on the context), where Norris actually stayed in 1871, a series of 6 or 8 turf-covered attached compartments, of course a very large basstafur by 19th century standards.

A small hut, we saw a kris, in which Norris could have eaten a meal, with its dark heavy boards. A small skylight at the top, and small side window, extremely cramped even in bright summer with no fire.

We also entered a parlour, relatively light (I now realize) as such rooms go—a room which may have been used for eating; another for storage; a kind of cellar with side huts, probably used to store dried food; and a room for use as a workplace. A small kitchen was set directly on a small stream, and beyond were two large, handsome smooth turfed mounds in the fields, adjacent to each other and almost symmetrical in their contours, perhaps animal-shelters.

Karen teased Gary, "Do you feel excited to see a place visited by your hero?" For me, the answer was yes: after thousands of miles, I am grateful finally to see something which is much as Norris saw it. Perhaps if the whole scene seems more a matter that the sky was greyish and overcast, more typical than postcard beautiful.

Late in the day we stopped at Oddi, whose quiet, dignified church, built
after Morris's trip, is the handsomest we have seen so far. Affixed to several of the stones, were carvings engraved with two hands clasping each other. The only stone I looked up in the cathedral, was the inscription on one long stone, which read, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;" and the other, "I have been a leper, for they shall be cleansed." 8. Lastly, we arrived at the beautiful church of Skagfur, with its magnificent bells and its beautiful windows. We were charmed by the sight of the church, and the beautiful scenery surrounding it.

The church of Skagfur is one of the most beautiful in Iceland, and is said to be the finest in the country. It is situated on a hill, and is surrounded by a beautiful landscape of mountains and valleys. The church was built in the 14th century, and is celebrated for its beautiful stained-glass windows and its fine architecture.

We visited the church and were struck with its beauty. The church is surrounded by a beautiful forest, and is situated on a hill that overlooks a beautiful valley. The little village of Skagfur is nestled in the valley, and is surrounded by beautiful scenery. The church is a place of pilgrimage, and is visited by many people each year.

The church is built in the Gothic style, and is one of the finest examples of this style in Iceland. The church is made of stone, and has a beautiful tower that rises high into the sky. The church is full of beauty, and is a place of worship and reflection.

We walked through the village, and were struck with its beauty. The village is surrounded by beautiful scenery, and is a place of pilgrimage for many people. The village is a place of peace, and is a place of reflection.

The church is a place of peace, and is a place of reflection. The church is surrounded by beautiful scenery, and is a place of pilgrimage for many people. The church is a place of worship, and is a place of reflection. The church is a place of peace, and is a place of reflection.
is uncertain whether or not he wants to take over the farm. Ingibjorg has a substantial library of books in English, Danish, and German, and as we watched the evening news, her brother, a meteorologist, appeared on television as the weather reporter. She also lent us a German thesis, written by a student who had stayed with them, which studied fjordtunge as a representative middle-size farm.

A secondary school teacher visited us after dinner, with recordings of passages from Njal's saga and other sagas by Einar Olafur Sveinsen, one of which I was happy to buy. The teacher then held forth rather sentimentally on the virtues and the need for the reader of the old farmer's projections are a reasonable variant of the reader's experience. It would be mildly surprising if such a remote, sparsely populated, desolate beauty did not inspire fond fantasies of unseeable kinpeople (as in Iceland). By now all three of us were quite cold, and we were relieved to be able to buy scarves and hats in Reykjavik.

After a pleasant indoor picnic lunch and conversation, we walked down to view Snorri Sturluson's tenth-century bath, Snorralaug, a small circular pool formed by the lava rock and connected by a dark tunnel to a nearby farmhouse. Here, according to the Sturlunga Saga, Snorri was murdered in 1241, and the road to the site is named in front of the village and the now-familiar simple church. Perhaps it is the influence of Snorri's stone, but I have come to find it depressing and ominous that all the stories we have heard so far are the exploits of knife-, club-, and spear-wielding men.

We finally stopped at Gilsbakki ('ravine bank'), where Ruth has worked most summers since she first came here as a student. We walked about in the large sheep shed and tried out clipping shears, as Ruth described the fatigue in the hands that comes after thousands of compressions in a few hours. We peered over the edge of the huge ravine that gives the area its name, and collected samples of sheep collected from the fences. As we gathered together for group photographs, I glanced over the landscape, and contemplated the many colored horses—white, speckled gray, black, and even one steel-gray (there are also steel-gray cows, new to me).

Afterwards we walked out to a secluded glen where the priest at Gilsbakki arranged to say his farewell to Norris and the others. We walked first along a river, past a bank with long smooth grasses, down to a grassy pond used for swimming, and back over a short stretch of land to the river, where we rested in the leafy enclosure where Morris said goodbye.

Later in the afternoon, we visited Barnafoss ('children's falls'; legendary site of the drowning of two young children), cut through a lava plateau covered with floral vegetation to the deep turquoise river below. Above the falls is a kind of natural stone arch, only fully apparent to the eyes from above, a kind of natural bench. It was less grand in scale than Gullfoss, but even more beautiful—in part, because more accessible. We all climbed a good deal, and took many pictures.

After dinner I wrote seven cards before I succumbed to sleep while working on an eighth, to Dick Smith. I felt sorry I hadn't been more informed about Norris's journey before the trip, but found the farm's stillness and remoteness in the valley in the lingering summer light. Here too, I felt genuinely remote from home—like Morris, I hope I may be able to confront it with greater wisdom and purpose on my return. In the stillness, one can see some extent the need for day-to-day reinforcement and a sense of the ultimate purpose of one's work.

August 6th

On the bus in the morning light, I was again struck by the beauty of the steep grey cliffs and the glacial mountains. We passed the huge lava fields, creviced in places but sometimes smooth, and covered everywhere with the characteristic lichen and spongy moss that is so pleasantly soft to walk on (if sometimes deceiving), and dotted with tiny flowers: white, yellow, and purple thymes, campion, gentian, etc. In marshy areas a cow's ear, a grass with long stems, grows called bog-grass. The ground became bleaker and rockier, the bus bumped on, and we approached Surtshellir ('black cave'), Iceland's largest lava cave, according to the travel brochure, it is only two kilometers from our farm, hard to believe.

With Ingibjorg's son as a guide, we made our way to the rim, torch-lights in hand. We crawled over large spiky stones for the length of a couple city blocks, across a glacier-carved aperture, through a dark, mossy passage, and up into a side-channel, where we found the "apartment." Finally, we stood cheerfully in the strange, room-like passageway, and took pictures by the eerie, smoky light of our flares. Ruth narrated a tale in which some saga heroes' blind and castrated a luckless opponent in the cave, and it was all too easy to believe. It's the large gaping mouth, boulders of lava clearly broken off from time to time and join the debris, a sobering thought. Nigel bravely hoped to make the trip, with his painstakingly wrapped knees, but had to give up, and Edmund stayed behind to keep him company.

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Surtshellir is in the region of the Grottisaga, and its bleakness makes understandable the tale of that grim hunter man. Grettir had few redeeming traits to my mind—his first significant act, at fourteen, was to kill someone who wouldn't let him mount a horse, and he seems to have killed almost everyone else he encountered thereafter—but he could have relished Ruth's tale. We walked into the cave, MagnASON and Morris describe him, too favorably, I believe, as a man far above his fellows in all matters valued by his times and people, but also far above them in all ill-luck, for that is the conception that the story-teller has formed of the great outlaw. He is the same man from beginning to end, in the same way that our times encouraged the story of this man. Unfortunately, the cave was closed to visitors.
well over the stony ground. Eugene and I enjoyed our two hour circuit along a river and through some wooded flat terrain. Trained in four ordinary gaits, the horses can also do a fifth, more elegant "rounding the" track. I am not sure which of the gauges demonstrated for us. I will await us back at Flósfjörður, and we ate our usual vegetarian meal of salad, bread, and a glass.

August 7th  .  .  .  .  .  .  [To Geitaskerð near Blóndusá]

August 8th

From Geitaskerð, we began the drive to the other farmhouse on the other side of Blóndusá, handsome again by its elegant bright blue firth, under layers of streaked grey clouds. At one point Húnafjörður seemed to divide neatly into a shining glossy blue layer and another deep, rougher blue one close in. We then travelled down to Vatnadalur, one of the most beautiful valleys we've seen (Morris's "water-dale"). Green two-steps surrounded neat red-roofed two- or three-building farmhouses, and Vatnadalur's striking parallel rivers seemed to coil and undulate like ribbons, until the lane finally became a wet path of grassy inlets and soft green sounds. Largish hills, frosted by a landside, appeared on our right all clustered together. We rode round a beautiful small, still blue lake into a region in which Grettir killed one of his opponents, Ólafur the Undead, at Thrárshall-stead. Afterwards, we entered a beautiful broad valley, green and yellow-green, with carefully ploughed fields and dirt heaped boundaries (from digging for drainage) and passed several diminutive waterfalls, clear and dignified against the brown and grey rock. For waterfalls, this has been our best day yet.

At the top of Vatnadalur we continued south past Þóp and Frausar, and passed the estate of Ingólf, a Celtic priest who made an early attempt to Christianize Iceland. At our stopping point at Forsæsludalur ("shadow dale"), we stood together on a knoll looking south toward a cluster of confronting fjords and his small church, the name of a valley in the mountains, and this one looked appropriately lush and protecting: Morris obviously shared Icelanders' interest in the differences between the "characters" of one valley and another.

.  .  .  .  We then drove further north to Thingeyri, site of the first Icelandic monastery in 1133, now marked only by a farmhouse and nineteenth-century church. When I walked along the tufted fields to find a good angle for a picture, I marvelled that the crocs in the ground were so large that violets could run through them, and walked with care. Against the headlands, with the river behind and Húnafjörður to the left, the site looked indeed like a dignified outpost of early Christian history. I could imagine readily enough that one might embrace Christianity here, at the edge of the known world, as an explanation for the meaning of one's quiet and isolated life. When we left, we again drove past the fifth and six hands of Þóp's handsome large and deep blue. We passed endless sheep, of course, often white and black speckled in the distance, usually one or two black in a cluster of white. I saw one sheep frolic and jump, and laughed aloud.

At Borgevirkir ("castle fortress") we unwrapped our lunch, then climbed the huge castle-like formation atop a hill at the head of the peninsula. It was windy and cold on a mild August day, and I felt astounod and depressed to think that humans had built this laborious structure, workers and slaves dragging huge black stones painfully upwards to set them on the others. Borgevirkir is constructed in a rough crater-like circle, with a smaller stone ronell structure within it. From the crest of the fortress we had another beautiful outlook, 360 degrees, headlands to the left and right, the Firths in front of us, and Þóp behind. According to Morris's map, his group didn't reach the virkir, but he described the legend of its founding, and stayed at two farmhouses in the area, one nearby and another at a site we passed on our route south.

At five or so in the afternoon we arrived at Ómmastangi, a town of seven hundred people. All seemed cheerful until our driver Stefnie severed a tendon in one of the baths. Although ordered by the doctor to return home, he managed with some pain and discomfort to drive us home. As we returned through the Waterdale region towards Blóndusá, the rivers shone silver in the end-of-day light. At Geitaskerð, we had a late dinner about 8:15, and talked a bit afterwards to unwind. I then wrote in this journall about 11:30 p.m. One week of this strenuous and interesting trip is over.