ILLIAM MORRIS SOCIETY
President, Lord Briggs of Lewes
Honorary Secretary, R. S. Smith
Kelmisott House, 26 Upper Mall,
Hammersmith, London W6 9TA

Dear Member,

1. KELMSCOTT HOUSE

The open day in our refurbished headquarters at Kelmisott House on 11 April was a heartening occasion, full of potential. The builder — represented by his painter, who we were very glad to have with us — had done enough to allow us to appreciate what opportunities the new accommodation offers the Society; the study facilities in the library, a compact but convenient office — on this occasion used for viewing the short video film of our Icelandic expedition — and a workshop which can be a base for a range of practical activities.

Councillor Joseph Mirrlees welcomed us back to Hammersmith and hoped co-operation between the Society and the local authority would grow. Athea Sleyor, who lives in the coach-house and has now passed her 96th birthday, put in a warmly-sung appearance and chatted cheerfully for an hour. A fair number of passers-by, seeing the open door and the Society’s sign, just dropped in — a good omen for the future. Anthony Kyte brought our Albion hand-press back to life so that those present were able to print their own keepsakes. All in all, a day to be remembered.

Pitting out is now well under way and any member who could spare a few hours to help is invited to get in touch with the undersigned on 01-622 9860.

John Kay

2. SOCIETY NEWS

We are pleased to report that, Following the appeal in the last issue of the Newsletter, we have received offers from members to undertake the important jobs of Membership Secretary and Publicity Officer. Our Membership Secretary, whose appointment was confirmed at the AGM in May, will be Dawn Morris, a member living in Sheffield. She will take up her duties over the summer, as soon as the necessary materials can be transferred to their new Yorkshire base. It is a pleasure to welcome Dawn to the Committee, to wish her well, and to thank her for volunteering her services.

For the post of Publicity Officer we have received more than one enquiry, and the officers are at present considering how best to make use of the talents of those members who have come forward. There will be more news in the next issue.

August 7th

[To Geitaskarð near Blönduós]

August 8th

From Geitaskarð, we began the long drive to the other farmhouse on the other side of Blönduós, handsome again by its elegant bright blue firth, under layers of striated grey clouds. At one point Húnafjörður seemed to divide nearly into a shining glassy 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-stade built round neat red-roofed two- or three-building farmhouses, and Vatnadalur’s striking parallel rivers seemed to coil and undulate like ribbons, until the valley finally became a vast, pale frame of grassy inlets and soft green sounds. Largish hills, formed by a landside, appeared on our right all clustered together. We rode round a beautiful small, still blue lake into a region in which Gretir killed one of his opponents, Olafur the Undead, at Thripraelir-stead. Afterwards, we entered a beautiful broad valley, green and yellow-green, with carefully ploughed fields and dirt heaped boundaries (from digging for drving) and passed several diminutive waterfalls, clear and dignified against the dark brown and grey rock. For waterscapes, this has been our best day yet.

At the top of Vatnadalur we continued south past Höf and Haustr, and passed the site of Ingólfur, a Celtic priest who made an early attempt to Christianize Iceland. At our stopping point at Fosaeludalur (“shadowdale”), we stood together on a knoll looking south toward a cluster of conning towers and his tomb, the name of a valley in the mountains of 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 craves in the ground were so large that prisoners could run through them, and walked with care. Against the headlands, with the river behind and Hünavatn 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 fourth valley and saw the Höf’s handsome large, and deep blue. We passed endless sheep, of course, often mere white and black specks in the distance, usually one or two black in a cluster of white. I saw one sheep frolic and jump, and laughed aloud.

At Borgarvikir (“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 astounded 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. Borgarvikir is constructed in a rough crater-like circle, with a smaller stone roost-like structure with a well. From the crest of the castle we had another beautiful outlook, 360 degrees, headlands to the left and right, the firths in front of us, and Höf behind. According to Morris’ map, his group didn’t reach the virki, 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 Bvannstangl, a town of seven hundred people. All seemed cheerful until our driver Stefan 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 Watertale region towards Blönduós, the rivers shone silver in the end-of-day light. At Geitaskarð, we had a late dinner about 8:15, and talked a bit afterwards to unwind. I then wrote in this journal until about 11:30 p.m. One week of this strenuous and interesting trip is over.
On a slightly different note, we learn that Edmund Penning-Rossell, one of our Vice-Presidents, has recently retired as Chairman of the Wine Society. A position he has held since 1964. We wish him well in his retirement.

3. THE SOCIETY JOURNAL: BACK NUMBERS

Now that we again have access to our stores, I would remind members that a full range of back numbers of the Journal is available and I shall be pleased to supply any they require. Where we still hold stocks of the original plates they cost £2 each and where we have had to arrange for reproduction they cost £4 each.

Volume IV number 4 contains a contents list of all up to that date, and I can advise on later issues.

Dorothy Coles

4. THE SOCIETY'S 1987 PROGRAMME

Saturday 8 August 2.00 pm - MORRIS & CO IN SOUTH LONDON. This tour will include visits to All Saints, Putney and Whitelands College, both of which contain splendid examples of Morris & Co glass. There will be tea at Wandle Industrial Museum, Wimbledon. Tickets, which include the cost of tea, are £2.00 from the Society. The tour will be made by car, and offers of spare seats would be welcome.

Saturday 3 October 2.00 pm - THE PRINTERS OF HAMMERSMITH. John Greyfus will lead this tour of the sites of the printing presses run by William Morris, Emery Walker, Codden-Sanderson and others. The tour will be followed by tea at Kelmscott House, and tickets (£2.00 each, including tea) may be obtained from the Society.

Wednesday 21 October 6.30 pm - THE KELMSCOTT LECTURE: "MINISTERING TO THE SWINISH LUXURY OF THE RICH". Peyton Skipwith of the Fine Art Society is this year's Kelmscott lecturer, and he will be surveying patterns of patronage and collecting from Morris to the present day. The Lecture will be given at the Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, WC1. Admission is £2.00 (including coffee and biscuits, available from 6.00 pm). There will be a buffet supper afterwards for which tickets (£4.50) may be obtained from the Society.

5. THE SOCIETY'S ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

On Saturday 9 May, one of the few genuinely hot days of this far disappointing summer, the Society's 32nd Annual General Meeting was held in the interesting surroundings of Fulham Palace. Through the wide open ground level windows we could see the locals strolling and sunbathing while we gallantly sweated through the agenda; and occasionally curious toddlers peered in and provided a distraction from more serious matters. Inside, we basked in the glow of another successful year in the Society's life, with perhaps the most heartening news being that we had at last reclaimed our premises in Kelmscott House after so long an absence. Indeed, the pattern of our future use of Kelmscott House - and particularly the possibility of appointing a part-time curator/archivist - was one of the main items for discussion. John Kay and the Programme Sub-Committee were thanked for producing another excellent programme of events, whose variety satisfactorily represented the range of Morris's interests and those of the Society. After the adoption of the Hon. Treasurer's Accounts for 1986, which are included with this Newsletter, the Officers and Committee for 1987/8 were elected unanimously as follows:

Hans Brill (Hon. Chairperson)
Peter Preston (Hon. Secretary)
Lionel Young (Hon. Treasurer)
John Kay (Bcn. Programme Secretary)
Dawn Morris (Hon. Membership Secretary)
Peter Faulkner (Hon. Editor)
Patricia Bayer
Dorothy Coles

Dorothy Coles

Nicholas Friend
Mossa Gilliland
Daphne Jennings
Jackie Kennedy-Davies
Judy Marsden
Linda Parry
Harold Smith
Richard Smith

The Chairperson thanked the retiring committee member, Ian Tod, for his efforts on behalf of the Society, and also thanked Daphne Jennings, who had asked to be relieved of her duties as Membership Secretary, for her hard work. Patricia Bayer was thanked for her excellent work as Minutes Secretary. The Chairperson had a special word of thanks for two other people. Ray Watkinson has stood down from the Committee after many years and Richard Smith has retired after seven years as Hon. Secretary. Both have given the Society tireless and invaluable service and, although we shall not be losing their help entirely, it was strongly felt that the occasion should be marked, and both were presented with some William Morris mugs made by the Society's member, Maureen Rothstein.

After an excellent tea, we enjoyed an interesting and informative talk by Keith Whitehouse of the Pullman Archaeological Rescue Group.

6. SOCIETY PROGRAMME REPORT

Birthday Celebrations, Oxford, 21 March

More than sixty members sat in the Unitarian sobriety of Manchester College and ably led by John Hanna and Alasdair Cumming from Oxford Polytechnic, set off on "A Pursuit of Morris in Oxford".

At Oxford Morris made lifelong friendships with Burne-Jones and Philip Webb. Their collaborative mugs described in the excellent hardback (which I hope will be published) were a bonus: 'here - University College - he gave his first socialist lecture...' 'here - Holywell Music Rooms - he brought Eleanor Marx to speak and after a disruptive stick bomb took her here - New College cloisters - to see their loveliness under the moon...' 'here - St. Michael's Church - he married Jane Burden.' A second bonus was the beautiful spring weather which lasted precisely until we assembled for tea. And we saw New College gardens in a pristine morning light under a Constable sky.

The stained glass at Manchester College chapel is late, 1891-98, and more remarkable for the iconographic invention and striking local colour of Burne-Jones's 'Days of Creation' which includes a portrait of May Morris, than for Morris's simple Joseph and Mary Magdalen - although even these figures give the lie to the criticism sometimes levied at his figure drawing.

St. Edmund Hall chapel, a classic 17th century building specially opened for us, has an East window which is the earliest example of The Firm's glass in Oxford (1865). The overall arrangement and decorative patterns of clear and opaque glass (described as 'convincing' by Pennes) are by Webb who was paid £3 for them. Two of the narrative panels, 'The Men of Galilee gazing up into Heaven', and 'The Marys at the Sepulchre' are by Morris and must be numbered among his finest images. Some of the designs were also used elsewhere, and it was interesting to see some preliminary sketches on display. Later, as John Hanna pointed out, Morris, in the spirit of the S.P.A.B. took the lead in the formation of new buildings. The Chapel also has a remarkable 'crucifixion' by Cier Riches, perhaps his outstanding masterpiece.
The famous murals in the Oxford Union Library were our next stop. Recently restored and certainly more visible than before, they remain of more historical than aesthetic interest.

After lunch members variously visited the Burne-Jones windows at Christ Church, the 'Adoration of the Magi' tapestry at Exeter, and the Pre-Raphaelite room at the Ashmolean with Webb and Burne-Jones's wedding present for Morris - the 'Tales from Chaucer' cabinet from the Red House. Some may even have been tales from Chaucer's tapestry at St Mary's Church, covered by John Hana's comprehensive notes to the top of St Mary's Church tower, where in 1893 Morris had a confrontation with T. C. Jackson (purveyor of 'Anglo-Jackson' architecture at adjacent Brasenose) on the preservation of some 14th century statues.

Then as the heavens opened and chastised latecomers, our President, Ana Briggs, Provost of Worcester and Lady Briggs welcomed us to tea. I don't recall Worcester tea including wine in my day but members didn't seem to mind the innovation, and it was a highly animated level of conversation which had to be stilled for our President's thoughtful and incisive address.

The icing of the birthday cake was crowned by a toy motor car. It is good to see a craftsman exercise free expression but the symbolism deserves a word of explanation. It was not, I think, intended as a sophisticated reference to Morris's view on moving the masses or the benefits of true technology over the meretricious icing of commerce; but if in Oxford one asks for something to celebrate Morris it is evidently the locally born motor magnate, Sir Henry Cortley Cowley and its Works, rather than the sage of Kelmscott who still takes the cake.

Our President then took us on a tour of the Wyatt and Burgess Chapel, the resplendent library and the 'landscaped' gardens. We were thus able to leave Oxford with three impressions - the generous hospitality and warm fellowship, which almost routinely grace the Society's occasions; the high artistic qualities of the Firm's work in Oxford; and thanks to Worcester's pastry cook, a salutary reminder of how much work remains for the Society to do.

Babs Brill

Victorian RAs, their Architects and Houses, 16 May

In older parts of town one can find streets named after the craft which once lived and worked there. In the last quarter of the 19th century eminent Royal Academicians made their loca in the area in Kensington to the south of Holland Park, conveniently placed for members of 'society' who had their portraits painted by them. These RAs built houses that were both home and studio, and tended to employ some of the more adventurous architects of their day. Hilary Morgan led our walk and provided an erudite and entertaining commentary. Highlights were Philip Webb's red-brick house (1862) at No 1 Palace Green for Lord Carlisle (an amateur artist who took lessons from Burne-Jones); two houses built next to each other in Holland Park Road in 1864 - Lord Leighton's house by Aitchison with a strong Italianate flavour (though with Moorish rooms inside) contrasting with another Webb house, now much altered, for Val Prinsep who had been one of Morris's group of friends who had worked with Bodley and with H. H. Hudson in the Oxford Union murals some years earlier. In Malvern Road were two notable houses by Norman Shaw for Marcus Stone in 1876 and another for Luke Fildes a year later (a beast, this); one by Burgess for himself complete with Gothic tower, and a sparkling house by Halsey Ricardo with what Pevsner describes as "a free use of ox-blood glazed bricks". It is a walk to be recommended and you could do it with Pevsner's London as your guide. Leighton House at least is open to the public. If you do, and the sun shines as obligingly as it did for us, you may like to try the little cafe in Holland Park for tea. We took our trays outdoors and sat on benches looking out over the flower gardens of Holland House.

John Kay

Visit to Brighton, 6 June 1987

The weather forecasts had predicted that the prevailing heavy showers would continue over the weekend, but we arrived in Brighton to find that area of the South Coast enjoying sunny if gusty weather which continued all day. We assembled at Ray Watkinson's house in Over Street, a couple of hundred yards from the station; a typical early 19th century Brighton terrace of much character, as the estate agents would say. Ray, who was to act as our very efficient courier throughout the day, had laid on an appetising spread for us, and we also had the run of his remarkable library on all levels of the house, the achievement of years of intelligent buying and diligent search in second-hand bookshops. The range was impressive, but foremost, of course, was his collection on Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites, outstanding by any standards.

At midday we divided, with the first party visiting St. Michael and All Angels, an imposing church which at first sight seems to comprise a large stone neo-Gothic nave, chancel and north aisle, with a disproportionately large red brick south aisle, but this aisle is in fact the original church built by Bodley in 1860, which Burgess subsequently added. The other structure was built in 1895. It was in Bodley's church we had come to see, with its wealth of early Morris & Co. glass and designs by Morris himself, Burne-Jones and Ford Madox Brown, with the splendid west window depicting the Archangels and the announcement attesting the Firm's early mastery in the medium.

Our next call was to the home of Peter Rose and Albert Galligan, who kindly conducted us round their fine collection of late 19th and early 20th century art, which they had been able to put together in the last 25 years. Paintings by well-known artists of the period covered every bit of wall space, and fine ceramics - splendid De Morgan tiles and plates, early Doulton pottery, Powell glass - were everywhere on display, even in the bathrooms. But the house is very much a home, even if a small one, and not a museum, and the electric light fittings by Benson, who did work for Morris & Co., are still serving their original purpose. There was so much to see and to enjoy that we all left the house with real reluctance.

The two groups then came together for our next visit to St. Bartholomew's, a massive brick church by the little known architect, Edmund Scott, which has the distinction of being the tallest parish church in the British Isles. It has no aisles, transepts, spire or tower, and the projected apse was never built, but it impresses by its sheer scale. The church, opened for services in 1874, contains no work by the Firm, but has much by members of the Art Workers' Guild, including the striking 45 ft. high baldacchino and sanctuary in the Byzantine style by Henry Wilson, who was much influenced by the researches of W. R. Lethaby.

From St. Bartholomew's we took the coach to Rottingdean along the coast road above the sea, whipped up by the wind which was keeping the clouds at bay. We arrived at the church to find a wedding in progress, which gave us plenty
of time to explore the little town. We visited the whitewashed North End House, the country home of Burne-Jones and Georgiana, and The Elms, for five years the home of their nephew, Rudyard Kipling. We were particularly pleased to walk round the public gardens, laid down in 1861, when the villagers defeated a project to build in the area. Georgie, who was noted in Nottingham in 1908, was appraised of that. Then to the church, which was structurally disappointing, having been mercilessly restored by Giles Gilbert Scott, but was redeemed by seven splendid Morris & Co. windows. The three-light east window, given in 1933 by Burne-Jones to commemorate the marriage of his daughter Margaret in the church, is particularly fine.

And finally back to Brighton, where we descended on our member, Barbara Morris, who had kindly been offered to provide most welcome tea, sandwiches and cake for the whole afternoon. Much conversation, and more interesting things to see, including a Philip Webb sideboard, before we finally left for the station. Our warm thanks to the organiser, Ray Watkinson, and to all those who contributed to such an enjoyable day.

Richard S. Smith

William Morris and 19th century attitudes to the Restoration of Churches,
10 June

The first lecture in the elegantly refurbished basement of Kelmscott House was appropriately on the subject of restoration and conservation of historic sites - that is, Professor R. M. G. of Toronto University on 19th century attitudes towards rescuing and rebuilding medieval church fabric. Excellently illustrated slides and well found quotations outlined the shades of opinion from antiguarians, through Tractarians, church authorities, enthusiasts and members of SPAB, who, although holding a firm line against Victorian replicas of Gothic, were not against the building of new churches. As a result, Gothic Revival is now a well-known concept, and is often seen as a reaction to the Victorian era. However, it was also noted that the Gothic Revival was a way of preserving the historical fabric of churches, which was often neglected in the earlier period.

Jan Marsh

7. LOCAL GROUPS

The South Midlands Group of the Society held its first meeting on Friday, 29 May, at Leamington Spa. There was a strong feeling that talks, discussions, readings etc. should be initiated and led by the group's own members as far as possible, with occasional recourse to outside speakers with specialist knowledge. A number of those present, especially new members of the Society, felt that they needed a general survey of Morris's life, work, friends and followers before following up their own particular interests. Dr. Richard Smith of the Nottingham Group has kindly agreed to provide such a survey at the next meeting, to be held on Friday, 10 July at 7.00 pm. Mr. and Mrs. Larner of 7 Adelaide Road, Leamington Spa, have again kindly agreed to accommodate the group. There will be no meeting in August, and in September we are hoping to visit Birmingham Art Gallery to look at the Pre-Raphaelite paintings and other material. This visit had provisionally been arranged for the afternoon of Saturday, 5 September. Further details will be available later from Malcolm Pollard (G008-63482). An annotated list of books dealing with Morris and his circle is being drawn up and will be circulated to all interested.

attending the meeting on 10 July are asked to bring one or two books with them for present to examine. Further information about the work of the Branch may be obtained from its Secretary, Malcolm Pollard, 6 Bosley Close, Shipston-on-Stow, Berk. CV36 4QA.

News of the progress made by the South Midlands Branch may inspire members in the North to set up their own group. Recent correspondence from that region suggests that there are a number of members interested in local meetings, but so far no one has come forward as convenor. Anyone interested in helping to form a Northern Branch - as opposed to simply attending its meetings - should get in touch with the Hon. Secretary.

8. TAN HOUSE MEDIEVAL FIELD STUDY CENTRE

Our member Jan Marsh has sent details of this Study Centre which is run by Christie Arno, a researcher and lecturer in medieval art history and her husband Peter Chamberlain, a designer-craftsman. Tan House Farm was established as a field centre for Medieval Studies in 1980 and is a small Queen Anne House near the village of Newland in the Forest of Dean. The area abounds in medieval buildings, and the farm is surrounded by farmland and woods with good access for walkers. As part of its 1983 programme the Centre is planning a short course on the 19th century Gothic Revival in church architecture, examining rediscovery, restoration and new built examples. The programme provisionally includes visits to sites such as Tintern, Kempley, Hereford and Brockhampton. Further details of dates and costs (about £900 for a three day weekend) and details of other courses at the Centre are available from Christie Arno, Medieval Study Centre, Tan House Farm, Newland, Glos. GL16 8NP.

9. RUSKIN/MARK WEEKEND, DARTINGTON, MAY 1987

Ray Watkinson, Jon Press and I had the pleasure of conducting this weekend at the Devon Centre for Continuing Education in the beautiful surroundings of Dartington: can any Henry Moore have a better setting than this, opposite the yew hedges on the far side of the tilt-yard? Unfortunately the combination of Marx and May Day had alarmed the inhabitants of Torquay, and we had only a small group of around a dozen students, most of whom had attended our previous weekend on William Morris. However, those who came participated fully in our discussions on the ideas of Ruskin and Marx, especially in relation to the idea of work - which was further illuminated by Ray's detailed consideration of Ford Madox Brown's famous painting of the subject. Jon Press, an economic historian, provided a fully researched account of Morris as a businessman, which showed that the term 'artist' was not an unrealistic concept but a very successful head of the firm, thanks to his realism in running the business. Our trip to Morwellham, from whose copper and which remain of central concern, our trip to Morwellham, whose copper and which remain of central concern, was interesting to all, and particularly useful for the subject matter of the next weekend, one is saying that we are grateful to the Director, David Cox.

Peter Faulkner
10. THE WILLIAM MORRIS SOCIETY OF CANADA

The WMSC winter season began in January with a visit to the stained glass studios of Robert MacCauley Ltd., located, oddity, in a Toronto suburb. The firm, founded in 1950, is not only the oldest stained glass studio in North America, but the oldest company of any kind in Canada with an uninterrupted continuous family history. The company specializes in traditional stained glass designs, and their windows may be found in churches and public buildings throughout Canada and the United States. In his presentation to the tour, Corey Keeble of the Royal Ontario Museum, co-leader with Andrew MacCauley, president of the firm, related the designs to the Victorian glass tradition.

The tour was followed in February by a slide lecture and hands-on examination of Victorian tiles by Dr. Katherina Lechman of the Art Gallery of Ontario, held in conjunction with the Ontario Society for Industrial Archaeology. Following the lecture, the audience walked to the Osgood Law School for a tour of the building, with special attention to its very fine Victorian tile entrance hall.

On February 26, a lecture by Prof. Trevor Lloyd of the Dept. of History, University of Toronto, provided background material for the upcoming WMSC Symposium, "Useful Work vs Useless Toil". The title of Prof. Lloyd's lecture was "Morris and the Meaning of Work".

The Symposium itself was held on the evening of Friday, March 20, and on Saturday March 21. A fine keynote address was given by Prof. Abraham Rotstein of the Dept. of Economics, University of Toronto, entitled "Some Modern Reflections on Modern Society". My talk was followed on Saturday morning by Prof. Richard Price of the Dept. of History, University of Maryland, on "The Coming of the Modern Work Organization"; Prof. Alan Thomas of the Dept. of English, University of Toronto, on "William Morris and the Working Class"; and finally, a presentation by Nils Nilsson with personal reflections, "A Joy in My Work".

There were brought abruptly into the modern world situation in the afternoon by Joe Sarchay, Education Director, Ontario Federation of Labour, with his "Liberation, Technology and the Future of Work". This was followed by a representative from the other side, Tom McAlpin, V.P. Personnel, IBM Canada, who presented a benign version of IBM labour policy in his ominously-titled "Human Resource Management: Shaping the Future". Dr. Keith Newton, of the Economic Council of Canada, then kept us in the future with his concept of "Workable Futures". Saturday evening we celebrated Morris in song and good fellowship with Prof. Walter Pitman presenting an eloquent and moving birthday toast.

In April, Prof. Hans de Groot spoke on "The Architecture of Philip Webb", illustrating his lecture with slides taken by himself on a recent trip to England. The WMSC Annual General Meeting was held on April 29, with six new members elected to the board for 1987-88.

In May, a tour was made of houses in Wythwood Park, Toronto, an area that was originally developed as an artists' colony by Marmaduke Mathews, a local artist. Many of these houses show the influence of the English Arts and Crafts Movement. Many of the houses were, on a wet and stormy May 30, by tour to St. James Anglican Cemetery, where many Toronto worthies lie beneath monuments of Victorian classical splendor. Corey Keeble of the Royal Ontario Museum was on hand to explain the symbolism of death in his usual light-hearted manner.

D. Brown.

11. WILLIAM MORRIS CRAFT FELLOWSHIP

In the January newsletter there was a note about the William Morris Craft Fellowship, an award scheme administered by the SPAB aimed at broadening the skills and experience of key craftsmen involved in historic building repairs. Certificates for the first 4 awards made under this imaginative scheme were presented by Richard Luke, Minister for the Arts, on 16 June at a ceremony held at the National Trust property at Canons Ashby in Northamptonshire. The Society was represented by John Kay. The young recipients of the awards - 3 men and one woman - were a carpenter working on Salisbury Cathedral, another repairing vernacular buildings in Cumbria, a mason and a stone conservation specialist. The Society will follow the progress of this worth-while project with keen interest - it may be possible to hold a meeting about it next year.

12. ST. AGATHA'S TRUST

St. Agatha's Church, Portsmouth, was built in 1895 to designs by J. H. Ball, a pupil of Waterhouse, for Robert Dolling, a well-known Anglo-Catholic priest. Its Italianate interior contains sgraffito mural decorations by Heywood Sumner, a friend and disciple of William Morris and a leading member of the Arts and Crafts movement. After it ceased to be a place of worship in 1954, it came under the control of the Admiralty and was used as a naval warehouse. Although it was listed as a building of architectural and historic interest in 1969, St. Agatha's was threatened with demolition as part of a road scheme in the early 1970's, and it was only in 1983, after a public enquiry and a campaign by the Hampshire Group of the Victorian Society, that this threat was finally removed. In 1986 it was upgraded to a Grade II (two star) listed building. It is now owned by the Trust, in a very dilapidated condition and is almost unknown to the public. The St. Agatha's Trust for the restoration of the building (to be launched in Winchester in July) has been formed by members of the Victorian Society. The Trustees (who include our President, Lord Briggs) hope that the restored basilica will eventually contain a stained glass gallery, a museum of ecclesiology and a Heywood Summer Studio. Further information about the Trust and its Appeal may be obtained from the Secretary, Alan J. Dennis, 13 St. Swithin Close, Bishops Waltham, Hampshire.

13. MISCELLANY

Members may be interested to know that a copy of the catalogue to the Society's 1958 exhibition 'The Typographical Adventure of William Morris', with texts by Sir Sydney Cockerell and F. C. H. Briggs was recently quoted in an Antwerp book dealer's catalogue at 1700 Belgian francs - about £27.50.

The mugs presented to Richard Smith and Ray Watkinson at the AGM were made by Maurice Rostein, a Society member living near Portsmouth. She is willing to model similar mugs for other members. We hope to include an illustration of one of the mugs in the next issue. They cost £2.50 each and will be available only at Society meetings or to callers at KelMSCott House.

14. PUBLICATIONS

The Society has received copies of the April/May and Summer issues of Traditional Interior Decoration, a large format glossy magazine devoted to all areas of interior design from carpets to wall-coverings. The earlier issue
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contains two articles of interest to Society members, one on the work of Philip Webb in general, the other on Staden in particular; the summer issue has an article by Stephen Ponder on Wightwick Manor, for which he has just written a new guide. All three articles are lavishly illustrated with very good colour photographs, and, considering the quality of the art-work, the magazine does well to keep its price to £2.50 for each bi-monthly issue. These issues will be placed in the library at Kelmscott House.

15. FOOTNOTE

The next issue of the Newsletter will appear in October, and contributions should reach me by 21 September.

Members will have noticed, from the change in our masthead, and from the report of the AGM, that I have now added the duties of Hon. Secretary to those of editing this Newsletter. I know, from my experience as Editor over the past year or so, that I can count on the support of members. In turn, I can only say that I am conscious of the responsibility the Society has placed on me by electing me as Hon. Secretary. I shall do my best to live up to it. Finally, I cannot let this opportunity pass without thanking Richard Smith, for introducing me to the Society and inviting me to become involved in its work, and for his constant advice, support and encouragement.

Good wishes to you all.

Peter Preston
Hon. Secretary

WILLIAM MORRIS SOCIETY
in the UNITED STATES
NEWSLETTER,
July, 1987

A. ANNOUNCEMENTS

Elisa Campbell, of the Computer Center at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and Jeffrey Spear, of the English Department at New York University, have agreed to serve on the Governing Board of the William Morris Society in the United States. Further elections, particularly for a new Chair and Editor of the U. S. Newsletter, will occur at the 1987 Modern Language Association meetings in San Francisco.

Hartley Spatt has announced that there will be two sessions on William Morris at those 1987 MLA meetings. In the first session, the speakers will be Florence Suen, Jan Marsh, and Carole Silver; in the second, the speakers will be Garry Aho, Norman Kelvin, and Hartley Spatt. More details about those sessions will appear in the next Newsletter.

For some inexplicable reason, the session on William Morris slated for next Spring's MLA meetings did not appear in the recent MLA list and call for papers. We hope that that session—with its general theme of Morris and the medieval past—can still be on the program.

And so we are announcing again that anyone interested in giving a paper at the Northeast Modern Language Association meetings during April 1988, sponsored by Rhode Island College and the University of Rhode Island and to be held in Providence, Rhode Island, should send abstracts, by September 15, to Carolyn Collette, English Department, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Rowland Eliza, Associate Director and Chief Curator of the Delaware Art Museum, announces that the museum's "collection of Pre-Raphaelite fine and decorative art has been reinstalled in a specially designed setting as part of the Museum's recent expansion and renovation which opened last March. Prior to that, during construction, the collection had been allowed to travel to Utica, Toledo and Austin, Texas but now it will remain in its new abode for the foreseeable future."

The paintings and decorative objects in the collection are displayed on Morris wallpaper made by Sanderson and Son and generously given by the West Point Pepperell Corp. The earlier paintings and drawings are shown against the Treillage pattern and the later works on the Poppy. A recent acquisition which would be of interest to Morris Society members is the display of the recently discovered "Viking" stained glass window which Burne-Jones designed and Morris and Co. executed for Catherine Lorillard Wolfe's house, "Vinland" in Newport, R.I. The gallery and installation are designed to give the feeling of the nature of the rooms in the private houses that the paintings and decorative works were created to occupy without being, in any way, a "period" room."

Anyone requiring more information can write to Mr. Eliza at the Delaware Art Museum, 2301 Kentmere Parkway, Wilmington, DE 19806.
The Cambridge University Press has announced the publication of "a book by Amanda Hodgson titled "The Romances of William Morris." In this book the author argues that the romances can be treated more seriously than has been customary, and that they reflect Morris's attitudes towards society and towards the place in it of art and imagination."

This book is available at a discount to William Morris Society members of the United States and Canada. Interested members should write to Gregory Kafig, Associate Marketing Manager, The Cambridge University Press, 32 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y., 10022.

**B. MEDIEVALISM SESSIONS AT KALAMAZOO**

At the twenty-second International Congress on Medieval Studies held at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, Michigan last May, Leslie Workman and Kathleen Verduin organized four sessions: 1) Medievalism and Society, 2) Nineteenth-Century Literature, 3) Arts and Crafts, and 4) Twentieth Century Literature.

Leslie Workman, editor of *Studies in Medievalism*, wrote the following introduction to a prospectus describing these four sessions: *Studies in Medievalism* announced two topics for its annual program at the International Congress this year: Medievalism in the Arts and Medievalism and the Structure of Society. As expected, response to the first of these was far greater than response to the second; however, we do have one excellent session on Medievalism and Society and another on the Arts and Crafts movement which combines both topics. Our two sessions on literature explore nineteenth- and twentieth-century responses to the medieval in diverse and interesting ways.

In the first session, Gary Aho spoke on "William Morris: Medievalism and Socialism," stating that false or misleading conclusions about the substance and significance of William Morris as a socialist thinker have often been derived from critiques of his writings that failed to make distinctions between ways he used the medieval past in his early work (as a romantic medievalist in *The Defence of Guenevere*, or as an "idle dreamer" in *The Earthly Paradise* narratives) and in several of his later works, particularly the socialist lectures and *A Dream of John Ball*. When such distinctions are made, and when one notes how Morris's attitudes toward fourteenth-century British and French art stem from his achievements at Morris and Company and the Society to Protect Ancient Buildings, as well as from his reading of Marx, then his stature as a socialist thinker increases. One must also be careful to keep this work separate from the one who loved old Icelandic literature; the ways that that medieval past turns up in his later writings are markedly different.

In the second session, Veronica M. S. Kennedy of St. John's University spoke on "Morris's "The Haystack in the Floods": Realistic Medievalism," offering a close reading of Jehane's and Robert's tragic plight in the poem.

In the third session, James Galliam of the University of Connecticut spoke on "Medievalism and the Pre-Raphaelite Conception of Nature," arguing that nature was a primary concern for the founding members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The treatment of the natural world in early works of Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais may best be described as a "spiritualized" or mystic naturalism. Patient, careful attention is paid to natural (especially botanical) detail; however, that detail often has a spiritual or symbolic meaning. Pre-Raphaelite naturalism is the result of an earnest sense of "mission" to report God's universe, his "second bible".

In developing their vision of nature and in their methods of depicting the natural world, the Pre-Raphaelites appear to have been influenced by Victorian sacramentalism, as expressed by the Tractarian writers such as John Keble. Even more strongly, they appear to have been struck by examples from the visual arts of the late Middle Ages, especially late Franco-Flemish illuminated manuscripts and the work of Jan Van Eyck.

All those interested in Medievalism, in the ways that writers and artisans appropriated extensive collection pasts, are indebted to Leslie Workman and Kathleen Verduin. These four sessions marked the twelfth consecutive year that they have organized and overseen sessions on medievalism at this prestigious international congress of Medieval scholars at Kalamazoo.

Their own Second Annual Conference on Medievalism, sponsored by their magazine, *Studies in Medievalism*, will take place at the University of Notre Dame, October 8-10, 1987.

**C. NEWS OF MEMBERS**

Florence Boos has sent us a report on Norris Manuscripts at the Huntington Library: "In May, I made a brief visit to the Huntington Library in San Marino, California. Set amid 207 acres of opulent formal gardens, the Huntington holds the largest collection of autographs Morris manuscripts in North America, and an extensive collection of other Pre-Raphaelite materials. Most of the Morris autographs seem to have been acquired early in this century by Henry Huntington himself, a wealthy merchant of the Southern Pacific railroad, from the library of Laurence Houson, at Compton Hall, near Wolverhampton. Politically, this concentration of more than 60 of Morris's autographs in the hands of a culturally inclined American railroad baron is both sad and rather bizarre, but the manuscripts are well cared for, and they complete a jigsaw puzzle whose other pieces are preserved in the British Library and Fitzwilliam Museum.

The Huntington's catalogue of literary manuscripts does not fully describe the Library's holdings. Among the most important poetic autographs are early drafts of "The Deeds of Jason," "The Days of King Arthur," "Wee Hill of Venus," and Love is Enough, and the only extant autograph of the 1867-70 *Earthly Paradise*. Prose manuscripts include early drafts of *The Story of the Glittering Plain* and *The Roots of the Tree*. Manuscripts include early drafts of these poems and many others, and fair copies for the press of *The Glittering Plain*. Mountaineer, and *Goldilind the Fair*, and *The House of the Wolfings*. There are also fair copies of several of Morris's translations with Magnusson from the Icelandic, of his translations of the Aeneid and the *Odyssey*, and of the *Tales of the Tables* turned, or *Rupina Awakened*, on sheets of paper folded lengthwise, perhaps for reading in performance."
Perhaps most interesting, because less easily identified from the Library's catalogue, are several drafts of S. P. A. B. lectures, and other writings on architecture and socialism. The 39 letters include: ten to M. M. Brown and several to Charles Marsh George, in which Morris suggested changes in George's illustrations for the Kelmscott books. In one November 7th, 1893 letter to George, Morris vigorously defended the Kelmscott workshops. If it was old-fashioned, it was of great service to me.

There are also letters from May Morris and Sydney Cockerell, and several autographs of Christina and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The Library's most surprising possession may be the Albion Press, identified as such by a small plaque, and used for occasional demonstrations to schoolchildren. Any number of outmoded presses could serve this purpose; perhaps we should seek the return of one of the most famous presses in the history of printing to Kelmscott House.

Joseph E. Dunlap reports that Robert Leslie has died at the age of 101. She was the first woman to graduate from the American Journal of Science in 1852.

The Library also reports that many Society members will be interested in the sale of an important collection of manuscript and fine books scheduled for next fall at Christie's in New York. This is the Estelle Dobbs collection which includes Morris's calligraphic manuscript of the Nemedia. More details will follow in the next Newsletter.

Marilyn Tbach reports that "in celebration of the Victorian Society's annual conference meeting in Boston and the opening of The Art that is Life: Arts & Crafts in America," the Hertleau Chapter of the Society of Architectural Historians, of which I am a member, sponsored a two-day conference.

Alan Crawford, whose work on C. R. Ashbee took fifteen years and culminated in an impressive monograph, spoke at length on Ashbee's life and the development of his guild in the Cotswolds. The many slides used in his presentation covered craftsmanship, architecture, and ornamentation. On Monday, April 13, Felicity Ashbee, the daughter of C. R. Ashbee, gave a lively account of her father's life and work.

She described herself as 'a child of the Arts and Crafts Movement' and then regaled her audience with many fascinating details about Ashbee's Guild of Handicraft, and his stay in Jerusalem; and in particular his later life. She spoke of those who heard her to 'know an old man, who was with 500 exhibitors and thousands of browsers, it would be a very big deal all by itself, but it has become even bigger because of what happens there.'

The item in Northampton's boutiques and galleries represents decades of apprenticeship and dedication, both by the area's artisans and by hundreds of others across the United States who send their work to the Fair. The Fair, which activity rises to its highest level of the year, is a center of arts and crafts activity.

The Deerfield Fair, held this Saturday and Sunday (10 a.m. - 5 p.m. both days), is the place to look for the old-fashioned quilt, ironwork, or traditional pottery. Among the exhibitors are between 400 and 900 exhibits, of which 100 are from local artists.

Chosen by a crafts jury, these exhibitors come from as far away as Arizona and Florida. Chosen by a crafts jury, these exhibitors come from as far away as Arizona and Florida.

The Fair is spread out over several blocks within the historic town. The Deerfield Fair is spread out over several blocks within the historic town. The Deerfield Fair is spread out over several blocks within the historic town. The Deerfield Fair is spread out over several blocks within the historic town. The Deerfield Fair is spread out over several blocks within the historic town.
the neighbor's dog, the leather wallets, belts and address books—all seemed dismally similar.

It is commendable that more craftspeople are creating and building with their own hands in today's state-of-the-art computer/machine society. And many of their works are beautiful. But so many—at least those I've seen every year exhibited at similar fairs in New England—seem to lack any originality or personal feeling, as well as any sense of tradition.

Rather than artifacts that are beautiful and useful, these fairs present us instead with ones that are cute and kitschy—and costly."

The second installment of Florence Boos’ reactions to last August’s Iceland jaunt are herewith attached.

Yours in fellowship,

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

"With William Morris in Iceland: The Second Week"
August 9th, Saturday

As we waited in Blönduós for a new driver, I read in Morris’ *Diary* and tried unsuccessfully to nap. On the road, we turned south down Langidalur; the mountains became more gently sloped before they finally opened into a wide, beautiful valley with winding rivers. We passed then through a dryer plateau, and through another valley, whose silver lake formed a shining circle in the sun. Darker mountains rose ahead as we drove east, and the large fjord of Skægafjörður ("headland fjord") lay on our left. In it, we could see the blocklike island of Drangey ("Cliff Island"), where the spell-ridden Grettir made his last stand. Across from the island we stopped at a windswept little promontory by a small bust of Stefnúr G. [sic], a late nineteenth century poet and "west-Icelander" (emigrant to Canada) who wrote nostalgically of his now-distant home.

From the promontory, we looked down on another fine valley, carefully planted and irrigated, and continued east through it to Viðvík ("willow-swamp"), site of the most distinctive church we have so far seen, roofed entirely in turf with a handsome red crook at the top (9) and dignified dark board walls front and back. The cheerfully flowered grassy roof seemed an unusual emblem of natural harmony. In its cemetery, Karen found a burial stone of a one-day-old child, one infant grave among many. The church, built in 1834-35, was decorated with a painting of the Last Supper, and its carefully wrought screen separated the larger landowners from others in the district who sat humbly behind.

Next we made our most interesting stop thus far, at Glaumbaer ("noisy farm"), a large historical stead furnished with the implements, household furnishings, and other artifacts of a wealthy pre-twentieth century family. Morris did not stop here, but passed near on the way to Akureyri. In addition to a smithy and tool shed, the stead encompassed two guest rooms, a dairy, a kitchen, a tool-room, and an unusually large and airy bedstofa ("bath room"), with its characteristic bedsteads along the sloping walls. A little partition provided some privacy at one end of the bedstofa for the owner and his wife; the others slept in the long open room, men on one side and women on the other. The walls were hung with ornate woodcarved bowls, bed-boards, mantelpieces, musical instruments, and other items, some of them quite beautiful. As in every bedstofa, women wove and spun, while the men carved the rare pieces of fine wood that came to hand. From the outside, the house’s row of turfed gables looked strangely like a grass-covered ship with little portholes.

Afterwards, we continued north to Sauðárkrókrur ("sheep’s crook"), near where Morris probably turned east toward Akureyri. Sauðárkrókur (perhaps 1000 souls) is the largest town we have seen in some days, bright-roofed and clean, with a fine harbour. We spiraled slowly up a gravel road to a cemetery above the town, and ate a quiet, rather sheltered lunch beside its low white stone walls. As Bill and I walked through the graves, we noticed that all the stones were post-1850, along with much else that is extant. Before we left, we stopped to study a large, ornate sundial just outside the gate, inscribed with directions of the azimuth, and looked out over the town and the deep blue of Skægafjörður, where we could see an iceberg and assorted skerries ("sker"; a good Icelandic word). We lingered in town after lunch, and Bill and I walked along the pebbly harbour while several people stopped for a rest.

From Sauðárkrókur, we continued along the gleaming dark blue fjord, past a nesting island for eiderdown ducks, and through a peaceful yellow-green dale. As we drove east toward Hlíðar, we passed the stead of Grettir’s sayer, Þorbjorn Öngull ("Thorbjorn Hook:" Morris and Magnusson translated the name as "Thorbirn Angle.") I noticed again and again the steps-up-the-pyramid mountain formation Morris described in his journal, and Ruth pointed out patches of purple "willow-herbs."

From Viðvíkurvatn ("wide-bay country"), we came to Hlíðar ("hills"), site of a bishopric and school from 1106 to 1798, and now the home of an agricultural college. As we approached, its large red roofs and white walls contrasted cheerfully with the mountains beyond. The church displayed on its altar an
original Od Brandsbœfia, and the translator himself was depicted with other
worthies along the wall. The elaborate eight-arched model was covered in a plain cloth
of dark crimson, and the woodwork was painted in red, gold, white, and green.
We viewed several wall-engravings, a bleak crucifix, an inscription in Latin.
Amusement was not, and two tombstones carefully protected under wooden canopies. Amusement was provided by gaudy emblems of the four virtues and seven vices arranged behind the screen.

Eugene happily climbed a simple white wooden bell tower near the church, which commemorates the 100th anniversary of Jón Asrsonn’s death; the cemetery’s walls are painted in blue (usually) to denote the sad, possibly sorry. We visited several small graveyards that were shaded by trees and shrubs. We passed the yard at the church, and the yard in front of the home of the local priest, and many cairns. The mountains in the right rose from the cairns, and we passed the Skeiðafell and Snæfell, “snow-capped mountain”, “places of snow”.

Our return, we again passed Drangey, Greistein’s last refuge, and stopped at Fugumyri (“fly swamp”), where the Stardumur’s church is located. The church is surrounded by a large rock

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drowned at sea.

After this we drove off contentedly toward Búlandshólar ("hills of hills"); the lava was more uneven still, bizarrely shaped black rocks covered everywhere with green moss. Búlandshólar itself is aptly named; a cluster of grassy conical mounds, some of which enclose small grass-grown craters. When we walked to a stone sheepfold nearby, we had quite a good view of the sea, and could look from one of the mounds down the vale toward Þórí, and up again toward Snæfellsjökull. In the bus again, we finally rounded the tip of Snæfellssnes, past a large boulder balanced incongruously on the narrow tip of one sharp peak. The terms continued to whirl around No. 1, and kept the mountains to our right. We stopped briefly at Hellissandur ("cave-sands"), where another statue commemorated drowned fishermen, and we contemplated Snæfellsjökull over our tea. Somewhat beyond, we passed Rif ("reef"), a handsome point with sea views on both sides (Morris remarked happily that he had kept the sea in sight since Ingjaldshöll, and spoke fondly of "the hope of the sea"), and passed Ólafsvík, a relatively large sea town which was inaccessible by road until the 1960’s. Ruth commented that the trading station lay one third of the way to town, now the site of a couple of bocce courts and a small waterfall. Morris and his companions approached the town warily below Búlandshólar ("farmlands-head"), whose vertical sides plunge almost directly into the sea, and might have left them helpless, and his descriptions of the gravelly mountain shales and the evidence of our eyes sometimes make me wonder how the group’s horses found any secure foothold at all. Somewhat beyond Ólafsvík, we stopped briefly at Kirkjufell, a steep mountain which Morris compared to a "chateau." He also called the complex of mountains nearby Grundarfjörður a "noble kind of place," and I photographed their steep crevices and glacial crevasses from the peninsula east of the bay.

Somewhat later, we passed a bird sanctuary and several stands of fish-drying racks between Selberg ("bench rock") and Hóllbjarnareyri ("Hallbjarnar’s Sandbank"). At Kolgrafarfjörður ("cool-pit Firth"), beneath the Trollatindur ("troll peak") and the mountainsides headlands and small glaciers continue gracefully into the bay, a sight Morris also admired. Beneath Helgíndur ("bell-grate"), we turned back, and stopped briefly near Búlandshólar to watch large grey-white gulls make graceful perfect glides up and down the cliffs, and return again and again to the same spot with no noticeable motion of their wings. The wind became rougher near Holts ("hill river"), where we turned left to return south across the peninsula, and climbed steeply into the mountains at Fremhælt ("Fremholt") as we came over the pass, we looked down into a broad valley, from which the curves of the southern beaches of Snæfellssnes opened out on the right. The golden light of the afternoon sun illuminated the sea at 3:30 p.m., one of the most sweeping and vertiginous views we had.

Later, we reached the familiar coastal meadows of Ólafsvík near our house, and several stopped to swim at an authentic but rather rank-looking Ölkeba; the rest of us continued home. After a friendly dinner, we left the sea, a while by the seas. The deep blue sky and pearl of the ocean are a concrete blessing; for a little while, one needs less for having seen them. I wrote until 11:35 p.m.

August 12th

Berserkjáhraun, whose legend in the Eyrbyggja Saga interested Morris. The field is aptly named, for it is the wildest configuration of convoluted lava we have seen; berserks were clearly needed to cut a path through it. At intervals along the path, we found the partially symmetrical cairns, under one of which Valérie placed a poem. The lava’s edge was abruptly and clearly defined; a hundred feet from it, we saw a farmhouse with its house meadow, beneath the dark, sharply outlined, glaciated mountains beyond.

When we finally emerged from the berserks’ lava, we turned north toward Stykkishólmur ("salica island"), along the strand between Breiðafjörður and the left of the peninsula, and I recognized Morris’s description of the plain stretching down to the firth in the grassy uneven meadows to our right. High peaked mountains lay behind us as we approached Hellafell, a "holy mountain" whose venerable literary associations are enhanced, I think, by its dimensions and appearance; Bill accurately described the grassy-sides hill as a "cozy little bump," Eyrbyggja Saga and Snæfellsnæs episodes took place at Holy Mountain, and Ólafsfjörður spent her childhood in Morris’s time in "Breiðafjörður." A grave which may be hers is now surrounded by a railing and marked by a brown stone which reads Guðrun Ósvífurði, 1008.

Ruth informed us that legend allows three wishes to anyone who ascends Helgafell’s gentle slopes, and does not speak or look back. Bill wished his wishes, and consented quietly on the view as we climbed. I observed the legend’s obligations with due piety, and made three concrete and three more abstract wishes in the stone enclosure at the top (let the gods choose). As sooften in Iceland, the view from the enclosure was sweeping and beautiful; it often extended out toward the sea, no farther toward Breiðafjörður and the many small islands in Ísafjörður. The little stone shrine itself was rectangular, rather smaller than the structure of a twelfth-century house.

We presumably did not pronounce the “cozy bump” by stopping for lunch at a small pets, its base. Bill talked for a while with a young German father traveling in Iceland in microbus with his wife and small child, and then we queued up for our departure. I looked fondly back at our sacred bump, and thought of Guðrun Ósvifurði, as we left.

Stykkishólmur is a large pleasant town of twelve hundred souls, whose pier and hospital run an order of Dutch Catholic nuns. At the harbour we queued up again and filed into a small launch for an excursion to the islands of Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðaf jörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabited, Breiðafjörður. All but Hrappsey ("door’s island") are now uninhabit...
Sneefellness to the northwest. Morris responded intensely to this setting, perhaps in tribute to the Egils Saga and to other sites he visited nearby.

At Borgarnes, we stopped to eat in Skaglagarsgarður (Egill was Egill Skagfljosson), a remarkably flowered and verdant little park. The flowers are grown in greenhouses, then transplanted lovingly to their beds, but an intriguing sculpture near the garden's entrance shows the impressively honed Egill with his slender, lifeless son (also Skagfljosson) draped over his saddle; I hope he was also as devoted to the daughter who saved his life.

When we left Borgarnes, we began to navigate the final fjords down to Reykjavik, along the south of Iceland ("great district") by Borgarfjörður ("half fjord") and around Esja to the capital. Along the way we passed the largish industrial town of Akranes ("fields' nest"). In Hvítárfjörður, we stopped at Saudarkotar ("dirt farm") to view Hallgrímskirkja ("Hallgrim's Church"), a Lippincott and elegantly simple construction with stained glass by Gerður Helgadóttir, the artist of Skálholt, a fine organ with brown keys and white flats, and an altar cloth in which Christ inspires Hallgrímskirkja Penrussen, the 17th-century author of the Passionssmel ("Passion Psalms").

Further around the fjord, we could see Skalafell ("hill mountain") to the south, and the sun-capped Botnafjall ("basin columns"), which we originally saw at Thingvellir from the other side. The fjord is bordered by fertile fields and broken by many skerries; we passed a disused whaling station at its head. When we stopped at Botnagarður ("bottoms") to eat and look up the fjord, sheep passed by; we enjoyed the peaceful sight of the white spire of Hallgrímskirkja across the fjord. We rounded Esja, passed what Ruth noted as the largest farmland in the country, and continued by Kólfur ("feet's head"), where several plants now process fishmeal into fertiliser.

When we finally entered the suburbs of Reykjavik, we could see the pyramidal spire of its Hallgrímskirkja above the rooftops, and drove straight to it to see something familiar at last, we climbed the tower with our fellow tourists, and pointed out the Tjörn ("tarn"), university, city center, and our sometime hotel at Hafnagardur 1. We then went to the swimming place so soon and so briefly, just as in memory, but irrevocably without us: I stood as long as possible to absorb all I could. We were still perhaps a bit stunned from the trip, and knew we would have only a day to visit the universe (elementary particles to supermassive black holes), the registrar's office, and other University of Iceland buildings. When we returned, on the edge of town was an excellent restaurant, and we saw many smaller and more local churches, and several others were also stocked with a little refrigerator and small desk.

Flos, the Society of Icelandic members, net us all the most morning coffee at the National Library (Bjóðhókasafn), brought us into contact with Kjartan Helgason, last fall, and conferred with him and us about preliminary arrangements for the trip. He now introduced us all to the head librarian, who, in so doing, praised Morris as a "friend of Iceland," asked one of us to read Morris's "Iceland First Seen," and finally read his own translation of a 1782 letter, in which Iceland's founding father, Sigurður Sigurðsson, called Morris's poem "beautiful," and the letters he wrote in his time are still as gripping and efficacious today as ever they were. We found that the poem of the same name is still able to inspire and move us. What we need are the songs of life and love in all its forms, not that it must be a constant and unabating stream. We are so dull and lifeless that it is rather too much to paint the gates of Hell right before our eyes. What we need are the songs of life and love in all its forms, not that it must be a constant and unabating stream. We are so dull and lifeless that it is rather too much to paint the gates of Hell right before our eyes. What we need are the songs of life and love in all its forms, not that it must be a constant and unabating stream.

The great man's faint praise is understandable, but I think he did indeed say there was a need to read the original sense of Morris's text. The chaplain of Skálholt ("castle") says that "Gunnar's Raven" is a "castle" of beautiful sculpture and "time past" clearly honed both the history and the courage of its inhabitants. The "gates of Hell" only opened in Jón's imagination.
Afterwards, Gary and I visited the main reading room, where we recorded some of the titles from David Watkin's collection of foreign-language books on Iceland, especially those from the decades just before and after Morris's trip, and some on the Polar World. To Iceland it left-aside (mostly such ephemera as Off to the Oysters; The Polar World; To Iceland it Left-aside, etc.) Afterwards, in a Yacht, Snæfellsjökull or Iceland's ice; its volcanoes and falls, etc. Afterwards, Bill and I walked together to the Fulbright office, and later met Margrethe at the Norwegian House for coffee. With the group in one of the woolen stores, Bill Norman went for a coffee; I protested, but later became reconciled when two students at the college cheerfully informed me (without apparent irony) "For you it represents a new high in fashion." In the evening, for old times sake, Eugene, Bill, and I ate by ourselves at the Morris's, then went straight home to bed.

Gary, Karen, Bob Creed, and Ruth planned to stay in the country a while longer; the rest of us assembled for our bus ride to Keflavik the next morning, about 6 a.m., and Ruth patiently rose to say farewell. With characteristic devotion to her adopted country, she planned to rest for a few days, then use a bus pass to circle round the island.

In a way, our last trip through the braun from Reykjavik to Keflavik was the last in this dreary drive from Reykjavik to the international airport at the U. S. naval air base (site of the so-called "Iceland Defence Force") is all that many Icelander passengers see; we may never know Iceland well, but at least we got beyond this. In the crowded departure lounge, we bade long farewells to everyone, before they left at 8:00 a.m., and we joined the flight from Chicago to Luxembourg a bit later. I felt sorry to see no more signs in that difficult, gallant language, and a little bored by our fellow passengers, who talked about the duty-free shop in familiar North-American accents.

From the air the intensely blue sea and dark mountains of the southern coast were a starkly beautiful sight. At my small cabin window, I felt transfixed by the white of glacier and cloud, the red of earth, the blue of air, cliff, and sea. The sight of the earth from an airplane is now a commonplace experience, of no practical consequence whatsoever; but it remains one of the most beautiful things a human being will ever see. No poet or visionary of any past century was granted such a sight.

Leaving Iceland also stirred other complex emotions. This brave island remains alien to me—only many years and visits could make it home—but it is also familiar enough to linger in memory as an exemplar of (among many other things) Burke's sublime. Unlike Morris, I will never identify with the heroes of the Landnáma; but I can certainly feel sympathy for the inhabitants of this country who followed them, when the climate worsened and the wood was gone. Surely they too yearned at times to mix sublimity with some of the more comforting traits Burke ascribed to "beauty"—something more casul and variegated than sparse little trees amid the vast moose countryside, the glaciers and the rocks. The clouds lifted briefly as we passed over Scotland, and I was startled to see such fertile faras and dense forests. In Luxembourg, I almost felt guilty to be warm without a sweater. The memory of that island, firmly outlined in its shining blue sea, will remain for this Stranding, as for Morris, an astrangent ideal.

Florence Boos

(Bliss Boos kindly helped with the Iceland place names.)

Dear Member,

1. KELMSCOTT HOUSE

The greater part of the Society's collection of books, textiles and other material relating to Morris and his circle is now back in Kelmscott House, after several years' exile. We are most grateful to the National Trust and the Society of Antiquaries; also to Athena Seyler and many other individual members who have provided storage space for our books and chattels through this period, often at some inconvenience to themselves. Much remains to be done, however, before our collection can again be accessible to members and other students of the Society. The task of cataloging, conserving and storing the many hundreds of items is one that has to be done methodically and carefully, alongside the job of sorting our papers which have suffered from being dispersed for some years. The Committee has fixed the following dates on which Kelmscott House would be open between 10.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. for members and friends to help with these various jobs:

- Friday: 16 October
- Saturdays: 24 October, 7 and 21 November and 5 December
- Tuesdays: 27 October, 10 and 24 November and 8 December

Refreshments will be available and it will of course be an opportunity to meet other members.

There is work also for members with an interest in printing. We should like to re-establish a group using our Albion and treadle presses - would any member who would like to be associated with this please let the Hon Secretary know?

John Kay

2. CURATORSHIP AT KELMSCOTT HOUSE

Now that the Society is reinstalled in its headquarters, we want to make the best possible use of the facilities available at Kelmscott House. Voluntary assistance from London-based members of the Society ensures that enquiries are quickly dealt with and that visitors are given a warm welcome. However, it has become clear to the Committee in recent months that some kind of part-time curatorial post is essential if our collection of books and other materials is to be kept in the best possible order and made available to scholars. Coordination of the diverse activities we hope to see going forward at Kelmscott House is also important. With the welcome